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Photo

[H. W. Bushbridge.]

ELSIE MARSHALL.

BORN NOVEMBER 9, 1869.

RECEIVED THE CROWN OF GLORY AUGUST 1, 1895.

'FOR HIS SAKE'

A Record of a Life consecrated to
God and devoted to China .

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF
ELSIE MARSHALL, MARTYRED AT
HWA-SANG, AUGUST 1, 1895

SIXTH EDITION

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'FOR HIS SAKE'



INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR

A SHORT sketch of the life of the writer of the following record of missionary work in China will perhaps enhance its interest for the general reader, and make clear some of the personal allusions, which could not be well omitted without breaking the continuity of the letters. The letters themselves are published in the hope, and with the earnest prayer, in which it is certain the writer would (and perchance does) join, that their perusal may stir up still greater zeal in hastening forward the King's business in the land of Sinim, which recent events—and not least amongst them the martyrdoms at Ku-cheng—will assuredly open up to the 'Divine Enterprise of Missions'; and lead many to adopt what she found to be the happiest of all lives: to give up home 'for His sake,' in order to go and tell the love of Jesus to those who have never heard.

Elsie Marshall was born on November 9, 1869, at Birchfield, near Birmingham, of which parish her father, the Rev. J. W. Marshall, was the vicar. When she was

five years old her father was appointed Vicar of St. John's, Blackheath; and it was there that she lived till God's call came to her to go as His messenger to China.

In the recollection of her family, and of all who knew her, brightness and sunshine were always associated with her; and that this was the brightness of God's countenance, and the sunshine of His love, reflected in her life, those who watched her growth from her infancy never doubted. She used to say, 'I do love people who seem to have a liberty in Christ's religion, always loving to sing, and to speak of Him.'

There never was anything like a spiritual crisis in her life: from the first she lived the life of a child of God; and His grace was beautifully developed in her growing soul. Her joy was unbounded when a friend of hers told her that her name 'Elsie' meant 'consecrated to God.' The testimony of her schoolfellows corroborates this. One who was with her at the first school to which she went writes: 'I remember her so well at school; her kindness and unselfishness to all the younger girls; and she was always trying to set them a good example. There was something almost amusing too in the poor opinion she had of herself—she, who was as good as any one could ever be.'

A schoolfellow at the last school to which she went, and one who there formed a deep and lasting friendship with her, says: 'I have been thinking of my darling when I first knew her at school. I think it is not everybody to whom God has given the memory of such a friend. Even at school unkindness and strife seemed to cease when she came near. We used to be ashamed to let Elsie hear quarrelling and bitterness; and yet she

was so quiet and gentle always. I cannot tell you what a friend she has been to me. I owe so much to her, and she has always so encouraged and cheered me at all possible times. . . . It seems as if God has crowned a most holy life with the great honour of taking her to Himself along the glorious road of martyrdom. It would have delighted dear Elsie had she known she would have been found worthy of so noble and grand a death. Our darling was a "treasure of costly price" that God has provided for us "to sacrifice." As long as I live I shall be a better woman for having had the love of my dearest friend.'

She and her sister organized a little prayer-meeting amongst their schoolfellows, which they held at the vicarage. Her Confirmation preparation was a time of marked spiritual growth: and her admittance to the Lord's Table an event of intense delight to her. Ever afterwards she looked to the Holy Communion as her chief means of grace. She began her active work for God in Sunday School teaching, after her school-life was finished; and her influence with the girls in her class was deep and lasting. She was not content with teaching them in the school on Sunday, but made herself their friend, visiting them and their parents in their homes, and gathering them together for prayer-meetings and talks about missionary work. She also started amongst them a working party, to help them to have a definite share in the work. A fellow teacher writes: 'I don't think I ever met any girl living quite so close to God as she did.' A young man who was living in the parish gives this testimony: 'None of us will ever forget Elsie, or how we used to notice how brightly she

shone for Jesus, without speaking a word. She used to preach a gospel going along with her Sunday School girls all round her, and her beaming face in the midst of them. How we have since looked forward to her letters, and what a help they have been to us I cannot say.'

In 1886, during a conversation with her sister, God first put the thought of foreign work into her mind. But it immediately took firm hold of her, and became the ruling motive of her whole life. She at once took up with increased earnestness secular studies, and passed the Senior Cambridge Local Examination, in order that she might be better qualified, as she then thought, for teaching in India. But in November, 1891, the Rev. R. W. Stewart and Mrs. Stewart held a Missionary Mission in her father's parish; and spoke so earnestly of the needs of China, and especially of the pressing need there was of lady missionaries to teach the Chinese women, that her heart was stirred within her; and when, after earnest consultation and prayer with her father, it seemed clear that 'it was of God,' she offered herself to the Church of England Zenana Society for work in China under Mr. Stewart. A further result of that Missionary Mission was the establishment in the parish of St. John's, Blackheath, of 'the Fuh-kien Band of Helpers,' the fundamental idea of which organization was to afford an opportunity for those who cannot go themselves to contribute towards the support of a substitute, in the province of Fuh-kien, and to help on the work at home by united prayer. At the first meeting of this Band, Elsie Marshall was chosen to represent the parish she loved so well in the Fuh-kien Mission. This was always

a great joy to her, and formed a link between the province of Fuh-kien and the parish of St. John's, Blackheath, which her martyrdom will only serve to rivet more tightly.

In January of the next year, 1892, she went to The Willows, the C. E. Z. S. training home at Mildmay, and from there was sent on to the Mildmay Hospital at Bethnal Green, for medical and nursing training; and, as will be seen from her letters, she often refers with deep thankfulness to the fact that what she so learnt—though she always said it was very little—was of the greatest help to her in her missionary work, and often opened hearts and houses, and even villages, to hear the 'message of God's love.'

She sailed for China in the steamship *Arcadia*, on October 14, 1892, with a large party of C. E. Z. S. and C. M. S. ladies; Mr. and Mrs. Stewart did not accompany them, as the committee of the C. M. S. had appointed Mr. Stewart to visit Australia before he returned to China. Of the voyage out the senior member of the mission party wrote thus: 'We travelled out together, and very sweet are my memories of Elsie during that six weeks' voyage: her earnest and whole-souled devotion to God, and her yearning tender love for souls. She had left her home to be God's messenger to all men, not alone to be His missionary to the Chinese. How she longed for and prayed for the souls of the sailors; and how brave she was in speaking to the men!'

The following lines sent to her father by an entire stranger are proof that missionaries are 'a sweet savour of God' in every place: 'In reading the account of the massacre in China, my wife and I are impressed that

your daughter Elsie Marshall, said to have been killed, was one of the young lady missionaries who went out in the same vessel (*Arcadia*) that we went out in. We convey to you and Mrs. Marshall our deepest sympathy and condolence; and beg to state that she, along with her other lady friends, produced an impression on our minds which we shall never forget. Many a time we talked about their general remarkable Christian conduct: they did not wait till they reached China to commence their Christian work, but at once, aboard the vessel, both among the passengers, the crew, and the children, they had their Bible-readings, prayer-meetings, and religious services every day at different intervals; and many a time it was our privilege and profit to join with them, although we could see that many a time they were not physically fit; but their life was an entire sacrifice to their Saviour and their God.'

On her arrival at China she spent her first year at Fuh-ning, learning the language. This C. M. S. station was the centre of Miss Boileau's work, who had also been a member of the congregation of St. John's, Blackheath; and Elsie often spoke of the joy it was to be with one with whom she had so many home associations in common.

Her study of the Chinese language was literally a 'work of faith and labour of love,' and she had the full reward of her faith in that she passed her first examination in six months, instead of twelve; and the second examination, fully qualifying her to take regular work as a missionary, in a little over twelve months. An experienced missionary wrote of her learning the language in so short a time as 'a miracle'; and another says,

'I don't suppose any one did so much work as she did in so short a time. God just gave her the language.'

On the return of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart to China, Elsie joined them at Ku-cheng; and after a little time spent in teaching in the schools there, Mr. Stewart assigned to her a district, 300 square miles in extent, of which Sek-chek-du was the centre. Mr. Stewart announced this to the C. M. S. Committee as follows:

'Miss Marshall is doing excellent work in my district; there is not a better missionary in the whole Mission. I have given her a district about the size of a home diocese; the women's work in which she is to superintend. She is in it now, and as happy as possible, and looking exceedingly well. Another lady is with her, but she is in charge.'

It will be seen from her letters what constant joy she found in her work, and that it was a great and real sacrifice to her to leave it to obey Mr. Stewart's summons to go up to Hwa-Sang for the hot months. There it was, on August 1, 1895, that the Mission houses were attacked by a band of lawless men, called Vegetarians, who believed, or pretended to believe, that Mr. Stewart had helped the mandarin to find money to pay for soldiers to suppress their sect. About eighty of them, with swords, knives, and tridents, killed Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, their nurse, and Miss Nellie Saunders in one house; and Miss Topsy Saunders, Miss H. Newcombe, Miss Lucy Stewart, Miss A. Gordon and Elsie Marshall in the other; wounding at the same time three of the children of Mr. Stewart so severely that the eldest boy Herbert and the baby died, and Mildred, the eldest girl,

was a long time in a critical state. Of the whole party in the compound, Miss Codrington alone, as if by a miracle, escaped with her life, though very severely wounded¹. Miss Hartford, an American missionary lodging in a house close by, and the Rev. H. S. Phillips, staying in a native house some little way off, also escaped. We cannot dwell, and it is not necessary to do so, on the details of that awful but glorious martyrdom, but close this brief sketch of a bright and happy consecrated life with a few extracts from letters received from missionary friends.

One writes, 'I was with her here in Kuliang two summers ago. Her great interest was then the work among the children; and she was the chief organizer of the weekly meetings for them.' Another, writing from the same place, says: 'She lives in many hearts and lives, I know, and every week here we have still the children's service, which constantly brings to my mind the verse, "She being dead yet speaketh." You know that these services were started here two years ago on a small scale by dear little Elsie, who yearned over the community children, and longed to draw them in. Only two or three who were not missionaries' children came that year. Last summer we had them again, and more came. Governesses too came with them, and to reach these Elsie longed, and sought opportunity, and she got some one to speak to the *amahs* while the children were having their address. This year the gathering is held every Tuesday, and has developed in

¹ Miss Codrington has since stated that Elsie clung to her Bible to the very end, though the hand with which she grasped it had been wounded.

a third direction; one of the Christian teachers comes and speaks to the chair coolies, that they too may hear the Gospel. And so I feel that Elsie has left this three-fold mission behind her, as the result of her longings after Jesus' lambs.'

A missionary's wife writes: 'In the spring, my husband was attacked by a murderer, and had it not been for the help of a native Christian, would, I fear, have lost his life. On telling Elsie of it, she said, "How could he have died better than as a martyr for Jesus?" I feel she longed to be a sacrifice for Him, and He granted her the desire of her heart.'

Another writes:

'Elsie had so much encouragement in her work, and she was so bright and happy in it. All the results of the three short years of service in this land eternity alone will reveal, but we know that the gentle, loving life, and the earnest, faithful words, have been owned and blessed by God, and shall be. Dearest Elsie came to visit us early in May, and she and I had a delightful time together, such as we had not had since we were at Bethnal Green. We went itinerating together for a few days, and it was beautiful to see her with the people, she loved them so, and pleaded so earnestly with them. She was a great help to me, for I was getting a little discouraged, but I remember she slowly repeated, "*The word of our God shall stand for ever*"; and then she told me how, when the devil tried to discourage her, she went back to that word, and repeated it over and over again to herself, and never failed to get fresh strength from it. Darling Elsie has often said to me since we came to China, that

we have such an easy time of it, and that we have no opportunity to suffer for Christ; she seemed to long to be able to suffer as some of the earlier missionaries.'

From a missionary friend:—

'Your brave daughter has been taken home. I loved her so dearly—*every one did* who knew her at all; she was always so sweet and so bright, and so brave. If any one told her not to work so hard, to take more care of herself, she always said, "Oh! the time is so short." Dear little Elsie! she did a wonderful work in the time she spent out here, always going about doing good. Last New Year, when every one is obliged to stop work for a fortnight, she told me she meant to spend that little rest-time in helping me every day regularly with my Chinese, for she said she must get me through my first examination; and she did help me, and I passed it, and then for a rest from duty I went itinerating with her for a time—Mr. Stewart thought it would be good for me to see the work. Elsie and I went first for a week to a village alone, all among the mountains. We did not spend all the week in that one place, but went to places from it. The Friday night we spent in a village where no foreigner had been before, and there Elsie kept preaching to fresh crowds of people, who were all longing to hear, and she sold books to them. . . . I shall never forget the quietness of the people, while she stood and preached "Jesus Christ and Him crucified"; that was the message God gave her. As I listened to the old, old story, and watched her face and her intense earnestness, such a light on her face; the big hall half open to the sky, the darkness only lit up by a few little lights, and our one lantern hanging from the

ceiling; then the faces of the people, the stillness and solemnity of it all—oh! it was a glorious time. . . .

‘On our way back Elsie was tired and rode a good deal, but I walked in front, and shall never forget the lovely time we had together. . . . All Sunday Elsie taught women; she was always so sympathetic and gentle with the poor ignorant women, and they loved her.’

The following extract is from a letter received from the Rev. W. Banister while this book was passing through the press:—

‘A few days ago I received an account in Chinese of the last few days at Hwa-Sang. It was written by Miss Nellie Saunders’ teacher. The party had been keeping their “Keswick Week” on the Mount of Glory (for Hwa-Sang may be thus translated), soon to be for them the glorious Mount of Transfiguration into Christ’s glorious image. Elsie Marshall was the last speaker at a supplementary meeting for native workers, and she spoke on Luke ix. 24, “Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever will lose his life for My sake, the same shall save it.” Prophetic words soon realized and fulfilled for them all! “For His sake” they yielded up their lives, and now know what it means. No more mists and clouds, no more doubts and fears; all, all known in eternal light and glory. Their faithfulness unto death will be for ever a blessed memory for the Fuh-kien Church.’

CHAPTER I

THE VOYAGE OUT

'For His name's sake they went forth.'—3 JOHN 7.

TO HER FATHER.

SS. Arcadia, Gulf of Aden, Nov. 2, 1892.—That sermon of yours the last Sunday I was at home comes back to me so often now, and is such a comfort, especially those words, 'The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the *whole family* in heaven and earth is named.' It seems so lovely the thought of the *one Father*, God; it is such a pledge of protection and of safety, and such a revelation of love.

Later.—I have been thinking again to-day about that beautiful prayer of St. Paul's in Eph. iii. You know what you said about 'the height and breadth,' that we are to know that. And I have been thinking that we are also to get to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, even the knowledge of the height and breadth, &c., so that, looking out into the vast future, His love just covers everything.

Nov. 4.—Last night we had such a nice meeting with the stewards. They have always taken an interest in our hymn-singing, and joined in so well, that we asked them if they would like a meeting to themselves. They were

so pleased, and we had quite a number of them. Miss Hankin spoke to them beautifully. We told them we were only going to be half an hour, but they did not want us to stop, and they went on choosing more and more hymns, so that we went on for an hour.

Nov. 5.—We had another meeting with the stewards last night; they had asked us to come again. I have been thinking so much of these days last year. Do you remember them? the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of November. Yesterday, the 4th, was the day it was really settled I should come. Last night I was thinking of that meeting at the Mission Hall, and reading over the notes of Mr. Stewart's address: 'Other sheep I have, them also I *must* bring.' Yes, and He *is* doing it even through us who go, and you who send. Do you remember his saying it must be by sacrifice and death? as St. Paul said, 'I die daily.' And he said that when we feel the death of separation pressing on us, we should get right into the presence of our Master, and say, 'For Jesus' sake.' And do you remember how he spoke about the joy of offering, and how when the King comes, how glad we shall be then that we did not miss the *joy of offering* to Him?

Writing to the Fuh-kien Band of Helpers, she says:—

SS. *Arcadia*, nr. *Colombo*, Nov. 5, 1892.—I thought I should like to send you a line to tell you how God has been hearing your prayers for us all—for I know you have been praying—and His presence has indeed been very near and very precious to us through these weeks. It is a great joy to know that I am 'your missionary,' and so you will feel the responsibility of prayer. I love to think of you all, and of the many happy meetings we have had together, all praying and working together to bring the King back; but it is a still greater joy to know that I am sent by the King Himself through you, and that I am to be a messenger of the Lord of Hosts;

will you ask that He will make me and all of us 'sharp swords'—'polished shafts,' and that He will 'hide us in His quiver,' and keep us there till He wants to use us? We have been having some very happy meetings on board with the crew and stewards, and God has been giving us His blessing; and He has even let us see it, so we feel it is just a pledge and the beginning of the showers that are going to fall. We get to Colombo to-morrow, just half our voyage over; we hope to get to Foochow about the end of November. Will you pray very specially for us then, just as we begin the language? Do ask that we may learn very quickly, that we may not be long dumb, but that He Himself will touch our lips; that the tongue of the stammerers may be able to speak plainly.

It is exactly a year now since Mr. Stewart came to us and we had those happy meetings: and now the first of your missionaries is writing her first letter to you on the way out.

God has indeed been blessing us in our work, and we know He will go on to bless us still more; for He who has begun a good work in Blackheath 'will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ': and when that day comes, and not till then, we shall know what it is—*then*, 'when the King comes.' Oh! the joy and gladness then when we meet to part no more; it will be worth all the sorrow and parting now; it will all be as nothing then, compared with the joy of laying trophies from 'the land of Sinim' at the feet of our King.

Off Colombo, Nov. 6, 1892.—I do feel it will be a very happy birthday. I know there will be a great longing for home, but there will be *the joy of sacrifice*. We were thinking of it to-day in the case of Hannah. She prayed for Samuel, and then as soon as he was born she dedicated him to the Lord, and the first thing she said was, 'My heart rejoiceth in the Lord'; that was a proof of the

joy of sacrifice, and I am sure you all, and I, are proving it. He has given us much joy on board here, and we are so happy to-night, because He seems to be letting us reap the firstfruits on this our last night. We know of many on board here amongst whom He has used us, and they have come up and owned it. It was so sweet this evening; one of the little Singhalese boys who came on board told me he was a Christian, and I found out it was through the work of missionaries; it was such an encouragement, and it was a wonderful feeling to be looking on one who was really brought to Christ through English missionaries.

TO HER FATHER.

SS. Sutlej, China Sea, Nov. 16, 1892.—Yes, it is very wonderful to know that we are really in the China Sea, and are getting so very near to the land which our Master has called us to go and win for Him. Your letter ended with, 'China is the Lord's, and He will deliver it into *our* hands.' I am so glad you put '*our*,' because you all have just as much part in it. The staying on the hill, and the holding up Moses' hands, was the means by which the battle was won; if his hands went down, Amalek prevailed. And the spoil will be yours too; you will have just as many trophies to lay before our King, when He comes again; for, 'As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: they shall part alike' (1 Sam. xxx. 24). And you at home, and I out here, are working and praying together to bring *our* King back. We are His forerunners, we are preparing a way for Him, and how wonderful it will be to see Him come, and to know that we have really helped to make His way!

I am realizing, as you said, my calling; it seems more wonderful every day. Each evening I watch the sun

set over the sea; it seems to bring Christ so very near, and all of you at home. There is always such a restful, joyful feeling then. The same sun which has been with me all day is going over to you, and the same Jesus is there with you and with me. Last night it was specially beautiful, and we seemed to be going along so fast; and though I knew I was going further away from you all, there was such joy in my heart that I am out here on the sea, because *He* has called. I seem never to get to the bottom of that thought; it is just glorious, all dread and fear goes, and it is nothing but wonderful joy that I am a personal messenger for Him. I can't describe the joy; but you know.

We are having a very happy time on this ship. The captain is so nice. He read the service on Sunday morning so beautifully, and seemed so much in earnest. He let us have a service for the sailors in the evening. Mr. Stephens, who is going to Shanghai as a missionary, took it. The captain made all the arrangements himself, and took so much trouble about it; he said, laughingly, that he had never done so much before for the passengers.

We had a good time at Singapore on Monday. We went to Miss Cooke's school, and heard the Chinese girls sing in English, 'Sinners Jesus will receive.' It was my first sight of a mission school, and I shall not soon forget it.

CHAPTER II

ARRIVAL IN CHINA

'This land shall be your possession before the Lord.'—Num. xxxii. 22.

C. M. S. House, Hong-kong, Nov. 22, 1892.—We have had such a nice Sunday: our first experience of a Chinese service in the morning. There were about two hundred Chinese there, and it was beautiful to hear them sing the canticles in Chinese, and most of the chants were the same that we have at home. Of course, we could not follow a word of the sermon, but I had a very good sermon to myself. I read St. John x. and Isaiah xlix.: it seemed so beautiful as we had really landed in China. It was so beautiful to think how the Good Shepherd had called His own by name, and had led them forth, and had gone before them; and how He had led us into the paths where we might attract '*those other sheep*' to Himself. As I sat looking at the Chinese, I kept thinking of them as those '*other sheep*,' and I could not help loving them as I remembered how He loved them. And then those beautiful promises in Isaiah xlix., which I always look upon as my special chapter now: do you remember father reading it at the meeting on Sept. 19? it is just full of wonderful thoughts. I love ver. 9:—we have come out here to say to the prisoners, 'Go forth,' to them

that are in darkness, 'Show yourselves'; and then there is ver. 12, 'These from the land of Sinim.' After service Mr. Grundy had a special administration of the Holy Communion for us: it was very beautiful, we had missed it so much; and there was one Chinese woman communicant.

In the afternoon, Mr. Goldsmith took us on board an American vessel, on which he was going to hold a little service. We enjoyed that very much. The work amongst the seamen is splendid. Of course, Hong-kong is a very important harbour.

In the evening we went to the service in the Seamen's Church. It was such a joy really to be in an English church again; and it was such a hearty service. After service there was a prayer-meeting for soldiers and sailors at Miss Johnstone's, and I don't think I have enjoyed anything as much since I left England. I should think there were about fifty or sixty there; and only those come who are really Christians; and to hear those men sing and pray did one good. They were thoroughly in earnest, and so full of joy: one and another came up to me, and told me how they had been brought to Christ through missionaries going out on their ships. After it was over, one of the sailors got up and said he thought it would be nice if we would sing, 'God be with you till we meet again!' They seemed so glad to welcome us. However, we shall see them again, as there is another meeting to-morrow night.

Wednesday, Nov. 23.—This morning I have been visiting my first Chinese women, and, oh dear! it was lovely. I went with Miss Ridley on her rounds: my feelings I cannot describe. To be really sitting in a Chinese woman's home, with an idol just above my head, several women coming in from the houses round, and Miss Ridley sitting there, reading to them, and explaining St. Luke xv.! The only word I could understand was 'Jasu' (Jesus). I did enjoy it so much: they were

such nice bright women, and listened so well. They gave us each a little cup of tea, without any milk: I felt thankful it was that, and not any horrid sweetmeats!

Mrs. A-Hok's English House, Foochow, Nov. 30, 1892.—Here we are established for the present in Mrs. A-Hok's English house. We arrived this morning at Foochow, and felt like singing 'Hallelujah,' which we did when we got on board the launch. It is beautiful practically to be at the end of the journey, and to feel we are at the place which the Lord has told us of. *Daily Light* was beautiful this morning: all about 'Peace' and 'My Presence shall go with you.' The text that comes to me so much is, 'Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon shall be yours': and I believe it.

TO HER FATHER.

Foochow, Dec. 2, 1892.—I am longing to get to work now. There is nothing strange about it; it does not seem a bit queer to be here; but it is all most beautifully real, that we are here as the messengers of Jesus to these poor people. It is such wonderful joy. We are longing that utterance may be given unto us. I am so happy; it is enough to make one happy to be called and sent out here by Christ Himself; it is just wonderful.

We have had a good introduction to the Chinese now. Yesterday evening we went to the Native Conference, after first going to tea at Mr. Lloyd's, in Mr. Stewart's old house. Mr. Lloyd is taking Mr. Stewart's work at the Training College. That is in the same compound as the house, and the Conference is held in the large hall. I don't know how many it holds, but it is ever so much larger than our Mission Hall, and it was full of Chinese, and all Christians. A great many of them spoke, and it was beautiful, the heartiness of the singing, and the very earnest 'Amens.' Of course we could not understand

anything, but it was very interesting to listen, and try and catch hold of a few words, and ask the meaning of them afterwards. There were representatives from the different places to which we are going, and we were introduced to them, and they were so pleased.

This morning we went to the Girls' Boarding School, where Miss Bushell and Miss Lambert work. It was so orderly and so well managed, as good as any national school, and the girls did musical drill most beautifully; it really was wonderful to think that they were Chinese girls, utterly ignorant before they came to the school. Miss Lambert has had the whole management while Miss Bushell was away, and the girls certainly do her credit.

We shall not begin the language till after we get to Fuh-ning. We take our teachers from here with us; the dialect is the same, except that there is a Fuh-ning brogue; but we are to learn from a Foochow teacher, as it is so much purer, and we are to put on the Fuh-ning brogue afterwards!! The two Miss Clarkes are going to have a teacher between them, and I am going to have one to myself. We shall be quite near Dr. and Mrs. Taylor at the Hospital; do you remember them at the drawing-room meeting at Blackheath some time ago?

You will pray particularly about the language now, won't you? We shall very soon be hard at work at it. We do feel that we are going to have very special grace for that, and that Jesus Himself is going to be our Teacher. We have written up such beautiful texts in our room here about it, and I am going to put them in mine at Fuh-ning:

'All things are possible to him that believeth.'

'Who hath made man's mouth? Have not I, the Lord?'

How I shall think of you all at the time of the New Year's services! I am so longing to know what the motto is.

Dec. 6, 1892.—We have just started from Foochow, and are going in the little house-boat down the river. It is such a queer little boat, quite small; but it is wonderfully comfortable, considering the size. It is only a big covered rowing-boat, so we are going very slowly. We could not start till later than we expected, therefore we shall have to sleep in the boat to-night, and get to Kwang-tau, our next stage, to-morrow morning; from there we go on in chairs and sleep at Dang-yong the next night; then in chairs again, and the last night in a native boat across the bay. It does seem so funny—all our things being carried by coolies. We have each got chairs of our own now, and feel quite grand; and our native names are painted on them, and on our boxes! We are happy this morning beginning the very last stage of our journey, and knowing that we are going to the place to which Jesus Himself has called us. It is beautiful not to have a shadow of doubt, but to *know* He is going before and leading us out, and we have only to follow; and it is so restful to leave everything to Him, though we do feel utterly ignorant and helpless among these people; but when we remember we are going on His errand, it takes away all doubt, because it is His part to prepare us. Oh! I am so happy—I know that Christ is all I need, and I have *Him*. We were quite sorry to say 'Good-bye' to all the people at Foochow, and then of course it was a break-up of our little party of friends who have been together all the voyage. We are the first to go, but it is lovely each to be going to different parts of the harvest-field, and some day 'we shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.' And I expect we shall meet once a year when we go to Kuliang for the summer holidays.

We had a very happy Sunday at Foochow. We went to the English Community Church in the morning, and stayed to Communion. In the evening we went to the Chinese Service in the College, where we had Communion

again with all the Chinese ; it *was* beautiful. I should think there were 380 Chinese communicants—rather more than usual, because the delegates from different parts were there for the Conference.

Mrs. A-Hok has been so kind, we have been to see her twice ; her house is a very large one, but she lets most of it now. She was so pleased to see us, and asked which of us had seen her in England. It was rather difficult to make her understand, but I think she recognized Miss Mulvany's name, and seemed to remember something about Blackheath. This morning she came in to say 'Good-bye' to us before we started. She has learnt all our names, and seems delighted about us all going to our different stations.

We are picking up a few Chinese words, and I do hope we shall really get on quickly when we once get to Fuhning, and begin with our teachers. Miss Boileau wants us to get on quickly ; she has so much to do now Miss Goldie is away, and she has no one to help her ; consequently she has not been able to do much village work. Oh ! one does long to be able to speak. It was such a beautiful Scripture Union passage this morning, Isa. xliiii., such beautiful promises, e. g. ver. 7, 'Every one that is called by My Name, for I have created him for My glory,' every one who is brought to Jesus increases His glory—isn't that enough to make one long to be able to speak for Him ?

We passed several shrines with gods and goddesses. Miss Boileau asked the coolies about them ; and they simply laugh when she tells them they cannot eat what they give them ; they know perfectly well it is all nonsense, and yet they know nothing else. This is such a funny little place we have come to now. It is a little native church, with a native catechist living here. The room we are to sleep in is large, but rather void of furniture. We have brought our own mattresses with us in the shape of soft quilts, and

we lie on those, as there are no beds, and so we are very comfortable.

It is really very nice having these quiet days before getting to our work. I quite enjoyed being in my chair to-day; one felt that Jesus was so very close; and it was so helpful to talk to Him as we went along, and tell Him all about it, and to know that He is going on before, leading us every step. It has dawned on me even more to-day what a *reality* it is that all these people in the villages we pass through actually know nothing about Jesus; and as one sees them toiling and working away, and living such dreadfully hard lives, and being so wonderfully patient, it makes one long to be able to tell them of the joy there is for them. One does wonder indeed how people can stop at home, and keep it all to themselves.

Native Boat, Fuh-ning Bay, Dec. 9.—You would all laugh, I think, if you could see us now and last night as we came into this capacious abode. We are all sitting together on the floor of a native boat, covered by a little roof of matting; and here we slept last night quite comfortably. We had our own mattresses and mattings, so though the boards were underneath we had comparatively soft beds. We were surrounded by the coolies and sailors on both sides; but we hung up curtains, and so formed quite a little cabin for ourselves, but the coolies were very anxious to come in, and we woke up once in the night to find three of them sitting inside quite close to us. We came on board at six, but did not start till one on account of the tide, and we are hoping to get to the landing-stage about twelve this morning. Then we have twelve more miles to go by chair, and hope to get to our destination about six this evening. It will be lovely really to get to our destination after four days knocking about, and eight weeks of living in boxes and bags! And we are just longing to get to work. As one goes along the roads, and meets such crowds of people, and realizes the blankness and sadness of their lives, one's

heart just longs to tell of the joy; and I do feel more than ever now that we are debtors to these people. For it is for no goodness of our own that we know the love that God has to us. One cannot help realizing that we might have been born in the same condition as these people: and then one wonders that people can say that they have no responsibilities to the heathen, and that they are not 'called.'

CHAPTER III

AT FUH-NING—LEARNING THE LANGUAGE

'I will be with thy mouth.'—Exod. iv. 12.

Fuh-ning, Dec. 21, 1892.—I am longing to go to the villages; there are so many round here that no one has ever been to at all. It is one thing to talk about it at home, but it is a wonderful thing really to be out here, with these people at one's very doors, and feel that they are dying without any hope, never having heard that there is a Saviour from sin. It is enough to make us feel that we are really debtors to them, one feels so ungrateful and mean, not to have done more before, when we had such joy in the salvation of Jesus; but now we are here, and we can thank Him for setting us apart for His service and telling us to be His witnesses here, there is no joy like it.

The other day we went into a Buddhist temple, where an old Buddhist priest keeps guard all day. The extraordinary part of it is, that he does not mind our laughing at the idols; he laughs himself. He says that they can't eat what the people offer them, and that it is useless to bring the offerings; and when Miss Boileau told him he was deceiving the people, he said, Yes, he was, in the coolest way; he didn't seem to think it was anything to

be ashamed of. It seemed just like a child playing with a lot of dolls, and making believe that they could see, and hear, and feel.

I think the saddest sight we have seen here is the number of coffins. The dead are not buried at once, but the coffins, which are like trunks of trees hollowed out, are placed in coffin huts, and kept there, sometimes for months, till a lucky day comes, when they will bury them; and as you walk along you see these open huts filled with coffins; and then sometimes, after they have been buried, they dig the coffins up again, and take out the bones, and preserve them in jars, which are all displayed to view. The graves are dug all over the hills, in the form of a horse-shoe. . . .

It is rather difficult finding one's way about a Chinese dictionary, the characters are hard to recognize. Then, in reading, one has not only to think of the right *sound* of the word, but the *tone*, which is rather awkward. But though it is difficult it is very interesting, and, in spite of the difficulties, I am sure we shall get on all right. My little teacher is so funny; he seems to want me to teach him English, and often asks me to spell the Romanized words in the grammar to him, and is so pleased with himself when he recognizes two words as the same.

I was glad this morning, when we had finished reading, he asked if he might take the Testament away. I do hope he will read it by himself, he did seem interested. He went to church on Sunday, and was evidently very pleased to recognize the Lord's Prayer, which we had been reading in the week, and he told me with great glee on Monday, when we came to it, that we had had that in church. . . .

I had an opportunity when on the voyage, very unexpectedly to me, though I was wanting it very

much, to speak to one of the sailors; but we got into conversation, and I found he was unhappy, and wanted to come to Christ and be a Christian. He seemed to know everything in his head, but evidently he had never been brought into real touch with Christ. I had several talks with him, and I was just told how to put it plainly to him, and the very morning I got off at Hong-kong I saw him, and he told me he was much happier; and this evening I have had such a sweet letter from him, saying, 'After you left me on Sunday morning at Hong-kong, I then realized fully that I was a sinner, saved through the precious blood of Christ'; and then he tells me how he loves to read the Bible, and before, he had told me, it was all dark to him; and now he says, while on watch, he loves to pray and talk to Jesus, and he feels drawing nearer to Him all the time. I tell you this because I want you to share in my joy. Of course it is no praise to me, or I would not have told you—it is only so good of Jesus to give me this wonderful joy of knowing that I have been used by Him; there is no joy like it. I don't know how to praise Him enough. It is worth any amount of giving up—the joy of winning souls for His glory. I feel as if He were saying to me to-night, 'Rejoice *with Me*, for I have found *My sheep*.' And it was beautiful coming at the end of the home-letters, a sort of promise of blessing to come from the giving up.

Fuh-ning, Dec. 28, 1892.—I had a very, very happy Christmas; I found out that the joy of Christmas is real true joy, that does not depend on circumstances, but on Christ. The joy of exchange was very great, having given up home and friends and all that they mean for the sake of telling the 'glad tidings of great joy *which shall be to all people*.' There is joy to tell the story, and there is no joy which can be compared with it, 'Joy exceeding, full of glory'; and on Christmas morning

there was nothing but joy left, and the first words that came into my heart were, 'Glory to the new-born King!'

Well, I must tell you all about our Christmas-time. On Friday afternoon we went up the hills to pick evergreen to decorate the church and girls' school; in the evening we all made a Christmas pudding together! On Saturday we took a half-holiday, and went to dinner at Mrs. Taylor's. Mr. and Mrs. Eyton Jones were there, and their children; so we were all together—we had a very happy time. In the afternoon the Miss Clarkes went to decorate the church, and Miss Boileau and I went to the school: I did enjoy that, it was so nice really to be doing Christmas decorations—the girls were delighted and helped us put them up. It was such a contrast from last Christmas, this year being surrounded by Chinese girls, they trying to understand me and I trying to understand them. I like being with those girls, and it is a help with the language; one picks up so much being with them. We put up texts in Chinese characters, cut out in red paper stuck on white cotton-wool ground; they looked so well.

On Christmas morning we had our own English prayers here, and sang a good many Christmas hymns; then we went to the school-prayers, and had 'Hark, the herald' in Chinese, which we could not sing much of. Then we went to service at eleven, and the girls sang a carol first. Though it was a Chinese service it seemed very like Christmas, and afterwards we had the Communion Service. In the afternoon we had our Bible-reading at Mr. Eyton Jones', and we stayed the evening there, and sang Christmas hymns, and Miss Boileau sang some of the *Messiah* to us; it was so sweet.

But Monday was the funniest day! The Chinese had a feast, and we went and were invited to sit down with them; we were presented with chopsticks and a bowl, and were invited to pick out of the general bowl in the

middle. They bring in the general bowl, put it in the middle of the table, and every one helps oneself with chopsticks; and the polite thing is to take things out with your own chopsticks, and feed some one else with it. This is what they did to me. Some of the things were 'rather nice,' some 'not very nasty,' the others I won't try to describe! I struggled through as many things as I could, and then I asked some one to tell me the word for 'I have had enough,' and said it most vigorously when fresh courses appeared. There were about eighteen altogether.

We hear with dismay that there is to be another feast some time in February, at the Chinese New Year; and at that feast their great delight, i. e. the Christian women's, is to give the *gunions*¹ a table all to themselves; and then they have really to go in for it. I thought we should have been let off with one a year! It was altogether so funny! I don't know when I laughed so much as I did that afternoon. At the end I gave a little Christmas address to the women; I thought it was very kind of Miss Boileau to ask me. I had been longing somehow to tell the Christmas message. One feels so having one's lips closed because one cannot speak the language; especially at such times when one feels the joy oneself, and feels full of it and longing to let it out. Miss Boileau interpreted for me; I am afraid it must have been rather difficult for her. I found it rather difficult; one has to put things very concisely, and cannot exactly say things as one wants. It was a lovely feeling really to be talking to the Chinese, and that my first message was a Christmas one. I wonder if I shall be able to speak to them in Chinese next year!

Fuh-ning, Jan. 5, 1893.—We have been keeping the week of prayer out here, though there are only six of us.

¹ *Gunions* = foreign young ladies.

The two gentlemen are engaged this week, and cannot come; but we have been able to have very good prayer-meetings. They always keep the week in Foochow, and we thought it would be nice to have it here; so we have had a meeting every afternoon at four o'clock, and we have each taken it in turn to lead. It was my turn to-day, and the subject was 'Foreign Missions.' It would not do to have a meeting every day though, as it is the only time we get for a walk, and that is very necessary; but it is very helpful to have special meetings this week.

I had not time to tell you last week about a Chinese wedding we saw, or rather part of it. A woman was married who lived quite close to the hospital, and Mrs. Taylor called us in to see her before she started. She was sitting in her room on view, in bright scarlet clothes, with a tremendous erection, something like a crown, on her head. She had to pretend to be very sad, as she was leaving her mother's house. Even if they are not really sad, they have to cry. When the time came for her to start to go to her husband's house, she was led out of the house by two women. She was supposed to be unwilling to go; so she set up the most awful noise you ever heard—a sort of forced crying, all on two notes; but there was not a tear to be seen. It sounded very dreadful, and one could hardly believe so much of it was put on; but Mrs. Taylor assured us it was, and said she would not be a true Chinese woman unless she made a great fuss. When she got outside, into the courtyard, she knelt down, and worshipped the ancestral tablets; and then, after filling her sleeves with nuts and other fruit as a sign of plenty, she was led into the wedding-chair, a very grand sedan chair, covered with red, and decorated with pictures and flowers. In this she was carried to her husband's house, about twelve miles off. She had to go all alone, poor thing! with no other woman with her; and when she got to her husband's house she would be on view for three days, and any one,

the poorest people in the village, might come in and make any remarks they liked about her.

But the saddest part of all is, that she had never seen her husband before. Before she left home a red gauze veil was thrown over her head, and the first time she and her husband saw each other would be the night she arrived, when he first lifted the veil. Though the girls are not married here quite as early as in India, they are betrothed as early, and they are all bought. So many dollars are paid for each, according to rank; and large-footed women are much cheaper than small-footed ones. Hence it is a real test for the Christians whether they will unbind their children's feet, because they know they will be despised, and also because they will not get as much money for them when they are married. We saw a woman's foot when it was unbound the other day—a woman who came in to have her leg dressed at the hospital—and it was a dreadful sight. The toes were dragged back till they almost met the heel, which is dragged back in the same way; and on this little stump they walk, or rather hobble.

It is a year to-day since I went to The Willows. Hasn't it been a wonderful year?—a year of blessing, because a year of sacrifice.

Saturday, Jan. 7.—We have been for a long walk to-day. We always try to get an extra walk on Saturday, so we had our prayer-meeting early. I went to prayers at the school with Miss Boileau when we came back. Those girls are sweet; I do so love going in to them. They come and crowd round us just as my girls used to do, and they are so loving. It seems hard not to be able to understand what they say, for they say so much, and talk so fast. Poor little things! they don't get many pleasures, as they can never go for walks. They only go to church on Sundays; so they are so pleased whenever we go in to them a little. But we have not much time; for, with six hours' reading, and a walk to

get in, there is not much time left in the day, and I find it very difficult to get enough time for writing letters. I am getting fond of the language. It is intensely interesting, and really the character is not as difficult as I expected. The talking is far worse than the character, as one has to remember the tone as well as the sound. Each word has its own particular tone, and we can't attempt any talking yet, except little sentences.

Fuh-ning, Jan. 20, 1893.—God has been good! He changes those times which would naturally be times of sadness into times of great joy, especially if the sadness which would otherwise have been is caused by giving up something for Jesus' sake. I think we find out more than how He can fill our hearts with His Presence when we have nothing else to fill them with, and He is all in all. I think you would laugh if you saw me with my teacher every day. I have a Chinaman all to myself, and he is a very queer specimen. We try to hold conversations together, but at present they are rather curtailed, and it often has to end with my telling him I don't understand what he is saying—a rather convenient sentence to have learned. However, I am getting to understand more, and am beginning to air a few words, and the joy is great when I find they are understood. We are going through St. Matthew's Gospel now. We have that, and St. John's Gospel, part of the Prayer Book, half the radicals, and some grammar to do for the first examination at the end of a year. One does so long to be able to speak. It is so sad to be living with heathen all round, and not be able to tell them the joy of salvation.

Fuh-ning, Feb. 6, 1893.—I do wish you could have a sight of this place, and see what it is like; but there are no photographs of it. The hills are simply beautiful, with winding paths all the way up. All the roads here are made to wind in and out, to cheat the spirits,

because they are supposed to go in a straight line: so if the road curves they are led away from the city. I had no idea the Chinese believed so much in spirits; it is really dreadful some of the things they do. They give the men women's names, that the spirits may think they are not worth attacking, because the women are so looked down on, and are supposed to be everything bad. Miss Boileau says the two things the people are always very astonished at in foreigners are, that they are not afraid of the darkness, and that they are not afraid of spirits.

It is such a queer little church here; it is like a big barn. It is built of the roughest wood; it has no windows: it has holes for them, but there is no glass¹. So it is a rather 'freezing' process, going to church when it is very cold; and the poor Chinese wear nothing but cotton clothes. The women have a separate place to themselves in the church, shut off by a screen.

When I can really speak I feel as if I should want to be visiting all the time; though there is a drawback to the visiting which I had not anticipated, and that is, that lady missionaries in China very seldom visit alone. They nearly always take a Bible-woman; and as the Bible-woman cannot walk far with her little feet, it is a great hindrance. The reason is rather a humbling one: it is that English people do not learn to speak Chinese well enough to be understood by heathen for the first time, so a Bible-woman has to be taken as an interpreter. It is all right after the first few times; the people get accustomed to one's voice. But the tones make it so difficult: one may say a word in the wrong tone, and it will mean something quite different, probably very ludicrous; e.g. one of the missionaries on Sunday (I won't say who) was giving out a notice, and he talked about 'sugar' instead of 'church'². You can imagine something

¹ This was only a temporary state of affairs.

² This is merely the difference of an aspirate.

of the difficulty when I tell you that people from districts quite near cannot understand each other. A mandarin's wife who came to see us the other day, spoke Mandarin, and the other women here did not understand her. Her servant, who spoke Foochow, had to translate. But though there are these difficulties, I call them glorious difficulties; for they are God-made, and what God has made He can overcome; and He will never allow His work to be hindered; and it is just a wonderful way in which His power may be shown. Will you ask very definitely that we may learn to speak very clearly, so that we may be able to speak to any heathen? for I can't tell you how my heart longs to do that: and I know God can do it, though it seems so hard, for He has promised to make all the mountains a way.

Fuh-ning, Feb. 16, 1893.—We are in the midst of the Chinese New Year's festivities—to-morrow is New Year's Day; it is the great excitement of the whole year. The Chinese keep it in something like the same way that we keep Christmas. The streets are all decorated, and the shops are specially bright. People send presents one to another, and invite each other to feasts. All the shops will be shut to-morrow, and there will be a general holiday for some days. The worst of it is they are not satisfied with feasting themselves, but they will invite us! The teacher at the school invited us to a feast specially prepared for us this afternoon. I am glad to say it was what I call a dry feast—only sweets, and nuts, and that sort of thing. But this evening, instead of our ordinary supper, the cook had prepared us a grand feast of native things at his own expense and the teacher's, and of the other Chinese who live in the house. When we went in there was one bowl in the middle of the table, chopsticks put to each of us, and no table-cloth. When we had finished one he brought in another, till we had had as many as twelve. We

had to eat in Chinese style, each helping herself out of the bowl in the middle. Some of the things were very nasty, but we were not obliged to eat all. The worst of it is, they won't give you rice on feast-days, only those dreadful messes. However, he brought a bowl of *mieng*, a sort of mixture of flour and water which they use instead of rice a great deal. When it was over we all went to the kitchen and thanked them, which pleased them very much; and they said our manners were very good! This evening we have been at the school, singing hymns with the girls, as it is the last night of the year. They were so pleased, and chose such nice hymns, all of their own accord. We can join in the singing now, though we can't read all the characters.

The end of the year is the great time for the Chinese to get their debts paid. Money seems the Chinese god. They look at everything in the light of how much money it will bring. Sometimes when they first hear of Christianity, they ask how much they will get paid for coming to church. They lend money to any extent to each other, and get tremendous interest. At the end of the year, if they don't get their debts paid to them they can't call them in till the end of the next year; and if at the end of three years they have not been paid, they have no more claim on their debtors. So at the end of each year dreadful scenes go on over their money matters, and they often fight over it. If one goes into the streets on one of the last days of the year, all the people one meets are either counting money, weighing money (for they weigh every dollar), or squabbling over it. As we walked down the main street this afternoon we met one man with an account book in his hand, then another with a purse slung over his shoulder, and a third with a long string of cash. Cash is the money they use here—little copper coins of which about 1,000 go to a dollar, so you can imagine the number there are, and they carry them in strings round their necks. In the

shops the men were wrangling over their cash or weighing dollars; it really was most absurd. It was the first time we had been in the main street, for we always like walking outside the city best, and there is no object in going to the shops, for we cannot do our own shopping. I believe it is not proper for a woman to go into a shop. Everything we want, our cook, who is a sort of general factotum, gets for us. It is a good thing in one way, for otherwise we should have to keep our own cash; and it would be very inconvenient to have such heaps of them: but the cook pays everything out, and we pay him in dollars at the end of the week. Our cook is such a funny boy! very nice in some ways: he has not asked to be baptized yet, but he calls himself a believer. When he went the other day to buy those gods, incense-sticks, &c., that I am sending home to you, the shop-keeper asked him why he, a Christian, was buying such things; he said, 'There are two uses for those things; we are stupid enough to use them here for worship, but the foreigners buy them to send to England to show the people how stupid we are.' Wasn't it brave of him?

One very sad thing the Chinese do, and think nothing of, is that they sell their children if they are poor; only this week a man from a village some way off brought his little girl here to sell, because the mother was ill, and very poor. The child is only a year old, and in this case it really seems a good thing, for the matron at the school has bought it, and she will bring it up nicely, and teach it, and, as she said to Miss Boileau, it will save its soul. It is very wonderful, because it has come from a heathen village, and has been brought to a Christian school, as we should say 'by accident.' It is to be called 'Salvation,' at the suggestion of one of the girls. Poor little thing, it does look wretched and half-starved, but it is quite happy, and has already begun to call the little matron its mother, and is not happy away from her.

I think my teacher is getting much nicer, and I feel

so happy about him. The other day we were reading some of the prayers in the Prayer Book, and he said that 'Amen,' which in Chinese is translated 'That which my heart truly desires,' was very difficult to say, and he never said it in church, because he did not mean it: he said *we* could say it, because we believed in Jesus, but it was too difficult for him to say. I thought that was honest and straightforward, and showed that he really thinks, and does not jabber off things, as so many of the Chinese do, without thinking.

I want you to be very earnest in praying for him; he begins to talk now, and ask many questions, always opening the conversation himself. But he is not a bit convinced; he says that Jesus doctrine and the Chinese doctrine are very much the same, and he thinks the Chinese is a little the better. He is a clever man and thinks a great deal, and I feel it is a great responsibility to have him, and I do want you to pray very much for me. The difficult thing about so many of the Chinese men is that they are so morally good: they follow their own code of morality, and think that therefore they never sin. He told me to-day that he has no sin in him; he says if he deceived me, or went out for a walk when I called him to read, that would be sin: but beyond those plain acts of sin he cannot see. He says he is always afraid of falling into sin, and asked if one once believed on Jesus one need never fear falling into sin. He said that was what he wanted, to have no fear of falling into sin. It is curious that they have the idea of sin and a need of reconciliation inherent in them. He said if he ever did sin he would be afraid that Buddha would punish him. I showed him Rom. viii. 1, at which he was rather astonished, and asked if it was really true.

It is very difficult to get them to realize what sin really is—they have such a shallow idea of it. I showed him the text about, 'If we say we have no sin, we deceive

ourselves'; but he said that was not true. He says he is going to tell me his doctrine, so that I may believe it! And he says he is willing to go to England to teach his doctrine, as we come here to teach ours.

I feel very happy about him. I think all these reasonings and questionings are because the Holy Spirit is working in him. He alone can convince of sin.

Fuh-ning, Feb. 20, 1893.—I had not time to tell you about the Chinese New Year's Day, which was a great excitement. We had to give ourselves a holiday. The first thing in the morning the Christians kept coming in to wish us a Happy New Year; and before that, the girls from the school came up to invite us to go down and say grace at breakfast for them. Miss Boileau had given them some money to have an extra spread. They invited us to stay, but we thought we would rather go back to our own breakfast. After that, groups of people kept coming in to wish us a Happy New Year. The heathen custom is to prostrate themselves on the ground, and worship you. The cook here did it to Miss Goldie and Miss Boileau the first year he was here; but they have taught him better now. His brother, our washerman, has only been here since we came, and we rather thought he would do it; but he did restrain himself, though it evidently required great self-control; for when he came in to salute us he clasped his hands, and bowed as low as he could without touching the floor.

We had a special service in the morning, and in the afternoon the girls from the school came here, and had a distribution of presents—all the things that Mrs. Boileau and Miss Goldie and others had sent out in the box I brought. Miss Boileau asked me to give the things away, which I did, but that was about as much as I did, for I could not muster enough Chinese to make a speech! The girls were all pleased with their things, any little thing pleases them so much.

Tuesday, Feb. 21, 1893.—I am looking forward to home letters: it seems such a long time now since we had any; it will be more than a fortnight when the man comes. We expect him on Thursday, but he may choose to take a longer holiday, there is no relying on any one in the New Year time. I am expecting my teacher back at the same time, which I shall be very glad of, as I have not been able to have Miss Boileau's teacher very much. I have had his boy, and one of the girls of the school part of the time. They do very well for reading; but they do not know how to teach one the tones, and those are the great battle: one has to listen to the tone of each word as it is read, and then read the same; and any one who does not know how to teach, reads so fast that one cannot recognize the tones.

Wednesday, Feb. 22.—Yesterday we went into another Buddhist temple, the largest I have been to yet. I think there must have been nearly twenty huge idols, most of them much bigger than a man; fearful-looking things some of them were. One especially had a face wicked enough to give one the nightmare. There was also one in the shape of a horse, and one in the shape of a cow. One of the idols had actually tumbled to pieces. One side of the temple is all open and exposed to the weather, so the idol has crumbled into dust, and yet these people believe in it: it seems incredible. Miss Boileau says at least times they have great processions through the streets; most awful sights some of them are, and it is in these that they carry the 'tall white devil' figures, one of which Mr. Stewart showed us, do you remember? I expect we shall have the pleasure of making his acquaintance in his own country soon.

Thursday, Feb. 23.—We went to meet the messenger to-day, but he did not come, so we will hope for to-morrow.

We have been here nearly three months now. I can hardly believe it. Time has gone so fast, and yet when

I look back to October it seems like a lifetime between. The days here go very quickly because our work is so regular. It is holiday time now at the school; so Miss Boileau is having a little rest, which I am very glad of: still nearly all the girls are at the school, for travelling here is too great an undertaking for them to go home for the short holidays. We went down and played games with them yesterday.

We have been to Dr. Taylor's several times lately for tennis. Mr. Eyton Jones generally plays now, and as he plays well, if it were not for the grass, which is just like a field, and the short courts, we might have some fine sets. The other day my partner was a Chinese man, one of Dr. Taylor's medical students. It was a curious experience playing tennis with a Chinaman. He has very little idea of playing; his long literary clothes are too much in the way, and I believe the literary men think it degrading to run. The exercise is very good for us while we are reading so much; but I do not think I shall want to play when the joyful day at last comes when we are able to visit on our own account.

Friday, Feb. 24.—To-day we have been to another Chinese feast, at least half Chinese, half English. The little matron at the school asked us. She got it up specially for us, and gave us chiefly English things, because she thought we new ones did not like native food. She is a dear thoughtful little thing. The joke of it was that she could not make the English things herself, so she got our cook to make the cakes, &c. We were asked at four o'clock, and were expected to eat as much as if it were dinner-time. She began parcelling out a plate of buns, giving us about four or five each, huge lumps of cake, fruit, &c. It was most amusing, the wholesale way she did things: I suppose she thought that was our way. She wanted to make it as English as she could, so she actually got milk for our tea, which the Chinese never use themselves. They are

always anxious that their guests should eat a great deal, and if they think they are not doing them justice, they proceed to help them to things with their hands. She took a huge hunk of cake up in her hands (Chinese hands are never clean) and put it into my mouth! It was a most comical scene.

Monday, Feb. 27.—The messenger has at last arrived to-day, to our great joy; we have been expecting him the last four days. He started from Foochow last Monday, a week ago, and was kept on the road by the heavy rain. Chinamen are very much afraid of rain. I had been wanting to hear about your Christmas. I knew you would have a happy one. Our Heavenly Father has been good to us, and has given us to know something of true real joy, even Divine joy. I know none of us would take back what we have given to Him, for He has given us joy unknown before in exchange. I pictured you all on Christmas Day, and I knew He was hearing my prayers for you, by giving you the same joy that I had. It was Divine joy, as father says, it was the joy of giving, and as God is the Great Giver, we are more like Him when we give.

I am amused at your being so impressed with the dirtiness of the Chinese; but it is quite true, it seems part of their nature, and this part does not always alter when they become Christians. They seem to realize it only in contrast with us. When we go into their houses they always apologize for the dirt, but they would not think of cleaning the house before the next visit. They do sometimes wash their houses at the New Year, but that is the only occasion on which they perform that operation.

Fuh-ning, March 2, 1893.—We three, Mima, Janet, and I, are left all alone just now. Miss Boileau has gone to Lo-nguong for a few days' change, to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Martin. Every one thought it would

do her good to have a little change while the girls are having holidays, for she has been rather tired lately. She went yesterday, and will stay about a week. We miss her very much, but we are very happy, we three together; and as regards the talking, it is very good for us to be without an interpreter, and to be obliged to talk. We were rather taken aback this morning by the arrival of four visitors. At the New Year time the women come out to visit the houses. It is the only time they go out in the year, and their great excitement is to see the foreigners' houses. We were so afraid of doing something impolite, for their etiquette is quite a thing of itself to learn. Miss Boileau had told us a few things, so we got on all right. We could not talk much to them, but we sang to them 'Jesus loves me' and 'There is a happy land.' Miss Boileau's teacher's wife, the little woman who does our housework, came in and helped us to talk to them; but she talks Foochow, and these women had such a Fuh-ning brogue that even she could not understand them properly; so we got the little matron from the school, who talks a regular brogue, and she spoke very nicely to them. We gave them fruit and tea, and did it in good Chinese style, and ended up by inviting them to see the bedrooms. They seemed very pleased, and we asked them to come again when Miss Boileau comes back.

Last Sunday there were some baptisms at the church: one man, three women, and two babies. It was such a beautiful service, and I felt it was so solemn. Mr. Eytton Jones is so careful about baptisms here, and does not baptize unless he feels quite sure the people are really in earnest, and until they have been tested for some time. Several who wanted to be baptized have been put off for a few months, so one just felt that those who were baptized really understood what they were doing, and mean to be Christians not only in name

but in reality. One feels how much prayer and help they need, for though they have had two or three years' regular teaching, it seems very little when we think of what we have had. The little church does not boast such a thing as a font; a little bowl is supplied for the occasion, and warm water is used—the Chinese are afraid of cold. When Mr. Eyton Jones had finished reading the service for the children, and began the one for the adults, he remembered that he wanted two witnesses, and he invited two of the Chinese Christian women to come over; but they were so frightened, poor little things, of leaving their secluded women's corner, that they went, umbrellas and all, out of the door at the back. Then a little English conversation took place between Mr. Eyton Jones and Miss Boileau, which ended in Miss Boileau going out to hunt for the poor things and marshalling them in again. She had to push them in, they were so reluctant. I never saw anything like the shyness and retirement of the women. They will not do anything of their own accord; it seems almost as if they had no will of their own. I suppose it is because they have been so despised and trampled on, that when they are brought out, and cared for, and educated, it is almost impossible to make them independent: they will lean on English people for everything.

March 6.—While Miss Boileau has been away we have been taking morning and evening prayers at the school. Miss Boileau thought we could give out the chapter and hymn, and that sort of thing, and get some one to play; but Janet and I thought we would try and venture a few remarks on the chapter, and ask a few questions; and to our great delight we found they understood, and could answer us. We did feel encouraged, and we feel how good God has been to us. Of course we can only say simple things, and have to confine ourselves to platitudes; but as we found they could

understand, we have gone on with it, and have taken prayers, one of us, every morning and evening since Miss Boileau left. The girls are always glad when we go down. They take such an interest in our learning to speak, and they really help us. I said a wrong tone at prayers yesterday, and one of the girls told me afterwards in such a sweet way. They really do want to help us. They always pray that God will help us to learn very quickly, and now they find out we can talk to them a little, they say to us, 'God has helped you to learn Chinese words, hasn't He?' They are so simple in their trust. Though this is only a very little thing—we cannot really teach the girls anything much, it is more practice for ourselves—yet there is a great thankfulness in my heart, for it is another proof of God's faithfulness, and how very real His grace is for this, and that He has indeed heard your prayers and mine. Go on to pray about this, for this is only the beginning.

A few days ago there was a horrible idol procession which went all round the city wall. At the time of the Chinese New Year they have them to propitiate the gods. Two little boys were dressed up as girls and mounted on tremendously high pedestals, and carried along like that. They looked so fearfully frightened, poor little things, and as if they must fall from such a height. They only had a narrow little bench to sit on, raised on a high platform, and the whole carried in a sort of cart. They were probably very poor children, and were paid so much for the day. After them came four pair of devils, four black and four white. The black ones were boys dressed up in the most awful way with hideous inhuman masks, enough to give children nightmare. With every little black devil was a tall white one (do you remember Mr. Stewart showing us the tall white devil at the Mission Hall?). They are men dressed up in white clothes, with tremendous erections on

their heads to make them very tall; they were just the height of the one Mr. Stewart showed us. There were also several other figures dressed up to represent other spirits, and several idol cars. Interspersed with these were men and boys, some quite tiny, and one little baby I saw was about two. All these had square boards round their necks, because they had taken a vow to the gods that they would serve them a certain number of days. Their pigtailed were undone, and their long hair let loose over their boards. It was rather a ghastly sight. We went up on the city wall to see this, and there were such crowds of people there, and many women, as it is the one occasion on which they turn out. I longed for some one to be there to speak to them, but Miss Boileau was away.

Fuh-ning, March 21.—We are going on very regularly with our reading, and are getting on with the language now. I know it is because you are praying for us. I feel it is that. It is a sort of mountain of strength behind one. We can read our verses at Chinese prayers now, and are able to understand better what people say, but though to learn to read the character is comparatively easy it is quite another thing to learn to talk so that the people can understand. That is the greatest difficulty of all. I don't mean to say that I can read the character yet by any means; only I wanted to tell you that we are getting on, because I know you have been praying so about it. We can read fairly well the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John, and I shall begin the Prayer Book soon. I was very glad at something my teacher said the other day. We were reading St. Matt. iv., about God giving His angels charge over us, and he said, 'You believe that God sends His angels to take care of you: we believe that Buddha takes care of us.' I said, 'Do you really believe that?' he said, in a doubtful way, that he did. Afterwards he said, 'What is it that

you want me to believe?' I told him, 'Jesus Christ.' He said, 'I do half believe in Him.' Then I told him to pray that the Holy Spirit would make him believe. He said, 'Do you pray that for me?' I said, 'Yes, every day.' He is a very real man. I don't think there is any sham about him. He is not the sort of man to do or say things just to please me: he is very clever and thinks a good deal. He is not like some of the teachers, who will do anything to please the foreigners; he is very different from that, sometimes his manner is very off-hand, and even rude, but I would rather have him like that, for he is likely to be much more real, and he often asks such intelligent questions about what we read, I believe he is thinking a good deal.

I can't help telling you how very happy I am this week—Passion Week—in the thought of the real fellowship with Jesus in His sufferings; any little thing there is to bear for Him here one seems to welcome, just to be in a little measure like Him: and His beautiful words, 'In My Father's house are many mansions,' are such a cheer to us who are pilgrims here, as He was. The thought of the Father's house to cheer us at the end is full of strength—it must have been so very real to Him in His sufferings. Passion Week is a very beautiful time.

Fuh-ning, April 15, 1893.—This week our warm weather has really begun, though to-day has been cool, but all the first part of the week was warm. The really baking weather does not begin till after May. This is like spring at home, but the cool weather has lasted unusually long this year, every one says it is quite wonderful to be wearing winter clothes now. Everything is looking pretty: the hills are lovely with red azaleas and white flowers, and to-day we have seen the first opium-field in flower. It is very beautiful, though sad to think of, just a mass of dark crimson poppies.

I am feeling so thankful to-day, and so happy, because I have been preparing for my first Chinese class. Tomorrow afternoon I am going to take a class of little girls at the school. Miss Boileau said she thought I could try, so I am going to see how I get on. It is very beautiful to be really going to make a beginning. I do realize how much you have helped me to learn, it has been a real practical help to know how you have been praying. It is nothing but the grace of God. I have never realized it so practically, I think, before, and it makes one feel there is not a doubt for the rest. What He has begun to do He will perfect, and it is just the proving of 'His power which worketh in us mightily.' I want very much to be able to speak very clearly and distinctly, so as to be easily understood, and I want to understand easily, even the brogues. Will you ask for this? 'All things are possible to him that believeth'; that has helped me so. I want very much to be able to take these little girls on Sunday afternoon, because before, the elder girls have taken them in turn, and Miss Boileau is starting a baptism class, and does not want any of the elder girls to miss it. For my first lesson I am going to take Abraham offering up Isaac. I have been getting it ready in a little picture Bible they have here. My teacher seemed very much interested, and astonished me very much by saying of his own accord that Isaac carrying the wood was like Jesus carrying the cross. I think that, for a heathen man, was wonderful.

Last Monday we went to another feast. One of Dr. Taylor's students has just been down to Foochow, to marry one of the girls in Miss Lambert's school, but the girl has not come up here yet. However, he had a feast in honour of his wedding, without the bride, and we were all invited. The women were in one room and the men in another; and they put us English together in another. We were honoured by the bridegroom himself waiting on us. He kept bringing in bowl after bowl of

greasy-looking things and putting them in the middle of the table, and we all helped ourselves with our chopsticks. Some of the things were not bad, some were, though; but every time one can eat more, which is a great comfort. I want to be as much like the Chinese as I can. When we had had about seven courses, we informed the bridegroom we had had enough, and went away. We did not feel inclined to waste all the evening there. He said we were not half through, and we heard afterwards there were about thirty bowls. I think we were well out of it!

April 17.—I got on pretty well with my little class on Sunday. I made them repeat what I said, so that I should know they understood, but I had to confine myself to the story part; when I tried to bring it home to them, I found myself rather at a loss for words. It seemed quite homelike to be taking a class on Sunday afternoon again, and it made me think of my dear girls at Blackheath; but these are much younger. Yesterday we were invited to a wedding, or rather to see the future bride. However, we did not see her, for she was crying so much that she stayed in her bed, and inside the curtains were four or five other women, who occasionally peered out, and on seeing us looking at them, disappeared. We saw some of her presents; she had a great many jewels, as they are a very rich family.

TO HER FATHER.

April 18, 1893.—Christ Himself does teach us out here, and He is teaching me to *know Him more*. I know you pray for your child, that in spite of the comparative drought around, her branches may spread and grow, because they are growing deeper and deeper down where the Living Water is.

Mrs. Eyton Jones told me such a beautiful thing about my Chinese name the other day, I thought I would like to tell you. You know it is *Sà*, and it means *sand*. I did not like it much at first, because I did not see any

meaning in it; but she says I can look upon it as the sand on the sea-shore, and that God will bless me as He promised Abraham, and make my spiritual children as the sand. My spiritual children will be your spiritual children too, for I just realize how you are helping me by your prayers. It is a very literal thing. I am sure God is giving you the blessing of Abraham in giving up your child. I know you feel that. So He is going to give us many spiritual children at home and here, and in the great home above we shall rejoice together, and then there will be no more partings. I do pray for you very much in your work, and I know I can help you in it, as you help me in mine. Coming away makes one know more the reality of prayer. I do realize how I can help you, and I do realize how you *have* helped me.

Fuh-ning, April 22, 1893.—As we came back through the city we passed an opium den, and Dr. Taylor took us in. Opening out of the shop were several rooms leading into one another, and in each of these rooms were men, lying down, giving themselves up to smoking. It was a dreadful place, and the men looked so miserable and dirty. Dr. Taylor spoke to the shopman about it, and he said if he would give him 200 dollars, he would perhaps give up his shop; but he would very likely buy more opium with it! We also passed a house where there was a tremendous drumming going on. We looked in, and saw a man standing on a sort of platform, beating a drum, and making a horrid noise; the house was lighted up with lanterns, and the men were all standing round, and there seemed quite a commotion. One man did not like our coming in; but another came out and explained that a woman in the house was ill, and they were doing all this to catch the spirit. The man on the platform had a sword in his hand, and with that he was supposed to catch the spirit who was making the woman ill. Poor thing! it seemed enough to kill her, all that noise; it was

so dinning we could hardly hear ourselves speak, and this poor woman, lying ill in the house, was subject to it all. The man who spoke to us had such a beautiful honest face; it seemed so sad that he should be so deceived.

The end of last week Miss Boileau went for a little trip to visit some of the villages near here. She went to one village where they had never seen a foreign lady before—only a gentleman once, and that was Mr. Eyton Jones. So they were tremendously excited, and came together in crowds. About one hundred women came into the room where she was going to sleep the night, and again in the morning before she was up. Just fancy, all those people have never heard of Jesus! and yet they are living close to us, and they are asking to be taught, and there is no one to send, not even native workers, who are wanted so much.

Fuh-ning, May 5, 1893.—I do wish the Society (i. e. C. E. Z. S.) could have been able to claim Mr. Wigram's money; it does seem sad. If only the rich people in England could be transported here for one day, and just go out and see the crowds of heathen, I don't think they would wait another day to claim that money, and a great deal more. We all want rousing up, and to remember to realize the true force of '*Freely ye have received; freely give.*' It makes one feel how utterly selfish we English people are, when we see and hear of crowds of people who have not so much as heard one word about Jesus.

Yesterday Miss Boileau went with Mr. and Mrs. Eyton Jones to a market-town a little way off. It is about two hours' distance by boat. When they got there, crowds of people came down to the beach to meet them, and they followed the crowd up the beach. At the top of the road stood an old woman, with a beautiful face, who said, 'Come into my house.' So they all went, and crowds of men followed them in, but very few

women. They found out the old woman only spoke Ang-nang, another dialect, which a great many people in that place speak; fortunately, though, a good many of them also could talk Foochow. So Mrs. Eyton Jones talked to one woman, while another listened to Miss Boileau and interpreted for her. After that they walked through to the other side of the beach, followed by crowds. There Mr. Eyton Jones preached, and Miss Boileau sold any number of Mrs. Grimke's cards, translated into Chinese. But after a bit the crowd got very excited and rough; so they thought they ought to move on, and as the catechist said it was hardly safe to go back through the town, they had to get a boat, the price of which, as soon as the natives found they wanted it, was immediately raised. However they made a beginning in that place, and next time they will be more used to foreigners; and there are a few inquirers there.

Mr. and Mrs. Eyton Jones and Miss Boileau slept in the boat that night, as it was cleaner than a native inn; and this morning they visited another little place, and came back in the afternoon. It seems wonderful to think that one can go to places so very near, and belonging to this district, where there is no work at all going on, and the people are in utter darkness. Every fresh revelation of the darkness makes one rejoice more and more at the thought of being allowed to come. One just longs to go right into the darkness and take the light, and pray that the Sun of Righteousness may shine so brightly on us that we may radiate His beams right into the darkness; so that it may be true again, 'The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness *overcame* it not.' Darkness seems such a very real practical word to apply here, especially to the women. Some of them are so utterly ignorant, and seem almost incapable of taking in any new idea, because they have been so totally neglected that darkness really seems to describe the state of their hearts; and thick darkness, so thick that it seems as if the light could not

overcome the darkness: and yet we know it can, and *it will*.

May 12.—We have had two sets of Chinese visitors to-day. It is a little interrupting to my reading, as I read in the sitting-room, and I always have to despatch my teacher quickly at the sight of women. This morning we had some grandees, mandarins' wives. They were such sweet women; they really had most beautiful faces, I could not help loving them. They knew how to behave, and were so refined and nice. Their clothes were too magnificent to describe properly: all thick figured silk, let in with satin covered with silk embroidered flowers and ornaments, and such beautiful colours; and their hair was covered with jewels. They brought a little girl with them, and she was also dressed in silk, pink and red, with ever so many gold jewels; her hair was shaved in patches in the most extraordinary style, and two little bits at each side left to grow, and plaited. They invited us to go to their house, so I hope we shall go; it will be such a beautiful opening.

This afternoon I was again interrupted in my reading; this time by poor people, but they were so nice. They always want the run of the house, as they like to see the bedrooms. It was a little awkward this morning when the mandarins' wives came, as they brought a whole retinue of soldiers; and almost as soon as you get inside the gate of our house you are in the bedrooms; and as Chinese soldiers steal without the slightest compunction, we had to keep a sharp look-out.

Fuh-ning, Monday, May 29, 1893.—We have been living quite an aristocratic life yesterday and to-day. Do you remember my telling you about the mandarin lady who came to see us, and invited us to go and see her? Yesterday afternoon we went; she had specially asked us all four. So we three gave up our reading and went with Miss Boileau. To go to a mandarin's house

one has to go in chairs, it is the custom! So we started, a procession of five chairs (the Bible-woman went with us), to go through the main street, where we were stared at even more than usual, as just now is the examination time, and there are a great many men in the city. Every one came out of the shop-doors to gaze at the wonderful sight of four ladies. When we got to the house, we were shown in to what we think was the mandarin's bedroom. There the mandarin's wife received us; she is such a darling, her manners are sweet; she is not a bit proud or ceremonious. She said in such a simple way she could not be ceremonious; she felt uncomfortable, and she did not know how to rule. Ever so many times she said, 'I want you to be quite at home, just as if you were in your own house; I shall not treat you as strangers, but as friends.' She did not speak Mandarin, as most of the mandarins' wives do, but very good Foochow, so that Miss Boileau could understand all she said, and we understood a good deal.

A table was brought in, and we were given tea and fruit, she helping us all round with her fingers. After that a bowl of some queer stuff was brought us, which we tried to eat, but it was very nasty. Then a servant dipped a cloth in water, and gave it to each of us to wipe our hands and faces.

After that we were taken to see over the house, which was not much to see, most of the rooms seemed to be disused. The garden is a wretched sort of place. The only flower that seemed to be growing was the pomegranate tree, which has the most lovely red flower, and she gave us some of it. She also took us to see their clothes being made—most wonderful they are, beautiful silks embroidered in a most marvellous way. The tailors certainly are very clever. Poor little thing, she walked about with us all the time, though her poor little feet must have hurt her terribly. I have never seen such small ones; I don't think they were more than an inch and a half.

After that we went back into the first room, and Miss Boileau showed her a Scripture picture-book she had of the life of Jesus. It would have done your heart good to have seen the way she listened and asked questions as Miss Boileau explained it. And when she came to Jesus' death her face got almost an angry look; she seemed to be just absorbed in the pictures: and then she turned and translated it into Mandarin to her attendant. Miss Boileau left her the book, so the Gospel message is in that house to speak for itself. Wouldn't it be beautiful if she believed? She is such a bright, intelligent woman—far more so than most of them. When we came away she asked us to come again: generally it is only a form, but Miss Boileau says she thinks she really meant it, so perhaps we are going again before we go away.

Fuh-ning, June 12, 1893.—There is a great excitement going on in this city just now. It is the time of the yearly examinations, and men come in from all parts. This evening we have been disturbed by a fearful noise of crackers going off, quite deafening; and the teacher says it is because one of the men in the city has got a degree. Does it not seem childish to let off crackers for that? It is rather unpleasant having so many strange men in the city—they do stare at us foreigners! On Saturday we went and sat on a little hill, and immediately we had a gathering behind of six or seven men just come to gaze at the sight. We heard a little woman standing by explaining that we were all *gunions*—unmarried people—an unheard-of thing to them.

On Sunday week I stayed at the school with the girls for their service—they cannot go to church when all these men are about,—and afterwards I went to church for Holy Communion. As I stood on the church step waiting to get in, a number of men came to stare at me; and they asked me if I was a man or a woman!

CHAPTER IV

AT KULIANG—ON THE HILLS NEAR FOCHOW

‘Come ye yourselves apart, and rest awhile.’—Mark vi. 31.

The Olives, Kuliang, July 5, 1893.—We left Fuh-ning on Wednesday, for the two hot months that we have to spend in the hills. Miss Boileau and the Clarkes were only going to Lang-kau, one day’s journey, but I had the prospect of four days’ journey to Foochow. We all started together, and spent the first night in a native boat; our part of it was 8 feet by 10 feet. Both ends were full of coolies, &c. We had four Chinese girls with us, from the Fuh-ning School, so it was rather a limited space on a hot night for eight people. The four girls lay on one side, and they are so used to lying on boards, that in spite of the heat, &c. they slept well all night. I, who happened to be next them, could not sleep much, because they kept kicking their legs and throwing their arms into me, and it was hot, and the boards were hard. Miss Boileau and Janet, too, were awake half the night. However, we never expect to sleep much on these occasions, and we generally laugh over these experiences. The next day I left the others to go to Lang-kau, and I went on to Lo-nguong, but arrived too late to go on that night, so stopped there

with Mr. and Mrs. Martin, which I was very glad to do.

The next morning Miss Power, C. M. S., and Marion Hook, who were in the same house, started with me at five o'clock, and we had a very long day's chair ride to a little place called Tung-liang, where we slept at a native inn, which was my first experience of such a place. All these things seem worse the first time. The Chinese crowded round us, talking and making a tremendous noise. Our bedroom, if it can be called such, consisted of a very small room with three board beds, that is, three sets of tressels with boards placed over them, that was all the furniture. We carry mats about with us to place on the beds. It was very hot, but of course we could not have the door open, for the place was full of Chinese men, so there was not much sleep for us that night. I don't think that inn was quite as bad as I expected, but certainly I have never been in such a dirty place before. But there is one thing I am finding out, which is a great comfort—all the little discomforts seem much worse the first time, afterwards one hardly notices them. Now this time on the native boat I hardly minded it at all. Of course the heat was trying, but the boat itself did not seem half so bad, and I know the next time I shall not mind the native inn nearly so much. I think this ought to encourage those who are coming out, and who hear of a few little discomforts; one really does get not to mind them at all.

That was a very beautiful day, in spite of a few trying circumstances; the coolies too were trying, and our food load arrived long after we did at the inn, so we had to wait nearly an hour for our supper, and we were tired and hungry; but I think we felt more inclined to laugh than to cry. There is another thing I am, oh! so thankful for. My last journey going up to Fuh-ning, I could not understand a word anybody said.

I remember a woman asking me if I would have tea, and I said, 'I am going to Fuh-ning.' This time I could understand a great deal of what they said, all the ordinary colloquialisms, and could make them understand ordinary things; but generally when I begin to speak about Jesus they do not understand; that is always the way at first, because all words on that subject are new ideas to them, and they know nothing about them. In ordinary conversation one uses common words, but I know the other will come, too, as the first has.

We had another day's journey on Saturday, starting again at five o'clock. We came over a tremendous hill, about 1,700 feet above the sea, and arrived at Foochow about five o'clock. This time we came through the city, not by water. I had never been in Foochow city before. It is separated from the suburb where the missionaries live by a long bridge. It is very tiring going through the city, the people make such a noise, and gather round our chairs, and stare whenever they put us down. They often ask me whether I am a man or a woman, and one man asked me where my husband was! I happened to be reading my Chinese Testament once, and they said I was a 'literary man.' They always stare like this in every place. The other day, I counted twenty-six people all round my chair, come to gaze at me. I tried to be nice to them, and showed them things they wanted to see.

On Tuesday morning, at five o'clock, Miss Power and I started to come up here. It is about three hours' ride. Two hours through paddy fields, and the rest climbing the hill, about 2,000 feet. I walked all the way up the hill, and thoroughly enjoyed it; at the bottom it was so hot, one hardly felt inclined to walk a step; but as one got up, the air was so beautiful it seemed to give one new life; and now here we are on the top of the hills for two months; it is a beautiful prospect.

The Willows, Kuliang, July 13, 1893.—It is so sweet up here: sometimes women come round the house, and then we invite them in, and give them tea, and talk to them. The same four women came several times; they had heard a little from some of the missionaries who were here last year, and they remembered. They had had no one to tell them anything since. It is sad, and yet it is very beautiful to find that the seed is not lost, but germinates, and God is taking care of it. We want the time we are up here to be a time of much seed-sowing, and also of watering, and causing the seed to spring up which has been sown before. Kathleen Power taught the women a little prayer. One woman was specially intelligent and eager to learn. She had such a beautiful face, really beautiful; and everything that was told her she repeated and seemed to take it in, and believe it. She made us laugh so about the harmonium; she heard some one playing it last year. Evidently it was 'Jesus loves me, this I know,' for she said, the lady sat down and played the harmonium, and it said, 'Ja'; and again, and it said 'Su'—as if she really thought the harmonium sang the words 'Ja Su,' Jesus. They are all field women whom we see here, and they are a specially distinct class. They work in the fields, and carry heavy loads, and are really load-bearers with the coolies. Of course their feet are not bound. It is wonderful to see them trudging along with their tremendous loads; they are very strong, almost like men. The way in which they carry loads here is somewhat as the milkmen in England carry the milk—a board over their shoulders, and a pail on each side. The coolies here can carry 80 to 100 lbs. on each side like that; that is the way all the tea is carried to the ports—a tremendous business it is. Nearly all the way as we came down from Fuh-ning we saw numbers of these men, all carrying tea.

Friday, July 14, 1893.—Now at last I am going to

tell you a secret. I have been looking forward to writing the letter in which I could tell you this for weeks. I have passed my first examination, yet *not I, but the grace of God*. I have been looking forward to it for weeks, and have been working hard. I have told you fully, because I like you to know all, and you will understand why I tell you. I could not tell you if I thought it was any praise to myself. I know it is not, I could not have done it myself in the six months; it is just because you have been doing it with me by your prayers; and here is your answer, a direct answer to your prayers: and I almost feel as if I were sending it you like an answer to a letter, *the answer to your prayers*.

I believe it is just as direct and certain. Yes, it has been all along, 'Not I, but the grace of God.' Do you remember that text Miss Sargeaunt did for me? That has been my language text all along, and I nearly always brought it in, and put it on the table when I was reading. Will you give my special love to Miss Sargeaunt and tell her what her text has done for me? I do feel so full of praise, and I just lay the trophies of success at His feet to whom it is all due.

Kuliang, July 26, 1893.—Yesterday evening I did what I had been longing to do—went down with the little party to the village close here—a few of us go three times a week and talk to the people. They are all people who work in the fields, so it is no good going to them in the daytime; but in the evening we go just when they have finished their supper, and before they go to bed. They like it so much, and always ask that we would go again. Last night we did not go to the same house as usual, for some little children from another side were so eager for us to go to them that we followed them, and they led us into a little sort of open square surrounded by houses, out of the dark insides of which very soon a crowd collected—men, women, and

children. First we sang a hymn to attract them ; then Miss Strong, who was the spokesman (she, Miss Burroughs, and I formed the party), began to tell slowly and by degrees the whole Gospel story, beginning from God being our Creator, and leading up step by step ; questioning as she went, to see that they understood, and illustrating by little parables which every Chinaman would understand ; till at last she got to Jesus' death, and then she brought it home to them, that it was for each one of them.

There are many there who have heard often before, for every summer that village is visited ; but there were some last night who had never once heard, and their faces just riveted me. They kept their eyes on Miss Strong the whole time, repeating things after her and trying to take it in. One woman I specially noticed, there was such a keenness on her face ; a woman standing next her had heard before, and could answer some of Miss Strong's questions, but this poor woman gave her a sort of sad look, and said, 'Yes, you know, but I have never heard before.' Afterwards Miss Strong asked her if she worshipped God, and she said so pathetically, 'How could I? I have never heard before.' I don't think I shall ever forget that woman's face ; afterwards she begged us so earnestly to come another night, and said, 'These words are *very* good to hear, *very* good.' It does make one realize the *inherent* power of the Gospel ; of course it just seems to fit them, because it is what they were made for ; and now they are just finding what their souls have been pining for, though they did not know it. It seems to me like a lost piece of puzzle found and fitted into its place, where nothing else could fit in.

I don't know any joy like that which one feels when amongst the people—and the Gospel message is being given, in spite of all the surroundings. Sitting on a dirty bench, in a dirty courtyard, surrounded by dirty people, there is no greater joy ; and I would say this to every one at home who wonders if a missionary's life is happy.

When I am able to do what Miss Strong did last night I think my joy will be full; but I know it will come some day, and perhaps soon.

Kuliang, near Foochow, July 20, 1893.—We had a very nice Sunday. It was beautiful to get English services again. At ten we had the Chinese service, and Miss Burroughs' teacher, such a splendid man from Ku-cheng, preached a beautiful sermon; just the Gospel, so simply but powerfully put, and straight to the point, from the text, 'There is none other Name under heaven whereby we must be saved.' Then we had our dear English service at eleven, when Mr. Shaw preached. At five we had the American service, and Mr. Worley preached on the passage of the Red Sea. It was beautiful and very helpful.

You want to know about the languages, whether there are two different languages in China. I don't think I have ever told you about this before. It was quite a revelation to me to find that there are distinctly, not exactly two languages, but two forms of the language. There is (1) the classical and (2) the colloquial. The classical is the *written* language of China, the same everywhere: the colloquial is the *spoken* language, and ordinary people do not understand the classical. The classical is very difficult to read; for to each character one has to put two or three different sounds, as one character stands for two or three words: all the books of China are written in classical. When the missionaries came out they found, of course, that reading the classical was little or no help in learning to speak to the people; none but the literary men understood it. The colloquial language had never been written except for use at theatres, &c.; however, the missionaries determined to adopt it, and some of the Gospels were printed in it, and gradually the whole of the New Testament, and just lately the Old Testament also.

The colloquial is much easier to read, because *every* sound is represented by a character, which is not the case in the classical; also reading the colloquial teaches one to talk, for it is just the ordinary language that the people use. The colloquial, however, unlike the classical, differs in different places; there is the Foochow colloquial, for instance, which is used in a great many places outside Foochow—only nearly every place has a different brogue, such heavy brogues that they are almost unintelligible to outsiders, or at any rate very difficult to understand. Then besides the brogues there are utterly different dialects even in the Foochow district—in such places as Nangwa, Hing-hwa, and others. Miss Hankin and Miss Lloyd are with us now from Hing-hua, which I don't think is as far from Foochow as Fuh-ning, yet they speak an utterly different dialect, and we cannot understand them. When we come out first, we always read colloquial, because it is easier, and because it teaches one to talk, and also because it is taught in the schools; afterwards we read classical, but it is not absolutely necessary: of course the literary men think much more of us if we can read classical.

I have heard the result of my examination now. Mr. Lloyd says in his letter, 'I have heard from Mr. Woodin, and he reports very favourably of your examination. I am happy therefore to be able to tell you that you have passed with great credit: you will now go on to read for your final, which I hope you will pass as successfully as this.' I know how glad you will be, and how you will praise God for me, as you have prayed for me; the *great credit* Mr. Lloyd speaks of is not due to me, but to Him who has given abundant grace, in *direct* answer to your prayers, and to mine. I want you to pray that I may glorify Him too in the second examination.

We have heard that there are six new missionaries

coming out this year! However all the vacant places are to be filled, we cannot think. Up here, where we all meet together from different stations, it is in a way amusing, but very sad, to hear how every one pleads for her own station, and the six are almost fought over. We are praying every day that even now more may come out this year. I am very much afraid I won't get my partner for Fuh-ning. Mr. Banister has asked for three for a new place in the Ku-cheng district; one is wanted for the village-mission in Foochow, when Miss Stevens goes with Marion Hook to the Lo-nguong district; and one is wanted for that too. One is also wanted to be with me, if I am allowed to stop in the Fuh-ning district; and now Miss Hankin and Miss Lloyd have come up from Hing-hua, clamouring for two for a women's school. Those are only a few of the needs. How they are to be met by those six we do not know, and really it is only five, for after all one is going to the hospital.

Kuliang, August 7, 1893.—I cannot tell you how I have enjoyed last week's meetings. They have been a real spiritual strength. There was nothing exciting or strange; but all so simple and so earnest. Being such a few, it seemed so cosy, and those who took the meetings were from among our own number, so we could all take part as much as we liked. It is not that one learns exactly anything new, and yet in a way one always seems to be finding out new depths of His love and preciousness. To me it has been, as Mr. Moule puts it in one of his little books, 'counting over our possessions in Christ.' I feel when I go back to work again, and am cut off from many privileges, that my feet are firmer on the Rock than before; and I don't dread any temptation, because I have seen more of His keeping power, and how He does 'save to the uttermost'; and I know He lives in our hearts as we

claim Him by faith; in Him is victory, and He is the power for service; the power that shall win souls.

To-day we have had a meeting of another sort: a special prayer-meeting on account of the persecutions there have been in some parts of China lately. All missionaries were asked to set apart a day as a time of special prayer. I expect you have heard about it. At some place inland, near Han-kow, some Swedish missionaries have been murdered. That part of the country is rather disturbed. I am sure it means the devil is getting frightened.

There is nothing of the sort in this province, everything is quiet; except in trying to open new stations, and getting houses for the missionaries; then there is generally trouble, and in several places lately some of the native Christians have been beaten; it is very sad that they have to suffer on our account. This has been the case at Mong-buang, the new station which was to be opened last year. They were able to open it on account of our coming out. It is in the Lo-nguong district, and Marion Hook is to go there with Miss Stevens as soon as things are settled.

Some of the Christians have to suffer a great deal. Miss Mead's teacher has just lost his wife. She was quite a young woman. Her friends beat him dreadfully because he would not have the priests in to do the heathen rites, and also just because the wife died. For if a wife dies young, it is rather a dreadful thing, there is a sort of suspicion that the husband did not take enough care of her. So for this reason they simply compel the husband, even if he really cannot afford it, to have a tremendously grand funeral, I suppose to show how much he did care for her. I believe this funeral is to cost thirty-seven dollars, and the poor man of course cannot afford it. I suppose he will have to collect the money somehow. If they don't have the grand funeral they are taken before the mandarin.

This poor man's wife was a heathen, and all her relations also are heathen; so it is very sad for him. The wife had been taught a good deal, so we cannot help hoping she may have believed.

It is beautiful up here in the evening, there are so many teachers and servants, and we have prayers altogether for them at The Olives. Different people take it every night; the *gunions* take it in turn, and sometimes Mr. Lloyd, or Mr. Shaw, or one of the missionaries up here. Miss Newcombe has asked me twice about taking it, but she has not said I must, so I do not think I shall have to. It would be rather an ordeal to talk to all those men, especially when all the *gunions* come in, and I can only talk so little. It is such a responsibility talking to them all, especially to so many literary men, for they are so proud: but we believe they are having a great blessing. We are praying very much for them. I do think my teacher is beginning to believe; he is so much nicer in every way, so much more gentle: sometimes we have very nice talks. I am very glad for him to be up here amongst some other Christian teachers.

Kuliang, August 29, 1893.—A few days ago a very large party of us, nearly all the missionaries up here, went for an expedition to the monastery at Kushan. It is a very large Buddhist monastery, at the foot of Kushan Mountain. The road to it is very beautiful, though it is very rough walking, up and down steep hills, and through lovely valleys. I think it must be very like Switzerland. We shared chairs, some of us, as we knew it would be a very long tiring day, but a great deal of the way was so rough that the men simply could not carry the chairs. Mr. Lloyd, Miss Clarke, Miss Lee, and I went right up to the top of the mountain, 1,000 feet above the monastery, which is the same height as Kuliang—2,000 feet—so Kushan, the

highest peak, is 3,000 feet above the sea. I do not think I have ever been so high before; I think it is nearly as high as Snowdon. When we got to the top it was rather disappointing, for there was a thick mist, and we could see nothing; generally there is a splendid view. Ten minutes after we left the top, and got to a little rest-house below, the sun came out, and I believe we could have seen everything clearly; but we thought it better not to go back, as it was raining fast.

When we joined the others again we all had dinner in a little room in the monastery, and then went to see over it. There are a great number of monks there, who have given themselves up to this religious life, as they think it. They are very much like monks at home, living a secluded life and never marrying. There are some who do it, I believe, really from a pure motive, because they are seeking satisfaction for their souls, and they think it is doing service to Buddha; but a great many do it because it brings them a great deal of money. We saw one poor man sitting in a sort of covered chair, rather like a box. He has been sitting there for fourteen years, and during that time has never spoken a word, having taken a vow of silence. It seems so sad to think he should go through all that, and all to no purpose. Some of our party spoke to him, and he just nodded his head, and said nothing. Then we went into some of their temples: magnificent places they are. In all of them, I think, were the images of the 'Three Pure Ones,' fearfully huge things, and on each side of them were figures of soldiers, supposed to be guarding them. The faces of some of the gods and goddesses were ghastly. Then, in what you might call the aisles of the temples, were arranged straw stools, just as there would be chairs in a cathedral in England, and here the poor people come and read and pray: it is awfully sad.

Then we saw the 'sacred animals': cocks and hens,

and geese which are brought to the monastery by any one who wants to do a very specially good deed ; and when once brought they are kept in the monastery till they die, and are never allowed to be killed.

Miss Mead and I have just come from the village, and have had such a nice time there. We arrived just as they had finished supper, and were invited into the house where we generally go : a very dirty place, hardly fit to be called a house, more like a hut. A table in the middle, a few forms round, and a tablet, was about all the furniture. There were a good many women, and one or two men, and a crowd of children. Miss Mead spoke to them on the Wedding Feast, and we sang some hymns to them. They listened very well, and one or two quite took it in. One woman, who had heard for four years, said she did pray to Jesus. It seems so sad that they can only be taught when the missionaries are up here in the summer: in the winter they have no one. There was also a very intelligent man who has heard a good deal too ; he was so nice in trying to explain to the women. I do really think he believes. He is coming here this morning to get some quinine ; so I hope we may get another chance of speaking to him. He is often up here while we are reading, and yesterday afternoon I was trying to talk to him a little.

Kuliang, August 29, 1893—Marion Hook and I have just come back from a little expedition to the village on our own account. It was so beautiful ; coming back from our walk this afternoon we met some of the village women ; one girl we had often talked to before, and she begged us to go. No one else could very well go to-night, so Marion and I went, and we got quite a little number of women in one house, and a lot of children. We had not prepared, so we just had

to trust entirely for the message, and for the Chinese. Marion would not talk to-night, so I took 'He saved others, Himself He cannot save.' I just tried to make them understand the one thought, that Jesus could have saved Himself, only He would not. It is difficult to make them take in new ideas: but they do see it now, and they did listen. I know it was not I who spoke, it is so beautiful to find they really do understand us. I had never thought of going down to the village myself to speak. I did not know it would be any good; but Marion went once, and they understood her, so then I went, and it is so beautiful to find our tongues loosed just a little. Now I feel what we want is to talk as much as we can, and use the words we read. On Saturday afternoon I went down with Mima, she stayed outside with some children, and I went in to see a girl who was ill. There I had a little talk, and when I came out I found a woman who had never heard anything before. I began telling her, and I never saw any one listen as she did; I can't tell you how I felt. When she did not understand me, another girl, who had heard us before, said it over again, and she seemed so happy. And this evening, to my great joy, she came into the house where we were, and I explained it again to her, and asked her if she had prayed to Jesus to wash away her sins. She said she had, and added, 'I am so happy.' I don't want to make much of this, my heart is so quietly happy to-night I could not talk much about it, but I wanted to tell you; for I really do believe that woman came to Jesus on first hearing. That is how I feel it would be more often, if we were more full of Jesus. But I think of her now like a baby left alone till next year, with no one to help her on, except one or two in the village who believe, but are scarcely less ignorant. I do wish some regular work could be started here.

Native boat on the way to Fuh-ning. September 6, 1893.—I am writing to you from this queer old native boat again; and just now we are in rather an awkward predicament, for we are stuck, and don't know when we shall be able to get on. The boatman says it is not safe to move, as the wind is so boisterous. We have had rather queer experiences this journey; we had a very bad passage down the river in the house-boat, and we were both ill; and then we grounded, and could not get on, for the tide had gone out too far. Our chair coolies had gone by steamer to a place where we ought to have landed—three miles off—so we had to send some one for them, and wait till they came back; then our loads, and we, had to get off in a little boat; it was very rough, but fortunately we had not far to go. When we landed, we were surrounded, as usual, by crowds, remarking on our dress and general appearance. We got to Lieng-gong that night, where Archdeacon Wolfe has two rooms of his own, so we had very good quarters, so different from a native inn! The native clergyman's wife there is such a dear little thing, and has a splendid school for children. We went down to prayers with the family in the evening; the hymn they tried to sing was rather amusing, it was, 'I gave my life for thee,' but I could not recognize any tune they were singing till they got to the end of the first verse!

The next morning we got to Dang-iong by the middle of the day, ate our dinner in ten minutes, having had to wait a long time for our food basket, and then went on to Lo-nguong, where we stayed the night with Mrs. Martin and her children (Mr. Martin was away itinerating). We had not to start till two o'clock the next day, so it was lovely to get a long night, instead of getting up at three or four, as we had to do the other mornings, to get an early start.

Yesterday afternoon coming from Lo-nguong to a place where we got into the boat, we got simply

drenched ; we had a tremendous hill to go up and come down the other side of, so Mima and I started to walk up it. I left my chair behind for a little Chinese girl we have brought with us, and are taking back to Fuh-ning school ; so Mima and I shared a chair, but we both got so soaked we thought it was safer to walk, and by the time we arrived at the boat we were rather like drowned rats ; and as we had not many clothes that we could easily get at, it was a little awkward. We had to wait about an hour or more before we could get any privacy at all on the boat, for the coolies and boatmen were all about. We had to hang up shawls and cloaks, to make a sort of little room for ourselves ; and then we changed as best we could : our boat curtains were not available, as some one had made a mistake about them, so we could not have them. You would have laughed if you had seen the little room we made for ourselves, by hanging up skirts, cloaks, &c. ; we felt very much amused, in spite of the awkwardness. In the course of the evening we heard the cheerful news that the wind was too boisterous for us to go on ; that meant a prospect of two nights and a day in this poky little boat. However, we could not help it, so settled ourselves on the floor for the night, and managed to sleep very well ; waking up this morning to find we were just in the same place as last night. We started again about 8.30 this morning, and thought we were going well, when the wind got up again, and once more we are at a standstill ; and it is impossible to say when we shall get on.

Another amusing thing is, that we have scarcely enough provisions for a lengthened stay, as we expected to be at Fuh-ning to-day. We have a tin of sausages, three eggs, a tin of condensed milk, and a little bread ! To our satisfaction, we remembered last night, that in a basket in the hold below there are 20 lbs. of potatoes, which are on their way to Fuh-ning to feed our household.

We can resort to native food, but I don't think there is any too much of that on board; for the men have just said it will be very awkward to stay, for they have nothing to eat! It was rather amusing too this morning; I suppose our cook thought we would be rather short of provisions, so before we were really awake he called to us through our curtains, to know if we could eat *teng*! We neither of us had any idea what *teng* was, so soon a hand appeared through, holding a tiny sort of fish, which he told us from behind the curtain Miss Boileau could eat. We told him we thought we had enough of our own provisions for the present! You must excuse this writing, but I am sitting on the floor of the boat.

2 p.m. This really is a very funny journey, just now we are stranded, stuck in depths of mud, for the tide has gone out, and we have to wait till this evening's tide. They say, if there is wind, we can go then; if there is not, we must stop here. It is such a queer proceeding; I wonder what you would think, if you could just take a glimpse of Mima and me on the floor of this boat, and our little Chinese girl with us; our load baskets on the floor; clothes (Chinese) hanging up to dry; and coolies with half naked bodies at both ends of the boat, and so close to me that two or three are intensely interested in watching me writing! We have such nice coolies this time, we have not a bit of trouble with them; they are so thoughtful and kind to us. There is something very nice in a Chinaman, in spite of his utter roughness and want of refinement.

Saturday, September 9.—Here we are, still in the boat, having been three nights and two days, instead of one night; but I am glad to say we are just arriving at Sieng-dieng now, where we land, and go the rest of the way by land, which only takes four or five hours.

Yesterday morning we went a little way, but again the wind got up, and this time they said it was

a typhoon; and some men in another boat, who had just been upset, called out to us not to go on, as it was not safe.

Yesterday evening about nine we started once more, and have been going well ever since; the wind was quite calm, we felt so thankful, and we knew it was our Father's hand, who had made the sea calm for us. It is rather a good thing we are nearly back, for we have only a few eggs left, and a very little dry bread—a week old!

Fuh-ning, 8.30 p.m. Saturday, September 9.—We have come to the end of our journey at last: we have been travelling ever since Monday; we are so thankful to be back, it is delightful to be in our own cosy little room again.

CHAPTER V

AT FUH-NING

'The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary.'—ISAIAH 1. 4.

Fuh-ning, Sept. 15, 1893.—I feel what we want now is to mix as much as possible with the people. Of course we need to read a great deal with the teachers, but we want to use the words we learn. The worst of it is the Fuh-ning brogue makes it difficult. Here it is so different from Foochow. I went this afternoon with Miss Boileau to a Christian woman's house; she and one other are the only Christian women in the house. In Chinese houses several families live together—at least, what we should call families, though they are really all connected—with the mother-in-law at the head of all the women. This Christian woman is the mother-in-law. She is so earnest. She has been the means of bringing in two others, who are both baptized now, and very earnest too. Her daughter-in-law is also learning now, and seems very much interested, and another woman, who used to be very much opposed to Christianity, and would never come in to listen when Miss Boileau went, now always comes in, and this afternoon was listening very intently. It is so beautiful—for it is all through this woman's prayers. Miss Boileau goes every week to this house, and this woman always chooses the passage, and asks Miss Boileau to explain it. Many of the other women in the house come in, and this afternoon we had quite a little congregation.

She chose to-day the first few verses of Luke v., and

she took it in so simply ; and when she thought the other women were not understanding, she explained it to them. It was then I found out how difficult it was to understand the Fuh-ning brogue.

I think one finds out more and more the ignorance and superstition of the people, even of the educated men. Yesterday afternoon, as we were coming home from a walk, a man followed close behind us, letting off crackers. He was so very close that we tried to let him pass us and get in front ; but he would not, and Mrs. Taylor said the reason was that some one belonging to him was dead, and they had carried the coffin along that path, and he was letting off the crackers to frighten away the spirits, so that they should not touch the dead man—he would not let us get behind him, for fear we should leave an evil track !

Mrs. Taylor has asked us—the two Miss Clarkes and me—if, while she is away, we will go into the hospital sometimes, and talk to the patients, and take little meetings. I am so looking forward to it. By taking prayers at the school sometimes in the evenings, and these other little things, it will be a beginning, and will help us to talk, I hope. It is beautiful to begin to look forward to help others a little again.

Sept. 19.—I have had such a happy afternoon. I have been with Miss Boileau and Mrs. Eyton Jones' Bible-woman to a little village by the sea, called Sung-sang. It is a little fishing village. The first house we went into a crowd followed us in, mostly men, but women came in from the back of the house. The men and boys made such a noise that soon the women invited us into their own private part, for which we were very glad, for it was difficult to teach them anything in that noise. They listened very well ; they specially wanted us to sing to them, they always like that so much. There were two dear old women there who seemed far more intelligent than the rest. We went to two other houses,

and they all listened very well. Miss Boileau and the Bible-woman showed them Scripture pictures, and explained the 'wordless book,' which is always a great help. Anything they can see is so much easier for the women to understand. We went specially to those houses where the Bible-woman knew there were women who had been in the hospital, as that makes an opening; and here one finds what a wonderful help to the work these hospitals are; for of course the women get taught there every day, and the whole atmosphere is Christian, and all so different from their heathen homes. I think in each house some woman said she prayed every day, and they each remembered about Jesus, and what He had done for them. It is beautiful to think of that in that heathen village where there is only one Christian.

This Christian teaches a little boys' school which Mr. Eyton Jones has just started there. I think there are only nine little boys at present. This afternoon we saw six; but they are all children of heathen parents, who just come in every day. A curious little place the school is. It is a little loft over a house, quite a tiny little place, just room enough for the benches, and that is about all. These day-schools are just what are wanted all over the place. It is a tremendous thing to get these children in from heathen homes, and teach them every day.

One felt how a village like that needs some one to live there altogether. There is not a single creature to teach the women, and only this one schoolmaster to teach the men. But there is such a dreadful scarcity of Bible-women: I felt I would love to live in a place like that, and this is one of the villages perhaps I may some day work in. It is a pretty big place, and has many smaller villages round it, and this is just a specimen of many more in this district. Do ask that workers may be raised up for them.

I do feel so thankful that you are all praying for my teacher. Nothing else will bring him in. I feel no

words of mine will do it; I know it can be nothing but the Holy Spirit's convincing power. He is a man that no words will convince. He knows the way of salvation now; he only needs the faith to believe. I am thankful to say he does not try to deceive me, as some of them do. He says he does not fully believe, but he owned the other day that he did believe a little. He astonishes me sometimes at the clear way he puts things; really as if he understood quite well. We have such nice talks. He was very much struck this afternoon with Rom. vii., about the two laws in our members. St. Paul's mode of arguing seems to appeal to his mind, for I really think he is very clever. He kept gesticulating at the different points, and emphasizing it so; just as if he were reading to himself. It was lovely to be able to take him to chap. viii. afterwards.

Writing to the members of her former Sunday-school class, she says :—

Fuh-ning, Sept. 23, 1893.—We have just come back from Kuliang, a hill near Foochow, where we spend the two hottest months, July and August. We had such a happy time there; it was so nice to meet again all those who came out with us last autumn, and also to get to know the missionaries who have been out longer, as here in Fuh-ning we never see them, as it is four days' journey from Foochow. On the way back, while spending a few days in Foochow, we saw a great devil procession, which I thought I would like to tell you about. It was on a Saturday night. We were wakened up by a tremendous noise, beating of drums, &c.; on getting up to see what it was all about, we saw a tremendously tall white figure—I think he must have been ten feet high—followed by a very small black figure. Two or three pairs of these followed each other at intervals, and went up and down the streets about every hour during the night. Following in the rear was what looked like

a brilliantly coloured paper boat, attached to the bow of which was a dragon's head. I did not know at first what it all meant, but have since found out from my teacher. The tall white figures and the small black figures are men dressed up to represent devils; the former having some erection attached to them to make them look taller. The devils are made to walk about for a night and a day, and early next morning are taken away by boat to some distant place, and it is thought then that they have been driven out of the city. (However, they come back again, for this performance is certainly repeated twice a year.) The paper boat is fitted up for the devil to sit in. He is provided with food and clothes inside the boat, and all that is needed for the time being. The second morning the man representing the devil, inside the boat, goes on board with the other representative devils, while the paper boat is left to cross the water by itself, and is of course lost. The men who represent the devils are chosen by lot, and they are generally glad to do it, for they get well paid. It all seems so fearfully sad. The Chinese just live in fear of the devils, and many of their ways and customs can be traced to this fear. They make all the roads winding to cheat the devils, because they think they take a straight course, and in this way will be led away from the cities. They have no idea of a loving God, under whose control the devil is; they are always astonished at us, because we are not afraid of devils. My teacher was very much struck with Job i.; it seemed a new idea to him that the devil can only go as far as God allows him. I am afraid he does not quite believe it, though.

Sept. 25.—This afternoon a wedding in the house next to us has taken place. We heard the bride had arrived from her house, so we went to see. She was sitting in the bridal sedan-chair—an ordinary sedan-chair, only covered with red and much decorated. When she got out of the chair she was wrapped in a red veil, and she

looked just like a mummy. Soon the bridegroom and his elder brother came forward; then began the worshipping of heaven and earth and of the ancestors, in which the marriage ceremony consists. The bridegroom's brother, before a bowl in which was placed paper, bowed three times to worship heaven and earth, having just poured wine over the lighted paper. He then went back a few steps behind a table, and with a lighted incense stick in his hand again bowed three times to worship heaven. After this the bride and bridegroom together worshipped heaven and earth, and in addition to this their ancestors. After this the bride was led into another room, clothes having been spread on the floor to form a carpet for her. Here her veil was taken off, and she was left standing, exposed to the gaze of men and women alike, of any one, in fact, who cared to come and see her. It seems such a contradiction of their own customs, for the Chinese profess to keep their women so secluded, and yet these poor girls, when married, are exposed to the rude words and gaze of any men who like to come and look at them. It seemed so sad to go away and leave that poor girl standing there (she is not allowed to sit down), just a gazing-stock. Some of us have been in since this evening, and they were worshipping the heads of the house, the mothers-in-law, and now they are just sitting down to a feast. Poor little bride! I think she will be heartily glad when it is all over.

We took the girls in from the school to see it; they were very much interested, because of course they are all engaged, except a few of the very little ones. All Chinese girls are married whether they like it or not, and their husbands are chosen for them (a sum of money having first been paid for the girls). It was so nice, as the girls explained to us what each part of the ceremony meant, to hear them say, 'It will not be so bad for us,' because they are engaged to Christian husbands, and so will not have to go through the heathen rites. Do pray very

earnestly for these poor Chinese : I feel now that when I was at home I did not half realize the depth of degradation and superstition in which the Chinese are sunk. It seems worse among the women, because they are so utterly ignorant. I felt that here in China God's people are something like Elijah on Mount Carmel. How exultingly he poured the water on the sacrifice, and filled the trench also with water! He could almost dare to laugh at difficulties, and heap them in his way, his faith in God was so firm. Not that we would heap difficulties in the way, for they are here in our way. Besides the superstition and ignorance, there is the language; every district has a different dialect, and heathen spoken to for the first time understand comparatively little of what a foreigner says. But I think we may rejoice over all the difficulties, for the greater the victory the greater will be the glory to Christ. As in Exod. xiv. 4, because of the Israelites' difficulties God got Him honour, so did He in Mount Carmel through His servant Elijah. So *most gladly, therefore*, may God's servants now 'glory in infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon them; for *when* we are weak (and only then) we are strong.' So, will you pray that God's Holy Spirit may have His way in China, for no other power is of any avail here? And we will work on expectantly, and with faith, joyfully looking forward to the time 'when the King comes back,' knowing that then there will be many from the land of Sinim to meet Him.

Fuh-ning, Thursday, Sept. 27, 1893.—We are hoping the bishop is coming from Hong-kong to hold a confirmation in October. He is going to most of the stations in the province, and I think he has promised, almost, to come here. Some of the girls have already given in their names, and they seem so much in earnest that we believe there will be a great blessing. They all seem seeking for more of the Holy Spirit. We go down to them as

often as we can now, in our spare time and theirs. It helps us to talk, and sometimes we have such nice times with them. It reminds me of the time when my girls were confirmed at home. Miss Boileau heard one of them say to another to-day, 'If you want to be God's child you can be confirmed; I am always going to be His now; I am not going to obey the devil any more.' This is one of the girls who was baptized a few months ago. She told Miss Boileau one day it was her turn to cook the rice, so she got up early and did not pray, and then it was a bad day; but when she prays it is all right.

Do you remember the mandarin's wife we went to see a few months ago? Miss Boileau has been to see her again this week. We did not go this time. The Miss Clarkes are going to visit on Sunday afternoons, and I go one afternoon a week. We do not spare any more time from reading yet. This time the mandarin's wife was as pleased as ever to hear. There were several other mandarins' wives there, and they all listened so well. Miss Boileau had a very good time; they liked seeing pictures, and hearing about the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan. She invited Miss Boileau to go whenever she likes, and says she is coming to see us again in the tenth month.

Patience, Mrs. Eyton Jones' Bible-woman, one of Miss Cooke's old girls at Singapore, has been to see another mandarin's wife this afternoon. She was also pleased to hear, and invited us all to go and see her. Do pray for these people: it is very hard for them to confess, if they do believe; and yet, if they did, they could do so much good. Patience told me to-day that some of the poor people say, if the mandarins believed, they would. Of course we do not want them to believe for that reason; but it shows what an influence the mandarins have. If the mandarins in this city believed, how beautiful it would be! It would almost seem as if the city must give up idolatry.

We seem to have been living more than ever in the midst of idolatrous sights and sounds lately. On Saturday was the feast of the eighth month. At these feasts there is always a great deal of noise and excitement and letting off of crackers. On Monday was the wedding with all its heathen rites, and on the same day a death occurred in a house also close to us; and the noise and beating of drums and tin kettles was far greater than at the wedding. I find that in Foochow the bride has to endure even worse things than here; she has to stand and be looked at much longer, and men come in with needles and prick her eyebrows, to see how much she will stand without wincing.

Then at the same time that these wedding festivities were going on, there was the awful noise in the house where the man was dead; and at intervals between the 'tom-tomming,' we could hear the Buddhist priest (I suppose he was) singing a chant, praying for the release of the dead man's soul. It seems to me as if it must be very like that chorus, 'O Baal, hear us!' I went to sleep with this noise in my ears that night. It made me feel so sad to think of these poor people sitting up to do these dreadful things, and all to no purpose.

Friday, Sept. 29.—This afternoon I have been with Patience to a little village called Sua-tau. It is such a poor little village: the houses are only a sort of hut with mud walls. The first house we went into I could hardly believe was a dwelling; but there was the bed, or rather what they call a bed—boards placed on tressels, with a straw mat on the top. The room was divided into two parts by a sort of straw wall. Such a wretched-looking place it was, and so dirty. We got quite a number of women in each house, and they listened very well, though at first I thought they were not going to take anything in. Even when the Bible-woman speaks to them and they cannot help understanding the words, they are so utterly ignorant that they simply stare

vacantly, because it is all a new idea to them. This afternoon they began nodding their heads and saying they understood, but all the time I saw they did not; but afterwards they really did take something in. One has to tell them just one thing, and so slowly, to make sure of their remembering. All the people looked dirty and unhealthy; and no wonder, for the village is right in the middle of paddy.

To-day a great idol procession has been going on in the city. I saw something of it as I went out. It is a very curious thing. A boy in the city, a short time ago, became subject to fits; and at these times he prophesies, and says wonderful things. He foretold that rain was coming the other day after a long drought, and it did come. When people are ill he tells them to take a certain medicine, and if they say they have not got it, he tells them to go to a certain place and they will find it, and they do. The other day it was pouring with rain, and he insisted he must go to a certain place on a hill and sit there. The coolies were unwilling to carry his chair, but he told them they must go. Then they were unwilling to go a certain way, but he told them if they tried to go another way they would be unable. They did try, and were unable. Miss Boileau's teacher asked the coolies if this really was so, and they said, 'Yes, it was.' They have now made an image of this boy, and worship him as one of their idols. To-day is his birthday, and the procession is in his honour. It is a very sad thing. I really believe it is a case of possession of the devil; he seems to have great power out here.

Monday, Oct. 2.—Yesterday, Sunday, I began a little plan which I hope is going to be successful. I went with one of the school-girls out early in the morning, to try and collect some children for a little heathen Sunday school. We went to a great many houses, and all the women said their clothes were not washed, or their hair was not done; but at the last house two women and

a girl, after a long conversation, said they would come. It was too late for Sunday-school, almost eleven o'clock, time for church. However, we took them along, and I did feel so happy. Miss Boileau let one of the girls teach them from a picture of the Prodigal Son before church. Of course the Prayer-Book service they could not understand, but one of the hospital students preached a very nice sermon, parts of which were so simple that they could understand it. It is a great thing just to get them to come and see for the first time. It is all so new to them, our singing and kneeling down to pray, &c. Now they can be visited, and I think they will come again. I shall go to them first next Sunday morning, and try and get them in time for Sunday-school. Miss Boileau teaches the Christian women, and a Christian woman teaches the heathen and inquirers; and I thought it would be so nice to get some little heathen children in. I know it will be slow at first; but I mean to try every Sunday morning, and I believe we shall get them. I felt so happy yesterday morning trying to get them. We showed them Bible pictures, and told them we were going to talk about them. Some of them just seized the picture cards.

Wednesday, Oct. 4.—I want so much to tell you a little about my teacher, because he has made me so happy lately; and I know you are praying for him. He is so much brighter, and takes such an interest in what he reads. I feel so thankful we have got St. Paul in the Bible: he seems just to suit him. He follows all the arguments in his Epistles with such delight. He likes his argumentative style, and St. Paul having been such a clever, well-read man, very much appeals to him. He is specially struck by his humility, and by his being willing to give up so much, position, &c., for Christ. He told me that he belongs to a very good family in Foochow. Some of his people are mandarins, and he expects himself to be a mandarin some day; and he

thinks if he were a Christian mandarin he could do so much good. He said, supposing he became a Christian, and was not allowed to be a mandarin, could he be a clergyman? But that does not seem to be high enough for him; he wants to be some one very great. Will you pray for him that he may be willing to count all things loss for Christ? He wants to learn more of the spirit of Phil. iii. Do ask that I may have wisdom in speaking to him.

TO HER FATHER.

October 4, 1893.—My heart is so much with you just now, as you are beginning again the autumn work. I know what a lovely prospect it is, and how your heart rejoices. I do believe that little bit of the harvest-field is getting even riper for the harvest. I believe this winter will be a great gathering-in of the harvest; it is so beautiful that you have such a helper. I can't help thinking specially of this time last year. It is wonderful how quickly the time has gone. We would neither of us go back, would we? I know we are finding out that it is when we give up, instead of holding fast, our treasures that our hands become full, not of earthly gifts, but of heavenly, as with Abraham when he gave up Isaac. I shall never forget how, that last morning, you said over me, 'For Christ's sake.' Often have I said that to myself since, and my heart is full of joy that I may gladly give up something so real for Him. I remember you saying in the New Year's addresses, 'The Shepherd sometimes sees His sheep need different pasturage.' The pasturage here certainly is different, but I see it *is* a pasturage I needed; and it is one on which the soul can feed abundantly. It is when following the Shepherd we keep close to Him, and learn more of Him. The time seems to go so fast; it will soon be time for Him to come back again. Sometimes I think He is so near. The other day I saw a most wonderful moonrise—I never have

seen anything so lovely before. A wonderful brightness in the sky first of all, then suddenly the moon shot up, piercing the clouds. I was almost breathless, for it seemed to me He was coming. But we must wait a little longer, for there are many sheep still out on the wilds, and we will go and seek them. Then, at the close of the day, it will be sweet to say, 'I have brought some lost ones home.'

Fuh-ning, Oct. 9, 1893.—The bishop is really coming next week, and the confirmation will be on Sunday week, a little sooner than we thought. I wish you could have known before, to pray about it, but those who are confirmed will need very much prayer afterwards. There has been no confirmation here for seven years: it is such a long way for the bishop to come up here, so every one is very delighted that he is really coming. I think there will be about thirty men, ten or twelve women, and six girls. Miss Boileau is preparing the women and girls. Those who have been baptized this year are also going to be confirmed. I do believe that it will be a time of much blessing; we do long that it may. The bishop will only be here from Friday to Monday, I expect, and of course will stay in Dr. Taylor's hospital house. He is in Foochow now, I think. I am really quite busy on Sundays now—it is so lovely—service at 11, getting back at 12.30. At 1.15 I start out to try and get children and others to the heathen Sunday-school, at 2 is my little class, and at 3 afternoon service. Our Sundays are a little different now the girls are at the Church House, for, being there, they must go to afternoon service; so Miss Boileau and I, who are there for Sunday-school, go too. Mima and Janet go out visiting with the matron and the teacher at the school. Then, when we come back, we have our English Bible-reading, and a nice quiet evening to ourselves afterwards. Wasn't it curious? Yesterday morning

(the anniversary of my last Sunday at home) the old schoolmaster at the boys' school took for his text Eph. iii. 16, the very same text that father took that Sunday last year, only he took to the end of the chapter: do you remember? You can imagine the two sermons were rather different, but it was very nice being partly the same text. It was wonderful, just a year afterwards, to be sitting in a Chinese church, hearing a sermon from the same text in Chinese. I so often think of that fifteenth verse, and how father spoke about 'the whole family in heaven and earth' named of the one Father; it is so sweet to think of it. I had a very happy Sunday yesterday, no time for any sad feelings; for I did not even have the evening to myself, for Mrs. Eyton Jones was tired and wanted some one, so I went in to sit with her while Mr. Eyton Jones went to church, and had a very nice time.

This year has gone very fast, and I feel so thankful it is past, and for all that lies behind; 'all the path has been paved with His love.' I am thinking so much of Mabel Witherby and the others this week, and praying very much for them; but I know they and those they are leaving will find themselves kept by a power outside of themselves, and they will almost wonder at the strength and joy they have; only they will know it is not they, but the grace of God, and His grace is sufficient for them.

Tuesday, Oct. 10.—I have had such a happy afternoon—have been with the Sing-sang-niong (the teacher in the girls' school) to little villages outside the west gate. In both villages there were old hospital patients, and they were so glad to see us. They are always so grateful for the kindness they receive at the hospital that they are very glad to see us. In the first village—Duai-long-gung—there was a very old woman who has been in the hospital a very long time. She knew a good deal, and when I showed her a print of the Lord's Prayer and the Creed she read it off quite nicely. Then I pinned it upon the wall so that she could always

see it. She says she prays every day, and she has taught some of the other women to the best of her ability, poor old thing! (That hospital is doing a wonderful work—nearly every woman we saw this afternoon who had been there knew all about Jesus; two said they never prayed to idols, but to Jesus; and I believe the others were just the same, only they did not exactly say they had given up idols.) In that first house there was quite a small crowd of women, and some men standing outside the door at the back. I had one of Janet's pictures of the Good Samaritan with me (I shall be so glad when my pictures come, they are such a help), which the Sing-sang-niong explained to them, telling them how Jesus has compassion on our souls' diseases. It was easy to bring it home to them, for they have so much disease, poor things; and we told them that just as Dr. Taylor heals their bodies' diseases, so Jesus is the Doctor of the soul. Anything that comes home to them like that they can take in. Then I showed them the 'wordless book'—they always like that so; it is so beautiful to turn from the black to the white, and then show them how, because the red stands between black and white, that that is how the change is made; they always seem interested in that book. It was beautiful to go from house to house, and find about one woman in every house who knew a little about Jesus. It is not often one does, but these villages are near the city, and the women have told one another about the hospital, and so a good many have been to it.

In the second village we went to we found several old patients. We could hardly get away; they kept asking us to go to one house after another till they made us quite late getting back. But it was pleasant to be welcomed and invited like that; it just shows what medical work does. One poor old woman was distressed because she had nothing to give us to eat. I was only too thankful; but she thought it dreadful, poor old thing.

They always give us native tea, which is most refreshing, though the bowls are not always very clean. The natives do not put milk in their tea, and the leaves are prepared in a different way to ours—not so much dried; I think it is very nice. They just put a few leaves into each bowl, and pour boiling water over it. Whatever time of day you go into a Chinese house, and however strange the people are to you, they always give you a bowl of tea; they are very hospitable. This afternoon, when we came away from both villages, they would insist on giving us quantities of eggs to bring away, each with a little bit of red paper on for luck; I should think we had ten of them.

Fuh-ning, October 16, 1893.—I had such a happy Sunday afternoon yesterday. I went out the first thing after dinner to try and collect people for church and Sunday-school. We had a very good time in one house. The women listened very well, but we could get none to come with us; but just as we got to the church door one woman came up and said she wanted to come in. So one of the girls explained a Bible picture to her, and then she came into church, and afterwards sat out in the garden and heard the girls sing, and was much pleased. Then we went into church for our English service, and after that we generally sit with the girls a little in the garden; but, to my surprise, the head girl and the one who had been out with me before said they wanted to go out and visit. I was delighted. The head girl does not generally go, because she is rather good-looking, and it is not the custom for Chinese girls to go out like that; but she had asked Miss Boileau, and she thought she might come. So I chaperoned these two, having special instructions not to let them stay in any house where the men came in! Indeed, there was not much fear of this, for no sooner do they catch sight of a pigtail round the corner than they want to run away directly.

We visited two of the houses, and a little group of women in each listened so well; though they would ask the numerous stock questions about our dress and age. They *always* ask me how old we are, and if we are married, and come to inspect our clothes, and often come behind and examine how our hair is done! So we try and fall in with their manners and do the same. Coming back, two of the little day-girls who were with me talked sweetly, telling me the conclusion of their little minds, that worshipping Buddha was no good; and their father and mother thought so too, and prayed to God.

This afternoon we have been to the mandarin's wife again. Miss Boileau has been once alone, and she was so disappointed we did not all go that to-day she invited us again. When we got there she was not well, and could not see us; however, two of the mandarin's married daughters were staying in the house, and we went in and had quite a long time with them. They were so nice, and not at all ceremonious. They would give us a good deal to eat though. The sweets and biscuits are not so bad, but afterwards they always bring in a large bowl of some sort of dumplings. Fortunately it is manners to leave half, but I am afraid I did not nearly get through my half. Miss Boileau had taken her concertina by their request; so we sang hymns to them, which pleased them very much. Then Miss Boileau talked to them a little, and they listened well. One especially seemed to want to hear. When we went they asked us to come again. We feel so happy to think such a house as this is open to us. Another mandarin's wife has also invited us, and Miss Boileau is going some day this week.

October 20.—I have been to Sung-sang again this afternoon, the village I went to first. This time I went with the Sing-sang-niong, the teacher at the school. The women were attentive. One old woman listened very earnestly; and her face brightened up so when she heard that Jesus has made the way open for us to go to heaven.

One little woman who had heard a good deal before—I think her husband is a Christian—asked me to give her a book that she could pray from; but she seemed quite satisfied to hear that Jesus wanted us to use our own words to Him; and I told her something to say. This woman understood me, for a wonder; it is very seldom heathen understand foreigners the first time. They understand Miss Boileau to a certain extent, but not fully. They do understand us a little; sometimes you find a woman who quite understands, but generally they are those who are accustomed to foreigners' voices. However, I am not discouraged, they do understand a little, and every year we shall speak plainer. The girls and native Christians, and all accustomed to foreigners, understand us all right; but it is the raw heathen who cannot understand, especially because what we tell them is quite a new idea to them. The men understand us far better, they are cleverer than the women.

But I have not finished telling you about the village yet. In the house of the man who was a Christian there were wedding festivities going on. His son is to be married to-morrow, and the bride will arrive at his house in the course of the day. There were a great many women about, so we were invited to go to this house to talk to them. The Sing-sang-niong gave me a hint before I went that I must not say to them that Jesus died for them. They would take it as a bad omen before the wedding to mention anything about death; they dislike the word so much. We could only tell them Jesus loved the world very much. Just as we were coming away the father invited us to see the bedroom prepared for the bride, and he pointed us directly with great delight to a scroll on the wall on which was written something out of the Bible: and he seemed very delighted about it. It was in the classical Chinese, so I could not read it, but I think they said it was out of Proverbs; if so, I expect it was chap. xxxi., about the

virtuous woman : that would suit the Chinese exactly. I thought it was very sweet of them to put Bible words in her room, for the girl is a heathen. I did enjoy my afternoon so much, and am fond of visiting that village. Work is only just beginning there. There are only two or three Christians, and these are going to be baptized on Sunday week. There is no one to reach the women, and they are all heathen.

It is quite a large place—a fishing village by the sea. I felt I would like to stop there a week, instead of having to come away so soon. I always long to stay at those places. You feel if you could stop there you would be able to gather the women, and teach them every day ; and that is what they need. But I must wait patiently a little longer for that sort of thing. I must read steadily till after my second examination, and then it will be lovely to be free to work. The Sing-sang-niong is such a good woman. I do like going out with her, she is so earnest. She said this afternoon she would like to live among the villages, staying in one a week at a time, and then going on to another. Miss Boileau hopes she will be able to do that, for she would make a much better Bible-woman than school-teacher. She really is a very good visitor, and does not preach at the people regardless of whether they understand anything or not, but goes to work gently and slowly, and just takes them as she finds them. She said to-day, 'The days I do not visit I am sad ; but when I go out then I am quite happy.'

I have such tremendous talks with my teacher now, he is very anxious I should believe his doctrine, at least he says he is ; but I really believe he is beginning to see there is a better doctrine than his. He tells me he is going to teach me about his doctrine (Confucianism), that I may see how good it is, so that I may believe. The other day he asked me if I had thought over what he said, and if I did not think it was good. He always seems so disappointed to find his doctrine does not appeal

to me at all: but I am always very careful about condemning it too much, for that shuts him up directly; he is a most sensitive sort of gentleman. I always feel glad you can say to them that you know Confucius was a good sort of man. But what he does not see is, that he was like a man in the dark groping for the light. He still adheres to the belief that Confucius can save men. He wants to believe in God and believe in Confucius as well. Of course, in a way he can, if he will only think of Confucius as a very good man.

He told me to-day that he really wants to believe in Jesus. He says he is not quite sure whether Jesus is God's Son or not; but he believes He was a very good man, and loved men very much. He believes He died for men, but he does not quite believe in the forgiveness of sins. There are many other things that are great difficulties to him, e.g. the Creation and the Resurrection. He will not believe that the body is to rise again.

It is very sad the fear all the Chinese have of devils; and certainly I think the devil has tremendous power here; much more than in England: nor is it to be wondered at. I don't think I told you a sad story my teacher told me about the Hu-li-ma—one of their worst devils. A certain set of men living in a place by themselves profess to have the power of casting out this devil. A woman who was possessed by this devil was so frightfully bad that no one could do anything with her. She beat her husband, and did all sorts of dreadful things. The husband went off to try and get one of these men to come and cast out the devil. The Hu-li-ma noticed the man had not been in the house the last few days, and guessed where he had gone. So he left the woman, who immediately became quite well, overtook the man on his way, entered into him and killed him.

I had such a full afternoon's visiting yesterday. I went with the Sing-sang-niong. We went to one house where we had been a fortnight before; the women were

pleased to see us again, and one old woman said she could not walk to church, so I told her she could pray to Jesus in her own words ; and she thought she had not understood me right. She asked the Sing-sang-niong, and seemed so pleased, dear old thing, when she found it was really true.

Fuh-ning, Nov. 2, 1893.—It would make you sad to see some of the poor little Chinese children with their bound feet, and to see the miserable lives they lead. When they are about three or four they very often go to live in the house of their future husband, where they are made to do most of the rough work of the house, and are subject to constant beatings at the hands of their mothers-in-law. When they are about sixteen or seventeen they are married, to live a secluded monotonous life, consisting chiefly of cooking rice and making shoes. Then in their turn they become mothers-in-law, and beat their daughters-in-law, as they themselves have been beaten. Some of the children are sweet, though you always feel as if you would like to give them a bath all round!

Miss Boileau's teacher's wife, who does our housework, and is a general factotum, has lately had a little son. Miss Boileau was in the house the other day, and took up the baby ; another woman's child who was in the house, a dear little boy about three, wanted to nurse it too : when told he was too small, he said in such a pathetic little way, ' If I had a baby, I would let you nurse it ! ' As a rule the heathen children are dreadfully frightened of us ; and as soon as they see us come they begin to scream and run to their mothers ; they always think we are going to hurt them. The other day I invited two little girls to come to Sunday-school. Their mothers were quite willing they should come, and I thought the children themselves were ; but at the last they refused, and said they were afraid, and some men standing by said they were afraid we were going to kill them.

It seems sad to think of all these dear little children being brought up to worship idols. The way to win the children's hearts is to give them something pretty: a picture, however old, or a little toy, especially anything English; the mothers think it so wonderful.

Fuh-ning, Nov. 3, 1893.—We had the Confirmation in the morning service on Sunday. Of course all the prayers and everything had to be translated after the bishop into Foochow, as his dialect is quite different. Mr. Martin from Lo-nguong, who came with the bishop, read the service in Foochow, each prayer—after the bishop had read it in his own dialect. All except 'Defend, O Lord,' &c., which the bishop had learnt in Foochow—on purpose that it might not have to be translated—wasn't it nice of him? His charge he gave in English, and Mr. Martin translated it.

There were thirty-two candidates altogether: seven girls from the school, five women, and the rest men from the city and the villages round. It was very beautiful to see them all coming forward and confessing Christ before a church full of heathen, or nearly full. What made it more impressive was, that the bishop asked each one the question separately by name. Afterwards they were all admitted to Holy Communion.

In the afternoon after Chinese service the bishop gave us an English Bible-reading on Luke xv. That afternoon there was no Sunday-school, so I had all the time for visiting. I went out with one of the girls, and had a lovely afternoon. One house we had quite a small congregation with some men in the background. One dear old woman listened so well, and understood me much better than the other women.

On Tuesday we went to another mandarin's wife. She had been to see us a little while ago, and invited us all to go and see her. What struck us very much was her devotion to the children, some of whom were those of

a former wife. They all stood round her and made such a pretty picture. She listened well while Miss Boileau explained two Bible pictures—the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan, and afterwards she explained them herself to her son, who came in. Miss Boileau took her accordion, and we sang to them, ‘Jesus loves me’ and ‘There is a happy land.’ The eldest girl is fifteen, and she is being taught to read. All the mandarin’s daughters are being taught, but by a heathen teacher. It was a most beautiful house, the best I have been in in China. They must be enormously rich. She took me into room after room, all of which were quite handsomely furnished, and a good many English things about. It had a sort of balcony at the very top, from which we could see the whole of the city; it was built for purposes of war, we were told.

Fuh-ning, Nov. 9, 1893.—I have had an afternoon’s visiting to-day. I went with the Sing-sang-niong to Duai-long-gung, where I went about a month ago, where I told you some old hospital patients lived. They were very pleased to see us—the Lord’s Prayer and the Ten Commandments, which I hung on the wall last time, were there still, I was glad to see, and one woman told me that the old woman I gave them to, who had learnt them in the hospital, had been teaching her a little. It is very beautiful to find in that little village, that the two or three who had learnt a little in the hospital are teaching the others; and even the little children are beginning to learn, one little girl said she knew ‘Jesus loves me.’ While we were talking to the women, one old man came and sat outside the door, and listened of his own accord. He said he had never heard before; he seemed to take it in, and wanted to know more. Sometimes they just seem to listen, and it makes no impression, they don’t realize what it means for them.

This afternoon we were able to pray with the women.

This is the first house I have been in that we could do that. Here there were three women who believed, and it was sweet to see them kneel down with us, with the heathen standing round. Poor things, they did not like us to kneel on the mud floor, they brought us a mat to kneel on.

Coming home outside the south gate, a woman asked us if we had been out preaching, and said, 'I wish you would come into my house and preach, you never have yet.' She said she started to go to church once, but could not find the way. Everywhere the houses are open—that is so beautiful. I think I told you about those three women who came to church on Sunday, and the next Sunday I went and found the mother-in-law had been angry with the younger woman for going, and I was afraid the house was shut to us. The last three Sundays I have been to that house, and they are quite pleased that we should go; the younger woman especially listens well; but at present they only listen, and say it is very good. It does not seem to make any impression, but God has answered our prayers in making them so willing for us to go. So we will trust Him for the rest. The younger woman told me her little girl of three—such a darling—had been asking for the *guniong* to come again and sing hymns.

My teacher informed me this morning that Confucius is God's eldest son, some other man, called 'Song,' I think, the second son, and Jesus the third son. Confucius, a very great man, can do wonderful things. Jesus has only a very little power: this is what his books teach, he says. I did not know they taught anything about Jesus. But my teacher says he has read our Bible now, and he believes differently about Jesus. He believes He is very good and very powerful, but he still believes Confucius is greater than He, but he always says now he does partly believe in our doctrine. He says he is going to bring me some of his books to-morrow, that I may read something of his doctrine. He does not believe Adam

and Eve are the ancestors of the Chinese at all, but he admits that the flood extended to China: the Chinese believe that, but he says the Chinese were not destroyed by it. I am not at all discouraged about him. I believe he is honestly seeking after the truth. I was pleased on Sunday to find that he went to Sunday-school before church by himself; the other two teachers did not go.

Fuh-ning, Nov. 24, 1893.—My teacher is going on very well, and I am happy about him. I know he is a man who will be convinced slowly. I am so glad that Miss Boileau's teacher, who has been a Christian for four years, is taking a great interest both in him and also in the Miss Clarkes' teacher, and twice lately has asked them to supper; and my teacher tells me that they stayed quite late talking about 'the doctrine,' as they call it. One night they came in to prayers.

TO HER FATHER.

Fuh-ning, Dec. 1, 1893.—Your explanation of 1 John i. 7 has helped me very much. I thank you so much for writing all that out; it is quite clear to me now. It is so beautiful that, because we are in the light, all defects are more shown up; in God's light no sin can be, so it comes to be that he that abideth in Him sinneth not, for in Him is no sin, and the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. There is also a very good note in Westcott on St. John's Epistles. I have been having such a lovely time lately over the Song of Solomon; that little book, which I hope you will get this week, helped meso much. It has brought out to me with a new force our preciousness to Jesus. We think much of His preciousness to us, and we can never think enough of it; but the thought of our preciousness to Him is wonderfully sweet, and it is like a tower of strength. Especially in the Song of Solomon one notices the special epithets He applies to us; if He had not said them Himself, it would be presumptuous to take such words in our lips. Oh! how He loves us, and

we do want to be more worthy of His love. You asked me a little while ago what I thought of Rom. viii. 11; whether it referred to *now* or the final resurrection. Do you not think it refers to *now*? I do; I think it is sweet to think that. I remember thinking of it some years ago, and I think I settled it meant *now*. St. Paul is speaking of spiritual death and resurrection; does he not mean that the Spirit by whose power Jesus was raised is the Spirit whom we may trust now to give us this spiritual resurrection, even quickening our bodies and making them subject to the Spirit, because He dwells in them? This resurrection power seems to be the greatest of all power, as if it was the expression of God's all-mightiness; and the argument seems to be, if He could raise Christ from the dead He could do all things. 'The exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of His mighty power which He wrought in Christ, *when He raised Him from the dead*,' that is the power which is ours for the quickening of our spiritual life, even making our bodies subject to God's Spirit. The working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself, yes, even our personality, as Mr. Moule says, is the resurrection power, 'Who shall change our vile body.'

Fuh-ning, Dec. 5, 1893.—... I have just had such a good time in the village. I went with the Sing-sang-niong from the school. She went in a chair, and I walked. She cannot walk much because of her little feet, but I always walk if it is not too far or too hot; it does one so much good. We made for a little village we had never been to before. I think it is called Muo-Tau. To our delight when we got there and went into one of the houses, we found nearly all the villagers were assembled at a feast which was held in honour of a new baby a month old today. They generally give a feast on such occasions. In the first room were two tables, full of men; in the second

room the women, about twelve of them, all sitting eating. We knew it would be a very good opportunity for talking, so we went into a side-room and waited till they had done. The mother of the baby was so pleased to see us; she had heard we had been to other villages, and had wanted us to come. She had been in the hospital a few months ago, and that made her more pleased to see us.

When the women had finished their feast, they all came into the room where we were, and we began to talk to them, of course the Sing-sang-niong doing most. They listened very well. I told the little hostess she had asked a great many guests, but there was One she had not asked who wanted to come, and who loved little children very much. She got up off her seat, looked round the room, counted up her guests, and then said to the Sing-sang-niong, 'Is it you?'

Afterwards they prepared a feast for us, which was rather trying, but not so bad as they sometimes are. Little hunks of meat I could manage all right, only the hostess would give them me in her own chopsticks; when it came to the pig's fat, I said I had had enough. The next house we went to we were regaled with poached eggs, cooked in some dreadful stuff. But these things did not matter much; we had a very good time with them this afternoon. We can only just leave the Word, all we are responsible for is to give the message. They are willing enough to hear, but nothing but God's own Spirit can make them take it into their hearts. We might well give up and say it is impossible, they are so ignorant and difficult to reach, only we know that God can do it, and we know He will.

I had such a good time at the hospital yesterday. There are only seven women in now. The *Huoi-mu* who manages the hospital (*Huoi-mu* means a woman member of the Church; the Christian women are either called that or *Sing-sang-niong*) teaches them so well. When the women first come in they know nothing, but

she teaches them a little as they are able to take it in day by day. One woman whom she had taught a little said, 'Before I came in I knew nothing about Jesus.' She seemed so happy. I cannot yet get over the awful strange feeling when I speak to a woman first about Jesus, and find she does not even know who He is; and when I tell them they repeat in a vague sort of way 'God's Son,' 'Saviour,' but they can hardly understand, just hearing it once. It does seem dreadful that they have never heard what so many in England have heard so often, and yet reject it. My heart feels sad for these women sometimes; it seems so unjust, so selfish of us, to have left them so long in darkness.

Fuh-ning, Thursday, Dec. 21, 1893.—My heart is full to-night; I hardly know how to write. I have been spending ever since four o'clock unpacking and dividing my beautiful things. They arrived this afternoon—one huge wooden box, and three cardboard boxes from the Daybreak Working Party. I feel quite overwhelmed. I could hardly believe it when I heard beforehand there were seventy dolls in the box, but seeing is believing. They are just lovely, and we have all been feasting our eyes over them. I am going to write to all the parties represented, but would not do it even if I had time to-night, as I want to wait till after Christmas Day, and tell how we gave them away.

Now my things have come, we are going to have a Christmas tree. Miss Poileau was afraid she would not have enough things before, but there is no doubt now; the girls will be so pleased. Besides giving to the Fuh-ning girls, we are able to give dolls to twenty little girls in the village school. I think they have never seen an English doll before. Two of those beauties of Aunt Fanny's we are going to give to the eldest girls in the school, pupil-teachers, ages sixteen and twenty; they will know how to take care of them. It seems funny

but they are just like children over dolls; they don't play with them much, but they love to have them. Isn't it lovely, coming just in the nick of time? Now we shall be able to make them so happy at Christmas! I feel so glad about it. I think each child will get four things, a doll, a pair of cuffs, which are specially coveted (and there are such a lovely lot of them), and two other things; the Christian women too will get presents.

TO HER FATHER, FOR CHRISTMAS, 1893.

Fuh-ning.—You and I will meet together to-day round the manger in Bethlehem; and we will bring the worship of our lips, singing with all our hearts, 'Glory to the new-born King!' and better than that, we will bring the worship and devotion of our lives, and of our love for one another, and like the Wise Men we will open our treasures, and present them unto Him: not gold and frankincense and myrrh, but, what is dearer to us and dearer to Him, our love—our love to Him, our beloved Redeemer, that love which is so real that it makes us bring our love for one another and present it to Him, laying it at His feet: 'Take *our* love; our Lord, we pour at Thy feet its treasure store.'

So we will have a very happy Christmas Day; no sad thoughts, but all shall be joy as we think of that wonderful love which gave Jesus to die, and as we think how we to-day can give Him each a little offering, each something which costs us something, but which must always be, oh! so little, when compared with that love which passeth knowledge, that love which spared not His own Son, that love which gave Himself for us! How lovely it will be when we spend our Christmas Day in heaven, and perhaps it may not be very long first; and how we shall look back with joy to the time when we had fellowship down here with the Father, who spared not His Son, and with the Son who left His Father's home. Perhaps this Christmas I may be telling

the Chinese in their own tongue that unto them is 'born a Saviour, Christ the Lord'; last year it made me happy to tell it in English, but it will be more beautiful this year, if I do have the opportunity. I would like to spend the afternoon in visiting in the houses. I shall pray for you as you give the Christmas message.

Fuh-ning, Tuesday, Dec. 26, 1893.—Nearly all last week we were busy more or less getting things ready both for the Christmas tree and for the church decorations. Nearly every day we were out for a little while to gather green for the church, not having a cart and horse or Chinaman ready to send round and call at the different houses: we had to get the straw as well as make the bricks! On Saturday we spent all the day at the church; Mima and I did that, and Miss Boileau and Janet the school. Mima had previously made some beautiful scrolls of red paper and cotton wool, with texts in character, which the teacher had cut out: 'Though He was rich,' &c., 'The Word was made flesh,' 'Jesus,' 'For He shall save His people from their sins'; they looked so nice. Then we made wreaths and decorated the lectern and reading-desk. We had found some everlasting too, which brightened everything up. I had not seen them growing here before. Mima did the reading-desk most beautifully, she has so much taste.

It is very amusing, but the Chinese don't at all appreciate our efforts to make things look pretty with green. They call the green shrubs and things just grass, and don't think they are at all pretty. It does not suit their ideas of beauty; but a string of paper roses made in different colours, which the girls made, and strung all across the church, was pronounced very beautiful, quite the best thing in the church. Some of the congregation were lost in admiration of it; they like any amount of coloured things, no matter how tawdry.

The school looked very pretty; there were plenty of

paper roses, but they were more suitable there; the girls also presented some to us, and we put them up in our sitting-room. On Saturday evening we decorated our own house, and made it look quite bright and pretty. We each had some green up in our bedrooms; Miss Boileau did mine so prettily.

Saturday was a very busy day, it seemed almost like Christmas Eve at home. I was up late, getting my cards and presents ready. We had a very nice Sunday, the head catechist preached a beautiful sermon on the meaning of Christmas. The afternoon I specially enjoyed, for I had some big girls to teach again. Miss Boileau was tired, so I took her class—all the girls together; so I was able to give the Christmas message to more this year, and this time in their own language. It was so lovely; I did enjoy it, and it was sweet to have some big girls again. After that we had a little English Bible-reading at Mr. Eyton Jones'.

The first thing on Monday, Christmas morning, we were wakened by the 'Fuh-ning Waits'; the girls were outside singing 'Hark, the herald,' and some carols Miss Boileau had taught them. We got up and opened the door, and it was sweet to see those Chinese girls standing there and singing, 'Praise Jesus, for He has come down to earth!' I know Miss Boileau felt it a reward. Then we had them in, and gave them tea, and one of the little girls—such a darling she is—suggested that we should pray; so we did, Miss Boileau offering a short prayer. . .

We went to church at eleven o'clock, and directly after we had the Christmas tree. It looked so pretty when we put the lighted candles on; two big dolls adorned the top branch, and were given to the two head girls, aged twenty and sixteen. I was curious to see the effect, as I was rather incredulous that they would really be pleased; but their faces just beamed as we gave them to them. Each girl had five things, a doll, handkerchief,

ball, pair of cuffs, and sundries; and the women, about twenty-eight of them, each had two or three things. They were delighted. The next day when I went to the school the girls were admiring and playing with their dolls. Then after the Christmas tree, the girls did their musical drill for the visitors to see. I have not been really teaching them this term, only superintending one of the elder girls while she teaches: this is a girl who has come from Miss Bushell's school in Foochow, and there they do musical drill so well that I knew this girl could teach them far better than I could, so I gave it over to her. They did it fairly well, considering the short time they had been learning.

In the evening we went to dinner at Dr. and Mrs. Taylor's, fifteen in all, the whole English community in this place, including children. As a rule we are fourteen, but Mrs. Taylor has a cousin staying with her for Christmas, a Miss Reid, who teaches in the school for English girls at Chefoo. She belongs to the China Inland Mission, and is very clever and so nice; she took our English Bible-reading to-day beautifully. We had a very nice evening, singing Christmas hymns. At the end, we sang that one in Sankey I am so fond of, 'Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!'

I think I have told you nearly all about Christmas now. I feel full of joy at being here, in spite of everything; and I feel so thankful this year, because everything was so different from last year. I hardly knew anybody then, and could not talk to the people; now I know them all, and love them all, and we are all friends together, and I can talk to them, and enter into everything; and it was nice being busy all day, spending the day amongst them, and so beautiful to make them so happy, and be able to give so many nice things. The thought of giving was uppermost in my mind, the love that gave Himself to us seemed to overwhelm everything; it was good to be able to give things, but beautiful

to be able to give oneself, and not only to the Chinese, but to Him who gave Himself for them.

This day week I had a new experience, I gave the address at the Chinese prayer-meeting. The Christian women always meet every week for prayer together with the missionaries, and every one takes it in turn to give the address. The woman who was to give the address that day was ill, and Miss Boileau asked me to take her place; Janet had done it the week before for another woman who was ill. I felt horribly nervous before, but I knew God would not let me be so when the time came, and it was so beautiful when once I began. I did not mind the very least, and quite enjoyed it. He just gave me the words. I did not mind the English people, or the Chinese, or any one. It was a beautiful subject that had been chosen, Jesus, the Son of God; we, sons of God.

My time here has really come to an end now, and I am leaving this week. I start for Foochow on the 12th, *en route* for Ku-cheng. I don't know whether there are so many open doors in Ku-cheng as there are here. I think it is a wonderful time of opportunity here. We can go into almost every house in the city; it is the most unusual thing for the people not to invite us in when we go to their doors.

Many in the city have heard the Gospel several times, and many, of course, never. Those who have heard are writing for us to go and visit them again and again, but at present many are not taking the one step that is needed. There have been several baptized in the last year, but they do not come in in great numbers. I believe this is the great sowing time, and some day there will be a glorious harvest in Fuh-ning.

Last Sunday I went with the matron at the school to fetch a woman to come for the first time to church. Some man who comes to church had told her a little about the Gospel, and she said she wanted to come and hear more; so the matron of the school was asked to

fetch her. She had never been out of the house before; her husband is dead, and she is very poor and very sad, and she seemed as if she were clutching hold of this ray of comfort. It may be God Himself is opening her heart. Pray that it may be so, and that she may come again.

... I could not help feeling leaving Fuh-ning, every one has been so good to me; but God has work for me elsewhere, and I am glad to go.

CHAPTER VI

AT KU-CHENG—SECOND LANGUAGE EXAMINATION PASSED

‘Go, and speak to the people.’—Acts v. 20.

WRITTEN on the way to Ku-cheng to join the Rev. R. W. and Mrs. Stewart in their work.

Jan. 20, 1894.—There seems so much to do these last few days in Foochow, that I am afraid I shall not have much time to write for this mail; and yet there is so much to say, I want to write a good long letter if I can. It is uncertain which day I shall start for Ku-cheng. The house-boat is so engaged just now I don't know which day we can get it, but I hope some day next week. On Thursday Florence Mead and I had a long day in the city. First we went to a native Christian wedding, the first I had seen; the bride was one of Miss Bushell's girls, and she married a man who is going to teach a school in Ku-cheng under Mr. Stewart. The wedding was rather a curious proceeding, in spite of it being in a church and the Prayer-Book service being used. But the service has not been translated exactly into Chinese; all the parts where the bride speaks are left out, for she is too shy to say anything, and the bride and bridegroom don't stand together, but one each side of the rails; then there is no putting on of a ring or a bracelet, and when the service is over

the bride walks out at one door, and the bridegroom returns to his seat in the church—at least so it was this time. But I believe they are a little more demonstrative, and act as if they belonged a little to one another, when a missionary marries them; but these were married by a native clergyman, and I dare say it never occurred to him that they might take a little more notice of one another.

In the afternoon we went to my teacher's house in the city, where I had been long wanting to go. He was expecting us, and had made great preparations. He was so nice, and so were all the family. He has six uncles, all of whom have each a wife, and they all live in the same house; he has also many brothers and two sisters. These, with sundry other relations, and numbers of children, including his own two and his dear little wife, make up the enormous household. Florence Mead had been once before, and she said this time they listened much better, and they asked her to come again. All the men were quiet while the women were being talked to.

After that we had to eat a huge feast, and really it was not at all bad. He had tried to get things we liked; there was scarcely anything I could not eat; I think they were very pleased. My teacher, before we began, asked us to say grace; and then he said he had prepared tea for us instead of wine, because he knew we did not drink wine. After that I gave them some of the dolls and mittens and other things that came in my last box, and they were very pleased. I feel glad I have been there. It was sweet to see my teacher with his little baby girl, nursing it, and kissing it too! It is a good deal for a Chinaman to take so much notice of a girl. I was glad to see so much love in his nature.

Yesterday morning I went to hear the examination at Miss Bushell's school, and then in the afternoon Miss Mead had some of her women here to a feast. To-day we have had the little English children to tea—twenty

of them. I enjoyed it so much. To-morrow I am going to take the Sunday class; it will be like the Kuliang meetings again.

Native Boat, River Min, Jan. 24, 1894.—We have just been told we must not ask how we are getting on, and how soon we will pass certain places; for the last time we asked was just as the wind was coming, and we frightened it away! The Chinese are so superstitious! Another thing which amused me very much this afternoon was this: I went to sit in the end of the boat for a little while, but they told me I must not sit there, as women must not sit where the boatmen sometimes stand to row!

This is a regular native house-boat; a family live on board, and there are all sorts of idol erections, which are very sad to see. One of the little boys has just been out, and offered an incense-stick in front of the boat.

Ku-cheng, Jan. 27, 1894.—At last I am able to date from that place where I have so often pictured myself, and I think it more than comes up to my expectations. I feel full of thankfulness and joy to-night! My Heavenly Father has been so good to me in giving me such a happy first year at Fuh-ning, a sort of preparatory year, and then bringing me to another happy home; for it is my home in China. I feel just full of praise to-night! The atmosphere of this home seems so beautiful, one can just feel Christ is the head of this house; and His presence is felt amongst us. I am looking forward with great joy to my life at Ku-cheng. Mr. Stewart says I can set to work at once. Of course I have been working a little in Fuh-ning, but I hope to be able to do more soon. There seems so much work opening up here.

I do feel glad to be so near the Stewarts; our house is in the same compound with theirs. The children are

so sweet; the two little girls are here, and two little boys. I have not seen much of them yet. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart are both in Chinese dress; but I am glad I saw Mr. Stewart first before he changed, which he did to-day. He looks so different in Chinese dress, and his English dress reminded me of all that time at home when he was with us.

Ku-cheng, Thursday, Feb. 8, 1894.—By the time you get this it will be about Easter-time, and the winter work will be stopping a little; it has seemed such a full list this winter. I know God's blessing is on it all. I hope you will all have a blessed bright Easter-time, and a quiet week before.

I always think the joy of Easter depends so much on the week before; for only as we enter into the depths of His sufferings can we realize by contrast the fulness of His joy, and learn, too, the power of His resurrection over the devil's power in our own lives. 'His Spirit that raised up Jesus shall quicken our mortal bodies.' I love that text.

We are going this afternoon to a Bible-reading at the American compound in the city (our houses are just outside the city, across a stream, you know); we have a united Bible-reading every week, one week this side, when Mr. Stewart takes it, and the other week the other side, when Mr. Wilcox, the American missionary, I think takes it. The American party consists of Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox and four children, Dr. and Mrs. Gregory and a little boy. Dr. Gregory has a large hospital, and it is there I hope to go soon and learn a little before work begins regularly again here; but I am not taking my examination till the end of next week, perhaps the week after, so I am afraid I shall not have very much time. The meetings for the Christians begin to-morrow, and will take up part of next week, so Mr. Stewart will not have time just now to examine me; and I want another

week's study myself, but I hope to get it over in about ten days now. Miss Gordon is not going in just yet after all; she is not very strong, and not able to study much, so she will do visiting and itinerating, and study again later on. I want to get mine over, and be free to set to work here; I always looked forward to beginning here at once.

On Sunday morning we went to the Chinese service; Mr. Collins from Nang-wa was here, and he preached. In the afternoon Mr. Stewart was going to take a service in the leper village, so we went with him. I think it was the most touching sight I ever saw. Lepers from all different parts come and live together in this one village. There is a proper house being built for them, of course in native style, but so comfortable. It was planned by Dr. Mears. Then they have a nice large room, in which the services are held. Mr. Stewart goes once every Sunday; it is a most wonderful work. I think it was started by Mr. Banister not long ago. (You know Mr. Banister was here in charge before Mr. Stewart came, and now has gone to Foochow to take Mr. Lloyd's place at the college.) These poor people seem to receive the Gospel so simply; there are many bright Christians among them, cut off from every hope in life, with nothing to look forward to—it must come with such a brightness to them, the thought of One who loves them so, and of a home where they will be quite well, which He is getting ready for them.

Mr. Stewart took part of St. John iv., and asked them questions on what he had told them before, and they were eager to answer: it was beautiful to hear them sing hymns. And then Mr. Stewart asked one of them to pray, and a dear old man prayed, who had the disease the very worst, and had not a feature left on his face: it was very sad to look at him, but evidently he is a happy Christian.

They are so pleased if we go to their service. I am

glad we are able to go, so as to let them see every one does not cast them off. Of course we must not touch them: they know that themselves quite well, but there is no danger in our going as we do. We have special seats; the disease can only be caught by contact. The saddest part, I think, was to see the little children there. The lepers actually marry, and then the little children have to be brought up to a life like that, with never any chance of going out. They may not have the disease themselves for years, but they will eventually have it. One girl is there who was in Miss Bushell's school, but Dr. Rennie, going through the school one day, noticed her, and knew by the look in her eyes that she was a leper. She was examined, and it was found that the disease had appeared in her side, so she had to be sent to this village. She is much worse now, poor girl, but she seems happy, and teaches the little boys.

The little orphans in Miss Nisbet's home are such darlings—I have seen them several times now. Two little girls are twins, and were rescued from being buried alive. A Bible-woman met a man carrying them in a basket, and asked him what he was going to do with them. He said, 'Bury them.' She asked him to give them to her, and he was quite willing, and so they were brought to this home. All the children in it are girls, whom their parents did not want, and would have got rid of in some way. It is dreadfully sad that the Chinese think so little of their baby girls. It is not so bad in every part of China, but here they throw any number of children into the river, which we cross every time we go into the city, and they are sometimes seen floating in the river. Miss Tolley saw one the other day; isn't it dreadful?

It is sad about Nang-wa Hospital. Dr. Rigg has to go home for his health, and there is no one to take up his work, and the patients keep coming. Oh! I wish more doctors would come. The girls' school is a large

one. I believe there will be over fifty girls this term when they come back; twenty new ones are coming; they are all the children of Christian parents, or else engaged to Christian men. I am going to take a class in it every day—the second class—in St. Luke's Gospel; they are girls from fourteen to sixteen—just the age I like.

Mrs. Stewart says she wants me to do some itinerating as well, and I want it too, but this is to be my headquarters; when I go away itinerating, Miss Weller, who manages the school, says I can give the girls some work to do by themselves.

Ku-cheng, Feb. 15, 1894.—I am so happy; my cup seems just full to-night. This last week the native Church Council has been held, and Mr. Stewart has thought of a new plan which I am sure God put into his heart, by which all this enormous district can in a way be systematically worked with regard to the women. He, with the help of the catechists, has divided it into five districts, each to be under the charge of one *guniong*. At least one (the San-Iong and Sa-iong district) will have four, for these two stations have been opened already, and three missionaries have been living there, and Miss Tolley is now going to join them. The other four districts can only have one *guniong* each. Miss Gordon is to have one district, Ping-nang; Lucy Stewart is to have another; Miss Nisbet, the district round Ku-cheng, for she cannot go away much on account of the Foundlings' Home; and I am to have another.

Mine is called Gang-ka, and it is the largest of all, twenty-one miles long by eleven broad. There is no woman's work at all there yet. One Bible-woman has just been sent this week, but there is no girls' school. I am glad to say there are three catechists. There are numbers of places in it where, as Mr. Stewart says, as far as they are concerned, Jesus might never have come at all! Isn't it wonderful? And then to think that

God has called me to do that work! He is telling me to do it, or rather *He* is going to do it, and He is telling me to be His instrument. I feel almost overwhelmed, not exactly with the responsibility, for I feel just as if God was saying to me as He did to Jeremiah, 'Say not, I am a child, for to whomsoever I shall send thee thou shalt go, and whatsoever I shall command thee thou shalt speak.' So there is nothing to fear, and my motto is always the same, 'Not I, but Christ,' and so I am going to take with fresh meaning, 'Severed from Me, ye can do *nothing*'; 'I can do *all things* in Him that strengtheneth me.'

Feb. 16.—I am enjoying the motto so much this year; it seems the very message for me. I was so glad to have the manuscript copy, and now the cards have come just as I am beginning to get into full work—the work I have longed for so long—and now it is just lying ready for me to do. Such a tremendous work! This message has come with such power to me; nothing could have suited me better. 'Thy God hath *sent forth* strength for thee.' Oh, it is beautiful, for it makes one feel one cannot be afraid of anything, however difficult or huge. I love to think of you all working at that this year, and I know we shall all find the truth of 'I can do all things *in* Him that strengtheneth me.'

I must tell you before going on any further about the wonderful services we have had lately. I told you last week the native Church Council was being held. All the catechists and Christians, or most of them, came in from the different stations round Ku-cheng on the Friday night. I went to church, and I think one look inside that church would have silenced for ever any more questions as to 'Are missions any good?' Here, out in a heathen land, in a place where there has not been a mission very long, was a church literally *packed* (it holds about 600), hardly standing room. It is a good-sized church, and all the nave was full of men; the

women, of course, sit in a shut-off part. But Sunday was a more wonderful day still. In the morning the church was more packed than ever: our hearts were very full, but, oh! how I wish you could have been with us as we knelt with these Chinese round the Lord's table—200 communicants there were—so earnest; of course, not so quiet and orderly as an English congregation, but, as some one remarked, 'Probably there is more real reverence underneath than in many a one with bowed head in a fashionable congregation at home.' Dear Mr. Stewart! he was so happy; he feels the difference, having been away so long, and now to come back and see how the numbers have grown; and not the numbers only, but the Christians he knew before, he says, have grown so tremendously in their spiritual life. But the crown of all was the Tuesday night, when eighty-seven people were baptized. We only have baptisms once a year as a rule here. One old woman was eighty-seven. After they were baptized, each one went and knelt for a little at the Communion rails. Mr. Stewart spoke sweetly and simply to them, telling them that they were to remember, however people laughed, and whatever temptation the devil tempted them with, that 'Jesus loves me'; and then we sang that hymn which they all knew so well, 'Jesus loves me, this I know'; it rang through the church. The women's meetings were so lovely each day; the subject was prayer—the *power* of prayer. There was great blessing. Mrs. Stewart spoke beautifully—she speaks Chinese so well; and then she is so ready. She conducted the meetings beautifully, and gave such lovely thoughts, so helpful to the women and to ourselves.

The Olives, Ku-cheng, Feb. 28, 1894.—God has sent forth strength for me and helped me to lay hold of it. My tongue is now loosed to speak to the Chinese in their own tongue the wonderful works of God, the

message of redemption through a Saviour's love. My second examination is over! All examinations for ever done and gone, praise God! and now I am free to live the whole of my life for Him amongst His Chinese.

Mr. Stewart was so kind, and wrote me such a sweet letter when he sent back my papers. I don't mind telling you that he was pleased, because you know how it was, and he himself says that my being able to take my examination sooner is a proof that 'prayer has been abundantly answered.' In reading the Scripture Union passage yesterday, I could not help feeling like the dumb man whose tongue Jesus loosed, and he spake plain, in Mark vii.; and again, this morning, in the next chapter—Jesus took the seven loaves and made them enough for all that hungry multitude, for He had commanded His disciples to feed them. So He will take the little language I have, for it is only a little, and will always be, of this Chinese language; but if He blesses it He can make it enough to feed the hungry multitudes. Will you ask for this? My heart is full of joy and praise.

To-morrow (Saturday) the girls all come back to school, and on Monday school begins. There will be more than fifty boarders—isn't it splendid?—all the children of Christians, or engaged to Christians. The sad part is that so many want to come, and there is only room for a certain number. So the Church Council has to choose them, and some have come to-day who have not been chosen, just to see if they cannot come in, and they will probably have to go back. There are also two classes of children of heathen parents who come every day. So next Monday I hope to begin work in full swing. I am so happy.

Mr. Stewart has asked me to teach in the boys' boarding-school for one hour every morning. So from nine to ten I shall be teaching the boys, and from ten to eleven the girls. The rest of the morning I hope to have for reading with my teacher and preparing lessons, except

when I go out early for a long day in the village; and when I go away for a week or so itinerating one of the others will take the classes. So we have to arrange not all to be away together. I am glad I am going to help in the boys' school; that is a point Mr. Stewart is very keen on—ladies teaching the boys; he believes that they have such an influence over them. Mrs. Stewart did so much in Foochow amongst the boys, and it is so encouraging on their return to see many of those boys grown such earnest Christian men. Some are medical students and some schoolmasters, and nearly all doing good work.

Dear Mr. Stewart! he is so humble, he attributes it nearly all to ladies' influence. But we are not all like Mrs. Stewart, as he knows. She is splendid with the Chinese, and has such a sweet, winning way with them, and then she knows the language so well. She has been teaching this week all the boys, but she has not time for it, as she has her own little girls to teach too. But she will still keep the bigger boys, and I shall have the younger ones. They are all children of Christians, but know nothing. I think they are only from about eight to ten. I am to teach them an easy catechism in question and answer, just the leading points in the Christian religion and in the life of Christ; also the *Picture Bible*, which has lessons on the main stories of the Bible. Both of these are in easy colloquial character. Then for the girls. I am to teach St. Luke to the second class from about fourteen to sixteen, and *Peep of Day* to the fourth class. The *Peep of Day* has not been translated into Chinese, or, if it has, there are no copies here. So it will be good practice for me.

In the evenings I sometimes have prayers with the servants and teachers. They come in to prayers every evening, and we take it in turns to speak to them or explain some passage. It is a bit of an ordeal before these literary men and all the other *gunions*, but

there is strength sent forth for us for that, and I don't really mind it. It is such a wonderful opportunity. I want to tell you all that I am hoping to do, so that you may know definitely how to pray for me. I want you to ask so much that my life may always be a cleansed and consecrated life, and that I may always speak in the power of the Holy Ghost.

I have been out with a Bible-woman visiting twice this week, and have had very happy times. It is much easier to talk and understand here, for the brogue is very slight compared to that in Fuh-ning.

I did not tell you about the worst part of my examination; writing the papers, &c., was nothing compared to this. I had, instead of a conversation with a native, to teach a class of girls before Mr. Stewart. I think this was better than the conversation, but I felt rather bad beforehand: but, as usual, Jesus just helped me all the way through, and I hardly felt at all nervous, and was quite calm and collected. I was not to know the subject beforehand, but Mr. Stewart let out the night before that it might be the Sower; but of course I did not prepare it, and Jesus gave me the words to say.

Ku-cheng, March 12, 1894.—I can hardly believe I have been here more than six weeks; the time just flies, and I am so happy. To-day I have had my first introduction into my district. Miss Weller and I have just come back from a village called Long-dung. Some work is really going on there; it is about the only place in my district that has been visited regularly from here. There are a few very earnest Christians, both men and women, and three months ago they sent to ask Mr. Banister if a *guniong* could not go and teach them. So since then Miss Weller and Miss Gordon have gone every Monday. Quite a number of women come in; three are baptized Christians, I think. The others are only just beginning to learn.

Miss Weller teaches those, and Miss Gordon takes the children. I took her place to-day, as she has to go somewhere else. There were about twenty of them, dear little children. I had them in a sort of open place they call the *tiang-dong*, where all the visitors are received ; there is one in every house. That is the most trying part of visiting when they will make you sit on these places, for every one walks about and talks just as they like ; they have no notion of being quiet. I don't think the Chinese have any nerves ; it never seems to occur to any one of them that their moving about and talking disturbs the person who is trying to teach. So you must not think we can sit quietly down in front of a little class in a quiet room, and teach them to one's heart's content. It is very different from that, and it certainly is teaching under difficulties. It is not only the human kind that make a noise, but the cocks and hens think it a good opportunity for them to make their voices heard ; the dogs, too, take advantage of the same opportunity ; the pigs also strut in and out at their own sweet will. However, in spite of the difficulties we always have a very good time.

The women listened well to-day, Miss Weller said, and remembered all she had told them six weeks back. My children listened very well, as I showed them the picture of the Prodigal Son and taught them a little text. Rather to our astonishment we found to-day a little school has been started there, and, as far as we can make out, the teacher is a heathen man, but they are learning our Christian books. At the Church Council a few weeks ago, the Christians in this village asked both for a schoolmaster and a catechist, but could get neither, for there was not a man to be spared. So they have hired a heathen man to come and teach the children. I think it shows how earnest they are, and it is very nice to think they are learning to read even the characters in our Christian books ; but of course they

cannot learn the meaning from a heathen, so it will be doubly important now that we should go every week.

To-day Annie Gordon and Lucy Stewart have been to another village, to see a little child who used to be a day scholar in the school here, and was in Annie's class; but she had to leave, and go and live in her future husband's house. In that village there is not a single Christian, except this little child, and Annie says she believes she is a real little Christian. She is only twelve years old. They saw her to-day, and they find she really is working for Christ in that place. She has got one little girl to believe on Jesus. She told Annie she had been wanting much to see her, and had been asking God to send her quickly.

I must tell about my teacher before I go on to anything else, it seems so long since I have told you anything about him. I really believe now he is a Christian in heart; he has as good as told me so, though he has not openly confessed it. I can see a great change in him since first I had him. I am sure it is just God's Spirit in him: he comes in to prayer every night, and sometimes he prays; but that we must not take as a sure sign, for it is the easiest thing possible for a Chinaman to pray. No Chinaman has any difficulty in expressing himself. But still I am very thankful about him, for I know God is hearing our prayers. Do go on praying for him; I want him to be a true, whole-hearted, earnest Christian, one whom Christ will use. He told me something more about his family the other day, how opposed they are to Christianity. His own people are mandarins; and his wife's relations, some time ago, had a dispute with some Englishmen over a steamboat, and this set them very much against us. So at first, when Miss Mead went to see the wife in Foochow city, she did not much like it; but when I went when I was in Foochow, she was much nicer and listened much better, and my teacher says he has been

talking to her, and telling her how good the doctrine is, and that he wants her to listen. She did not like him coming to teach one of us at all, but now she does not mind it.

On Sunday Annie and Lucy went to a very sad case. A woman, who has heard a little, asked some of us to go and see a relation of hers, who is possessed with the devil. When they got there they found it really was so. The woman is in a dreadful state, and says Satan keeps on talking to her all the time, and tells her such dreadful things, and that if she reads the Bible she will die. They could see she wanted to listen all the time, but there seemed as if there was something inside her that would not let her listen; and then all the other women wanted her to kneel down and pray; and twice they got her down on her knees, and Annie said if she had not watched her she would not have believed it, but something just seemed to push her up again, though she wanted to kneel down herself. It was perfectly plain that it was some power within her. They read to her about Jesus casting the devil out of the lunatic boy, and then, when they had prayed and read, they said her face looked more happy and peaceful. It is really awful, the reality of the devil's power here; but there is One stronger than he, and we are sure He will turn the devil out of this poor woman. He has done it for several others here.

Yesterday I was visiting in the city, and I don't know when I have spent such a happy afternoon. The women I especially went to see could not have me, and the week before, when I had gone there, I noticed a woman standing at the door of another house, with the most miserable, wretched face I had ever seen in my life. She was standing in exactly the same place yesterday, so the *Huoi-mu* and I went up to her. She did not seem very pleased at first, but soon some other women gathered, and she invited me into her house. We first told her

about heaven, and how it was being prepared *for her*. She did listen then, and her face began to brighten, and soon she learned to repeat, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.' When we went away she stood at the door and gave us such a sweet smile. Her face was utterly changed. Before I would have said that that hard cold face never had shown or never would show a smile. While we were in that house another woman came in, and began asking us about the Gospel. She was an intelligent woman, strange to say, and could read a little. When we left she asked us to go to her house, and she took us in and made us put it quite plainly to her, and then kept repeating to herself how she could be saved. She had heard it all before, and it seemed as if God had been preparing the ground by others who had taught before, and that yesterday it was ready for the seed to drop in. She says she is coming to church on Sunday. Will you remember to pray especially for those two—the one so ignorant and wretched, the other so intelligent? It is at times like these one feels the wonderful joy of being Christ's messenger.

On Saturday I hope to start for a week's tour in my district. Annie and I will spend Sunday at Sek-chek-du; on Monday go on to Gang-ka, the chief place in my district. On Tuesday Annie will go on to Dong-gio, where she will stay for a month, and I stay at Ngu-du for the rest of the week. A Bible-woman is there, and I shall have a servant with me, as it is not Chinese custom to go about without a servant; they think it most improper.

CHAPTER VII

AT WORK IN HER DISTRICT

'As Thou hast sent Me, even so have I also sent them.'—JOHN xvii. 18.

Gang-ka, Ku-cheng, Tuesday, March 20, 1894.—Annie Gordon and I started on Saturday for Sek-chek-du, the first big place in my district, and there we stopped till yesterday. In both places there are catechists. At Sek-chek-du there is a very nice young catechist, and also a doctor and his wife. The doctor is an old student of Dr. Taylor's (of course a native I mean). He, with another young man, the head of a band of native preachers, have just started a medical itinerating mission, making Sek-chek-du their headquarters. There is scarcely any work among the women there, no Bible-woman, only a schoolmistress, rather an old woman, who can do very little but teach her ten or twelve children: but we are hoping the doctor's wife and the Gospel Bandman's wife may be able to do something, though they are both too young to do much visiting. The doctor's wife was trained in Miss Bushell's school, so knows a good deal. On Sunday about fifteen women came in to service. There are no chapels in either of these places, only native houses where the catechists live, rented by the mission, and in these service is held.

On Sunday morning before service we had a good time visiting; they were very much amused at the sight of foreigners. In spite of our native dress we are far from being disguised. In the afternoon we went to a village near, where we had splendid opportunities—numbers of women in every house, and we were invited in everywhere. Once we went into a large room where we have a little boys' school, and there we had quite a crowd. Annie took half, and I took half to speak to. We had such a happy afternoon. It is lovely to tell those who have never heard of this wonderful love. It is not by any means easy, though. I often long for a Chinese tongue, and for women as intelligent as English women. They are utterly ignorant, and often don't understand what we say, especially when we talk about the Gospel, because all the ideas are new to them. In the Gospel story there are at least four ideas and names that are new to them—God, Jesus, Heaven, Sin. As long as we speak on other subjects they understand. I find the 'wordless book' and my R.T.S. pictures the greatest help.

On Monday morning we went to another village, where we had another very good time, and could hardly get back in time to eat our dinner and start off here, four hours' distance. We had chairs with us, but we walked a good deal of the way; it was so refreshing. We were rather anxious to see what this place was like, as none of us had ever been there before, and we did not know what sort of place there was to sleep in. Mr. Stewart did not like me to come alone the first time, so Annie came with me, but she is leaving to-morrow, and I hope to stay till Saturday. I promised I would not stay if it was not proper. Mr. Stewart is very careful of us; but we find it is quite a decent sort of place, and a nice little room. It is very small for two, not bigger than a cabin on board ship, but it will just fit me alone.

The worst of these native houses is that they are generally both dirty and dark. This room is not so very dirty, and it has a hole out into the open. The Chinese do not use glass windows, and their rooms are generally built inside the house, with a hole instead of a window, which does not let in much light. In our room at Sek-chek-du we could not see to do anything with the door shut. But here the hole opens out into the open, so it is quite a nice light little room. I am so looking forward to a few days here.

We have had such a happy day to-day. Quite early this morning a whole crowd of women came in; it was lovely to see them. We got them to sit quietly down, and first we sang a hymn, and Annie explained it. Afterwards I told the Gospel story simply, the *Huoi-mu* interpreting for me when they did not seem to understand. It was a quiet crowd, they generally make such a noise; but I think I have never spoken before when the people have been so quiet. I can understand well now what the missionaries meant when I used to read their letters at home, when they spoke of just sowing the seed, and leaving it to God to spring up, for we meet with people whom we may never, never see again. We have just that one opportunity of telling them, and they can only take in so little at a time, that were it not that we know our God can do miracles we might often lose heart. We not only believe that He does miracles, but we see it often in the hearts of these poor women, because they are so ignorant.

Thursday, March 22.—Annie Gordon left me yesterday to go for a month to Dong-gio. I have been nearly two days without speaking a word of English, so it is very pleasant to be writing it. This is my first experience of being quite alone among the Chinese. I am glad to be alone this week in a way, for this week is more to me than all the weeks in the year, and *this night* especially. I am thinking specially of those Pas-

sion Week services I loved so much at home. I think being alone is part of the fellowship of His sufferings, for I do miss the sympathy of other Christians on these holy days; but then I think that is like Him, for no one could enter into His feelings, not even His disciples, they were so slow to take it in. Here there are only three Christian women, and not one of them really seems to enter into the meaning of this week. It takes a long time for them to enter into things as we do. I have prayers with them in the morning, and I have been trying to make them realize a little of what this week should be; they did not even know it was Passion Week till I told them. I think want of the sympathy of fellow Christians is very real fellowship with His sufferings. One cannot blame the poor women, they have not long been Christians, and they have had so few advantages.

I had a very good time visiting yesterday afternoon. In the last house we went to there was a dear old woman. Of course she knew nothing, and in spite of all I told her would insist in saying she could not go to heaven, and that she was too old to understand. However, afterwards, when I began to talk to another woman, she began explaining it too to her. I felt so glad this evening, for two men came in to prayers, who had been standing round listening this afternoon; they had never been in before.

Ku-cheng, Tuesday, March 27.—I got back on Saturday. It is nice to be back, but I was quite sorry to leave them at Gang-ka. I had had such a happy time, but I hope to go again in a fortnight, for six women have promised to come in every day and read. The *Huoi-mu* will teach, and I said I would go back in a little while and teach them a little. I had a very good time in a village on Good Friday afternoon, a village not far from Gang-ka. Such numbers of women

who know nothing, for there is no one to teach them. The *Huoi-mu* cannot walk so far.

Yesterday I went to Iong-dung, the village some of us go to always on Monday. I went with the Bible-woman this time. She taught the women, and I the children. We had a very good time, but what was better than all, coming home we called at the next village, where there are any number of women. There was one who was the relation of a Christian, but besides that, I believe there is not any one who knows anything in the village. This woman invited us to go there every week too, and showed us a large room where we could have meetings. Is not that beautiful? Both these villages are in my district.

Ku-cheng, Thursday, April 5, 1894.—I want to tell you that my teacher is going on very well, I think. We have some very good talks. I am certain he believes in his heart, but he has not courage to confess openly. His own family and his wife are very bigoted. He comes in to prayers every evening, and seems to take quite an interest in it. He sometimes prays at prayers, and on Saturday night we had an open night, when any one could speak. It was on Heb. viii., and he spoke the best of all, I think, so clearly about the old and new covenants, and how the Old Testament sacrifices all pointed to Christ, how He had come to be the sacrifice for our sin, and this covenant could never be altered. He told me the other day that this country is the devil's country; he feels the power of the devil greatly himself. I think that is a good sign, and I don't wonder, for really the devil's power is tremendous out here. He makes one feel his personality, and he really possesses people here, as in the time of our Lord.

Ku-cheng, April 18, 1894.—I must tell you about Sek-chek-du; we were there from Friday to Monday.

On Saturday and Sunday we had some splendid times, there seems such a wonderful awakening in Sek-chek-du and the villages, and indeed in the villages almost everywhere. Wherever we went we got a crowd, both of men and women. There was no need of looking for a house to go to. I am always especially glad when the men listen quietly, as they did there, for sometimes they laugh, and this frightens the women from listening. Some of the Chinese men have such real true faces, one feels they would make such splendid Christians, and I can often see in the roughest coolies, that they have the rudiments of a sort of innate refinement, only it has been so frightfully defaced. We were saying the other day how wonderful it is that we can trust ourselves without the least fear to those chair-bearers, perhaps for a whole day; one would not think of trusting oneself like that in London. Sometimes it is quite touching to see their care of us, asking us to sit in our chair, and not walk too far. I don't mean to say they are all like this, there are some different specimens; the opium-smokers are sometimes very difficult to manage, yet in the worst I believe there is something good.

Many things lately have combined together to make me believe that Home is not very far distant for *all* of us. Many things seem to point that Christ is very, very soon coming. I heard of some one the other day who has been travelling amongst the Jews in the Holy Land. A few years ago there were comparatively few Jews going back to their country, now they are going back by thousands; they keep their plans very secret, but one of them let out that they were expecting their Messiah very soon to come back, and so they are all going back to be there when He comes.

The week before going to Sek-chek-du I was at Gang-ka again. I found four women were coming in to read every day, as they promised to do, and this time three more promised to come. If they read regularly

I told them I would bring them some little thing next time ; they were so pleased. The cards, and some bags, &c., I had over from the box last autumn, will just do for them, and the cards you told me are coming. I was delighted, they do love them so, because they are English. I do love my country work. I want you to pray for my district ; only one Bible-woman, and one or two school teachers, that is all there are working amongst the women and girls.

I would like to go and live out there. I can only go from Friday to Monday this term, because of teaching in the girls' school, but next term I don't think I must do that, for I feel I must go away more. This place has had workers in it so long, but out in the country they have so few opportunities. I love my school work amongst the girls and boys, but I think we all feel that this should be done principally by those who cannot go away, and must stay here. When I go away itinerating now I eat in native style, not exactly native food, for that would make me ill, but I take bowl and chopsticks, and eat rice and eggs, and take some meat with me. I am sure it is very much better if one can do it, it is very much simpler, and the people like it much better. One little boy came into my room one evening at Gang-ka with such a pleased face, and said, ' You are eating rice too, *guniong*.'

Ku-cheng, April 25, 1894. — Last Monday I had a good time at Iong-dung and Nang-kang ; those are the villages we go to every Monday. For about eight months Miss Weller has been going to Nang-dung. About a month ago, as we passed through another village coming home, they asked us to go every week, that is Nang-kang, and we have been every week since. Three or four women there are especially anxious to learn. It is such a pleasure to go and teach them ; they say they want to come to the women's school when it is

opened. When one stops to think it seems so extraordinary to be going to teach grown-up women the simple facts about Jesus, and to have them sit round and listen to the story of His life: one can hardly realize that they have never heard it before, it is like telling little children, and one has to use the simplest language. Then to tell them that Jesus will hear them if they talk to Him, that is a new idea. Is it not sad that we have let them grow up without this joy that we have had all our lives?

The week before last, in coming back from that village, some women from another village, called Ieng-dong, called us in, and said that they had not a church there, but if we would come every week they could let us have a room. It can be nothing but God's own Spirit that is stirring up these villages, for we had not visited them. I think there is no greater joy, and no greater strengthening to one's faith, than to see God doing *His own work* like that without us. We may well say, 'I believe in the Holy Ghost.' These are the things that make one realize prayer *is* work, for it is claiming another, the All-powerful One, to do it, and then it will be done indeed.

Wednesday, May 2.—Yesterday I went to a new village, Buang-dong. I was almost mobbed, I could hardly make my voice heard. I suppose they had never seen a foreigner before. I do love my days out in the villages, starting after school, about 11.30, taking my dinner in the chair.

Gang-ka, May 10, 1894.—We have had a very good morning—many women came, and they listened very well. We tried to have proper Morning Prayers with the few who do ~~come~~ to church, but before we were half through some heathen women came up, and we devoted ourselves to them. Miss Topsy Saunders is so good, she always tries to do all she can, though she

has only been here a few months. She took the children this morning. It is very lovely being away in the country, though in a way it is rather tiring, for one gets so little time alone. The women are perpetually about, they come up into your bedroom at all times. Chinese women seem to have so little to do. They will stand about all day wondering, and looking at us, and turning over our things. What seems extraordinary to me is that they never want to be quiet themselves. We talked to them for about two hours in the little room where service is held, called the *tiang-dong*, and then after that they followed us up into our bedroom. Some of them are dear women.

Sek-chek-du, May 16.—If you look in the *Gleaner* for May you will see an exact picture of the native boats we travel in here. The one at the top of the page, of which you can only see half the covered part, that is where we sleep, making our beds on the floor, which are not always as clean as one might wish; also the way they are seen rowing is just the same here too—a sort of punting.

Ku-cheng, Friday, June 8, 1894.—After all I could not go away last week itinerating, for we had such tremendous rains that the roads were almost impassable. The roads are very bad in China, you know, and the stream we have to cross between this and the city was so swollen that the boats were stopped many times. This week also I could not go, as to-day is the fifth day of the fifth month (native), and there is a great feast which they keep up for several days, and the people have no time to listen to us.

I wish the Chinese did not have quite so many feasts. We have been out to dinner to-day and the two days before; three days running is rather much, but the people like us to go, so we never refuse. The first day

the women in Miss Nisbet's house, who take care of the little orphans, asked us; yesterday, the matron and teacher at the girls' school; and to-day the wife of the master of the boys' school. Besides these we also went to one last week. We were invited for the simple reason that the son of the matron at the school had become betrothed, and that was the day the money was paid for the girl. I believe they always have a feast on that occasion. I am afraid I am very bad at eating Chinese things, I could not eat much; I would rather go without than eat, but I eat what I can to please them. Of course when we have our own food prepared in the Chinese way it is different, but I like going to those feasts, to be with the women; it is an opportunity for getting to know the Christian women better. They do such funny things. They ask the hostess who cooked the things, what is the price of every dish; and say plainly if they don't like the things; they take pieces with their own chopsticks, and give them to each other to eat; they do that to us too; and what they leave in their bowls they put back into the common bowl! When we have done, the hostess says she is afraid we are still hungry, as there was nothing to eat! Chinese etiquette is quite regardless of truth. Then comes the last performance, a bowl of hot water is brought round, and each one washes hands and face with the same rag and out of the same water!

Wednesday, June 13.—This week has been beautifully fine, and, of course, hotter. I have had such happy times in the villages, going out for long days, each day. I mean starting after finishing teaching in the morning, 11.30 or 12. On Monday I went to Long-gaek; I don't know whether you know it by name. It is a village I have been to several times lately, and the most encouraging of all the villages I have visited. I love going there. Some of the women seem really in earnest, and they had never heard the Gospel before.

There are two men also who have been coming to church, but the women are utter heathen. One of these men invited us to go again to-day to a feast, because he had just become engaged; that is to say, he has paid down the money for a little girl of twelve, and now she has come to live in his mother's house. So we went again to-day, the Bible-woman and I. It turned out the feast was to be in the evening, and he was expecting us to stop the night: so as we went in the afternoon the feast was not ready (much to my delight), and we had a splendid afternoon of talking to the people.

Such crowds there are in that village. In one room, while we were talking to a number of women, there was a crowd of men outside, listening. They would come in, and then said it was so hot, would we come out in the street. We thought it was rather a good move, as it was a shady street, so we had a good time out in the street, and a mixed audience of men and women, the latter standing at the open doors of the houses. It was a funny crowd, all these brown-bodied men, with so very little clothing on; but it was curious to watch their faces as we sang to them 'Jesus loves me,' and 'There is a happy land.' They think our singing is wonderful; it certainly is very different from theirs!

There are several women in the village about whom I am very hopeful. They come every time, and they really understand the Gospel message. I believe it is in their hearts, too. Several of them are praying every day. Will you pray for them? Ask that they may be kept pure in their motives, and that they may be out and out for Jesus in that village.

Yesterday we went to a village called Buang-dong. We had not been there before, but the women had invited us in when passing. We had a good time; and one woman from another place took us to her village across the stream, and then she herself told the story, which she had only heard that afternoon. I long that

she may know it in her heart as well as in her head.

Gang-ka, June 23, 1894.—I am getting quite to love the loft up here. Mr. Stewart is going to have it altered a little for us, by dividing it into two rooms, so that we may have a room to teach the women in, and have a quiet little time with them; for in the *tiang-dong* (the large room in every Chinese house) the men keep coming up, and there is no quiet. Also we are going to have a window put in, and the ceiling better boarded, so that the sun won't get in quite so much. Mr. Stewart is so sweet about it, he says he is quite sure the Lord would like His children to be as comfortable as possible if He were here. He says, of course we none of us want to have things as we would at home, but he says he is quite sure it makes a difference to our health if we have a dark room, or if the sun is beating down on the roof in the summer, and in the winter we are frozen up. At present there are only holes punched in the walls for windows, and of course it would be very cold in the winter.

Boat, Cwi-kau, June 29.—I had a very good time at Gang-ka; we went to two villages for Saturday and Sunday. Had a good day with the women who came to inquire. I felt sad in the afternoon. One poor girl asked me to give her something to cure some sore she had, but I was obliged to tell her nothing would do her any good, for I am almost positive she was a leper. I saw her some months ago, and she was much worse: now she has the peculiar look in her eye, which is unmistakable. On Monday, on the way home, I went to a village which I think no one has visited before. There is a little school, but *no one* to teach the women, and they listened so well. I think it is good of the Lord, whenever I am alone without the Bible-woman He makes

the women understand almost without the least trouble. Sometimes when the Bible-woman is with me they don't understand, and she has to repeat after me. This is not so much in Ku-cheng as in Gang-ka, where the brogue is very heavy. It was sweet to hear the women talking to each other in that village, as they often do. As we talk they say to each other, 'She says, "God loves us";' 'She says, "Jesus died for us";' 'She says, "If we pray, Jesus will hear us"'—quite a new idea to them.

I felt a little sad coming away and leaving all the villages, because I feel well and able to work, only just a little tired; but Mr. and Mrs. Stewart are strong on people going away for the two months, and I expect we will be all the fitter in the autumn; and I know God is going to do the work while we are away. I do praise Him for keeping me so well and strong.

It was lovely getting an English service again yesterday, and Communion at last. How I did enjoy it! I do think there is a charm about our English prayers; the words of the Creed struck me quite freshly yesterday—I believe in the '*life of the world to come.*' What a difference that makes to this little life!

CHAPTER VIII

KULIANG FOR HOT MONTHS AND JOURNEYS

'Thanks be unto God, which . . . maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place.'—2 Cor. ii. 14.

Off Lieng-puo, Native Boat, River Min, July 6, 1894.—Miss Topsy Saunders and I have just started to-day on a little expedition, before she goes to Sharp Peak and I to Kuliang. It was her idea, at least we believe the Lord gave it to her, to visit some of the villages on the river; for high up no one goes to them. So we have taken a boat from to-day till Monday, and we are going to stop at any villages we like. We stopped at one this afternoon, and had a very good time. We are happy, and we have the dearest little boat, and we have brought our servant with us; so there is nothing improper. Several people said they were afraid we would find it very hot for boat itinerating. It is not often attempted quite as late as this; but the Lord sent us a lovely thunder-storm just before we started, and cleared the air and made it beautifully cool. We are wearing English dress for this trip, because it is so near Foochow, and as the missionaries there all wear English dress, we thought it would be better. But I

don't like it; I think Chinese dress is so much better for going amongst the people, though there may be one or two things to be said for the English dress. But I am convinced, taking it all round, Chinese dress is a long way the best for missionaries.

I do love to see how happy Topsy is! She is never so happy as when she is right away amongst the people, even though there may be a certain amount of roughing it. She has so much of lying by and doing nothing, and not being able to go amongst the people, which she longs to do, so I always feel glad when she is able to do anything like this. When she is feeling a little better this is just the sort of work that does her good, because her whole heart is in it, and itinerating is the kind of missionary work she has longed for. I love to see her delight over everything now, and when we get into the villages she is perfectly happy.

Monday, July 9.—We had very good times at the villages on Saturday; and yesterday we were able to speak to crowds of women who knew nothing about Jesus. At one village it was so hot in the house that we went out and had an open-air meeting under a beautiful big tree. Yesterday afternoon we had a splendid time: the women are simple and sweet. Of course in a big crowd of people, who come as one knows chiefly from curiosity, one does not expect to have it all quiet and straight sailing. They always will interrupt and ask questions about us; but it is beautiful to know that in every crowd the Lord nearly always sends two, or three, or four women who seem to me to answer to the description of 'Lydia, whose heart the Lord opened.' They seem to take in the message at once, and to be so anxious to know. When I read them a prayer sentence, they seem satisfied when I tell them Jesus will hear that, and will take away their sins. One woman said to me, 'If I pray to Jesus, will He come into my house?'

House-boat, July 10.—I did not tell you yesterday of a new experience of thieves we had the first night on the native boat! We were told before we went to bed we must be very careful with our things, as there were lots of thieves in the boats around. So we took everything in to the little enclosed place where we were sleeping, which we had curtained off by a shawl, thinking all was safe. But in the night Miss Saunders woke up and said, 'I think they are going to start rowing again now.' We heard a noise, and the boat was shaking to and fro; and then we heard a man walk round the side, whom we supposed to be the boatman going to row; but as we were going to fasten up the curtain, which we noticed had been opened a little, we supposed by the wind, Miss Saunders suddenly exclaimed, 'Where are my clothes?' We soon discovered we had lost a great many things. You would have laughed if you had seen us the next night. The things we could not put away we lay on, and nearly all my things I stuffed into my pillow-case. Bible, pencil-box, and my other books, I would not trust them even in a locked tin box, for fear the thieves should run off with it bodily. I thought they could not take things from under my head without waking me. You can imagine my pillow was not particularly soft, stuffed as it was with books. It really was very clever of them to take things hanging right over our heads, and I don't think there was room enough for them to get right in, they must have hooked them out. The boatman says they even hook the bedclothes off you sometimes, so I took care to lie on the edge of my eiderdown.

Kuliang, Aug. 8, 1894.—A week ago we made an expedition to Kushan, where we went last year. We had a finer day this time, and enjoyed it immensely, though it is fearfully tiring going over the monastery. It is as bad as going to the Academy! It is a very

interesting, though a very sad sight, to see all those Bhuddist priests with their shaven heads, as a sign that they have done altogether with the world. But though they are away from the world they are still away from God; nor do they know how to find Him, but spend day after day in going through the same religious services and forms of prayer. We saw that same man again who never speaks. Miss Hankin gave him a text-card, which he seemed to be able to read. We saw the ceremony of grace before dinner, too, which lasted about a quarter of an hour. First, while the monks were all seated ready at the table, about twelve priests marched into the kitchen, where there is a shrine of gods. One prostrated himself before this, while the others repeated something in a monotone over and over again. After this had gone on for some time they all knelt down, and then the procession moved on to the dining-hall. Pretty much the same ceremony went on there in the presence of the monks; this time two other priests performed most extraordinary antics on the ground. Then one of the priests took a little rice up in a pair of chopsticks made in the form of a pair of hands, and placed it on a pedestal outside, flicking off some of it on to the ground with his long nails. We were told it was the sacred duty of feeding the birds (all life is sacred to them, they will kill nothing); but afterwards one of our party asked one of the monks the meaning of it, and he said, in a mysterious way, he did not know, only the priest who did it knew. Then, when the long ceremony was over, each monk fell to his bowl of rice and vegetables (they never eat meat). 'Human nature at last!' remarked one of our party.

After that we went to see the sacred animals. These are cocks and hens and other animals, given by people who want to do a sacred act. They are always preserved, and to kill them would be a fearful sin. Then we went to see the different temples just *full* of idols.

One huge one, called the Goddess of Mercy, has a hundred arms. In one temple are representations of the Three Pure Ones, and in another the Three Perfect Ones. I think they must be sixteen or eighteen feet high; awful to look at they are. Then, in another temple, are four hundred different representations of Buddha; these have been brought over from India.

It seems so terrible to have this awful abode of heathenism and sadness placed in such a perfect spot. Buddhist monasteries must always be on high hills, or they are not far enough removed from the world; and here they have chosen the most beautiful place, under a grove of trees, a little short of the top of Kushan; the walk to it is glorious, so rough and steep. I think it must be something like climbing the Alps. It was such fun. We had a few chairs, but of course walked a great deal; in fact, the men could not carry us in a great many places.

Such an amusing thing happened the other day. A community family up here were having their piano brought up from Foochow. Of course, the Chinese had not an idea what a piano was, and spread a rumour that the foreigners had guns in their houses. One of the mandarins actually came up from Foochow to inspect the matter, and having satisfied himself that it was a harmless instrument, quietly retreated. It is wonderful how ignorant the Chinese are, so far behind other nations in many ways.

House-boat, on way to Sharp Peak, Wednesday, August 15, 1894.—Just now I am witnessing another vivid illustration of the Chinese motto, *maing-maing-giang*, 'slowly, slowly walk.' It is just twelve o'clock. I was told to be on the house-boat by eight, as it would start then. Arriving at a quarter to nine, knowing it would be time enough, I have since been sitting inside.

waiting for it to start, somebody's letters not being ready. It makes one laugh. I wonder what would happen if we had to catch trains in China. I suppose they would *maing-maing-giang* the trains too; so it would be all of a piece. I nearly always provide myself with ink and paper wherever I go. One never knows when one may have to wait. It is possible we may not get to Sharp Peak till to-morrow morning now, but I am hoping for to-night.

I think you would be rather amused at my travelling companions, if you saw them. I did not expect to have any, but two women came on of the field class, with big bare feet. They are amused at my proceedings, especially at the letter-writing, I think; but one of them has now succumbed to *mal de mer*, at least her head is swimming, as she expresses it, so she is trying to go to sleep. I am waiting till the other follows her example, to have my dinner; for though when she ate hers she retired behind a board, so that I should not see her, I don't dare to expect that she will be at all shy in watching me, so I am putting off the evil moment as long as I can. I had a little talk with them both this morning. They know a little. I think they are connected with the American Christians. I am afraid they don't know very much in their hearts at present.

I don't think I told you much about the meetings at Kuliang—our special week, that we always have at the same time as the Keswick meetings at home. We had a very good time, and I am sure they were a great help to us all. The ladies took the morning, one each morning, and the gentlemen took the afternoons. We also had the prayer-meeting at seven every morning. That week was a real meeting with God for us all. Most of us made up our minds not to read Chinese, or anything like that, but have a real quiet week with God; and it was a great refreshment.

Sharp Peak, Sept. 4, 1894.—I am so longing to get back and go into the district again. *I am village sick!* It seems so long since I was in any! I am glad to have had this time away though, I feel rested and refreshed. One does miss the Chinese.

Sharp Peak, September 19, 1894.—Fuh-kien Day.—Yesterday morning I went to the Chinese service in the village. It was lovely. It seems so long since I had much to do with the Chinese. I have had no time to go down to the village while nursing¹, and one does long for them. We had a nice little service, and afterwards I had a talk with the catechist's wife and one old woman, the only two in church. I asked her if she believed in Jesus. She said Yes; but sometimes they say that without knowing what it means. So I asked her if she had any sins. 'Yes,' she said, 'I am a sinner; but Jesus has taken them all away.' It was sweet to meet with an old woman who had such clear bright faith as that. Often if they do believe it in their hearts, they, and especially old women, are too ignorant to put it into words.

One old woman at Gang-ka I always go to see when I am there. In spite of all I say, when I ask her, 'Now, you see, you too can go to heaven, can't you?' she will shake her head and say, 'No, I can't; I am too old, and I can't read.' She is very deaf, and it is difficult to make her hear. The first time I went to her, I went over it very shortly and simply, saying little things over and over again. She seemed to follow it all and repeat it after me, and understand a little the meaning of the wordless book; but at the end she said it was not for her, she was too old, and she still persists in it. Do ask that the light may come to her poor heart.

¹ She had been nursing the wife of the Rev. H. S. Phillips.

CHAPTER IX

SEK-CHEK-DU

‘And this I do for the Gospel’s sake.’—1 Cor. ix. 23.

Ku-cheng, Oct. 11, 1894.—Miss Topsy Saunders hopes to go with me itinerating on Saturday; we are looking forward to a very good time. She may only stay a fortnight, I believe, but I am free to stay as long as I like. I have no teaching this term; I told Miss Weller last term I would rather not take any classes, so as to be free, and Miss Nellie Saunders is taking the boys. I am so glad, though I loved the teaching, yet I felt the Lord was calling me altogether to the other work. I like best being in the native house among the people. Of course one is amongst the people here, but it is not quite the same. The people here have had opportunities so long.

This last month Mr. Stewart has been having the catechists and schoolmasters from both districts, Ping-nang and Ku-cheng. He has them in four batches, one a week. He teaches them in the day, and in the evening they have missionary meetings, and each one tells about the work in his own place. Of course I missed most of the meetings, but I went to one since I came back. Some of the men are very real and earnest. I was

rather alarmed yesterday afternoon by three of these schoolmasters walking in to see me, and soon after four others. They are always eager that we should go to their places to work amongst the women, and knowing that their parts were in my district, they came to me. They had planned out the route for me to go: first to Lang-leng, then to Sek-chek-du, and then to Gang-ka. Afterwards we had prayer, and then one of them said, 'We invite the *guniong* to pronounce the Benediction,' and I was taken aback. I *could* not think of how it began, and I had partly to make it up. It was a decidedly un-Chinese proceeding to be entertaining men.

Lately there has been rather a bad persecution at a village we pass through on the way to Gang-ka. Before I came back I heard there was trouble, and I was afraid it was some sin amongst the Christians, several cases of which I am sorry to say have lately occurred: but when I heard it was persecution because the people were Christians, I did just praise the Lord; it seemed such a proof that real work is going on, and the devil is getting anxious. At this place, A-deng-bang, there is a sect of Vegetarians. They are a secret society, very dangerous and powerful, greatly opposed to Christianity. A fire broke out in some house in the village, and they said it was caused by the Christians. They went into their fields and carried off all their harvest, and said if they accused them of doing it they would kill them. Of course they all came to Mr. Stewart, and it has been a very difficult time for him. At last he went himself to the mandarin, a very extreme thing for him to do, since he cannot bear appealing to the mandarins on behalf of the Christians; but he felt it must be done this time. The mandarin has taken it up, and I think he is putting an end to the persecution, but the Christians have suffered. It was a narrow escape of their lives with some of them. The Vegetarians said that Christianity

is getting on far too fast, and they are going to make a stand against it. Isn't that good news? They will find it rather difficult to do that, won't they? They can't get on much when they are fighting against God.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart both seem pretty well. They had a good time up at Hwa-sang. Mrs. Stewart is indefatigable; she teaches her own children and the first class in the boys' school every day, and now the women's school is being built up so fast; it is just close to us in the compound, and Mrs. Stewart will have the charge of that too. It will be open by the Chinese New Year, I expect. Did I tell you how the money was all got at home? Mrs. Stewart never asked for it, she only wrote home and told some friend, I think, and Mrs. Stewart's mother wrote and told her to build at once, not wait for the money. She would send it, or get it somehow; and she did in about a month's time.

Since writing this I have seen Mr. Stewart, and he says that yesterday the mandarins went with a small retinue, and were met by 200 Vegetarians, who were too much for them, and they were forced to retire from the scene. The mandarins are now consulting with the gentry of the city, and they hope to settle it peaceably, without fighting over it. But the Vegetarians seem to be rising in other places, intending all to join together. The mandarins feel it is not only an attack against Christianity, but against them: but the Lord is reigning, and we know He will order it all for the spread, not the hindrance, of Christ's kingdom.

Lang-leng, Monday, Oct. 19, 1894.—We came here on Saturday, and had a good time with the women on Sunday. We went out before service (such as it is) in the morning, and visited several houses; then came the service. The three or four women who came were jostled as usual into a back room, with the door open. Mr. Stewart so strongly objects to that treatment of them that I ven-

tured to suggest that they should sit in the same room as the men. This was agreed to by the latter; but the women were far too frightened to come forward, so we had to keep behind the scenes. The catechist had gone to Ku-cheng, so one of the *Huoi-iu* (church members) read the service; but he didn't know enough to preach, as he told me afterwards. It was very humble of him. When service was over, I brought the women into the front room, and showed them two pictures of the Prodigal Son. In the afternoon I had a class with the few that do come to church.

Our room here is very different from that at Gang-ka. It is quite small, but has a large window, minus glass, and this is a great comfort. It is very awkward to have a room so dark that one cannot see to do anything without the door open. We feel quite snug in our little room. The bed is slightly narrow for two, and if it were a little farther from the wall I should find myself on the floor most of the night. Last night we added an extra board, and it was a little better.

I had hoped to get away quite early last week, but Miss Stewart was ill, and I could not leave her. She was better when I left, but far from well. On the Friday before I left I went to Iong-gaek, the village I love so much. That village is very dear to my heart. I used to go to it every week, and there is one woman there whom I am sure the Lord has really brought in. She makes my heart glad every time I go. She is almost an invalid. She told me she had prayed every day, and asked me to listen while she said over her prayer, to see 'if it would do.' It began with Matt. xi. 28, and ended up with a portion of a prayer I had taught her. There has also been a little school set up there.

Tuesday, Oct. 23.—We have had a very good time here these last two days. On Sunday several new women came in, just at service time. We did not see the good of women who had never heard anything before listening to the

Prayer-Book, which would be so much Greek to them; so Topsy Saunders and I, and the catechist's wife, and a woman we have here as teacher, who goes about with us, kept the women in the downstairs *tiang-dong*, and had such a good time. I showed them a picture of the Brazen Serpent, the Sing-sang-niong explaining when they did not understand. Then we taught them a text, and gave them each a little text-card. In the afternoon two more came, and I had a talk with them. Then we went to a village called Gu-iong, to see some sick people. We had been there several times. One woman had been very ill, and they had asked me to go and see her late one evening. God blessed the medicines, for I could not really tell what was the matter with her, and could only give her simple things; but the next morning she was better, and has been getting better every day. God is good. This has given the people implicit faith in us and our medicines. Our fame has spread to other villages, and we have had quite a number of patients. Wherever we go, they ask us to go in and see the sick.

Yesterday I went out for a long day to four villages, and Topsy went to Gu-iong, and visited there. In one village I felt sad, and yet it was such a touching scene. There was a little girl of about seven, sitting on a stool, crying. I found she had that dreadful disease in the eyes which so many of the Chinese get; fearfully painful it is, and makes them blind for the time being. If not attended to, I believe they do go blind. I had no ointment with me, so asked them to bring her here this morning; all I could do then was to put my handkerchief round her eyes, to keep out the light. But she struggled and cried so that her little wee sister, of about three, who thought I was hurting her, came up and tried to beat me with a stick. I could have hugged her, because it is not often you see such love among the Chinese; and before I had seen her look up at her sister in such a sorrowful way.

This brogue is much worse than in Ku-cheng, and the women can't understand me nearly as well. Will you pray about that—pray that I may soon catch up these country brogues, and speak so that the women can understand? This is a difficulty like a great mountain, but God can throw it down.

Sek-chek-du, Ku-cheng, Monday, Nov. 5, 1894.—You want to know what Mr. Stewart thinks about the war. We hear so little about it up here, that I scarcely ever think of it between your letters, and indeed I don't think I have ever heard Mr. Stewart mention it. Of course in Foochow it was very different, every one was astir about it. Some of the missionaries were expecting the consul to forbid them to go back up country; but I don't think these country people even know that there is war going on. A man we have with us from Ku-cheng, who is acting as our servant, said to me the other day, 'I hear the Japanese are fighting with us,' as if he had just heard a piece of news. I hope it will not interfere with our missionary work, and there does not seem much fear at present. Any way, it won't spoil the Lord's work, we know.

The movement amongst the Vegetarians seems much more likely to threaten the work; but I believe the Lord has quieted that now. Mr. Stewart says it is all quiet at A-deng-bang, the place where it began. He said it was the most formidable attack he had ever experienced, and the most difficult to deal with, for they were quite too much for the mandarins. While in Lang-leng the catechist came to me one day with a very grave face, to tell me privately that they had heard the Vegetarians had agreed in three days' time to pull down the church at Ku-cheng.

I did not think very much of it, because there had been so many threats before of pulling down the houses, but to comfort them I wrote to tell Mr.

Stewart. The day came and went, and the church is still standing.

Now I am just as happy as I can be, out in the country, perfectly free to stay as long as I like, and the work is lovely. I think itinerating missionaries have the best of it, especially when they can combine a little medical work with it. I am only sorry for those who can't come out into the country ; but I suppose every one likes their own work best.

Topsy and I left Lang-leng a week ago, and felt almost like leaving a home ; it was such a 'homey' little place, and we did have such good times—the best at the last. We told the men who wanted their legs done up to come in the evening, that they might get in for prayers (the women of course had to come in the morning). So the last two or three evenings we had sometimes twenty or thirty men, the majority of whom had never been in before. I showed them some pictures of the Prodigal Son and other Scripture scenes, and had a straight talk with them. When the catechist came, a dear old man, and not at all stereotyped, one who knows how to have an open meeting, he chose easy hymns, a verse here and a verse there, and spoke to them nicely. After that we began our dressings, sometimes going on till 10.30.

Thursday, Nov. 6.—This is simply a huge place, there seems no end to it. Almost everywhere we go we get crowds. This afternoon we only went a very little way over a bridge to a group of houses, where we heard they wanted us. There was no getting into a house. The crowd collected, and we talked to them. Then they took us into one of their houses, and again a crowd gathered. You can imagine the joy it is to tell these people the good tidings, but you never could know what it is till you come. I had just begun to speak to them this afternoon, when an old woman took up my words, repeating them to the others, saying, 'She says she has come to tell us how we may have our hearts quite at

rest, quite peaceful.' It was such a sweet word she used, not a very common one, and means a good deal.

Last Sunday a good number of women came in. I knew they would come, because I had prayed and believed. We took them away from the men, told them very simply the Gospel story, and showed them my pictures. One dear old woman seemed very much puzzled, and said something about, 'How can Jesus wash away my sin?' I felt then how beautiful it was to tell her that Jesus *had done it all*, and she only had to believe. It was very difficult to make her grasp even this, she was so old and ignorant. When she went away I did not feel sure she understood, but she very soon appeared again after dinner, and I explained to her that verse, 'Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree,' and showed her the picture of the brazen serpent. The Sing-sang-niong helped me when they did not understand me. I gave them all an old Christmas card with a Chinese text written upon it, and one woman stayed behind, and asked to have it taught her. She appeared at nine o'clock the next morning to be taught again, and afterwards escorted us to her house.

Now from about nine o'clock every morning we are occupied in dressing legs, &c. When Topsy is here she does it, and I talk to them. She is in Ku-cheng this week, so I have to do both—I dress a leg, and then go out and teach them a lesson as best I can; but I do miss Topsy so, in this as in everything. One old man comes who has a huge ulcer. I think he takes it as a personal insult that it is not healed in one day, and gives me a scolding every morning. He informed me this morning I was to change the ointment because it hurt him so at night. Oh, the fuss he makes over this leg, sighing and groaning all the time I am dressing it, and putting on such a face of misery. I told him the other day how Jesus had both His legs and both His hands hurting.

and all for him. He did seem to think that was rather worse than his pain. One gets a hold over them when they come in every day like this. It is sweet to teach them a verse or a prayer every day. One dear old man says he prays to Jesus every day, and if you ask him, can he go to heaven, he says, 'No; but Jesus will take me there, for He can take away my sins.'

Sek-chek-du, Nov. 13, 1894.—I really feel quite sorry for any one who can't come here; it is such a wonderfully happy life. Every day we go out to the villages and tell those who have never heard the Gospel, and the joy of that seems to grow greater every time.

This afternoon I paid a visit to a village, which I knew was going to be nice, though the first beginning was not prepossessing; for as I walked up the little path to the village, a woman who was standing out with her babies turned and ran away, calling all her children after her—she and all the children were frightened of me. I had to go alone this afternoon, as Topsy was tired, and our little Sing-sang-niong has gone back to Kucheng. I dare say my being alone made them a little more frightened. But I knew it would not last long; so I stayed where I was, and waited till a cautious head peeped round the corner—and then another and another, till at last one suggested that they should come and look at me. Soon a little crowd came where I was. They were still too frightened to ask me in. So I told them I had brought something to show them—the picture of the Prodigal Son. They were delighted with that, and as I went on talking to them their fears went away, and soon they invited me into a courtyard between their houses—a splendid place for an open-air meeting. Then they brought benches out, and most of the village came out and we had a good time. After that several of them took me into their houses, and they wanted to know if I could make one old woman of seventy-three walk. I told her about heaven, where her leg would be well;

and she said, 'But I can't walk there,' and another said, 'I haven't any money to take me there.'

On my return I was called into another village, and had a good time there too. I believe some from both these villages will come next Sunday.

Last Sunday God gave us such a good day. It began with a disappointment, but it did not end with one. In the morning we heard that some women from a village near were coming to church, if we would go and fetch them. I call it church, but you know what that means. So we went to fetch them, but they would not come. However, that morning we had a congregation of eight women and about fifteen children. I took the women and Topsy the children. In the afternoon there were about thirteen women, and counting children about thirty-five altogether, a good increase on last Sunday. We both talked to them, showing them pictures and singing hymns, and then gave them each an old Christmas card with a Chinese text on the back. They are always delighted with those. Then we got those who had the same text into groups, and set to work to teach them to read the texts, telling them they must repeat them next Sunday. It was such a happy time. We can use any number of old Christmas cards this way, and it does help so.

We keep the women separate from the men on Sundays, if they are absolute heathen, because they understand simply nothing. It is useless to teach them with the men. You have to teach them just as you would an infants' class.

Written in Native Boat on the way to Foochow to see Rev. B. Baring-Gould, Dec. 1894.—Speaking of a visit to a village she says, 'It was so late, we could only stop two and a half hours, and knew we should be late home then. We walked and walked till it seemed as if we were never coming to the end, and we had a stream to cross, and

we met a man who told us it would be too late to get a boat. However, there seemed nothing else to do, so we went on till it got quite dark, and we had no idea where we were. We could not see, so we followed a path in the hope of getting to some house, but it was a very lonely part in the middle of a lot of paddy fields, that seemed to be leading nowhere, so we turned back again, hoping to find some place where we could ford the stream, and perhaps find a village on the other side. But before we went on any further we knelt down and prayed that the Lord would send some one to show us the way. We did not trouble the least, for we knew it would be all right, because He was arranging all; but I had a strong idea He wanted us to pass the night out there, and I was just thinking of lying down and going to sleep, when we saw a torch a little way off. Then we knew the Lord wanted us to get home; He had arranged just in the way we asked; so we went to meet the torch-bearers, but as soon as they saw us they were frightened, and walked away as fast as they could. We then called to them, but that frightened them more. We guessed the reason, and found out afterwards it was true, hearing womens' voices, so unlike their own, and alone in a field like that, they thought we were devils. However, we talked to them calmly, telling them who we were, and at last got them to be reasonable, and after promising them money they consented to show us the way back. The next day Topsy Saunders was quite done up, and I was very stiff, but we were very thankful to get back.

I want to tell you about our little Christmas plan. The few Christian women there are in my district, and also the inquirers, we are asking to come next Saturday the 15th, and stay till the following Monday week. We are hoping to have some special meetings with them every day, to help them to realize more the power of Christ in their daily lives, and also to set them on fire to work for Him. Topsy Saunders and I have drawn

out a list of subjects. We shall divide the women into two classes, I think ; those who know scarcely anything, almost heathen, Topsy will take, and I shall take those who know something.

We are so looking forward to it, and praying that it may be a time of blessing—we shall have about twenty women staying in the house ; not in Ku-cheng, you know, but in Sek-chek-du ; it is a pretty big native house. Then on the last Saturday we hope to have a Christmas tree, if we can get enough things. I have been counting on my box coming, but I am sorry to say it has not arrived yet. Mrs. Stewart is so good, and is giving us all the money for the women's chairs, from some money she had sent her, so we shall be able to manage the other part quite nicely, as the women are to pay for their own rice—that is always the rule.

Native Boat, Dec. 10, 1894.—Now I have begun this journey again, back to Ku-cheng, and so far it promises to be rather long, as we have only gone a very little way and have come to a standstill. *Hung-ceng-tau* is the reason given—a very strong wind against us. I believe the boatman has gone on shore to get another man to help now. You would be amused if you saw me having my meals. I have them in native style when I am alone on boats and sometimes in the country. It is so much simpler not to have the bother of plates, knives and forks, bread tins, and so forth. I bring a chicken, or something for *puoi*, that is, the accompaniment of rice. I think you know chickens are our staple food here. I borrow bowls and chopsticks, and buy rice from the boat-people, and it's grand!

Tuesday night, Native Inn.—I did not expect to find myself here to-night, but the west wind still continued dead against us, and we got on so slowly, only having gone nine miles in twenty-four hours, that as I knew I must be back at Sek-chek-du at the latest by Saturday,

as the women are coming that day, I thought the best thing would be to get out and walk. By this means I hope to get to Ku-cheng by Thursday night. I have a coolie with me, so it is all right. We came fifteen miles to-day, and hope to go twenty one miles to-morrow, and twenty-seven on Thursday. This inn is not so bad. I think the things that missionaries have to put up with are very much exaggerated—of course this room has a mud floor and a mud wall, but it certainly might be dirtier, and of course there are only board beds; but we have our *mieng-puoi*, native mattress, so it is all right. I am trying to educate you to a few Chinese words, you see; I am afraid your education in that respect has been rather neglected by me. There is a board out of my door, so several little pairs of curious eyes are watching me write. I had rather a nice time in the *Tiang-dong* before I settled in for the night. I found one Roman Catholic man—the rest utter heathen. The whole house is in a state of excitement about me; I suppose they have never seen a *guniong* before.

I have just been out again, and had such a good time—a whole crowd had come to see me. I hardly like to go to bed just yet, for though I have hung something over the hole it is not very private, and there are a lot of them outside the door, much too excited to go to bed, all discussing me. Now and then I hear remarks—‘Which country does she come from?’ ‘How long has she been in the country?’ Once I heard a woman repeating what I had told her about Jesus. ‘Have you asked her how old she is?’ was asked just now as a very important question. They say they have never seen a foreigner of any description before, and they did not know even what to call me. Since coming in to bed, they have peered through the hole and asked me to go out and talk to them again, but I don’t think it would be proper so late, one has to be rather careful. And besides my coolie had said to me before coming in, ‘Aren’t you going

to bed, *guniong*? you have to walk to-morrow.' 'Yes,' I said, 'as soon as the people are gone.' He laughed and seemed astonished I should expect such an event, and said, 'Oh, you will have crowds till morning!' I am not alone in my room to-night. My bedroom companion is a hen!

Friday, Dec. 14.—At night we slept at a little village on the hills—oh, such a funny place. It was called an inn, but no one had slept there for a month, and the dirt of many ages had certainly accumulated in my bedroom. Even my coolie was shocked at the dirt. However, it didn't matter, I got a pretty good night's rest, and was awake at five in the morning by a voice saying, '*Guniong*, your rice is cooked.'

But I want to tell you about the night before. The old man in the inn looked like an antediluvian fossil—a sort of man who had been to sleep for ages, and had just woke up to the realities of life, not quite knowing where he was. He was so amazed at me—he had never seen 'the likes before.' In fact, it was the same with all the people all along that road. The ignorance of the people made me quite sad, they literally knew nothing about us. Even Foochow was almost as much the North Pole to them as England, and as to the Gospel, they had never heard a word of it. That last night in the inn I had shut the door to go to bed. Some men kept thumping at my door, saying they wanted to look at the English *guniong*. I felt a little frightened at first, for I heard no women's voices, so I said, 'Wait a bit!' However, I thought they had probably been sent to hear the Message. So I felt very much ashamed of my cowardice, and having got courage where one can always get it, I went out to them. There was a crowd of men, just gazing at me; but I was so thankful I went out, not a sign of rudeness. They listened so well. One feels it such a responsibility. Some of them may never hear the message again; people so seldom go

that way, and it may be years before work can be opened there.

The dear old man invited us the next morning to have a church in his house. Well, I got back that night, and hope to start to-morrow morning. I am *so* looking forward to the meetings with the women next week—though it is such a responsibility—but the work is His, not mine. I wish you knew in time to pray. I wanted to write you out the list of subjects, but have not had time.

Ku-cheng, Dec. 24, 1894.—One more Christmas nearly gone—one year nearer heaven. My thoughts and prayers are with you now, and will be to-morrow. The message that comes to my heart to-day is, 'The Lord of peace Himself give you peace *always* at *all times* and in *all ways*.' It is so true; with the Prince of Peace, the Lord of Peace in our hearts, there must be peace—such peace that nothing can touch, no, not even separation, for

'With loved ones far away,
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.'

It is all joy, for all is for His dear sake.

Dec. 26.—Before telling you about Christmas, I had better go on about the women's meetings. We had fourteen women altogether—nine in the house, the others coming in and out, and sometimes staying a night. Topsy Saunders was so good, undertaking all the arrangements for the Christmas tree, and everything, so that I could be free for the women all the week. From the very first, on Saturday night at prayers, I could not help feeling that the Lord had been preparing them. There was such a quietness amongst them, which is so difficult to get amongst the Chinese. I had been expecting great things, so I was not astonished to find the Lord had given them this spirit of quietness.

I knew it would be the enemy's tactics all the

week to make them fussy, and bothering about their children, &c.; it is their nature. All through the week one could see the devil was there; but there was One greater than the devil, and He got the victory. I know the Lord spoke to these women; even if I could have seen nothing, I would know it. For we had prayed, and we knew it was the Lord's will: so going on 1 John v. 14, 15 we could not have any doubt. But He was so good, and let us have evident signs.

I would like to tell you one or two little things, but I always shrink from it. I think those things are better left between the Lord and the women, and us who have seen and can testify, and remember them before the Lord in prayer. Only one thing I will just tell you that touched me very much. One woman who was a Christian, and a true one, but had never done very much for the Lord, I think, on the last Sunday led me to the side of the wall where was my picture of the Prodigal Son, which is called in Chinese the *laung-cü*, and she said, 'Guniong, I've got a *laung-cü*, and I want to-morrow, instead of going home, to go to his village, and try to find him, and bring him to Jesus.' It did touch me so; it was her own son, an opium-smoker, I think. She said she did long for him to be brought in.

I want you to pray for those women now gone back to their homes—those dark villages—that they may be soul-winners. It is very sad to think that in the whole of my district there are so few Christian women. There are not more than twelve baptized: and only about twenty inquirers: all the rest heathen, knowing nothing; and my district is 300 miles square!

Mr. Baring-Gould said the thing that struck him most was the aggressive work going on amongst the Christians themselves—so many villages brought in by means of the natives. I do long that my district should be that; but it is so new, scarcely touched yet. Mr. Stewart was saying last night, that from Gang-ka eastward you could

go on for miles and miles, even to Lo-nguong, and it is all dense blackness, not a streak of light—villages and villages; and yet people say Ku-cheng has so many workers. We were saying last night, if it has, they do not see much of each other, they are all so scattered. Some of us never see some of the others for months. Two of them at Sang-iong have only seen three of the others the whole year.

We did have such a happy Christmas! First, we were woke up at five by the school-girls singing under our windows: service at the church; then a feast with the girls and women—such a nice feast, I quite enjoyed it, and could eat nearly everything; then the Christmas-tree—such nice things they all got; and then the boys invited us to go and see the fireworks at their school. They had decorated the place so prettily. Then in the evening we all went to tea at Mrs. Stewart's: such a happy evening we had; they were all so sweet. We played games for the children, and had prayers. The children were in a state of excitement all day, waking every one up before it was light in the morning. We sent them up some little presents, and everything went into a big bran-pie.

Ngu-du, Dec. 29.—I have arrived at a place I have never been in before. It is Lucy Stewart's district. I am going round examining a few schools, and last night I came where she is. I meant to go back to Ku-cheng to-day; but it has just been pelting the last three days, and as I got a drenching yesterday I thought I would not risk another to-day. For there were no coolies, and walking yesterday was simply walking through water part of the way. The roads are so bad, the water from the paddy fields flows right down over the paths. So now I shall be here over Sunday with Lucy, and I expect there will be plenty to do; for there is a wedding-feast going on these few days, and any number of guests. It

was so sad to-day: we were invited to dinner, and the little bride sat in the corner all the time, and was allowed to eat nothing; and for three days she hardly eats anything.

It is pleasant work examining the schools; but one thing in the school to-day made me feel rather bad. One of the books the children had read was one I had never seen before in classical. I did not know they had it. So I just had to ask the schoolmaster to do it. These schools are splendid; so many scattered all over the district, and nearly all the children are those of heathen parents.

Ku-cheng, Jan. 7, 1895.—Mr. Stewart was reckoning the other day that Ku-cheng and Ping-nang district—only just one district of Fu-kien—is *ninety miles* from east to west, and *twenty-three miles* from north to south. That is as big as half Wales! yet people say, how many workers there are in Ku-cheng! Oh, if only their eyes were opened! My little district is about 300 miles square. I could not help being struck to-day. I came across a piece in one of last year's *Home Words*, in which you say, 'I regret to say that three of our districts are now vacant; one of these is so large that it will now be divided into two.' My district is about large enough to be divided into two. Yes, I should think it is about—a hundred houses, but a few hundred villages. I would be afraid to say how many; I wonder if my district can ever be divided into two because some one has come to help.

Since my last letter I have been for another little visit in the country to a place called Nga-iong, where there are about 800 families; but I could only stay for two days, as I had to be back here this week to help with the examination in the girls' and boys' schools. Both schools break up for the Chinese New-Year holidays this week. This is always a busy week, especially for Mr. and Mrs. Stewart. They do so much of the examining themselves, and they are splendid at it. Mr. Stewart has been round nearly

the whole district lately, examining the day-schools. He has been at it for nearly two months, I think; it takes so long to get to each place, when one remembers it can only be done at a walking pace. When I walked from Foochow the other day, it seemed so curious to think that the journey which took me three days to do, would have been done at home in two hours, I suppose, for it was only sixty miles.

I had such a happy time at Iong-gaek this morning. I never like to say much as to results, but I think I may tell you a little more about a woman who makes my heart rejoice every time I see her. There is no doubt about her now; she is believing in, rejoicing in Christ. She told me that more than ten years ago she heard some one preaching once, and ever since then had been longing to hear more. She did not understand a bit; and then one day last year, soon after I came to Ku-cheng, the Lord led me to that village. She drank in the truth that day. I felt she did at the time. Of course she did, for she had been thirsty so long. It was a heart prepared by the Lord. Every time afterwards she seemed happy, and quite to understand. I could only go once again after the summer before going to Sek-chek-du.

This morning I found she had got her husband to teach her to read all the '100 texts.' I was going to give her a book, and ask her to learn to read it; but she said, 'Oh, I have bought a book like that, and have learnt to read!' and another book also she has read. I asked her if she had prayed to Jesus to wash away her sins. 'Yes,' she said. 'And how do you know He has?' I said. 'Because I have such peace,' she said; 'when I lie on my bed at night now, I have such peace. Before, when I worshipped the idols, I had no peace.'

There is now a little school there, and quite a number of women who go to service there every Sunday came in to me to-day, and we had a very good time. That woman wants to come into the women's school, to be

taught more. There is no sham about her; she is really happy, and is telling the others in her village of Jesus. I think the Lord has a good deal to teach us in the way of preparing hearts first. Where the Holy Spirit has been making them hungry, those are the people and those are the hearts the Lord wants us to go to, and I am sure He leads us to them if we keep close to Him; otherwise it is like fighting against the stream. I asked the dear old body what she should do for Jesus, because He had done so much for her. 'I must be His disciple,' she said.

Ku-cheng, Jan. 10.—We have been having the school examinations this week, and are just about finished; and then the boys and girls go home for Chinese New-Year holidays. For the next fortnight or three weeks we can scarcely do anything in the villages, the people are given up to their festivities; so I am taking the opportunity of going to Fuh-ning to pay the friends there a visit. It will be so nice to see them all again there; and then I am looking forward to another lovely long time in my district. I wish you could stir up some of those Gleaners, and ask them to listen to the Lord's voice, and ask whether He is not calling them. Each one of us here has a district of over 300 miles square for work amongst the women, and no one to help except a few Bible-women; there is *one* Bible-woman and *one* school in my district. I wish some of them would come and help. I always feel so bad at every place I get to, I want to stop in it; but one can't stop more than a few weeks at the most, because there are so many places just as needy.

Writing to the members of the Daybreak Working Party, she says:—

Sa-iong, Ku-cheng District, Jan. 18, 1895.—For the whole district, Ku-cheng and Ping-nang together, the

workers amongst the women are: Mrs. Stewart, ten *guniongs* (young ladies), eleven Bible-women (native), seven or eight school-mistresses (native). These, which would not be too many for one parish at home, are distributed amongst a district half the size of Wales. I wonder how many parishes that includes; and yet people say there are so many workers in Ku-cheng! What do *you* think about it? And we have to face the fact that no more may come out for some time to come; and yet the Master says, 'Go'; 'those other sheep,' 'them also I *must* bring.'

When one goes about itinerating, one feels one would like to stop and live in every place; and yet you cannot, because there are so many others; you can only go round once to the biggest villages, and then leave them, perhaps for a year. One very encouraging thing about the village work is, that often the beginning of work in them is the people themselves wishing for some one to be sent there as a school-teacher. Then the children go and learn; and the school-teacher teaches the men, and women too on Sundays, and in the week-day evenings. I have heard of several instances lately in which a little girl, while going to school, has taught her mother and father, and they have become Christians. One little girl did this in the face of much opposition and almost persecution.

When Mr. Stewart was at Sang-iong a few weeks ago (Sang-iong is about thirty-six miles from here, where Miss M. Newcombe and Miss Burroughs are working), while speaking to and questioning some candidates for baptism, he specially noticed one man, with such an eager, earnest face. He asked him how he came to hear the Gospel. 'Through the devils,' was the answer; 'they tormented us for years in our house, and wounded us; they cut both my father and me across the chest.' Then he told how he had heard of a Christian some way off, and how he was told that the Christian's God could send away the devils. This Christian came to his house, prayed with them, and the devils went away. 'And

do they never come now?' asked Mr. Stewart. 'Yes, sometimes; we hear them on the roof: then we pray, and they go away at once.' Then Mr. Stewart asked him about Jesus, and if he thought Jesus loved him. 'Yes,' he said; and his whole face beamed. 'How do you know He loves you?' 'Because He shed His precious blood to save me.' 'And what ought you to do for Him?' 'Give my whole heart to Him.' 'Wasn't it beautiful? He walks nine miles to church every Sunday now, and nine miles back.'

I am wondering whether some day soon we shall not be welcoming some more of the Daybreak Workers' Party out here; it seems as if it would be such a short time now before the King comes back, and it may not be long that we have the opportunity of offering to go for Him. I was thinking to-day about the pillar of cloud and of fire, how obedient the Israelites were to that! It says, 'They kept the charge of the Lord:' whether it were a day, or a week, or a year that the cloud rested, then they rested; but when it was taken up they journeyed. 'And it came to pass upon the twentieth day of the month, in the second year, that the cloud was taken up from off the tabernacle of the testimony.' I remember how that passage came in the Scripture Union portion the day it was decided for me to go to China. I think we ought to remember the cloud is always there, 'so it was always' journeying or resting; they could always see it if they looked, but if they did not look, and the cloud moved and went on, they would be left behind. I can't help feeling that there must be many more for whom the cloudy pillar will soon be lifted, and the Lord will lead you on, following that pillar till it leads you out here. And I think it is beautiful to remember, when we have to travel in the night, as the Israelites did sometimes, the cloudy pillar is changed to fire; the light is brighter when we don't know where we are going.

A little later she writes :—

It is such a joy to be your representative out here ; but I hope not to be always the representative of you all. I hope some of you will come yourselves to seek those other sheep for whom the Shepherd died. There is no life so happy in all the world, and no honour so great. . . .

I hope you often pray for us. I have learnt more lately the tremendous reality of prayer—how it really accomplishes things we simply cannot attempt ; and that we *are* working while praying, for we are laying hold of God's almighty strength ; and how much better is that than all the amount of work we can do with our feeble efforts !

So, you see, you can do the most important part of the work with us out here. God has been doing just wonderful things through our prayers lately. In the district which I am to itinerate there are villages and villages where the name of Jesus has never been heard ! It is twenty miles long by fourteen broad, and there is one Bible-woman in it. There have just been started two or three little day-schools, and that is all the work there is among the women. There are three or four catechists working amongst the men.

Ku-cheng, Feb. 4, 1895.—We are just in the middle of our native conference, all the catechists, school-masters, Bible-women, and school-mistresses come to discuss the work for the next year. The men do their business in the day, and have service in the evening. Mr. Stewart, of course, manages them. Then for the women we have special meetings every morning ; and a sort of little convocation in the afternoon. They tell about their work : Mrs. Stewart of course presides, and she does it beautifully ; and then in the evening we have service all together, men and women. Two of us speak each

morning. It is all so different to me this year. I hardly knew any one—not one of the native women—last year. It is such a pleasure this year, knowing them nearly all, and welcoming them from the different districts. The catechists are such dear old things; those in one's own district seem like one's special property. Yesterday and to-day three of us took some sandwiches over and stayed the whole day; in that way we get to know the women more.

Yesterday was such a happy day (Sunday). In the morning we had the baptism of nine women and some men; in the afternoon I had a class with the women who had just been baptized, preparing them for the Lord's Supper. It seems very quick, but one cannot help these things, for they would probably not get another opportunity for years. Then in the evening came the Communion Service. I do not know when I have enjoyed anything so much in China; to enjoy that service with more than 200 Chinese, and to see so many of these women coming for the first time, did fill my heart with joy and gladness.

Dong-gio, Ping-nang District, Feb. 11, 1895.—I have been having such a happy few days here. It is good to go into the other districts sometimes to see their work, and sympathize and encourage. I think the Lord likes us not to be altogether engrossed in our own little part of the vineyard. But to-morrow I am hoping to go back to Sek-chek-du, and Topsy and I will make that our head-quarters for the present. She will stay there and study, and teach the women, and I shall itinerate from there. Yesterday there were seven women baptized and twenty men here at Dong-gio: it was such a happy day. I had the women since I have been here to prepare for baptism. I have so enjoyed going through the Baptismal Service with them. This is the first time I really have had women to prepare for baptism. I do

think it is such a happy work. There is not much need to explain the personality of the devil to the Chinese; he is far too real to them.

One dear old woman really made us laugh when Mr. Stewart was examining her yesterday. She is seventy-four—a real Christian, but, dear old body, far too old to be taught any real doctrine; and what does it matter, if her heart is really trusting in Jesus? To everything Mr. Stewart asked, she would answer, almost indignantly, ‘I don’t know. I only know I am trusting in God; I truly believe in Him.’ Mr. Stewart said, ‘Can the idols take away your sins?’ With an indignant toss of her head, hardly deigning to look at Mr. Stewart, she said, ‘I don’t know (meaning I don’t care) whether they can or not; I am trusting in God.’ When she was asked if God could forgive her sins, ‘Yes’ came out very vehemently. Then Mr. Stewart asked her if the idols were dead or alive. This time, still more indignantly, she tossed her head, saying, ‘I don’t know,’ just as if she was saying, ‘What business have you to ask me about the idols? I’ve nothing to do with them. I am trusting in God. I don’t care whether they are dead or alive.’

Sek-chek-du, Feb. 15.—Back again at our dear Sek-chek-du. It was so funny when I arrived on Tuesday, not a creature in the house, and every door locked. I began to wonder if I was going to spend the night alone. However, I got the keys from one of the *Huoi-mu*, and soon after Topsy arrived. It is lovely to be together again here; it seems like our little home. We had the women to welcome us too this time; before they hardly knew us. Topsy will stop here for some time. She is going to try and see if the women will come together for a class twice a week. I shall be going about to other places, and come back here between. I hope to start on Tuesday for Gang-ka for a week, and then to Lang-leng for a fortnight.

Don't think we have left Ku-cheng; only this is a much nearer centre to work my places from than Ku-cheng, so we come here for a good long spell. We had twelve women yesterday. The Lord is giving us openings. Do you remember my telling you about a house where some of the women could read, and where they often asked us to go? They have asked for a school in their own house; so we are sending a woman school-teacher, rather a rare quantity out here. I went to see the women yesterday. They seem in earnest, and are so looking forward to learning regularly. Will you pray for these women?

Feb. 14.—We had such a good Sunday yesterday—eighteen women in the morning, and twenty-one in the afternoon. Topsy was not well enough to do anything in the morning, so I got a *Huoi-mu*, who was staying here for a night or two, to teach the children, and I had the women. In the afternoon we divided them into classes like a Sunday-school, and taught them to repeat part of the Lord's Prayer, and the first verse of 'Jesus loves me.' Then we got them altogether and showed them a picture of the Good Shepherd, and talked to them about the lost sheep. After that we taught them to sing to the harmonium the verse we had taught them. Then we gave them each a card with a text written, and taught it to each one. We have now made different grades of these texts; the first one they are to bring the following Sunday and repeat it, then they get the second one. The first is the second part of 1 John i. 7, the second is John iii. 16, and so on.

Gang-ka, Ku-cheng District, Feb. 23, 1895.—We have just come back from spending two days at a village nine miles from here, up in the hills, about 2,000 feet. One of the inquirers from here, such a nice girl, is married to an opium-smoker in that village. They have never heard the Gospel there, never heard the name of

Jesus. She asked me to go back with her to her home this time. We went yesterday morning, and stayed the night there. I have come back feeling sick at heart, at the thought of not only that village with its crowds of people, but many other villages, all within a little distance of it, who have never once heard that a Saviour has come for them.

Gu-long, March 4.—Just now I am experiencing one of the dark bits of a missionary's life, and I am thinking of a little verse I used to love so much in the Passion hymn—

‘Oh! I will follow Thee,
Star of my soul,
Through the deep shades of life
On to the goal.’

This village in which I am staying for a week, the people are very hard, and one seems to make little or no way. It is very difficult to talk to people when there is no response; it seems like talking to a brick wall. I don't often have sad things to tell you, but I think I ought to tell you them when they do come, or else one gets a false idea of the work. There are places where one is not received with open arms. It makes me feel it more now, having just come from that place up in the mountains, where they wanted us so to stay on, and we had not time. But though I have felt rather down about this place once or twice, still I am praising God for it, because I know He is overruling all, and I am sure He wants to teach me something through it. Anyway it makes me enter more into the fellowship of His sufferings, when He could do no mighty work because of their unbelief; and if we feel the burden of souls, how much more did He!

Topsy is working at Sek-chek-du, and I go back between the places I visit. I went back between Gang-ka and this, and Annie Tolley, instead of coming on with

me here, for the last part of the time stayed with Topsy there. I was so glad she offered, as Topsy was rather knocked up with a very busy Sunday she had had, and I did not like the thought of leaving her alone again.

March 7.—I have had no time to write the last three days, having been out all day in the villages. We started the first thing after breakfast, and did not get back till dark; and then, after prayers, I felt I must go to bed if I wanted to be ready for the next day. It is *such* happy work; these three days have more than made up for the hard time in Gu-long itself. We have been to eleven villages, nearly all of them having never heard the name of Jesus; those who had were the villages we visited last October when we were here before, and then they heard for the first time. I had not time to go to them nearly all again this time, for I felt I must go first to those who had never heard before. In one or two that we went to for the second time a few of them just remembered a little, and one or two could repeat a text we taught them—'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.' They can only take in a very little at a time. It makes one sad to think one can go only so seldom; but what can one do when there are such heaps of places waiting? But I do praise God, for I am sure He is watering the seed. I am hanging on that promise, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days.' I am asking that the seed may die, so that it may bring forth much fruit.

To-morrow I hope to go on to another place called Sa-ka, where there is a little school. Two years ago there was a catechist, but he was sent to another place because the people were so hard. Now God has given us this opening, ask that He may enter in. I hope to stay over Sunday, and go back to Sek-chek-du about Tuesday. Now I am away alone, I am having my food in a Chinese way. Not eating all the Chinese things—

that I shall not attempt to do, because I don't think one's health is a thing to be trifled with; it is too precious a gift from God—but I am eating rice, and using chopsticks and bowls, because it is so much simpler. The people think we are so very well off with knives and forks, &c. I eat just the same things—eggs and chickens—which are about all one can get. Not bad fare, is it? but a little change would be nice. But I think we are well off to get those. It is rather difficult to get chickens just now. Why, do you think? Because at the New Year time they were all offered to the idols.

Sek-chek-du, Ku-cheng District, March 18, 1895.—I came back here last week after my fortnight's trip to Gu-song, Lang-leng, and Sa-ka, and am now holding the fort here alone. It was curious, after looking forward to spending a few days with Topsy, that, two days after I came back, she had to go into Ku-cheng; but the Lord is so good, nothing is hard. When He has undertaken to make us love His will—that is the thing—then everything is right, whatever happens. So He is giving me such a good time here alone; there are such real signs that the Lord is blessing this place, and these make my heart rejoice. I am praising God for this place. Some of the hearts that were so hard last year it seemed as if nothing made any impression on them, are so soft and changed one hardly knows them. They still need a great deal, but God's Spirit is evidently working.

One woman especially I have in my mind. She lives in the next house. When other women came in, and we were teaching them, she used to stand by and laugh, and scoff, and draw off their attention; but now she is the most regular attendant on Sundays, and comes in to prayers nearly every morning, and sometimes in the evening too. She is learning to read a little catechism, and she and her book are nearly inseparable, and she is so

sweet with us. Sometimes I stop and wonder, can this be the same woman? Yesterday morning she was in my class, and I sat on, and wondered at God's work; she listened intently, and she who would hardly ever sit still and listen before, but would walk about the room with her baby, sat so quiet, and kept the others quiet, and answered so nicely.

And do you remember about the school in the house of those nice women? I have been there to-day. It is getting on so well. There are thirteen pupils, varying in age from fifty-six to five. One dear old woman of fifty-six has only just heard since the school was started, and she believes with all her heart, and she was so happy to-day. She goes in every evening to be taught. They all answered nicely. Many others come in at odd times, and it is quite a centre of light in that village. Then there is a little school in our own house here; some dear children are there, and the school-mistress is a very nice woman to have with us in our house, a real Christian.

I am specially busy just now, because the doctor is away, and so I have the patients to see; this takes up a good deal of time in the morning. Topsy has generally done it when the doctor is away. I like it because it gives one splendid opportunities of talking to them individually, and teaching them a little more every day. Two days ago a man came in from a village I had visited last week, with the most awful nose I have ever seen, or rather no nose at all, and an awful place on his lip. I was wondering at first whether it was any good trying to get rid of the scab and dirt that had accumulated for so long, but after nearly an hour I got it clean, and now I think it is beginning to heal. He is an awful sight, poor man! He knew nothing at all, and is rather dense; but I believe the light is penetrating into his dark heart. He can repeat now, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin,' and a few words

of prayer. I like it so when they stay in a day or two; one has so much more chance with them. One woman has been in for some time with a bad leg. She was in for a little time last year, and she did not seem to get any softer; but we believe now God has changed her heart.

I love this place so, and the house; it seems like our little home. I never could have believed we could have been so comfortable in a native house; and really the only thing we have had done is to make some windows—wooden frames, of course, not glass. The Chinese bedrooms are all dark. They think every window is only another opening for a thief.

I had a lovely time in some villages last week when I was away. We went for two days from the place where I was staying, Sa-ka, to some mountain villages where they had never heard. We spent the night at an inn—I, the Bible-woman, and catechist. Of course we had crowds, and oh! I did enjoy it, and in the evening, after supper in the inn, a few of them came into our bedroom and seemed to want to know. The Lord is so good. The *Huoi-mu* and I had the only private bedroom there is. You would have laughed if you had seen it. You might call it private by comparison, but half the top of one side was open, and there were ventilators many; but it was not nearly so dirty as some of the inns are, though the floor was not extra clean, judging by the state of my egg when it jumped out of my bowl of rice on to the floor. The *Huoi-mu* was just going to wipe it with her face-cloth, but I rescued it in time; but then I had been too late to rescue my chopsticks from the same fate, she remarking that she 'liked to be clean'!

Sek-chek-du, March 29, 1895.—We are on the eve of an insurrection in Ku-cheng. A rising among the Vegetarians has been secretly reported to the mandarins. They

have mustered 3,000 strong in the city. Mr. Stewart wrote to Topsy and me this afternoon to tell us to go in to-morrow morning. He says all the ladies must go in within the city walls, or else down to Foochow, our compound being outside the city, and the city gates being shut. We could not start from here till to-morrow midday, as Miss Gordon is itinerating in a place half a day's journey from here, so we must wait till she passes through to-morrow, and go with her. In the meanwhile we improved the shining hours by sending a messenger to Ku-cheng with a note to Mr. Stewart, begging him to let us stay here. It seems so mean to run away and leave the women, after teaching them to trust in God. To run away at the first note of danger seems like preaching what we don't believe. Topsy and I can't bear the thought of going in for that. But we trust Mr. Stewart implicitly. He is no coward, and he said how sorry he was to ask us to do it; he knows how we should hate to come in. So of course we shall do what he says when the letter comes to-morrow, but we shall feel it awfully to go. However, if it is the Lord's will, it must be all right. We do not know whether the women here will be in danger; if so, we have begged Mr. Stewart to let us stop and be with them.

Our servant is in rather a fright, as he says he has seen 300 Vegetarians in the next village this afternoon with swords and weapons. The women are so good, and not at all frightened; they say they are trusting in God. We have not even our catechist here, as he had to go into Ku-cheng yesterday.

But this matter is far less absorbing than another which happened yesterday. In the afternoon we were asked to take in a man here who was possessed with the devil. It was beautiful because there were several others in the same state in his house, and his wife and others felt that in this house, which is used for a chapel, there was no fear of devils, and all was peaceful. The catechist

(the doctor) put it so beautifully; he said they felt that coming to chapel was like coming under God's wing, and that is just what we want this house to be. So as there was room the doctor said he might come in; so in he came, with two or three men to look after him. We read to him about the devil being cast out, and then prayed; but, just as in the case before, when we wanted him to kneel the devil seemed to put forth all his power, and he struggled away and tried to run down the stairs. His wife said he had not been so violent at home, and it was because the devil was afraid when we prayed. The doctor having gone into Ku-cheng to-day, Topsy and I have had a good time with him and with the men who are here looking after him. . . .

We have had to come in to Ku-cheng. Mr. Stewart said we must, as Sek-chek-du is a rendezvous for the Vegetarians, and we were comforted to find that it is much more dangerous for us than for the natives. It is not an attack on the Christians, but an insurrection, and they have a special raid on the foreigners; so it would be really worse for the Christians if we stayed, as we would attract the Vegetarians to the house.

We had to come down by boat; they were afraid of our meeting the Vegetarians on the road. When we got to the city there was such a desolate look; all the gates boarded, no one can go in or out: we had to climb up the city wall by a ladder. The Vegetarians had fled from the city, and are now gathering forces preparatory to besieging the city, it is believed. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and all the *gunions* left our houses yesterday, as they are outside the city and more out of protection, and came into the American compound inside the walls, where we are to-night.

Mr. Stewart thinks we need not all go down to Foochow; he also thought we might stay over Sunday here; so we are to take flight on Monday to Sang-iong, where all is peaceful. The *gunions* there, Miss Newcombe

and Miss Burroughs, have not been called in, so we may be able still to work. Praise the Lord! It is so funny going to bed to-night; we may have to fly in the night if the Vegetarians arrive, but our hearts are all peaceful. The Lord has given me that beautiful thought to-night, 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, even so is the Lord round about His people.' Nothing *can* come to us but through Him. It is so beautiful to have the Sunday with the women to-morrow at the church; they seem so frightened to-day. Dear Mr. Stewart, he looks so tired, and he feels so responsible for us all.

We did feel sad leaving the dear ones at Sek-chek-du; it cost us many a pang, just when we were hoping to begin the women's class. But it can't hurt the work; the Lord's plans can't hurt His work.

Ku-cheng, Monday, April 1.—Still here, and nothing has happened. Praise the Lord! On Sunday morning, to our astonishment, all the guards were taken off the walls, and all the gates thrown open. Mr. Stewart said he thought that what he had feared all along had really happened, that the gates had been opened simply because the citizens could not find another 200 dollars to pay the guards, or else for fear of famine. In that case the Vegetarians would swarm down in three hours, and as no soldiers had as yet arrived from Foochow it might be rather awkward. However, God is better to us than all our fears, and we found that a peace had actually been signed between the mandarins and the head of the Vegetarians. What sort of a peace remains to be seen. In the first place, the Vegetarians have no sense of honour, and of course it means practically victory for them, and that they can do what they like with the mandarins. However, all is peace now, only some of the natives, who know most about it, think it only a sort of patch up. However, this has so far changed the aspect of things that Mr. Stewart sent a note to meet

Mrs. Stewart and the *gunions* when they got to the boat, telling them they need not go on to Foochow, only Lena and the children. We do not know for certain if the note was in time, but I think it was, and they will probably be back to-morrow morning. Mr. Stewart also said Topsy and I need not go away, and to-day we have come back to our own houses outside the city; and we began school with the few women and girls that are left in the city, as they are not to come back over here just yet.

This is such a funny time: it is almost like living in a story-book. Mr. Stewart says it is like the Arabian Nights. No one here ever remembers such a thing happening as the city being closed, the city straitly shut up. And not only that, but the primitive, almost antediluvian, style of the whole thing is so amusing. The city walls, till within the last six months, were all broken down. Since the first rumours of war they have been vigorously building them up, but several of the water-gates were gates only in name; for when the alarm came they had to be boarded up, and what do you think with? coffin-boards bought at a coffin-shop! The poor little sentries on the wall had the appearance of our crossing-sweepers at home—their weapons sticks, and I think they had a few knives; but they did not boast a gun between them, and the mandarin asked Mr. Stewart if he could lend him one. It seems like children playing at war, just exactly; only it might be rather too serious a play.

And now I want to finish telling you about the man at Sek-chek-du who had the devil. We felt so sorry to leave him: he was much better, but not well. We had such a good day with him, praying with and talking to him. We asked him if he was willing for the devil to go, and willing to have Jesus. He said, 'I want half the devil and half Jesus.' Then after a while he said he was willing for the devil quite to go. We put a Chinese text over his bed, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour,' &c. When we asked him if he wanted to rest, he said, 'Yes,

I want rest; that is what I want.' We could not persuade him to kneel down to pray to Jesus; but after a long, long time he was just going to, when all of a sudden something seemed to compel him to jump up, and he sprang up to a certain part of the roof which always juts out in a Chinese house, and from which you can quite well throw yourself down to the open court below. It was just the devil, one could see, compelling him. He smashed all the tiles, and it took five of us, three men and us two women, with all our might, to keep him from springing off the roof. At last we got him back. That night he was quiet and subdued at prayers, and the next morning better. So you can tell how sorry we were to leave him. It was so good getting his heathen relations in to prayers morning and evening. I showed them some of my pictures, the Prodigal Son, the Brazen Serpent, &c.

Speaking of the sudden death of a great friend, she says:

Ku-cheng, April 4, 1895.—I could hardly believe it at first, it seemed so sudden; but I know it is selfish to be sorry. I am sure we each one of us envy her. She has gone in first; her work is done first. I suppose the fruit had come to perfection in her, and so the Lord could gather it. He must have been so glad to have her. I do think it was beautiful for her to be called in so suddenly. Perhaps with some of us our work is more nearly finished than we think. The thought of these sudden calls home makes one long to use every minute for seeking souls, for it may soon be too late. I have realized that much these few days in Ku-cheng, when we do not know how long it may be before we can go back to Sek-chek-du, but I am glad to say Mr. Stewart says there is no reason why we should not visit in the villages here. So the waiting time I shall use for the villages round Ku-cheng.

April 7.—All last week we were waiting here, not

knowing what the next move would be. On the Sunday morning, hearing that a temporary peace was made with the Vegetarians, Mr. Stewart sent to stop the others going on to Foochow. The letter was in time. They all came back except the four eldest children. Mr. Stewart wished them to go on to Foochow with Lena; as everything is in such an unsettled state here it is only an anxiety to have children. Though peace was made with the Vegetarians, everything looked very black. All sorts of rumours went about, amongst them that the mandarin was giving out that Mr. Stewart had lent him money to keep the guard on the walls. This would of course incense the Vegetarians against us. I need hardly say that Mr. Stewart had not lent him a dollar. It also was said that it was through the church here that the mandarin had been persuaded to send for soldiers from Foochow. It was when these soldiers were expected that the Vegetarians made peace. Now the aspect of things is bad again, for no soldiers can be sent; the Vegetarians therefore are not likely to keep the peace long. The reason the soldiers cannot be sent is on account of the war, which complicates matters very much. The Japanese have now taken Formosa, and have sent troops to Amoy. This means that all the Chinese troops are needed to guard Foochow and Amoy. The Vegetarians will soon get wind that no soldiers can be spared. The consul has written very nicely to Mr. Stewart, not actually ordering us down, but saying that in his opinion we have stayed on long enough, and the time has come for us to make a move. He said if it were a religious persecution, he knew we would want to stay with the people, and he would not urge us to do otherwise, but in this case our being with the people only increases their danger: they will always come where a foreigner is, for the sake of plunder. So our week of suspense has ended in all of us, except Mr. Stewart and Dr. Gregory (the American missionary doctor), being sent off to Foochow.

It all seems so funny. I can't realize it somehow. What a rest it is to know that the Lord is arranging everything, that all our work is His work, and He is carrying it on in the very best way, and the best way now is to call us away! It must be so, or He would not do it. I should be just miserable if I did not know that, for, humanly speaking, it seems a most extraordinary thing. Speaking just now only of us two. Topsy Saunders and I have just got things into working order at Sek-chek-du. So many women coming to church, good openings in the villages, dispensary work going on, just looking forward to having a station class in the house, when suddenly across it all we write the word 'Interrupted.' The Lord says, 'I do not want you to do that for Me. I want you to come away, and leave them for Me instead;' and coming away or working, it is all the same—if it is doing what He tells us, there is no blessing in anything else. I was feeling a little sad this morning, because I was not sure it was the Lord's will for us all to go away, but something has made me see quite clearly to-day it is, so to-night I am just rejoicing.

I am thinking so much of St. Paul's words to-day: 'In deaths often;' 'Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be manifested in our body;' 'For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake.' There is something more than physical death here. There is a dying to every wish and desire of self—every little bit of self that would assert itself, even in carrying on one's work. The will of the worker must be the Lord's will; his own must die. For every death we die there is a corresponding life, and it may be this call to give up our work so suddenly may be the Lord's answer to our prayer, to give us the opportunity of dying like this, that we may indeed live Christ's resurrection-life. And to-day, at the beginning of this Passion Week, I think it is so sacred that He calls us to suffer a little with Him. And He knows what the suffering of leaving His work and His disciples is.

CHAPTER X

WORK DISTURBED BY THE VEGETARIAN ROITS, WHICH ENDED IN THE MASSACRE OF HWA SANG, KU-CHENG, AUGUST 1, 1895

‘Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord’s.—Rom. xiv. 8.

WRITING to her sister, when forced to leave her district and go down to Foochow, during the Vegetarian riots in April, 1895, she says—

I just feel as if the Lord must be going to teach us something well worth learning. This is the very hardest thing the Lord has ever asked me to do in all my life, though I can be glad about it when I feel it is His will, and He has told me to come away. Sometimes the devil will come and suggest all sorts of horrid things, and say, ‘What a coward you are to go away, when the Christians may be going to have a time of persecution!’ But we had simply no choice. We were simply told we *must* go. Mr. Stewart did say if it was a *religious* persecution, and they were hunting Christians, he would not ask any of us to go; but as it is a rebellion practically against the mandarins, the Christians are no more in danger than any one else.

The catechists, &c., all wanted us to go, because, they said, the Vegetarians would be sure to come to us first for plunder—they always imagine we are so rich; so they

thought it would be better for us to move, even for their own sakes.

I just feel if only the Lord had said, 'Will you stay here for Me, and run the risk of the mob?' I would just have felt I could never thank Him enough for giving me the easy thing to do; but to run away and leave them all—it seems as if nothing after this could ever be hard. 'Anything but this, Lord,' I felt inclined to say; but just this He gave me, and so I know it is right, and I can praise Him for it now.

It is a dying, and there will be a corresponding life. 'God loveth a cheerful giver,' I was reading this morning, 'not grudgingly, or of necessity'; so He shall have a willing sacrifice.

This is a curious way of spending Passion Week, and yet I feel it is a very real fellowship with Christ in His sufferings.

The one thing I am wanting so much now is to know more plainly God's will, to know more distinctly what He wants us to do in little things, to hear His voice more distinctly. We *do* love His will, and my great difficulty is to get to know His will.

This morning I was a little bit afraid I did not love His will, because I did not feel ready to go away and leave Ku-cheng; but I wasn't *sure* if it was His guiding. This afternoon He has shown me plainly it *is*, and, oh, I am so glad I found I *did* love His will, and *directly* I knew for *certain*, I was so glad to go, and I would not stay back for anything now, nor go on with the work at Sek-chek-du, because I know *He* has called me away. I feel you will know what I am going through just now in leaving all my work just when I had got into it, and was so looking forward to a good time in my district straight away till July. It just seemed as if it *must* be the Lord's plan, and you will understand the mysterious joy I have to-night in leaving it all. *Humanly* speaking, one cannot account for the joy, but

we know well how it is ; hardly a pang, it is all joy—joy to do the work, joy to leave it, and I am praising God to-night for what He can do in taking away every bit of one's own will. He even takes away the *longing* to go back. It is to me another opportunity of dying, and for every death there is a new corresponding life. Have you ever thought of that? Each old leaf has to die, cut its connexion with the tree, that the new leaf may live. So I want to send you the text that is coming home to me so just now. 'Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be manifested in our body.' 'For we which live are always delivered unto death, that the life also of Jesus might be manifest in our mortal flesh.' The surrender of self and will is worth it at *that* cost, isn't it?—that the life of Jesus may be manifest in us.

A week later, writing from Kuliang, she says:—

'You can't think how strange it seems to find oneself up here in the middle of April, quite well ; it would be different if one had had to come away to recruit, but it is a queer feeling when you are quite well not to be able to work. But I am quite happy about it, for I am finding out more and more that 'to do the will of Jesus, this *is* rest.'

Sometimes I have rather bad times. I believe it is the devil. He makes me conjure up all sorts of dreadful things happening to the Christians, and we being quite safe, and I feel as if I could never face them again. Those are rather hard times of struggle, the hardest I have ever had in my life ; in fact, this is the hardest thing I have ever had to do in my life, to leave the people just now ; but when I once get back to the one thought, 'It is the will of Jesus,' and I have no choice in it, then it is all right again ; but the devil loves to get me outside of that.

Puo-kau, Lieng-kong District, Foochow, April 29, 1895.—You will wonder where I have got to now, by the heading of this letter. I was just waiting to hear the result of the peace to start off for Uong-buang. The same day we got the consul's letter, I got one from Kathleen Power asking me to go itinerating with her. It happened that the places she was going to were rather near Uong-buang, so after about ten days with her I hope to get there and see Marion Hook, Blanche Cooper, and Miss Wedderspoon. I am very anxious to use this interval in seeing other people's work, and helping in any way I can. I think it helps one so to see other people's ways and methods. I have had to make out my own ways and originate my own methods, as I have never had the chance of going about with any one who has had any experience, and I always feel so incapable. This afternoon I have had the pleasure of hearing Kathleen examine a school, a thing I have never heard any one else do—although I have done it several times myself—and I was rather astonished to find my way is not very different from Kathleen's.

May.—Yesterday we had a tremendous day of crowds, first at a place where there is one Christian. He heard the Gospel in Foochow last year, and now all in his house believe, and he is asking for a school in his house, as he thinks the village children will come. They had never seen a foreigner, so you can imagine our appearance (especially in foreign dress) made a great excitement. I forgot to say that during this little trip I am wearing English dress, as this is in the archdeacon's district, and he does not like the native dress. I did not think it right to make that prevent me from coming and from doing work; for if I had made a point of it I could not have come with Kathleen, as the archdeacon did not wish it.

Well, the moment we appeared in the village, we were followed all down the streets by a perfect sea of

people, mostly men. It was a specially funny sight, for, being a very hot day, they had left off their coats—they always do in the summer, one gets quite used to it—and as we turned back to look there was nothing but a mass of these yellow faces and backs, all following close on to our heels—in fact, they pushed so, it was rather difficult to walk.

When we got to the door of the Christian's house, all the men tried to come in, but we knew if they did there would be no chance for the women, so Kathleen made her servant stand with his arm across the door, and he had to keep them out by main force. There was a regular scrimmage, and some of them began to fight each other; after a little while they got quieter, and then the servant said a little to them, and I left Kathleen and him to them, for on turning my back I found that another crowd, chiefly of women this time, had come in through the back door, and the house was packed. We were standing in the little court between the men in front and the women in the back; the *Huoi-mu* was talking to another crowd in the *tiang-dong*, at the back of the house. After a while, when they were a little quiet, I had a good time with them; but I had to get up on a high stool, placed for me, in order to make them hear at all. It *was* joy to tell the story! At last we had to go on to the next place, where there was a chapel; but they had never seen a foreigner. This time the crowd was worse, and as soon as we got into the *tiang-dong* the place was packed, and all were making such a noise. Mostly men they were, and I began to speak to them; but it was not the slightest use, I could not make my voice heard. We then asked one of the Christian men to speak, but he had to give it up too; so then, after a while, we invited the women upstairs and had a good time with them, but the men we were obliged to keep downstairs. Now of course it is beautiful to have so many people, but what is the use

if you can't speak to them? This is the conclusion I have come to—in Ku-cheng I have had just as great crowds, but never *once* have I had a crowd so unmanageable that I could not speak to them, nor have I ever had to appeal to a man to quiet them for me. How is it to be accounted for? I believe simply in one way—the native dress makes all the difference. I don't believe they would have been half so unruly and noisy if it were not for our foreign appearance. It excites them so. I have been to many places in my district where they have never seen a foreigner, the crowd has been just as great; once I was almost in despair of being able to speak, it was so great; but the moment I began they were as quiet as mice. This is not prejudice, for I have had a good trial of both dresses.

Tau-ga, May 2.—We came here yesterday, a whole day's journey. There is a chapel here, but not very much work amongst the women. But the villages now are beginning to open up. The country round is all pretty now, just at this time of year. There are such lots of flowers out; any amount of azaleas in great bushes all along the roads, wild roses as big as a small saucer, and honeysuckle, that always reminds me so of home. We picked some yesterday; it has the same dear old smell. Yesterday the road was all over the mountains; so beautiful it was, with great high rocks overhanging, and in some places waterfalls running down them. We could see the sea too, and Sharp Peak. The places we went to on Tuesday were on the sea, so we got a good blow: it was very nice. I am obliged to use chairs now to go about in, as the warm weather has come, at least virtually, only every now and then we get a cold day between. I am not going to try and walk so much in the heat, because when one gets to the places you feel so knocked up that you are not fresh to speak to the people. I am sure it is not right.

Now the warm weather has come the natives are beginning their early habits; the children were reading in the school here by 6.30 this morning—they all read together at the top of their voices. They expect us to get up early too. The other morning, at one of the places where we slept the night, at a quarter to seven I heard some voices outside in very astonished tones saying, 'They have not come out yet!' They think if we don't come out we must always be in bed; as a matter of fact we were up and dressed, but not ready for them. They little know how our power to speak to them depends on that time when they think we are asleep in the morning. If we don't get that time in the morning, on some of the 'crowding' days, when once our door is opened, there is not much quiet. There is only one reason why I like chair rides, and that is for the beautiful quiet times one can have with the Lord; and after the morning quiet time it is beautiful to go out to meet any one and every one with the Lord. That is the secret of our happy days.

May 6.—You want to know what a 'chapel' is. In most cases it is only an ordinary Chinese house, as at Sek-chek-du, rented for services, and it also forms the residence of the catechist. When there are a number of Christians in a place, they ask for a catechist, and a house is rented. It is these chapels we stay in when itinerating. In a few big places like Ku-cheng, a proper place is built in the form of a chapel.

Fuh-ning, May 18, 1895.—At last, you see, I have got back to Fuh-ning. It is such a pleasure to see them all again. But before telling you about things here I must go back a little. Miss Power and I had such a happy time itinerating. We came in contact with *numbers* of people, and when I remember that each of those has a soul to be saved or lost, it makes me realize what a tremendous thing it is to be here to tell of Christ's salvation. The numbers of souls one comes in contact

with just *once*, once in one's lifetime, and perhaps it may be their only chance of ever hearing that they are redeemed! But, praise God, the *responsibility* is not one's own; we only have to see that we are in contact with Him, that the living waters may flow through us.

We had a specially good time with some theatre men those last few days. You know theatre men are fearfully looked down upon in China, as the wickedest of all. And I am afraid even the Christians sometimes shun them, and think there is no hope for them. But we are not to follow men, but our Master, and He was the friend of publicans and sinners. These men used to come in every night and listen for two or more hours together. They did not laugh or jeer, except just a few at the back. They used to come every afternoon to ask if we were going to preach again that night. As the catechist was away, we got one of the old *Huoi-pah* to come in and help us to make it all proper. They did listen so well. One hymn they specially liked; we sang it several times. It is very simple, and they could soon pick up the words—'Come, believe in Jesus.' Now they are gone to some other place, and we are gone too, but God's Spirit will not leave them. Will you remember to ask especially for them?

Then we went to another place, and the next day was Sunday. We had crowds all the day, and we took it in turns to go down and speak to them—it was such a happy time. At night they stayed quite late, and after that, each night, we had prayers with the *Huoi-iu*, and they asked me to speak to them. The Lord gave me the message, so it was real joy. We did not get to bed till 11.30, and we had to be up at 2.30 a.m. to start for Uong-buang. It was so beautiful, as we went along, to see the sun rise. That sunrise seemed to speak so much to me, and give me faith that the sunrise begun in their hearts must go on to the perfect day, and then it reminded me of that 'sunrise grand and clear.'

Tuesday, May 21.—After all, the messenger did not go yesterday, as he waited to escort me, and yet to-day we could not start, as it has been pouring with rain and we could not get a boat. And where am I going? Really back to Ku-cheng. Is not it lovely? I got the letter two days ago to say all was quiet, so we are all going back. I hope to meet Topsy at Ning-taik, and go on through Sang-iong and Sa-iong. It will be more direct than going to Foochow again. I have had *such* a happy time here, and am so glad to have seen them all again. I stayed one night with Mr. and Mrs. Eyton Jones, the rest with the Misses Clarke, and we have been having some good times. I had not seen them in their new house before. The girls' school is joined on to it, so it is very convenient. The Misses Clarke are so good to me, much too good. It was so nice going to the church again on Sunday, and seeing the dear old women. And on Monday we went to one of their houses in the city—one I used to know—and we had a good time there. Fuh-ning looks just the same as ever. China goes along at a jog-trot pace, and fully acts out in every detail its colloquial phrase, *maing-maing-giang*, 'slowly, slowly walk.'

But I have not told you about Uong-buang yet. I had a very happy visit there, seeing Marion Hook, Blanche Cooper, and Miss Wedderspoon. The latter has only just come; it was nice getting to know her, she is very sweet. Those three have only just gone to Uong-buang: there has been a catechist before, but no work amongst the women. They are getting on very well, and doing a good deal of medical work on a small scale; and it has done so much, as it always does, in opening up houses and villages.

Sang-iong, Ku-cheng District, May 26, 1895.—From Ning-taik we could only get on as far as a place called Nga-iong, where we spent the Sunday, and had such

a good day there with the Christians. They don't see the foreigners much there, and it seemed like a little bit of cheer to them. We took the women separately in the morning, and had a very simple little service with them. In the afternoon we had both men and women together, and Topsy and I both spoke to them.

We started at daybreak the next morning to come here, twenty-four miles. We each had to have a chair. It came on wet, and we had a very damp journey. A curious little thing happened to me. A buffalo, true to its kind, always at deadly feud with us foreigners, ran violently past my chair, and getting entangled in the poles, knocked the whole thing over, I falling out on my side. I got out as soon as I could, because I thought perhaps the buffalo would make for me then, but they managed to lead him kicking and struggling away. I wasn't much the worse, but very muddy owing to the state of the roads.

When we got here we found the two *gunions*, Miss Maud Newcombe and Miss Burroughs, had started that day *en route* for Ku-cheng, so we could not use their rooms, but one of the *Huoi-pah* turned out of his bedroom for us: they never seem to think it a trouble to do anything for us foreigners. These rough men are so touching. Even the dirty chair-coolies you can't help loving; and yet they are so fearfully naughty often, and wrangle and dispute about their money for such a length of time and in such stentorian tones that it makes your head swim. Often we are kept from starting half an hour by their disputes, and yet with it all they can be sweet. Sometimes if you just put out your hand and say, 'Now, be good, be good,' they'll stop; and then if you walk for them they are so grateful, and then they'll say, 'Now, *guniong*, you must sit; don't walk any more, you'll be tired.' And then, if you are walking in difficult places or over streams, they'll put out their hands and lead you across. Sometimes they pick flowers for us

along the road. They know we love them, though they don't see any beauty in them, and classify honeysuckle, wild roses, violets, or whatever it is, all together as *chau*—mere grass.

Sa-iong, May 30.—We came on here yesterday, but cannot get further because of the rain. Isn't it curious? But it is very restful to know it's all right, though we are longing to get back to work.

I am so looking forward to getting back to my 'diocese,' as Mr. Stewart calls our districts, again, and am earnestly hoping I shall not have to go away for the two months' rest up the hills. Any way, one month will be enough, I think, after having been away from my own place so long; and there is a high place up in the hills where no one has ever been, except once when Miss Tolley and I went. I want to try and go there; it would be cool, but we must see. I can't get to Sek-chek-du just yet, as Mr. Stewart has asked me to go at once to a new part which has just been added on to my district; he wants me to go round and see how the work can be organized there amongst the women. There is practically none, for no lady has been there, and some of the women are waiting to be taught. I am going also to examine the children's schools in that district, so Topsy will 'hold the fort' at Sek-chek-du.

It is so good of the Lord to let me have her again for a little while, but how long we don't know; the news has not come from home yet. So to-morrow I start on my peregrinations. The servant who carries my load and does everything for me has turned out well, so he is a comfort. I don't profess to be good enough to say the flesh does not shrink from not having an English companion while I am itinerating. I have to face it beforehand each time, and He makes me so glad to have a little thing to bear for Him, and *He* was lonely all His life. But I don't often feel lonely, for not only does He

come so near, but the people are so sweet. All the same I am not one of those strong people who would rather be alone.

Sek-chek-du, Ku-cheng District, June 12, 1895.—I am so pleased to-night. I have just started off three men to preach in the streets. They know I can't go, because it's not proper for women to go out at night here; but they have a way of saying, whenever they are going away anywhere, 'Help us by praying.' But sometimes one is afraid they say it so often, they don't think of its meaning. And one night at prayers I spoke about it, and said how it actually was *helping* by prayer, and one of them turned back and said to me, '*Gunióng*, you will *really* help us by prayer, won't you?' We had had a little prayer-meeting together before they started. One is a *Huoi-pah* (=church member) who has been in the church a long time. He practically lives here, and does a lot for us. The other has only come to church two months, and the third is my bodyguard.

Friday, June 14.—The day before yesterday, in the street, I heard some one calling out, 'Foreign lady! foreign lady!' I did not take any notice, as I thought it was probably some one calling out in rudeness. However, I soon heard steps behind, and turning round I saw a dear old man who evidently wanted something. He soon explained that an old woman relative in his house had a great big boil on the back of her neck, and wanted me to do it up. I went in to see, but, as I was on my way to examine a school three miles off, I had no medicine with me. So on my way back I called in, and brought her son back with me. We made him a bread poultice, and told him to put it on that night. The result was that when I went in the next morning they were overjoyed because the thing had broken, and thought it was wonderful. However, it is far from well, and I am rather anxious about it. I do wish I knew

more about those kind of things. It is not an ordinary boil, but a great, huge, horrid place. I was afraid at first it was a carbuncle, but I don't think it is now; it has wonderfully softened through the poulticing, and the poor woman got great relief yesterday, but it is fearfully red and angry still. I really don't know what I should do without the forceps and scissors you gave me. I could not get on at all; they are in use every day. Another woman with almost a similar neck came to me afterwards, and several others wanted me to do them up. One is always so glad to get an opening like that, when otherwise one would probably not get in. I am longing that God's Word may give light in that village; they are such dear things, and sometimes they are very grateful. They would not let me come away to-day without eight eggs, and last week I had enough eggs given me nearly to keep me.

Gang-ka, June 23, 1895.—I am having a happy time itinerating, but I think one feels the responsibility more and more of going round to stations where there are schools or chapels; it is almost like a bishop going round his diocese, each little group of Christians look to us for teaching. I do so long, as St. Paul says, to leave behind, in each place, some spiritual gift.

They look upon us as so good, and so enlightened, it makes one feel quite ashamed; and then in each place to go out to the heathen villages—to come in contact with such a number of souls, each one bought with such a price, it grows upon one more and more, what a solemn thing it is to be 'put in trust with the Gospel': and yet it is more joy than one can say—there is no real joy in anything else.

I have a very nice room upstairs here; Mr. Stewart had it boarded up for me; it was an old loft that was all to pieces, it is so nice now divided into two; one part is my room, the other we use for the women, where I can

have them alone and quiet to teach. The only drawback is the blackbeetles, they love this room, as also do the spiders, and they are so huge: they evidently thrive in the heat. The blackbeetles are about one and a half inches long, and a spider I see on the ceiling now, from leg to leg would cover the palm of my hand, and that is a particularly small specimen. The other day at A-deng-bang, I had to go to a village over the stream; the bridge had been swept away in a storm, and there was no boat. There were only two alternatives, to be carried on a man's back or sit in a tub. Fortunately they all agreed I would prefer the latter; so a big tub, an ordinary round tub, was brought, just big enough to put a little wooden stool inside, so in I got, and was pushed across the stream by two men. The tub leaked, and the water came in over my ankles. It was a funny experience that tub, I could not help laughing. Some one said something about giving me stockings to change, but I did not know how my big feet were to be got into their little stockings; however, they forgot it. I left my feet for the sun to dry, which it did very effectually. Two days after I had to cross the same stream, and they said there was a bridge further up; when I got to the bridge, I found one of the *Huoi-iu* waiting for me with a plank, which he put from one rock to another; so I got across, waiting on each rock while he moved the plank—that was his bridge; and it was rather fun. 'Bridge' is rather a misleading term out here; I think if the Chinese were to see London Bridge they would think it part of heaven, the majority of their bridges consist of three, sometimes two, and sometimes only one plank placed on standing beams. There is no railing, and nothing to prevent one feeling giddy. . .

I still maintain my opinion that friends are given us for Heaven; we only have them a little here, but we shall enjoy them in His Presence in Heaven—so it is with our home ones: what will it be to meet in His

Presence? Oh, if only the heathen would see that it is real, and that He will soon be here—a living, real, personal Saviour. I have written to tell Mr. Stewart I want to stay out in my district for July, and not go up to the mountains till August, perhaps only part of that. I am perfectly well, and Sek-chek-du is in a critical state just now. God's breath of life has begun to blow. I have been praying very much about it, and I don't think God wants that place left for Sundays, and there are other places I am longing to go to in the week.

One place especially where they want us is in a cluster of villages, where some literary people live who know nothing—it is an opening, and I long to enter in. It is difficult to go everywhere. Topsy has to go up to the mountains the beginning of July; she must take the two months, as she is not at all strong. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart must too, they need a rest so much; I don't know what Miss Gordon will do.

Writing to a friend she says:—

Gang-ka, Ku-cheng District, June 26, 1895.—I am out in the country nearly all my time now, scarcely ever going into Ku-cheng. It is such lovely work, getting into the hearts of the women. The Christian women become real friends; and to go to the heathen villages, where they have never heard, is such joy. There is no joy to be compared with it. I thought it would be joy before I came out, but I did not realize one half of the truth.

One little boy the other day we asked if he had got the happiness Jesus could give: he looked up with such a bright face, and said, '*Gunióng*, I've got it,' and there was no mistake about it. A missionary's life is the happiest one could imagine. To those who cannot come, Jesus will give just as much joy at home: but those whom He calls, and who can come, will never get true joy till they follow His call.

Sek-chek-du, 17th Du, 17th Township, July 4, 1895.—The joy, the intense joy of being here, and the conviction that I am where the Master has called me, is enough indeed. I think we need never talk of 'giving up' or of 'sacrifice.' He just makes up in His own wonderful way, in a way one does not know till one tries, for everything one 'gives up' for Him, and satisfies, yes, *satisfies* one's heart.

It does seem to me more and more likely that I shall not be coming 'home' at all now. He may be here first: may be our first meeting will be all 'at home' in His Presence when He Himself comes to take us. No longing after earthly homes then. Do you not think there are many signs that He is *very* near? Oh, how earnest it should make us!

July 5.—I arrived back here yesterday from itinerating, and expect to be alone with the Chinese for a month. Then I go up to Hwa-sang: I have promised Mr. and Mrs. Stewart to go in for August. Topsy and I both went away at the same time on Monday—she to Ku-cheng, *en route* for Hwa-sang—as she is not at all strong, and not allowed to stay here any longer in the heat—and I to a place called Guang-cuo, to stay for four days. It was curious getting in yesterday, and having no Topsy. Of course I wanted her, but I do believe I am quite getting over minding being alone. I believe God is doing that on purpose for me, because He knows I must be a good deal alone: I believe it has the effect of drawing one nearer to the Chinese, and I do love them so. This is such a dear place; I felt quite rested last night getting back here, and am looking forward intensely to this next month. I shall be here for the Sundays, and generally away in the week.

Hwa-sang, July 18.—You will be astonished to see I have got to Hwa-sang, when I have just told you I was not coming till August. Mrs. Stewart got uneasy about my staying out in the heat, and sent to ask me to

come in ; so I came yesterday, a fortnight earlier than I meant. I was sorry to come away for myself, because I was looking forward to not leaving the people for so long ; but I feel so restful about it, because I know it must be the Lord's plan, for His promise is so sure, 'I will teach thee in the way that thou shalt go, I will guide thee with Mine eye upon thee' ; so it is all right, and the work will not suffer. Mrs. Stewart is always so thoughtful and anxious about us, I could not stand out. She is like a mother to us ; they both treat us like their own children.

Writing to a friend, she says : —

Hwa-sang, July 21, 1895.—We have been having such good times in the country lately. God is working, and opening the people's hearts to receive Jesus, and many villages are now asking for teachers to be sent to them. I do long for some more workers, even for my one-fifth of Ku-cheng district ; my part alone is over 300 square miles. It is so sad when they ask you to stop on in a place, and you have to say you cannot, and can't come again for many months. I think the joy gets greater and greater ; I just feel now as if I had been preparing for this, and coming up to it, all my life ; I only wish I had used my time better at home. I long to say to every young girl, Do spend a lot of time in *studying* the Bible, for there is very little time for that out here ; of course we have quiet times with the Lord, and over our Bibles, that is simply essential ; but I mean real, critical study, for which there is little time or opportunity. In the autumn we are hoping to have a station class for women at Sek-chek-du, my central place ; Miss Topsy Saunders will teach them, while I itinerate. The idea of a station class is to get inquirers in for three months, teach them as much as possible in the time, and above all, explain the way of salvation, so that when they go back to their villages they may be lights there, in the

great dearth of workers. These classes have been much blessed; one old woman at Sa-iong, at the end of her three months, said: '*Gunióng*, I want a new name; my heart inside is all new, and I want to be altogether new.'

Writing to a friend, she says:—

Hwa-sang, Ku-cheng, July 22, 1895.—The text that is coming home to me just now is, 'The people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits.' I do so long to do exploits, don't you? and oh, we could do them if we only knew our God more, and proved Him, because I think 'knowing' necessarily implies 'being like,' and if we only have strong faith in what Jesus can do. But if we have not His love, it is no good. I do believe that love is the thing that conquers, don't you? I think the Chinese cannot withstand being loved: I don't mean natural love for them will conquer, but lying down at the foot of the cross, and asking Him to baptize us with His love, the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost. I don't think there is much that will withstand that. That is what I mean to seek after, so to know the Lord as to be changed, to have a changed life, because He gives me of His love, which must expel everything else.

We have had such a happy time in the country lately, one can't help seeing that God is working of Himself. It was hard to come away, but I am sure it is right. There are some lessons which the Master has to teach us for which He wants a quiet place and a quiet time; and I think, too, He likes to teach us how very really we can work by prayer. I was very much struck lately with a verse in Job, 'He sealeth up the hand of every man, that all men may see His work.' He will let you see that when you come back to Fuh-ning, I am sure.

. . . It seems strange that my two friends whom at different times I hoped to be with in the Mission Field are now in such far-away places; and, as far as we can

see, it seems very unlikely we shall meet again in this world. But we would not have it otherwise, because the Master has planned, and there would be no blessing in our being together if it were not His sweet will; but there's the Homeland coming:

'There's no parting there, in the Homeland,'
and the thought of that makes the pilgrim life here so sweet.

CHAPTER XI

CONCLUSION : EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

'To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'—PHIL. i. 21.

THE date of the last letter, July 22, is a little more than a week before the call came to her to give up her life 'for His sake,' as she had given up her home 'for His sake'; and that she did it joyfully, the few extracts that are now added plainly prove, showing as they do how deeply she was taught of the Holy Spirit, and how her simplicity of faith enabled her to enter into the mind of Christ.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

. . . . Whatever has happened, may you be able to say with joyful gladness, 'He hath done all things well.'

'Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.'

I have found very much lately that if we can't exactly see, the way is to hang on, and to say it *in faith*, and later on He lets us *prove* it.

When we think of the depth of His love—'As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you'—it makes us

ashamed of ever doubting His planning for us. I am so happy out here. He has been so good to me, and He does so fill the blank in one's heart that is made by leaving home. We are working hard at the language now. It is difficult, and does look something like a mountain before us; but it is not going to be an insurmountable one, for He has promised to make the mountains a way; but you will pray for us, won't you, about that? Ask that we may speak very quickly with new tongues.

. . . . If Jesus is anything to us, surely it is strange we find it hard to speak about Him; surely it is harder to keep it in when His love is such a real thing. I do feel that we do need all earnestly to *pray for and strive to wait* for the Holy Spirit. It is His power we want amongst us; God is waiting to give Him in His fulness, waiting till we make more room for Him in our hearts.

'Jesus'—may His sweet name be precious to us all! *He* is first the cure for everything, and then He is the Satisfier of the deepest longings of our hearts. I am thinking a good deal of that just now. What we all need is to know more of the personality of Christ. Our Bible-reading yesterday was on Phil. iii., and it has set me longing to know Him more—really to count all things *loss* for Him. Definite material things in a way are easy to count loss, but somehow I think there are some things we are very slow to give up, especially our personality, our great 'Ego.' Oh, if we could only see what a wretched little thing this self is; if we could only bring it bound before the cross of Christ, then it will take its right proportions, and we *shall* do it, we *shall* triumph; it must of necessity go! 'He is able' to subdue even *ourselves* unto *Himself*.

A thought which was given to me once has often

comforted me: 'We are not to be consecrated to the work, but to the Lord,' and that means we are His servants. If He says, 'You are not to do that to-day, you are to rest,' it is just as much work, because it is obeying His commands, and He is responsible, not we. I do think it is such a help to go to the Lord every day, and ask what are we to do; not to take it for granted we are to do what we did last week, but take each day fresh from Him. Perhaps He may say, 'Now you are to be sick to-day; work for Me that way, just to show how patient I can make you.'

I begin to see that the little things that try and seem hindrances are sent on purpose by Him, not that we should fall, but grow strong through them, as a child by means of exercising his limbs gets stronger; so I have just thanked Him for the things that try, because, you see, they are the theatre in which Christ's power can work. 'Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities.'

There are harder things to leave than home or friends—one's self, one's reputation; but I think if we remember even these the Master gave up too for us, it makes it easier; and every rebuff, sneer, or jeer, every disagreeable duty, every one put in front of you, every one taking any place you might lawfully claim—may be the very answer to our prayer, the meaning of which prayer we hardly understood as we prayed it, the opportunity given us to fulfil that prayer, '*none* of self, but *all* of Thee.'

When I was reading about the Queen of Sheba the other morning, such a sweet thought came to me. She came to the king with a very great train, with a feeling of her own importance, &c., but when she saw all the wonderful things that Solomon had, 'there was no more spirit in her.' All her grandeur melted away before the

greater splendour of Solomon, 'and behold a greater than Solomon is here.' If we come to Him, bringing a great train of our attainments, our own possessions, they will either blind us to see all the riches of our King, or else, if we are in a teachable, humble spirit, like the queen, the sight of His wealth will overwhelm us, and we shall feel how poverty-stricken we are in ourselves. We should come to the King just empty, leaving our train behind us, then He will give us of His royal bounty. And then Solomon gave the queen back more than she had given him. We have nothing that is worthy to give our King, but we can give Him ourselves, and all we are; only to be given back by Him, 'transmuted by His touch,' as Miss Havergal says, 'for His service.' I do feel that we should get more blessing if we came more empty, realizing our poverty and the 'unsearchable riches' of our King.

I think it is one of the most precious lessons the Lord teaches us—to *wait*. I think it is to His higher classes He teaches it. Have you ever noticed what tremendous stress there is laid on it in St. James i. 2-4? When we have learned patience, we are *perfect, entire, wanting nothing*; so if this is the highest thing, it is worth a good deal to learn, is it not? Oh, what a lot the Lord teaches us in these waiting times! these dark valleys which lead out to some lovely landscape. . . . It struck me so much the other day about our bodies—'Sacrifice and offering Thou wouldest not, but a *body* hast Thou prepared Me.' And as Christ is, so are we. He does not want sacrifices instead of ourselves, but He wants ourselves, *our bodies*, to be delivered unto the death for Jesus' sake. And there is a dying which is far more real than physical death, this being made conformable unto His death.

I have been led to think so much more about prayer

lately. Mrs. Stewart is full of it, and it has been the subject at the women's meetings. *Whatever* we leave undone, we *must* 'take time to pray': for we can do things on our knees we cannot do any way else; for then we are laying hold of God's 'almighty strength,' and He can do everything.

We want to have *power* in our lives, so that we cannot help drawing souls to Jesus as we speak, because it is He within us, and He *is* our power; and I see more clearly now that we have to reckon on the Holy Spirit within us, because we know our hearts are His temple. I think we want to trust more *simply* when we have given up, as far as we can see, everything that is in our hearts to Him; then claim the Holy Spirit, and go out to work, believing that He is within us and will do His work, and all the difficulties and all the sins deliberately hand over to Him, then victory is ours, for *He is our power*, and He is within us.

I feel more and more that one condition to answered prayer is to be willing either way, to be willing that He should grant us our desire or not, remembering that He is our Absolute Despot Master. We are just altogether His, pledged to do what He would have us do, pledged to go where He would have us go.

It is so wonderful really to be here for Him, and to know exactly where He has told me to go. I have been realizing more lately Christ's power to *keep*, however great the temptations and worries are. If Christ is living in our hearts—and He has promised to—victory is in Him, and He will overcome all.

Waiting is the attitude that the Lord loves, resting, calmly resting in His arms of love, knowing that His heart of love is planning the very best for us, and in the

very best time: 'In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.'

The Scripture Union portions have been so beautiful lately—I Cor.—St. Paul seems just full to the brim of his message: just to preach Christ, the one absorbing thing—everything else may go. Notice specially the first four chapters; no wisdom, just to give the message in its own inherent power, and he seems as if he could not help just *gloating* over the fact that he was called to preach. See chap. i. 17-23, 27-31; chap. ii. 2, 3, and 4; chap. iii. 5, 7; chap. iv. 10, 20.

Also St. John's 1st Epistle has been helping me very much. We have had it in our ladies' Bible-readings, and the 'confidence of faith' (chap. v) is lovely. Chap. v. 5 should be '*hath* overcome the world.' Westcott says, 'The victory which Christians are ever winning is *individual appropriation* of victory gained once for all.' Also chap. iii. 20 was a new light to me: if we condemn ourselves, God sees so much more, and *yet loves*. He loves us better than He knows.

A Christian woman was saying the other day how she had prayed so long for God to make her well, and He had not done it yet; so I told her about the gold in the fire, it is only to purify it, and how the goldsmith sits over the pot watching it till the time when he can see his own face reflected; and then, as I heard some one say, the soul in the furnace of affliction has Christ so very, very near, for He is too much interested in watching His gold to leave it.

All this time away from Ku-cheng, having to leave all 'His' work, I know He has some very precious lessons to teach us. One thing, I think, is to look on and see how God works. Another thing, not to be too much engrossed in the work itself to forget the Master, but to

remember if He likes to call us away to other work He is at liberty to do so. We are His bond-slaves, just to go here and there as He pleases, and He has made me so glad to leave it all with Him now, and there's not a shade of worry.

THE END.