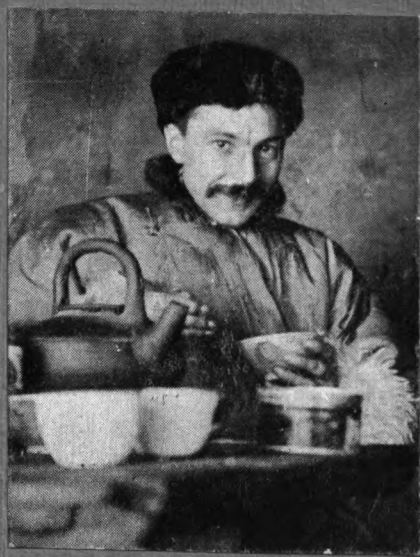


THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN

and
Others



Dr. Arthur Peill :

A
TSANGCHOW RETROSPECT.

The Beloved Physician —and Others

*Being some Letters of
Dr. ARTHUR D. PEILL, F.R.C.S.E.,
reprinted from "The Beloved Physician of Tsangchow,"
published shortly after his death, edited by his father,
Rev. J. Peill of Madagascar,
and Notes on some happenings since 1906*

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
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1922

ARTHUR PEILL.

1874—1906.

One of God's saints !

A joyous man !

A gallant man !

A gentle man !

A man among men,—

Too soon, it seemed to us,

Relieved from duty here below.

But our short sight can not discern

The wider workings of the Master's will.

The Master needed him

For higher work above,

And took him to Himself

In tenderest love.

But that great work,

To which his life was given,

Shall still go on, and on, until

The leaven he dropped into the Night,

Has spread through all that land,

And lifted it

From Darkness into Light.

JOHN OXENHAM.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

In accordance with the present custom "Tsang Chou" is throughout the following pages spelt Tsangchow.

1931
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Prologue

BY ARNOLD G. BRYSON

It will be fitting to preface this re-issue of some of Arthur Peill's vivid letters with a brief note on the happenings since our beloved physician was "Called Home" in 1906.

As the letters show, a great Revival swept through the district in the memorable winter of 1905-6.

The months which followed that Revival were a severe test to those who had experienced the full tide of that spiritual awakening.

In the spring of 1906, Mr. Yang, the devoted pastor who had been such a mighty instrument of God's power in the Revival meetings, suffered a serious breakdown. He never resumed his old work. In the autumn Arthur Peill passed on, while in the following spring, David Murray, to the dismay of his colleagues, was invalided to England, after an illness caused by over-work and blood poisoning, which nearly deprived him of an arm.

Thus, within twelve months, the Mission lost the services of its two founders, and the most trusted Chinese leader. The Hospital, the Arthington Training Institute for Native Evangelists, and the Church at head-quarters were left in the charge of juniors. And the out-stations were, perforce, entrusted to the care of an utterly inadequate staff, and cut off for

long intervals from regular visitation by missionaries, who were struggling with heavy responsibilities at the base, so that at a period when the Mission required a strong body of experienced workers to conserve the rich gains of Pentecost, and press on to fresh conquests, the depleted ranks were obliged to mark time.

Mr. Murray returned at the close of 1908 to resume his work in the Institute, but it was soon evident that his strength had been seriously impaired in the stress of those early days of pioneering; and within four years he was obliged to lay down the burden for the last time.

There are mysteries in life and Christian service which we shall never fathom. In our limited and earthbound wisdom we should have planned things differently; but in the end of the day, when the hidden secrets of the thorny way are revealed, it will surely be found that "the labour and the wounds" are not vain.

Reinforcements and Transfers.

On Mr. Murray's retirement, Mr. Bryant, who had joined the Mission in 1911, took charge of the Arthington Institute, which was, however, closed in 1914 on his departure for furlough, the remaining students being sent to Peking to complete their studies. In 1915 Miss Moreton was transferred from Peking to Tsangchow, and Miss Berry took her place in the Capital. In the same year Miss Stone, who had come out to Tsangchow in 1912, went to Siaochang to take charge of the Arthington Girls' School there, during Miss Wood's furlough. The Great War, a few months later, was to claim the services of one of the Mission Staff.

Some Revolutions.

Daily life in Tsangchow has probably seen more changes in the last decade than in the previous five hundred years. The old primitive methods of travel by native cart or house-boat have given place to the luxury of express trains, for we are situated along one

of the main routes of communication between North and South China. The journey between Tientsin and Nanking, which formerly occupied the best part of a month, can now be accomplished in comfort within twenty-four hours. A trip from Tientsin to Tsangchow takes three and a half hours, instead of as many days by water or thirty-six hours by road.

Another factor of equal importance in the progress of the Mission has been the extraordinary development in Postal Communications, connecting not only all the important trade centres, but even market towns and villages. Out-stations on the distant borders of our sphere of influence have been brought within a few hours of us by the efficient couriers who carry the mails in all weathers, through districts infested by bandits.

In 1900, by a decree of the Board of Education, the old text books of the Primary Schools were abolished in favour of new Readers in the vernacular style, and with attractive illustrations. This is one of the greatest and most far-reaching reforms ever adopted.

A Survey of the Task.

In the autumn of 1913, in company with Mr. S. J. W. Clark, that indefatigable missionary traveller, the members of the Tsangchow Staff undertook a careful survey of the whole field. This involved six weeks of hard travelling, and the visitation of 124 market towns and villages in the nine counties of our area. In those strenuous weeks the eyes of the travellers were opened to the immensity of the task before the Mission.

The comparatively few villages already influenced by the Christian message represented but a fraction of the wide territory within our boundaries. As a result of these investigations, the old Mission policy and former methods of evangelization were revised. The old plan of settling preachers at certain centres for long periods was abandoned in favour of mobile preaching bands, which never remained for more than six weeks in one place. While encouraging local Christians in every way by special services and Bible

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Classes, the bands preached regularly in neighbouring villages, and on their departure placed responsibility for the maintenance of services upon the deacons. Local initiative and powers of leadership had in many instances been stifled by the presence of a settled pastor, supported entirely by the Mission.

This change in strategy has resulted in a considerable increase in the number of enquirers all over the district, but the smallness of the evangelistic staff has made it difficult to keep pace with the demands of the work.

Mr. W. F. Rowlands joined the Mission at the close of 1913, and soon proved himself a tower of strength. He had to assume full responsibility of the work at an early date, during the absence of his colleagues, one of whom was on service with the Chinese Labour Corps in France for two and a half years.

Mr. Bryant returned to Tsangchow in 1918, after two years in Hong Kong as Warden of the University Hostel for L.M.S. Students.

Evangelistic Concentration.

In the following year the evangelistic staff was at full strength. After the summer holiday we decided to adopt a policy of concentration on the city of Tsangchow at our doors, by means of persistent daily preaching in the streets, visitation of the shops and in the houses, with nightly services in the spacious premises recently acquired. This intensive campaign was carried on for the best part of a year by a band of five or six men, four Chinese preachers, and one or two missionaries, supported by Miss Moreton and her Biblewomen.

It was a memorable experience with its daily record of stern conflict with the massed forces of superstition, vice, ignorance and indifference. Our hope was nothing less than the establishment of an active Christian centre in a stronghold of heathenism that had challenged our faith for a score of years.

Famine.

To our great disappointment, Mr. Rowlands was transferred to Siao-chang in the spring of 1920 ; but despite this blow to our plans, the work in the City proceeded with undiminished vigour till the height of the summer, when general unrest, culminating in Civil War, temporarily held up the campaign. We fully intended to resume operations in the autumn, but the terrible famine that swept over the whole of North China intervened ; and before many weeks had passed we found ourselves as a Mission devoting undivided energies to the work of relief. In all this absorbing task of saving life, the evangelistic staff was employed for the greater part of a year.

Beginning modestly with a total of 60,000 mouths relieved in December, the registers for May, 1921, show an aggregate of nearly 370,000 adults and children assisted in that month, when the work was closed down on the approach of the spring wheat harvest. Destitute people in some 1,700 villages have been saved from a lingering death, and a practical demonstration of the fruits of Christianity given to half a million people.

Chinese Colleagues.

Readers of Arthur Peill's illuminating character sketches of his associates in the stirring years covered by his letters, will look for some mention of their subsequent careers.

The serious breakdown in health of Mr. Yang immediately after the Revival has already been noted. In the providence of God he was restored after a long period of sickness. The death of such an intimate friend as the Doctor seemed to crush the spirit of this devoted preacher and threatened to cloud his future usefulness.

But God was preparing Mr. Yang for a mighty work in his native county of Yensan, and though his inspiring leadership was lost to the Church in Tsangchow, his subsequent career as the founder and Principal of

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the Boys' School in Yensan City has exercised a profound influence upon the whole of that region.

Mr. Ch'i, tutor in the Arthington Institute, left us in 1914, and took up pastoral work with the American Board Mission near Paotingfu.

Mr. Yu, the ex-opium smoker and brilliant scholar, has now been connected with the London Mission for over twenty years. He has had an erratic career, and for a time fell back into his old ways; but in answer to many prayers, he has returned to his old love, and to-day occupies an important tutorial post in the Anglo-Chinese College, Tientsin.

Of the band of Hospital students, who received their preliminary training under Arthur Peill before proceeding to the Union Medical College, Peking, for a medical course, only two are now in Mission work—Dr. Wang, who has for several years been in charge of the Branch Hospital at Yensan (erected in memory of his old teacher), and Dr. Chang.

Dr. Chang.

The latter is stationed at T'sai yu, where he has done valuable work since 1914. His steady devotion to the Church has been a notable feature of his work. For months, when the station was without an evangelist, he was put in charge of the evangelistic work, in addition to his medical responsibilities. His simple earnestness and unflinching good temper have enabled him to work harmoniously with all his colleagues, and the opinion of his Chinese brethren was shown by his election to the Chairmanship of the District Church Council. Surely a man after the "Beloved Physician's" own heart!

The One-armed Preacher.

In the news letter for 1905, the story is told of a boy who was snatched from death by the Doctor's skilful surgery and prevailing prayers. That boy is to-day a devoted preacher in his native place, with a reputation extending far beyond the limits of his own Mission.

Despite the loss of an arm, he is a handsome, robust man, of whom it is hard to believe that he was once in the grip of tuberculosis. I have repeatedly heard him testify in public to the debt he owes to God, because of the reality and power of prayer in his own experience.

After a brilliant career at College, he took a theological course with high honours at the Union Seminary in Nanking; where he also won the warm regard of teachers and students alike. After graduating, he acted as pastor to the Tsangchow Church for eighteen months, but then felt the call to a wider ministry, and joined the evangelistic band. He did magnificent service in the City campaign last year. He has already received flattering invitations to various important posts in Tientsin, Nanking and Shanghai, to all of which he has turned a deaf ear, in favour of the work of a country evangelist. It is an inspiration to watch his growing powers and to share in his fellowship.

With the conclusion of our long drawn-out famine relief work, we seem to have come to the end of another epoch in the history of the Mission. We are facing a situation full of hope, and immense possibilities in the villages of the plain, where our efforts have won the gratitude and good-will of multitudes, arousing in the thoughtful a desire to penetrate the secrets of a religion that inspires utter strangers to deeds of mercy.

In 1900 Yensan was a mighty stronghold of Boxerism, and from many of its hamlets there went forth blood-thirsty, frenzied bands of devotees, to harry and slay the little companies of defenceless Christians, exposed to the full fury of the storm.

The Martyrs Avenged.

We welcomed with joy the opportunity of feeding many families of those same ex-Boxer families in the desperate winter of 1920-1, a sweet revenge for the brutal martyrdoms of those early days. Whole

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villages have asked for teachers to be sent them ; and our available evangelistic resources are strained to the utmost in meeting the demand for instruction.

From the sister-station of Siaochang, where the Mission preaching staff has fed 400,000 people, comes a similar story of wide open doors for the messengers of the Gospel. How Arthur Peill would have rejoiced to see this day ! We pray for a double portion of his eager spirit and buoyant faith to accept the challenge of this hour, and to go forward to new triumphs in the might of our great Captain.

It may be some of you who read these lines are hesitating about your life-work, with vague questionings in your minds as to what God's will is for you in the unknown future. If the call comes once and again in the pages of this book to work for the Kingdom in China, do not put it lightly aside.

There is no more satisfying career open to followers of Jesus than that of a missionary in China to-day ; and there are no people in the world more worthy of your love and service than those for whom Arthur Peill spent his crowded days and poured out the treasures of his completely dedicated life.

CHAPTER I.

Biographical

ARTHUR DAVIES PEILL was born on February 11th, 1874, in Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar ; he was educated at the School for Sons of Missionaries at Blackheath, and at the University of Edinburgh ; the ten short, eventful years of his missionary life were spent in North China ; he died on October 18th, 1906, of enteric fever, at Kirin, in Manchuria, where his remains lie buried in the Russian cemetery.

He was a precocious child. Living in a native village in Central Madagascar, this keen, open-eyed boy was able, at two years of age, to carry a message given to him in English, deliver it in Malagasy, receive the answer in Malagasy, and give it back to his mother in English. He was bi-lingual from his nurse's back.

Passing over the intervening years, there came a day when (in the drawing-room of the Blackheath School for Sons of Missionaries), the parents, committing their two boys to God, had to leave them, with sad hearts behind smiling faces, and go far off to the Gentiles. This parting made a lifelong impression on Arthur's mind.

The school days were very happy ones. Always strong, healthy, full of energy and fun, Arthur easily made friends, and quickly adapted himself to his environment. The grandparents were not far away, and their cultured home, at Anerley and Richmond, was always open to the boys. Upon a youth of such social instincts, the companionships of school-days could not but exert a very potent influence ; but, while he had many very dear and lifelong friends among his schoolfellows, his chief and inseparable companions were his brothers. He always spoke with

great pride and affection of the Blackheath School and the "Blackheathens" of his day.

In January, 1891, he passed the Matriculation Examination and left the school. His mother had returned to England in December, 1890. It was during a conversation she had with him at this time that the way of life became clear to the boy. He had lived till then the happy, careless life of boyhood, never seriously thinking much of deeper things, though hearing much about them. The talk that day became very intimate. It was of the Saviour, of personal trust in Him as the essential element of true faith, carrying with it the forgiveness of sin and the power of a new life.

"And is that all?" he asked, in astonishment: "Just to trust Jesus; just to believe in and to love Him?"

"That is all," was the answer.

In childlike faith he took the step, consciously yielding up his will to Christ. It was a new birth. There came to him a joy and a peace never thenceforward lost.

His tastes drew him towards the medical profession, and in May, 1891, he was entered as a medical student in the University of Edinburgh, where his mother and brothers made a home with him for the next three years.

A very happy student life he had in Edinburgh. Dullness could not long stay in his company. High-spirited, energetic, optimistic he always was. He expected the best and usually got it.

The Morningside Congregational Church soon became the spiritual home of the family, and Douglas Mackenzie, its first minister, Arthur's loved and trusted friend and adviser. The Church life ran side by side with the University life and the two were mutually complementary. A Young People's Christian Endeavour Society was started, the first in Edinburgh, if not, in Scotland. Arthur was a foundation member and its second president. This Society soon commenced a Gospel Mission at the village of Slateford,

about three miles from the city, and it was in connexion with this that his first attempts at anything like preaching were made.

Like everything he did, the preaching was of a most unconventional character. So original were his speeches and prayers that some of the older people were shocked to hear slang expressions occurring in them freely, but so humble and truly reverent was the spirit that breathed through all he said that criticism died, and the boylike, straightforward homeliness of the language lent an additional charm and greatly attracted those of his own age. There was a breeziness about all he did that refreshed the listener like a breath of fresh air.

Enduring friendships were made at this time, and it was in connexion with this Endeavour Society that the first definite drawings towards Foreign Mission work were felt. It was here, too, that he met the lady who afterwards joined him in China and made him such a charming missionary home.

The medical course was then four years. At the end of that time, when only twenty-one years of age, he had taken his degrees in medicine and surgery (M.B., C.M.), and after a year's work at the Mildmay Hospital, Bethnal Green, was ready to begin the life work to which he had already dedicated himself.

He had Madagascar as a field for his energies ; but the way to China was made so clear that there was no doubt in his mind that this was God's choice for him. How completely he yielded himself to that Divine and Holy Will, how gladly and unreservedly he consecrated all his powers to the supreme task set before him, his diaries and personal letters clearly show, and the following pages will, to some extent, reveal.

He was first stationed, as *locum tenens* for Dr. Sewell McFarlane, at Siaochang (pronounced Shou-jiang), an inland station, 200 miles south-west of Tientsin, where he laboured from the autumn of 1896 to May, 1899, when he proceeded to Tsangchow.

CHAPTER II.

Letter from Siaochang, 1899.

LAST winter was a very happy one on the whole for both my wife and myself. We both kept very well and had plenty to keep us busy. Our staff at Siaochang had been reinforced in the autumn by the coming of Mrs. Meech and her grown-up daughter; also by the arrival of a new lady worker. I passed my second year's exam. in Chinese in December and worked hard during the rest of the winter and early spring at my third year's work, as I wished to try and pass my third exam. before leaving Siaochang for my appointed station at Tsangchow, on the Grand Canal, where the new head-quarters of the L.M.S. Yensan Mission now are. Dr. McFarlane, for whom I have been acting as *locum tenens* at Siao-chang for the last two and a half years, returned from furlough this spring, so that I was set free for other work as soon as he arrived at Siaochang.

The New Mission-Station at Tsangchow.

Chinese New Year fell this year on the 10th of February, and just before it came in I went on a cart-journey to Tsangchow, to have a look round the place and have a share, along with my future colleague, Rev. D. S. Murray, in choosing a good site for our houses and the hospital. Perhaps I had better explain first, in a few words, how it is that the head-quarters of the Yensan Mission came to be at Tsangchow. It must be about four years now since Mr. Murray, with his wife and two children, left Tientsin to go and reside permanently in the Yensan-Tsangchow district. Before that time the district had been worked as an out-station of Tientsin, but it was felt that the time had come for a man to reside there permanently, so

Murray went. Beginnings of work there resulted from Rev. Jonathan Lees's famine relief visitations many years ago. Dr. Roberts, late of Tientsin, and his sister, used to pay somewhat frequent itinerating visits to the district, and were much interested in the progress of the work there, as no doubt they both still are, though Roberts is now in heaven, and his sister with her father in England.

This interest resulted in the friends of Dr. Roberts subscribing upwards of £300 for the erection of a hospital in the district in memory of Dr. Roberts, of Tientsin, and it was to this new work that I was appointed when the L.M.S. sent me out nearly three years ago. I had, however, to go and take Dr. M.'s place for a while, the time being lengthened subsequently on account of his deputation tour through Australia and New Zealand.

Up till now, M.* has been living in small and temporary quarters inside Yensan city, but for many reasons it has been thought wise to put our permanent head-quarters at Tsangchow, which is a flourishing and busy city on the banks of the Grand Canal, thirty miles east of Yensan and ninety miles south of Tientsin. We meanwhile are to retain our quarters in Yensan as a sort of secondary head-quarters for the eastern parts of the district. At present there is very little work to the west of the canal from Tsangchow, but we hope to expand in that direction too, now that we are located in that place.

There are now 400 or 500 church members in the district, I believe, and quite a large number on probation, besides lots more who attend services occasionally and are interested, but who are not reckoned in any statistics of the work. The people begin this year to support a native pastor out of their own pockets. Besides this they have supplied most of their own little chapels and schools, and pay all the current expenses, *viz.*, fuel, oil, etc., besides providing for themselves in other ways which I mustn't go into at present.

* Rev. David Murray, a beloved colleague.

Just one instance of the kind of thing that goes on here and there, and produces that interest in Christianity which I said the statistics did not take account of. A young man, in a village not far from Yensan, recently became a Christian. His old father got very angry and tried various plans to get him to give it up, but all in vain. At last he told his son that, if he still persisted in following Christ, he would bury him alive, and fixed a date for his son to make up his mind by. This burying alive is not very uncommon, and a Chinese father has the old Roman father's right to do as he pleases with his children. Thus a daughter who has been an unfaithful wife, or has dishonoured her father's name before marriage, is quite likely to suffer death at her father's hands, or to be made to commit suicide by him; and I have heard of fathers burying alive, in one case a grown-up idiot son, and in another a son who gambled and in other ways was a disgrace to the family.

Well, the day arrived, and the young fellow was led by his old father to the edge of the deep hole, which was to be his grave if he refused to give up Christianity. A sorrowful group of relatives stood round who had tried in vain to shake the old man's determination. "Will you give it up?" "No, father; you can bury me in there if you like, but I can't give up Jesus Christ." Unexpectedly the old man burst into tears, the family group returned home, and we confidently await results. Thank God for young fellows like that out here in heathen China!

Travelling in North China.

The journey to Tsangchow from Siaochang takes three days in a cart, the nights being spent in Chinese inns. Fortunately the weather was not too cold, and there was no snow, so roads were good, and we made pretty good going. Between thirty and forty miles a day, travelling from long before daylight (say 4 a.m.) till dark (about 7 or 8 p.m.), is fairly good journeying. The carts are heavy wooden

affairs with no springs whatever, drawn by two mules harnessed tandem. If the cart goes fast, the jolting gives you fits, and your head is unmercifully banged, first against one side and then against the other, whilst your liver pounds up and down, until you begin to wonder whether you won't come loose inside and get yourself inextricably tangled up in those regions. If it goes slow, the journeying becomes so tedious that one's glad of almost any amount of discomfort, after a while, if only one can get on a bit.

The nights are spent in what are by courtesy called *inns*, though in England they would not even be tolerated as stables. They contain no furniture usually, beyond a dirty table, and perhaps two old chairs, often only one chair and a little form. One end of the unpapered, unceiled room is raised a foot or two from the level of the rest of the floor, and on this "kang" one's bedding is spread, and the night is passed in more or less discomfort, according as the weather is too hot or too cold or just comfortable, and as the vermin may elect to conduct themselves. A chap is usually so awfully hungry and tired at the end of a day's journey, however, that the "pic-nicky" kind of meal, and the unusual couch become luxuries, and a deep, peaceful sleep brings unconsciousness of all that is unhomelike, until the "boy's" voice in the morning rouses one to another day of bumps and jolting.

When I got to Tsangchow, after three days of the above sort of thing, I found that M. was not expected from Yensan till the next day; I went to see a very finely decorated temple outside the N.W. corner of the city. It was built with money collected by a man who used to be an agricultural labourer. His mother was very ill, and he vowed to repair the old temple on this site if she got better. She did recover, but he had no money, so he cut off his right hand in public before a crowd, stopping the bleeding by dipping the stump into boiling oil. He then went round, showing the stump and collecting

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money. In four years he had collected thousands of taels (seven taels to £1), and then he built this fine temple. I saw the man himself, but he kept his arm up his sleeve, so I didn't see that. The man I went with was one of our Tsangchow deacons, and he told me that, before he became a Christian, he was one of those who had contributed thereto.

Life at Siaochang.

After the land-buying affair was all settled, M. came back with me to Siaochang on a visit, and we had a jolly time of it all together there. No patients come to hospital at Chinese New Year, so we close for two or three weeks and all have a good old time, unless there are arrears of correspondence to be written up, etc., etc., as is usually the case with me, alas!

We had long discussions *re* the plans of our new house at Tsangchow, but eventually we made a plan that we thought would suit us, and the house is now built and awaiting our home-going. Hospital soon opened again, however, and I settled down to hard work at the language and in the hospital, broken by an occasional gallop on the pony, football-kicking with a little "soccy" ball bought in Tientsin, tennis, etc., or by something more serious in the way of a bad midwifery case, important operations, difficult medical cases, and so on.

On Sundays I went out to various out-stations to preach and got quite to enjoy it. One of our new converts lately, when asked why Adam and Eve were forbidden the fruit from the tree in the midst of the garden, said it was because God wanted all that for himself! Which reminds me of a little boy I heard of not long ago, who was asked why John the Baptist wore a girdle round his waist, and answered: "To keep his trousers up."

There is no time for frivolity, however, if I am to give you all the news, so I must hurry on. Things went on busily but quietly, and I was hoping to get

all the work for my third exam. finished, and the exam. passed before we left Siaochang, when baby made her appearance on the morning of April 15th. Everything went off beautifully.

The 15th was Saturday. The next day I was to preach my exam. sermon before Messrs. R. and M., so as to try and get the whole exam. over before they left for Tientsin. It was not to be, however. I was just going along to the chapel to preach, when I was called to a bad poisoning case up the street, almost certainly suicide, though I couldn't get any very definite account of the affair, and the folks themselves seemed a good deal mystified. Instead, therefore, of preaching a sermon, I was busy working a stomach-pump in a dirty little Chinese room. All efforts proved useless, and the poor woman died, after we had just begun to have some slight hope of pulling her round. They had not decided on calling us in until the poison had been at work for a good long time. The only cause that I could get for her suicide, if that is what it was, was that the day before, she had got into a fit of anger with her nephew, for stealing about twopence from her daughter at a theatrical performance they were attending together. There was no other opportunity for taking my exam. just then, and I had therefore to put it off until R's. return, hoping to take it then, a hope which was doomed to disappointment, however.

No sooner were the folks well away, than Miss H. got ill with a bad attack of sciatica and lumbago, and was absolutely confined to bed, in spite of all we could do, for several weeks, so that instead of her nursing A. and baby, I practically had to nurse the whole lot of them. To make things worse, it wasn't long before the native "amah," or nurse, took ill too, so that baby practically devolved upon me, as the extra strain began to tell on A. and I had to stop her doing as much as she wanted to do. The climax came, when a secret society in the district began to create disturbances, and threaten to come and exterminate the

foreign devils and all their followers, burn the houses down, and so on.

Imagine "dis poor chile" holding a council of war in one room, with the most trustworthy of our preachers, expecting an attack any time, one or two of the helpers sitting with drawn swords over their knees; and then, half an hour afterwards, my bathing the baby, changing its clothes (to what awful things a "poor missionary" sometimes has to come!), seeing my various patients comfortable for the night, giving medicines, washing bottles, and trying to keep my temper. The sudden changes of occupation were really too ludicrous sometimes, and we couldn't help laughing at it all.

Boxers as First Observed by a Foreigner Before 1900.

And now for the "row" :—

9th May.—This afternoon the three chief native preachers, and the Siaochang elder, came to consult with me about open-air preaching at a yearly fair that was being held for a few days in a village a few miles away. To-day several Christians went there to preach, but were reviled and obstructed by some members of a secret society, called the "I'Ho Chuan," or "United Boxers," which has been coming more and more into evidence around us here of late. The men made no resistance, but came back quietly, and the question now was, should more preachers go tomorrow to the fair, or not? Eventually we decided to send two able and experienced men, who were to go alone, and begin preaching quietly and unostentatiously, so that it might be seen whether or no the Boxers were serious in their opposition, and whether they really meant to put a stop to the preaching.

The two men went, therefore, and began very quietly by speaking to one or two men who were sitting resting on the outskirts of the crowd. A group soon gathered round them, and they were preaching to the gathering, when up came a lot of the Boxers, armed with big sticks and other weapons, and began reviling,

threatening, and generally going on in such a way as to preclude any attempt at argument or reasoning. To prevent a certain attack, the two men got into their cart quietly, and came straight home; whilst the Boxers mounted the platform on which the theatricals take place, loudly proclaimed the fear in which they were held by the Christians, their intention to attack Siaochang, kill the foreigners, burn their houses, etc., etc., and called upon those present to join them in this undertaking, for which they said they had the secret commands of the Empress Dowager.

Thursday, May 11th.—Letter sent to local magistrate, but answer not at all satisfactory. Men from the fair bring news of the Boxers going on worse than ever and rumours growing rife all round. Purpose writing to County magistrate to-morrow, therefore. He is Ling's superior, and may take prompt action perhaps.

Finished another of the books for my third exam., writing letters for out mail, etc. Miss H. ill in bed, and baby not well either. Prospect getting lively, and the preachers think we ought to put on watchmen inside and outside the compound; as it is possible we may be attacked soon, unless the magistrates do something to prevent it. They think, too, that we ought to ask a few of our Christians who understand the use of weapons, sword, spear, gun, etc., to come along and bring their arms with them, so that we may have a bodyguard in case of an attack. After long discussion, I somewhat unwillingly consented to this, unwillingly, because I thought it would be better if we were just to trust God for protection. I wish you who read this would think this matter over, and let me know what you think would have been the right thing to do under the circumstances.

It was, of course, understood all along that such bodyguard should act strictly and only on the *defensive*, and that everything else should be tried before weapons were resorted to: they only being used in the last extremity. When I tell you that there was a girls' school on the compound, concerning which it

was rumoured that the Boxers had said unpleasant things, you will perhaps realize my difficulty in the matter more. I think that, under the same circumstances, I should probably do the same again, but am open to further instruction in the matter, and want such instruction badly.

Saturday, May 13th.—Peaceful night last night, and no disturbers. Our men parading front compound all night with guns and swords, etc., till 3 a.m. Chinese nurse ill still, so Mrs. R.'s sewing-girl voluntarily came to the rescue and stayed to help through the night. Very plucky, considering that an attack was threatened by the Boxers and considered quite likely by nearly everyone. She said: "What does my little life matter? I'm not so important as all that," and would take no remuneration.

Miss H. worse again and in much pain, but both she and A. very plucky the whole time, and quite cool. I found out afterwards that the preachers had got ready a litter for Miss H. on the back verandah, and Chinese outer garments for us to put on in case of attack and necessity for flight. The plucky fellows went round with swords all night, till about 3 a.m., and told us not to be afraid, as they would all be dead before any harm reached us.

Sunday, May 14th.—Morning service taken by one of our best preachers, Mr. Chang, who spoke finely on Jesus coming to the disciples over the stormy sea. "Grand thing about Jesus is that He knows just *when* to come, not in *first* watch, because then the disciples wouldn't have realized their need of Him; not until all trust in themselves was gone did He come to them and save them from their distress." God was watching us, he said, and would come at exactly the right time, and deliver us—let us be faithful then.

In afternoon went out to a neighbouring village, with the young hospital assistant mentioned previously, and preached to quite a large crowd. It was the young chap's native village. People very attentive and brought us tea afterwards.

Monday, May 15th.—Still no word from local magistrate. Rumours worse than ever, and Boxers still violent, and said to be collecting men and arms for an attack. We find that one of the leaders is the local magistrate's cousin, and is constantly in his yamen. The magistrate listens to his cousin, instead of to us, and of course is hoodwinked into minimizing the whole affair, and will do nothing for us for fear of offending the Boxers.

Tuesday, 16th.—Letter from local magistrate about noon, enclosing a document drawn up by the Boxers accusing the "Jesus-religion" people of oppressing the common folk (!) and wanting to meet us face to face before the magistrate. Just think how completely he must have been under their control and influence. Apparently, as we hadn't been there to meet the Boxers, not knowing even at that time that they wanted thus to meet us, the magistrate had settled the case to his own satisfaction, and let them off with a warning not to do it again!

We were just trying to express our amused indignation at this neat way of settling things, when in rushed an old, old preacher, who lives in the village where the fair was being held, out of breath and panting with excitement and wrath, to say that the Boxers had kidnapped one of our Christians who had been quietly attending the fair, and had carried him off by force.

After a while we calmed him down enough to get particulars, and found that this man was about to preach, but the old man had stopped him in accordance with our agreement of the day before. Just then, however, these Boxers had come along armed and carried him off. They had then gone to the old preacher's house and demanded an entrance, but the old fellow got out the back way, jumped over the wall, got his donkey and came along post-haste, riding bare-back I believe. His wife followed, and said the Boxers had been to the house for him again after he'd left, but she had convinced them that he was not there.

We sent off a hospital assistant on donkey-back to the city to try and find out where our man was being taken to. He got wind of their movements somehow, and came back in the evening to say that they had avowed their intention of carrying him off to the Lin Ching district, about 100 miles to the south, where the head-quarters of the Society were.

All seem to think an attack to-night possible, and preparations made for hurried flight, if necessary. Lots of watchmen going round inside and outside compound. If the Boxers come they will probably do so by the south, and we hope to escape towards the north. All uncertain; but safe in God's hands, whatever comes. The day before we had sent away the armed men on the compound, as their food was expensive and things had seemed quieter for a day or two. The watchmen that night were mostly unarmed therefore.

That evening we had one of the best prayer meetings I've ever attended. We were praying for the kidnapped man, that he might be given wisdom and tact, and, if God willed it, a speedy deliverance. The men's prayers were so full of faith and true Christian spirit that I felt sure we were being heard, and said confidently: "I shan't be at all surprised if he comes back to-night unhurt."

That evening my chief hospital assistant had come in from a fortnight's preaching and healing at one of our distant out-stations, where a cause was being established. He was full of enthusiasm as he gave a short account of his work there. Several had apparently become Christians—God had helped him wonderfully with his medical and surgical cases, and he had done quite a lot of operations. Oh, for time, talent, and opportunities for training a lot of such men to act as country evangelists! One man is not sufficient to do that work properly though. If Ernie (his brother) could come out and work with me, that would just be splendid. I was up most of the night.

Wednesday, May 17th.—In morning still undecided

as to whether I should go and interview Ling (the local magistrate) or not. He probably could find out our man's whereabouts, if he wanted, but he still listens to that wretched cousin of his, who is at the bottom of the whole affair. Oh, that I could go and hold a pistol to his head, and make him either send at once to the rescue of our man, or deliver one of the Boxer leaders to us, or come himself to Siochang and be security for the safety of the whole. I couldn't persuade myself, however, that any such course could be either wise or right.

We were still discussing things, and praying for guidance, when in rushed the stableman to say that the kidnapped man was back again, and wanted to see us! He had been set free the evening before, about the time we were praying about him, but had been to his own home first, and not come on to us till morning.

We quickly gathered in my study to hear his account, *i.e.*, the native helpers and myself. He had behaved finely throughout, so far as I could gather, and our prayer for wisdom for him had certainly been answered. He had spoken "the doctrine" to them too, and, as he made no resistance, they neither bound nor ill-used him. Took him to a village outside the city where the local magistrate lives, then to the west suburb of the city itself, to an inn which was a sort of Boxer head-quarters, and then to another place on the road towards Lin Ching. At this last place they met an influential Boxer, who entirely disapproved of this latest move, and said it went against his conscience to carry off an innocent man like this! He threatened to leave the Society, unless they let him (our Christian) off and allowed him to go home again. They wouldn't listen, however, but resumed their journey. About dark they halted, and again discussed the situation, eventually setting him free to return home, on condition that he would take us a message requiring us to pay 500 taels and stand the Boxers theatricals, on pain of extermination and the burning of our houses. He also had to promise to go and

meet them at the fair on Thursday, *i.e.*, the day after we saw him, with our answer to these terms.

Just then, however, we didn't mind about anything else, but held a thanksgiving meeting for his safe return. You should have heard those prayers from the lips of poor "John Chinaman"! There wasn't a dry eye as the poor chap who had been carried off returned thanks, in a broken voice, and prayer that this experience of God's love and care for him might result in increased faithfulness and devotion through all his coming days. I've no doubt he'll be a better Christian now than ever before, which shows how Satan sometimes is a little *too* clever, doesn't it?

That afternoon I took a rest, and read one of the most awful fairy stories out of the "Arabian Nights," so as to get my mind off the events of the last few days and prevent my thinking about the coming ones.

We had lots of serious and interesting out-patient cases too. It's wonderful how the numbers keep up still, in spite of all the rumours and disturbances.

Thursday, May 18th.—Yesterday we discussed as to whether Lao Ming should go to the fair and meet the Boxers again or not, Lao Ming being the Christian who was kidnapped. I strongly advised his going, not only because he had promised, but also because I wanted to get some way arranged by which we might meet the leaders of the Boxers and try to talk the whole affair over quietly, seeing that so far we are all in the dark as to their ideas about us, or their reasons for making such a disturbance. We only knew that they were at the fair day by day vowing to come and slay us, etc., etc., etc.

Lao Ming not liking to go again, we laid the matter on him solemnly as one to be solved by God's guidance. Letter sent early this morning to county magistrate notifying Lao Ming's return. Lao Ming went to the fair, as he felt it the right thing to do after all. We sent two men with him to see how things went. They didn't start till late in the afternoon, however, and found the Boxers had left the fair when they arrived

and were in the village. The local constable, to whom they applied for directions as to where to find the Boxers, wouldn't let them meet them, but offered to go as go-between. He returned to say that it was no use our trying to talk with the Boxers, and that the latter said they would not see us at all unless the 500 taels were brought. They gave us till to-morrow to bring it. *Very considerate, wasn't it?*

In the late afternoon the Rs. and Dr. M. arrived, having received my letter the night before, had no sleep, started very early, and come along as fast as possible. All fearfully tired. Lao Ming and the two men safe back at night with above message. R. going into circumstances of whole affair, but too tired to do much to-night. Magistrates still doing nothing effectual.

Monday, May 22nd.—Alarms again last night. Bodies of eight to twelve men seen walking round outside compound. Our men inside watching. No attack, however. One of their chief leaders in Siao-chang town to-day, and our henchmen badly wanted to sally out and catch him, but we wouldn't let them, as of course we wish them to have no possible handle against us.

Our protectors drilling in the evening, and divided into squads to take turns on duty. Amongst their weapons are a jingal, or two-man gun (one man holding the muzzle on his shoulder while another aims and fires it), also a bow and arrows, a long sword-blade on a pole, a sort of halberd, guns and pistols of various ancient kinds, spears, chains with steel knobs on them for swinging blows at people, and various other blood-thirsty looking instruments.

Wednesday, May 24th.—In morning came a special official from the capital of the province, a man called Chu, and of high rank. Our telegram left on Friday; was sent from the nearest telegraph station on Saturday morning. Consul immediately went to see Viceroy, who telegraphed to capital of province. Two mounted men sent off at once to our local magistrate

to stir him up, reaching him on Monday, with the result that he came along on Tuesday (though he didn't tell us why, and we didn't know at the time), whilst on Wednesday this high official arrived, having come by cart, accredited with power of life and death. Seems a nice, genial fellow, and "quick in the uptake." Rapidly went over all our correspondence with the magistrates, and heard our views on the subject; wouldn't stay to dinner, because then the local magistrate might say we had bribed him and he didn't give him a fair hearing. I snapped him, too, as he was leaving, and got a good photo. We hope now for a speedy settlement of all this upset and annoyance. In the afternoon I took a lot of photos of our "protectors" in various groups. Some are very good.

Friday, May 26th.—Our native preacher, Mr. Pao, sent one of my old hospital patients (who has become a Christian, and has been one of our watchmen all this time), disguised as a beggar, to two of the villages where the Boxers are said to have been gathering, to see what they really are doing. He actually went into the temple where they were living, saw and noted their weapons (mostly old and obsolete like ours), counted the men there, and so on. Only fifteen to twenty at that place, but we heard that numbers were on the move, either going or coming, and it's awfully hard to get any reliable information. These score or so of men were living on what they could gather from the frightened villagers, who were getting heartily sick of them. No big bodies of men in any of the two or three villages visited. Perhaps scattering now the affair has taken this, for them, unfavourable turn.

Tuesday, 30th.—Packing all morning. Left in carts about 3 p.m. Had tremendous salutes fired by our "army," and went away in great style. Crowds of well-known faces about, but all regretting our departure under such inauspicious circumstances. Sorry to leave them all, but not sorry to get away from all the strain of the last few weeks. Oh, for peace and



One of the "Boxer" rebels.



[Photo by Evan Bryant.]

Tsangchow main street *en fê*te for the New Year.



[Photo by A. D. Peill.]

Tsangchow. Part of the usual crowd.

quietness for a while! Very hot day, and carts stuffy.

And so we left Siaochang. Things turned out better than we'd hoped eventually, and we got the choice of two alternatives offered us by the special official, who, after careful examination, has found the affair really a very serious one, and our facts not at all exaggerated. The one alternative was to have all the four chief leaders beheaded. The other was that the magistrate's cousin (who had been at the bottom of the whole thing) should be sent away in chains to another province; the others to make a full apology and write out a guarantee for future good conduct and give it to R., besides a confession of guilt; and the headmen of villages where fairs are held to guarantee absolute liberty and safety to Christians at such fairs, or not to hold them at all.

Tsangchow at Last.

October 21st, 1899.—London Mission, Tsangchow; *via* Tientsin, N.C. Here we are in our new house in this just-established station. Arrived over a week ago in splendid health and spirits, after a busy time of shopping, etc., in Tientsin, where one gets anything nowadays, from soap and candles to ironmongery for the hospitals, including coal, potatoes, cooking-stoves and so on.

Have got nice plans for the new hospital, drawn out by Mr. Bryson, the architect of our mission out here.

Temporary Hospital, October—December.

It being impossible to get the hospital built and ready for use before summer, 1900, at earliest, on arrival at Tsangchow we at once began to look about for suitable temporary premises. These were soon provided for us in a most convenient locality just outside the small south gate of the city, and they are roomy enough to admit, not only of out-patient dispensary accommodation, but also of wards for the reception of a few in-patients of both sexes, and of

rooms for the two hospital assistants brought with me from Siaochang.

From the first God's hand has been with us, and His blessing, earnestly prayed for, has descended on the work. Patients healed or relieved spread the news amongst their friends, and in spite of heavy snow, bitter cold, and the approaching Chinese New Year time, nearly 500 new cases have been seen, and 1,000 visits paid to the hospital. We have treated thirty in-patients, and five names have been entered on the inquirer's list of those who, so far as can be ascertained, are really earnest in their desire to become Christians. Others have been influenced more or less deeply, although here, as elsewhere, it is impossible to estimate in figures the amount of real good done.

Interesting Patients.

Our first in-patient was a young man named Han, from a village a few miles away. A native "doctor" had stabbed his heel deeply with a dirty needle, on account apparently of rheumatic pain in that locality. The heel suppurated in consequence, and he was brought to the hospital on a litter in a state of intense suffering and prostration, his old mother standing beside him trying hard to keep back her tears. The inflammation had extended to the bone, and his stay in hospital had thereby been much prolonged, though he is now almost healed and will soon be going home. We rejoice to know that the family, of which he is the only son, have unitedly decided for Christianity, *viz.*, his father, mother, himself and wife. They have already burnt their idols, and their names are now entered on our inquirers' roll. For these firstfruits we thank God and take courage.

CHAPTER III.

Among the Boxers.

LETTER WRITTEN IN 1900.

OF the work of the winter 1899-1900, and of the following spring, I cannot now speak in detail. We were very happy in it all and in each other. Our houses we found very convenient and comfortable; the people were friendly and agreeable; the place itself interesting and in some places even pretty. Above all, the work prospered and gave promise of greater things still.

Mr. Yu.

During all the time of patient-seeing and friendship-forming I was also working at Chinese, and of course had a teacher to help me. He was a young man, a Chinese B.A. called Yu, and was related to many of the most influential families in the county, and acquainted with almost everyone who was anything at all in Tsangchow. Mr. M. had first come across him at Yensan, where Yu went to obtain certain books, and remained to learn much of the Gospel and eventually to become a Christian, in spite of the strongest pressure that his family and friends could bring to bear on him. One thing they could not dispute. He had been a confirmed opium-smoker, and a clever good-for-nothing, opinionated and difficult to get on with. Under the influence of Christ he gave up opium-smoking, after many a hard struggle and an occasional relapse, began to spend his time usefully and in all respects to improve. All this there was no one to deny.

After my trip to Tsangchow about the land, M. returned with me to Siaochang for Chinese New Year, and Yu accompanied him. He and I travelled on the same cart, and he told me something of his struggles, and spoke of spiritual difficulties in a way that I very seldom heard anyone, much less a Chinese, speak. From that time sprang up a warm friendship, and I was glad to get him as my teacher when I got to Tsangchow, and the more so as he was a fine Chinese scholar, not so stereotyped as most, and eager to learn as well as impart.

In connexion with the hospital he was invaluable. He constituted himself a sort of voluntary hospital evangelist too, slept in the ward when not too full, and spoke faithfully and wisely to the patients, especially the more intelligent ones, with whom he was particularly competent to deal. He was much interested in the anatomy book that I was reading in Chinese with him, but greatly astonished at its surprising revelations of the complexity and minute detail of the human frame; and his respect for foreign learning increased with every page.

Building the Hospital.

In the spring of 1900 we began to build again, this time the "Roberts' Memorial," in memory of Dr. Fred. Roberts, of Tientsin. His father, Alderman Roberts of Manchester, devoted a considerable sum of money to this object, and friends of the family joined, until about £500 was raised and the hospital begun.

Our clerk of works was an old preacher called Wang, a reclaimed and regenerated opium smoker, who remembered the Tai-ping rebellion, and the battles and bloodshed round Tsangchow when the rebels advanced on Tientsin.

I remember, one beautiful evening, climbing on the top of the still unfinished operating room, and from that height looking round on the unfinished buildings below. What a lot of suffering was to be

alleviated, what a power for good this "Roberts' Memorial" was to be! Years of happy, useful service stretched away in an unbroken vista into the future. Would the Boxers spoil it all?

Boxers Again.

For the Boxers had at length become an important factor in our situation. M. started on a trip to the western out-stations. One day on the road he passed quite a crowd of would-be Boxers, standing out in the fields and invoking their chosen spirit to enter them and take possession. For whole days on end these poor deluded fellows would thus call upon their god. Now and then one of them would fall down in a sort of trance, and rise up again in a frenzy to seek a weapon and rush round, a terror to all. This sort of thing was going on all over the country side.

Word came from Yensan that our chapel there was to be burned on a certain date. M. replied that he would be there that day to see it done, and kept punctually to his promise. He found the city and district in a ferment. The magistrate's proclamations against the Boxers were torn down wherever seen, and Boxer placards were everywhere. Even the women had caught the frenzy and had formed an association to co-operate with the men.

That day had been named as the one on which the foreigner's house and chapel were to be burned, and all the city knew it. M., after some searching and persuasion, found workmen whom he started on the job of repairing the compound walls. One passer-by after another stood and watched with open mouth, till ere long the news had spread in all directions that the foreigner was building and not the least afraid. That little move did as much as anything else to quiet the city for a time, and gradually this initial squall blew over.

Effects on the Work.

In most districts new candidates for enrolment as

“inquirers” (preparatory to baptism which is given after a year or more satisfactory probation), became fewer and fewer, till they were almost nil; but in one or two of the worst districts these candidates were more numerous, and of a better class of men, than they had had there before.

Many of the recent inquirers too stopped coming to service, and practically broke off connexion with us; but of the older inquirers and of the baptized members there was hardly one who gave up the faith, and they stood firm and grew in grace, though their eyes were, at least partly, opened to the terrible things to come.

In one village I heard of, whilst the few Christians were sitting inside their little chapel, a notorious bully outside began to sing in sarcastic and terrible tones the hymn he had heard them singing with far other thoughts. “Happy day! Happy day!” sang out those rasping notes, and a burst of cruel laughter sent a shiver through their hearts.

Getting Dangerous.

I well remember one morning my teacher coming in in a great state of mind. He had been up to the Yamen to see if things were really as bad as folks said, and found that it was true about the youths with swords, although so far no blood had been shed, and the Christians were still unmolested. But he had hardly reached the place, when a Yamen friend of his came along and led him away, saying this was no place for him. Before he had gone more than a few steps, however, one of the rowdies recognized him and rushed at him, thrusting at him with his sword, and only with difficulty being restrained until Yu could escape from his vicinity. This made a profound impression on Yu, as no doubt it would on anyone.

But strange to say, this was the only case in which violence was attempted on any of our Christians in Tsangchow. The fact was that the ill-feeling was largely directed against the Catholics, and as we have

suffered a lot from the same quarter, both in Tsangchow and Ma-lien-po, not from the foreign priests, but from some of their unworthy church-members, the Boxers almost looked on us as fellow-sufferers, and left us alone for the time.

It was a common saying that the Jesus-religion people were quiet and well-behaved ; and even the most rabid of the Boxers, at that early stage, said that they would go for the Catholics first, and then consider what to do with us.

The lack of rain made things worse. I remember, one day, an old woman looking daggers at me as I passed, and snapping out the suspicious question : " Why doesn't it rain ? " as if I knew quite well, and could send it if I liked.

Boxer Drill.

Coming from hospital I, on several occasions, saw young boys going through part of the drill, and they even menaced me now and then with their imitation swords and spears ; but I laughed it all off as fun, and the people remained friendly.

From Yensan, M., before returning to Tsangchow, had made a little tour of our out-stations. Looking back now, it seems a risky thing to have done, but his thoughts were all with his people, and he cared not for himself. I have no doubt that he did untold good by his bright faith and sound wisdom, and that many hearts were strengthened through him ere the fiery trial came. On one occasion he was seated on the shaft of his cart, when they suddenly turned a corner and came right on a band of Boxers, drilling and brandishing their spears. But they only scowled and reviled, and the cart passed safely on.

Courage of Bible-women.

The three or four Chinese Bible-women, who were in charge of the women's work till Miss B. had learnt the language, were conspicuous for their courage and devotion. At a time when most respectable women

dared hardly go out of doors, their minds were so filled with the need of their more ignorant Christian sisters in the outlying country stations, scared and harried by rumours and tortured by awful fears, that they insisted on setting out in different directions on their donkeys, against M.'s advice, and doing what they could to instruct and strengthen their fellow-Christians.

Excitement Spreading.

Rumours and placards were rife and of the wildest and most alarming description. One day a man was shouting round our compound for a child that had been lost, and who was said to be locked up in our cellar. Rumour said that the child was recovered, but told his father that he had left a little companion in the cellar, who was suffering terrible things at our hands. Some soothsayer up the street had given the father of the former child a charm, by whose virtue his child was delivered from the hands of the foreign devils.

Boxer Organization and Credulity.

And now as the storm reached its height we discovered how well the rising was organized, and how orderly was the seeming disorder. Every village we knew of for scores of miles had its little band of Boxers. Here and there were head-quarter stations, each with its own little cluster of villages. Cities were divided up into sections, and each section had its band, their head-quarters, perhaps, being in some neighbouring village away from the magistrate and camp. A small village would have twenty to thirty Boxer bravos, and a large one anything up to eighty or a hundred.

There were the most diverse rumours in circulation with regard to their practices. One, I remember, was to this effect. The candidates for Boxership were rolled up in mats and laid on the floor of the company's place of meeting. One of the leaders then took a sword, and boldly thrust the point through the mat and the person contained inside. If he was a true Boxer, the mat

would be unrolled only to disclose an empty space, and the full-fledged brave would be found in the road outside the building. If, on the other hand, the candidate was not a true Boxer, then the unrolled mat disclosed a serpent cut in half, whilst the discredited follower would himself lie safe and sound in the same place as his more fortunate, or unfortunate, competitor. This sort of thing was widely believed, and even wilder stories were swallowed without an effort.

In some way, too, the Boxer leaders were able to impose upon their followers with regard to bullet invulnerability, though whether it was done by graduated charges at carefully measured distances, or in some other skilful way, one can only vaguely conjecture. Of the fact that bullets appeared to strike men and fell harmless at their feet there can be no manner of doubt, as I heard the story from many competent eye-witnesses; and the entire trust of vast numbers of Boxers, in spite of much proof to the contrary, could only have been inspired in some such way.

At a fort not far from Tsangchow, a Boxer boasted his invulnerability to the soldiers' foreign bullets, and the Chinese commandant, thinking to teach those Boxers a lesson, let him try, and dropped him dead. But several more came up to take his place, until the commandant, out of pity for their folly, refused to shoot any more. And the same thing was repeated over and over again in various ways during Admiral Seymour's march on Peking.

Friday, June 8th, was my last day at the hospital. Most of the patients had gone, and the remaining ones were well enough to be left to the care of my assistants. No out-patients had come for days, and I had much to do at home. Our servants and workmen were getting scared, and the city was stirred to its depths.

Diplomatic Tennis.

That afternoon we all turned out for a game of tennis, both for diplomatic and the usual reasons.

There were always people watching us, and more than ever in those restless days. Our compound was always open to visitors, and the building was a great attraction.

Council of War.

Saturday, 9th.—In place of our usual Church business, *this* Saturday we held a council of war, to decide what had best be done under the increasingly dangerous circumstances.

The consensus of opinion amongst our Chinese Christians was, that we Europeans were best away, that our presence endangered, not only our own lives, but those of the Christians too. They refused to leave unless we were provided for, and urged that we would only serve as a rallying point, and so bring about a greater massacre, whilst our continued presence drew more attention upon the Christians in general. Their statement we felt to be true, but the question was, How? and Where? That we could only leave to God, and our sole hope and trust were in Him.

The MS. ends here. I now quote from letters to the family written at the time.

Letters Returned.

Monday, June 11th.—Our letters, sent last Thursday, all came back from the Post Office on Sunday, the Boxers near Tientsin having refused the carrier leave to go through. Should we have to leave here, God will show us when and how, and point out to us the way and place of escape. If He means us to die for Him, which none of us as yet begin to feel likely—certainly A. and I have no premonitions—I think we shall be prepared to do so bravely and trustingly, but of course we don't anticipate such an end yet. The 91st Psalm has been a comfort to us the last few days, and we are seeking to "dwell in the secret place of the Most High." How fresh and new the Psalms are at a time like this?

A. and Miss Bartlett are the bravest of the brave, and give not the least sign of fear, though we tell them all. Thank God for a wife like mine, who really is a help and strength just when such help and strength is needed.

We are just waiting on God for guidance day by day, and He is sure to give it. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

But I mustn't write more. This letter has to go in the shoe sole of our messenger, so there won't be any too much room. It is very plucky of him to try and get through at all, and one doesn't want to add to his risks.

Miss Bartlett writes:—"That evening we had a group of Chinese in the compound. I was wheeling little baby Winifred round the garden in her perambulator, her Chinese nurse being too frightened to come out, and the dear little mite was innocently handing flowers to the company of Chinese who followed us! Even the most evil-looking among them could not help but smile at and talk to her, and some were evil-looking indeed."

Tuesday, June 12th.—All our Christians are provided for in some way or other now, thank God. The temperature is 101° in the shade, with a hot wind.

Forming Plans.

Liu Chih Ting, the richest Mohammedan here and owner of the bank, came again in the afternoon to discuss our escape with us. He came in a fine cart with beautiful mules. We showed him over the houses. He promises that four carts shall come to-night and a few soldiers. We are to escape to Chi Kou on the coast, sixty miles from here. The carts are to come for us about midnight.

Liu told us there are three thousand Boxers at a place about eight miles from here. The magistrate is trying to keep them back till we are gone. He says there are three million Boxers in these four provinces, and the Mandarins cannot control them. Strong

edicts are coming for protection of foreigners, Liu says, to all officers and yamens. (These were the edicts, altered in Peking from "exterminate" to "protect" the foreigners, for the alteration of which a high official in Peking risked, and actually lost, his life, but which were the means of saving many precious lives.)

Midnight Escape.

Here I quote from a letter of Mrs. Peill's, written on H.M.S. *Orlando*, off Taku, June 18th, 1900, very vividly describing the actual escape from Tsangchow, supplemented from notes written by Arthur at the time. The notes are in brackets.

We have been brought here in a most wonderful way. God has led us all along and given us strength to bear the strain. We left Tsangchow at 1.45 a.m. on the 13th June (Wednesday), dressed in Chinese clothes. The magistrate sent four hundred soldiers and one hundred outriders to take us safely to the camp, where he and his men were living.

The carts were promised for midnight, and we were sitting waiting for them to come for us (very trying to one's faith and nerves waiting, especially as it got on towards two o'clock in the morning), when in rushed a soldier with Chinese garments over his arm, beckoning to us to put them on as quickly as possible. He wouldn't speak a word for fear of the Boxers. He was sort of gasping with fear, and his eyes starting out of his head. (He had met Boxers on his way to us, and they had tried to prevent his coming.)

At last he said: "You must go now, at once. They are coming. Don't speak a word."

(We found A. in back verandah with baby; eider-down quilt over her, and looking like a mother hen brooding over her chicks. She told me not to forget the brown bag with baby's things in it.)

There were only two carts (the usual thing is one cart for each person), covered in Chinese fashion, so that at night you can be quite hidden, but in the day

one can be seen through the netting windows. Mr. M., Miss B., our helmets, Mr. M.'s bag of money and documents, were in one of the carts, with one of our boys on the shafts with the carter. Arthur, baby and I, and Mr. M.'s boy's wife, were in the other cart, with our other boy on the shafts with the carter. Oh, what a squash ! how cramped !

Arthur held my hand, and said : " Don't be frightened, little one, God will keep us safe, as He has done all along. Just ask Him to give you strength." I *did* pray, and felt relieved, and quietly strengthened ; for, remember, we were walking right into the Boxers' hands—we knew we were, for they were waiting for us at the ferry.

When we got safely to the magistrate, he was white with fear, and his carters did not want to go with us at all, nor did the soldiers either. It looked blue ; but we prayed on, and God put things right. We travelled all night, with an escort of soldiers on horseback, and all the next day till six o'clock in the evening, when we arrived at the Chi Kou forts on the coast.

(When we arrived at the camp, near the east gate of the city, we were shown into a small room, where were General Mei and the magistrate Shang, who were waiting for us : Mei green and ill-looking with terror, Shang rather nice looking. General Mei told us that his soldiers had just arrived that day, and had to go on to Hsien Hsien, but he had taken advantage of their presence to save us. Had they not been there, he said, he could have done nothing. The magistrate that very day had been obliged to set a notorious Boxer free, because the Boxers in large numbers had gathered in the yamen court and used threatening language. He had himself to take refuge in the camp. Good for us those orders from Government had come in, urging protection of foreigners, as Liu had told us in the afternoon ! While we were talking, a man came in to say that the Boxers were gathering, and we had better lose no time in getting off. We thanked the officials, and went off in the two carts, one of which was General

Mei's, and the other the magistrate's own. Both drivers were theirs too. We travelled quickly, with strong escort of horsemen, through the east gate towards Chi Kou. Fine animals, and fast pace. Started about 3 a.m.)

From Chinese Christians, who joined them at Chi Kou, they learned that, in nearly every place they had passed through on the way, the Boxers had been either just before or just after them, so that they had, as it were, "threaded their way between these Boxer bands." "This was none of man's guiding," says Miss B., "but the unseen hand of God, and the Lord going before us."

From Chi Kou we wrote a letter to one of the men-of-war, off the Taku forts, and got one of our servants and a soldier to take it in a small fishing boat. We waited at Chi Kou from Wednesday evening till Saturday morning. The Vice-Admiral sent a steam launch, which got in Friday night, but the tide was too low for boats to go to it or for it to come near. It was a joy to see that launch arrive! We got up at three o'clock next morning, and went off in a fishing boat. Oh, how relieved we were; for there were Boxers not a few in Chi Kou too.

On Board H.M.S. "Orlando."

Vice-Admiral Bruce ordered us on this ship, and every one has been most kind, although so busily occupied.

I should like to have a peep at Tsangchow now, and see what the Boxers have done there, especially to know how our Christians are getting on. We got them all away in twos and threes before we left, by boat, or donkey cart, or on foot, and, as far as we know, none of them have come to any harm. M. made up his mind that he would see them all safe away before he left, and I felt sure that God would arrange things so that he might have his heart's desire. Only two old Christians were there to see us off, and they were to leave directly we were gone. The last batch we got

away about 1.30 a.m., and the soldiers came for us ten minutes after.

At Wei Hai Wei.

Wei Hai Wei, June 26th.—We are here, by the mercy of God, and I am in charge of the Naval Sick Quarters, at a salary of £240 a year, terminating at a fortnight's notice on either side. I am the only doctor on the island, and feel it my duty to remain here, as things are at present, until God opens His mind to us with regard to the future. We expect a lot of wounded in from Taku in a day or two, and are making extensive preparations.

In England Once More.

The party remained at Wei Hai Wei till September. In the meantime troops had been arriving for the relief of the Legations at Peking, and the military authorities took over the base hospital at Wei Hai Wei. The country remained closed to foreigners, so they all came home, reaching England in safety on November 2nd, 1900.

The ten months in the homeland were mostly spent in Edinburgh. In addition to deputation work, Arthur took the opportunity to read up for, and pass with credit, his F.R.C.S. degree, his special subject for which was ophthalmology, eye diseases being so very common in China. In September, 1901, he returned to China, this time accompanied by his brother, Dr. E. J. Peill, who was appointed to Peking.

CHAPTER IV.

Revisiting Ruined Stations.

LETTER FROM TIENTSIN, JANUARY, 1902.

MY brother Ernest and I arrived safely in Tientsin on the 9th November, after a rather uneventful voyage.

Visit to Tsangchow.

M. and I set out on a tour to our district, Tsangchow, Yensan, Ching Yün and parts of a few more counties. We travelled in Chinese carts, and altogether did about 300 English miles, at an average rate of three or four miles an hour. We took a servant with us, and some foreign stores, but otherwise were quite "Chinesey," living in Chinese inns, which are simply mud-huts as a rule, and wearing Chinese sheep-skins, etc., etc.

One learns to excuse the Chinaman's dirt on a tour like this. Water is scarce and dirty, and fuel to heat it too expensive for the ordinary Chinese purse. Soap is almost unknown, and clean white towels are quite so. The dust is very abundant, and the weather very cold. No fires, except small charcoal-dishes, in shape not unlike an ordinary basin, in which glowing pieces of charcoal are placed. Paper windows with many holes, imperfectly fitting doors, cold mud floor and bare mud walls, combine to make one unwilling to remove one's clothes, and the bitter freezing cold of winter encourages folk to pile on all the clothes they have, and *keep* them on, dirty though they be. And yet it's wonderful how comfortably one can get along, in spite of all these drawbacks; and we had a most interesting and enjoyable trip.



[Photo by A. D. Peill.

Dinner-time. Workmen rebuilding the Hospital after the Boxer rising.



[Photo by Evan Bryant.

Religion and business at the temple of Tsangchow's city god.

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[Photo by F. Lenwood.]

In the Grain Market, Tsangchow.

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Hearty Welcome.

On nearing the city of Tsangchow, on our third day out from Tientsin, a further escort came out to meet us, in charge of the man who led our escort to Chi Kou on the coast last year, when we were escaping from the Boxers. He had been promoted in consequence, and is apparently full of goodwill to us. We were conducted to the nicest house in the city, belonging to the family of our last year's friend, Mr. Liu, who risked his own life on our behalf last year. There we were given a splendid feast, and the magistrate called on us and shared in the repast. I took a photo of the magistrate, M., Mr. Liu, and his brother (who speaks German and a little English), seated at table. We had knives and forks, table-cloth, etc., in proper foreign style, and cooking, etc., ditto. Our hosts were most friendly and cordial, and seemed really glad to get us back, though it is not easy to gauge their true thoughts upon the whole business. Anyway, they cordially hate the Boxer movement, and realize what folly it was, and how much trouble it has brought in its train.

A Pathetic Sight.

It was rather a pathetic business looking over our poor old ruins, and remembering our many happy associations therewith. Many of the walls are still standing, though some are cracked and will need to be pulled down. The roofs, floors, etc., are entirely gone. We had an even nearer shave last year than we had thought, if that be possible. The magistrate, Mr. Liu, and General Mei, whom we also saw and talked with several times, were all full of it, and expressed great surprise, as well as satisfaction, at our marvellous escape. General Mei said: "If it hadn't been for your Jesus you never could have escaped." As we were leaving, he put his hand on my shoulder, and said: "Don't you be troubled, you're bound to prosper, your Jesus is with you!"

A Desperate Pass Indeed.

It appears that in the evening, after Mr. Liu's afternoon visit to us to tell us of the preparations made for our escape, things had got so serious that no one dared to come to our aid. The Boxers were in possession of the city; the magistrate had been compelled for his own safety to flee to the soldiers' camp and leave the Yamen to the Boxers. Mr. Liu had very nearly been attacked on his way back from visiting us. The ferry was held by the Boxers, who were there awaiting the arrival of a great chief, who was expected that day from a place down the Grand Canal. The whole city swarmed with armed men and violent Boxers, and had this Chief, Wang Chi Chen, arrived up to time, we should, humanly speaking, have been beyond chance of rescue.

But the chief was delayed; a colonel called Yuan Shi Tan volunteered to lead the soldiers, who came to escort us across the ferry and through the city to the soldiers' camp; and we eventually crossed the ferry, in face of the waiting and irresolute Boxers, just three hours before their villainous leader arrived. With him came a horde of followers, and altogether the Boxers in the city and suburbs were estimated at 20,000 men!

For some days the magistrate, Gen. Mei, the soldiers, and all who were not heart and soul with the Boxers, were in grave danger. The Boxers had the favour of the Empress Dowager, and other of the highest authorities in the land; orders had come to aid them and kill the foreigners; the soldiers were afraid, because they, along with almost all the Chinese high and low, believed, to some extent at least, in the pretension of the Boxers to supernatural powers and invulnerability to bullets, etc. For days they swarmed in the streets, bragging and swaggering, while all who could flee fled, and the magistrate and General Mei, with their 500 soldiers, remained shut up in their camp. The Boxers demanded large sums of money from General Mei, and in other ways became so intolerable, that at last he decided to fight them whatever

came of it, as things looked as bad for him as they well could, the Boxers having a grudge against him for previous fights in which Boxers had been killed, and for aiding in our escape. So, asking for a brief delay till he could collect the money they demanded, he sent messages to a neighbouring General, General Fan, and asked him to come to his aid. This he at once did, and then unitedly they attacked the Boxers in the city streets, and killed hundreds of them there. Various other battles followed in places round about Tsangchow, and probably about two thousand Boxers were killed.

There were numerous interesting details of the fighting, which sounded more like the middle ages than the twentieth century, but I mustn't dilate on them here, or this letter will be far too long. Colonel Yuan greatly distinguished himself, and seems to have been in his element, slaughtering on all hands with his big sword. One blow of his split a Buddhist priest, who was leading some of the Boxers, from the crown of his head far down through his chest. We met him several times at Tsangchow, and it was most interesting listening to his graphic accounts of the fighting, while his vivid acting and gesticulation made all seem so real. I'm afraid he is not a very saintly character, but his fine brute courage and love of fighting stood us in good stead last year, and we owe him a debt of gratitude for coming to save us when no one else dared.

A Startling Coincidence.

At that time the great chief, Wang Chih Chen, escaped. But a strange thing happened whilst we were in Tsangchow. His head arrived from Paoting-fu the day after we did, and was stuck up for all to see at the ferry, where the Boxers were waiting for him that night of our escape. It is a strange coincidence, and the whole city regarded it as a heaven-sent punishment. He was caught in the mountains near Paoting-fu, in company with a wretched woman who posed among the Boxers as a "Living Buddha."

The interesting events of our trip are so many and varied that I almost despair of telling them, and hardly know where to begin and when to stop.

Recovered Treasures.

We got a few relics of our former possessions, *viz.*, M.'s syphon for making soda-water, seltzer, I think the right name is. Colonel Yuan brought it along one day, saying he'd got it from the big Boxer stronghold near Tsangchow. It was in perfect order.

It has been decided by Government that the Tsangchow College is to be central for the six neighbouring counties, each of which is to have a lower-grade College as well. Shang is most anxious that M. should help him, and has asked him to draw up a scheme of study, recommend text-books, etc. This is happening now all over the land, and the missionaries are being turned to, naturally, as the fittest and best leaders in the new development that must take place.

Our adventures last year have at least done one thing, they have advertised us, and I was known and called by name in every street I passed through. It looks as if there was going to be a boom in hospital work as soon as we can start again.

Yu Again.

A very interesting story was that told us by my old teacher Yu. He left us just a day or so before we left Tsangchow, at the repeated and urgent request of his old father. His home is about five miles from the city, in a village called the "Village of the Yu family." He had suffered a good deal of persecution from the other members of his family for Christ's sake, but they could say nothing against the patent fact that, from a poor opium sot he had been converted into a useful member of society, and this they all acknowledged. He had not been home very long before the Boxers came to kill him. He got his wife and others to kneel with him, and prayed to God for safety. He says, thereafter all fear left him, and he felt that if it were God's will to save him, he would not be found of

the Boxers, whether he stayed in his house or went out; whilst if it was God's will he should die, he could not in any way escape, and was ready to suffer for his Master.

Then when the Boxers were surrounding his house, he stepped out and walked boldly through the advancing crowd. Most were strangers and didn't know him, but one was a man whom he recognized as having been a patient at the hospital, and he expected nothing better than that this man would recognize him. But he didn't, or if he did he said nothing, and Yu got safely through to a river-bed near by, from whence he could watch proceedings. He saw a tumult, and thought it was his wife and child being killed, but found afterwards that it was a heathen man and woman, who had been killed in mistake for him and his wife.

After this, Yu set off for Tientsin, intending to join the other Christians there in the foreign concessions. But Tientsin was closely invested, and he could not pass the lines, so, to save his life, he had to enlist in the Chinese soldiery, and hoped against hope that he might not be opposed to the English. This was just before the attack on the native city, and to his dismay he found himself fighting the Sikhs and other Indian troops. His astonishment at their courage and dash was very amusing, for he, along with many more of the Chinese, look upon the black men more as fiends or ogres than as men like themselves. He says they cared nothing for ditches or water, or reeds or bullets, but came on with a fierce delight on their faces that to the Chinese in front of them seemed more than human. So they broke and fled.

Thereafter Yu returned to Tsangchow, where the Boxers had now been defeated and dispersed. Thence he went off further down the canal, and fought against the Boxers there in several sanguinary fights, though the losses were nearly all amongst the Boxers; then he returned again to Tsangchow, and was there when the Germans came.

Conduct of Christians.

Over 230 of our Christians were cruelly slain, and then the tide turned, and our Christians had the upper hand to some extent over the still unpunished murderers of their nearest and dearest. But not one Boxer suffered death, or even injury, at the hand of our Christians, except in cases, where, like Yu, they joined the regular soldiery in legally resisting and putting down the Boxers. The spirit of many may be expressed in the simple words that I heard from the lips of one old man at Tsangchow, who had suffered much for his faith. He said he didn't know much about Christianity, but as he understood it, it is a religion of long-suffering under oppression and wrong. Jesus endured suffering much worse than any we can have to bear, and not only bore it patiently Himself, but taught His twelve disciples to do so likewise, and we are to follow Him and not bear enmity. He was a poor ignorant old chap, but he'd imbibed a good deal of the spirit of Christ when he could suffer and speak of it like that.

Massacre at Yensan.

It was in Yensan that the Christians suffered so terribly, over 200 being killed in Yensan city and county alone.

We went over the desolate ruins of our compound there, and saw the place at the gate where our fine old preacher Shao was killed, along with a few more of our Christian helpers. Their mangled bodies were thrown on to the flames of the burning buildings, and the unconsumed remains buried in the city well near by. This has since been repaired, so there is no telling where their bones now lie.

We also visited the public execution ground for criminals, where forty of our Christians, if not more, were most cruelly done to death. Some were cut to little pieces for fear of their rising from the dead, and the pieces thrown on to fires lit for the purpose, the ashes being taken and thrown into the air.

Marvellous Escapes.

One poor fellow told me that by day he lay in a shallow ditch, with the sun shining full on him out of a cloudless sky, whilst bands of Boxers paraded his village, and to be found would have meant certain death. At night he managed to get a little food and water, but at times he felt, while lying in that ditch, that even a horribly cruel death would be better than the agony he had to endure through the day. The Boxers were so universal in the district that it was extremely difficult to escape from the disturbed area, especially as every traveller was open to suspicion. Three things helped to save them: First, the great height of the summer crops, sorghum or tall millet, which enabled people to get about without being seen from a distance as they otherwise would have been on so flat a plain; second, the proximity of the Shantung border, as in that province Yuan Shih Kai was keeping the movement in check; and third, the defeat and scattering of the Boxers in that district by General Mei and his soldiers, and by the Mohammedans, who had had good cause to hate the Boxers, and who wreaked a terrible revenge upon them for their brutal massacres of unprepared Mohammedan villagers.

One man got into an empty coffin, in which there was a hole which let in air. It was in a room in his house, and he lay there a whole day, while the Boxers came in and looked everywhere else on purpose to find him. He got away by night.

Another man dreamt that a voice spoke to him, telling him to get up and flee. He got up, but no one was in the room, so he slept again. The voice came again with the same result. At the third time he became alarmed, and, getting up and away in the dark, he succeeded in getting through the Boxers, who he afterwards found were already surrounding his place. Others were killed there next day, and he was a special object of the Boxers' search. Like many more of our younger men he joined Yuan Shih Kai's soldiers, and, again like several others, he was soon promoted to a

minor command of some sort. Nearly all our men who became soldiers thereabouts seem to have rapidly reached positions of trust and some little authority.

One of our bigger school boys, when the Boxers came to his village, got up into a big tree and saw the wretches searching for him round about, though they never looked up where he was perched, only partially screened from their view.

Only one other, out of several of our best boys, escaped from the massacre in that village. He was only a young boy, but when the Boxers came he had the sense and courage to march boldly out into their midst, take hold of the bridle of a chief's horse, lead it about for him, and eventually get taken on as his horse-boy, without any questions asked.

One poor chap spent weeks in a kang, or brick bed, being built in and having only the flue for ventilation, light, and the obtaining of food and water. Awful ! Fancy life in a place like that, only about two-and-a-half feet high, in the heat of summer, say over 90° F. in the shade !

Courage of Martyrs.

Our courier, a fine little man called Fan, who had carried our letters between Yensan, Tsangchow and Tientsin for a long time back, and who was the soul of thoroughness, loyalty and honesty, was one of the heroes. He was remarkable for his freedom from the national characteristic of money-loving, and has often refused extra pay and "tips" on the score that he had done nothing to deserve them, and didn't need them: in his case a final refusal and not merely politeness. He was caught and placed in a deep hole, dug for the purpose, standing upright, but with his head below the level of the surrounding field. Earth was filled in up to his knees, and he was asked to recant, but refused; then to his hips, but he still refused; then to his chin, and a last offer made of life and liberty if he would deny His Master. The brave fellow again refused, and was thereupon buried alive.

I saw his wife and little boy, a jolly wee chap, only the other week. She is quite a superior sort of woman, and is very plucky about her loss.

Our old Yensan gate-keeper was another whose death-story has been ascertained. He was an ugly, strange looking mortal, and one wouldn't have expected him to show up as he did. The Boxers told him to sing, and let them hear his skill at it, and there, with the Boxers sword in hand standing round, he started cheerily in his none too tuneful voice, though tuneful in Heaven's ear then, to sing: "He leadeth me; He leadeth me." They applauded, and told him to go ahead again, so he sang: "Heaven is my home," to the air of "Home Sweet Home." Just think of the wonderful strangeness of it all, and the nearness at that moment, in this far-off Chinese town, of the sweetness of Heaven and the boundless darkness and cruelty of Hell! He sang brightly to the end, and after a round of applause, they did their worst; but it was a lamentable failure from their point of view, if they had only understood, wasn't it? They simply sent him into the presence of his waiting Lord, to receive the "Well done" that would gladden his soul for ever.

A young and pretty schoolgirl had a somewhat similar end. The Boxers in the district where she was living with her mother were massacring the Christians there, and amongst others seized her mother and herself. Whilst negotiations of some kind were going on for ransoming some of the family, the mother and daughter got away a little, but were soon noticed and pursued. The mother was speedily overtaken and killed; but the girl got a bit further before she too was caught up. Facing her pursuers boldly, she said: "You can kill me, if you like, but first let me sing and pray." In this, for some strange reason, they humoured her, and she sang a hymn which is only recorded in Heaven, and then knelt down to pray. Probably while praying they fell on her and killed her.

Our young Tsangchow preacher was another victim. He was seized in a distant city by men who had heard he was a preacher of the Gospel. This he did not attempt to deny, but stood boldly for his faith. They cut off his ear, and said mockingly: "Are you still a preacher now?" "Yes," he said, "I am. I'll preach to you if you'll listen." But they wouldn't wait for more, and killed him on the spot.

Another man in Yensan, a colporteur, also preached boldly to the end, even to the very men who were slashing him with their swords.

But I think the case that appealed to me most was that of a bright-faced, pretty young woman, who had been married, just before the troubles, into a family which went over to the Boxers, as a whole and enthusiastically. She had been betrothed to this Boxer husband, as he afterwards became, ever since her infancy. We don't interfere in these national and family customs, even in cases like this; so, although she was one of the brightest and most hopeful school-girls, she was married away into this heathen family, as long before arranged. Last year her sufferings can only be imagined. Her husband treated her vilely, and threatened often to kill her, and she rather wished he would. The whole family took a delight in persecuting her, and she was the only Christian in the village. They tried to take her books away, but she threatened suicide, and they had only too much cause to fear it was not idle talk. She kept her hymn-book and testament therefore, and found much comfort therein. It made me wonder whether I valued mine enough, and my liberty to read it when and how I liked. After the troubles were over, she came to stay in Yensan with her mother for a while, but was very soon to return to her heathen home again. She was brave and bright about it, trusting in God to help her, but it made one's heart ache to look at her, and to think of all she had before her, and she alone and unaided so far as fellow-Christians were concerned.

Intercourse with Europeans.

Two French soldiers, one of them converted through my mother in Madagascar, and the other interested, come to see us pretty regularly. They think a lot of father and mother. A Protestant German soldier also comes, so I hope to learn some French and German as well. I give the German half an hour four times a week, and he gives me half an hour. The Germans are surveying all over Southern Chili, and Northern Shangtung, and making elaborate maps. They are spending vast sums at Kiaochow. It looks as though they may eventually seek to possess the land, in which case a little German would come in very useful.

CHAPTER V.

The Story of 1902.

BEFORE coming to China I was under the impression that life in this country would be monotonous. The strange delusion was short-lived, however, and the events of the past year have not tended to revive it. It is six years now since I set foot in the flowery land, and certainly dull monotony has not been one of my few missionary hardships.

Rebuilding.

So frequent and rapid have been the changes in the surroundings and circumstances of the Tsangchow staff during the last year that the mere adaptation of ourselves to our environment has taken up a lot of time. Never before have we come into such close and intimate contact with Chinese officialdom and its methods. Our wits have been sharpened, our experience widened, our patience has had plenty of healthy exercise, and our gastric functions have triumphed, after severe and prolonged conflict, over extraordinary quantities of edible curiosities. It has been our irritating lot to learn for ourselves the truth that "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." Not that we were altogether ignorant of their devices; but in such a morass of lies, deceit and cunning, it was necessary to pick our steps, and suffer seeming loss, rather than with avenging feet to follow into the mire our would-be friendly foes.

This account is far too brief to give any adequate idea of what this year has meant to us in the way of involved calculations, wearisome wrangling, sun-baked overseeing, travelling, perspiration and platitudes; yet nothing more is needed, for it is all over,

these troublesome details have faded into oblivion, and we are left with only the solid satisfaction of buildings erected and valuable experience gained.

In the summer there was a fairly active medical work carried on in our former temporary quarters, and quite a number of serious operations undertaken. But that, too, had to go as rebuilding intricacies became more engrossing.

Interesting Cases.

The plan of charging a small fee in every case, except the most destitute, has been strictly adhered to, and the amounts so collected have been useful in helping to meet current hospital expenses.

Triumphant Return to Tsangchow.

The great event of the autumn was the triumphant return to our long lost homes of the entire Tsangchow staff. We left them in June, 1900, four adults, and a child, fleeing by night through the midst of foes, and leaving all behind us. We came back to their restored and welcome shelter on a beautiful day in November, 1902, seven adults and four children, with a whole city-full of professing well-wishers, not to mention the countryside. *That* past now seems like an evil dream, and it is hard to reconcile it with *this* present. Only the gaps in the church remain to bring back the memory of its woes, but those reminders are with us yet, for the gaps are hard to fill.

Cholera.

Any report of the past year in North China must take account of the cholera ; for that terrible scourge devastated city after city, and village after village was left mourning in its wake. In a neighbouring sub-prefecture it laid low ten thousand people, and for months, wherever we went, we found the people benumbed and awestruck in its presence. In many quarters it was taken as a punishment from Heaven for the sins of the Boxer year.

It was freely spoken of in the Yensan district as a

great act of justice upon the murderers of the martyrs ; and by most of the Christians themselves it was regarded with satisfaction as a baring of God's arm for vengeance, after both Europe and China had signally failed to right their wrongs and avenge the spilt blood of their dearest and best. It was very generally noticed that almost none of the Christians suffered, and that the disease was most fatal in notorious Boxer centres. This we repeatedly heard remarked upon by men from widely separated districts.

Acting the Choir-master.

Just before Christmas I spent a day or two in an out-station to the west of Tsangchow, called Niu Chu Shih. Here about forty Christians from eleven different villages had gathered for a Christmas service and tea-meeting. They were mostly very ignorant, but anxious to learn, and would sing hymns and listen to instruction far on into the night, not only on Sundays, but every other day of the week also. Having spent some time one night in teaching them hymns, I had left them for a little rest, but through the curtained doorway heard them practising a well-known favourite, and torturing the tune to a degree that soon made rest impossible. They knew it was not right, but agreed with one who said : " Never mind, we'll all sing wrong alike, then it would not sound so bad, and, when someone comes who can teach us, we'll learn how to sing it properly." Of course I had to go out and put them right, but the unconscious pathos of that remark has sometimes set me thinking since, because we have so many would-be Christians just in that same condition, unable to teach themselves and correct their own mistakes, but willing to be taught and glad to welcome any who will show them a better way.

CHAPTER VI.

A Great Day in Tsangchow.

THE OPENING OF THE ROBERTS' MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.

ONE of our guests said it was the biggest function he had ever witnessed in the city, and we felt quite disposed to believe him. It was even said that a larger crowd gathered to the opening of the hospital than had gathered to its sacking and destruction, and this may well be so.

A Great Change.

God, no doubt, saved us then in order that we might be present now, and so have this fine opportunity of seeing how even Boxerism is but one of the "all things" that work for good to the people of God. Without taking too literally the statement of a Mohammedan, who called the other day and gave it as his opinion that, of the crowd who came to the opening, nine-tenths were Boxers in 1900, we may well believe that, of the spectators in particular, the great majority were also present in that capacity when our buildings were destroyed. And yet now it would be sheer prejudice and folly to disbelieve entirely in their protestations of admiration and friendship, and their tokens of goodwill, though it is easy enough of course to make too much of them.

Preparations.

Be all this however as it may, we had a great time on that 16th February, 1903, when the rebuilt Roberts' Memorial Hospital started at last on its work of mercy. For days before our helpers had been busy preparing for the great event. Forms and chairs, tables and teapots, ornaments, lanterns and many things beside had to be borrowed for the occasion, to say nought of the full-dress garments donned for

the day by our band of helpers. Like the Egyptians of old the lenders lent readily, and we only needed to ask to have our needs supplied.

An hour or two before noon the chief guests began to arrive, and amid the hum and bustle of fast-gathering crowds of spectators, the noise of Chinese music, the brazen bray of the General's "foreign" band, the constant rattle of crackers, and the dust from ten thousand feet, M. and I stood for hours to receive a never-ending stream of visitors, and bent our British backbones as neatly as we could in response to the graceful undulations of group after group of well-wishers.

Various Classes Represented.

All classes were represented in those throngs that gathered to do us honour. The civil officials were headed by the magistrate himself, who laughingly "opened" the big front door of the waiting-room with a key handed to him for the purpose. The military officials were there, led by the General in person. The Manchu garrison and colony were also represented, and its Commandant was perhaps the most demonstrative of our many friends that day. The gentry of the city were present in full force, and celebrated the occasion by bringing a huge tablet upon which was engraved the new name by which they have chosen to designate us, and by which our compound here is in future to be known. The name is "Le Shan Yuan," and may be translated into English as: "The compound of those who delight to do good," a name eminently suitable and proper for a Christian mission station, but one that needs a lot of living up to if it is not to be said with a sneer. This tablet now adorns our big north gate.

But the guests we were most delighted to see and entertain were the middle class folk of the city and district, whom it is so important and difficult to reach and enlighten under ordinary circumstances. And of these there were hundreds and hundreds, the humbler *litterati*, the shopkeepers, bankers, well-to-do farmers, village elders and headmen of village groups from all

the countryside. There were also city gentry from Yensan, the Ahungs, or priests of the Mohammedan mosques, the chief and staff of the local vegetarians, the education officials of the city, as well as former patients and other humble friends, who squeezed through the crush, as they found opportunity, to present their congratulations face to face. Even the very beggars had clubbed together to bring a token of their goodwill, led by their interesting chief, whose life has more than once been prolonged through our medical work here in Tsangchow. No doubt the gift received in return would more than pay their expenses, but we did not feel inclined just then to criticize too severely.

The walls were gay with hangings long before the festivities closed—men's waiting-room, eye ward, big ward, special surgical ward and dressing-room being hung all round with silks and satins, red cloth, and scrolls inscribed with gilded characters in phrases gilded too. The magistrate's tablet for the big hospital gate is a real work of art, and its inscription may perhaps be best translated as : "Benevolence, equal and universal."

Altogether we received twelve tablets, about sixty large hangings, a number of scrolls and quantities of food, the last being all used up in the course of the festivities.

The Address.

One of our Chinese helpers read a short address, formally acknowledging all the kindness shown to us and returning appropriate thanks, and then going on to show how originally God made of one family all the dwellers upon earth ; how we had become divided by language, race and climate, prejudice, suspicion, and many a thing beside ; and how we were only now beginning to be united again. This union was the result of Christianity, with its teaching of our common God and Father, our common human need, and our common Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Our work here was to make these facts known, and so to further the

The Beloved Physician

glory of God, the salvation of men, and the knitting of all mankind in common bonds of brotherhood and love.

This address was exceedingly well received, and elicited favourable comments in many quarters. Needless to say it was M.'s idea, and I should like just here to acknowledge how greatly the hospital is indebted to his practical wisdom and labour of love for its present state of effectiveness.

A Growing Work.

This great function, and its widespread fame, have brought us prominently before the public of a district the size of Wales, in which this is the only hospital. Our work increases day by day, and our staff is too small to cope with it effectually. We have forty-five beds for in-patients, and have had them all full, and patients sleeping on the floor as well. We did fifty operations in the first three weeks.

With no desire whatever, since all is so important, to minimize the need in other places, it is only right that the Board should realize that they now have a hospital in Tsangchow as large as any they have yet had in North China, with opportunities before it at least as great as any to be found elsewhere. This is of God and not of man, and it is first and last to Him that we look for all needed supplies in staff and funds. Thanks be to Him for all His goodness ! ”

The Women's Hospital.

It is interesting to note how the women's hospital flourishes. The money for this has been collected by Mrs. A. D. Peill, and she hopes to be able to build a larger one as soon as it seems likely that our staff can overtake the work. At present we all have our hands entirely full. There are ten beds for women, and more than twice that number might be taken in had we accommodation and workers enough. These ten beds are constantly full, and increasing numbers of women come freely as out-patients.

God is indeed with us ; there is no doubt of that.

CHAPTER VII.

The Story of 1903.

Patients Treated.

The only hospital in an area the size of Wales, our scope has not been small. Disease in its protean forms reckes no more of caste and creed here than it does in other places. City and hamlet, mansion and hovel, own its fell sway in Tsangchow too. So the general comes for treatment for his ear, and sends an officer to the wards with malaria, and a couple of privates to be cured of bullet-wounds.

A Mohammedan nabob brings a wife with indigestion, and a deaf friend, who proves to be a eunuch from the palace in Peking. A colonel of troops quartered near us adopts this as his regimental hospital, and the doctor as physician to his home. A queer old Manchu mandarin, a bit of a quack himself, asks for cures for headache and earache, and a preventive of boils, and sends two little empty bottles for other useful drugs. The gentry in the city are besieged by acquaintances for unnecessary introductions to their friend the doctor, and are thus continually being reminded of our work and brought into contact at first-hand with the results. A prominent banker has a child with hare-lip; the leading pawnbrokers have defective eyesight and want spectacles; their head clerk has a cataract; the Mohammedans are always fighting, and their wounded are brought here; well-to-do homes see dark clouds of trouble lift with the saving of an opium suicide; a traveller from Manchuria, returning from work on the railway, falls seriously ill on the road, and is glad to be taken in and cared for till strong enough to resume his journey; pitiful wrecks of humanity haunt the hospital gate, and are sometimes greatly the better

for food and clothes, treatment and teaching received within its walls ; a notorious robber comes under good influence while seeking to " lie low " under our wing ; runaway carts and badly fractured limbs end in weeks of unexpected instruction for two respectable old farmers ; and a bullet from the rifle of a Manchurian brigand results, after many months, in special opportunities of Bible study for a proud Confucian scholar.

Indispensable to the Magistrate.

To the Yamen and the magistrate we are fast becoming indispensable. Cases of assault and battery, of terrible injury inflicted in fits of unreasoning fury, of brothers mutually slashed in order to bring trouble on a third man at whose door their wounds are laid, these, and such as these, involve a county magistrate in a maze of anxiety and trouble in a country where crime and violence are attributed to *his* incompetence, and made a pretext, if not for his removal, then at least for extorting a bribe. A few deaths may well spell ruin, and he welcomes the institution which tends to minimize his risks, and feels grateful when he sees, restored to ruddy health, a man upon whose gaping wounds, not many weeks before, he had gazed with somewhat gloomy apprehension.

From a Dozen Counties.

The patients in general come from a dozen counties, with stray cases from perhaps as many more.

Opportunities like these mean responsibility, and of many crowding questions there are two that demand reply.

(1) What have we stood for to all these folk ?

What we Have Stood For.

It gladdens one's heart to answer that we have stood for Jesus Christ, and for the truth and beauty of His religion.

One man notices the harmony and cheery mutual helpfulness of the entire hospital staff, and makes a mental note of the difference between this and the

state of things in the large business with which he is connected. He is struck by the way we pray, and starts doing so himself, morning, noon and night.

A friendly magnate from the city brings a nephew of Chang Chih Tung to call. In the course of a look round the hospital and a visit to the wards, one notices their use of medicinal snuff, and a disinclination to breathe whilst in sight of the bandaged inmates. "Are you not afraid of falling sick yourself?" they ask. "Isn't it infectious?" "I'd like to see a whole day's work," says one, "but wouldn't I run a risk?" "Risk or no risk, this foreigner runs it here and thus for the sake of Jesus Christ." "What is this religion of Jesus that brings an utter stranger to tend the sick and suffering, whom we ourselves, their countrymen, neglect without a thought?" That question is not asked in words as yet, but a seed has been sown, and God is the husbandman.

A beggar, exhausted with dysentery, lies down beside the road to curl up and die like a dog. The chief thought of his "neighbour," upon whose land he lies, is to hustle him somewhere else before his breath is gone, so that another than he may incur the burial expenses and pay the "squeeze" extorted by the local constable. *This* little wavelet from the sea of China's misery has washed up, however, by a lighthouse. Kind hands carry the poor wastrel in, and his last hours pass in peace. There is no unseemly strife over *his* quiet burial, and to some of those who talk it over afterwards, even a beggar has become, to some extent, a brother for whom Christ died.

In opposition to the widespread ideas of foreign immorality has been established surprising confidence in our work for the gentler sex, and the readiness shown by respectable women to come as in-patients, and undergo even severe operations, has been one of the most hopeful and encouraging features of our work.

Few things help so quickly to break down prejudice, and start men talking soul to soul, as a surgical deliverance from loathsome disease when accompanied by

kindly interest and attention. One old man with early cancer of a long loose under-lip, arrived one day by appointment just as all had been prepared. He took chloroform easily and suffered no discomfort on awaking, so that, within perhaps an hour of arrival, he was sitting up on his bed in the ward examining his somewhat tight but comely lip. "Well," said he, in complete bewilderment, "that man must really be a god. I only came here a little while ago, and here I am already as good as cured, nor have I even felt a single twinge."

He listened gladly to the preaching whilst his sewn lip healed together, and in a few days left for his village, but with new thoughts, both of the True God who is a Spirit, and of the way in which He must be worshipped by those who seek His face.

A poor young fellow, almost friendless, and far from home, needed constant attention when he developed violent fever in addition to a surgical complaint. One night, as, whilst the others slept, his uneasy, aching limbs were being sponged, he said, with tears in his eyes, that no one had ever cared like that for him before, and in broken accents went on to say that he believed in Jesus and knew He must be good.

(2) Are there signs that our work is not vain ?

Signs that our Work is not Vain.

It is cheering to have found at least some, though we know there are many others that the future will yet reveal.

We are slow to baptize inquirers, and in this matter the hospital is no exception to the other branches of the mission. But one man, who had been in an extra long time, was baptized at Christmas-time, and a good few more may be looked on as hopeful inquirers, as well as several women.

Much good work has been done in teaching the patients to read, and as the book used is the catechism, frequent opportunities arise for explaining the Gospel. Many patients leave with a fair working knowledge of

the elements of Christianity, whilst many more can repeat from memory a varying number of its pages. There can be no doubt as to the genuineness of much of the interest awakened, and we badly need efficient means of following up the good work thus begun.

An old lady, who had been blind for twenty years, started pummelling those about her when she found her sight restored, out of sheer and otherwise inexpressible delight.

A small boy with stone in the bladder was relieved, by its removal, from intense and daily agony, and his poor mother, whose soul had for years been thereby tortured, had no words to express her thanks.

There is surely encouragement also in the proofs given during the year by the officials and gentry of Tsangchow of their friendship and appreciation. And among them we think especially of the late magistrate, Ming Ya Lao Yeh.

His recent and sudden death came as a blow to us all, and we joined the gentry of the city with genuine sympathy in paying tribute to his memory.

We know, on the best authority, that this man repeatedly and emphatically commended ourselves, our work, and our religion to the crowds who attended his courts, and that he exhorted the gentry to keep up our mutual good relations, and to see that they helped us all they could, as our presence in Tsangchow was for the good of the city, and our work deserved support.

Not long before his death he spoke of instituting a subscription list on our behalf, which suggestion has not been forgotten, but seems likely to bring us welcome help before many months are over.

One day last summer a man came hurriedly to tell me that the magistrate had arrived and was looking over the hospital. He had come without any ceremony, and was in the wards and speaking to the patients before any of the helpers knew it. He told one of the better-class patients that he ought to give a good subscription to our funds, and was apparently

pleased with his inspection, as he was most cordial in his appreciation, and the same day sent four sacks of millet to be used as we thought best.

On another occasion he sent twenty taels of silver (£2 10s.), and he undertook to be responsible for the death of any paupers who might come to us in desperate or moribund condition.

When cholera was threatening, he came to ask our help, and wanted information concerning simple rules and remedies, which he might publish widely through the district.

Quite recently a neighbouring county magistrate has expressed a desire that we should start both school and dispensary work in his city also ; and it is not difficult to trace the source of his information.

A Drop in a Bucket.

But, when all is said and done as to the work of the hospital in Tsangchow, one is only too painfully aware that our work, in proportion to the need, is much less than a drop in a bucket.

Vast areas are scarcely touched though within a half-days journey, and other means must be used if they are to be reached.

A journey to our southern counties before the hospital was opened both showed us what might be done and to some extent how to do it.

A little feeble dabbling by untrained but earnest evangelists has met with such success, both medically and otherwise, as to make us long more than ever for an itinerating and branch-dispensary system, but the inexorable demands of the hospital have tied us tightly down.

The need is as vast as China, the opportunities as numerous as her people, but, until a medical colleague is forthcoming, we are tied hand and foot to our base.

CHAPTER VIII.

Letter Written in 1904.

The Compound.

HERE we are, a little company of Britons, occupying a group of buildings enclosed with a compound, from which some of us at least hardly stir from one week's end to another. Within these walls are houses, garden, hospital, chapel, stables, carpenters' shop, girls' school, servants' room, workers' rooms, wells for water, tennis court, and other things too numerous to mention.

To it come Christians from the out-stations, and to attend the various services, scholars for the school, patients for the hospital, teachers for the language, learners, sellers of cloth and plants and flour, and would-be contractors for buildings and bricks, as well as officials and city folk coming to visit, or bringing their visitors to have a look round.

Within this charmed enclosure we find most of our recreation: the cycle track is a path round the front garden, our tennis-court a well-made threshing floor, trees do as targets for a Chinese bow and arrows, and the houses are convenient goal posts for the football when one wants a little exercise in winter.

In fact, it's really wonderful what a lot of interest can be found in this place, and one only hopes the coolies may find their compound as interesting in South Africa, though I fear they hardly will.

Win and Dorothy find the compound a garden of delights. Here they dig their heap of sand, pull about or are pulled by refractory sheep and lambs, bury their poor dead chicks, find food for their rabbits, fraternize with the cowmen, help mother to pick the

flowers, try to keep away from the well, and, when Uncle Ernie comes, are borne round in happy triumph on his bike.

I mentioned their sheep and lambs, and thereby hangs a tale, perhaps I should say hang tails, though certainly not taels. Dorothy was passionately devoted to those lambs, and prayed for them every night: "O Lord," she was heard to say, "do bless them and keep them safe. Peep round the corner, Lord, and see that they're all right; they're in beside the carriages."

Not long after, the cowman brought a second sheep along, which Dorothy soon included in her petitions, feeling sad that it was lambless and forlorn. So she asked that it might "have two wee lambs, like Gipsy" (the other sheep), and sure enough, when she went out in the morning the queer little lambs had come, to her own and Win's unspeakable delight. But when she thought next of the monkey, and prayed for two babies for it, the monkeys didn't come.

Her heart was so filled with the lambs though that she soon got over that, and perhaps the monkey wasn't so lonely after all. They are a bright, happy little couple, my two small daughters (now respectively five and three), and they fill the house with interest and sunshine. But it's only fair that little Win should have a line as well.

A few days before Messrs. Cousins and Bolton reached us in the course of their tour, Mr. M. was hurrying on some building to be used for the accommodation of Christians from out-stations. He spoke in simple language, adapting his explanations to her limited capacity, whilst he told of the gentlemen who had come across the sea and would soon be here, etc. "Oh," said Win, "*we* call them the Deputation!"

At present I am here alone as regard the foreign staff, the rest being at Peitaiho, by the sea. We took the ladies and children there when we went to Tientsin in June to attend the Annual Meetings. M. and I returned thereafter, but he has since been ill,

and I was glad to get him away from here for a thorough rest and change. Malaria and dysentery were the final agents in his breakdown, but he has not been his usual self for months. It doesn't pay to keep stations undermanned, and the best men are the ones who suffer most thereby.

Chinese Callers and Chinese New Year.

Chinese New Year brings a break in our usual routine which is always looked forward to with pleasure. This year it fell in the middle of February, and was more than ordinarily welcome, because it brought my brother and his wife on a visit to us from Chichou. They travelled by cart, the canal being frozen, and it was good to see them again. The days just after the first of the month are busy days in China. Calls and callers are the order of the day, and one must be prepared to do nothing else for almost an entire week. On New Year's Day itself come the servants, the workers about the compound, hospital staff patients, and batches of neighbouring Christians, who solemnly ask for each of the family, and solemnly bow to each in turn, saying: "New happiness, new happiness." The recipient bows in reply, and wishes: "The same to you," whilst the babies look in in great surprise, and wonder whatever's up.

Then, on the second, begins the official calling. All day long, carts come rumbling at intervals through the gate; big red cards are sent before them; and in robes of fur and satin, which make our clothes look poor, city dignitaries are ushered in, and the smiling and bowing begins. We bow, too, and wish them happiness, wrangle politely over seats, pour out tea mid protestations, urge to cake and sugared biscuits, and after a little talk on current topics, a sip of tea, and further bows, we escort our caller to his chariot, whilst he seeks to turn us back from every door.

It is all very interesting at first, and one sometimes gets a chance to sow a seed, but after some days it palls upon one very badly, especially as we have to

receive each guest in our great coats and fur caps as a kind of concession to their inborn, and quite intelligible idea that short and tight clothes are disrespectful, since to them they mean undress, whilst calling rig should be full-dress, parade.

As I say, it gets monotonous, and as one cannot settle to any steady work, it is not surprising that when, after many calls, B. had delightedly taken off his outdoor garments and settled in an easy-chair to read, my mischievous young brother should alter his voice, and in loud Chinesey tones, in the adjoining guest-room, ask, as guests sometimes *did* ask, for our colleague. When one thinks of the book and pipe once more wearily laid aside, and of smile and warpaint donned again at this further call of duty, it seems natural that jeers and derision should end in a tussle on the floor, and one is only thankful that all was straight again by the time the next friend called. You see, we're youngsters still, in heart, though I *am* thirty now.

But we also go and call ourselves ; and that, is perhaps, more interesting.

For instance, a new Manchu commandant has come, ignorant, bigoted and stiff. But he finds we are in good odour here, and receives us politely when we call. One day, in conversation, M. was speaking of the treatment of the wounded and non-combatants in war, and showing how the Chinese suffered by not conforming to international usage in this respect, *e.g.*, in 1900. He said that some of the Chinese officials hadn't even a glimmering of light on the question, and instanced how, during the China-Japan war in 1895, whilst helping to organize Red Cross work, he had had occasion to interview the then Tientsin Taotai on the subject.

He had explained to that able worthy, who is now one of China's most prominent men, that the object in view was to succour the Chinese wounded, when his hearer burst in with the surprised inquiry : " Why, but of what use are the wounded ? They can't fight." (Implied : " Let them die.") " Yes, of course,"

assented our Manchu : " what use are they, anyway ? " So the wind was taken clean out of M.'s sails for the moment, as he'd expected a very different answer, from brain, if not from heart.

When the old gentleman returned our call, I was careful to show him round the hospital ; and I think he was impressed. Anyway, he showed up well over the deputation's send-off.

Since the foolishness of 1900, Buddhism in this region has remarkably declined. In recent journeys M. has seen fine temples in decay, and even being pulled to pieces, and their bricks and stones built into private houses. It is rare to see a well-kept temple, and even priests are scarce.

One of our preachers, returning from a great annual temple fair, which has been the head-quarters of the incense trade in this region for many years, reports the general conviction that both trade and fair are dwindling, and though he still saw many signs of superstition, yet devotees were said to be fewer every year.

Men went about there on hands and knees, with saddles and bridles, like donkeys, or cut pieces out of their thighs as large as the palm of one's hand, quite regardless of streaming blood. Some of these were under vows in regard to a parent's illness, and did it to get them cured. Some were bumping their heads on the ground at every pace they went ; others at every ten, with a man to mark the intervals. But even in this stronghold of rampant Buddhism there was interest in Christianity.

Bits of Biography.

One old lady in particular was an interesting case *à propos* of this whole question. She was formerly a keen devotee, and had a name for sanctity in the neighbourhood, so much so, indeed, that she has fifty to sixty women disciples.

Our preacher found this lady a most intelligent inquirer after the truth. She had read almost the whole of the Bible, in which she was deeply interested,

and asked for further instruction. She was also teaching what she had learnt, to her disciples, who spoke of following her if she became a Christian.

The preacher, who is apt to look too much on the dark side of Chinese character, was impressed with her sincerity, and is very hopeful about her. But we ought to have someone to send there, and we haven't a worker to spare.

It is most interesting to trace the histories of some of these Chinese Christians, even of those who, as they come and go in the compound, seem the embodiment of uneventful commonplace.

Take for instance our present gatekeeper. He is the man who, in 1900, whilst still a heathen and with everything to lose, bravely took a whole Christian family into his own home for shelter and kept them there through a period of extreme peril, telling his neighbours, who urged and threatened, that he would rather die with these Christians than drive them out. One of those so rescued was the preacher mentioned above, and another is now one of my students in the hospital. After the storm was over the old man became an inquirer, found a Saviour, Who, in turn, rescued him, and has since so "adorned the doctrine," that when a gatekeeper was wanted for this "Compound of those who delight to do good" (the name chosen for us by the city gentry), he was chosen, and is proving not unworthy.

Our chapel-keeper in the city heard the Gospel first from Gilmour, whom he met, while on a journey, in Peking. But his business demanded constant travel from place to place and province to province, so that he never saw Gilmour again. But he never forgot what Gilmour told him, and looked for years for another to teach him, till at last he found us here in Tsangchow, came regularly to the services, became an earnest Christian, and is doing really well.

His one desire was that his children and wife might be Christians too, and when the last left out, his youngest daughter, seemed slow in coming in, he was

impatient enough to give her a beating to make her hurry up! You see there is a humorous side to our work, as well as the dark and bright ones, and we have many a laugh or quiet chuckle over quaint and unexpected aspects of life and work in China. Not long ago we had a case of resuscitation from apparent lifelessness by tracheotomy and prolonged artificial respiration. Some time after, in talking of Jairus's daughter and Christ's miraculous power in raising her from the dead, Dr. Horner, our temporary but very welcome lady doctor from Manchuria, said to the women to whom she was speaking: "No mere man could do that, could he?" "Oh, yes," said one, "Dr. Peill could!"

Feeding the Poor.

There are three other things I want to tell you about as briefly as I can, and then this screed must end. And the first is our feeding of the poor. Last year's harvests were bad, and distress was very general. Starving villagers had no help but to beg, and hunger and hard frost did a deadly work. One Sunday, coming back from our service in the city, we saw two beggars lying dead in the crowded street, one on each side, within a few yards of each other. I asked how long they'd been dead, and was told by a passer-by: "*That* one was still alive yesterday!"

Somehow or other M. raked together a fund, and for three days, at the worst part of the year, we let it be known that we'd feed all who came, on condition they brought their own basins and ate their supply on the spot. The rendezvous was our city premises: men in one court, women and children in the other.

Oh, those ragged masses of humanity! The broken basins, and the hungry eyes! Old, old men, half blind and tottering, the halt, the lame, the blind, and all the rest, were there in many hundreds, 300 the first day, and 700 to 800 on the second and third. A very decent captain or major from the garrison came willingly with a squad to keep order, and managed

things quietly but firmly without undue violence or bluster, seeming glad to lend a hand in doing good.

Huge boilers were borrowed from a distillery, and a ton and a half of millet made into enormous jars of porridge. From these jars the steaming food was ladled with big tin water-balers, and with these the deacons, and helping Christians, filled the miscellaneous assortment of broken china held out for a supply. Each recipient might come again with empty basin as often as he or she liked, until "Little Mary" had had enough and nature's "abhorred vacuum" was really and truly filled.

Winter Classes.

The second thing is our winter class. If, *outside* the Church, the masses were starving for need of daily food, it is equally true that *inside* the Church the people are starving too, not, however, in this case for the loaves and fishes, but for the Bread of Life. In the martyrdoms of 1900 nearly all our teachers and deacons were "promoted," and their remnant has necessarily been quite inadequate to cope with the needs of the Churches. And the more so since most of the surviving members were the ignorant and inexperienced ones, who had only quite recently been admitted when the Boxer storm broke.

Workers are our clamant need, and everything waits till they come; preachers, school teachers, Bible-women, deacons, are wanted everywhere. So we shut the hospital a week or two longer at the Chinese New Year holiday, and turned its wards into barracks for the Christians and its waiting-rooms, etc., into classrooms. A hundred and fifty came in from all directions and stayed about three weeks, bringing with them their own grain. Of these about forty were women. We all settled down to teach them, and they were divided into classes each meeting every day, and with appointed hours also for private study, meals and general meetings.

Mrs. M. and my wife took the women with the help

of the more intelligent amongst them. The few available preachers had their own classes also, and M. held classes for the workers. I had a class of the more advanced Christians on Matthew's Gospel, and enjoyed it very much. I only hope they got as much good as I did. Besides all this we had morning and evening meetings, singing practice, and special meetings on Sundays.

It was a busy, helpful time, and we rubbed in a good deal of doctrine I feel sure, including practical things like regular giving, self-support, and the Christian's duty to his wife and family, his neighbours, his Church and his district, let alone to China and the world at large!

We finished up with a series of exams. in which the results were tested, and the most likely men and women were selected for a continuation class which went on for some weeks longer, and from which the learners eventually went forth to preach in needy districts.

CHAPTER IX.

The Story of 1904.

GRADUALLY the conviction comes home to me, that "medical missionary" and "medical man" are far from synonymous terms. In some real sense every man one meets is a "patient." Each one of the uncounted thousands with whom one is brought into some sort of contact during the year is better, or worse, for the glimpse so gained of a professed representative of the Master. And to each of those burdened, sin-stricken hearts there ought to have come some haunting, sweet suggestion of the presence of that Master Himself to set him athirst for more. That word "missionary" implies all this, and our "patients," reckoned thus, are beyond the utmost reach of mere statistics.

And yet statistics have their place and use all the same, and last year's have been more encouraging than I expected, in spite of the numerous interruptions. We have had 330 in-patients, and the operation list totals 477, as against 455 the year before, neither total including the minor surgery or ordinary out-patient work.

At times the wards were very full, far more so than we had contemplated when the buildings were erected. One day I had the occupants of the wards all counted and found that there were 103 in quarters provided for 50! Of these, 75 were actual in-patients, almost all operation cases, and the rest were their so-called nurses.

The preaching in the wards has been a source of peculiar pleasure to me, and my heart has often been cheered by the sight of those eager, friendly faces as I

thought of the glorious message it was given to me to bring.

Of the interruptions already mentioned, a mere enumeration must suffice, especially as accounts of two of the most interesting have already been sent home, viz., the winter class, for which the hospital buildings served as barracks and meeting-rooms, and the visit of the deputation, with the subsequent conference and committee meetings that took place in Tientsin.

Training Medical Students.

A more serious attempt had been made this year than formerly to give regular instruction to the six student-assistants, upon whom devolves so much of the regular work of the hospital. They have been through the elementary anatomy and physiology required for a standard ambulance course in England, with various additions to meet the special requirements of our work. They have also studied carefully the muscles of the upper extremity, have learnt some rudiments of dispensing, materia medica and pharmacy, as well as a smattering of elementary medicine and surgery.

Their resulting growth in efficiency has been distinctly gratifying, and many cases that I should last year have had to treat myself are now satisfactorily left to them. Whilst I was away in Lao Ling, a man was brought to the hospital with a severe fracture of both bones of the leg. I came back to find it properly set and put in splints, nor did I need to alter anything. In due course they put up the leg in a plaster case and the man did very well. They all take turns at chloroform administration, and in the above case, and some few others, have done so in my absence. Opium suicides I rarely see, simply hearing that such cases have come, been saved, and gone again. They also do numerous small operations, and are gradually gaining confidence in such work. All surgical dressings are left to them, with very few exceptions. My

motto throughout the year has been : " If you would have men trustworthy, trust them ! "

Our daily morning prayers in the hospital have taken the form of modified Christian Endeavour meetings, and we have been through the whole of the New Testament during 1904 and part of 1903. This meeting has been attended by the gatekeeper and evangelists as well as by the students, and of late months by the boys of the boarding school too. Some of the more earnestly inquiring patients have also dropped in, and I have often been encouraged in this little gathering by evident signs of the Spirit's presence and power.

The assistants also take part in preaching regularly to both in-and out-patients, and have several times been out on Sundays to tell the glad tidings in neighbouring villages ; whilst Huang Shu Tang, the senior student, has also taken his regular turn in conducting Sunday services and Bible-classes, and in the general work of the mission.

Relation of Local Training to Union Medical College in Peking.

In view of all that has been written above it is perhaps advisable to state in what relation this training work stands to that soon to be carried on in the college in Peking.

First, then, let me say that I am fully in sympathy with the work to be done in Peking, and hope to send at least one (and as many more as the Society's grants will allow) of my present students thither. But I confess I am not at all sanguine as to the Society's grants being sufficient to cover the expenses in Peking of all the men we need.

Here in Tsangchow I must have assistants in any case, and meanwhile must train such men myself, there being no supply of ready-trained men available. Not only so, but we badly need men for a series of out-station branch hospitals, and for medico-evangelistic

tours in our vast district, which is as large as the whole of Wales.

There seems to me no probability of such men being available in sufficient numbers from Peking for the next ten years at least, unless the leopard is going to change his spots and the L.M.S. grow affluent. Nor is there much likelihood that, even in ten years, the native church will be in a position to pay the salaries such men might fairly ask. Nor, indeed, are such highly-trained men needed for the work we at present require. All cases too serious for treatment in a branch hospital will be sent to the base hospital here in Tsangchow.

In view of the above considerations I must still prepare to do what I can for our own local needs, whilst ready to send to Peking all the men the L.M.S. will support there, and hoping for the time when one of the new Peking doctors, perhaps young Hsieh En Tseng himself, will come back hither to help me in giving our students here a more satisfactory and thorough training than any I alone can bestow. Or perhaps God has some other plan still, which as yet we cannot see.

Additions to Hospital Buildings.

During the year two convenient isolation wards have been erected, each enclosed in its own little yard, with small kitchen, etc., adjoining. Their cost was almost entirely met from funds collected in Edinburgh by Miss F. G. McFarlane, with generous help from the Morningside Congregational Church Christian Endeavour Society.

We have also added four convenient living-rooms, each to accommodate two or three students, with one large general study and class-room, the whole enclosed, with kitchen, fuel-house, etc., in a nice roomy compound containing already a tennis-court and possibly hereafter gymnastic apparatus also. The cost of these rooms has been met partly by a generous donation of £40 from Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Walker, of Glenn

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Hall, near Leicester, partly by another generous gift of £36 from the above-mentioned friends in Edinburgh, and partly from the general funds of the hospital. Their total cost has been about £120, and that of the isolation wards another £40.

In addition, we have built three commodious women's wards, with matron's rooms and the necessary outhouses, at a cost of about £225, affording accommodation for some thirty patients. Of these, the cost has been met from funds collected by my wife, with the addition of a legacy of £100 from her father, the late John McFarlane, Esq., J.P., of Edinburgh.

CHAPTER X.

Letter Written in March, 1905.

The Night of Ignorance.

THE ignorance of the masses about us comes to be taken as a matter of course, until a little quiet thinking reveals its gloomy depths, or the quaintness of some otherwise common experience stirs the mind to a comprehending flash.

Last year we printed a report of our work in Chinese, and distributed it in the city and district. One day the assistant magistrate came to bring a small donation, and in the course of conversation he referred to the report and to various hints on hygiene that had been included in it. He said that since reading the remarks upon personal cleanliness he had begun to wash his *chest*, as well as the usual face and hands. But he always used hot water, and never touched soap. Would cleanliness like this result in longevity?

Whilst working for a few days with a local scholar, who was taking my own teacher's place, some incident in the book we were reading led to talk about sorcery and magic.

He spoke of imaginary creatures called paper men and straw horses, which may be obtained by charms and used to hurt one's enemies, though the danger may be avoided by using the blood of pigs and dogs, or other unclean beasts, and smearing it above the doors and windows. He told me that in this city, in 1900, even *literati* and officials were afraid of these ridiculous monsters, and took elaborate precautions lest they should enter into their homes. Such precautions consisted in cutting out little dogs of black paper, to stand on the window-sills and bite or bark

at the enemy, and of a bowl of water into which the paper men might fall, be soaked, and so destroyed !

Just a glimpse here, is there not, of a nation at grips with fear, still ignorant of "the Father, who has delivered us from the power of darkness, and translated us into the Kingdom of the Son of His Love."

One gets these glimpses in the hospital as well as in the study. One day two stalwart grey-haired brothers brought a poor little wizened hunchback, over whom they bent in tender solicitude as they besought me to cure him of the almost hopeless malady which was threatening his life. "You see, doctor," said they, "we are just two lonely old widowers, and he is our only hope. If he dies there'll be no one left to worship at our graves when we're gone, and we're growing old and weak." They thought that all their hope after death depended on the life of a little cripple, knowing nothing of their risen Lord.

A girl was brought to us with her throat cut, just as we were finishing a heavy day's work in the operating room. Subsequent inquiry elicited the following details. Her father is a younger scion of the leading family in Tsangchow, a bad character, continually in trouble, and eking out his other means of livelihood by pestering and threatening his more well-to-do kinsmen. The arrival of a new city magistrate was his grand opportunity. He at least could lose nothing by a lawsuit, and, by making common cause with the Yamen underlings, he might perhaps share in their extortions from the rich but simple-minded relative he had chosen as his prey.

But the magistrate proved a tartar and clapped him into prison, whilst his hoped-for victim escaped. Not to be beaten, he consulted with his wife, and she commanded their two young daughters to take opium and go and die at the rich man's door. As a general rule in China the rich man would then have been in trouble, as the onus would be laid on him of proving his innocence, and opportunity thus given to whole grades of official sharks to extort bribes for ensuring his safety.

But the daughters proved refractory, and another plan was tried.

Their food was drugged with arsenic, and after the meal they were taken by their mother to the house of the sore-tried kinsman. Outraged nature could stand no more, and one poor creature vomited. Alarmed at the prospect of failure, the heartless woman slashed this girl's throat several times with a razor, and strangled the other with her own hands then and there.

But even so she was disappointed. The magistrate for once was an honest man and hungered not for bribes. He asked: "If this woman would do thus to her own, what may she not do to others?" The father is still in prison, but the girl, though saved from death, is a wreck in mind and body as the result of her awful experiences.

"The dark places of the earth are full of cruelty"; so it would appear that this is one of them, in spite of the ethics of Confucius.

The Bright Side: Starlight.

But there is a bright side, even in heathenism, and it is pleasant to turn to it now after the gloom we have just been considering. There are stars in even the midnight sky to remind us of the sun.

In an interesting talk with our former city magistrate, he told us how he had often pitied the water-carriers in winter, as they filled their buckets from holes in the frozen river, or wheeled their loaded barrows along the slippery, wind-swept streets. He said he didn't care to help the beggars because they would not help themselves, but these toilers, who, with chapped hands and ill-shod feet, worked hard for an honest living, were fit subjects for friendly aid, and he went on to tell us what he had done for them only a day or two before.

He sent notices through the city summoning all water-carriers to meet him at the Drum Tower between 10 and 12 o'clock, when he would give them each

a little help towards their New Year festivities. Each was to come with his barrow, or carrying-pole, and each, after receiving his gift, was herded into an open space, and kept there under surveillance, lest he should come round a second time! He gave away a sum equivalent to about £13 sterling, being 9d. each to the "eight-bucket men," 7d. each to the "six-bucket men," and so on in proportion. But of course these sums have a far larger buying value here than their equivalent in Britain. He said his heart felt "exceedingly happy" when the money was all disbursed.

I have no space for more than a passing reference to cases that have come under notice during the year of patients who have been helped to come to hospital, and even supported whilst here, by the subscriptions of neighbours and friends.

So much for the "starlight," but what of the "dawn!" Are there signs that it is breaking for this dark land of prejudice and gloom? And is there any promise of the sun? Yes, the day is breaking at last, and we rejoice in the growing light.

The Break of Dawn.

A poor leper, just the other day, after I had been telling of God's love and of His wonderful plans for our future, came and bumped his head on the floor at my feet. "Oh, doctor," he said, "your words sink right into my bones. How could poor folk like us ever have heard this gladdening news, unless such as you took all this trouble to bring it to our ears." I believe that man was in earnest, and that there's heaven in store for him when his trials here are done. He listens eagerly still to all that we can tell him.

Such instances might be multiplied, but perhaps a better proof still will be found in a brief biography of my head assistant, Mr. Huang Shu Tang.

His Workmanship: A Brief Biography.

Some fifteen years ago, a delicate over-grown boy of twelve was attending, in Tientsin, a Confucian school

of the ordinary Chinese type. He had been adopted by an uncle, though his own father and mother were still alive, and spent his time between the school and the two homes, both thus open to him. His Confucian teacher was an opium sot, and died of disease thereby aggravated.

Meanwhile a school had been started near by in connexion with the L.M.S. church at Machiakou, and his uncle determined on sending him there : first, to learn if there were any promise of scholarship in the land ; and second, because the school was free.

In the streets around the mission premises Christianity was an object of vile gossip and derision. The young scholar was told that he would be given medicine to make him stupid, and in that state would fall an easy prey to the missionaries' dark designs ; the foreigners would want his mother for evil purposes ; and unnamable horrors were perpetrated in the cellars below their houses. But nevertheless he went, and began to make some progress.

On Sundays he attended a Bible-class, but only as a matter of form, till one day the Chinese who was teaching found fault with the boys' neglect of their Sunday lessons, and told them they would be punished if they did not do better in future.

This was the beginning of more careful Bible study for young Shu Tang ; and the more he read the more he wished to know.

Miss Roberts taught them to pray, and he began to find his prayers answered. Answers in trivial things, like requests for success in his work, led to greater faith and growing interest, until he found himself believing in the new doctrine, and only believing more firmly still as he inquired further into it.

The persecution with which he met only roused his soul to opposition, as he realized that the slanderers were wrong and the Christians in the right. At last, in reply to exasperating ridicule, he boldly stated his intention of becoming a Christian, and went to speak to his teacher about receiving baptism.

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Being asked why he wished to join the church, he said that he had now been a year in the school and understood to some extent the truths he had been taught there. He recognized Jesus as his Saviour and knew he could not get free from sin without Him. And he *wished* to be free of sin.

His teacher referred him to Mr. Lees, who found him well prepared as to knowledge, but considered him too young, in view of the antagonism to Christianity of all his relatives. He told him to get his uncle's leave first, and then he could be baptized.

Young Huang went home to this hopeless interview, but met, as he expected, with disapproval, and even with the threat that he would be thrown into the river should he take any such foolish step. But he told them he ought to obey God rather than them, and was prepared to take the consequences.

Mr. Lees was still unwilling to baptize the eager youth, but when on the following Sunday young Huang came out to the front with five others who were that day to be admitted to the church, and begged earnestly and resolutely to be baptized with them, he wavered, and finally, upon a native helper, who knew the family, undertaking to make things right with them, the lad was received into fellowship and solemnly baptized.

His people accepted the inevitable and did not resort to violence. He stayed on at school for a while and became a special *protégé* of Miss Roberts.

Serious illness resulted in a long stay in hospital, where the kindness of Dr. Roberts and his sister to the lad took effect on his aunt and uncle's hearts, the latter being also laid under obligation to the doctor by the cure of an affection of the eye. His sisters were sent to the mission schools, and the whole family brought into kindly touch with the missionaries and their work.

Upon his recovery he was sent by Miss R. to the fine college of the A.B.C.F.M. at Tungchou, which has now become the Union Arts College for North China.

Only last month I met in the train an English-speaking Chinese, who attends Dr. Hart's Anglo-Chinese Church in Tientsin and is now senior student of the government "Imperial Medical College" in that city. He knew me from having heard me speak at a meeting, and in course of conversation told me that he too had been at Tungchow, and that Huang had been his friend. He told me how much he thought of him and what a splendid fellow he was. He said that Huang's nickname in the college was "Pastor Huang," on account of his earnest spirit and blameless life, and finished by saying that, when Huang was in Tientsin in 1901, he used to say of him that he was the only really good man in that city. This last, though of course an exaggeration, shows perhaps from what a bitter and critical spirit "Pastor Huang" had wrung respect, not for himself alone, but for his Master also.

He was in his seventh year at Tungchow when the events of 1900 brought education, for awhile, to an end there. The boys were sent to their homes not long before the Boxer storm burst upon us, and when young Huang reached his family, it was to find them thoroughly alarmed, and every door closed tight against him. Some suggested he should recant, but this he could not do. He felt he would rather die. But his presence might involve all in disaster, so he went off alone to the Settlements, where Mr. Bryson and Dr. Smith took him in, and he eventually became one of the large party of missionaries and Christian Chinese whom Mr. Edmund Cousins, of Messrs. Jardine, Mathieson & Co., so generously befriended and hospitably entertained during the siege.

So he worked hard as a common coolie, making barricades, carrying shells in a rickshaw to the naval guns under fire, and making himself useful in many other ways. The bullets whistled round him, and shells burst close beside, but in his heart was peace and joy. The work in the open air was good for his weak lungs, and he slept, mid the roar of the guns, the deep, healthful sleep of the navy.

Then when work was reorganized, he taught the school of which he was once a pupil for a year, in Tientsin, and then, at Miss Roberts' request, came with me to Tsangchow in 1902 to help in the work of this Roberts' Memorial Hospital.

Since that return in 1902 to our ruined houses and hospital, I have had many and varied opportunities of watching and testing my friend. I have seen his patience and tenderness in the home, where he has not only had to nurse his wife and child through serious illness more than once, besides assisting me in an operation on her neck, but has also had to chloroform his father twice, for the removal of malignant tumour of the jaw, and to nurse him, too, through the tedious days that followed.

I have seen the light in his face as he told of preaching tours, and know what the patients think of his tact and sympathy. To the students he is an example of almost all I wish them to become, and throughout the whole mission he is regarded with affection and respect.

I have seen him, at the end of a trying journey, get down from his cart and start earnestly preaching to the crowd that had gathered round. He started the debating society, stirs up others to interest in news of the world around them, is always hungry for newspapers and books, and rejoices in all that makes for enlightenment and progress.

One day, after an unreasoning and furious servant had dashed in with a large knife to kill me, I found that Huang had captained the little band of hospital students, and mounted guard till the poor deluded fellow had left the premises. He had neither dared to lift his eyes to mine, or his dagger to stab me, but stopped short within a foot of me till the crucial moment passed, when he was easily disarmed, and the danger was over. I was mercifully preserved from injury, and felt that the experience was well worth while, since it resulted in a league of the Chinese helpers, to see to it that no unworthy man in future should be retained in mission employ for want of

some courageous soul to point him out and risk the consequence. What one alone might shrink from the league would tackle together.

In all this Huang was leader, without even a suggestion from the foreign staff, and we have lived in a healthier atmosphere ever since. The Chinese Church is beginning at last to act and take thought for itself, and to find that it is not a mere foreign importation dependent on foreign supplies, but native to the soil and responsible for itself.

CHAPTER XI.

Medical Education in China.

LET me begin with the need for Medical Education as it presents itself to me here, and, no doubt, to many another like me.

The work centring in Tsangchow (eighty miles south of Tientsin) as head-quarters, embraces a district larger than Wales, including seven or eight "hsien," throughout which are scattered between twenty and thirty out-stations, each with its own regular meeting-place for worship, and a much larger number of villages in which our Christians live.

Here then, in brief, are our needs as an inland medical mission :—

1. Efficient colleagues, either foreign or Chinese, for the base hospital, who can help in training medical evangelists, and take their full share of all the work and responsibility now devolving upon the medical missionary.
2. Branch dispensaries and hospitals in selected out-stations, where they may be central for considerable areas, yet not too remote from the base.
3. Soundly-trained medical evangelists, to take charge of such out-station hospitals, and to be supported outside of foreign mission funds.
4. A regular system of visits and itineration by the doctor and his colleagues, to link together the base and branch hospitals, and keep all efficiently working.

What are we Doing Locally to Meet this Need for Workers ?

My rule is not to take any one on unless guaranteed as a promising and trustworthy specimen by the native Church Council.

Of course the youths are usually poor (generally scholars from the boarding school), and cannot pay a fee for their tuition. They are therefore given grants in aid.

The present arrangement is that they shall go through a four years' course, and they give a written promise to work four years for the mission after their term of training is complete.

It very soon became evident that these men could not do any regular and serious study so long as the routine work of the hospital devolved entirely upon their shoulders.

After seeing Dr. Main's work in Hangchow, I decided to follow his plan of using a distinct and separate grade of men as hospital nurses, and now the in-patients are divided up into lots of eight or nine each, each lot having its own "clerk" and "dresser" who supervise its "nurse." For these nurses I again made application to the Church Council, and am very gratified with their choice of men for this somewhat anomalous and difficult post. There are now four male and two female nurses in constant employ.

This arrangement has made satisfactory class work possible, and we have now regular teaching in medical subjects, Chinese subjects and English, the latter, however, being only for convenience in dispensing, etc.

I hope that in a few years, from this little group of hospital students, we shall be able to send out men in couples to take charge of out-station hospitals and dispensaries, as fairly competent medical evangelists.

They have already a close and friendly connexion with the native Church Council, of which they should one day be members, and they are preparing for definite mission work, taking a full share of all the evangelistic as well as of the medical work of the hospital.

Cases which they have learnt they cannot wisely tackle will be sent in to the base hospital for treatment, whilst I and my head assistant will aim at regular visits and itineration to encourage and supervise.

If our Boards cannot give us medical colleagues we must train them for ourselves on the field, and it is just here that the "Union," or other central and thoroughly equipped modern medical college, can help the over-worked medical missionary in the interior.

The men who go through a five years' course in such a College, as we hope the "North China Union Medical College," in Peking, for instance, will become, should be fit to take their stand as medical men and act as colleagues to the foreigner in a base hospital, as his fellow-teachers in a training school for medical evangelists, and even as medical missionaries themselves in the smaller country mission stations.

A Need the Union College does not Meet.

There is, however, a vast field left unreached by the College, except indirectly, and it will be many a long day before inland China has no useful work for the medical evangelist, by which term I mean, a man who will work under pastor, or doctor, or native church, for such salary as the native church or local fees can supply, for the benefit of remote and struggling out-stations, and the physical and spiritual salvation of the million homes of misery hidden away in the myriad clustered villages of the plain.

Such men can be trained in connexion with the base hospital mentioned above, either by two foreign medical missionaries working together, or by the usual *one*, with the help of a Chinese colleague (or colleagues) from the College.

It is hardly to be expected that college-trained men, who will be fit to rank with foreigners, will find it worth while, or even right, to put themselves at the disposal of the native church, to work for minute salaries in obscure and remote country villages. They will feel themselves fit for greater things, and we shall only get the best out of them if we trust them and give them their heads.

The training of medical evangelists should be the work of the staff of a base hospital, and to that end

every such staff should be suitably strengthened and equipped. Only so can we at all satisfactorily meet the immense and ever more clearly recognized need of the masses of inland China for the work of double healing in which it is our glorious privilege to be engaged.

The present awakening in China means, besides a thousand and one other things, that the sick and ailing will wake, too, to the fact that we can help them. That is partly why we're getting deluged here. The need for foreign medicine, and especially for surgery, is more clearly felt by the people every day. This need for medical evangelists then is no merely temporary or local need. The product of all our colleges will be but as a drop in a bucket, and the wisest way to turn such product to account is to enlist these men as fast as we can, and in as many places as possible, in this work of reduplicating themselves, and thus providing, in at least some small degree, a supply of those who, like their Master, shall preach the Gospel to their countrymen and "go about doing good."

CHAPTER XII

News Letter for 1905.

THE year has been one of growth and development in every direction. There have been more in-patients, more out-patients, more operations, increased income from fees, larger measure of local support, more preaching and teaching, and more evident spiritual result, than in any previous twelve months.

Three new women's wards, built with funds collected by Mrs. Peill, have been available for use, and have largely increased our accommodation for in-patients, so that we have now eighty, instead of only fifty beds.

An attempt has been made towards a hospital laundry, which should gradually result in less heart-rending towels and soft-goods generally.

The "hospital inn and food-shop" has been conducted on a far more satisfactory basis than heretofore, and in addition to constant and varied usefulness, has resulted at last in substantial benefit to the funds of the hospital.

Health of the Staff.

This has been distinctly below the average, as regards both children and adults, and but for a change to Peitaiho in summer, there might have been serious break-down. Perhaps the most alarming event in this direction was the *scratching on the face by a rabid kitten* of my little daughter Dorothy. The poor little beast had just bitten two Chinese, who said nothing about it till afterwards. Careful investigation revealed distinctly suspicious symptoms, and all three wounded were therefore taken to the Pasteur Institute in Tientsin. Here the kitten was definitely

proved to have been mad, and its three victims each underwent a thirty-six days' course of treatment, the Institute very generously charging nothing for the two Chinese and only a comparatively trifling fee for little Dorothy. All went well, and as yet there has been no further development. The sad death only a year ago of the daughter of a neighbouring missionary, from hydrophobia following the bite of her own pet little puppy, makes the whole affair more solemn, and deepens one's feeling of gratitude to God that wee Dorothy was spared.

After Long Blindness, Sight.

A boy of sixteen and a girl of fifteen, who had been blind for twelve and ten years respectively, may perhaps be mentioned. Sight in each case was restored by operation, and it was pathetic to see the excitement in the ward when the bandage was removed and the new-found vision tested. A little eager group surrounded the boy as I held my hand up before him. He saw the fingers clearly enough, but was too ignorant to count even two, having never perhaps associated the number in his mind with the sight of any two objects. What a world of interests now lies open to those eyes that at last can see !

Long Subscription List.

Increasing confidence is apparent in the long subscription list, remarkable not so much for the amount of money raised, as for the number (over 100) of residents in the neighbourhood who have made contributions to it. "We should like to give more," the donors say, "for the work is very good, but we cannot afford to give as much as we feel your cause deserves." Of course a lot of this is blarney, but we didn't even get blarney not very long ago ; and if polite phrases from a Chinese farmer or tradesman are accompanied by even a single silver dollar, one is abundantly justified in a cheering hope that there's more in them than words.

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It has come to be the natural thing to bring suicides to us, and the sick and wounded also, from the yamen, whilst the soldiers come here freely, to be cured of their complaints, or healed of the crippling consequences of severe beating and neglect.

Kindly Aid and Friendly Welcome.

During a big fair in the city last spring we had difficulty in finding a suitable preaching-place, until a man, not in any way connected with the church, came and offered us the use of a shop he had there; and when this proved inconvenient, the good fellow went still further and put at our disposal a very suitable mat shed erected specially, on a good site, in connexion with the fair. For this he refused to take any remuneration whatsoever, and said that it gave him pleasure to assist in any way he could people who were doing so much good in the place as we were.

The hospital students have of late been much out preaching in the villages and hamlets of the neighbourhood. They tell me that wherever they go they find, if not some one who recognizes them personally, then at least a hearty welcome for the sake of the work with which they are identified.

A Welcome Change in our Chinese Helpers.

It has been a source of the deepest satisfaction to see proofs on every hand of a welcome change that is taking place in the relation between ourselves and our Chinese helpers.

Hitherto they have been far too much mere employées, with little interest in the work as a whole, beyond their own personal and material aims, but, thank God, all this is rapidly being altered. They are now more and more coming to regard their work as done for Christ, and themselves as fellow-workers with us for Him. It naturally follows that they are realizing fast their own identification with His cause, and their individual responsibility to Him for its good name and helpful influence.

Gratitude of Former Patients.

It is particularly pleasing to recall the enduring gratitude of many poor sufferers whom it has been our delight to relieve.

One such is a Mohammedan in the city, who was cured of double cataract. He makes a point of coming to see me, with a little present of sweetmeats, at least every Chinese New Year. A great, burly fellow, he enters the room and is persuaded at last to sit down, but is pleased to believe himself wholly unworthy to take tea in my august presence. He simply tells me how grateful he is, and explains how his sight regained has meant the continued well-being of six or seven persons.

He says he knows there are no fairies or genii, but that if indeed there were, then I am the only specimen in the region round about. He says he regards me as the great benefactor, and that my beneficence reaches up as high as heaven, and extends without bound or limit.

To change this embarrassing subject I ask him about his work, and warn him against any extra exertion or the strain of shouting angrily. To this he makes the humble plea that such care is quite impossible, and pathetically laments that the nature of his work necessitates loss of temper, and that, as he has to oversee the weighing of loads of grain, he really couldn't get on at all without much vociferation.

He is told that we are simply trying to obey our Master and do what He would do. He replies that the Mohammedans in the city often speak of Christ and say how good He is, judging His religion and its virtues by what they know of our work here. He says he himself often speaks of us in the crowded street where he works, and tells to all and sundry of what we have done for him.

A Famous Conjurer.

Another old man with the same complaint is a famous conjurer, with a nickname meaning that he

licks creation south of the capital, and one at least of whose many pupils has gone on tour to Europe. But his blindness sadly interfered with his means of livelihood, and he came here doubtingly to see if anything could be done for him.

His vision was restored after several operations, and his stay meant light to his dark soul too ; for he became quite interested in the Good News he was told, and entered his name as an inquirer. With the help of his sons who had nursed him whilst here, and a partner, who was here in the ward for treatment also, he gave us several most interesting entertainments, and would not hear of any remuneration.

One day the old gentleman hesitatingly inquired whether his means of livelihood was incompatible with a profession of Christianity, and one was glad of the chance to reassure him and to have further talk on the matter with him. Just the other day we heard that he now begins his exhibitions by a short oration to the crowd assembled round him, telling them the story of his blindness and its cure, and recommending to his astonished hearers the missionaries and the Jesus religion that they preach.

Opportunity, Golden and Glorious.

No report from China for 1905 could be at all complete without at least some passing reference to the transformation taking place in the minds and ideals of this people.

Inland missionaries like ourselves, engrossed in our own absorbing occupations, cannot but feel now and then like the naturalist busy among the pools of a flat, far-stretching shore, who at length looks up from his treasures in the rapidly deepening waters to find his surroundings changed, transformed as in a moment. Where before had lain the vast expanse of ribbed sand and low wet rocks is now, in 1905, a tide that is flowing fast, and will soon be the mighty deep.

For with us, too, is the flowing tide which will soon be "waters to swim in." But He is with us "whose

way is in the sea," so there is nought to fear. Indeed, we can rejoice, since now, as long ago, "these waters come . . . that all things may be healed," and "everything shall live" wherever the waters come.

This change is particularly due to Russia's defeat by Japan, and far, far more than anyone knows, to the hundred years of missions. The causes are many and varied, too much so for this Report, so let us pass on to the local data which make evident its presence.

Local Signs of the Great Change.

Our relations with the officials and gentry of the place are becoming more cordial and intimate.

The magistrate tells of establishing schools and appropriation of temples for the purpose. He narrates how he has ordered ancient idols to be overthrown and buried unceremoniously in a hole in the ground, standing by himself, to see that it was done!

The general tells of his struggle with military abuses and stern suppression of gambling and opium-smoking among the men whom he commands. And the battered victims of his iron rule crawl along to be healed in the hospital, unconscious and quite unwilling proofs of their chief's sincerity.

The gentry lament their opium habit and ask about its cure, and several already express their intention of coming to our refuge when the winter cold is past.

The Mohammedan mullahs have subscribed to the hospital in the name of their own loved mosque, and the other day, by special request, I spent the afternoon in explaining the rudiments of Anatomy and Physiology to some of the Chinese physicians and gentry of the district.

Hopes and Indications for the Future.

Let me thank with all my heart the friends of our work and of China, whose willing and timely generosity has given me a colleague. That he should be my brother Sidney is a matter of deep joy to us all, and will tend to lasting harmony and happiness. That his wife should be a devoted missionary worker, with

special hospital training and experience, is good cause for thanksgiving and delight. But the source of truest satisfaction after all is in the knowledge that God is not doing all this for nothing, and that the future holds greater things in store for us, and richer blessing than we yet have known. The good hand of our God is upon us, and His work is bound to prosper more and more. As I write our new colleagues are already in Shanghai, and we hope to have them with us ere the present month is gone.

A prime necessity for the future is the establishing and perfecting of a permanent hospital staff, as distinct from the medical students. No satisfactory curriculum for the latter seems possible till this object is attained, and it bids fair to occupy, for two or three years to come, a large measure of both attention and time.

The spirit of independence and patriotism is abroad in the churches. There will be little patience among his Chinese helpers for the foreign missionary who shuts his eyes to it, especially among his ablest men. There is danger of open disruption where the foreigners *will* insist on blind obedience. Autocracy in the church will have to go, and the young blood must be given rein. Rightly guided this spirit will make our churches a power in the land; unwisely checked and irritated it will bring discord, division and hate. Pray for us all in China to-day; for critical times are upon us.

Magnitude of the Struggle.

Yes, we need to "put on the whole armour of God that we may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." For, like Paul of old, we, too, "wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world."

And what a dreadful darkness it is that their rule results in around us! It meets us wherever we turn. Amongst our servants the awakening conscience of the native church has disclosed much that was formerly

hid from us. Deceit, obscenity and evil influence are some of their delinquencies. That the student's aim had been to make a living, and preachers preached for money, we heard from the lips of these very men themselves not many weeks ago, when with shame and true contrition they confessed their sin before God.

But if this be true of those "within the pale," what of those that are still without? One wonders if it be possible to give any adequate impression of the darkness which enshrouds these people's hearts. No need to go beyond the hospital to find the brooding gloom.

Attempted Suicide of Three Sisters.

One night, at bedtime, I was called to the big waiting-room, where a strange sight met my eyes. The room was full of people massed, roughly, in three groups, each with an unconscious girl in its centre whom students were endeavouring to revive. Her friends were actively rubbing her limbs and holding lamps and lanterns, whilst the students were busy with tube and hypodermics, or performing artificial respiration.

The whole night passed in the fight with death, but only two recovered, and their weary mother went home at dawn with her living and her dead. The story runs briefly thus: Not long ago the girls' father died. He was a Manchu in the city, and had lived on his regular allowance from the throne, as so many Manchus do. But when he died their portion was embezzled, and starvation loomed ahead. Unable to obtain either mercy or justice, their frantic mother urged them on to suicide, and they swallowed each a heavy dose of opium. The one who died was the one who arrived most conscious, but she strenuously resisted every effort made to save her till deprived at last of her senses by the drug.

His Mother Wanted Him Executed.

Here is a man sent in from prison where he has been for the last three years. He used to be rich, and owned much land, but lost all by riotous living.

A confirmed debauchee and opium sot, he was also an inveterate gambler, and sponged on his relatives for all his wants until they were thoroughly sick of him. He repeatedly beat his mother because she would give him no more; and such a menace did he become to her that she accused him to the magistrate and begged to have him executed. He was put under arrest for unfilial conduct, and even in the prison he soon became the leading spirit, and terrorized his fellows so that they acknowledged him as head, giving him his "squeeze" out of all their friends brought them.

How pitilessly these ignorant sufferers are imposed on by worthless, unscrupulous quacks! In his dire distress, and to hasten recovery, many a sick breadwinner is prepared to risk much, but, oh, the useless misery, the actually harmful torture so many needlessly bear, in order that some greedy wretch may earn dishonest gain.

"Six Little Frogs, Alive."

One man, who needed but a simple operation to change his whole horizon, had been fleeced for years before coming hither, and here are some of his "medicines":—

1. Fill a white cock's intestine with musk. Burn to ash with charcoal, and eat all the ash so produced. Do ditto three days running.

2. Within a cock's intestine stow the following ingredients: (1) The heads of two small tortoises, male and female, (2) a snake, (3) a scorpion, (4) a lizard, (5) a frog, and (6) a centipede. Fry in cottonseed oil till brittle—then eat.

3. Every day, for one month, swallow six little frogs alive!!

Surely no one who reads this letter can picture the poor fellow crawling round after small batrachians, without fervently thanking God for what Christ and His teaching have done for the medical profession of Christendom, and without some really earnest effort that China's doctors may know Him too.

"He that Glorifieth, let Him Glory in the Lord."

As I write, the icy grip of winter is over all the land. No boats can move on the frozen waters, and the fields are bare and bleak. The abundant life of the coming year is held down, it might seem, for aye. But soon the tender blades of wheat will burst through the hard, brown furrows, and the lightest whisper of the soft, south wind send ripples o'er the river. Already the hope of the coming spring is rising in every heart, and we know that each freezing north-west blast is likely to be the last.

Yes—life is sure to vanquish death, and light to conquer darkness, and with us is the *Lord* of Light and Life risen Victor o'er the grave. He has breathed already about us here the very breath of life, and, in place of the "darkness which may be felt," there shines the light of day ; for a great revival has broken out and is spreading far and near.

The Revival and the Hospital.

One night, about three months ago, all but one of the hospital students were met in a room for prayer. At first there were only six of them who joined in this daily meeting, but then at length two others came, and "Happy Pavilion" stayed out alone. This last was a youth of uncertain temper, at loggerheads with all, and as they prayed that he too might join them, his anger daily rose.

That night, however, as the eight were praying, "Pavilion" entered too ; the crisis had come at last, and God had answered prayer. The man who had taken the lead in saying that commonplace means were hopeless, now took the lead once more. "Don't blame each other at all," he said, "but let's all confess to God." And this they did, with loud crying and tears, to rise at last in joy ; and then they confessed to one another, and harmony reigned surpeme. Their new-found enthusiasm broke all bounds, and the revival had broken forth.

Mr. Yang, our trusted Chinese preacher and my

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colleague's right-hand man, had been used of God to help these young men much, but he would be the very first to give glory to God alone. For the whole thing has been so manifestly the work of the Holy Spirit. From a band of ordinary, commonplace lads, with largely mercenary aim, and scarcely visible spiritual life, He has transformed them into channels, unselfishly yielded to Him, through whom He pours His mighty power on the thirsty souls about them. They preached in wards and waiting-room, in the kitchens and in the inn. Night by night in nearly every room was the sound of earnest prayer, and very soon the results were seen in every part of the compound.

The Spirit's power, convincing of sin, brought contrition to new hearts daily. Men and women, boys and girls, in meetings formal and informal, in groups or individually, broke down into sobbing and tears, and then went forth in the Spirit's power, themselves the living proofs, to tell about the Saviour's love to all whom they could reach. But I hope to tell of all this more fully in a letter about the revival, so will say no more about it here except as regards the patients. For they too were affected deeply.

"The Man Who Beat His Mother."

The man, above mentioned, who beat his mother, and was sent by her to prison, was one of the early fruits of God's grace sent to quicken our faith for more. He left without leave for home one night and interviewed his mother. He told her that what he had learnt whilst here had opened his eyes to his sin, that now he knew how wicked he'd been and was sorry for the past. Would she forgive him and take him back?

But, not yet knowing the power of Christ, she was loth to believe it true, so he went with the story of his repentance to the headmen of his village. The chief of these was a Christian too (the father of one of my students), and after explanation and due inquiry they agreed to guarantee him. They therefore inter-

viewed the magistrate and went surety for the prodigal, and now he lives with his reconciled mother, and both of them are glad. Since then he has often come to see us, though twenty miles away, and attends Christian worship, during the week and on Sundays, in the home of the village elder.

A Rather Unusual Incident.

One man, on whom we were just about to operate, burst into tears as he lay on the table, not from fear, but because of his sins. He seemed to be genuinely repentant, and the small operation over, went home to make friends with a brother with whom he had long been at feud. Since then we have heard, independently, of his earnest, though as yet ignorant testimony, and hope to see him back ere long for further instruction and healing.

Patients' Prayers.

At one time there were ten in one of the wards who gave in their names as inquirers. In another ward there were several more; whilst in the third (the eye ward), there appeared to be not a single man who was not deeply interested. The women, too, were greatly stirred, but I must write no more.

Both time and space would fail to tell of how these people prayed. "Oh Lord, let his blindness come on me, if only my friend may see," was the earnest prayer of one eye patient for his neighbour just alongside.

Another stood up in a crowded meeting to thank God, with genuine emotion, for the grievous, and perhaps incurable affliction which had brought him here to be saved. He knew that we could do no more, but his thanks were quite sincere. Then he knocked his head on the chapel floor to emphasize his pleading, and begged us all to pray much for him as he went back to preach the Gospel. Since then we have heard of the great impression that man has made in his village, and know that he did not speak vain words, and that God indeed is with him.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Spiritual Awakening in Tsangchow, 1905-1906.

The First United Meeting.

BUT the influence of all these doings was reaching rapidly further still. November 15th was Wednesday, when the united week-evening meeting is held for all sections of the mission. In the city, on the other side of the Grand Canal, are the Training Institute for evangelists and teachers, and the boarding-school for boys. Some inkling of what was going on had already reached folk there, but as yet they had had no opportunity of judging for themselves. So all were agog with interest, and either wondering, doubtful, or cynical.

The hospital waiting-room, which we use as a chapel (no other having as yet been provided), was crowded to the door. Mr. Yang led, reading 2 Thess. i. 11, 12, and after a few telling words, asked the hospital students to testify to the power of God as they had come to experience it for themselves.

The Students' Testimony.

One after another these young fellows rose, though most of them had never spoken in public like this before, and simply related the events of the last few days as they have been outlined already above. They spoke of their new conviction of sin, and of the power and joy in their hearts, giving proofs of the truth of what they said from their actual personal experience.

After an interval of earnest prayer for those who were still to speak, Chang Lan Ting got up, and told of his desire for opportunities of witnessing for Christ.



[Photo by Evan Bryant.]

Rev. Arnold Bryson preaching at a temple fair.

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[Photo by Evan Bryant.]

The New Chapel at Tsangchow.



[Photo by Evan Bryant.]

Interior of the Chapel at Tsangchow.

He had asked God to show him what there was for him to do, and his prayer had been answered at once ; for on going just after to see the doctor, one of his servants had spoken of his own and his fellow-servants' desire to meet for prayer, were there only someone to lead them, and, on his return, a nurse in the women's hospital had said they would welcome his help also there. He wished to surrender himself to God for this and any other work that was given to him to do. Others followed, and the meeting grew in impressiveness and interest.

The Beginners of Greater Things.

Mr. Chi, of the Training Institute, asked for help for his students there, and arrangements were made to leave opportunity for a meeting the next afternoon. The hospital students were let off classes " for at least the next three days," to act as the Spirit led.

Then we sang with earnestness, " Even me," and the meeting was just being closed when up rose the " Dragon," far back in the room, his features working strongly with emotion, and said he shouldn't be able to sleep unless he said what was then in his mind. Emphasizing his words with awkward gestures, a big Bible tight gripped in both hands, he said to all present that if they wanted God's Spirit they must pray in faith that they would receive. He went on to say that as regards opportunity for witnessing, there was no need to worry waiting for that, since opportunity waited already on every hand for the man who was ready to use it. Even an ordinary meeting, or a simple little talk with a friend, was a golden opportunity for witnessing to God's grace.

And " Little Yang " followed, saying it would be a mistake to appoint men definitely to speak to the students across the river. Let each man do as the Spirit led him, and his witness came spontaneously from his heart.

The Greater Lesson of the Meeting.

Prayer followed. Then Mr. Yang, in a few impres-

sive words, drove home the great lesson of that meeting. "This that you have seen and felt," he said, "is the Holy Spirit's *power*, of which we've always heard so much and seen so very little. There, yonder, is the Dwarf, whose hand was lately against all. He went the other day to pray in quiet with his enemy. *There* is Pei Lan who, the other day, was prepared to revile the Bible. *There* are my brother and the 'Variegated Dragon,' just the other day no better than dumb ninnies. Why, I used to leave the room, when my brother tried to preach to the patients, because I couldn't bear to see him make such a fool of himself. But *now* what has happened? And how has it come about? This is none other than the Spirit of God Himself, Who is present here in power. Do we believe in Him? Do we desire Him? Let us search our hearts, and make up our minds, and yield ourselves up to His Will."

Some Practical Results.

The fire was well alight now in all conscience, and developments were too numerous to allow of detailed chronicling. During the next two days several others came out decidedly, notably Chao Ru Lin, the mission accountant, and Tien Lien San, a hospital coolie. Mr. Chao is *the* business man of the Church, and his consecration a matter for deepest thankfulness. In the practical carrying out of self-support schemes his clear head and business instinct will be increasingly valuable, and he is as great a gift to the Church in one way as Mr. Yang is himself in another.

In the Training Institute there had also been developments, and several had decided for a life of consecration and progress under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, Whom they recognized as a Living Person now dwelling in their hearts. Mr. Chi, of the Institute, was a tower of strength from the first and in glad accord with the highest interests of the work. The native annual meetings had been greatly blessed to both him and Mr. Yang, as well as to some of us foreigners.

The Preaching Fever.

Meanwhile the preaching fever was growing day by day. Singly, or in little bands, the students from both institute and hospital went out to the villages round. Soon the older school-boys went out too, then the class of Bible-women, and ere long the smaller boys were represented also; and even the girls in the school would have gone had they been permitted to do so.

A Memorable Sunday. (November 19th.)

But that Sunday was memorable for a great deal more than the village preaching. A number of scholars from the government school attended the afternoon meeting, where special pains were taken to give them and other non-Christians some idea as to Who the Holy Spirit was, and how it is possible for men and women to yield to and be filled by Him. An illustration was used from the Boxer tenets.

Invocation of Evil Spirits.

Men and women in 1900 spent weary days and weeks in invoking the indwelling of fierce and violent spirits. They would posture and "kowtow" from morn till dewy eve, calling upon the name of the one upon whom they had fixed their choice. They went on till at last the frenzy seized them, then rose, like souls possessed, to brandish swords, and dress in red, and fight bereft of fear.

It was common report that youths and maidens most easily responded to these spirits' influence; the reason given to account for this being that their hearts were less corrupted, and could be more wholly yielded up for the spirits to possess. If it were common practice, and well-accepted fact, that evil spirits could thus dwell in people's hearts, controlling all their actions and directing all their life, how much more is it possible, and how infinitely better, to yield to the Spirit Who alone is good and great, and seek His holy presence to direct and rule one's life.

On that eventful Sunday in question Mr. Sun had

been praying with his patients on the subject of sin, when one man asked in startled tones : " How is it that I've never before felt troubled at the mention of sin, yet now feel very wretched and perspire in every pore ? "

He asked Mr. Sun to pray for him, then more talk, then prayer again. Then he prayed himself with fervour and power, other patients soon joined in, and the ward was filled with the sound of prayer ascending on every hand. That first man's name was Mr. Tien, and he rapidly grew in knowledge and power. His influence in the place was strong and helpful, and he left for his distant home resolved to live for his new-found Lord, and spread abroad His truth.

The Story of Mr. Yu.

Across the river, in our city premises, wondrous things were doing that night too. For days past special prayer had been rising from many hearts for one man, Mr. Yu. He is a man of many attractive qualities, a fine Chinese scholar and B.A., well-known in the district round, and a scion of one of its best-known and most influential families. Years ago, before 1900, Mr. M. got hold of him, and helped him to break off opium. Temptation was very strong, however, and Yu somewhat easily led. He has had to be broken off half a dozen times since, though it is significant that there has always been someone ready and willing to take pains to help him again.

His sharp, witty tongue and tender, generous heart have made him popular, and even beloved, whilst they have also been the means of getting him often into trouble.

As Chinese teacher to one after another of the foreign staff he has become an institution, and has enjoyed more than ordinary facilities for getting a true insight into the religion of Jesus Christ. His adventures and escapes in 1900 would make a thrilling book for boys, which sisters, fathers and mothers too, would find hard to leave alone.

This man the native annual meetings had stirred to his very soul. Half-way through he refused to attend any more, since he saw whereto it would lead, and in this connexion it is fitting to mention the following suggestive fact: Although baptized for many years, and so qualified by Church-membership for communion, he had never once touched the bread nor drunk the wine, from a feeling that his belief was not whole-hearted and his obedience incomplete.

Much well-meant, but often tactless, effort on the part of those who loved him only tended to annoyance and discomfort, till his life became a burden. For weeks he was wretched, and found no comfort for the strife going on within. His restlessness was such that, as he himself put it: "It was just as if there were nails in my shoes, and spikes wherever I sat."

He Gave Himself Resolutely to the Devil.

But he determined that he would never yield and gave himself resolutely over to the devil. His difficulty was not that he didn't believe, but that he wouldn't surrender to God. At the morning service, which was impressive, and solemn Mr. Yang had been thinking of his friend, and prayed that the Spirit would use this appeal to overcome Yu's opposition. But he sat it through and resisted stubbornly still. He was present at the meeting *re* the Welsh revival, but kept on saying "No."

That meeting over, Mr. Yang and some others, including two or three of the hospital students, stayed behind to help in the good work going on among boys and Institute students, and to see if they could not get a chance to help their friend Mr. Yu to decision. But the hours passed, with no encouragement so far as he was concerned, and at last, it being about midnight now, they felt they could do no more.

Mr. Yang was greatly discouraged, and felt almost hopeless about it, since, so evidently, Yu was resisting wilfully, growing more stubborn as time went on. But before they left, Yang said: "Well, anyhow, let

us have a prayer before we separate," and out of common courtesy Mr. Yu knelt down with the rest. He set his jaws tight though, and made up his mind that nothing whatever should move him.

The Joy that Mortal Men can Share with Heaven's Immortal Throng.

One and another prayed—including some of the schoolboys present, and then, at last, a broken sound came from the lips of Yu. In intermittent gasps he prayed and cried aloud for mercy, confessing sins of many years, in an agony of weeping, whilst the listeners wept in company out of joy and sympathy.

Crowded to the Doors.

On Monday evening the ordinary meeting was crowded to the doors, and many scores of eager people awaited something new. And they were not disappointed. Mr. Yang led the meeting, and when it was well begun, he called upon Mr. Yu to speak, then sat down in his place. Anything more impressive than that quietly-spoken testimony anyone who knew Yu's former record could hardly hope to hear.

Mr. Yu's Testimony.

He rose near the back of the room and spoke clearly and simply out. His difficulty, he said, had not lain in unbelief, because he had known the truth only too well. He made up his mind to resist the Spirit because he realized what surrender would mean, and feared and hated the consequences that would follow if he yielded to God.

The devil had shown him a list of his sins, complete and very distinct, and had said he would give him unlimited credit, if he decided to stay with him; but if he elected to side with God, he (the devil) would see that he suffered for it, and would dog his steps with every kind of annoyance and trouble and pain. And Yu had said he would stick by Satan. Many prayed with him, and exhorted him, to be hated for their pains.

At the Sunday morning service Mr. Yang had been saying that it was impossible for the worldly-minded to receive the Spirit of God, and he himself had retorted, deep down in his heart : " Then I'm a worldly-minded man, and I do not want God's Spirit ! " After this Chang Lan Ting had pursued him outside the compound gate, and led him off to see a relative, a patient in the women's hospital. He had found her deeply interested in the truths of the Gospel, and was greatly surprised at the change ; but, although he acknowledged the Spirit's might, he was none the less His foe. All day the bitter strife went on. He had locked his jaws, refused to pray, and resisted steadily.

Last night, when the time for parting came, only Chinese politeness saved him from refusing to kneel with the rest. Then, when his very teeth were set, and his will bent on stern resistance, a Power, unseen and not his own, had *compelled* unwilling prayer. The door of his heart was forced ajar, and the Spirit had won the fight. He stood amazed at this wondrous force that had swept his defence away, and in less than a moment made an end of all his cherished plans.

He said he still felt weak from the struggle, and from a kind of violent spasm that had seized him at the moment when his will was overcome, as if an evil spirit had torn him ere it left. Just now he did not feel so much as if he'd conquered sin, but rather as if his self was dead, and evil desire withered.

The Two Faces.

And then he described in vivid language, yet so quietly and humbly, how before him as he spoke just then, appeared as it were two faces. The one was the face of the enemy, full of baffled rage and hate, and bearing on his evil brow the shame of his defeat. The other was the face of Christ, full of compassion and wondrous love, yearning over him with gracious desire to bless. And he said : " I wish to bow my head whilst He lays His hand on me ; and I want to give myself to Him for Him to do with as He will. "

The Beloved Physician

On all hands the Spirit's work was seen, till we knew that all this was not for us alone, and the time had come to carry the blessing to others. The preaching in villages near at hand had ceased to be enough. Four of the hospital students went for a week-end to a western out-station. They came back radiant, full of enthusiasm, and the missionary fervour grew.

"Separate me Barnabas and Saul."

After special prayer, and a solemn talk, volunteers for a longer tour were asked for, who felt themselves called to this service. Five men responded, *viz.*, Mr. Yang, his younger brother, Tien Chi Yuan, and Chao Pei Lan, along with Mr. Kuo, the assistant teacher in the Institute, whose striking story cannot be written here. So they were set apart for this work and commended to God in prayer.

A Missionary Tour.

On December 1st this party left for a tour to the south and east, and for a month held meetings in place after place, returning on January 2nd. There is not space for many details of their doings, well worth telling though they are. From the very first, at Yensan, their work was greatly blessed. Nor did they go to any place in vain.

The Revival at Yensan.

At Yensan they met the Rev. A. G. Bryson, just returning from a most timely, and providentially preparatory, round of the very places they themselves were to visit. In that city, some thirty miles S.S.E. of Tsangchow, a gathering was in progress of the native church council of the district, and preachers and deacons from all the surrounding out-stations had assembled to attend it. Some news of the wonderful doings in Tsangchow had reached these people's ears, and Mr. B. himself had had letters about it, and had seen and heard Tien Lien San, the hospital coolie, at an out-station recently visited. (This man had left Tsangchow to attend his grandmother's funeral,

but had taken his fire with him and made a sensation at home. In the little village church he had boldly spoken out, and many were deeply impressed.) Into this collection of expectant and wondering friends came, towards evening, the little revival band.

That night, after a very impressive service, all scattered to their rooms, and soon each one of the Tsangchow five had his own little cluster round him. The night passed, with very little sleep, in talk and earnest prayer. Many wept freely, especially Yang's patriarchal father, a deacon in the church at Yang-chiachi.

Next morning—but I will continue the story in the words of Mr. B. himself. He was present, and in his report he says: "After a hymn had been sung, Mr. Yang spoke a few brief sentences, dwelling on the great hindrance to the Holy Spirit's power, sin in the life of the Christian and calling upon the meeting for a full surrender of the individual will to Him. There was a brief pause, and then Mr. Yang's old father, a respected deacon and Christian of many years' standing, broke out into a pathetic plea for mercy and forgiveness. He laboured under strong emotion, and his voice came in deep gasps, until at last he broke down utterly and sobbed like a little child.

A Strange Thing Happened.

"Then simultaneously a conviction of sin seemed to fall upon every heart in the chapel, and in a moment the place was shaken with the sobbing of strong men, crying aloud to God for mercy. It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience, and we separated for the duties of the day with a subdued sense of God's power, such as none of us had felt before.

Mr. Huang Shu Tang, the head assistant in the hospital, was then in temporary charge of the needy work in Yensan, and he, too, was deeply moved and used in saving others.

Excited Villagers.

But a few words must be said about Yangchia-

chi, the home village of Yang and his brother. Their old father returned from the Yensan revival with a soul on fire with God. He told of the coming of the Holy Spirit, and of His wondrous power, till his ignorant neighbours were lost in amaze, and wondered where all this would lead. When the preachers came the village turned out to see what this great spirit was like, expecting vaguely they knew not what, their imaginations coloured by the events of 1900 and by Boxer rites and theories.

The Jeerer Stopped his Jeering.

But the first day passed in quiet, and next day Yang's elder brother began to jeer: "Is *this* all your Holy Spirit?" said he, "I don't think much of this!" The little band were a bit cast down and took to earnest prayer. Little Yang and Tien Chih Yan went off across the fields for quiet, and knelt out on the open plain to cry aloud to God. The following day the blessing came, and the brother who had jeered was the very first to cry with tears and ask for God's forgiveness.

"What Makes Me Shiver So."

Little Yang sought out and talked with his friends, one of whom was a man called Chi, who could not understand about the Spirit, so could not believe Him real. "Do you *want* to believe?" said Little Yang. "Yes, I do," was his friend's reply. "Really?" "Yes, really." "But have you reckoned what His coming will mean, and what it may possibly cost you?" He quoted Christ's words about leaving all and following Him, which rather startled his hearer. "Oh," said he, "but I can't leave home; there's no one else to look after things!" He was told he need only be willing to do whatever God asked of him, and that God was wise and loving and worthy of his trust. "All right then, I really want to believe," and the two began to pray. It was not long before, in great amazement, he asked what it was that made

him shiver so, and how it happened that he shook with fear at the thought of all his sins. He then began to pray with power and became an altered man. Men who had previously shunned the meetings now asked to be counted as inquirers, and day by day the interest deepened among the villagers.

The Return of the Missionaries.

On January 2nd the missionary band returned, and their story stirred every heart. The desire grew for greater blessing till the "Week of United Prayer," for which the series of topics was used as arranged by the Evangelical Alliance, with its daily gatherings for special prayer from January 7th to January 14th.

"Exceeding Abundantly"—The Week of United Prayer.

On Sunday night, January 7th, the blessing came beyond our expectation. The leader spoke on Peter's call; what he lost by following Christ, and what he gained, and pled with all to make their choice, for the same Lord called to-day.

Then we knelt, and one by one we prayed for rather over an hour, men and women joining in who had not been heard before. As the earnestness deepened, two or three began together, and the sense of sin grew general and intense. One of the women's hospital nurses cried aloud, with tears, for forgiveness, and others spontaneously followed, till, as it seemed, in a moment the room was filled with the sounds of a mighty repentance. It was a scene that will live in the memory, and the sound like the roar of the sea. Strong men were crying in spiritual agony, tears pouring down their cheeks and even forming little pools on the floor beside their knees! Oblivious to all that was going on around them, men were praying with a fervour that words cannot describe, and in the midst, for hours, Mr. Yang knelt like a statue with a light on his face that was divine.

"Why Don't you Pray for Me!"

As time went on a few strangers came, just arrived

to seek treatment for their eyes, and with mingled awe and amusement and surprise they knelt beside the others. By-and-by one and another went about amongst the rest, seeking those to whom they felt they might be useful, and one of these knelt down beside the strangers. He talked and prayed with a servant there who badly needed help, and was just about to go elsewhere when one of the newcomers clutched his arm. "Why don't you pray for me?" he said, "I've come one hundred li. There's no one praying for me!" So he was prayed for then and there, and attended meetings regularly after. And who can tell when the seeds so sown will produce their golden harvest?

An Old Man's Joy.

The old mission pundit close beside was filled with holy joy, in striking contrast to his nearest neighbour whose cheeks were wet with tears, and his features worked hard to express the delight that made speech incoherent and breathless.

Excuses for Holding Part Back.

At last, in the belief that this had gone on long enough, there was a call to rise and be seated, and in telling words Mr. Yang was led to insist on the need for thorough surrender. Some students had instanced the case of those who built on the foundation with hay and stubble, who yet were *saved*, even though as by fire, and in this way would like to have made an excuse for incomplete consecration. Yang solemnly warned us that what God wanted was neither words nor tears, but a steady resolve, and earnest effort to obey and follow Christ. It was close upon 11 p.m. before that meeting closed, and it began at 5.30.

A Striking Progression.

From that meeting onwards began a striking progression in the minds and prayers of the people, which filled one with awe, and gave a distinct impression of the wisdom and might of God. That first night the

people were mostly concerned about personal guilt and cleansing. On Monday they had started, with keen solicitude, to pray for the saving of others, and were full of trouble for the need and sin of their friends and families.

Meanwhile, too, many fine opportunities were found for leading troubled souls to Christ, and one stood amazed at the simple ease with which, in that time appointed, a heart could be helped to God.

A New and Splendid Patriotism.

On Wednesday the prayer was more striking still in this land till of late unpatriotic. Mighty gusts of prayer almost literally shook the room: for the Emperor, Empress Dowager, and China; for the High Commissioners to Europe too, that they might be led to give due place to the influence of Christ in their report to those who sent them; and for all Christians in the "eighteen Provinces" who, that day, were praying for "Nations and their Rulers," that this subject, especially in regard to their native land, might be deeply laid upon their hearts.

A man went round to some of those kneeling, fearing they might not yet be ready to join in this prayer because not yet at peace themselves, but he found them praying with power and fine enthusiasm, having given themselves to God.

The whole meeting, men and women, rose when asked who would make this a regular subject for prayer, and the singing of national hymns that night stirred one's blood to hear and see.

The True Church of Christ the "Imperium in Imperio" so Obnoxious to Patriotic Hearts.

Christ in China means new and splendid patriotism, and concern for the nation's well-being. So far from becoming the *Imperium in Imperio* that is such a bugbear to many, it is safe to say His enlightened Church will create the best and most loyal people in all the Chinese Empire.

The True Imperialism.

On Thursday the subject was Foreign Missions, and the people were ready for it. Mrs. M.'s brother is a missionary away in New Guinea ; Mrs. P.'s in Central Africa ; Dr. P.'s father and mother have worked long in Madagascar ; and all of us have many links with the foreign mission field, so it was not very difficult to enlist awakened hearts. One spoke of the revival in Northern India, another of the Betsileo revival in Madagascar, and Mr. Yu, with graphic eloquence, gave the gist of a letter from Jennings of Khama's land and the story of Shemolokai. This obscure old saint has worked for years in the marshes near Lake Ngami, and has formed a series of little churches, a written language, and the beginnings of a literature amongst a tribe of dwellers in tiny huts on the fever-ridden islets of the swamps. He has fever every other day but Sunday, yet he has not missed a service on Sunday for years.

God and Man Linked Together.

The prayer that followed was quite beyond words to describe. One felt the comfort of *knowing*, without a shadow of doubt, that things were well with old Shemolokai, and that Bartlett and McFarlane, the Peills and Jennings, and many more besides, were being blessed by God that very day in answer to our prayer. One felt that prayer was indeed a power, united prayer irresistible, and that God and man thus linked together could save the world with ease.

Mr. S. J. W. Clark, of Chester.

Mr. S. J. W. Clark, of Upton, Chester, was present at that meeting, and said that it resembled Welsh revival meetings he'd attended in all but the language used. His messages came with power, being translated to the people, and were greatly used of God, and his wholly unexpected, but opportune visit was a veritable God-send.

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A Review of Events.

Mr. M. said: "In former days, since 1900, there has always been, as it were, a *grave* before my eyes. Now that grave has gone, and in its stead is the vision of a church triumphant."

A review of events reveals God's hand divinely ordering. A conference in August at Peitaiho, of Chinese workers from many missions, had sown the seeds that will yet bear fruit in other places also.

The Annual Meetings in October, of L.M.S. Chinese workers, were held this year in Tsangchow and afforded just the needed soil for the seeds sown at Peitaiho. They brought together workers from most of our stations in North China, and tended, in spite of some awkward moments, very greatly to mutual esteem. And the "still, small voice" spoke straight to hearts both foreign and Chinese.

Mr. B.'s round of the southern out-stations was a striking preparation for the revival preachers' tour that followed, and their *début* at Yensan during the sitting of the local Church Council could not have been better timed.

The return of these "missionaries" just before the "Week of Prayer" was again divinely ordered, and that wonderful "Week of Prayer" itself was strangely providential. To it came Mr. Clark with first-hand news of Wales and Keswick, brought here, in spite of other plans, by the Guiding Hand above.

And then the attraction of kith and kin, so potent at Chinese New Year, drew these Christians out to their scattered homes with their hearts aflame for God. They shone in their villages for Him with results only partly known, but even the little heard as yet fills our hearts with hope and joy. They had special opportunities, too, in the usual winter classes.

Winter Classes.

Each winter, when "New Year" comes round, Christians gather to the larger out-stations for instruction, and in these so-called winter classes the Tsang-

chow people found a glorious chance to pass their blessing on.

Revivals on a smaller scale soon followed here and there, and so the good work grew and spread from widely-distant centres.

A Wonderful Prayer.

One would like to tell of much beside did space and time permit. The dreams these simple people had and the lessons they learnt from them! The hunger after the Word of God, and surprising power in prayer! One man, whose prayer was overheard on "Nations and Rulers" night, after earnest pleading for the special subjects, let his thoughts go forth on wider wing, and here is the result :—

He prayed for King Edward the peacemaker, for blessing on his efforts; and for the general election in England, that the people might choose right men. He prayed that France might turn to God; and that the German Emperor might rule his own land well, and not disturb the peace of the world by seeking aggrandisement abroad. He prayed that land-grabbing might cease, with its attendant discord. And then he prayed for the Czar of Russia, that he might do the right, and for the bureaucracy too, that they might be unselfish, that all might put the people's good before their own enrichment. He then went on to make petition for his own official and influential relatives, whilst all around, in mighty volume, rose the prayer of the congregation.

Reasons why the Revival Came.

As to these, for which some are sure to ask, we need hardly mention the grace of God which lies in and behind it all. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," and the Spirit is here. Yet it may not be amiss to state some pre-disposing causes.

The martyrdoms of 1900, and the refining of the Church by trial, with the rich experience gained by those whose faith came out victorious.

A deepening desire for spiritual life, and dissatisfaction with present conditions, especially since the news of the Welsh Revival which has been kept before the people. This desire was not confined to the foreigners, but strong in the Chinese too.

Growing union between our Chinese fellow-workers and ourselves ; better understanding and mutual confidence, furthered by social evenings, debating society and native church council, medical aid in numerous times of need, and common interest in the work of God around us. It is hopeful and cheering that this spirit of union is reaching out beyond individual mission centres, and is binding together, not only different parts of the same mission, but also the various missions throughout North China.

Special prayer for revival in connexion with the work was steadily growing more purposeful and earnest. Prayer was made, together and individually, by both British and Chinese. Compacts were made, *à la* Matthew xviii. 19, between individuals of both nations, and we know that many in the far home-land were praying specially for revival here too. No doubt the prayer that rose from Wales was a potent factor also.

CHAPTER XIV.

From Village to Village.

A Typical Outing.

PERHAPS an account of the doings of some of us on Sunday, November 19th, will best serve to indicate the sort of work that went on. The same day a number of parties went out in various directions, but we shall only deal with one of them, a foursome, made up of the following:—Mr. Chao, the mission accountant, who knew of some likely places, Little Yang and Chao Pei Lan of the hospital, and one of the foreigners.

They went first along the river bank to the north-west outskirts of the city, and called at a general dealer's store beside the ferry there.

A Good Opportunity.

Their next destination was the village of an inquirer, a pedlar of haberdashery, called Kuo. This man came out some distance to meet them and called to them as they emerged from the city suburb. He led the way first to an open space near the house of a friend in that locality, and the latter brought out forms and a table and poured them out some tea.

A small crowd gathered with the usual rapidity, and they soon had an interested audience, as one after another they stood to address them and gave them their message from God. Quite a number bought gospels for themselves or for others, including a group of old ladies, whilst one of the listeners exhorted these last not to use these good books for their patterns, as these were the books of the Holy God, to be treated with reverence accordingly.

And Another.

They then went on their way to the inquirer's own

village, being pursued by a man for more books. Near Mr. Kou's house they again preached to a group, who listened with quiet attention, and then he asked them to enter his home, and provided some light refreshment.

A Typical Chinese Village Home (North China).

It was only a little three-roomed hut, and typical of millions. The two end rooms open off the one in the middle, which in turn opens out to the yard, and serves as kitchen and pantry combined as well as the family shrine.

The Shrine and the Household Gods.

In front of the door, in a carved wooden frame, were the pictures of four different deities, with an incense stand in front of it, and a rough gong at the side. The gong is sounded to invite the deity to possess the chosen image, and the worshipper bumps his head on the ground, burns incense, and makes vows and oblations.

A separate little picture was the representation of the god who cures eye-diseases, and the incense-burner full of ashes before it proved that its aid had been often sought.

In a corner near the door was a picture on the wall of the dread little kitchen god, who reports on all domestic concerns, and is offered sticky concoctions as the yearly time comes round for him to go and report to his chief. The idea, of course, is that his "jaw" will "stick," and family failings be hid.

The sadness of it all was only emphasized by contrast with the revival. They spoke to their host of the One True God, and urged him to seek to know *Him*, when all other gods would be found unnecessary and cleared away as useless lumber.

The Eye-god's End.

Then and there the "eye-curer" had a lighted match applied to him by his owner; and it was suggested that in future the family might try the hospital instead.

CHAPTER XV.

“He Was Not; For God Took Him.”

Letter written by his father at Tsangchow, November, 1906.

THE pen that wrote the story of the Roberts' Memorial Hospital at Tsangchow, and whose last work was the report of the revival, has been laid down, and the hand that used it is at rest. At far-away Kirin, in Manchuria, on Thursday, October 18th, Dr. Arthur Peill died of typhoid fever. His last word, twice repeated, two hours before he died, uttered with a beaming face and in a clear, strong voice, was the one name: "Immanuel." He came back out of a state of unconsciousness, speedily passed into unconsciousness again, but during a lucid interval of a few moments left us this last word, showing where his hopes were resting as he passed away into the unseen.

He had been far from well all the summer, suffering from brain fag. The last work he did was the report of the revival, which was such a joy to him and has been such a help to many. His brother Sidney arrived in time to set him free to do that work, and then to get away from Tsangchow for a little change. In April he attended the District Committee meetings in Peking. He was suffering from sleeplessness, headache, sickness, and inability to bear the light, but it was hoped the change would do him good.

His Journey to Manchuria.

His health did not improve and he was ordered to take a complete rest by the sea at Peitaiho, the North China health resort, during the summer months, where his parents from Madagascar joined him and his brothers, and a delightful family reunion took

place. At the end of the summer, still being far from well, and a chance offering of a country tour with Dr. and Mrs. Young of the Scotch Presbyterian Mission, who were going in search of a suitable centre for a new mission station in Manchuria, his medical advisers thought this an ideal trip for him, giving him open-air exercise, change of scene, absence of all responsibility, and congenial company; and so, on September 11th, he bade us all good-bye and started, in bright spirits, for the trip from which so much was hoped.

Communications were received from him from time to time, describing the route taken, rejoicing in the beauties of nature all around him, saying how much good the change was doing him and how kind Dr. and Mrs. Young were to him.

To his brother at Oxford, he writes on September 30th from Kirin: “I am far frae ma hame, as you will see if you look up Kirin on the map. Lonely place this, on the bank of the Sungari river, down which the rafts of Manchurian pine come from over towards Korea. We have been travelling through magnificent scenery in Chinese carts, over passes every now and then, brilliant with the autumn tints of maple, oak and ash. Lovely fish in the rivers, which are clear and swift-flowing, so unlike our muddy rivers in the Chili plain.

“The trip is doing me real good I believe, though I’m not right yet, and have been sleeping badly. Any mental excitement, or even sustained interest in anything, seems too much for my poor, stupid head. It is so feeble to be laid on the shelf like this and mighty humiliating. Send up petitions for me, that I may soon be quite right again and fit for a harder day’s and year’s work than ever. There is so much to do, and there are so few to do it. And yet how true it is: ‘Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord.’ Oh, for His Spirit to be poured out upon the Christians of China and upon all us workers in this land, until we trust not in ourselves at all,

but trust mightily in Him, and learn the secrets of availing prayer and effort. What a tremendous nation this is, and what an immensity of need lies before us ! Oh, to take real advantage of the present opportunity, and in nothing to be dismayed. We expect to leave here on Tuesday (this is Sunday) and go on touring in Young's district. I mayn't go home till he lets me."

These words are his last written message to us.

The Home-Call.

On October 12th a telegram came from Kirin telling that Arthur was "down with typhoid fever, conditions favourable," and that it was now the thirteenth day. His wife and brother lost no time in starting for Kirin ; but, alas, arrived to find the funeral already over. All the care and nursing that loving and skilled hands could give were his. Dr. and Mrs. Greig (in whose house he lay), Dr. and Mrs. Young, a Russian doctor, two trained Russian male hospital nurses, did all that human skill and thoughtfulness could do. But his time was come, his work was ended ; he heard the home-call and was with the Lord. All that was mortal of him was laid in a lonely spot in the Russian cemetery at Kirin and his busy, tired brain is at length at rest.

Effect of the News.

The news of his going came to his fellow-workers here at Tsangchow, and to his parents (who by his urgent desire had come to spend the winter months with him and his family in their own home and in the midst of their work), as a sudden and terrible blow.

Great Memorial Service.

A deputation from the gentry and notables of Tsangchow visited Mr. Murray, and expressed a desire that a memorial service should be held, to which they would invite all the chief people of the city and district.

Early in the forenoon of Tuesday, November 6th, the district magistrate, military officers, officials of every class, and gentry of the place began to arrive,

dressed in robes of ceremony, to pay their respects to the fellow missionaries and relations of Dr. Peill. By two o'clock this was all over, and the big tent crowded with people, great numbers being unable to gain admittance.

Here were Confucians, Buddhists, Mohammedans, Christians—Manchus and Chinese—men of all creeds and of none—high and low, rich and poor, met in one body to do honour to the memory of the beloved Doctor who had done so much for them, and been so kind and helpful to many of them or their friends in times of trouble and sorrow.

It was indeed a remarkable demonstration, and all the more so when one remembers that ten years ago Tsangchow was one of the most bitterly anti-foreign cities of the province.

Summary of the Addresses.

Mr. Bryson spoke of Arthur's early life, birth and childhood in Madagascar, his Blackheath school days, studies in Edinburgh, call to China, his coming to Tsangchow, and love of the place and the people here.

Pastor Yang, in the name of the Church and the Christians generally, delivered a most touching address. He said how difficult it was for him to speak of one who was such a dear friend of his on such an occasion as this, and indeed he felt that in twenty minutes it was quite impossible to give any adequate idea of all that Pan Tai Fu (Arthur's Chinese name) was to him. Then he proceeded to name and illustrate four things characteristic of Arthur's spirit and work, as follows:—

1. *His great heart of love for the Chinese.* Our idea of love, he said, is quite different from his. We love those who love us, and there is an end of it. He loved the loveless. The beggar with revolting ulcers who came to the hospital gate he treated with his own hands. “Such love as this,” he said, “I had never seen before, and I have been thinking for days, and can find no flaw in his character. His whole life was just the expression of the love in his heart.”

2. *The attractive power of his love.* It was like a magnet, drawing the people into the hospital at Tsangchow from far and wide. People came here to be treated from districts far away, because they had heard of the Tsangchow doctor's loving, fatherly care of his patients.

3. *The strength of his influence.* One could not be in his company without feeling better. His goodness was infectious ; for good always, never for evil, and all who came within its radius felt its power upon them.

4. *Proofs of his goodness.* (1) No one ever heard him criticize the faults of others, whether those others were foreigners or Chinese. Short-comings in others seemed always lost sight of by him, and when others criticized anybody he always found out and spoke of the good in them. (2) He did not discriminate between Chinese and foreigners. The Chinese were his brothers, and his heart and soul were filled with longings for China's good. (3) His devotion in the work of the hospital was unsparing. He would sit up late at night with patients, sharing the burden with the nurses and students, just like one of themselves, glad to do the very lowliest service for the sick and suffering.

Testimony of Local Officials and Gentry.

The Tsangchow District Magistrate, Mr. Chao, then came forward to bear his testimony to Arthur's self-sacrificing example. He said that in Dr. Peill, though a foreigner, a good man came to Tsangchow ; and that he was what they all saw him to be because he believed and lived the Gospel of Jesus Christ (a remarkable testimony from a heathen).

Mr. Tung, one of the gentry of the city, told an incident which had come under his own notice, of a man who fell from his donkey and was seriously injured. He was carried to the hospital ; the Doctor received and treated him, and he was cured. Wishing to show his gratitude, this man came to bump his head on the ground and do obsequiousness, bringing a personal gift to Dr. Peill and asking what more he

could do to show his gratitude. He refused the gift, according to his invariable rule, and raised the man up to prevent his head bumping, saying: "Go and try to help others who are in need, as you yourself have been helped here. That will be the very best thanks you can give me."

"That incident made a great impression on me," he said, "and showed the spirit in which Dr. Peill's work was done."

A Hymn of Praise.

Mr. Yu, the scholar, had prepared a poem in Arthur's honour, which was sung at this service, and copies of which, as well as of the passages of Scripture read on the occasion, were given to all the principal people present.

Address by Dr. Peill's Father.

At the close I rose, Mr. Murray kindly translating, to thank the people for this expression of their sympathy with us all, and especially with the family in our bereavement, and also for this sign of their appreciation of the character and work of our dear one who had lived and laboured so long in their midst. I asked—why did Dr. Peill come to Tsangchow, and what was the meaning of his strenuous and unselfish life among them? The motive of my son's life, I said, was Jesus Christ, and all he accomplished was the result of his firm faith in the Gospel he both preached and lived, and which he believed with all his heart could save China.

The End of the Service.

Mrs. Murray played Beethoven's Funeral March on the piano very beautifully; and at the close of the proceedings the magistrate, officials, and gentry rose in a body, politely bowed to me several times, and to Arthur's portrait, and then slowly retired from the tent, the band outside performing military music. Many of them had never heard so much about Christianity and the Gospel before in their lives, and all

certainly carried away much food for reflection. Let us hope that impressions made that day may be fruitful and abiding.

Future Plans.

Arthur has gone home. He is where he often longed to be. We sorrow for him indeed, and our hearts are very heavy and sore with our loss. For him we know it is well; but his home-call has left a great blank in the work at Tsangchow, and his place will be hard to fill.

Dr. Peill's Character and Work.

A word to those who loved him and have helped him so faithfully all these years may not be considered out of place, nay, perhaps, ought to be said here.

His character was many-sided. Physically robust and energetic, he could dive and swim with the strongest. He was a leader in the cricket field, batting and bowling well. At golf he could drive a ball with the best. In lawn tennis he was thoroughly at home. A friend who played against him often at Peitaiho during the summer, on hearing of Arthur's death, wrote: "I can hardly realize that never again will that keen, bright face meet me over the tennis net, as it did so often last summer." Fond of all sports and manly exercises, he always shone in them.

With his work it was the same. Passing his London Matriculation and his final medical examinations in Edinburgh at the earliest possible ages, he did well in all his classes, obtaining several medals and a bursary. After his providential escape from the Boxers in 1900, having three months to spare in Edinburgh, he read up for, and obtained the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons. A pile of F.R.C.S. examination papers found in his desk seems to suggest that he tested himself by them from time to time in order to keep up his standard of efficiency.

In looking through his diaries I find entries day after day of very serious operations, undertaken without

help and as a part of the regular daily routine, operations, some of them, that none but a specialist would think of undertaking at home, and for which the London or Edinburgh specialist would expect and receive his fifty or hundred guinea fee.

He was keen at sports, he was omnivorous in his reading, he was unceasing in his profession, he was keenly interested in everybody, but he was all this in order that he might thereby further the work of the Gospel. If he made a chance acquaintance, his first thought was—how can I help him to Christ or, what help can he give me in winning men for Christ? He had the true “passion for souls.” In his charming open-hearted way he would talk so naturally and spontaneously to those he met about Christ that nobody could possibly take offence.

The Secret of His Influence.

Writing this here in Arthur's study, I almost feel as though he were looking over my shoulder now, and I ask myself: Dare I write more? I think he would not really disapprove. Much has been said that might seem to be praise of him. He would have shrunk from this, none more than he, therefore I must say more. Let me take you to the source of all his gifts and power, to the place where the power that moved him was generated, for it was not his own.

The other day I found his prayer list. It was a revelation to me. He brought his work constantly before God. He prayed for his patients and Chinese helpers individually and by name regularly. Here are long lists of his relations and friends, even passing acquaintances some of them, arranged to be prayed for regularly—friends of other days, Blackheath, University, and Morningside friends, as well as those of later years—all had their place in his intercession. His colleagues of the same station, of neighbouring stations, of other missions, he prayed for regularly by name, as well as for missions and missionary work of all societies all over the world. The names of many of

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you who helped him in his work are also here. And he prayed for wisdom and direction in the employment of all moneys committed to his charge, whether private money or for mission purposes, always keeping exact and careful accounts of all these. He prayed for his servants too, for some French soldiers he had known, for medical missions, bringing details of his life and work before God, and never forgetting his "own folk" as he styled them, some of the details of his prayers for whom are deeply affecting.

I have dared to lift this veil! It is that you may see the real source of his influence. He was a man of God, a man of prayer; and he prayed to his Father with the humility and simplicity, straightforwardness and unconventionality of a child.

*Qui procul hinc, the legend's writ,
The frontier grave is far away,
Qui ante diem periiit,
Sed miles, sed pro patria.*

CHAPTER XVI.*

A Retrospect.

THE TSANGCHOW MEDICAL MISSION,
1907-1921.

The Giant Turns in His Sleep.

THE startling political changes that have taken place in China during the last fifteen years, when viewed from the standpoint of the village peasant, dwindle into utter insignificance. Doubtless they will have an immense influence upon the lives of his descendants, but as yet they are associated in his mind, when he thinks of them at all, with floods and famines, eclipses and comets; and especially with a general slackening of control over bandits and highway robbers. The writer had quite a business recently to explain the new "five-coloured flag" which has replaced the picturesque old yellow dragon, to a peasant who asked him about it. He saw it first on our flagpost, where it serves to mark Sundays and holidays, in the absence of a church bell.

Local Reactions to Historical Events.

The inauguration of representative government in China first locally affected us in 1909, when some of the newly elected members of the first provincial parliament paid a visit to the hospital one Sunday, questioned the patients, and then attended morning service in the chapel.

In 1921, representatives from all parts of Tsangchow County assembled in the city to enter up the record for ten years. The Roberts' Memorial Hospital received the place of honour in the records as being

* Chapters XVI. and XVII. were written by Sidney G. Peill, M.B., Ch.B., brother of Dr. Arthur Peill.

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the most notable work for the public good in the county—in spite of the fact that it is carried on in connexion with a Christian Mission.

The Revolution of 1911 brought no fighting in Tsangchow.

They Hear the Legions Thunder Past.

The kaleidoscopic changes of government in 1916-18, when China had, in rapid succession, four presidents, two emperors, and two military dictators, left Tsangchow cold. Except for the nightly rumbling of troop trains, and the fact that bandits multiplied exceedingly and depleted the land, it might all have taken place in some distant country. So was it also with the fighting in 1920, when the pro-Japanese militarists received such a drubbing at the hands of Wu P'ei Fu. The intelligent Christian leaders, of course, and the educated people in the city, were tremendously interested, but the mass of the people hardly realized that anything was going on.

European Repercussions.

The great war in Europe, however, has had a more direct effect upon the work of the mission, and upon the peasant population amongst whom it is chiefly carried on. The enlistment and transportation safe to France, and safely back again (every man of our Tsangchow venturers returned with a whole skin) of 100,000 coolies, what they saw there, how they were treated, and how their families in thousands of scattered villages received monthly, without fail, fabulous sums of money from the British Government—all this has done more than anything else to open the eyes of the still sleepy giant to the existence of an outside world.

The trustworthiness of the British in business has become an axiom, but at the same time, in various other matters, they have learnt to draw a sharp line of distinction between religious and non-religious "Christians." The fact that a large proportion of the officers of the labour corps, and nearly all the doctors

in the huge Chinese hospital in France were missionaries, is one that will exert an incalculable influence upon the whole future of mission work amongst the general population of these regions.

The great war soon deprived Tsangchow hospital of half its staff of two foreign doctors, and very nearly of the whole. It was no pleasant matter for the writer to realize that it was his duty to stay where he was. The war also created serious financial problems, but God raised up unexpected helpers, and so things were kept going from year to year all through the greatest war in history. Some of the subscriptions came from men in France. It is surely much to the credit of our country that whilst fighting for her very life she maintained so much peaceful philanthropic work throughout the world, just as if nothing had happened to make it seem impossible. The effect upon the thinking Chinese must have been to make them think to some purpose of that Kingdom which is not of this world.

A Long Rope for the Devil.

Plague once, cholera twice, virulent influenza once, floods twice, and drought twice, have added their quota to the appalling death rate in these parts during the period under review. The usual infant mortality under two years is estimated roughly at eighty per cent.!

In 1921 there was a famine of unprecedented extent and severity, due to drought. Some twenty millions of people were starving. In one part of China there are records of famines recurring nearly every five years for 1600 years, and every time the officials collected money to carry out preventive measures, and every time they simply enriched themselves. Only when public opinion has been seasoned with something of a Christian savour, will such things cease to be the rule.

Most of the hospital staff went to live in the villages, distributing famine relief. Dr. Prescott, who came out in 1912, is with them, and reports: "I am just

north of Huai Chen, with a family of 30,000 to supply, and it is whispered that I may have an addition to my family of some 20,000 more. Cheerio! The more the merrier!"* But it was a harrowing kind of a life, and the physical discomforts alone are only less than those of life in the trenches. But it wins the confidence of the people as nothing else could, and hundreds will come to hospital in future, who formerly would never have dared.

But it is time to turn more directly to the history of the hospital itself, and in the first place it is necessary to note the chief additions or changes in the staff since 1906.

Additions to the Staff.

Mr. Huang left in that year never to return in health. All the best students had been sent to the Union Medical College in Peking.

In 1907 Mr. Feng came as a patient, and stayed on as a worker. As he had had seven years' hospital experience under Dr. Purves Smith in Tientsin, and was a very intelligent Christian man, his coming was indeed a Godsend; and ever since he has done splendid work. He is now pioneering, with initial help from us, in self-supporting work in the West.

Mrs. Bryson (Dr. Lenwood) came to Tsangchow in 1906. Family responsibilities and health have not permitted her to do much work in hospital, but she has always maintained a lively interest in the work, and done what she could to help in many ways.

What with relieving other stations, and our own furloughs, there has usually only been one medical missionary at Tsangchow; but in 1918 the late Dr. Sewell McFarlane came for a time to help.

*Since this was written Dr. Prescott has died. After the heavy labour in famine relief he resumed work at the hospital, and took septic poisoning from a patient whose carbuncle he had been treating. He died after a week's illness on October 9th, 1921, at the age of thirty-six. In his brief ten years' service he achieved a high reputation as a medical missionary and endeared himself to Chinese and foreigners alike.



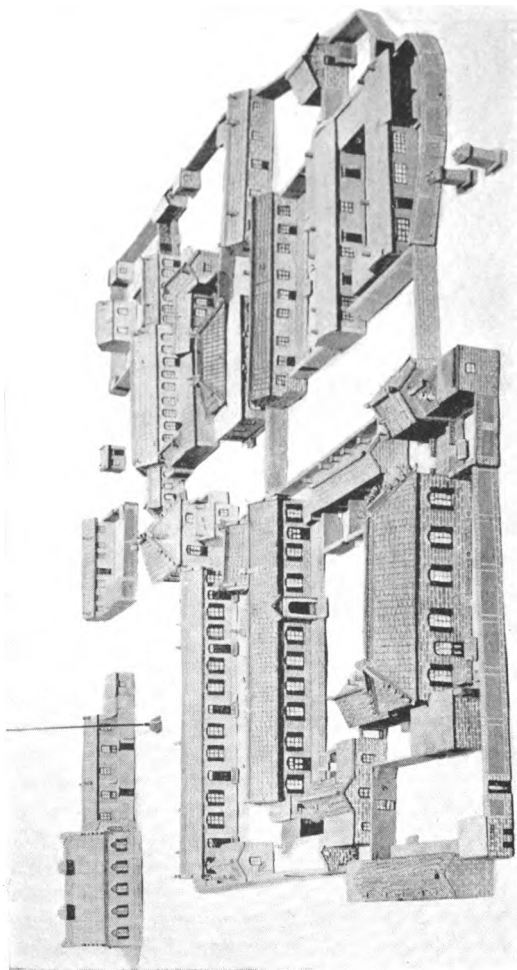
[Photo by A. D. Peill.]

The Mission Buckboard, and the Revs. Geo. Cousins and William Bolton, the visiting Deputation in 1904.



[Photo by Evan Bryant.]

Harvesting.—After the famine there came an abundant harvest of many kinds of grain and beans.



[Photo by Evan Bryant.]

Model of the Hospital at Tsangchow. The building destroyed by the Boxers occupied the site of the left hand block of the picture.

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Miss Roberts returned to China in 1916, after many years' absence in England. She has done valuable evangelistic work in the women's wards, besides doing much to maintain the interest of people in England who subscribe to the hospital. She herself is an honorary worker. The hospital is named after the late Dr. F. C. Roberts of Tientsin, her brother, who in a short life wrought a great work for Christ among the Chinese.

The latest addition to the staff is Miss Christiansen from Australia, a fully trained nurse, who joined the Union Medical College hospital in Peking some years ago. She felt she was more needed in Tsangchow. We are indebted partly to the China Medical Board for her services, and in part to Mr. T. P. Davies.

Renovation and Expansion.

The hospital has been steadily expanding, almost every year, till the compound has grown to the proportions of a small village, and the newcomer loses himself as in a maze of bungalows. Never has there been sufficient capital available at one time to put up a compact building, but land has always been cheap and plentiful.

The first improvement we went in for was fly-proofing throughout; then new sanitary arrangements; then the inn was renovated and enlarged. With poor accommodation for thirty in the inn we have had as many as 150 people spending the night in it at one time—slumbering forms scattered about in the open compound, lying under the carts to avoid a literal nightmare rolling upon them in the dark, or some restless mule or donkey.

The most important additions to the buildings, amid a host of minor ones, have been the women's out-patient department, in 1909, the A. D. Peill memorial house for a second medical missionary, built in 1911, fulfilling the condition made by the Society, for the appointment of another man.

The fine new women's wards were put up in 1914.

The latest improvement in 1921 was a first class

sterilizing outfit. All these valuable additions are due to the generosity of friends in Britain.

Baseless Fears.

It is amusing to hear it suggested sometimes that medical students in England hesitate to offer their services as missionaries for fear they should be asked to go to a country hospital and "not have proper scope for their professional abilities!" They will certainly lack luxuries if they come, and have to make themselves as independent as possible of their surroundings, but there is one thing they will not lack, and that is scope. From a cataract to a Cæsarian, everything has to be attempted by men of the most ordinary ability, or the patient has to be allowed to commit suicide, or drag on a miserable existence simply because the "foreign devil" funked it.

Twenty thousand to thirty thousand treatments per annum have been administered during the last few years, ranging from the dispensing of a simple ointment to a major operation of any kind, a search for the latest kind of hæmoplasmodium, or fitting glasses on to a patient with slow mental reactions, in a hurry, and trying to smile in Chinese!

Humdrum Routine.

The above total covers also a long monotony of chronic septic bone and gland cases, whom to admit was a sore trial to the flesh. One such was nicknamed by the other patients what might be translated "duodecimo"; she had twelve separate septic sores, basing on bones and glands—tuberculous, of course. These patients have to be kept in hospital till they are firmly healed, or they invariably relapse, for there are no visiting physicians to look after them, nor any dispensaries which they can attend in the villages from which they come. As a rule we do not admit cases which are obviously hopeless, unless also obviously destitute and without friends; but it is hard to turn them away, when so much could be done to make them comfortable and happy in their last year or two

of life. We should like to be able to run a special "incurable" ward, and perhaps we shall some day. It is a general rule that the degree of response to Christian teaching is directly proportioned to the length of stay in hospital. Of course, there are those who get harder and harder in spite of everything, but it is amongst these chronic cases that some of the most encouraging spiritual results in individuals are observed.

"Efficiency" and Mercy.

At Tsangchow alone, in the spring, there have sometimes been as many as seventy patients in the wards at one time, as well as several operation cases accommodated in the inn. Two rival ideals for the conduct of a country medical mission present themselves for adoption.

One is to concentrate, and raise the standard of "efficiency," for its own sake, to the highest possible pitch. With a large staff and an unlimited income this would be the obvious thing to aim at. But as things stand, it could not be attempted without greatly curtailing the number of patients really helped, so that efficiency would triumph over mercy.

The other alternative is to seek to help the greatest possible number in a reasonably effective manner.

At Tsangchow we have sought to help all who came, as economically as possible, whilst at the same time gradually elevating the standard of scientific treatment, equipment, and order, all of which, of course, means more expenditure of time and money per patient, and fewer helped than might be, except where special gifts have provided the wherewithal.

Reaching Out.

The need for help in the more distant parts of the district still remains the dominating feature of the situation. There are many counties with teeming populations whose nearest hospital is more than a day's cart journey away, and only a small proportion

of prospective patients attempt the trying and expensive journey.

During all these years, in this immense region, not a finger has been raised by government, by local authorities, or by private enterprise, to provide any sort of hospitals or dispensaries.

The Mobile Hospital.

Hitherto the only possible way of meeting the need of outlying districts has been by mobilization of the hospital. Whenever there have been two able-bodied medicals at Tsangchow, one has gone out into the district with a camp hospital. The large proportion of cases requiring more or less serious surgical treatment has made it necessary on such occasions to carry along everything necessary for a major operation, in addition to a good supply of medicines. The work has been done in the least unsuitable mud hovels that could be borrowed or rented for the occasion, and most of the operation cases have convalesced in neighbouring inns.

The "mobile hospital," well advertised beforehand in all the market towns of the neighbourhood, has remained in one place for a month or so, a competent dresser remaining in charge of any convalescents still requiring attention after the doctor's departure.

Over 100 new cases a day has been quite a common attendance at the clinics, and alternate days have been given up entirely to operating. It has been like working in a field hospital in war, not excepting "poison gas."

Ploughing and Sowing.

It has been the rule on these occasions to work with an evangelist. One of the leading Chinese preachers, after such an experience, and noting the result, was most enthusiastic in his appreciation of the help it gave him. He said that, before, it used to take him a long time to get a footing in a new village in that district, but now he only had to show himself to be recognized and given a hearty welcome. The moral of that is obvious—ploughers and sowers should till

the same patch. The mobile hospital is a very effective spiritual plough.

Medical Evangelism.

The function of a medical mission, as we conceive it, is to give practical expression to the compassion of the Church of Christ for the sick and suffering upon whom none else take pity ; and to lead the way to that state of public opinion in which " common humanity " becomes at least reasonably common. But, inseparably from this, a medical mission provides unparalleled opportunities for presenting Christ as spiritual Saviour to individuals whom it has helped.

In the Tsangchow hospital advantage has been taken of these opportunities the more readily since the patients themselves, and their friends, have been found glad to listen ; differing markedly from the surfeited indifference so common in western lands, or the hostility reported from other fields where the people's ideas of religion are not so eclectic. The attempt has been made to ensure that, before returning to their distant homes, all who have entered the wards have been helped not merely by demonstration, but by simple explanation, to understand something of the love of Christ. One of the surest ways of defeating this purpose at the start is to charge an adequate fee for treatment, which to the ignorant patient seems as extortionate as the wildest profiteering.

Anyone who has been long on the mission field has sometimes been able to spot a Christian by a mere glance at his face. Some of the derelicts of the race crawl to our doors. To see a human face which once looked more like that of an animal, picked out by a visitor as being specially bright, glowing with interest in spiritual things ; or to go over unexpectedly to the wards after dark, in order to see how an operation case is getting on, and find a spontaneous prayer meeting going on, and to listen outside as one after another of these simple souls prays for the first time to The Father, is an experience worth working for.

CHAPTER XVII.

“Open Vision” in China. Scriptures in Phonetic for Illiterate Chinese People.

IN the hospitals, both at Tsangchow and Siao-chang, the need was acutely felt for something easier to teach than the ordinary Chinese character, so that the many absolutely illiterate people who came to us might learn to read whilst in hospital, and so be put into possession of a permanent source of spiritual light. Patients who had been deeply influenced whilst in hospital went back to their distant village homes with only the spiritual nourishment stored away in their memories to feed upon for the rest of their lives, because they could not read, and could never hope to learn. In the far-scattered villages from which they come, only a small minority of the men, and hardly any of the women, ever learn to read. Recently the headmaster of the Government Boys' School in Tsangchow city was asked how many characters an average boy learns in three years. He said: "They seldom learn more than a thousand." In the New Testament alone there are about two thousand different characters.

The population of China consists of a few million educated, and half-educated people, living in the cities, and of hundreds of millions of illiterate peasants, living in a million or more of scattered villages. Until the problem of enlightening these peasants has been solved, the winning of China for Christ must suffer delay. But it is just these simple village folk who are the most teachable, childlike, and poor in spirit—

for whom is “The Kingdom of Heaven.” But the terrible handicap of hopeless illiteracy had so cramped their outlook, that it seemed to be a waste of energy to try and teach them anything in the time usually available for dealing with any one group, whether in hospital or in village work. The spirit of hopelessness attacked the little band of village preachers and school teachers, and they nearly always spent most of their efforts on the hardened literati who conduct village affairs, and “grind the faces of the poor,” but who could at least read and discuss the only available literature. The result is that, after more than a hundred years, we only have about two million Christians out of the four hundred millions of China.

The average time in hospital of the male patients is three weeks; of the women, about four weeks. In that time the patient has to get used to his surroundings, undergo an operation under chloroform, become interested, and learn at odd moments from an overworked evangelist, or from his fellow patients, and be able to read properly before he leaves. In order to be able to make any use of a Gospel in ordinary Chinese character, it would be necessary for an ignorant patient to memorize many hundreds of complicated characters. For the semi-illiterate of the cities, help along these lines has proved very successful, but, for the millions of utterly illiterate peasants, such methods offer no hope of widespread success.

Thank God, while Chinese has always been considered to be the hardest language in the world to learn to read, it has now turned out to be the easiest by far. If it were not so the above described situation might well be considered hopeless. As a matter of fact, in one year about fifty illiterate patients learnt to read, under the above conditions, in the wards of the Tsangchow hospital. Bright young illiterate patients in both men's and women's hospitals have learnt to read well, during their first week in hospital; in spite of having to undergo an operation under chloroform during the same week. One boy, who had

never been to school, and did not know a single character when he came in, learnt to read well in four days, although he underwent an operation during that time. He was only taught by the evangelist for less than an hour a day, but picked up most of the necessary instruction from the other patients in the ward. This, I think, probably constitutes a record for an illiterate learning to read any language in the world. In 1920, a class of illiterate girls at Siaochang hospital was taught for less than two hours a day, and at the end of a fortnight every one of them could read fluently any unprepared passage, from a Gospel in the new script.

In the spring of 1920 the writer assisted the Rev. A. G. Bryson in teaching a class of illiterate villagers for a fortnight, with the idea of employing them as teachers in their own villages. Mr. Bryson reported: "One of the chaps who attended our special classes, held in February of last year, has done yeoman service in the Ta Hsin Tsuang region, teaching heaps of people to read fluently. He is an old boy of sixty called Kao Ts'ai Hsing, a real catch, as warm-hearted as they make them, or as God makes them. God send us many more like him! During the next two months I am going to look out specially for suitable men—illiterates of mature age—to be taught with a view to becoming teachers in the latter part of the year."

Well-known men have expressed amazement at what they have heard and seen for themselves in the hospital at Tsangchow, listening to the patients read, and freely cross-examining them. One of these, after returning home from a visit to Tsangchow in the early summer of 1918, wrote as follows: "The more I think of the way in which the patients read, the more wonderful it seems. I sincerely hope the system may be universally adopted." One of the leading Chinese educationists in North China who visited us was equally delighted. To be able to write and decipher phonetic, or Romanized Chinese is useful, and a half-memorized passage can be read fluently by illiterates,

in any system; but for teaching ignorant, illiterate people to read this truly unique language quickly, there are certain qualities inherent in the Wong system which make it by far the most suitable for the purpose. In time, of course, sufficient familiarity can be acquired by an illiterate person to enable him to read in almost any system in a fairly satisfactory manner, however hard the words may be to distinguish from each other at speaking speed. But where time is limited it is essential to employ a system which makes each of the 400 monosyllables of the spoken language stand out on paper with a striking peculiarity of its own, so that the untrained eye of an illiterate man can distinguish it at once. But whatever the explanation, intelligent illiterates very soon learn to read our phonetic books quite as fluently as a Chinese scholar reading from the ordinary Chinese character.

Many people used to be opposed to teaching phonetic of any kind, lest it should prevent illiterate people from learning the proper characters. On the same principle some are now afraid to teach the Wong system, lest it should hinder people from learning the official phonetic. But we find that the Wong system makes it very much easier for illiterates to learn both the proper character and the official phonetic, by enabling them to learn for themselves from double column books.

Our house coolie used to sit and con his books at night in the kitchen, instead of going out to gamble. When he first came he was one of the densest youths it has been our lot to have in the house, and that is saying a great deal. Now he is hardly recognizable for the same being, and his smile irradiates the room, instead of making him look silly, as it used to do. He was taught his letters by a blind man—an ex-morphia fiend—who waters the garden, feeling about the roots of the bushes with his hand for the place to pour the water. This was the only man who had sufficient patience to get our young hopeful to begin—always the hardest part of the process. He taught him by

means of bits of string glued on to pasteboard in the shape of the " letters " of the " alphabet."* The first letter this blind man tried to teach by means of his palpable alphabet, was not tactfully chosen for our coolie was rather touchy himself, and the letter he had chosen as most suitable to begin with was " hun," which means " stupid " usually, though it may mean " soul." The lad took umbrage at this, and it was a whole week before he would begin his lessons again. He was so piqued, however, by the fact that even a blind man could learn these letters, that he started again ; and it was really very beautiful to watch the change which began to come over him, as the result of dawning intelligence under the influence of the New Testament passages which he learnt to read.

The action of the Chinese Government in officially adopting the Chu Yin system of phonetic, and appointing it to be taught in the schools, made it imperative to prepare Christian literature in this system also, although widespread reports of success with the Wong books had already begun to come in.

Whilst it is a cause for great rejoicing that the Chinese Government has realized the necessity for using some form of phonetic in the elementary schools, and for the unification of the national pronunciation in the schools, it must never be forgotten that the vast majority of Chinese village children never go to any

*They are not really letters, but very simple characters, which stand for seventy skilfully chosen words which will combine together euphonicly, in pairs, to form any of the remaining words of the language, according to their sound. It is like " spelling " " date " by combining " day " and " ate," only there is no " y " to drop out, each of the two component words being represented by one character—suppose X represents day, and Z represents ate, then XZ is date, This reduces spelling to the utmost possible simplicity, so that no word needs more than two " letters " to spell it, and these letters can hardly fail to be correctly chosen. Though there are seventy of them they are easily memorized, being words themselves, arranged in the form of twelve short sentences.

school, nor could enough teachers be found to teach them if schools were opened.

We did our best to help in starting the movement for printing the Scriptures in Government phonetic—a movement which has now achieved so great a success, and which, for the time being, has almost monopolized the attention of missionaries interested in the question. Those who had just begun using our books, and had made no comparative tests, of course, at once abandoned the Wong system, in favour of the now official Chu Yin system, which was being very efficiently promoted by an influential committee of missionaries, and in which there was the assurance of an unlimited supply of literature.

In the hope that actual experience might yet prove the new system to be adequate for all evangelistic purposes (in respect of being not much less rapidly teachable than the one we had already been using), we entirely held up our propaganda of the Wong system outside the limits of our own mission. It is not surprising, therefore, that the present demand for Wong literature is, at least, temporarily limited to our own districts. For our own part, we continued to use the literature which we had prepared, until others should have shown in practice what we wanted most to know, namely, whether the Government system could be taught as rapidly and efficiently as the Wong in work amongst illiterates, under the pressure of ordinary working conditions.

The vast majority of illiterate Chinese are so situated that, if they are to be taught at all, they must be taught very quickly and effectively. The whole question is fundamental to the problem of the uplift of China. For church members under constant supervision by a settled pastorate the question of speed in teaching is of minor importance, and this explains why so many are at present satisfied to push ahead with Scriptures in the Government phonetic. But for extensive work, which must be undertaken to reach the untouched masses, the whole problem

assumes a new aspect. The speed with which the process of teaching an illiterate to read can be put through vitally affects the value of the brief visits of evangelists amongst the thousands of villages which wait for them. To illustrate the value of every hour on such an occasion it is only necessary to refer to the Rev. Arnold Bryson's historic experience, when he only had three days to spend in a village in which the inhabitants were illiterate, though several of them had been gathered together as inquirers, or members of the little church.

Mr. Bryson relates, that, in the early morning of the fourth day, as he was preparing to leave, not knowing when he would be able to return, the Christians gathered about him, and thanked him for what he had done. They said: "Pastor, when you came here three days ago, and told us that you could remain with us for three days only, but that in that time you intended to teach us to read, we thought you must be mad; but last night when we sat on our kang, opened our books, and began to read aloud, our wives laughed at us in sheer astonishment." Then, with tears in his eyes, one man said: "Pastor, when you came we were blind, but now we can see!"

The difference between the time necessary for teaching the ordinary Chinese character, and that for teaching any kind of phonetic, is so enormous, that the slight difference between three days and three weeks fades by comparison into insignificance; but when looked at from the point of view of the evangelization of the villages of China, this difference is one which spells the fate of thousands.

We do not, of course, propose the Wong system as a rival for the Government system, in any circumstances in which the latter can be successfully employed; but only as a supplementary aid, to be used for evangelistic purposes in country districts, where so much more can be done with it. In the Tsangchow hospital, we felt that the difference between the two systems was the difference between the possibility

of success and the certainty of failure in the majority of cases.

Serious objection has been taken to the proposal to use more than one system of phonetic in China, because it involves the use of different kinds of type in printing. In the fonts of printers who print books in ordinary Chinese characters, there are scores of dies in each of many styles and sizes, for every one of the many thousands of different characters used. A font of phonetic type is a mere toybox compared with this. As for the number of editions of, say the New Testament, that may be required, in various dialects and styles—the New Testament in Chinese character now in use by the writer is marked Ed. No. 1705 of the British and Foreign Bible Society alone.

Again it is objected that by continuing to employ the Wong system we are depriving our illiterate adherents of any advantage that they might have derived from the use of books printed in the official system, but not available in the Wong. The fallacy of this objection is, that it fails to reckon with the stupendous difference between a man who can learn from a book, and one who is entirely dependent upon oral instruction. Paradoxical though it may sound at first, it is still perfectly true that it is easier to teach two systems than one, provided you begin with the right one, and teach it thoroughly. It is not as though it were a question of teaching a new language. By beginning with the Wong system a teacher only has to spend ten minutes longer in order to give all the oral instruction that is necessary for teaching the Government system to an illiterate, who can read freely in the Wong. He can get all the rest from a printed key with printed explanations. One system does not interfere with the reading of the other any more than learning to read a letter in handwriting interferes with the ability to read print. The advantage of printing at least the New Testament in the Wong system, is, that it enables illiterate people to read it easily and comfortably, without the strain on the

eyes, and the attention, so exhausting even to an educated man reading Chinese in the Government system for any length of time.

For those who regard the differences between systems of Chinese phonetic as a matter of purely academic interest, it must seem strange that busy medical missionaries can find time or enthusiasm to make so much stir about it, if there were no practical issues at stake. But the far reaching practical consequences involved, affecting the possibilities of spiritual and hygienic enlightenment of the general population of China, should interest everyone, and redeem the whole movement from any suspicion of being a mere faddists' propaganda.

The writer once saw a beautiful coloured cinema effect shewing an opening daffodil. The development of days took place in a few moments, under his eyes. Such is but a poor illustration of the beauty of unfolding life which may be watched from week to week on a country mission station in China where advantage is taken of the means which God has placed in our hands.

The illustration opposite gives fifty letters* which are used as initials in "spelling." There are also twenty more which are used as "finals." The first column on the right is the name of the system, printed in ordinary Chinese characters. The second column, also in ordinary character, means "The fifty Initials." The first sentence in phonetic is "*chih ch'ih ssu jih shih tz'u tz'u*," which means "at the latest in four days you will know these characters." It will at once be noticed how much simpler the characters of the system itself are than the older form, but this is not the chief thing. In order to make use of the old Chinese characters it is necessary to learn individually some five or six thousand of them, whilst in phonetic the fifty initials and twenty finals are used over and over again, either by themselves or in pairs. The

* See the explanation in the footnote to page 154.

