J.B. Devins

On the Way to Hwai Yuen

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Or the Story of

A Mule Ride in China

An Entire Mission Station
Maintained by the Central
Presbyterian Church
of
New York City

John Bancroft Devins

ON THE WAY TO HWAI YUEN:

OR THE STORY OF

A MULE RIDE IN CHINA

Visiting the Presbyterian Mission in the An-Hui Province
carried on under the direction of the Foreign Board,
by the Central Presbyterian Church of
New York City

With a Foreword by the
REV. WILTON MERLE SMITH, D. D.,
the Pastor of the Central Church

BY

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FOREWORD

REV. WILTON MERLE SMITH, D. D.
PASTOR OF THE CENTRAL CHURCH

HEROISM AND CONSECRATION

THE movement in the Central Presbyterian Church to support its own missionaries began in 1894, when a young missionary was sent by the Church to Hyden, Kentucky, a place in the mountains sixty miles from a railroad; in a country which did not at that time have a single church with a settled pastor. The work there has increased so much in ten years that the Church is now supporting seven missionaries there. There is a church and academy building, a parsonage, and a girls' dormitory—property now valued at $10,000. There are five out stations where the pastor and his assistant preach. It is not too much to say that this church and school have had great influence in lifting this

entire community. Most of the district schools through the country, some fifty in number, have as teachers students educated and Christianized in the Academy of Hyden.

In 1895 the Church sent the Rev. C. O. Gill and his wife to Peking. After a year they were compelled to return on account of illness. Then in 1898 the Church resolved to support a mission station in Central China. Rev. E. C. Lobenstine, Rev. Du Bois S. Morris and Miss Rose Lobenstine sailed for China in September. The next year Dr. Samuel Cochran and the Rev. James B. Cochran and their wives joined them in Nanking, where they were learning the language and preparing for their work. In October, 1901, Hwai Yuen was chosen as our station. Miss Hoffman, a trained nurse, joined our band in 1902. She has since married Mr. Lobenstine. Hence there are at present eight missionaries in our station. Property has been bought for a residence to be built at once. Other property is soon to be acquired. A hospital has been promised. The missionaries are now living in rented Chinese houses.

The results are already beginning to appear. Enquirers are numerous and through the great skill of Dr. Cochran the medical side of the work has made many friends among people of high and low station alike.

The following is the list of the Central Church missionaries:

Hyden, Kentucky—

Rev. and Mrs. T. Judson Miles (1901).
Rev. George Moore (1905).
Miss Blanche M. Shaw (1904).
Miss Mary E. Wiley (1904).
Miss Fannie C. Penland (1904).
Miss D. Bradshaw (1905).

Hwai Yuen, An Hui Province, China—

Rev. and Mrs. Edwin C. Lobenstine (1898 and 1902).
Rev. Du Bois S. Morris (1898).
Rev. and Mrs. James B. Cochran (1899).
Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Cochran (1899).
Miss Rose Lobenstine (1898).

Hainan, China—

Miss Henrietta Montgomery.
(Maintained by Women's Missionary Society.)

Constant letters from the missionaries, with kodak pictures of their homes and the scenes about them, which are often thrown upon the screen, keep the interest always alive in the Central Church. Although this work of supporting two mission stations, one in the Home and one in the Foreign Field, is expensive, running far into the thousands every year, yet it ought to be stated that the Church still gives its annual offering each year to the general work of the Home and Foreign Boards, and this year the offerings were a large increase over those in former years. The Central Church believes thoroughly in this plan of a church supporting its own missionaries. A great wealth of prayer and sympathy goes out toward them from the Church at home, and the reflex influence is most marked, leading the Christians here to put their lives on the basis of foreign missionary heroism and consecration.

Wilton Merle Smith.

Central Church Study,
New York, May 1, 1905.

CHAPTER I

Why the Journey Was Taken

"WHEN I reach China," said the writer to Dr. Wilton Merle Smith, of the Central Church of New York, as he began his trip to the mission fields of Asia, "I hope to visit your workers in Hwai Yuen."

Rev. and Mrs. James B. Cochran
Rev. E. C. Lobenstine, Miss Lobenstine,
Rev. Du Bois S. Morris
Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Cochran

"Brother John, if you do that you will do those brave, consecrated people a world of good. But it is a long way back from the coast, and the people have to travel in houseboats, and it takes a long time, and

few travelers get so far off the beaten tracks. If you ever get there give them my love; they are the best company of people on this earth."

"I will tell them that you said so."

On the General Assembly train across the continent, in conversation with an elder from the Boonton, N. J., Church, I said, "Mr. Jenkins, I hope to visit Hwai Yuen when I go to China."

"If you ever get to that far-away place, give my love to Mrs. James Cochran, for she is my daughter."

"No distance is too great, and no journey too hard for one who is the bearer of such a message."

"Where is your field?" was the innocent question asked of a young woman from China, who was met in Japan.

"Our mission is the oldest of our Board in China."

"And may I ask how you reach it from Shanghai?" The directions were given in a courteous manner, but not with that warmth of feeling that had been characteristic of the speaker a few moments earlier. At the annual meeting of the Central China Mission the coolness was explained:

"There is an editor from New York traveling around the world, and what do you think! He actually didn't know how to reach the oldest Presbyterian station in China. But he knew all about Hwai Yuen. He knows just how to get there, and who the missionaries are and all about them. Now what do you think of that! You will probably see him, but we in Ningpo will be passed by!" When the visit to Ningpo was made a month later, all was forgiven, even the dense —almost crass—ignorance, which had been confessed by the writer at one time.

Hwai Yuen, pronounced as if composed of the three letters Y. U. N., would be a hundred and fifty

miles northwest of Nanking, on a direct road, but directness is not a virtue that characterizes the makers of streets and roads and trails and paths in China. The distance by land, therefore, is somewhat problematical.

The length of the water trip from Nanking which had always been taken by the ladies of the Mission, and usually by the gentlemen, is wholly problematical; the question of distance is eliminated—"How long will it take?" is the only query. The answer is never made with any degree of confidence:

"Two weeks, four weeks, or six weeks—it all depends upon the load the boat carries, the condition of the canal at the time—whether or no there is a block—the depth of water in the lake and the force and direction of the wind."

If I went by water from one to two months would be taken out of the year, not in visiting mission fields, but in a houseboat going and returning; if I went overland—there were the Chinese inns with their native food, the native animals to ride by day and others to elude by night, and other perils, but bearing the love of a devoted father and one of the best pastors in the world, the journey must be undertaken and would be taken in safety; of that the bearer had no doubt—an angel might have been more fearful.

Leaving Mrs. Devins in Peking, I went to Shanghai, and taking passage on a Yangtse River boat, I reached Nanking early one morning. I had not told any one in that city I was coming, for knowing something of the unselfish nature of missionaries, I was sure that one of them would be at the steamer to meet me, using strength that was needed for the work for which the missionaries have left home and loved ones.

At the same time it is a bit dreary (shall I confess

it?) to be dropped off a river steamer in a Chinese town at 4 A. M., without knowing a word of the language of the people among whom you drop, especially when they have words and to spare. But just ahead is Nanking and its earnest workers, and beyond that city is Hwai Yuen and its band of eight devoted workers whom no American traveler has ever visited in their far-away station, and beyond them still is Dr. Smith's query, sure to come:

"Brother John, did you see the bravest and best lot of missionaries in China?" I could never return to New York and say "No" to that question.

Thoughts like these helped to make the landing at Nanking less dreary, and the walk to the Chinese hotel less monotonous. At the hotel—that term is used by courtesy—I untied my bundle of bedding, spread it on the bedstead and prepared to lie down for two or three hours. Just then a Chinaman, whom I had not seen before, came into my room to talk to me. He knew a few words of English and his sleep had been disturbed because of that fact. A brief conversation followed and then three hours of sleep. After a fairly good breakfast, I started out for the Presbyterian compound, seven or eight miles away. It took the combined efforts of the Chinaman, who could be understood somewhat, and a half dozen of his countrymen who could not be understood at all, to get me off; but I blamed no one. It was the fault of my early education; I should have studied Chinese instead of Hebrew, or rather have learned both.

All of the missionaries in Nanking—the Leamans, the Drummonds, the Williamses, Mrs. Abbey and Miss Dresser of the Presbyterian Board, as well as Methodists and Disciples—were deeply interested in the proposed trip to Hwai Yuen. A good Methodist

brother furnished his saddle and bridle; another tried to get animals—horses, mules or donkeys; while Mr. Leaman secured a "boy" to accompany me; and, not least, another dear soul, Mrs. Drummond, filled a large provision basket full of good things. Without that basket of food and other necessary comforts in a wonderful itinerating box which she provided, I fear that a widow would have come back from China and a new editor would have been needed in New York.

It was planned that I should start early Monday morning in order to reach Hwai Yuen by Friday night. But it was three o'clock that afternoon before I was off and then I had no animals. The wily horse dealers knew that I wanted to go very badly, and they raised the price and talked of my weight, and criticised the size of my bundles.

At last I started with my boy, whom I called Li, because that was easier to remember than the heathen name which his mother gave him, and a servant of Mr. Drummond's, who was to pilot me over the river that I might secure animals at Pu Ko. I had hoped to get an English-speaking Chinaman to accompany me during the fortnight, but none being available, I set out with one who knew as little English as I did Chinese. Two or three of the Nanking missionaries wanted to go with me, feeling that it was unwise, if not unsafe, for me to take the trip alone. But, while very grateful, their kind offer was declined; missionaries should not be used as guides or interpreters on shopping excursions by travelers. It is bad enough when one uses them as much as the writer did, and as much as he was obliged to do in order to start for Hwai Yuen.

Mr. Drummond accompanied me a part of the way

to the river in order to change Mexican dollars for other silver dollars which would be taken in the interior of the country. As I had then two other kinds of silver dollars with me, one current in Shanghai, and the other which I had received in change bearing the Singapore stamp, and had also many strings of copper cash, I realized the need of a reform in Chinese currency.

"All the world round, you may find wells whose water you could not say was different from what you daily use; at any rate it quenches your thirst as well. You could not tell what country you were in, nor what age, by the taste of the water from a living well. And so, what God has provided for our spiritual life bears in it no peculiarities of time or place; it addresses itself with equal power to the European of to-day, as it did to the Asiatic during our Lord's own lifetime. Men have settled down by hundreds and by fifties, they are grouped according to various natures and tastes, but to all alike is this one food presented. And this, because the want it supplies is not fictitious, but as natural and veritable a want, as is indicated by hunger or thirst."

CHAPTER II

On the Yangtse River at Night

WHEN Li, my "boy," Mr. Drummond's servant, and I reached the landing station at Nanking, we were met by the Rev. John E. Williams, the representative of the West End Presbyterian Church of New York, who kindly helped to get the

Missionaries Stopped on Grand Canal

party started across the Yangtse River. Simple as one would think such an undertaking should be, it was by no means as easy as it would be in a Western town. The price asked did not seem extravagant to me, but there is always the danger of a precedent being established, which may embarrass the foreign residents later.

Finally Mr. Williams was obliged to start for home

and my last link with civilization was severed. He was anxious to go to Hwai Yuen with me, but that was not to be thought of. I sat calmly—as calmly as I could—while the servant and the boatmen came to an understanding; perhaps it was easier to be silent since I had nothing to offer in the way of an explanation—a shake of the head, a shrug of the shoulder, an elevation of the eyebrow, an extension of the hand, palm up, even a frown or a smile has its proper use when unknown tongues are in active service, but usually one would better employ only the last aid mentioned and smile, but not too expansively, lest the motive be misunderstood.

The sun has gone down before the boat has been made ready, and soon we were on the Yangtse in a boat that may have been in use in China in the first Christian century. To say that I was wholly at ease would be to stretch the truth a little. Crossing a river two miles wide, a hundred fathoms deep, and flowing four miles an hour, is not calculated to inspire courage; especially when the trip is made after dark in a rickety boat manned by men with whom you cannot exchange a word. I had understood that we were to cross the river in a half hour, and then a walk of four miles lay ahead of us before we reached Pu Ko, where the animals were to be secured, and where we were to spend the night. This trip should have been taken in less time, helped as we were by the current and sails, but by and by the sails were taken down, and the men began to row. After a while we entered an inlet, and one of the rowers jumped ashore and with a rope began to pull the boat. It was about two hours before we disembarked—after having enjoyed a bit of quiet, if not simple, life.

Following my associates who bought a penny lantern and candle, I trudged on for half a mile to the hong, or inn, where we were to spend the night. A room was secured and I passed through the curious as well as curious-looking crowd that thronged the hong. Cold, damp, and cheerless was the room. Bare earth formed the floor; a vile smelling oil lamp furnished sufficient light to make the darkness visible. A brick bed over which straw had been thrown, was to be my resting place.

Li soon had the table ready. The thoughtfulness of Mrs. Drummond was soon apparent. A table cloth was spread, and dishes as well as a quantity of food, substantial and tempting, were placed upon it. The kindness of the Nanking missionaries was much appreciated at the time, and the sense of obligation deepens as distance and time increase. When Li announced, "Dinner is served," he did not use those words, but what he did say was entirely satisfactory. While I had not invited any guests to my first meal, the doorway and the part of the room near the door were filled with a score of quiet, respectful Chinamen, who looked on as interestedly as a party of Presbyterians in San Francisco had watched a Celestial dinner party in Chinatown a few months before. But somehow it does seem different to watch than to be watched—perhaps it does to a Chinaman, too. If Americans are amused by what they see in Chinatown in New York or San Francisco, their representatives that night apparently furnished an equal amount of pleasure to the Pu Koites.

Before the simple meal was ended, the business in hand was taken up; I know now what Paul meant about five words of known and several thousand words of unknown tongues—I have always had great

faith in Paul,—that faith has been strengthened by my trip to Hwai Yuen. Mr. Drummond's servant and the boy and the hong-keeper, and every Chinaman in the inn, and apparently every resident in Pu Ko, were as deeply interested in the proposed journey as the traveler; certainly they expressed a deeper interest in it than he did. It was amusing to watch the fencing between the servant and the muleteer who had been asked his price for the trip. He had two mules and a donkey, as I learned later through a young Chinaman who had been in a mission school in Nanking where he had learned a little English; he was now the schoolmaster in Pu Ko.

Unable to settle matters himself, the hong-keeper had sent for this young teacher. The price and the number of animals were not satisfactory, but no other muleteer would even discuss the possibility of making a bargain with another man.

"It is his job," was all they would say. I have never seen labor union principles more vigorously applied. I must take Lao, who had been first approached, and at his price, or walk to Hwai Yuen. At last the capitalist yielded; he yielded with a smile and solemnly promised to pay $23 (Mexican), about $11 in American money, for the muleteer and his two mules and a donkey for ten days—the owner to pay all hotel bills for himself and his animals; if Lao had said $23 gold, he would have received it, for the journey had to be taken. This momentous question settled, "Nature's sweet restorer" was sought and found, and this without the sprinkling of powder over the bed and around the room, the first process in many a Chinese inn; apparently I had been taken to a first-class hotel. The bedding supplied by the Aments in Peking, another family of blessed mem-

ory, was rolled out over the straw, and the cheerlessness and the dampness of the room were soon forgotten; I was putting myself in the position of an itinerating missionary, and unpleasant surroundings and reflections upon them must be borne as the missionaries bear them—as a part of the daily task which the Master gives as they go forth with Him as their Guide and Teacher and Friend.

"'How fair is the feet!' From the viewpoint of Heaven there is nothing on the earth more lovely than the bearing of the name of Jesus Christ into the needing world, when the bearer is one 'who loves and knows.' It is the continuation of what the King Himself 'began to do' when He was His own first Missionary to a world which needed Him immeasurably, yet did not know Him when He came."

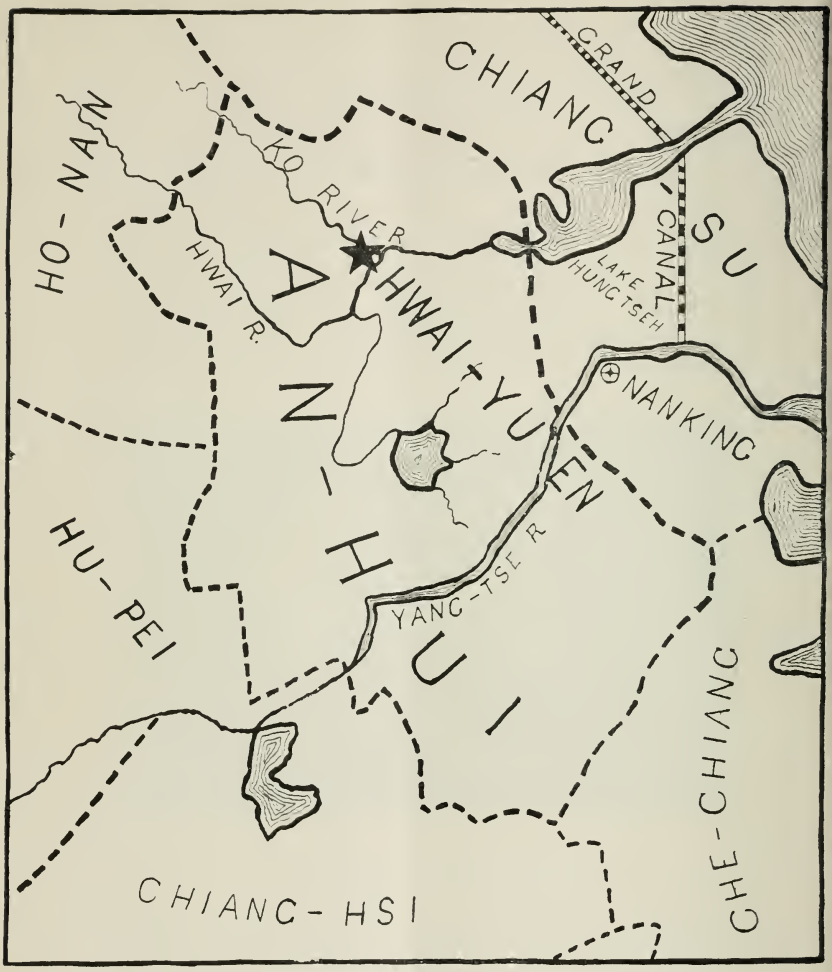
CHAPTER III

Off For Hwai Yuen

MORNING comes to the traveler in China about two hours earlier than it does at home. Long before dawn the yard of the inn at Pu Ko was astir, and sleep for that day was out of the question. Li and Lao, my boy and my muleteer, were awake

Edwin C. Lobenstine and Du Bois S. Morris
Two of the Hwai Yuen Missionaries

and up and no one else could be asleep. The bedding was not aired as it should have been, but then there was no window to open for the fresh morning air to enter with health-giving breezes; when the door leading into the yard was opened, I saw the wisdom of letting the bedding air in the bundle on the mule's back as we journeyed. In the homeland a young



THE AN-HUI PROVINCE IN CHINA

[From Nanking to Hwai Yuen, the water route is west on the]Yangtse to Chin-Kiang, where the Grand Canal starts north towards Tientsin; then through the Canal to Lake Hung-tseh, then East through the Lake and the Ko River to its junction with the Hwai River at Hwai Yuen. The author crossed the Yangtse at Nanking and traveled in a northwesterly direction for four days, covering the hundred and fifty miles in that time.

man won his mother-in-law before he did his wife by airing his sleeping room; he must have acted under a sudden impulse.

It is one of the many regrets of my life that I was not able to follow Colonel Roosevelt up San Juan Hill; when I reach home I am going to apply for membership in his famous organization—I, too, am a rough rider; I had to be. Every one has to be who rides a Chinese mule. The pressure of the hind hoof of a mule on different parts of one's body is more warm than welcome, until the rider gets fully accustomed to this form of salutation, and then he begins to miss something usual if the caress is not given.

"Off for Hwai Yuen. Six animals, three human."

This was the parting message sent back by the messenger to be forwarded to the wife in Peking, for we were to travel where no railway or telegraph line had ever been stretched. No letter could be written which would reach her before I returned and no other telegram could be sent for three days.

It was a modest company that started from Pu Ko early on a Tuesday morning. The pack mule led the procession; Lao, the muleteer, on foot followed; then came the American on his mule, and bringing up the rear Li on his donkey. There should have been a mule or a donkey for Lao, but I had secured all the animals which he had.

The pack mule bore the burdens without a complaint. I called him Central, because when I wanted to say something, not that any one could understand me, but because I must speak or scream—the silence was so oppressive—I would call out "Hello!" In a moment or two a reply would often come from Central that a not too vivid imagination could construe into:

"Bus-y, bus-y, bus-y!"

The remark may not have been a response to my salutation, but simply an exchange of greetings with another mule in a passing caravan. Central did not always reply promptly to my call; that was one reason also why the name seemed appropriate. Our direction from Tuesday morning till Friday night was to be almost due northwest, but we made many detours every hour, turning right angles, climbing mountains, fording streams, picking our way through countless villages, with Central ahead, followed by the foreigner on his mule—I had a name for him, too, based upon his kicking propensities, but I do not wish to obtrude politics into a missionary tale.

The first day at noon our troubles began. There had been a slight misunderstanding between members of the party earlier in the day, but I had yielded then and did at noon also. Lao insisted that I should ride behind Central. Once I rode ahead and let my mule trot for about three rods. Lao ran up, jabbered in Chinese, grabbed the bridle and led my mule for an hour. I let that pass and he saw that I was "easy." At noon I wanted to go on to Si Goh, where I had been told by the missionaries to get my midday meal. Lao decided that he would not go so far; he said nothing, but he drove the animals into an inn before we reached Si Goh; again I yielded, and he saw that I was "very easy."

Si Goh was passed an hour after starting in the afternoon. I said to myself, I could not say it to any one else: "We shall have to ride faster to make up that hour or Hwai Yuen cannot be reached by Friday night. About 4 o'clock we reached U-We and to my great surprise Central, Li and the donkey turned into the yard of an inn.

Then I saw why we had not dined at Si Goh. Lao had planned a shorter day's journey than the con-

LAO AND LI—MULETEER AND BOY

tract called for. Chu Cho was the place agreed upon as the place where we were to spend the first night. For a few minutes the American had his hands full.

Lao argued—it was really a one-sided argument; my mule tried to throw me and join Central in the yard; Li took sides with Lao—that was my impression, though I could not swear to it; the inn-keeper came out and his servants with him. They evidently did not wish to have six animals, three of them human, go on to the rival inn at Chu Cho. Lao reviled me; he seemed to use fearful language, my mule revolved several times, the men began to unload Central.

I forbade that, and requested them to desist. This time I did not yield. The "foreign devil" sat his mule and smilingly said:

"Chu Cho."

The native saints were truly Celestial. They smiled also and continued to unload Central.

"Chu Cho."

Lao pointed to the sun—there was not time to reach Chu Cho before dark.

"Chu Cho," was my only answer. What more could I say?

Lao pointed to the mule—he was too tired to go further. The places for noon and night refreshment had been selected by Mr. Drummond in Nanking, who had been over this trail on foot many times.

"Chu Cho."

Lao pointed to his feet—he could walk no further; the places had been named when the contract was made. They were the only good ones—no, that statement needs qualifying; no others were so good as these.

"Chu Cho."

Lao fell prostrate and bumped his forehead on the ground—he would move me by prayer. I nearly

yielded, but stories of the inns at places not scheduled came to my mind.

"Chu Cho."

In a flash Lao had ceased to pray. He was on his feet, and like a madman rushed towards me, his heavy whip in hand. The time had come to stop smiling. Perhaps a frown chased it away; Lao says I made a fist—he is in error; I was trying to hold my mule and keep my seat in the saddle that fitted neither mule nor rider, and watch Lao and prevent Central from being unloaded, and get Li on my side. This time I dropped my Chinese and spoke in English, slowly, but in a manner that was not misunderstood:

"Li, come out of that yard. Bring that pack mule here and we will start for Chu Cho."

I slapped my hands together. The effect was electrical. Lao is sure that I made a fist. Li came out of the yard. The inn-keeper and his servants assisted in getting Central out of the yard, having restored his burden. Lao, defiant but silent, with his hand on my bridle, started on for Chu Cho, Li in a meditative mood behind. Thinking to beguile the way, I ran over the names of the towns where we were to sleep on succeeding nights.

"Chu Cho, Chih Ho, Feng Yang, Hwai Yuen."

Two or three times I repeated these mellifluous monosyllables. Finally the tension proved too great. In the most delicious sarcasm, in tones wholly American, the muleteer mimicked me perfectly:

"Chu Cho, Chih Ho, Feng Yang, Hwai Yuen."

Possibly he prolonged the sounds a trifle longer than I had done, but it had the desired effect. It relieved Lao's temper. He turned to see what I would do next. He met a smile and he gave one in return.

Lao and I were friends, and only once after that was there an estrangement, and that was only momentary; he had forgotten the incident at U-We, but it soon came to his mind and we remained friends.

"The essence of discipleship is love. The best of love is not emotion but obedience. And the school of obedience is sacrifice, even suffering. Thus Jesus 'learned obedience of the things that He suffered.' 'It is the way the Master went. Shall not the servant tread it still?'"

CHAPTER IV

A Lonely Night on the Way

IT was four o'clock when we left U-We, two hours later than it should have been. Had Lao intended to reach Chu Cho that night we should have been at U-We by two o'clock and at Chu Cho at six. Since Lao will probably not read this letter, I do not mind saying that I had not ridden an hour beyond U-We before I would have been glad if I had remained there; on reflection, I am willing that Lao should know it.

It was a November afternoon. The day was short and the air was chill. As the sun went down and the temperature fell, I suffered from the cold. The moon did not rise till ten o'clock. We secured three two-cent paper lanterns and rode on and on and ever on toward Chu Cho. Once or twice I dismounted, but after walking for a time over the treacherous trail, I concluded that I was safer on the mule's back than on my own feet. It was my first day in the saddle for several months, and counting out the time spent in the inn at noon we traveled more than ten hours that day before the walls of Chu Cho appeared, but only by reaching that town Tuesday night could we reach Hwai Yuen Friday night, and keep my contract with Lao and Li whose pictures I took as the muleteer was beginning his midday meal.

But now we are in Chu Cho at last. A tired set are the animals, especially the three human ones; I can vouch for one of them. The mules and donkeys

Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Cochran

Rev. and Mrs. James B. Cochran

are taken to the stable which I pass through on the way to the room in the inn to which I am assigned. And this is one of the better inns! What should I have found in one not first-class? The room last night was bad enough. It was dirty and close and ill-smelling with its smoking oil lamp, but that room was palatial compared to this one in which I must eat and sleep. And yet this room is one of the best on the route over which the missionaries travel. I studied for eight years intending to be a foreign missionary, and this is what I should have had to endure if I had been sent to this part of China.

While I sit on the kang, the raised brick platform in one corner of the room which serves as chair and bed, Li sets the table. The window is out and the raw breeze pours in. I am unable to close the door. I am chilled through and I fear that I shall add to the cold that I have. The room fills up with men, women and children, staring at the traveler as if he were the wild man from Borneo; they do not often have a chance to see an American traveler. Li brings in the dinner, a cup of poor tea and a bit of bread and jam. I manage to eat a little, but it is a great effort even to do this. I am not sick, exactly, but if the visitors would withdraw for a moment and let me indulge in a quiet wiping of moisture that unbidden dims my sight, I would esteem it a kindness. But they manifest no signs of leaving me, and rousing myself I say inwardly:

"Missionaries are not run by water power nor will I be."

But not even this assertion rests my body nor promises a night free from danger to my health. I have in my pocket a letter to a missionary who lives in Chu Cho on whom I intend to call in the morning.

I would send it to him now, were it not so late, and if I knew that his wife had not been ill. For a time I try to be brave—as brave as a missionary would be, as brave as he is—but at last I weaken, and in a hand showing both fatigue and cold, I send a modest line:

"If your wife's health will permit a stranger coming to your home at this hour, and if you have a spare bed or lounge which I can occupy for the night, I shall be most grateful."

In a few minutes a messenger came with a cordial invitation to come at once, and the resolution which I had made to sleep in the inns as the missionaries did was shattered; they are made of sterner stuff than the writer. Were the destination the scene of a battle, the tomb of a great man or the site of a temple, I should return to Nanking the next morning. But better than temples or tombs or battlefields is the destination that awaits the traveler who presses on to Hwai Yuen.

A night in a Christian bed, following the hearty welcome which I received when reaching the home of W. R. Hunt, and a good breakfast the next morning, quite restored the weary traveler, and tears did not trouble him again; other nights were lonely and other inns were forbidding, and other crowds of inquisitive people stared at him, but he never weakened again; he was gaining something of the spirit of the missionaries whom he was going to meet at the end of the week.

The Church of the Disciples has a large and successful mission work at Nanking; a school at Pu Ko, a station with two families at Chu Cho, and its missionaries are planning to run a chain of stations, three or four hundred miles northwest of Nanking. They are doing excellent work in this part of China,

and are meeting with good results. One of their men in Chu Cho is Dr. Osgood, and he insisted on accompanying me during the morning ride. But first he had a plain talk with Li and Lao. He told Li that he must do what I said, not what Lao said; that he should have helped me at U-We, instead of going in the yard as Lao requested him to do. Li said that he was afraid of Lao, or that he was until he saw that the traveler was not, and he promised not to take sides with him again. Lao heard some plain facts about his duty in keeping contracts; he is told that Chih Ho is the next place to stay over night. Lao demurred at this, naming a town this side, a few hours less of travel for this day he planned also.

Dr. Osgood settles on a plan for circumventing the muleteer. He tells him also that he must let me ride ahead and save time if I choose to do so, letting the pack mule come on as he may. He will go with me to a village a half day's ride from Chu Cho, and after dinner there at the home of a Christian preacher, a Chinaman, he will turn me over to the preacher, who will ride with us past the town where Lao planned to stop for the night and see us safely started on the last part of the trail to Chih Ho.

"Suppose Lao objects to this arrangement; I cannot talk to your preacher any better than I can to the driver."

"You will not need to talk to either. When you see the preacher, you will understand."

Nothing is said to Lao of our plans; he will find out what his duty is by a living illustration rather than by precept; when he finds our party enlarged by the addition of another member of his own na-

tionality, words will not be necessary, Dr. Osgood says.

One of the prized half days of my months in China was the time spent with Dr. Osgood as we trotted together over the plain, losing sight entirely of Li and Lao and the pack animals, or toiled up the mountain sides together, talking of the homeland and mutual friends there or of the hopes and trials and successes of the missionaries in the land in which we are traveling. Scarcely a word about hardships, but much about joys and opportunities; every cloud seems to have been turned wrong side out by these devoted men and women and only the silver lining appears. It was restful to be in the company of one who can understand you; I did not know quite what a hardship I was undergoing in starting out as I did, but the prize was worth the effort. Again and again the prayer came to my thoughts and often to my lips:

"God bless these faithful missionaries, and give me something of their fidelity and heroism."

"Evidences multiply that the long-anticipated awakening of China has come. Pray that the missionaries may be given special grace in this supreme hour, and that the Church may realize its solemn responsibility. This is the time to send generous reinforcements."

CHAPTER V

In a Chinese Mob

THE native preacher, who was to aid the traveler in defeating his muleteer's intentions to shorten the second day's journey as he had tried to do the first day, comprehended Dr. Osgood's thought

The Traveler's Mules and Pack

in a moment. When I saw him I had no fear that Lao would sulk in his presence. Nor did I fear that he would threaten either the preacher or me while the former was in sight. "A story teller by profession," accustomed to gather crowds and entertain

them by the hour by the recital of wonderful tales, playing upon their imagination, upon their knowledge of the history of their native land and upon their love of the dramatic, after his conversion the stalwart Chinaman threw all his powers into the service of Christ, to become a consecrated teller of the story of Calvary. As large nearly as Lao and Li together, his presence alone was greatly in his favor. The Chinese reverence size as well as intellect—the lowest cultured class think more of bulk than of worth.

The dinner served at this preacher's house was purely Chinese, for which I was grateful; and it was supplemented by the contents of Mrs. Drummond's basket, for which I was still more grateful. This basket constantly brought to mind the famous cruse of oil—the supply seemed inexhaustible. I wished to pay for the entertainment; Dr. Osgood assured me that nothing would cause the preacher more sorrow, but it was possible to assuage sorrow thus produced—"like cures like" in China, as elsewhere.

After dinner the American physician started back to his home. The procession of animals, four human now, moved on toward the northwest, Central ahead as usual, and the preacher astride his little donkey acting as rearguard. About three o'clock we passed the uninviting resting place to which Lao had referred, but the muleteer was as insensible to inns as to the sun or moon, both of which were visible at the time. He said nothing about weariness, his own or his animals; he neither prayed nor threatened as he had done at U-We; he simply plodded on and ever on, the patient, faithful, tireless Lao! How much of this devotion to duty was due

to a new resolve of purpose, and how much was due to the fact that the story teller was still in sight, need not be questioned too closely.

Chih Ho was reached an hour after dark, an improvement over the previous day. The inn was also

Chinese Mothers and Children

better than the one at Chu Cho, and there was no other place to which to go; when bridges are burned it is easier to press forward. It was somewhat easier also to think of the frugal meal which Li was to provide.

Desiring a piece of chicken for supper, I try to think how I can tell Li what I wish. Mr. Drummond had written the Chinese word for egg in my note book, but not the one for chicken; evidently missionaries do not indulge in luxuries of this kind on their itinerating trips. But how am I to get my

chicken? The language of hens is universal; I do not need to learn Chinese to order a chicken.

"Li! Cock-a-doodle-do!" Then I point to the table. Li smiles and starts for the yard. Soon a noise not peculiar to China is heard, and I know that a pullet will soon be roasting.

Though the hour was early when the meal was finished, a few verses from the Testament, a few words of gratitude for journeying mercies, a few words seeking protection and rest, and Li in his corner and I in mine, were soon fast asleep. Lao slept with the other caravan drivers, and at four o'clock summoned us to prepare for the next day's journey. Thinking that we would save time if we rode till daylight, and then let the animals rest while breakfast was served, this direction was given. But, alas for the result!

Shortly after daylight Lao discovered that the riding mule was ill. My knowledge of Chinese mules was limited, and further it was Lao's mule. I walked for an hour, not wishing to ride a sick mule, or one thought to be suffering. In the meantime Li had gone on with the basket and I saw neither him nor the basket till eleven o'clock. A little Chinese boy munching a sweet potato was induced to get another by the offer of a few cash, and this constituted my entire breakfast. In the meantime Lao had called in a veterinarian from a passing caravan. They decided to bleed the mule, but instead of making a modest incision in the upper jaw, as is sometimes done in America, a large needle was thrust into the inner part of the eyelid. The mule was securely tied, but his agony was intense.

After receiving this medical treatment we started on again. For a long time I walked, but feeling sure

that the mule was not seriously ill, I started to mount him. Li protested, and secured a horse from a passing caravan for me to ride. The horse was carrying a load, but with the aid of two or three Chinamen, I was placed on top of the pack that swayed from the saddle, where my feet hung over the horse's neck. I had no support for either hands or feet, and

Trying to Make Them Look Pleasant

the load swayed from side to side. Instead of falling off, I jumped off, and went back to my mule. Li protested, cried, scowled, threatened, and kotowed. Hong Sing was reached at last and Li was found with breakfast prepared. Here, as elsewhere, a crowd of people pressed in the room where I was eating, sometimes at a distance, but usually as near the table as possible, staring and making remarks to one another, apparently criticising or commending

the dishes and the manner of eating the food prepared. A group of Chinese women and children pressed in upon us, and I secured permission to snap them also; the children could not be appeased even by cash, but the mothers could.

At eight o'clock, three hours after sundown, we reached Feng Yang, a walled city. The inns were closed, but after much hallooing, Lao found a place for the animals, but there was no room for us there, or anywhere else, as far as we could learn. A Chinese gentleman traveling with his wife had reserved the entire inn. I wished to telegraph Mrs. Devins, and Li went with me to find a telegraph office, the first one that we had been able to reach since leaving Nanking. Scarcely had we passed through the gates into the city, when a half dozen fellows attracted by the foreigner began to follow us. The half dozen increased to twenty within two or three minutes, and soon a crowd of a hundred or more had surrounded me, part of them running ahead and others behind; some jostling against me and many hooting and shouting. The situation was not a comfortable one.

Fearing that there might be danger, I stopped and faced the crowd; it also stopped. Then I said with a wave of my hand:

"Go back, please," and the space was cleared for two or three yards. As we could not converse with one another, and the crowd was increasing all the time, Li and I started again for the telegraph office. The situation soon became critical again, and it was with great difficulty that I could make any progress. Again I stopped, and, with a forward motion of the hand, said, in more forcible tones:

"Stand back." Instantly the crowd fell back, for

while they could not understand English they had the same respect for size that Lao had for the big story teller. Again we started for the office, and turning quickly at one point I found a man with his hand raised to strike my hat. The "stand back" this time could be heard a block, and the crowd receded half that distance. Before it gathered sufficiently to give further annoyance, we had reached the office. Passing through nine courts after entering the yard, I found a native operator who could speak a few words of English.

"What does this crowd mean?" I asked.

"You—no—fear—soldiers—off—duty—"

Having just come from Peking where stories were still told of the work of the Chinese soldiers in the Boxer siege, this statement was not particularly reassuring. The progress back to the gate was similar to the one to the office. By stopping occasionally and pleasantly or severely, as the case seemed to warrant, urging the crowd to stand back, I reached the gate without violence. Closing it quickly behind me the progress of the crowd was stopped, and for a block I could hear the wrangling, into which its members had become involved with the gatekeeper. By this time we were at the inn, or the stable, where Li and I were to sleep.

When I reached Hwai Yuen the next day I learned that there was a chapel at Feng Yang, carried on by the American missionaries, and that Mr. Lobenstine not long before had been cut in the head by a stone thrown by a youth in a crowd similar to the one that had followed us. The people in that city are the most unfriendly of all that the missionaries visit. Later I learned from other Americans that they had been driven from Feng Yang, the offi-

cials being unable to restrain the citizens who pride themselves upon their hostility to foreigners.

Supper was served—the remnants of the roasted chicken, the last pieces of bread from Nanking, some native tea and a bit of jam, but there are times when one may be too tired to enjoy even jam; such a time had come in Feng Yang. Unrolling our bedding a few yards from the mules, with the muleteers passing over our feet on the way to get straw for the animals, Li and I lay side by side on our respective rolls. The score of jabbering drivers finally became quiet, but not till after we were fast asleep.

Never in a religious meeting, not even on Round Top at Northfield, or on Olivet in Jerusalem, have I felt so near the Christ of Bethlehem, as on that night when I retired with the animals in this stable, because there was no room for us in the inn. I know something now about the compensation to which missionaries refer so often, but even this does not make the beds less hard or the discomforts less; it helps one to bear them without complaint.

"With the world under his feet, with Heaven in his eye, with the Gospel in his hand and Christ in his heart, the missionary pleads as an ambassador of God, knowing nothing but Jesus Christ, and glorying in nothing but in the cross of Jesus Christ."

CHAPTER VI

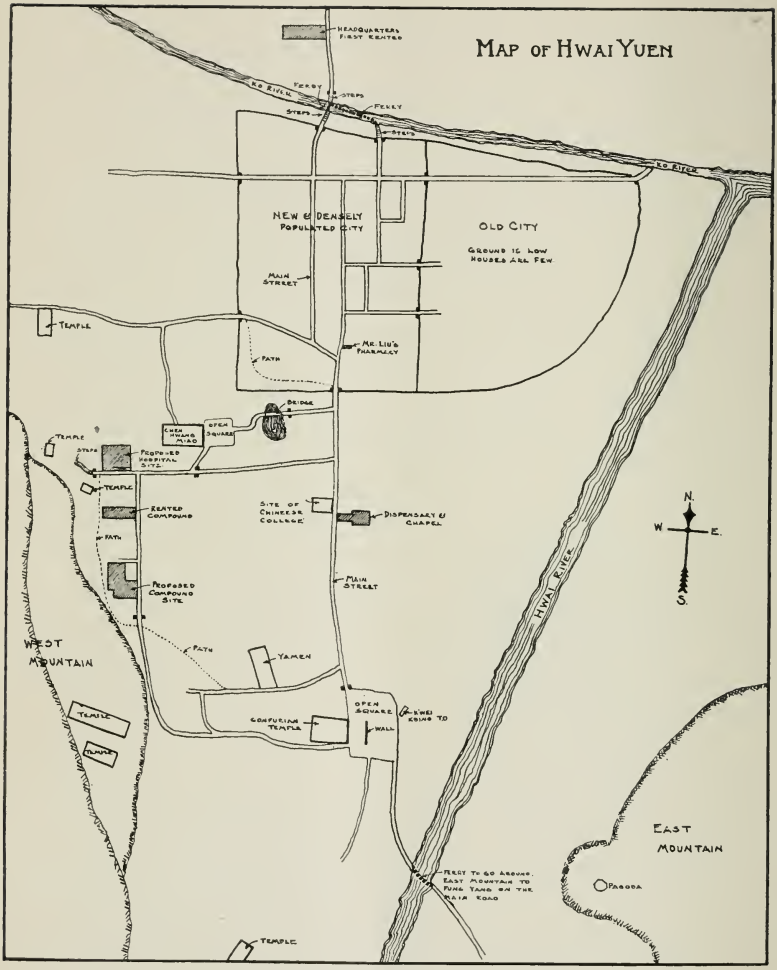
Received as a Brother Beloved

A FAMILIAR couplet in a family known to the writer runs,

> "When we reach the shore at last
> Who will count the billows past?"

The figure is not wholly true to life, but it will answer with a proper regard for license. We were far from the sea, Lao and Li and I, as we set out on our fifth day's journey. Long before daylight we had left Feng Yang with its "soldiers off duty," and its stable where we had slept. The trail was followed easily, however, for we were simply a part of an almost endless caravan that moved on and on, something after the manner of the one which Bryant saw in his "Thanatopsis." In fact there were two caravans—one going our way and the other bound for Nanking. A few ponies, many mules and donkeys, more wheelbarrows and a large number of coolies carrying burdens on their shoulders, were met—no wagons or carts, for we were still following a trail; roads and railroads will come later in this province. Early as we had started, other parties were ahead

Miss Rose Hoffman, now Mrs. Lobenstine



OUTLINE MAP OF HWAI YUEN

of us; before it was light enough to distinguish objects a rod away, the calls of farmers plowing in the fields near at hand were heard. Villages were seen on every hand, with now and then a house better than the average dwelling that we passed.

When Arthur Mitchell, of sainted memory, the secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, returned from his visit to the mission fields of Asia, one of the chief burdens on his mind was the immensity of the population of China. I can understand that feeling better now. With all that is being done by all the missionary bodies of the world, the dying words of Cecil Rhodes seem applicable:

"So much to do; so little done."

Hour after hour we rode, mostly in silence, now and then Lao and I would spell each other—he would get relief by riding and I by walking, while Li clung to his donkey, his feet dangling scarcely above the ground.

Early in the afternoon we came in sight of East Mountain, and the faces of both Chinamen brightened. Lao had a hard time in getting a smile on his morose countenance, but he made a desperate effort, and succeeded fairly well. Soon the Hwai River was seen and then hopes beat high, for just beyond the mountain and the river—Nebo and Jordan—lay the city that we sought. Weariness was forgotten now, and urging on the animals as fast as mercy would allow, we headed for the ferry over which we were to cross. Others had headed for the same place earlier, as we found to our dismay, and while a request for precedence would have been granted to the American, we tried to follow the Golden Rule and sat as patiently as we could until our turn came.

Animals and men and women and produce all tum-

ble into the little boat which seems scarcely strong enough to hold us, and still less able to battle with the swift current that swirls it around. But trusting Providence and His agents—Him rather more than them—we settle down to enjoy the ride and to study the town on the hillside in the distance. Li is very happy; he has been here before and he assumes command from this time. Lao is happy; he is near his home and he intends to stay there and let the foreigner walk back to Nanking, as I learn a few hours later. I am happy because the journey is so near the end; it will be only half as long going back next week.

Once across the Hwai, Li goes ahead and after numerous gesticulations on his part, I discover the approximate location of the missionary compound, although there is nothing special to distinguish it from the rest of the Chinese houses. At last Li stops, his face radiant, and turns into a little gateway, Lao and I following, and I know that we are in the compound. Unexpected though my arrival was (my letter sent from Peking had not been received), no friend whose coming had been anticipated ever had a more cordial welcome. Although I had seen only one of the eight missionaries in New York, and him for scarcely more than a minute, it seemed as though we had known one another always.

> "No distance breaks the tie of blood,
> Brothers are brothers evermore."

While I had traveled nearly four hundred miles from Shanghai to see these missionaries and their work, the experiences on the way, especially the overland trip, seemed more interesting to them at the time than the object for which the journey was

taken, and Miss Hoffman expressed her intention forthwith of "writing up" the Editor. The welcome given was simply royal, and it was worth a journey twice as long and three times as hard to spend an hour in either of those happy households. Questions and answers followed one another in quick succession, and many were the personal inquiries

Hwai Yuen from Across the Ko River

regarding Dr. Smith and Mr. Amerman and other friends of the Central Church in New York; of Dr. Alexander and Dr. Parkhurst, former pastors of one and another of the missionaries; Dr. Ellinwood, Dr. Brown, Mr. Speer, Mr. Hand, Dr. White, and other friends in the Presbyterian Building.

"I saw a gentleman on the train going to the General Assembly who said, 'If you go to Hwai Yuen, give my love to ——.' "

"It was my precious father," said Mrs. James B. Cochran, "was it not?" She knew that he had been a commissioner to the Los Angeles Assembly, and she was right. It was he.

By and by, there will be a railroad starting from Nanking and running northwest through Central China, and other travelers will stop at Hwai Yuen on their way to Thibet or some other country now far away from the coast, but no one of them will be the first American, not a missionary, to reach this interesting city; that claim is staked, and eight American witnesses will be summoned if necessary to defend it.

Ranging from southeast to northwest, directly behind the coast provinces of China already occupied to some extent by missionaries, lies the province of An-Hui, about the size of the State of New York, and in the latitude of Georgia, with a population computed at twenty-one millions. In the larger portion lying north of the great Yangtse River, is the Central Church parish, with the district capital, the walled city of Hwai Yuen, as its center. It occupies a strategic position at the junction of the Hwai and Ko Rivers. At points along the Upper Hwai are scattered three or four of the China Inland mission workers, with an immense untouched field westward, but the territory along the Ko River, northwest to Honan, and far north to the Yellow River, is the occupied field of the workers from New York. Hwai Yuen is the second largest city in northern An-Hui, and not only commands the vast river trade with the interior but is an important distributing center for inland points to which large cart roads extend in every direction. Besides the many cities and towns thus easily accessible by water, the num-

berless farm villages afford a field populous enough to keep a hundred workers busy—and "village work is the work that tells in China." The physical conditions are also favorable, as the land is fairly well drained; a wheat-growing country, far healthier than the partly flooded, rice-raising plains near the coast.

Earnest prayer for several years had been made that God would open the way for the workers of the Nanking Station to go up and possess this land. Meanwhile God was preparing in China the field for the workers and in schools and colleges the workers for the field, and in New York a congregation of consecrated people to bring the two together. How well the combination has worked was the object of this trip, and the conclusions reached will be given in subsequent chapters. Little was done the first night except to talk about home friends.

The Hwai Yuen party of missionaries consists of the Rev. and Mrs. Edwin C. Lobenstine; Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Cochran and their two children, Rose and Margaret; the Rev. and Mrs. James B. Cochran, and their two children, Nancy and Williams; the Rev. Du Bois S. Morris, and Miss Rose Lobenstine, a sister of the clergyman. Mrs. Lobenstine was Miss Rose Hoffman, a trained nurse holding an important position in the Presbyterian Hospital of New York. Mrs. Samuel Cochran was Miss Watts of Morristown, N. J., and Mrs. James B. Cochran, Miss Jenkins, of Boonton, N. J. The Cochran brothers are sons of the Rev. I. W. Cochran of Mendham, N. J., and grandsons of Robert Carter, the well known book publisher of New York.

CHAPTER VII

Hustling in the East

A BUSY day was planned by the missionaries for the visitor, who was thoroughly re-

Rest After Weariness

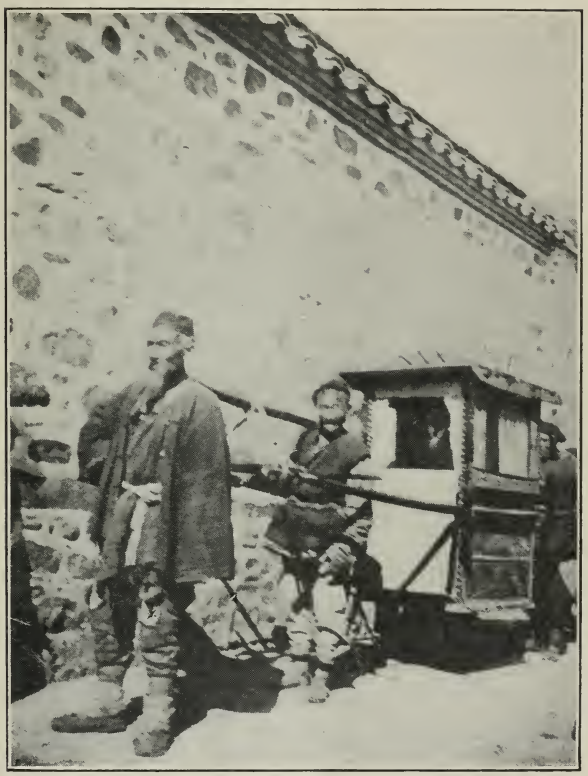
Standing: Samuel Cochran, Mrs. Samuel Cochran, Edwin C. Lobenstine, Du Bois S. Morris, James B. Cochran.
Sitting: Miss Lobenstine, the traveler, Mrs. James B. Cochran, whose hand is resting on the shoulder of Miss Rose Hoffman, now Mrs. Lobenstine.

freshed after one night of rest in the hospitable home of his new-made friends. The hospital and school and church were to be visited, an official call must be made upon the Fu, or mayor of Hwai Yuen, who would doubtless return it; a ride was planned through the city to call upon some of the members of the Central Presbyterian Church of Hwai Yuen, and the day was to end with a Chinese feast in the evening. The programme outlined was carried out, and several other items added, including the taking of several photographs, some of which are reproduced here.

If one really wishes to practice the American art of hustling let him place himself in the hands of American missionaries; the next box of books going to Hwai Yuen or any other mission station, should include Pastor Wagner's "Simple Life," and the one containing Kipling's advice to those who try to hustle the East.

But while we are moralizing, the chairs have been brought in which the call is to be made upon the Fu. It is necessary to take some court lessons before starting out on this momentous errand. The hat must not be removed in the presence of the official; the overcoat must be buttoned all the way up and down, and of greatest importance the back must not be turned towards the host, not even when getting into the sedan chair. A school for young ladies in New York has a carriage in the yard which allows the pupils to practice the lessons which they have learned as to the proper way to enter and leave a carriage. It was necessary for me to take a few lessons in the yard of the Mission lest I fall over the chair handles or step on my overcoat or bump my head when backing away from the Fu. Having re-

ceived the approval of the instructor, and the plaudits of the sympathetic spectators, I started with "Mr. James," as the clergyman brother of the Cochran families is affectionately termed.



On the Way to the Mayor's Office

Four coolies carried my sedan chair, which was taken into the official compound with all the pomp and formality which would have been accorded an ambassador. After the formal reception, we were

conducted to the audience room, and in a moment or two the official came in, greeted Mr. Cochran very cordially, and gave the writer a hearty welcome. The conversation was carried on in Chinese, Mr. Cochran speaking the language as fluently as the official.

"How old are you?" was one of the first questions asked of the visitor, probably for the reason that a young man proposed to the lady on whom he was calling—it relieved the embarrassment which both felt and opened the way for further conversation. Confused somewhat by the abruptness of the question, and not wishing to deceive the host, the terminal points of a decade were given, but the interpreter said:

"You would better be exact," and I replied, "—" (but I am not in China now, and no one is asking the question).

Oriental inconsistency appeared in a moment when I stated some facts regarding China, and especially the city of Hwai Yuen. The Fu demanded truthfulness from me and then he prevaricated woefully. China was a poor country; her people were unlearned; his city was insignificant; his administration had been a dismal failure, etc. Suppose I had assented to his derogatory view of his country and himself! On one point, if not many, I did blunder. I told him that our American President had taught the officials for whom he was responsible two lessons: If one of them did well, no power on earth could remove him; if he did ill, no power could save him. This remark evoked no interesting comment as others had done; later I learned that the poor officer was soon to be removed, because he had refused to do ill—those above him demanded certain

things which he considered it wrong to do and he refused to do them.

After the tea had been served and many kind words had been said by the Fu about the missionaries, he invited Mr. Cochran and myself to a Chinese feast that evening. No one will ever know how relieved I was to be able to say truthfully that I was engaged for the evening.

"Come to-morrow evening," added the official.

"To-morrow is Sunday," replied Mr. Cochran, with a smile, "and we do not accept dinner invitations for that day."

The call ended, the getting away in good form was accomplished, Mr. Cochran said, without a break. Soon after luncheon the call was returned, more tea was served, more praise for China given and more deprecatory remarks made. The Fu was a good friend of the Americans and they were sorry that he was to retire.

"The more we connect the missionary cause with the person of Jesus Christ, *rather than with effort and organization, the more divine will be the inspiration for each detail of the work."*

CHAPTER VIII

In the School and Hospital

"WHAT the Church of Christ needs in China," said an eloquent traveler though not a Presbyterian secretary, when addressing a body of

The Rev. James B. Cochran and His School

missionaries in China: "What the Church of Christ needs are more missionary graves in this empire." No applause followed this period, but one of his

hearers from whom all human nature had not yet been extracted, said to the writer:

"Of course we expect to fill graves in China some day, and if this meets the needs of the Church, we shall be pleased. Some of us in our love for the Church would be perfectly willing to have our rhetorical friend fill another here if it will also help in this direction."

Another visitor in China, with tears in his eyes and fire in his voice, said in a public address:

"What you missionaries should do is to burn out. The zeal of the Lord's work should consume you."

"Perhaps our friend was afraid to come to China as a missionary lest he should not live out half his days," was the smiling comment of one who was carrying burdens of which the visitor knew little.

Of no other body of missionaries in China is it more true than of those in Hwai Yuen, that they are literally wearing themselves out, burning themselves up in their zeal for the Lord's work. Every one of the women is working beyond her strength, impelled by the spirit of Him who sat by the well of Samaria, and gave the water of life to a thirsty soul. They try to be careful, but the guest-room work and the Sunday services and the necessary calls from women and children needing their help and the natural impulses which drive them forward, all tend to make them forget their promise to be more careful. The men are not suffering probably beyond their fellow missionaries in other fields, but if any one, friend or critic, wishes to find a "soft snap" in life, he would better remain away from Hwai Yuen or any other mission station.

After our call on the Fu already described, we visited the Boys' school. One of the men in the

picture of the school is the Rev. J. B. Cochran, although at a distance it is somewhat difficult to tell him and his companions from real Chinamen. They wear the Chinese costume and say that they prefer it; if the queue is fastened to the cap and not to the head, that is a detail not worth mentioning. While they do not deceive the Chinese when near at hand,

One of the Hwai Yuen Mission Houses

the native dress is doubtless a means of protection to them at times. Opinions differ as to the practical value of this conformity to the customs of the country; but it is certainly easier to keep up with the styles.

After inspecting the school which seems to be doing excellent work, we went to the hospital, which has a reputation throughout the province and far beyond its bounds. The testimony of people who know about the hospital work in all parts of the Em-

pire places Dr. Cochran among the first half-dozen physicians in China. And this place he has made for himself amid conditions which would discourage many men. He has a fine collection of instruments and he has had many major operations, but he needs rooms for consulting patients, and performing operations and a ward for his patients. The exorbitant prices placed upon the land which it is thought they would like to buy have been practically prohibitive so far.

Many patients are troubled with a peculiar form of eye-disease. Through neglect partly the under lashes of one or both eyes turn in and sweeping across the eye ball produce suffering which can be understood in a slight degree by those who have had intense pain when a single hair or speck became lodged under the lid. By a slight operation, scarcely painful, Dr. Cochran is able to give relief and to have the inverted lid resume its normal position.

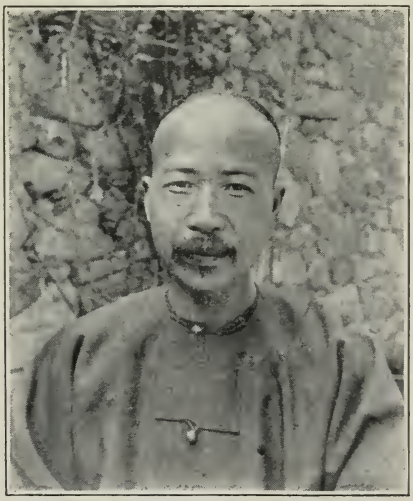
While the patients are waiting their turn to see Dr. Cochran, his brother holds a religious service.

"You talk to them this morning," said the preacher, "and remember that they know nothing of God, as we understand Him, nothing of the Bible and nothing therefore of the Saviour of the world." Perhaps the reader of this paragraph has had such an experience; the writer never had. In many years of city missionary work, he had never seen a man who did not know about God and His Word. In a poor, weak way an attempt was made to follow Paul in Athens, and Mr. Cochran who translated, was careful to put in what the speaker should have added to make his meaning plain. This was meeting heathenism in the rough, and whatever fruit comes from the seed sown that day I am perfectly willing

should be counted with the baskets that the Cochrans are gathering in a difficult, but most hopeful, field.

In the afternoon, with Mr. Morris, I called on Mr. Liu, the first Christian convert in Hwai Yuen, and then rode for an hour in our chairs about the streets of the city, looking over the field that seemed more promising to the young and enthusiastic missionary than to the traveler; it was home, "our people," to the former.

Mr. Liu is the leading native physician in the city. At first he was considered the most hopeful of several inquirers, but the missionaries hesitated to baptize him at once, knowing how serious the consequences would be for any of those first professing Christ's name to prove insincere. The many prayers offered for him have been heard. Not only do the missionaries report that he is standing nobly, taught



MR. LIU, THE CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN

of God's Spirit at first through no human teacher. Prayers are asked for a score or more other inquirers whose mixed motives in seeking to identify themselves with the cause of Christ must be tested and purified.

An interesting proof of the reality of Mr. Liu's conversion was early given in a journey with Mr. Lobenstine, to call on a Taoist priest on the top of East Mountain, on which is the shrine of a god resorted to when a family is without a coveted son and heir. In such cases, one of a number of small images which surround the idol, is carried to the home of the suppliant, and, when the prayer has been answered, is returned with additional images. All his life Mr. Liu has been afraid to go on this mountain, though living at its foot, for he was a son thus sent by the god, and his parents believed that if he ventured there the god would recognize and claim him, and he would die. But he made the trip at his own suggestion and without betraying the slightest fear, showing how complete is his emancipation from the superstition of a lifetime.

Every evening the missionaries have prayers for the benefit of the Chinese who may come in, Mr. Liu always attending. In winning the confidence of the people of Hwai Yuen, his assistance has been invaluable. Although still believing in the efficacy of his Chinese remedies, dried wasps, powdered bones, etc., and very busy with the work of his drug store, he has freely given much of his time to help the missionaries, consenting to speak on Sabbath days when needed, and doing much personal work among his own acquaintances. When friends call on him the little back room back of his store is often turned into a kind of street chapel, where the con-

versation is on the subject of the new religion which the foreigners have brought to the city.

Mr. Liu's Pharmacy (On Sunday It Is Closed)

"Christian Missions started with one hundred and twenty despised Galileans. Now there are 120,000,000 *of Protestants, who have in their power nearly all the resources of the world."*

CHAPTER IX

A Chinese Feast

FOLLOWING the busy day of sight-seeing and study of the problems before the Central Church missionaries, already described, came a night of feasting that beggars description. Two other travelers had come to the compound since morning—the Rev. Dr. Macklin and Rev. Mr. Cory, mission-

Hwai Yuen from the Hillside

aries from Nanking, who had been farther north prospecting a new field on which to plant a mission for the Church of the Disciples, or the Christian Church, as it is popularly termed. They had been accompanied by Mr. Lobenstine, whose itinerating field lies in that direction. It had been their intention to push on toward Nanking on Saturday, but

finding another American at Hwai Yuen, who was to go over the road the next week, they tarried two days, as they said for company, but as he knew to make the journey less tedious for him.

Being members of the mission household for the time, they were naturally included in the party which sat down to the feast in the home of the Rev. James B. Cochran. Imagine the scene: Eleven Americans surrounding a table unadorned with cloth, china or cutlery. It seemed a trifle bare, not to say inhospitable, not to have something on the table when one was invited to "sit by." Mrs. Cochran is not inhospitable, and the wisdom of her foresight appeared later. Each guest had a little bowl and a pair of chopsticks, but what can a man do with chopsticks who has never been to a Chinese feast! The only thing possible was to watch his neighbors. Unfortunate is it for him if he be the guest of honor, and the neighbors all watch him. It was his duty—it became his pleasure—to "open" every dish. As it was placed in the center of the table he reached out at arm's length, and putting his chopsticks into the dish took out whatever he happened to catch. To liken the process to a fish pond in a church fair may not have a missionary sound, but the process resembled that more than anything else with which a comparison can be made.

The best that can be said of the results of opening the dishes is that the neighbors were very appreciative of the maiden efforts of the stranger. It would not be quite truthful to say that they did not laugh at his breaks; they simply joined him in laughing at his own, and like a doting parent, or a maiden aunt watching a child's first attempt to walk, whenever they saw a movement that was not posi-

tively bad, they applauded the efforts heartily, and this gave courage to the visitor. His efforts to get something from the dish to his little bowl without dropping more on the table than he succeeded in landing occupied his attention so much that he does not know what happened to the rest of the people, except that each one of the other ten diners put his or her chopsticks into the same dish where his had gone, and into each succeeding dish for the two hours or more that the servants kept bringing on new dishes.

An effort was made to get a list of the dishes which the caterer served, but the types could not carry the names. While the chief guest was obliged by custom to eat from every dish, he has a suspicion that some of the party were not so conscientious. When the chopsticks brought up a piece of fat pork, it was observed that some of the ladies made a feint of following the example which he set, but only gravy was seen on the chopsticks, and that did not all remain on the journey.

In fact, after a half an hour or more, one could trace without a map the direction which the food had taken to the several guests by little rivulets of soup, gravy and other articles which had fallen from the chopsticks on the way. As it was a real Chinese feast, not a Mott Street make believe affair, occasionally a bone was dropped on the floor, not through accident, but in order not to offend the proprieties of the occasion.

The Chinese are extremely courteous in their feasts, and when they have a choice bit which they are enjoying greatly, they are apt to divide it with their nearest neighbor. One of the missionary travelers, wishing to imitate this custom among the na-

tives, shared his portion with the writer, using his own chopsticks in doing so. It is not quite fair to say that the delicacy was enjoyed more than it would have been if it had come in some other way, but when the recipient found that his own piece of pork was larger than he had expected to get, it seemed too bad not to let the generous neighbor share his tidbit. The pork was swallowed without a protest, but the look which the friend gave as he received the return favor was not calculated to warrant a second helping from either side.

A Chinese feast is the one thing that no traveler in China should miss. Old residents say that they enjoy Chinese feasts; old residents never prevaricate, especially when they are sent out from a New York church, but it would be worth a penny to have a definition of the term "enjoyment" when speaking of this method of dining. Feasting in China is something like tobogganing in Canada; after the first effort one says that he would not have missed that one for a good deal, nor is he in a hurry to take another. Later when one has become accustomed to the sport, nothing ever quite takes its place. This is said in defense of the missionaries who declare that they enjoy Chinese feasts. Certainly this was the treat of my months in China. The memory of this night in Hwai Yuen will be among the most lasting of those spent in the Flowery Kingdom.

"To Christianity this is preëminently the age of opportunity. Never before did the world offer anything like the same open field as at this moment."

CHAPTER X

The Sabbath Services

THE word "Hwai" means "to love," and "Yuen" "far away," so that together they read, "The city which those who are far away love," and the

The Central Presbyterian Church of Hwai Yuen

truth of that sentiment is recognized both by the missionaries in Hwai Yuen and by the noble Church in New York, which stands so loyally behind them. It was a pleasure to worship with the work-

ers and their people, and as usual the visitor was invited to preach.

"You do not know how good it is to hear a sermon in English again," said one of the ladies. "I have not heard one before in a long time." A few Chinese women sat apart from the men, who filled the main room, stood in the doorway and in the yard, pressing as close as possible to the window. Dr. Macklin had been asked to interpret, and from the length of time taken and the number of words used in explaining a sentence or paragraph, left the impression that he gave the people a free translation of my sermon. I was told that if one had translated his translation back into English, it would have made a manuscript twice as large as the original would have been. Chinese stories and proverbs and local incidents were interwoven with a master hand in the simple tale which I carried concerning the Saviour of men.

After I had been speaking for perhaps twenty minutes one of the Chinamen attracted the attention of Mr. Cochran, who stood near the door, and said, "I believe that fellow" (pointing to the interpreter) "knows what that other fellow" (pointing to the preacher) "is talking about;" the translation was therefore suggestive at least.

Two peculiarities struck one in the service. It was so cold that both the preacher and the interpreter were obliged to wear overcoats, and I was told to keep mine buttoned all the way down, it being considered a breach of etiquette to appear in public with a single button displaced. In summarizing my address I used my fingers to emphasize the points, and said, placing the thumb and finger of the left hand on the little finger of the right:

"Jesus is our example in—"

"Use your thumb," said the interpreter in an aside. Of course, the command was obeyed without question, but later I was curious to know why I could not begin the enumeration with the little finger. The answer was conclusive:

"The little finger is a sign of indignity, and whenever you refer to the Deity you should use your thumb." This suggestion is thrown out for the use of theological students who are fitting themselves to become missionaries in China.

The audience was attentive to Dr. Macklin's address for which I had provided the headings, and in the afternoon the missionary gave an address in which he used his own points, and this was indeed a treat for the people, as he was not hampered with foreign ideas.

At the time of this service there was one in the Guest Room for Chinese women and children, in which all of its missionary ladies took part. While these services were in session Mr. Morris and the writer climbed the hill back of the city, and looked down upon the work which lay close at hand, and across the plain where the missionaries have their itinerating tours. With the exception of the high rocky hill, called the West Mountain, and the East Mountain, across the Hwai River, a vast plain stretches out in every direction. The city is in one of the most fertile and densely populated parts of the Province of An-hui. Hundreds of villages and hamlets are scattered all over the province. To say that there are hundreds in sight may seem extravagant to one who has not been in China, but in the section north and east, between the Ko and Hwai Rivers alone, Mr. Lobenstine counted, on a hazy day, three

hundred and fifty villages and hamlets. This will give some idea of the village population that can be reached from Hwai Yuen as a center.

"Nor is there," he says, "any kind of work in China to-day that has greater promise of success. The country people, though poorer and less well educated even than those in the cities, are simpler and more sincere, and, especially in the North, are good material to work on. And one could scarcely find a better center for one's operations than Hwai Yuen. It is the county seat (the Hsien City), and at some time during the year every farmer for miles around must come in here to sell his produce. The roads all converging toward the city, and there is constant coming and going, so that hundreds of the villages can be reached without going into the country at all. Moreover, the city is large enough to give us plenty to do right here, and besides it there are within a radius of sixty miles no less than eight walled cities in which there is no prospect of any other mission starting work, and which is naturally counted as belonging to our field. Besides all this there is a large boat population that can be reached. 'The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.' "

It was upon such a scene that we looked as the missionary told of some of the work accomplished in the short time that they had been there, and unfolded their plans for the future, which will, doubtless, be realized if life and health are spared. The hour was too sacred for much of the conversation to be repeated. In a little while, other members of the Mission joined us, and together we talked of the friends in the Homeland, and the joys of the field in which these devoted people are giving their lives.

It was practically impossible for the writer to learn anything about the discouragements, but in a personal statement which one of them has made to his home friends, I find that the only discouragement which ever enters their lives is the fear lest they shall not stand loyal to Him whom they represent. From a letter I quote these sentences:

"The downpull of our environment here is tremendous, and the danger arises out of the very gradual way in which one's ideas and ideals are in danger of lowering and of adapting themselves to those of the Chinese. It is largely, if not entirely, unconscious, yet I believe a real danger, and nothing can save a man from it but a constant, daily sense of the nearness of Christ. Faith is our only weapon, or at least is essential to efficient use of any weapon we have, and it needs constantly to be fed, else it grows weaker. We need more faith; faith in God's love, His wisdom, His power to redeem the most degraded, and to work mightily even through weak, human instrumentalities. And faith is a growth for the missionary as for every other man. Pray for us that we may all be men of faith."

"There is no near and no far, but just one round world of lost and perishing souls to be rescued and saved through the world's Christ."

CHAPTER XI

Hardships and Trials

MUCH is said by the missionaries in general and especially by those at Hwai Yuen, regarding the joys of their work, their freedom from suffering and their pleasure in the service to which they have

The Missionary Family

given their lives, but very little is known, except by intimate friends, concerning hardships to which they and other missionaries are subjected. The following touching incident is illustrative of this feature of missionary life of which nothing is heard in public meetings and little in private conversation:

In October, 1902, the fall before I reached Hwai

Yuen, under Dr. Cochran's escort, the Cochran ladies with their three children, and a quantity of furniture and supplies, embarked at Nanking in two house boats for the slow journey to Hwai Yuen. They had with them a Bible woman and also some native servants. Caught in the jam of hundreds of boats on the Grand Canal, until their drinking water became infected, despite every precaution, little Henry Cochran was stricken with dysentery. A haven of refuge was found in the city of Ching Kiang Pu with noble missionaries of the Presbyterian Church South, the Woods brothers, the Grahams and the Rices. The resources of Dr. Wood's hospital and of all the missionary homes were proffered with the most generous courtesy, and the father, the Rev. James B. Cochran, was summoned from Hwai Yuen, arriving in ten days. For twenty-four days the splendid constitution of the little sufferer resisted the disease. But all that Dr. Cochran and the others could do was vain, and on November 19, the struggle ended, and the spirit of the little boy went home to God who gave it.

Outside of the city, in a small bamboo-fenced plot, hallowed by the previous burial of a little daughter of the Rev. Mr. Graham, the grief-stricken parents laid away the body of their firstborn; sorrowing not as those without hope, but glorifying God in the fires through which they passed accompanied by a form like unto the Son of God.

It seems almost profane to add a remark of one of the grief-stricken parents as the form of their dear child, unusually bright and promising, was laid away to await the coming dawn, but it is typical of the spirit of these consecrated workers:

"We have taught our little Harry that he should

accept our will as his for the present at least, and he has done so. Shall we not in the same childlike spirit accept our Father's will without question now, waiting until He shall make clear the mystery of this dark hour?"

The next morning the tedious journey was resumed, and after many delays Hwai Yuen was finally reached on December 11, nearly two months after leaving Nanking. "From the broken home circle there we may well imagine a summons and appeal echoing out like the message which the bereaved Krapf sent from East Africa; that since the home friends now possess on foreign soil a lonely missionary grave, it shall be deemed a sign that territory is preëmpted from which there can be no retreat, and that the struggle is indeed begun which can have but one end," writes one who is aiding in making that struggle a victorious one.

Regarding the matter of providing permanent homes for the missionaries which shall be comforta-

Hillside Temple Near Hwai Yuen

ble and hygienic, within a properly walled enclosure, the following statement from a well known business man is illustrative of the spirit of the people in the Central Church in New York:

"Then as for the workers in China; I am for properly housing these noble men and women—not only our privilege but our duty; there is a responsibility here which we must not dodge. Call on me to help when you are ready."

From the first the Hwai Yuen officials have showed great friendliness, calling upon them early and inviting them to a feast, and the people of the city were not slow to follow their example. The missionaries early decided to supply guest room opportunities, and all classes of men visited the guest room, many coming purely from curiosity and some so suspicious as to refuse to taste the proffered tea lest it be poisoned.

Occasionally, however, it was a surprise to receive guests well-informed about foreign countries, who seemed to understand the motive of the missionaries in going to China. One well-to-do farmer, who lived quite a distance out in the country, but who has spent his life in study, opened the conversation by remarking that he was a great admirer of Abraham Lincoln! He talked at some length upon American history, and also showed a surprising knowledge of France and other countries. Such men are rare, but once won for Christ they have great influence in winning others. "On any day," says a worker, "the man may step into our little reception room who shall prove, under God, the agent for turning great numbers of his countrymen to righteousness. If China is to be saved by the Chinese, as we believe, how such possibilities as this summon the Central Church

to prayer." During the "fifth moon" feast, one June, the occasion of the greatest idol procession in the province, from three hundred and fifty to five hundred visitors came daily, and on one day no less than one thousand five hundred, to whom the missionaries preached the Gospel literally "from the rising of the morning till the stars appeared."

THREE BARBARIANS FROM THE REGIONS BEYOND (NEW YORK)

Hwai Yuen contains an unusually large proportion of scholars; men who have taken at least the first degree, corresponding, roughly speaking, to our B. A. In former days this was the class with whom it was most difficult for the missionaries to gain a hearing. But owing, no doubt, to the imperial edicts requiring examinations in certain branches of Western learning, as for instance arithmetic, these influential citizens were foremost in cultivating the new comers, and the missionaries found themselves greatly in need of Divine guidance that they might discern the real motives of applicants for baptism,

lest this popularity should prove a hindrance instead of a help to the genuine progress of their work.

Notwithstanding this friendly attitude of the more progressive, great care has been necessary to avoid arousing the prejudices of the community. For example, the missionaries very early found it expedient to give up their twilight strolls on the mountain side, on account of the rumor that their purpose was to find gold and jewels, which they were able to find below the surface and compel by their spells to come forth and follow them to their homes.

While the officials have been friendly, it must not be understood that all the people have learned to understand the object of the missionaries' presence in the province, and a short time before my visit an incendiary fire was started, which burned down the cow house and endangered the residences of the missionaries themselves. This was followed by placards written by the incendiaries, urging the people to drive out the missionaries and attacking the friendly officials. The populace, however, failed to respond, but continued to treat the Americans with customary toleration, while the officials took immediate steps to protect them, removing the placards, posting counter notices and agreeing by way of compensation to erect a wall around the unprotected part of the property.

CHAPTER XII

Farewell to the Missionaries

SUNDAY evening was spent in Mr. Morris's rooms. All of the missionaries, except Miss Hoffman, the three travelers and several native

Gateway to Street where Missionaries Lived

Christians, gathered for a song service. It was a precious hour, and one that will long be treasured in memory. After awhile Mr. Lobenstine excused himself. The following day the Nanking missionaries commented upon the absence of one of the party and the disappearance of the other, and one of them expressed his wonder whether there was "anything up." The others thought it improbable but not impossible.

As I had been entrusted on Sunday afternoon with

a secret so profound that no one in China was to know it for ten days, I was in doubt what to do. To smile would betray though no words were said; I could not prevaricate if I were questioned, so I urged my mule ahead and flung back over my shoulder a general remark to the effect that Miss Hoffman had told me that she had to write a home letter in order to catch the mail, and that I had heard Mr. Lobenstine say something about having a headache; I did not think it prudent to prolong the conversation, and the unsuspecting men were easily diverted into a discussion of the doctrinal differences between the Disciples and the Presbyterians—but wasn't I glad when the ten days were passed and I could say:

"Have you heard the good news from Hwai Yuen?"

"Is Miss Hoffman going to marry Mr. Lobenstine?" was the invariable answer.

Monday morning the pack mules and donkeys were started off before light, and after an early breakfast, the travelers leading their riding animals, gathered at the gate of the little street leading to the compound to say good-by to one of the bravest bands of people that the sun shines on. Dr. Smith was right in commending them as he did.

An acquaintance of three days had formed a friendship that will endure forever; a brief visit, so far as time was concerned, had given an insight into mission problems as they are found and met at one station that years of study of books could not equal, and an admiration for the missionary pioneers in this far-away Chinese city had been gained that it will be pleasant always to recall.

One Friday afternoon the people in the little com-

A Wheelbarrow Family. Father, Mother and Sons Going to Market

pound on the hillside were simply a company of Americans whom I had traveled two hundred miles by steamer and a hundred and fifty miles on mule-back to visit; the next Monday morning they were friends whom it seemed to me I had known since childhood. The luncheon basket which Mrs. Drummond, of Nanking, had packed the week before was repacked by the four ladies at Hwai Yuen, but it

was designed now for three travelers instead of one. Dr. Macklin and Mr. Cory, as well as the writer were to be thought of; it seemed a bit selfish to take away even a meal from that station, so far removed from the ports—four hundred miles by water from stores where English or American goods could be secured, but hunger knows no compassion, and apparently the hospitality of the missionaries knows no bounds.

The journey back to Nanking occupied four days and was without special incident. It was a relief indeed to have as traveling companions two Americans who knew the Chinese language and were able to deal with Lao as well as the inn-keepers. Dr. Macklin said that in an experience of twenty years with the Chinese, he had never met one so unpleasant as my muleteer—a mixture of craven and fiend. At Feng-Yang Fu, where I had been in a mob on the journey alone, the Mayor sent a squad of soldiers to guard us, while we were in the city. Here again we had to sleep in the stable because the inns were full, and here again as before the Bethlehem Babe seemed very near as we lay within ten feet of the mules and donkeys, but this is an experience, as I learned, not at all uncommon to the missionaries; nor are many of the inns a great improvement over this one. Mr. Morris, in relating a typical experience in an inn on one of his itinerating trips, says:

"That night it turned suddenly cold, and we had hard work to keep warm. In this inn the pigs, two big black fellows, slept under the bed. We couldn't see them, but we heard them grunting, and when we remonstrated with the landlady, she simply said:

" 'Oh, that's where they always sleep.'

"Tradition is everything in this land. There were eight or ten other men sleeping in the same room,

and they were all naturally interested in me, the foreigner. We had preached to them and were tired and ready for bed. There was no door and the place was so crowded that I was forced to sleep almost in the doorway. I blew out the lantern I had with me, thinking the curiosity seekers might take the hint, but there was still a small Chinese lamp burning, and this kept the crowd around. They examined my blanket and watched me blow up my air pillow, and gazed and gazed. I determined to retire quietly, which I proceeded to do, but when it came to my hat I was bound the crowd shouldn't see that I was wearing a false queue, so I jumped into bed with my hat on, much to the amusement of the helpers, who knew my reasons. The wind blew through the door, so that I had to use my pillow as a kind of breakwater. This, however, was a small annoyance compared to a certain rooster. I didn't object to his being a rooster, nor to his being in the same room with me, but that rooster insisted on crowing all night, at intervals of about twenty minutes! That place will always have tender associations for me."

It cost no little wrench to start away from Hwai Yuen and leave the dear friends behind; how I should like to have remained and worked with them. Not that other fields in China, and Korea, and Japan and the Philippines, did not appeal with tremendous force to one who had expected to be a foreign missionary, but the hardness of this field, its distance from civilization, its special opportunities, its pioneer character, its remoteness from other missions of every name, the exceptionally beautiful spirit manifested by the Cochrans, the Lobenstines, Miss Hoffman and Mr. Morris, and the ideal relation between these eight workers, the members of a single church

in the homeland—all this combined to set this apart from most other fields as one in which I would like to cast in my fortune if I were going to remain in Asia.

Mr. Moody loved to tell of a Boston fireman on a ladder trying to rescue a woman from a burning building. It seemed impossible for him to reach her. The great crowd in the street stood speechless. Finally a man shouted:

"If we cannot help him, let us at least give him a cheer."

As the mighty shout rang out the brave fellow redoubled his efforts and the life was saved. If I can do nothing else for these missionary heroes in China and other countries, I am determined at least to give them the deserved word of cheer.

CHAPTER XIII

The Other Side of the Picture

"I THINK we would better write you up, instead of your writing us up," said Miss Hoffman. "Your trip shows more pluck than we

A Chinese Lady Traveling

display, for we are able to speak the language, while you have come across without even an English-speaking Chinaman."

"Another illustration of the proverb which speaks of the caution displayed by angels," was the meek reply.

"Well, I think you deserve a letter, and when you reach home you may find one." A few months later a letter found its way through a mutual friend into the traveler's hands, which is too kind by half. And although it was never intended for his eyes much less for publication, it seems a fitting ending to the story of a delightful, though somewhat hard, overland journey on a Chinese mule. In her letter, Miss Hoffman, now Mrs. Lobenstine, says:

"The next great excitement at Hwai Yuen was the arrival of the Rev. John Bancroft Devins, D. D., the Editor of The New York Observer. Dr. Devins is taking a trip around the world, and one of the places which he wanted most to see, he was kind enough to say, was Hwai Yuen. He is going to write us up for The Observer, I believe, but I feel sure that the Home People would far rather hear of his own experience. As the Chinese say:

" 'He ate considerable bitterness'

in the process of getting here. Imagine a foreigner if you can, without any knowldge of these people or their language, attempting an interior trip with no other companionship than that of a Chinese servant who did not even know 'pidgeon' English. With no one to make the rough places smooth, with no one to tell him that the excited voices of the people did not indicate that the people themselves were excited; they were simply good natured; traveling on a mule and traveling hard, covering the ground rapidly;

sleeping in dirty inns, his bed a bundle of straw on the dirty floor, making his wants known by sign language! With a muleteer who did not want to go after four o'clock, and had to be made to go; getting to one place in the night and finding no room in the inn, having to go to the stable and sleep with the mules, which, while not an unusual experience to the missionary, is pretty hard on a man fresh from home and its comforts!

"He told us that when he wanted the man to cook a chicken for supper he had to crow like a cock to make him understand. One night he was too tired to eat the food when it was prepared. At Feng Yang Fu, which is very anti-foreign, he was surrounded by a crowd of men, among whom were many soldiers, and had his hat nearly knocked off by the small mob that collected. It was late, and as no animals are kept at the inns within the city, he slept without the wall in company with his mules.

"The next afternoon he came to us, tired but cheerful, and glad to be here, making light, in a measure, of his hardships. It was good to see him and to know that he had seen some of the friends at home, and before he left we were glad to know him, even for so short a time, for his own sake. We admired him for his courage, for his readiness to meet the hard things more than half way and to meet them with a smile; we loved him for the glimpse we caught of the sweetness and depth of sympathy which was behind his strength.

"Our work is not the kind that shows off particularly, but what there was to see we gladly showed him. He went to the hospital and to the school, where he talked to the boys through an interpreter; he saw something of the city and of our beautiful

mountain and the surrounding country, and met some of the Christians. He was much interested in Mr. Liu, I believe. That Friday evening we all met for a little social evening together, and when he went to rest I fancy he never was so grateful before for a good, soft, comfortable bed. Saturday he was busy going about, and also called on the Fu, so that he caught a glimpse of official life and saw the chief magistrate in some of his finery.

"Mr. and Mrs. James Cochran gave Dr. Devins the treat of his life, I am sure, for they called in Chinese caterers and gave him a genuine Chinese feast on Saturday night. We do not usually spend Saturday nights in such orgies, but this was an exceptional case, and we know it was now or never for the doctor to become acquainted with life in the interior. It was a good feast, and I know he was impressed with it, for I sat next to him and heard him sigh a very full sigh when the feast was but quarter through. You ought to have seen the ease with which he handled the chopsticks, and his readiness to venture on anything and everything. He said it was his opportunity and that he must see it through. He said he came to learn all he could and he certainly did. Not only was he able to eat with the chopsticks, but to help others. There was a good deal of jollity to help things along, and a good many good stories were told. When it was all over and everybody just couldn't eat another thing, some of us having stopped long before the feast was over, we adjourned to Mrs. Cochran's room, and had some bread and jam to take away the taste of the feast.

"On Sunday, Dr. Devins gave us a good sermon, and Dr. Macklin translated for him, a task which

nobody envied. I am sure no one enjoyed hearing Dr. Devins more than I did, for it was the first time that I had understood a sermon delivered from that pulpit. In the afternoon Dr. Devins came over to us, and we had a lovely little visit with him. Then he and some of the men had a walk on the mountain, and after supper we had a sing with the helpers who had been invited up. Monday morning we had early

JOHN BANCROFT DEVINS, D. D.

breakfast, and the whole party left for Nanking. Since his visit we have been going the same old ways.

"Dr. Cochran had a sad case at the hospital. The sister of Mr. Fang, one of our Christians, took opium to escape the abuse of her husband. The night before he had closed his house, and had brutally beaten her, and it was not the first time. I suppose the poor woman got to the point where she

could not bear it another minute, and opium is the only method of relief to the Chinese woman. They worked over her all night, and the best part of the next day, but she finally died of heart failure, I think. Her husband brought her to the hospital and then ran away, but Dr. Cochran sent the ti pa (head of police) after him, as he was the responsible party and had to be here in case of her death. He cried and carried on at a disgusting rate, the doctor said, but he let him go ahead because he could not appear to take sides. Mr. Fang has the right to prosecute him and ruin him, but we are hoping that while he takes measures to have the man punished, for that is the only protection to womanhood in China, he will remember that he is a Christian and not go to extremes."

GOD'S WILL

Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through,
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
Just to be trustful as a child.
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet,
Just to be helpful with willing feet.
Just to be cheery when things go wrong
Just to drive sadness away with a song.
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right.
Just to believe that God knows best,
Just in His promise ever to rest.—
Just to let love be our daily key,
This is God's will for you and me.

—*Selected.*

DATE DUE
