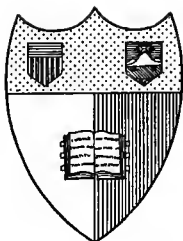




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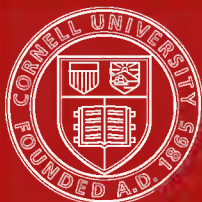
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JOHN LIVINGSTON NEVIUS

Chas. W. Mason

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John L. Morris

THE LIFE
OF
JOHN LIVINGSTON NEVIUS

FOR FORTY YEARS A MISSIONARY
IN CHINA

BY HIS WIFE
HELEN S. COAN NEVIUS

INTRODUCTION BY
W. A. P. MARTIN, D.D., LL.D.
PRESIDENT IMPERIAL TUNGWEN COLLEGE, PEKING

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS AND
A MAP OF EASTERN SHANTUNG



FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY
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INTRODUCTION

IN early days—more than half a century ago—when North China was closed alike to merchant and missionary, Dr. Medhurst and Mr. Stevens made a voyage of exploration to the borders of Shantung. Cradle and sepulcher of their greatest sage, that province is a Holy Land to the Chinese. What wonder they brought back the tracts distributed, saying, “We have examined your books, and neither approve nor desire them. We have the instructions of our sage; they are sufficient for us”! The wonder is that the experience of later missionaries has been so entirely different. How would those explorers have rejoiced had they seen in vision Nevius and his colleagues planting churches through the length and breadth of the peninsula!

Imbued with the spirit of an apostle, and burning to preach the gospel in “the regions beyond,” Dr. Nevius was a pioneer in more than one field. In Shantung, the principal scene of his life-work, he was preceded by missionaries of other churches; but at Hang-chow, which has become a mission center of vast importance, he was the first to find a footing—unless, indeed, Bishop Burdon may contest the honor. The war which drove him from that station opened for him the gates of the North.

Prior to these forward movements he had spent some years

at Ningpo. It was for him the best of schools. He not only learned there the Chinese language in its written and spoken forms; he learned how to work, being made pastor of the mission church, and preparing one of his best books for the use of his flock.

It was there that he and I formed a friendship which strengthened with the flight of years. How truly each looked on the other as *alter ego* may be inferred from the fact that each contributed paragraphs or pages to a book of the other, and felt gratified when the author accepted them as his own. A better proof of friendship was his pressing me to take his best overcoat, when the unexpected arrival of a steamer obliged me to leave suddenly for the North to act as interpreter in the negotiation of the Treaty of Tientsin.

But my obligations go deeper than overcoat or borrowed page; for to him, under God, I am indebted for dissuading me from a half-formed purpose to quit China at that early stage. Learning what I was thinking about (and I believe I never revealed it to another), he expostulated in burning words which rung in my ears like the warnings of a prophet.

It was obvious even then that he possessed that "concord of harmonious powers" required by the career that lay before him. A strong body, a vigorous and well-trained intellect, a sound judgment, and a firm will—these were the corner-stones of a character which, abounding in natural magnetism and penetrated by the grace of God, was marked out for usefulness of no ordinary type. His inborn dignity compelled respect from the highest; his kindly sympathies were such that the lowliest might approach him with confidence. Serious, but

not morose ; at times mirthful, but never frivolous, he was the most genial of companions. His society was sought by the worldly, though most appreciated by those who could enter the sanctuary of his religious affections.

In a word, he was a man whom human wisdom might have selected out of thousands ; and have we not the amplest evidence that a Higher Wisdom chose and fitted him for his special work ?

In a day when so many "weak brethren" are inclined to enter the mission field, when some societies seem to think more of the number than the quality of their agents, is it not well to hold up for an example this strong man, full of faith, yet trained in all that our seminaries had to teach ?

What he accomplished may be learned in part—the part that lies this side eternity—from the following pages, which, along with his remarkable personality, present a vivid picture of the grandest field now inviting the enterprise of the church. Graceful in narrative, judicious in selection, they will be found eminently readable, abounding in incidents and covering a wide arena of long and varied experience.

Contrary to the common rule, Dr. Nevius is happy in having his widow for biographer. Her sympathy with her husband's work, and participation in it from first to last, have fitted her above all others for the task which she has so successfully discharged. She may be said to have begun it when she wrote, long ago, a pleasant little sketch of the first five years of their life in China. To those five the Lord has added thirty-five, and, frail as she then appeared, spared her to erect this monument to his memory.

To her the church in China is more indebted than it is aware of. It may know something of her labors with tongue and pen. It may know that she lost her own sweet voice in the effort to introduce our Christian psalmody, leaving instead God's praises on a thousand native tongues. What it does not know, and will not learn from this biography, is that, at a critical moment, she compelled her husband to stay at his post, when his whole future might have been imperiled by leaving it. She being ordered home on account of health, he proposed to accompany her; but she replied in my hearing, "John! Sooner will I remain and die here than have you leave your work."

To the friends of missions—and to enemies, if there are any—this book is cordially commended.

W. A. P. M.

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JOHN LIVINGSTON NEVIUS

CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY

JOHN LIVINGSTON NEVIUS was of Dutch descent, his first American ancestor, Johannes Nevius, having emigrated from Zoelen, a town on the river Linge, in Gelderland, Holland. The exact date of his emigration is not known; but it must have been before 1652, as there is a record of his having been witness in March of that year to a baptism in the Dutch church of New Amsterdam, now New York. His residence was in High Street, since known as Pearl Street. In the year 1654 he was chosen city schepen, the office corresponding to that of alderman. Later on he was appointed secretary of the Board of Schepens, and was also clerk of the Court of Burgomasters. In the year 1658 the High Street property was sold, and the secretary and his family went to live in the City Hall, a huge stone building facing the East River, on what is at present known as Wall Street, opposite

Coenties Slip. He resided here in his capacity of custodian of the city property and its records. Broad, unappropriated fields surrounded the City Hall, and it is recorded that Secretary Nevius received permission to sow these fields with grain and, I have also been told, to pasture his cows on the lawn adjoining the state-house !

Johannes Nevius resigned all his government offices when, in the year 1665, the city of New Amsterdam fell into the hands of the English, to whom he was obliged to take the oath of allegiance, thus becoming, perhaps unwillingly, a British subject. In November of 1663 Johannes Nevius was married to Adriaentje Bleyck, daughter of Cornelis de Potter and Swantje Jans, from the island of Java. She is elsewhere called Adriana van Braeckel, the village of Braeckel being in the neighborhood of Zoelen, the birthplace of Johannes Nevius. What led Adriaentje to her future home by so circuitous a route as a voyage to the island of Java we can only imagine. Perhaps she may have been the guiding star which directed her lover's course hither; or it may be that they both came, as did so many of our earliest settlers, seeking for "freedom to worship God."

William, Prince of Orange, died in 1584, less than seventy years before the emigration of Johannes Nevius to the almost unknown wilds of America. The wars of the Netherlands were scarcely over, and the memory of the religious persecutions in that country, and their unparalleled cruelty, must have been fresh in the minds of every Hollander. History shows what loyal citizens of the new republic, in course of time, these Hollanders came to be. None were more so. There is a tradition that the Nevius family was of French Huguenot extraction, and that about the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes they were scattered in many directions, some going to Belgium and Holland, and others to Great Britain, where the name survives as Neave, while in France it is still

Neve. It is not known when its Latinized form—Nevius—became common. The legend that the Latin poet Cn. Nævius was the first progenitor of the family, though not impossible, is only a conjecture.

There lies before me a genealogical table in which the names John, Peter (or Petrus), John P., Peter P., occur with rather tiresome iteration. One is glad that in the eighth generation from the original Johannes the name was changed to John Livingston, which was given out of regard to a warm friend and well-known doctor of divinity in New Jersey—Dr. Livingston.

Peter P. Nevius, of the fifth generation from Johannes, was the great-grandfather of John Livingston. He died in 1815, and is buried in the graveyard of Pleasant Plains, N. J. His son, John P., the grandfather of John Livingston, married Gertrude Hageman. They had eight children. When the eldest of these, Benjamin Hageman—born in 1803—was fifteen years of age, the family removed to what was known as the "Lake Country" of western New York, where they purchased a large farm midway between two villages—Ovid and Lodi—in Seneca County. In 1826 Benjamin Nevius married Mary Denton, who still lives (1895), at the age of nearly ninety. On their marriage they went at once to a cottage on the estate, where they remained until he had built a fine, large house, a short distance from the homestead. Their two sons, Reuben and John, were born while they lived in the little cottage, which nestled down behind an orchard. Close by it was a remarkable spring of purest water, and on every side were fields and meadows, with Seneca Lake gleaming through the trees, about two miles distant.

Mary Denton's maternal grandfather—Captain Kinney, a rich Englishman—bequeathed all his property to his son. His only daughter, early left a widow, was obliged to struggle with poverty in rearing her large family of children. She was

universally loved and respected. She spent her last years with her daughter Mary, and died at an advanced age without a moment's illness. John was born March 4, 1829. Even after Benjamin H. Nevius had been dead more than thirty years there were some who remembered him well and spoke of him in the most affectionate terms. An elderly woman once said to me, "Your husband is not such a handsome man as his father was." Perhaps so. Benjamin was taller than his son John, with much the same form and carriage, frank blue eyes, fair complexion, and brown hair. He was a splendid horseman, and his sons inherited from him his love for horses and his skill in managing them.

At that time of our country's history, there being no large standing army, every man of suitable age was considered its servant and soldier, and each year they were obliged to come together in what was called "general training," to be drilled in army tactics, and for at once taking the field in case of war. This was truly an important occasion. Large fields, or a meadow, were chosen for the grand parade. Uniforms were freshened, swords were burnished, and both militia and cavalry were assembled in force. Officers with plumed hats and shining epaulets rode hither and thither, and the "rank and file" marched and countermarched, "presented arms," "grounded arms," fired volleys, and rushed forward toward an imaginary foe, or retreated slowly, as they might have done in real earnest had they lived half a century earlier. The fire of patriotism burned very warmly in the breasts of our fathers who lived so shortly after the Revolutionary War. Among all the officers who commanded on those make-believe battle-fields there was none more admired than young Benjamin Nevius. I have still in my possession the sword which he carried on these occasions.

But there was a sterner battle-field on which he did more worthy service. He had strong and radical views on some of

the burning questions of his day, and, had he lived long, might have been noted as a social reformer. The temperance movement was then just being inaugurated, and he threw himself into it heart and soul. It was the custom of the times to use liquor almost as freely as water. It was offered to every guest, and workmen in manufactories or the fields demanded it as their right. Intemperance was a great and growing evil. When once convinced of this fact, Benjamin Nevius determined with all his might to combat it. His father had generously stocked the wine-cellar of his son's new house. Benjamin removed the bungs from the barrels and allowed the beautiful red wine, or the more valued stronger spirits, to flow out upon the cellar floor. He positively refused to furnish his harvest hands the drink to which they were accustomed, thus making it almost impossible to get workmen at any price. In those primitive times, when a frame building was in process of erection it was the custom to have what was called a "raising." The timbers having been prepared by the carpenter, the neighbors were called together, and by their strong arms the frame was raised to its position; after which all sat down to dinner, where wines and liquors soon made a noisy party and too often a drunken one. Benjamin Nevius had a large barn to be erected; how should it be done? The neighbors, with scarcely an exception, were indignant at his puritanical notions, and determined to teach the young man a lesson. At first not one of them would go to his "raising." Only a few years ago an old man related this occurrence to my husband, and was delighted to say that he himself had been the means of helping the young reformer out of his difficulty. He went around among the country-people saying, "Let us not be too hard on young Nevius. He is a good fellow, as we all know, in spite of these absurd new notions. Let us give him a lift. It will be a kindness to him and do us no harm." So they forgave the indignity, as they considered it, and the barn was

built without further difficulty. The young wife gave a sumptuous dinner—much better than could have been expected—and thus helped to allay the ill will her husband had incurred.

But Benjamin Nevius was not merely a temperance man and social reformer; he was, before all else, a Christian, honest, outspoken, and conscientious. His pastor, Mr. Lounsbury, then a young man, leaned upon him as his right arm in all church matters. Whoever else might be absent from his place on Sunday or week-day services, Benjamin was sure to be there, thoughtful, earnest, and ready to do his duty.

The Sunday-school was a new institution in those days. Benjamin Nevius became a very successful and faithful teacher in it. The following letter from my sister to my husband refers to this work:

“ April 3, 1881.

“ MY VERY DEAR BROTHER: . . . Rev. Mr. Gulick, a Methodist minister, in an address on the importance of Sunday-school instruction, stated that when a boy he belonged to a Sunday-school class taught by a young man who not only expounded to the members of it the truths of the Bible, but with great earnestness labored to bring them to a saving and experimental knowledge of those truths; ‘and,’ said he, ‘I believe that his endeavors were blessed to my conversion and to that of three others of his class, who, after years of careful preparation, entered the ministry, and have already given to the world one hundred and twenty years of gospel preaching.’ The names of three of these I obtained for you, that you may know some of the stars that shall shine in the diadem of your father’s crown. . . .

“ Dear brother, do you realize what a blessing it has always been to you that your father was a prince who ‘had power with God’? I have heard you say that you have been at times amazed at the power of the truth on the minds of those among whom you have labored. A father’s prayers have

been answered for you. Your mother, too, daily follows you with hers, and the answers fall upon you as a benediction wherever you go. I bless God that you have been so highly honored in your work. To me all earthly honors pale before his who shall be the means of turning many unto righteousness. . . .

“ELIZABETH COAN BOLTER.”

The Presbyterian church of Ovid village was a large and, for the times, an imposing edifice. It stood at the western end of a long street leading to the lake. Its acoustic effects, by some happy accident, were excellent, and the preacher's voice could be heard in the remotest corner, and his eye pierce to the deep recesses of the most distant pews, where sometimes boys and girls sought to while away the tedious hours of the long sermons by eating nuts or apples, or by little quiet games, or reading a book. But woe to such a child if discovered! I well remember one occasion when the offender was the minister's own daughter. “Caroline!” The voice rolled over the heads of the congregation, reaching the trembling children, who at that time formed part of the choir directly opposite the pulpit—“Caroline” among them. Had it been the trump to wake the dead we could not have been more horribly frightened. Expectant and ashamed, we crouched in our corner, sharers in the disgrace which our consciences told us we well deserved.

In the absence of any town hall or lecture-room, the Presbyterian church was used once a year for what was called the “exhibition” of the academy. Here the two boys, Reuben and John, made their first appearance as “public speakers,” though too small for anything but a boy's inconspicuous place. They probably recited:

“You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;”

which completed, with a bob of the head intended to be a bow, they rushed from the stage to take their seats in the audience, listening to and being much interested in the older and more experienced speakers. For this occasion the church was made into one gigantic bower with wreaths and evergreens, while candles—furnished in a prodigal way by the farmers' wives far and near—gave plenty of light. The really capital speeches, compositions, and dialogues well deserved the attendance of the large audiences which usually filled the house to overflowing. As it was the custom in those days to take very small children to church, John and Reuben attended regularly, the former, no doubt, carried in his father's arms.

At the end of four years of almost ideal married life, Benjamin Nevius died, his death being the result of a fall—so slight an accident that no danger was anticipated until recovery was hopeless. He suffered intense pain, but his mind was clear. Although life was so sweet to him, he was perfectly submissive to the divine will. He committed his wife and children to their faithful Creator without a fear. As for death, it had no terrors for him. Not long before it came he sang:

“What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame?
Is it death? Is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free;
I shall the King in glory see.
All is well, all is well.”

Loving, helpful words he gave the friends who clustered round him, proving the strength and the reality of his Christian hope, and then he peacefully went home to God. John was only eighteen months old when his father died, but he was not too young to know that something very sorrowful had occurred. Sitting on his mother's lap one day when he was about two years old, he saw tears stealing down her cheeks.

With one tiny finger he tried to wipe them away, saying, "Mother, I'll *tomfort* you ! " " And he did, and always has," his mother said, as she told me the little story not long ago. I cannot do better than to insert just here some reminiscences which I found after my husband's death. They were written when he was about twenty years of age, while in Georgia. I think he had not for many years had the faintest recollection of them.

CHAPTER II

REMINISCENCES

“MY object in commencing this retrospect is to pick up the scraps and leaves of my early life, so far as I am able to do it, before those pleasant scenes fade entirely from my memory. . . .

“What interest I used to feel in the old house, away down behind the orchard, where I was born! I could remember nothing about it, for I was an infant when we moved from it; but I had been told that I was born there, and I never passed it without looking at it—shut up as it was among the trees, with its old-fashioned shape—and thinking that it must have been a great while ago that I lived there. I was about a year old when we went to the new house which my father had built near my grandfather’s. What a joyous couple my father and mother must have been!—each active and enterprising, each devoted to the other. My father was no ordinary man. Although he was so young when he died, Mr. Lounsbury, our minister, spoke of his virtues in warmest language and in terms of almost veneration. My heart swelled with a feeling akin to pride when told of the long procession—such as had never been seen before—which followed him to his grave. Yes, God took him from us. Just starting in life, full of bright anticipations of happiness and usefulness, blessed with the high esteem of all who knew him, just settled in the home in which he hoped to realize all the sweets of domestic life and rear his family for God, he was called away. In the hour of

death he was calm and even cheerful. His faith in God was strong, and he leaned with confidence on God's promises. 'Mary,' said he to mother, 'weep not for me; I am going to a better home. Weep not for the children; they are God's children; he will take care of them.' And then he pointed her to heaven for consolation:

“ ‘Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies?
Yes, but not his; 'tis death itself that dies!’ ”

“ I am sure that nothing but strength from God supported my mother under this affliction. She has told me so. She wrote a diary at the time which portrays her feelings most touchingly. I have often read it with tears—tears of gladness that I had such a father and mother; tears of sorrow that I lost such a father. My mother's history was unusual. She was a beautiful girl, and when very young was engaged to marry a worthy young man. He had selected a home in what was then known as the 'far West.' When he came to Seneca to be married, he died. My father and Mr. Chester Eastman were pall-bearers. Mr. Eastman afterward became my stepfather. I have spoken of the death of my father. My mother lived in her desolated home supported by a power which never fails those who repose upon the arm of God, and cheered the lonely hours of her widowhood with the care of her two boys. In the course of a few years God sent her a faithful husband and us a kind father. With him my mother and my brother Reuben went to spend a year in New England, and I was left in the care of my grandparents. Here my recollections become more distinct. Here that attachment to my grandfather began which strengthened year by year. He was so good, so amusing, so instructive, so unostentatious. His heart was warm, generous, and confiding; his manner was frank and open; his disposition was peculiarly social, and his laugh proverbial for its heartiness and conta-

giousness. He used to lead me by the hand around the farm, and to the fields to see the lambs, telling me little stories and calling me Dutch names. I remember his showing me on one of these walks a 'mourning dove,' with the beauty of whose note I was struck, and which I have ever since loved. I remember the bargain we made—on my part in all good faith—that all the little colts and calves should be mine; when they were big enough to 'break' they were to belong to my uncle; and when grown up to be my grandfather's. How I exulted in this scheme of wealth! It was satisfactory. I wished nothing better. I think it was from my grandfather that I derived that love for beautiful scenery and the sights and sounds of the country which has been one of my chief sources of pleasure. But I was a great baby; I never had any control over my lacrymal or risible organs. But no one was hard on me. The most mortifying punishment which I had to endure for this weakness was to have my aunties, when they saw the shower bursting, run to me with a basin to catch the tears. Grandfather promised me a cent every night when I should go to bed without crying. One night, having made a grand effort, I succeeded, and the next morning thought I deserved the penny. I followed grandfather around the house, hoping he would think of it, and fearing to speak; but when I could bear it no longer I cried out with a great flood of weeping, 'O grandfather, where is my penny?' At this time I was chiefly in the care of my aunt, Ellen Nevius. 'Twas we who paddl't in the burn,' and see-sawed, and went to school together; and in all cases I was her indulged little boy. When I went to bed at night she had to go with me and lie down beside me till I fell asleep. Many a weary hour she spent waiting for me to get sound asleep; and often when she would creep noiselessly away, my lusty shout would remind her that her vigil was by no means over. This fear of being alone in the dark, which stuck to me for years, came from a cousin at

my grandmother Denton's telling me innumerable stories about witches and goblins. I remember her standing with a stick in her hand striking at the witches which she told me she saw, and enjoying my consternation. . . .

"While my parents were still in New England I had an accident. One day a cousin, John Wilson, took me to the stables to see a new straw-cutter. While I was pushing the straw underneath, John let fall the knife, and my finger was nearly cut off. It was a serious hurt, which I shall bear the marks of all my life. Grandmother Nevius bought me a picture of two little puppies to pacify me, and it was such a delight that I would willingly have had my hand cut again to get another. . . .

"I have been told that when I was four years old I could read very cleverly. From that time I went to school, and as I grew older I was taught to make myself helpful in many ways on the farm. I do not think I ever in my life had the advantage of the instruction of a really judicious teacher. Of course I could not help learning something, but I had no good training. . . .

"If I remember right, I was rather wilful and envious, and Reub and I were always fighting. Notwithstanding, I often had moods of tender feeling, and I think I was a peculiarly thoughtful boy. Since my earliest recollection I have had fits of melancholy. These were not fits of ill humor, but seasons when I loved to shut myself out from the world and be alone; seasons of quiet meditation and dreamy reverie. When I was six or seven years old I criticized the actions and motives of others and fancied that I understood them clearly. I was so inquisitive and officious that I am sure I was sometimes a bore.

"I was often serious. I had very strong religious convictions before I was six years old. I am convinced that this is so because I remember that when I was seven, after thinking long on the subject of religion, I decided that I was too

young to care for it then, and formed the definite resolution that when I was twice as old—i.e., fourteen—I would attend to it. This resolution I never forgot, and when I arrived at that age it was brought vividly before my mind; but I dismissed it with scarcely a thought. . . .

“When I was nine years old it was determined to send Reuben and me to the academy in Ovid village. I think this was injudicious. I was just becoming interested in arithmetic, which I should have finished in a short time; and I made little progress in Latin at the academy for several years, for the reason that I had not a good teacher. It was all a dry, tiresome task for the memory, without any sufficient explanations on the part of the teacher to make it interesting. Still I got on after a fashion. Here I began to see a little of the world, to watch the older boys and the younger girls. One advantage of my going to school at Ovid was the walk. To this I attribute my habit and fondness for exercise. . . . Sometimes Reuben and I would ride on horseback, but we always quarreled about which should ride before. I can recall vividly after all these years the picture of dear mother standing at the door as we rode off, her face so full of earnestness and kindness, saying half playfully, ‘Children, see that ye fall not out by the way!’ One inducement to start early was to have a short time to spend at grandfather’s, our half-way house; to take a drink out of their well, to meet the kindness of my grandmother in the way of nice cakes and dainties, and to look at the turkeys and ducks and chickens. And how often on our return from school I have watched for a cloud in the west, hoping it might afford an excuse for staying there all night! What a delightful anticipation it was, while at my desk at school, to think of strolling along the brook which ran through the farm, of being with grandfather and grandmother and my aunts, and having delicious fruit to eat to the full! And how I loved, before going to sleep, to lie in the little

front bedroom, and listen to the cackling of the geese and the brook dashing through the quarry, and to think of the happiness of the morrow! . . .

“In the winter we drove to school. The invigorating air, with not seldom the excitement of a race with other boys, I can never forget. Old Cub and Charley and Dandy and the little mare—notable steeds they were! Though few of them were sound, I exulted in them as much as if they had been of the most famous breed and quality. And then, too, there were our plans for meeting and conversing with the girls, and the animated games of ball when they were looking at us from the window!

“And how I gloried in the idea of sometime owning a gun! I would shoot more game than any one else ever did. I promised myself a pouchful of game such as would do honor to a hunter of Oregon. I remember the circumstance which particularly induced and fed this passion. Our friend M—— T—— had a rifle with which to shoot the birds in the cherry-trees. I loved to stop with him awhile after school. How I would strive to stand still and be manly at the report of his gun! Perhaps the bird fell; what a wonderful feat! If not, ‘the shot scattered around him,’ or ‘the gun made a long fire,’ or ‘we were not, in fact, sure that it was he we aimed at, as he was hidden among the leaves, and we were half glad that we had not killed him.’ And how well we understood how to put the butt on the ground and load it! And those learned discussions about ramming down the powder and shaking down the shot! The click of the ramrod was music. I was only eleven or twelve years old, but a gun I must have. I made a dozen Yankee plans for buying one. I thought about it and dreamed about it. When I had my mind made up I was too apt to have my own way, and I at last got a gun that cost three dollars. It made some admirable shots for so small a gun. I succeeded one day in shooting a red squirrel for

Reuben when he was ill at home. 'What a useful thing for the family that gun was!' When I was carrying the squirrel home I had to go by the field to show it to the men at work, and I lost the little creature out of my pocket. I sought it vainly for a long time, as I wanted so much to show Reub the particular spots where the shots hit it. . . .

" . . . I was extravagantly fond of rambling and hunting; never was a boy more so. When my schoolmates were reveling in the anticipation of a holiday spent in a public celebration, my thoughts would fly to the banks of the Seneca. When other boys were saving pennies for buying toys or sweets, I thought only of powder and shot. Although I liked company, I liked as well to be alone. I have started in the early morning and rambled until night, with nothing to eat except, perhaps, a slice of bread in my pocket and the berries I could pick in my way. The anticipation of such a day had a charm for me, and I think the effect was salutary. The excitement of an adventure, the eagerness of the hunt, and the beautiful changing scenery gave a new impulse to my spirits. When the sun was high I would sit in the shade listening to the rippling of the water on the shore. At these times I made noble resolutions and indulged in most confident aspirations. I lived in an ideal world, and I always regretted when evening came and put an end to my reveries. I remember that once after such a day the fact came home to my mind for the first time, as I was lying on my bed at night, that I should soon be a man, and must leave these happy scenes and be separated from my mother. There was nothing in the future half so bright, and I wept at the thought. Notwithstanding these frequent play-days, we were brought up to work, and it was their not coming too often which caused them to be so well appreciated. We did not by any means have all our Saturdays to ourselves. During vacation we helped in certain ways on the farm, and for this we sometimes received a little

reward. As a general thing I believe I was fond of work, and it was my fault that I usually overdid it. Exercise always had an exciting and stimulating effect on me which made me insensible at the time to exertion. I think I have injured my constitution by overtasking my strength.

“At thirteen or fourteen I succeeded in being again admitted into my grandfather’s family. It was about this time that my grandfather connected himself with the Dutch Reformed Church. . . . He was very soon chosen an ‘elder.’ How I loved to go to church with him, and to sit at the head of the family pew, where I could see his solemn but pleasant face in the ‘elders’ seat’ at the side of the pulpit! On coming out of church one old man used always to speak to me, calling me ‘Livingston’; and I could see others noticing me and pointing me out as ‘Benjamin Nevius’s son.’ I remember very well, when I could not have been more than six or seven years old, driving with my grandfather when he was taking the Rev. Mr. Little to introduce him to his church at Lodi, on his first going there. Grandfather had evidently told him something about me, for Mr. Little patted me on the head and said he ‘hoped I would be a good dominie [in Dutch usage, a clergyman] some day.’

“After a time my grandfather’s health began to be much impaired, and we knew that he was fearing paralysis, of which his father had died. One day in the autumn, when he was walking in his orchard, he became dizzy, and a man was obliged to help him to the house. A few days after this, when I came home from school, they told me that my grandfather had had an attack of palsy, and was lying on a bed in the lower hall. I hardly dared go in to see him; and when I did the old man stretched out his hand to me and wept. He never recovered the use of his right side. How glad I was to assist in the care of him, which I did whenever I was at home until his death. . . .

“Time sped on. I continued to attend school at the academy, and acquired a superficial knowledge of Latin and Greek and the lower mathematics. How those teachers of our childhood impress their memories upon us! Of mine, Mr. White—profanely called ‘old Daddy White’—was my favorite; not because he was the most judicious teacher, but because I was his special pet. He was too easy, never explaining anything. I remember asking him why the personal pronouns *ego*, *tu*, etc., were not generally expressed before the verbs which agreed with them. He only laughed good-humoredly at my inquisitiveness, and left me in my ignorance. If I had only been encouraged and stimulated, or even whipped into it! He often came and sat down by my side at my desk, and took my hands in his and gently pinched the skin on the back of them, or rubbed his rough cheek against mine, looking into my face and smiling, but hardly ever saying a word. His heart seemed too full to speak, good old soul! Sometimes he would say, ‘Pretty boy, Johnny; wish you were a Christian!’ When I was a little older he had once a long talk with me, saying he hoped in a few years to hear that I was a good man and preparing to be a minister. I remember how that ‘few years’ made me thoughtful. But I never could appreciate ‘Uncle White’s’ feelings; and sometimes when he was caressing me I would get into such convulsions of laughter (this was my weakness) that he would be obliged to leave me. The longer he stayed the worse I got.

“Another circumstance which made this part of my school-days pleasant was that I was in the class with Martha Coan. Her desk was behind mine; and in the afternoon, when she was downstairs at a recitation, I frequently slipped into her seat. Quite aware of this, she would steal quietly in and entrap me, I, of course, being only too happy to be caught. I remember one day Mr. White allowed me to sit by her side while she helped me write a letter to my uncle Elbert Nevius, who was then in the East Indies.”

CHAPTER III

SCHOOL-DAYS AND COLLEGE LIFE

THERE is very little worthy of mention, in addition to what has been said in the previous chapter, of the seven years when John Nevius was a pupil in Ovid Academy. This building stood on a hill commanding a magnificent view. From the belfry on a clear day one could see into nine counties. The school in its earlier days was one of the best in the country; but it had lost much of its deservedly good reputation. If the boys and girls educated there were ambitious and studious, they learned; if not, they wasted their time, and were allowed to form most unscholarly habits. John always regretted the want of better mental discipline at that important period, though by his own efforts in after years he in a measure made up for it. Still, on the whole, those years were profitable ones; and the fact that he was ready to enter college as a sophomore before he was sixteen years of age shows that they could not have been altogether misspent. His friends were always of the best; indeed, I do not think he ever had a low associate in all his life. He was younger than most of his schoolmates, who—perhaps for that reason—showed him special kindness and patronized and petted him. Having always a horse and carriage at his disposal, it gave him great pleasure to invite his friends to drive with him over the lovely country roads of Seneca County, beside the lake or through the woods. Beautiful scenery was then, as always, his delight.

Union College in 1845 was in a most prosperous condition. The famous Dr. Eliphalet Nott was its president, and its professors were probably the equals of any in the United States. Many of the Ovid boys had gone there, and it was natural that it should be chosen for Reuben and John, who entered college about the 1st of September of that year.

It seems almost incredible that less than fifty years ago things should have been so primitive in one part of the State of New York. The boys made the journey to Schenectady by canal-boat. The boats were crowded with passengers, so that they had either to sleep on the floor or sit on the deck. One of their schoolmates, already a college student, was waiting for them at the landing, and took them to the college and introduced them to their teachers. They spent one long, anxious day—the second after their arrival—undergoing their examinations, but were able to pass without difficulty. They were soon as much at home as ever they had been at the old academy. Their room was on the third story front, where the passing of the cars and the boats on the canal seemed to the boys fresh from the country an interesting and novel sight. Their room was large and pleasant, but plainly furnished; and the kind mother was soon appealed to for curtains and other things to make it more inviting. The boys took their meals at a boarding-house instead of in the college hall, which they regarded—either with reason or without—as a place where their manners, if not their morals, were likely to suffer. The cheapness of living at that time as compared with the present was extraordinary. That was fortunate, for already John's and Reuben's little patrimony was proving too small for the demands upon it, and the cautious, careful, but affectionate step-father was greatly troubled at their too frequent requests for money.

John's first letter to his mother was written September 8, 1845. It contains an account of his canal-boat experiences, of his

arrival in Schenectady, of their successful examinations, of his boarding-house, and the beautiful surroundings of the college. Another letter gives a glimpse of the first few months of college life. On October 11, 1845, John wrote to his mother:

“I was very sorry to hear that you were so much concerned about me. I have been well and engaged in my lessons all the week. My fever, although rather severe, did not last quite one day, and did not return, though the doctor was afraid it was fever and ague. It was fortunate for me I happened to be at a good boarding-house. There are very few here that would take a sick person in at all. Your last letter informed us that father thinks we are calling for money rather soon; and for my part, I do not consider it at all strange that he does. Perhaps you would like to have a memorandum, so as to know that we spent nothing unnecessarily. . . . There is one thing we did not think of. Since we have been here we have had the honor of becoming members of the Kappa Alpha Society. Of all the secret societies here—and there are no less than five—this is the oldest and best. It was instituted in 1819 by several distinguished men, one of whom is now a professor in this college. There are a great number of benefits to be derived from being a member of this society. One of the greatest, perhaps, is that when a person joins a secret society his companions and associates are chosen. The members of this society are young men all older than myself; several of them are pious; and it is the first of the kind that has been founded on temperance principles. The members all wear a gold badge which costs six dollars. . . .

“Our room is very ordinarily furnished. Some of the students have furniture costing ten times as much. When I was taken ill I thought quite hard of coming home; and when I got well so quickly I confess I was rather disappointed.

“We are very much obliged to father for thinking of the apples. It will really seem like home to see some of our own apples. As to their freezing, I think there is no danger of that whatever. . . . The walls of the building are stone, and about two feet thick. Tutor Brown has his study directly under our room, and in the winter we shall be surrounded on all sides by fires; and when such a building gets warmed through, it takes it a long time to get cold. We generally go to bed at eleven or after, and get up at six. Upon the whole, I think we should like two barrels of apples better than one. We should be very glad to have some hickory-nuts with them. We are not particular how many; at least, there will be no difficulty in disposing of as many as it may be convenient for you to send. When they get here we shall have to get more curtains to put them behind! . . .

“Our boarding-house is not more than a hundred yards from the college. We have everything which is necessary for our comfort and happiness, and although we do not wish to be forgotten by you, yet we do not wish to be the cause of any unnecessary uneasiness. Tell Norman I should like to hear from him how things go on the farm; for instance, whether the gray mare still jumps into the corn-field, and whether Sancho whips Sport yet, etc., etc.

“Your obedient son,

“J. L. NEVIUS.”

When the time for the first college vacation approached, it was decided that Reuben and John should spend it with friends in Massachusetts, it being thought well that they should see more of the world and have the advantage of travel, a short journey in those days being almost as momentous as a trip across the continent to-day. In a letter to his mother John gives her much information about the state of his and Reuben's wardrobe, and promises to wear certain suits

of clothing for mountain-climbing, as she had suggested. He also has "a few requests to make." One was with reference to "inoculations" or "grafts" on trees in the home orchard; which is interesting, as showing how early his passion for fruit-culture commenced; the other was a request that Norman, a serving-man, should continue the education of his dog, Sancho Panza, in all "dogmatic" acquirements.

I have before me a letter from Mrs. Eastman to her boys, written September 9, 1846. After telling them of the conversion of a friend, she says: "When I heard of this you cannot think how soon my thoughts flew to you; and my heart rose to God in prayer that the time might come when I should hear the same happy news of you, my children. It is my ardent prayer that you may give yourselves to the Saviour who gave his life for you."

I find no direct response to this or other similar, but not too frequent, appeals from their mother. She had evidently at one time some special anxiety on their account. She had written earnestly, and John replied: "With regard to your fears, they were entirely unfounded, and you need never again harbor such a thought for a moment. . . . Reuben and I arrived safely in Schenectady Thursday evening, and at a very early hour were in the land of dreams."

While in Schenectady John kept up his habit of taking long walks, and he was also something of a gymnast. His health was good and his habits excellent, though, as was natural, he participated in some rather wilder frolics than would have pleased his quiet mother or his serious stepfather, could they have known about it at the time. The meetings of their secret society, the Kappa Alpha, were perhaps not always dignified and decorous; but I do not think John ever regretted having belonged to it. Indeed, he always loved the society, and was delighted to meet members of it.

During their second year in college John wrote to his

mother that he should like to stay away from college one term, and to spend that time in teaching a school, if a suitable one could be found for him, as he believed it would be "for his benefit, both from the mental and pecuniary points of view"; adding that "the faculty allow students who teach during a term, instead of remaining at college, to omit one study, while all others are obliged to be examined on three." Not a few of the students had availed themselves of this permission, and he says he is sure he could get a "bill" if he wished it; by which "bill" I suppose he meant some sort of certificate of fitness. He emphasizes the fact that his "object in teaching would be self-improvement, which would naturally arise from a proper attention to a school"; which was certainly a very common-sense view of it for a young fellow of seventeen. Accordingly he spent several months in the autumn of 1846 and the early winter of 1847 in teaching a small select school in a country-place about ten miles from his home. He enjoyed the work, and it did him good; but, judging from his letters of the time, he found his greatest pleasure in the society of a few friends, in rides, drives, sleigh-rides, and entertainments.

In May of this year (1847) he was back in college working with a will, having five studies—political economy, chemistry, Italian, surveying, and mathematics. In a letter home he again refers to the fruit-trees, expressing regret at hearing that his "grafts" were not doing well, and suggesting that "if straw had been put around the peach-trees it might have been better." He went again this year to spend the autumn vacation in Massachusetts.

From the following letter it is not difficult to see that it was a transition period, when, as neither boy nor man, he was developing plenty of energy, power of endurance, and intelligence, but had rather an exuberance of animal spirits. It was written to his brother, who was taking his turn in school-teaching.

“SUNDERLAND, MASS.,

“December 13, 1847.

“I received your epistle yesterday. It had lain in the post-office some time. I did not obtain it for reasons hereafter to be mentioned. I was rather surprised to hear that you were about to assume the responsibilities of a ped., and was pleased to know that the prospect was so flattering. . . .

“And now ‘I too can a tale unfold.’ If you could direct your optics to the person of your juvenile fraternal, you would find him comfortably quartered in the domicile of a good old farmer, about four miles north of Amherst, with trousers tucked inside a pair of cowhide boots, and a *corpus plenum* of chicken, all kinds of ‘Thanksgiving’ pies and cakes, and good cider. . . .

“And now I will commence a necessarily short history of my whereabouts, whatabouts, etc. I arrived at Chicopee Falls on Wednesday afternoon in a hard rainstorm, and drove with C—— and H—— to Uncle W——’s; and if you had a better Thanksgiving dinner than we did, I pity you! I spent a few days at Uncle W——’s very pleasantly. I got acquainted with all the girls, and with a college student who teaches their school, and with a ‘Kap’ from Williams, and also called at the Female Seminary, etc., etc. After I had been there about a week I met a brother of C—— B——, who had commenced a survey of a railroad route from Indian Orchard to Sunderland. I told him I would come out on the road to see him the next day, and accordingly rode out the Col.’s horse. I found that one of his assistants had just left him, and he was trying to get somebody to fill his place. With very little urging I promised to go with him, and after I had consented to go, was offered as a compensation thirty dollars a month. Since that time I have been out on the survey every day. We have had splendid weather, with the exception of one or two days, and a better time than I anticipated. Without other pay, I should consider the knowledge

I gain of engineering, or the effect of the expedition on my health, or what I see of the country and people, a fair compensation for my time. We stop wherever night overtakes us, and always make ourselves at home. We had a fine time in crossing the mountain. We stayed two nights at the house of one Mr. —, where is a certain Miss H—; plenty of cider, nuts, etc., and sang from six o'clock until ten.

“There were eight fellows in the whole party, and we were divided into two sets. Five of them, headed by Mr. —, went ahead to lay out the line. Mr. B—, myself, and an Irishman took the level. The other party got ahead of us after we had crossed the mountain, and went home last Friday. We shall get through to-morrow if it is a good day. We came from Granby this morning; went on the line more than two miles, about half a mile through a swamp. Ate breakfast and supper both by candle-light, and had nothing between them. We have stopped to-night at a fine place, and I am in a hurry to get in the other room to hear a pretty girl play the piano, and to get on my high-heeled boots and make myself agreeable. B— and I have a good deal of business blocked out to attend to after we get through here. We worked hard all day, a few days since, and rode thirty miles after supper. . . .

“Eleven o'clock. Had a good time. Some of the *loudest* playing you ever heard.”

In letters from college dated January, 1848, John mentions having six studies that term, but does not say what they were. He writes with greater interest of the affairs of their secret society, telling his brother, then at home, that there is a great excitement over the election of their marshal. A few months later, when Reuben was again at college and John was at home, his letters to his brother are chiefly occupied by “Kap” matters. He begs for further particulars about the difficulty

between two members, S—— and P——, who seem just then to have been at swords' point. He says: "I dreamed night before last that I saw them in the street with locked arms. They were both offended with *me*, but I did not care, since they were reconciled to each other." At this time—the summer vacation of 1848, when he was but nineteen years of age—he did a great deal of work on the farm. His mother and his stepfather were away from home, and he seems to have been left in charge. He injured his health by over-exertion in the harvest-field, and it was many months before he recovered from the effect of it. John's letters at this time show that he was rather discouraged and depressed, which was undoubtedly the effect of overwork. But a long, delightful excursion with his mother in the month of September did him good, and was a happiness to him to remember ever after. They drove in their own carriage to the western part of the State of New York, on their return visiting the beautiful Mount Hope Cemetery at Rochester, and stopping at Clifton Springs. This was probably his first visit at Clifton, which many years later became to him such a haven of rest.

This was John's and Reuben's last year at college, and it would seem natural that the commencement exercises of that year should have been particularly interesting to them; but, perhaps in consequence of his health not being quite good, John felt apparently no wish to be present. In the postscript of a letter he mentions having received his "diploma" from Professor Gillespie, and he had also the honor of receiving a kind letter from Dr. Nott, president of his college.

I believe another reason for John's unusual depression of spirits was that his heart was not at rest, and that his conscience was troubling him. Until now the buoyancy of early youth, with its excitements and pleasures, had helped to quiet its upbraidings; but it was impossible for a conscientious boy such as he was, with the knowledge of his father's life and

prayers and expectations, not to be distressed by the consciousness that he had thus far disappointed all these. And he knew, too, his own personal duty to God as a child of the church. It was not strange that he was not uniformly happy. My own recollections of this time, however, have not a trace of any perceptible gloom in him. The following letter to his brother gives a glimpse into some of the country pleasures of that year, and also, toward the end, shows something of the uneasiness to which I have referred above. .

“HOME, October 15, 1848.

“DEAR REUBEN: Nothing important has occurred, but the time has been filled with various little happenings. The afternoon you left I spent with the Coans. Have had a good many ‘good times’ with Helen in particular. Last Tuesday took a horseback ride with her and Sister Hannah. Pleasant afternoon; rode up the ravine to Lodi Falls; stream high; went to the very foot of the falls, up to the horses’ bellies. Exciting! Hannah’s horse, Molly, instead of keeping on the very narrow path, turned up the bank—very steep. Hannah frightened; jumped off. Molly goes up and up, for fear of going down. Stops because she cannot go any farther. Needed my support in propping her, or she would have tumbled headlong. All right again; remount our horses as if nothing had happened. Helen, riding Jack, determined to jump a fence; sailing leap; kept on splendidly going over, but slipped off on one side after she had reached the ground. Jack stops; meek! Helen on her feet, eyes sparkling, etc. On our way home we called at Woodside. . . .

“I had a long talk with mother this morning about our prospects, etc. She feels very sadly about us. She says our education and all our plans for the future have been with a view to our entering the ministry. . . .

“I presume you are now busy making arrangements for your

school. Let the name of the firm stand high! We have thus far fooled away our time. If we ever do anything in this world we must begin living on a new system. Reub, let this winter be a new era in our lives. . . .”

In one of John's summer vacations—I do not know which—he did a little deed of kindness which was long and lovingly remembered. An Irish neighbor, then in very humble circumstances, had a field of grain ready to be harvested; but he was ill and could not possibly do it, nor could any one be found to do it for him. Hearing this, John, having secured the help of the son of a farmer living in the neighborhood, went into the fields and cradled the ripened wheat, which, except for this, would have been a dead loss to its owner. On one of our visits to the United States many years afterward, P—— W——, then rather a large landowner, reminded John of the circumstance, which had so completely passed from memory that he could only with difficulty recall it. It had won the gratitude of this warm Irish heart, and they were ever afterward the best of friends.

CHAPTER IV

LIFE IN SENECA COUNTY, N. Y.—LEAVING HOME

I AM sure nothing had more influence in the formation of the character of John Livingston Nevius than the beautiful scenery of his early home. The twin lakes, Seneca and Cayuga, are forty miles long and from one to five miles wide. The water of the former is very deep, pure, and cold. The banks of both are in some places rocky and steep. In others they slope gradually back from their pebbly shores. At intervals of every mile or two are deep ravines, through which streams come rushing from the heights above, forming waterfalls of great beauty; while their banks are often so nearly perpendicular as scarcely to give foothold for the trees which cover them. The country between the lakes, although it rises to the height of seven hundred feet, is for the most part not too rough and hilly to be nearly the perfection of farming land. Looking to the east over Cayuga and to the west over Seneca, one sees numerous villages with their church-spires and other large buildings; and between these are the farm-houses, lying among fields and woods, appearing in the distance like great parks; for the forests, though by no means as extended as they once were, are a marked feature of the landscape. Not much more than one hundred years ago the Indians were still the owners of the soil, and they hunted in the forests and fished in the lakes, little dreaming that so soon they were to give place to a stronger and a civilized race. It was after some very dreadful massacres of the whites that the English army, under

General Sullivan, marched from one end of the State to the other, meting out deserved punishment to those tribes which had been most treacherous and bloodthirsty, and giving confidence to the few brave settlers who here and there were holding their own in the face of dangers of which it is difficult for us even to conceive. After this time the Indians soon disappeared from Seneca and the adjoining counties, and English settlers, coming either direct from the mother-country or from the Atlantic seaboard, appropriated their fertile lands. Many were persons of means, and in a strangely short time this part of the State of New York was dotted with thriving towns and villages. Especially noticeable were the large farm-houses, which, built in the colonial style, were more commodious and comfortable than their modern successors. One of the most pleasant of these residences was the one bought by the grandfather of John L. Nevius. It is that to which he so often refers in his reminiscences.

In the years when John was growing from boyhood to manhood there were in the neighborhood many highly educated, intellectual people, and some delightful homes, where he was always a welcome guest. Books of the best sort were abundant, yet not too many. They were read, criticized, appreciated, and poetry was committed to memory. John would, on occasion, fifty years later, recite it in a delightful way peculiarly his own.

The most common merrymaking at that time was a picnic party—not the inane thing which now goes by that name, however. The place for it was most often either the banks of the lakes or the cool depths of the ravines. All the carriages available in the various families represented were in requisition. Sometimes when there were not enough one was extemporized out of a “hay-rigging.” This, to be understood, must be seen. But when a thick carpet of fresh hay covered its floor, evergreens and flowers decked its sides, and streaming banners

floated overhead, it became rather a fairy-like thing ; and as it would hold an unlimited number of passengers, it could scarcely be improved for its purpose. Away over the country roads down to the banks of the lake, perhaps to take small boats to some peculiarly inaccessible grotto or ravine, would go the happy party. Lunch-baskets with the most delicious eatables were carried along. Oh, the fun, the frolic, the gaiety, the light-hearted happiness of those days ! John, who never cared very much for balls and parties and fashionable assemblies, reveled in these old-time picnics. Though the youngest man—if a boy under twenty may be called a “man”—he seemed naturally to have most of the care of the whole affair, and was here, there, everywhere, looking after the comfort and pleasure of everybody. Did any timid lady turn back affrighted from the attempt to cross a rapid stream, it would probably be John’s persuasive voice which would induce her to make the attempt, while his strong arm would guide her safely over ; or if she halted midway, and an accident seemed inevitable, in an instant two strong arms would lift her off her feet and carry her to the shore. John looked back with delight to these early pleasures. He was grateful to have had friends whose influence upon him morally and intellectually was so strong and lasting. Among these were a few whose piety was deep and fervent ; and many were the kind, sisterly talks, and much the good, earnest advice, to which John listened at this time. I cannot remember that any of his young-men friends were pious. I think perhaps John himself was the most thoughtful of them all.

It was a common thing in those days—some years before the great Rebellion—for enterprising Northerners to seek their fortunes at the South. Many made their homes there and became “Southerners.” It was not strange that John, being obliged to make his own way in the world, and being still too young to fix upon his profession, should decide to try the experiment

of finding employment where so many others had done well. His friends did not oppose his wish, but it was a bitter trial to his mother that neither of her sons had avowed his intention of living a Christian life. She knew them to be pure-minded, honorable young men; but would they continue so? Or if they did, unless they lived to serve their Maker, would they not live in vain? They both knew the anxiety which oppressed their mother's heart, and in a way would have been glad to relieve it. John in particular at this time was himself a prey to great unrest, which no one suspected. Had he not told me of it, I could not believe he was ever so unlike himself! Alone in his room, he used to pace the floor, something saying to him, "Kneel and pray," and something within him responding, "No; anything but that!" There came a day when he did pray, and then he knew he ought to confess, especially to his mother, that he had done so. But he found himself a very coward; and even when he had brought himself to the point of going to his mother's room for this express purpose, he would find his lips sealed, and after a little general conversation would go back to his room, very much ashamed of himself, and exceedingly uncomfortable. Had his mother been a stern, puritanic woman this would not have been so strange; but she was specially gentle and indulgent to her children, and never forced the subject of religion upon any one.

At last the time came when John must go away, never again to be an inmate in his mother's home. As she clasped him in a loving embrace, she said: "John, if you were going away to be a missionary to the heathen, and I should never see you again in this world, *that* I could bear; but *this* I cannot!" John knew well enough what "this" was, and that he could cheer his mother's almost breaking heart by simply confessing the truth; but he could not do it, or did not. I believe this was not due entirely to pride, as he afterward considered it, but that it was in a measure shyness—that reticence in speak-

ing of the most sacred subject which so many have exhibited toward their nearest and dearest. If it had been pride alone, I think John's love for his mother would have overcome it.

John sailed from New York for Georgia about the last of October, 1849. It was his first experience of life at sea. On the 2d of November, 1849, he wrote to his mother from the steamship "Cherokee":

"Having just finished supper, wishing to send you a letter as soon as possible, and not knowing that I shall be able to do so to-morrow, I will employ this evening in writing. It is now about eight; the sky is clear, the sea still, and the moon shining beautifully. We could easily perceive this morning that we were in a warmer climate. The air on deck is remarkably pleasant and exhilarating. We have been now for more than two days out of sight of land, with nothing to be seen about us but the wide waste of waters. We had till last night a strong breeze from the northwest, and sails were put up, which served to steady the motion of the vessel, and, in addition to the engine, caused us to move rapidly. I had anticipated a hard siege of seasickness, but experienced nothing of the kind until this morning, and then, I think, should not if I had not got up very early to see the sun rise. . . .

"My time in New York passed very pleasantly. I found Reub, as I told you in my last letter, and later on a college friend; and Mr. D—— and family were very kind to us both. Mr. D—— accompanied me to the boat. There are on board one hundred and eighty cabin passengers and one hundred in the steerage, making in all nearly three hundred. The captain says this is the largest load he ever took. When the boat shoved off from the wharf at New York with all this crowd of passengers, the most of them with numerous acquaintances, engaging in lively conversation, I felt for the first time that I was alone. I was, however, anything but melancholy. . . . I had been on board but an hour or two when I made the acquaintance of

a young fellow from Savannah, who has been a very pleasant companion.

“ . . . The voyage has not been in the least tedious. There is always something to interest and amuse : the conversation of passengers, the comical appearance of some one bending over the railing!—which spectacle I once presented to the crowd—the different characters among the passengers, etc. I find it very pleasant to go above the wheel, which commands a view of the whole of the rest of the ship, and look at the unbounded sea. As far as the eye can reach you see nothing but waves following one another in rapid succession, and in the horizon seeming to leap up to touch the sky. At the bow and behind the wheel are continuous sheets of spray, which in the night look like sparkling diamonds ; and behind is a long sheet of milk-white foam. It is beyond that, far away to the west, that I love to look, and call to mind the scenes which I am leaving.

“ We expect to reach Savannah before noon to-morrow, where I shall stay over Sunday. Excuse the haste in which this has been written, especially the last page, as a young lady of seventeen, whom I have smiled at a few times during the voyage, is sitting within a few feet of me in a state-room door !”

CHAPTER V

A YEAR IN GEORGIA

SOON after reaching Georgia, John Nevius for the first time in his life began keeping a journal. From this I shall give a few extracts.

On Sunday, November 4th, he wrote at length of the new emotions which had been astir in his heart all through the previous summer, and of his deep conviction of his personal duty to God. He wrote :

“About six weeks ago I uttered my first intelligent prayer for years, if ever before in my life. . . . I have always thought that when I should make the slightest change toward a religious life, I should not stop short of a very thorough reformation. But, in fact, the only advance I have made—if, indeed, it may be called an advance—is that I have gained some slight idea of the sinfulness of my nature and my utter weakness. I feel confident that God would have given me evidence of his favor long ago had I been willing to give up all to follow him. All ? What all ? Nothing—to gain eternal life !”

Leaving Savannah, he crossed the State to Columbus, walking nearly all the way. As a study of character, and also as a description of that Southern State not very long before the “great Rebellion,” the jottings of the young schoolmaster as he went from city to city and village to village are very interesting ; but I will not allow myself to insert them at length. He often in after life referred to one particular evening, of which he wrote in his journal as follows :

“ I walked on with no companion but the silent stars and the rushing streams. Cassiopeia, which looked me full in the face, seemed a kindly beacon to lead me on my way. . . . My thoughts were much upon my life, both before and since coming to Georgia. It seemed to me, whichever way I looked at it, that God was planning my course for me. My heart overflowed with gratitude. I could but recognize a change of some sort going on within me. I knelt down in the woods by the roadside, and in a weak, imperfect way offered up to God my tribute of thanksgiving, and prayed for his aid and direction in the future. I remembered that it was the hour for prayer-meeting at home, and tried to join with friends there, asking for God’s blessing upon them and me.”

A letter written from Columbus on the 24th of November, 1849, to Miss Nevius, afterward the wife of Rev. Jacob Best, a missionary in Africa, gives some pleasant glimpses of these wanderings in Georgia. He wrote :

“ MY DEAR AUNT GERTRUDE : We arrived in Savannah Saturday afternoon, November 3d ; and I left there on the next Tuesday. That town spreads over a broad extent of country, with wide streets and fine shade-trees. Negroes, mules, and goats are the principal living and moving objects. Very few of the streets are paved, and the sand is deep. One of the first things I was struck with was seeing white and negro children playing together in the streets. The children of the best families mingle with the black children on terms of perfect equality, and the little negroes laugh the loudest of all. They show an attachment for each other which I had not expected to find.

“ I stayed long enough to walk all about the town and suburbs, although I failed to find a hill in the vicinity from which I could take a ‘ bird’s-eye ’ view of it.

“ At Milledgeville the legislature had just met, and there

were so many office-seekers with them that it was almost impossible to find accommodations. I was so fortunate as to get a place in a private house with a fine old gentleman who had distinguished friends with him from all parts of the State. It is customary at such times for most of the private houses to be opened. I was the sixth man in one room. I had an opportunity every night to hear the political gossip and any quantity of story-telling.

“I became a little tired of Milledgeville, and as I had a chance to send on my luggage, I decided to take a walk across the country. I had heard of many schools, but did not know what a Georgia country school was, and thought it would be advisable to learn something more about them. This was my object; and I never derived so much information, thorough and practical, in the same length of time before. I started on Saturday afternoon a week ago, and walked ten miles to a place where I stayed over Sunday. I arrived here yesterday forenoon—a distance, with my crooks and turnings, of a hundred and forty miles. I found very few villages, and much of the way was through woods. Some days I did not ride a foot, or rather I rode two feet all the time. Sometimes I went half a mile with a negro on his cart, and asked him questions which I was ashamed to ask any one else, and sometimes I drove with a gentleman. With the exception of a ride of ten miles yesterday morning, I walked about all the way. There are no hotels scattered along the road, as at the North, and I always stayed at private houses.”

“After walking forty miles one day, I called at a house about eight o'clock in the evening, and found the family enjoying themselves around a blazing fire, with all the doors open—which is the custom here—and was taken for an old friend of theirs. When I began to explain, assuring them that they were mistaken, they told me that I ‘could not play any of my Yankee tricks on them; they knew me of old,’ etc.!

So I shook hands with them all round ! Then they asked me a thousand questions, many of which I could answer, as I had happened to visit several of their acquaintances. Then I again told them I was grateful for being so kindly treated, but sorry they must be disappointed when they found out their mistake. I gave them my name and place of residence, etc., and showed them a letter with its address ; even my name printed inside my hat had not the least effect. They brought me to the light, examined my hair, walked me about and observed my gait, and then brought in the negroes to get their opinion. One of them said, ' 'Twas Massa T—— ; he knowed it was. If it wasn't, they might chop his head right off ! ' They asked me if I knew ' Louisiana Belle,' whereat I struck it up and sang it. They even arranged for a turkey-hunt the next day. We were in a continual state of excitement for two hours until we went to bed, when they were no better off than at first. An old grandmother in the family was the only one who doubted my being C—— T——. They were not satisfied until broad daylight, or a night's sleep, brought them to their senses. What makes it more remarkable is that C—— T—— is a friend of mine, who only left them in the spring. I made his acquaintance on one of my college vacations spent in Massachusetts. He is a civil engineer, and was employed in laying out a railroad. . . ."

Soon after this he wrote his mother the letter which made her supremely happy, and to which she refers in the following letter :

" O John, if you could look into my heart and read it, you would know how happy it is possible for children to make a mother ! If I should live a thousand years, and had the powers of an angel, I could not repay the debt of gratitude for the enjoyment I have had in God since the reception of

your letter. Although I loved my God before, and knew what it was to trust in him and receive comfort from him, yet this has been the beginning of a new era to me. I bless my covenant-keeping God for it, and to him be all the glory. O John, help me to praise him ! Never fear to trust him for all you want. Yea, open your mouth wide, and he will fill it. May he, in whose hands are the gold and the silver, and the cattle on a thousand hills, be your God, and do you all the good you need. This is the ardent prayer of

“Your loving mother,
“MARY D. EASTMAN.”

The following is John's letter to his mother :

“COLUMBUS, GA.,
“November 27, 1849.

“ . . . Mother, you may be surprised to hear that ever since last spring my mind has been much engaged with thoughts of religion. Your first question will be, ‘Why did you not tell me of it?’ I can only answer it was because of pride. I did not wish to be seen prostrate at the feet of Jesus. . . . The importance of religion I have always admitted ; but never until this summer have I felt it. The present time I have recognized as a very critical period in my history—one on which in a great measure my future course in life will depend. As I thought of the subject I was forced to see that it must have my immediate and earnest attention. Still, although uneasy, I was undecided. I could see everything in the Christian character to admire ; in fact, I wished to be one ; but there was a something in my nature averse to taking the first step. When I decided to come to Georgia these convictions became stronger. . . . The grand defect of my life, so far, is that it has been without an object. I now saw before me an object inconceivably sublime in the possibility of becoming a ‘co-laborer with God,’

and advancing his glory and the happiness of others. . . . I thought, too, mother, that it would almost do away with your grief in parting from me to feel that I was a converted man. I knew that I had it in my power either to fill your heart with joy, or, it might be, to shorten your life with sorrow. Even this consideration failed to bring me humbly to the feet of Jesus. I began to pray. I spent most of my time in reading the Bible and religious books and in meditation, and really thought I was seeking God in earnest in his own appointed way. But I was deceiving myself. I relied on my own strength and vainly thought I could reform my life unaided, and almost supposed that by doing so I should lay the Almighty under obligation to me. I excused myself from confiding in you or any one else by the idea that it would be better to wait until I could tell you that which would give you unalloyed pleasure.

“It was in this state of mind that I left home. Still the Holy Spirit pressed the subject upon me and kept me thoughtful. God was teaching me that my strength was utter weakness. . . . I believe the Holy Spirit was working in my heart. . . . I now know that I am not capable, of myself, of the first holy thought or aspiration; that I am indebted for everything to God. . . . I find that to serve him is a great work—vastly greater than I at first imagined. . . .

“Mother, I know I need not ask for your prayers, for they have continually ascended to God for me; and how much I am indebted to them God only knows. I can only add, mother, father, forgive me. Pray for me. Pray that I may see more and more my real condition as a sinner, and be led with earnestness and true faith to God, so that I may be ‘no longer an alien, but a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of faith.’

“Your affectionate son,
“JOHN L. NEVIUS.”

In a letter to Reuben Nevius, in which he confessed to his brother the change which had come to him, he wrote :

“ My pride and self-importance kept me from God. Still he was teaching me the lesson of my weakness, and preparing me to come low in the dust and beg for pardon through the merits of Christ’s atonement. After I left home, my loneliness, and the necessity of finding peace with God, made me pray more earnestly and more sincerely. I could not bear the idea of relapsing back to the world and giving up thoughts of religion. The Holy Spirit was gradually but continually shedding light into my soul, and taking of the things of Christ and showing them to me. In a word, I am changed. . . . I now feel my utter inability to take the first step in the Christian life without divine aid. . . . Sinfulness and selfish motives are mixed with all I do. My only hope is in God’s mercy through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

“ How this change has been effected I know not. It is a mystery. I am conscious of an exterior influence, unseen, but not unfelt ; gentle and almost imperceptible, but powerful. ‘ The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth : so is every one that is born of the Spirit.’ . . . ”

In this letter he begs his brother to give immediate attention to his duty to God. He could not endure the thought of separation in this greatest of all interests from him who, until now, had been so intimately associated with him in everything—home, school, college, reading, and social pleasures. With what delight must he have received the assurance that his brother’s experience had been nearly the same as his own ! Long letters passed between them, and they had now unreserved confidences relating to what until that time had been almost a forbidden subject.

Extracts from Journal

“Columbus, December 30, 1849. I commence my journal to-day, Sunday afternoon, after an intermission of just a month. This interval has been full of unexpected events, which have impressed upon my mind, as it has never been impressed before, the idea of an overruling Providence.

“Three weeks last Friday, although not feeling well, I imprudently rode a long distance, crossing the State boundary over into Alabama to visit a school, returning here the same night. The next day I was taken with a fever. When I found that I should be confined to my bed for some time I thought I should be left in rather a bad predicament, as by the time I got well all the schools for which I was corresponding would probably be taken, and it would be too late to look for any others. What was my surprise to receive a visit from Judge S—— and Mr. B——, who offered me Mr. B——’s school—the one I like the best of any I have seen in Georgia. This was unexpected, but gratifying. A few days afterward I was called upon by Mr. S—— J——, a patron of the school and an influential man, who wished me to give the situation up, simply because I was a Northerner. The excitement throughout the State is very strong, arising from the difficulty in choosing a Speaker in the House of Representatives. I told him I did not consider my being a Northerner a reasonable objection, and if my friends were still willing I should hold to my agreement.

“Since my recovery I have been almost unaccountably successful in getting pupils. I shall at least have a ‘tolerable’ school; maybe a profitable one. . . .

“Another difficulty presented itself. I was desirous of connecting myself with the Presbyterian church here, and of forming religious acquaintances; but the church was in an unsettled state, without a pastor, and I thought it might be long before

there would be a communion season. How was I surprised a few days ago to meet in this place with President Talmadge and other clergymen, who were to hold a series of meetings in the Presbyterian church, closing to-day, when they were to celebrate the Lord's Supper! I attended the meetings, and yesterday presented myself before the session. I was received after a short examination. I knew I was very unworthy. I felt the danger of 'eating and drinking condemnation' to myself. But I prayed God to prepare me for what he was preparing for me. I heard an excellent sermon from President Talmadge from the text, 'Whosoever shall fall on that stone shall be broken: but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder.' I got such a view of Christ's life and death as I never had before. At the close of the sermon Dr. Chester pronounced an awful warning against partaking of the elements unworthily. Still I seemed to hear the invitation, 'Come; for all things are now ready.' I went to the table and took into my trembling hands those simple but awfully significant emblems of the body and blood of Christ. My trust is in him. My prayer is for faith; for the influence of the Holy Spirit; for humility; for more correct ideas of God's character and the relations which this world sustains to eternity; that I may have a heart full of love to God and my fellow-men, and also to the Bible as the revealed Word of God, and have true views of the depth of my own sinfulness. Verily, is not God leading me? May I not have the hope that he watches over me with a Father's care? Blessed be his name! What shall I render to him for all his mercies? May he enable me with true sincerity to consecrate myself to him, soul and body, for time and eternity. I desire to make every interest and engagement in life subservient to his glory."

"February 11, 1850. . . . I seem to be living in another and happier world. I can only say, 'To God be the praise!' With increased confidence, I would intrust myself and all my interests to his hands."

“February 15, 1850. . . . It is a serious fault with me that I am always too busy, and what I do amounts to nothing. I do everything in too much of a hurry and excitement. I must break myself of this, particularly in reading. I am pretty well satisfied that I can overcome my wretched habit of forgetting names. My memory of these and of dates, etc., is remarkably defective. I believe this deficiency originated in carelessness, and I must try to overcome it by carefulness.”

“March 15, 1850. How time flies! Since writing last I have passed a mile-stone in my life. I am twenty-one years old. I do not improve with my years, and would ‘lay my ineffectual finger on the wheel of time, to make it keep pace with my slow progression.’ . . . I sometimes doubt my having enough energy of character to shake off the listless apathy of an easy life and awake to the reality of existence and the obligations which it involves.”

Reuben Nevius united with the Episcopal Church, and it was inevitable that the views of the two brothers should from this time occasionally clash. They wrote with unrestrained freedom, and their letters show that in one or two instances they slightly wounded each other’s feelings. Very soon, however, they “agreed to differ”; and if the beautiful brotherly love which continued through all the long years were more constantly exemplified in the churches which they represented, how slight would be their differences and how strong their bond of union! The letters which follow illustrate this.

“COLUMBUS, GA.,

“March 6, 1850.

“DEAR BROTHER: You ask me if I think it essential that a person be able to date with precision the time of his conversion. I should say not. I am sure it is impossible for me to date the commencement of the change of heart which I think I have received. At first light began to shine upon the Word

of God. I began to derive some comfort and satisfaction in prayer, and to feel gradually a reverence and love for the Saviour. The thing which most troubled me was a conscious want of humility, and a correct view of my own guilt in the sight of God. I have never yet realized it as I ought, nor looked upon the Saviour as I should, nor do I thank and praise him as I ought. This I must confess and deplore, yet I think I may say with confidence that 'whereas I was blind, now I see.' Still I see very darkly; but I hope the change is still going on and will continue to do so. . . . I pray God that I may always be a progressive Christian, and that chastisements may not be necessary to keep me in the path of duty. . . ."

"COLUMBUS, April 20, 1850.

" . . . And now, Reub, about Presbyterianism. I have more and more reason every day to thank God that I am a Presbyterian. Let me recommend to you, if you ever come across it, 'Miller on Presbyterianism.' . . . Many of my views, particularly on the subject of election, have become much clearer, both to the eye of reason and of faith. I regard the doctrine of election, together with the character of God exhibited in it, the crowning glory of our religion; and although there are some points in it 'too wonderful for me,' yet I conceive that to reject it would be to dethrone God and involve ourselves in tenfold confusion."

"COLUMBUS, May 4, 1850.

"DEAR BROTHER: My school now numbers thirty-nine. I have not lost a pupil, and I am gratified to learn from different sources that my patrons are well pleased. I have eighteen boys in Latin, eleven of whom started in it with me. I do not intend to neglect English studies, but I think there is nothing better calculated to accustom a boy to habits of close application than a thorough course in Latin. Nearly all my boys from ten to twelve are in Colburn's Arithmetic, which develops their

minds and accustoms them to accurate thinking, and that is what boys want. . . .

“And now, dear brother, for a little talk. I am thankful that we have this privilege. . . . My conscience acquits me of uncharitableness to other denominations. Particularly do I have a tender feeling for the Episcopal Church, on account of its members whom I love, and whose piety I respect and admire. But you spoke of spiritual difficulties. . . . We know there is no intermediate link to unite us to God. ‘He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.’ The Spirit will always dwell with him who is of a humble and contrite heart, and with him who worships God in spirit and in truth. . . .

“But, dear brother, you say you are sorry to see in me the remains of early prejudice. . . . I thank you for your frankness. . . . I do not profess to know very thoroughly the points of disputation between Episcopalians and Presbyterians, although I have of late read not a little. The result of my investigation is this: I have found the Presbyterian Church to meet in every respect my wants. I have not found a doctrine in it which is not fully supported by Scripture, and which does not meet with the full and hearty concurrence of my reason. I am persuaded that, in regard to its form of worship and church government, ‘the church to which I belong is of divine appointment.’ I think everything goes to show that the Jewish church, as well as the early Christian church, had a ‘republican form of government,’ and that there is but one order of gospel ‘ministers’ spoken of in the New Testament. Besides, I can see no argument, either scriptural or *per se*, for so exclusive use of written forms of prayer, and I cannot but see many objections. There are other things in the Episcopal Church to which I cannot assent, of which I could not speak without going into detail. Besides, when I look at the characters of the different churches and ask myself which will best promote my growth in grace; when I apply the gospel test,

'By their fruits ye shall know them'; when I look abroad for indications of zeal in Christ's cause and for the promotion of his kingdom, I can never think of changing my church for any other. With this view, I feel it my duty and privilege to labor in and for the Presbyterian Church. At the same time I rejoice that we differ so little in essentials; and I pray that our churches may never separate us in affection.

"And now, dear brother, I have been very plain with you. I wish you always to write in the same manner to me. I will only add that I have not the least doubt of the sincerity of your motives. I rejoice in the belief that we are both traveling to the same heavenly home. . . .

"I have just received a letter from mother, and she seems to be enjoying almost a heaven on earth in the realization of the answer to her prayers in the conversion of her sons. Let us pray much for her and for each other. . . ."

"COLUMBUS, June 16, 1850.

"DEAR BROTHER: . . . Reuben, the world is changed to you and me. We seem almost to live in a new world and to breathe a new atmosphere. . . . Have you not often been led to realize, since your conversion, that 'God's ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts'? Have you not, when you have laid out a plan of your own for the future, found it thwarted, and that God had introduced a plan more for your spiritual good, and taught you a lesson of your dependence upon him? And how well he knows how to deliver his own from their troubles and temptations! 'Shall not goodness and mercy follow us all the days of our lives; and shall we not dwell in the house of the Lord forever?' I love—oh, how I love!—that psalm. I remember, too, that it is a favorite of mother's.

"'Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!'"

“Without God’s grace should we ever have come to Christ? Can a clean thing come out of an unclean? Is it not plain that no soul would ever be saved without it is plucked as a brand from the burning? What follows? Does he not choose those whom he plucks from the fire? Have we not been chosen in him before the foundation of the world? . . . Or, without following this line of thought, we know that the hearts of all are in God’s hands; we know that he directs every influence, either exterior or interior, which operates on us, so that we do not have a thought or do an act the first cause of which is not God. Still we know we are free to act as we please. This is a fact of our consciousness. But how are we to harmonize these facts or put them together? That is another question. We know that God never had a beginning; reason teaches us so. Reason and experience also teach us to assign to everything a beginning and a cause. Put these facts together. We are to believe, to confess our blindness, and to wait in joyous anticipation until these deep mysteries of God shall be revealed. . . . This is a subject on which I delight to dwell, and one calculated in an eminent degree, I think (others to the contrary), to bring home the serious question, Am I of that chosen number? and to prompt to exertions to make ‘our calling and election sure.’ And will any other view put the goodness and mercy of God in so strong a light, or so incline our hearts to love him, as that which represents him first giving his Son to die, and when he saw that no one would accept of the offered salvation, taking some, as it were, in his arms by force and carrying them to heaven against—yes, even against—their will, unless constrained by him? . . .”

[It is but right that I should say that my husband’s views on the subjects of election and predestination were afterward somewhat modified, and a few years later he would not have expressed himself so strongly as he did in the above letter.]

Journal

“June 2d (Sunday). I sat down this afternoon to write a ‘list of habits’ which I propose to endeavor to form. It is a new idea to me, and I was hardly aware of what I was doing when I began. The subject branches out into infinity, and I almost recoil from what I have undertaken. . . . I feel that if I ever do anything in the world I must begin now. I know I am no genius, but I have unbounded confidence in strenuous, uniform, persevering, and systematic exertion. I have finished the work of rather a hard week. I grow more sensible every day of defects in my school. Not that it is retrograding; for I think we are improving gradually. May God give me wisdom to make it what it should be. I have somewhat failed in discipline. . . .”

In the month of November, 1850, John had the happiness of welcoming his brother to his Southern home, which was to become Reuben’s for many years. In his journal he wrote:

“November 25, 1850. After so long a time of expectancy Reuben arrived on the 23d. At night we drove in a ‘rock-away’ to get his luggage, and it seemed like old times. Such a quantity of news! We have hardly time to eat or sleep. I am glad we are here alone, where we can have all the house to ourselves. How charming were the little remembrances from home! Reuben and I have run races and jumped together, and find that we stand nearly on the same footing that we used to. . . .”

“This is Election day. I supposed that the Union party would succeed by a large majority, and did not intend to go to the polls; but Judge A—— called for me, and at his urgent request I went down to vote. I do not know what effect this may have on my school. One night not long ago, as I was passing along the street, a man cried out, loud enough for me

to hear, 'There is the great friend of Mr. Seward !' [William H. Seward, Secretary of State.] . . ."

John's experiment in school-teaching proved a decidedly successful one. The number of his pupils increased until he could receive no more without engaging the services of an assistant. Notwithstanding a somewhat serious difficulty arising from the disturbed political state of the country, and the strong prejudice against Northerners all through the South, the little school in the woods continued to be well attended, and it gave great pleasure to the youthful teacher. It was from no discouragement in his work, nor dissatisfaction with his patrons, nor ingratitude to his warm-hearted Southern friends, that John, in the autumn of 1850, decided to begin at once his studies for entering the ministry of the Presbyterian Church. Until now he, like other young men, had been ambitious for wealth and distinction. A lawyer's profession was the one he would have chosen, and for which he had peculiar qualifications. But God had something different and better in store for him.

Having decided to be a minister, he had then to take into consideration the question of the theological seminary in which to pursue his studies ; and this involved the question of what "school" of theology he should embrace. His parents belonged to the so-called New-School branch of the Presbyterian Church, and their preferences were naturally in favor of Union Seminary in New York City. It was in part owing to the influence of his friends in Columbus that he determined to go to Princeton, N. J., a strongly pronounced Old-School institution.

About this time he wrote to his mother: ". . . I begin to feel in some measure the weight of the responsibilities I am about to assume and my incompetence to fulfil them. Still the anticipation is pleasant. I do not like to look forward to a longer time than three years before I can begin my work in

the Lord's vineyard, and I feel a strong desire to give myself wholly up to study in preparation for it. You know our church differs from Reuben's in requiring a systematic training in a public institution. . . . I think Princeton has by far the most celebrated and efficient faculty, and another thing, Union is New School. I am quite sure I shall never regret going to Princeton."

John left Columbus early in December of 1850. On the 4th of the month he wrote in his journal:

"Eleven miles from Columbus. I am leaving the South. How short, how like a dream, will my sojourn here soon seem!"

CHAPTER VI

FIRST TWO YEARS IN PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

JOHN NEVIUS reached Princeton about the middle of December, 1850, when the term had already begun. He found it hard to settle to work, and the first entries in his journal show some discouragement. On the 20th of December, 1850, he wrote: "Nearly a week has passed since I came to Princeton; and is this week to be an index to my future? I am more idle and listless than I should have supposed possible. I wish I might run the Christian course without needing the lash. God help me to spend my time here so that I may be prepared in mind and heart for the work which is before me, and for heaven, and that I may not have to look back to this period of my life with regret."

At the time John entered Princeton Seminary Dr. Alexander, Sr., was still there—an honor and a blessing to any institution. Dr. Charles Hodge was in the height of usefulness, and other professors were scarcely less distinguished. When John made his first call upon the aged Dr. Alexander he was surprised to receive from him a more accurate and extended history of the Nevius family than he had known before. Dr. Alexander told him of certain families living in the neighborhood who must be related to him, and whose acquaintance it would be well for him to make.

On January 10, 1851, he says in his journal: "I intended to write more about Dr. Addison Alexander's and Dr. James Alexander's lectures. . . . Dr. James has spent some time on 'em-

phasis and inflection.' I have come to the conclusion that if a person has not enough taste and discrimination to make rules for himself, he will not have enough to apply those of others. They appear to me, with the exception of a few fundamental ones, to be very arbitrary; and I think more injury will result from attempting to observe them, in making one's style affected, than in studying the subject carefully and the language carefully by the rules of common sense. Still it is good exercise to reduce our natural ideas to rules so as to have them in a tangible form, and to inquire into the philosophy of the matter. But I do not give them the importance which some of my classmates do who try to catch every word, and would if the same thing were repeated the next day. . . ."

From this time on John kept a journal with more or less regularity for several years. That was an age of "journals," when we made no end of "resolutions," in a way which in these times of hurry and changed habits would be considered impossible. Self-examination—not for the purpose of making sure that we were 'in the faith,' but rather to gauge our progress in the divine life—was considered, forty years ago, a paramount duty. Whether this practice was or was not, on the whole, beneficial I cannot say. It is certain there was very little happiness to be found in looking into the depths of one's own heart; but, on the other hand, as one became aware of its sinfulness, one was driven to seek more earnestly a closer walk with the Saviour and Sin-bearer. As the years passed on this habit of introspection almost entirely disappeared. John thought little of himself, while his gaze was fixed steadfastly upon his great Exemplar. Thus, "with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, he was changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

On the first page of his journal I find this entry: "I place in the fore part of this book, for more convenient reference,

several rules, lately adopted, by which I intend to regulate my life." There were twenty-four of these rules. The first is dated December 29, 1850; the last April 17, 1851. I will give them in full.

"RULES OR RESOLUTIONS FOR REGULATING MY LIFE.

"*Resolved:*

"1. Not to place confidence in overwrought plans for the future, nor to form such plans.

"2. Not to avoid looking at the harsh features of things, but to try to anticipate every emergency, and be prepared for it, so as to act understandingly, promptly, and resolutely.

"3. To keep my mind impressed with the idea that I am living for God and heaven.

"4. To make it my object in my studies to become a useful rather than a learned man.

"5. To look forward to my future life as a continual warfare, and endeavor every day to gain, by the help of God, a victory over some evil propensity of my heart.

"6. Trusting the future entirely to God with full confidence, and exercising humble submission to all his righteous will, to pray that he will direct me in the course which will best promote his glory, and enable me every day to spend my time so as best to prepare myself for the station which he has allotted to me.

"7. Never to neglect the regular attendance upon religious exercises, especially those of prayer.

"8. Never to engage in religious exercises, either in public or in private, without endeavoring to feel impressed with their supreme excellence and importance, their solemnity, and the necessity of engaging in them aright, without letting my mind wander to worldly objects.

"9. To guard carefully against covetousness as one of my besetting sins.

“ 10. To guard against and subdue feelings of envy and jealousy.

“ 11. To cultivate assiduously a kind feeling toward and a pleasing manner in intercourse with every one.

“ 12. To cultivate a strong feeling of love to God and to his cause and all engaged in it, with a spirit of charity and liberality.

“ 13. To sleep about six hours—not to exceed seven—going to bed, as a rule, about ten o’clock.

“ 14. To walk or take some active exercise every morning and evening, unless necessarily prevented by the weather, sickness, or very urgent business.

“ 15. To eat no more food and of no other kind than I find by experience to be most conducive to health and studious habits. To avoid gluttony, and to deny myself the next meal whenever I break this rule.

“ 16. Every Saturday night to eat sparingly or nothing at all, and spend a part of the evening in looking over these rules, seeing how far I have transgressed them, how much I can improve them, and myself by them; and in preparation for the Sabbath.

“ 17. To make a diligent use of all my time.

“ 18. To make the Bible my chief study, and endeavor every day to improve in the knowledge of it.

“ 19. To do everything systematically and thoroughly.

“ 20. To ‘put nothing off until to-morrow which can be done to-day.’

“ 21. To keep an account in my journal of all infringements of these resolutions.

“ 22. Never to engage in frivolous or indelicate conversation such as I should be unwilling my mother should hear from me.

“ 23. To bridle my tongue so as not to converse with others about matters which relate only to myself, and in which they do not feel interested; nor to make my friends the

common topic of conversation; nor, under any circumstances, to betray their confidence.

“24. To acknowledge God in all my ways, and to enter upon nothing, however trivial, without first asking his direction and blessing.”

One of the early entries in this journal has this confession:

“I find that with regard to those resolutions which relate to spiritual exercises, I have broken almost every one of them, particularly the eighth, twelfth, thirteenth, and eighteenth, though I do not know that I have done any outward act that would be specially reprehensible.”

Journal

“January 6, 1851. I have read during the past week Foster’s essay on ‘Decision of Character,’ which is something I am sadly deficient in, and which I must strive to acquire. I feel that I have failed in commanding respect heretofore from the want of this, and I think this has arisen from my natural diffidence, my imperfect training, and want of good examples. I hope to correct this fault by getting clearer ideas about things, by weighing matters carefully and prayerfully, and by resolution. I have now an object in life—the glory of God and the salvation of my own soul and the souls of others. . . . I have improved somewhat in Hebrew, so that I am now able to keep up with my class.

“I have been much impressed by the frequent practical remarks of Dr. Alexander. He has such a power of bringing truths home to one’s mind. . . . I have made more rules for the government of my life, which I wish to begin to practise with the new year. I have spent most of the forenoon in reading ‘Episcopacy Tested by Scripture.’”

John’s first communion season in Princeton was a time to which he looked forward with both longing and anxiety, and

for which he tried to prepare himself with great care. He arose that Sunday morning at four o'clock, in order to have more time for meditation and prayer. He taught his class in a Sunday-school and afterward went to church. After that long and anxious morning was it strange that he was physically unfit for the service he engaged in? Alone in his room at two o'clock in the afternoon he recorded his disappointment:

"How shall I express the feelings with which I approached the communion table! I think I never in my life felt such indifference and stupidity. . . . I even felt sleepy! The 'old doctor' made some remarks from the text, 'Looking unto Jesus.' I was not interested, and was exceedingly mortified on hearing some one else speak extravagantly of them. I have sometimes thought myself exempt from the ups and downs of the Christian life, against which my friends have advised me to guard; and perhaps for that reason I have been too careless and prayerless."

It is delightful to see that almost immediately the cloud lifted, for the next page of the journal has the following:

"How can I thank God enough for what he has done for me this night! How weak was my faith! I had hardly hoped for a blessing. After the coldness with which I looked upon the emblems of my Saviour's blood, I hardly dared to lift my eyes to heaven. At an unexpected moment God has seen fit to baptize me anew with his Spirit; to give me the spirit of adoption, and to shed abroad his love in my heart, making me desire to consecrate myself wholly and entirely to him, to do or suffer all his righteous will. This room has been a Bethel to me. Oh that I could stay forever with God! Oh, what will it be in heaven! Blessed be God that poor sinners may have an earnest of it here, and a foretaste of the fullness of joy forevermore at his right hand. This is all of grace.

“ ‘ Jesus sought me when a stranger.’

“ Oh, how sweet to me to hope that I am indeed one of God’s chosen children ! Shall I not trust him for the future ? . . . ”

During the week following this first communion the Hon. Walter Lowrie came to Princeton to address the students on the subject of foreign missions. John was much interested, and I think the question of his own personal duty may then for the first time have presented itself.

In a letter there is mention made of some boys whom he was teaching. As his means were limited, he was glad to have this opportunity of making a little money, and at the same time, he hoped, doing good. When out walking one day with a friend he was told of three little boys for whom a teacher was desired for a few hours a day. He at once engaged to take them, and in his journal for that day says : “ How plainly the hand of God appears in this ! I trust he has some good design both for me and for the boys. . . . ”

“ I was called upon in our class-meeting to offer prayer. Was very cold in my feelings and unhappy in my language, as I thought.”

Much time this winter was devoted to Hebrew, in which there was a recitation every forenoon. There was also a lecture each day, in the afternoon, and a meeting of students—either in a debating club, or conference, or for prayer—apparently nearly every evening. Quite little enough time was left for exercise and recreation. Students at Princeton in those days were evidently expected to work. In one of his first letters from there John gives the routine of a day :

“ December 27, 1850.

“ DEAR MOTHER : . . . That you may know what I am at and how I spend my time here, I will give you a condensed journal of to-day. At four and a half I arose and built a fire, and was dressed a little before five. After spending a half-hour or more in my room, I took a walk, and got back to chapel

at 6.45. Chapel exercises are conducted in the morning by the students. After chapel we go to breakfast in the refectory. We have a large room with three long tables; plain fare, but plenty of it. Many of the students form themselves into little clubs and question one another during meal-time in the Shorter Catechism. I was delighted to find that my knowledge of it, acquired so many years ago, was not effaced, and that it only wanted a little time to bring it back again. That catechism is a rich mine of instruction, and that child is blessed who has it beaten into him when young, however dry and irksome the task. It is a perfect system of theology, and the boy who knows it has a fortune more valuable than worldly wealth. . . . When we come out from breakfast the sun is generally just rising, and we have the whole of the day for work. We have a recitation in Hebrew and a lecture every day, one at eleven and the other at three and a half. The professors take turns in lecturing, so that we hear every one of them once a week. We have about an hour, which most of us devote to walking, between chapel and supper. We have meetings nearly every night in the week. On Sunday morning we have a sermon from one of the professors, and conference in the afternoon. But this is hardly a journal, after all. I have commenced this since supper, and it is now near eight o'clock. I must soon go to work at Hebrew, in which I am behindhand. It seems strange to be a pupil again, and I never felt more the need of study. . . ."

John's first visit home after the change in his hopes and plans was naturally an event of great interest to himself and the little home circle. I find a letter addressed to his half-sister, Hannah Eastman, in which he refers to lessons they were to have together. He writes: "I should be glad to have you review your Latin grammar carefully before I come, so as to have a good start in reading with me. . . . I think you should make

up your mind now, since you are sixteen years old, to work without intermission as hard as your health will allow, always remembering that the preservation of one's health is a binding duty. . . ."

On January 21, 1851, John wrote: "I have hardly got broken into routine work since I came back from New York. I find it difficult to keep my resolution about early rising."

Shortly after this he speaks of having broken nearly every one of his resolutions except that which related to early rising; and he seems to have been generally dissatisfied with his progress, though he was working to the full limit of his strength, and perhaps beyond it. He was never inclined to excess in eating or drinking, but he may have felt himself in some danger in that direction, for he had evidently been disciplining himself rather more severely than his judgment approved. He writes: "I have half come to the conclusion that I am foolish for subjecting myself to abstemious habits, and I think I require considerable impletion as well as exercise for good health."

He cared just enough, I think, for "the pleasures of the table"; that is, he liked enough good, well-prepared food, recognizing its importance in the economy of nature; and he was always rather anxious as to the powers of endurance of any one who ate very sparingly. He used to say laughingly that he judged a new missionary somewhat as he would a horse, by watching to see if he were a good eater; it being well known that a horse "off its feed" will probably soon show other symptoms of ill health. There was little danger that Princeton students who took their meals in the "refectory" would be injured by a superabundance of rich food, though, on the other hand, I do not think they had a bad table. Nor could they have been very hilariously inclined when they amused themselves at meal-times by examining one another on their knowledge of the Shorter Catechism!

At one time John allowed himself to feel somewhat encou-

raged because he thought himself improving as regarded the sixth, ninth, tenth, and twelfth "resolutions." On the 22d of February he writes:

"I think I can say that I have done a good week's work. I have felt more in the mood for study than usual, and my lessons have been more satisfactory. . . . Last night we debated the question, Has the foreign mission field a claim upon us superior to the domestic? I made my full ten-minute speech, and was not nearly through when I was rapped down. I was rather encouraged by my fluency, but I determined in the future to be more careful what I say, and not to be betrayed into a misrepresentation of the truth by the desire to overthrow the argument of an opponent.

"I took a long walk alone this afternoon, and had, as I thought, an uncommon number of good ideas passing through my brain. . . . I have slept less than usual during the last week, having gone to bed generally about half-past ten and got up at half-past three o'clock. The idea occurred to me this morning, after a singular dream, whether it is not possible that we have more accurate conceptions of the characters of persons in our dreams than in our waking hours."

One of John's best friends in the seminary was Mr. Williams, who afterward went to Africa as a missionary. John was his assistant in a Sunday-school, and felt it a blessing to be with such a good and holy man, even though it made him conscious of his own deficiency, as he says, "in almost every qualification which a public teacher requires."

It is refreshing to have him record, after having been detained one evening in a student's room by a Sunday-school meeting: "I have not laughed so much in a long time!" Indeed, I am quite sure that, in spite of the rather somber impression produced by his journal, this was a happy time in his life, and that he appeared to his friends habitually cheerful. He was never ill-tempered. "There was not a corner

in his warm, loving heart for ill blood to lurk in, and not a fiber for ill will to feed on." If occasionally depressed by the unexpected revelations which he found of grave but hitherto unsuspected faults, he never rested until he had done battle with these faults, and by God's grace had got the better of them, and then he was again his sunny, light-hearted self.

On the 9th of March he presented his letter of dismissal from the church in Columbus, and was received into the Presbyterian church of Princeton. About this time he mentions having gone one evening into a friend's room, and while there having become so interested in telling him about certain friends of his, and also reading extracts from letters, that he had fairly broken his twenty-third resolution—not a very heinous offense, one would think.

The remaining weeks of this session were spent in close study, though mind and body were fagged and he was longing for rest. About the 1st of June he returned to his home, and the whole of his vacation was spent in visiting and addressing Sunday-schools and in establishing such schools in destitute regions; also in furnishing Sunday-school libraries where they were needed. He worked with impetuosity, but managed to get a great deal of pleasure by the way. I shall give but one extract from the journal of that time:

"Last Saturday I went to R—— to meet the appointment which I had made for Sunday. Jennie Coan was about starting with Mr. L—— to visit her sister, Mrs. Leach. I prevailed upon her to drive with me. Time passed rapidly, and we were surprised to find ourselves so soon at the gate. After Mr. L—— arrived we all walked together to the lake and had a boat-ride in the evening. I felt rather unsocial, as I had five appointments for the morrow, and my anticipations were not the brightest. I was continually reproaching myself for undertaking all these so thoughtlessly. I have been very much surprised that I should dare to appear before so many

audiences in one day. I have hardly touched pen to prepare anything since I have been at home—not even a ‘skeleton.’ When I have been asked to deliver an address, I have answered ‘Yes,’ and then have allowed the time set aside for preparation to be taken up with other business and friendly visits. I have been more successful in extemporaneous speaking than I expected to be. My first effort, however, was almost a failure, and I shall never forget it. Many circumstances combined to embarrass me. I felt a ‘sinking sensation’ from the first going into the desk, and when I got up to speak soon began to think of the impression I was making. Then my mind wandered from my subject, and I felt lost. But I floundered about, making several mistakes, I knew, for about twenty-five minutes, then closed very abruptly. I was much mortified, but was thankful it was no worse.

“After service and Sunday-school Mr. L—— and I drove over a most horrible road to my third appointment, where we found no one waiting for us except the superintendent, Dr. Folwell, and three or four children. From here we drove to ‘Crane’s,’ where there was a small congregation, which I addressed. While I was reading a chapter in the Bible, glancing out of the window of the school-house, I saw a woman approaching my horse with an open umbrella. Knowing the horse’s propensity, and seeing that she was about to break the halter, I bounded out of the door with a ‘whoa!’—came back instantly, and went on with the service !

“It continued to rain, but we kept all my appointments, though we did not get home till nearly twelve o’clock at night. . . . I have determined that three addresses in one day must suffice for the future.”

The work of this summer was full of interest to John, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that he accomplished some good, especially in out-of-the-way corners of the county which had at that time been neglected. He learned in after years

that at least one person dated his conversion from one of these youthful attempts at preaching; and others were remembered thirty years later as having been both helpful and impressive. He established a number of Sunday-schools among very rough people. He writes of one occasion: "I wish I could give a full description of the scene in the crowded school-house; the number of boys I had to stare out of countenance before I could make respectable listeners out of them, particularly one little sunburned imp, who sat on a bench and doubled up his fists at me and every one else, first addressing himself to one side of the room and then the other. He seemed to me the most precociously developed little demon I ever saw."

In the latter part of the summer of 1851 John returned to Princeton. In the first entry in his journal he writes of God's goodness to him in having raised up friends for him everywhere and prospered his undertakings. At the same time he expresses dissatisfaction with himself for having allowed other things to take from the time he ought to have devoted to God and religious contemplation, so that his soul had sometimes gone "almost without spiritual food."

During this term he had again the three little boys to teach, which work he enjoyed. I am surprised, in reading his old journals and letters, to find how much outside work, quite apart from their theological studies, was allowed the students at that time. John assisted in starting more than one Sunday-school in or near Princeton, and also frequently took Sunday services in the neighborhood.

On September 25, 1851, he writes: "Yesterday, after a busy morning, I started out with some new books to make a general visitation in the neighborhood of my Sunday-school. . . . I called on ten families, and was cordially received and much encouraged. A number of new pupils were promised, among them some large boys; but I do not know that we shall get many to come regularly. I called at a shabby house and

found the woman living there more kindly disposed than I had been led to expect. I had a long conversation with her, and prayed with her, and she promised to send her children to Sunday-school. It was beginning to rain, and was very dark. I borrowed an umbrella and started on my long walk home. Had a 'teachers' meeting' in the evening."

On the 21st of October, 1851, the venerable and greatly loved and respected Dr. Archibald Alexander died. The Synod of New Jersey was in session at Princeton, and attended the funeral. It was a solemn time at the seminary.

There are very few more entries in his journal at Princeton. On November 16th he wrote: "Time passes pleasantly with me. Thursday I received a most cheering letter from home, which God made the occasion of a blessing to me. My studies now are more profitable, as well as more pleasant."

After this time there was a break of more than two months. When he wrote again, on February 1, 1852, he refers to his "poor neglected resolutions." On the same date he records the great encouragement he had had in the evangelistic work he was doing in a place called "The Grove," some miles from Princeton. His Bible class there was specially interesting. On the previous Sunday a classmate had gone with him, and they together had had Sunday-school, Bible class, and evening service—literally a "protracted meeting."

The next entry in the journal is in December of the same year (1852), when he explains that his reason for discontinuing the journal was that his time had been so much taken up in writing to me, and that his letters to me would answer, in great measure, the purpose of a journal. There is, however, one more entry on January 3d of the next year (1853), which I will insert:

"I wish to note here what has been the result of all my past experience. It is this: whenever I have attempted to engage in any public service without asking help of God, with a sense

more or less vivid of my own weakness and entire dependence upon him—and I do not know of one exception—I have made a signal failure. Last Sunday morning I went into the pulpit to speak on a portion of Scripture with which I thought I was very familiar—the Twenty-third Psalm. I had hardly begun before I seemed shut up. There was no point to anything I said. Much was very indistinctly expressed; much was nothing but the commonest truisms, and was desultory and unconnected. I looked at my watch to see if I had not talked long enough, and found I had occupied even less time than I thought. So I was obliged to talk on against time, which made the matter worse. I felt sure the congregation had the same opinion of my performance that I had. My distress was increased by the consciousness that I was disappointed—not so much because I had not profited my hearers as because I had not done credit to myself. I hurried away after the close of service to lay my case before God and ask his forgiveness. I felt an earnest of better things before the evening service, and God did help me to speak somewhat freely and plainly, giving me access to the hearts of my hearers. Why can I not profit by the lessons God is so plainly teaching me? . . .”

The summer of 1852 was spent at home, and was a much more restful one than the previous vacation, which he had spent in organizing and addressing Sunday-schools throughout the county. It was also a very eventful time to him and to me, as it was then that we exchanged brotherly and sisterly friendship of long standing for something much dearer. I think I need not apologize for giving many long extracts from letters written to me during John's last year in Princeton Seminary. In a study of his character they are a necessity. For forty years the little package of letters had lain unopened. My own to him of that period I long ago destroyed. I am not sure that I fully appreciated in the old days the letters which came so regularly each week from the student at Princeton; at

least the impression left upon me was that they were scarcely "love-letters" at all; and it was a surprise, when for the first time I reread them, to find them all that any sensible girl could wish. Only a few of these "honest confessions" shall be repeated here; but without these few my husband's character could not be known—at least not in that relation in which it was so nearly perfect.

The summer had been filled with a succession of rides, drives, visits, and frequent picnics on the shores of Seneca Lake, with an occasional one to the more distant Cayuga. About the 1st of September he returned to the seminary. The letters to me require very few words of explanation.

CHAPTER VII

LETTERS FROM JOHN L. NEVIUS TO HELEN S. COAN

“ PRINCETON, N. J.,

“ September 4, 1852.

“ SHALL I give you a little account of myself from the time when I left you at the lake? I formed the acquaintance on the boat of a pleasant young fellow from Pennsylvania, who was extravagant in his admiration of our lake, and I took much pleasure in pointing out places of interest as we passed. . . . And now I am here again among familiar faces and old friends, and I wonder whether there is any one of them happier than I! What makes me so is the recollection of the last two weeks, and the glorious light which they reflect upon my future. . . . And those moonlight drives! I was trying to think of an adjective strong enough to qualify them, but there is none. . . . I never before thought there could be so much of earthly happiness. . . . I believe God has given us to each other, and that he smiles upon us. . . . I feel like keeping it to myself—a sacred secret.”

“ September 6, 1852.

“ Yesterday morning the conversation at our end of the table turned upon ministers' wives. Our new professor, Mr. H——, has not yet arrived, and some one remarked that he was probably detained by his wife. Another remarked that while many a minister's influence had been destroyed by his wife, she often, on the other hand, contributed half to his success, either

directly or indirectly. Mr. Clemens, who thinks of going as a missionary to Africa, wondered how ministers and theological students could 'propose' to ladies with whom they had little or no personal acquaintance, on the recommendation of others, and said he would live single all his life first. But I am broken off here by having to go to hear an address from Mr. Newton, who has been a missionary eighteen years in India, and is to speak to us in the oratory. . . .

"Tuesday, 8.30 P.M. I will take up the thread where it was broken off. I have to go back a good way to find it. Mr. Clemens spoke at length and with much feeling, giving a list of the qualities which he must be assured by a long personal acquaintance the object of his love possesses. He tried to depict the miserable condition of one tied to a 'help-eat' only; and then, turning to me abruptly, he said, 'Nevius, you won't get such a wife, will you?' I will tell you what I replied: '. . . I think he has most reason to hope who, while he has exercised his own common sense and choice, has had his duty to God uppermost in his mind, and has continually looked to him for guidance.'

"Yesterday I spent in writing business letters and selecting books for my library, for which we send to Germany. I am adding some rare old Latin books which I expect to use a great deal in the future. To-morrow I shall be fully initiated into our regular routine of duties. I shall then begin my early rising, walks, etc. I can never thank God enough that he has placed such privileges and hopes before me. . . . Pray a great deal for me, Nell. God will hear and answer prayer.

"Last night the wife of the late Dr. Alexander died. On Sunday she was with us at church, looking very well. She was the daughter of the 'blind preacher of Virginia,' of whom William Wirt wrote in the 'British Spy.' Dr. Alexander used to tell the students, in his lectures on pastoral theology, when he came to the subject of choosing a wife, that they must choose

from good families. . . . This morning I was up at half-past five. I expect to rise at half-past four soon."

"Monday evening, September 13, 1852.

"Being considerably confused by 'heresies and schisms,' and the thousand minutiae which pertain to them, so that I am obliged to give up study for an hour, I have determined to spend it as I almost feel I should like to spend all my time ! It is a pity that I should devote my dullest hours to you, isn't it ? Some students from the college spent the fore part of the evening in my room with a 'Kap' from Williams College, to consult about having a chapter of the Kappa Alpha Society established in the college here. Strange business, you will say, for a theologian ; but we had a good time, and I enjoyed it much. . . .

"You say that you are ambitious for me ; that you wish me to be great as well as good. Be careful, dear Nell, that goodness has the first place in your wishes, and that not as a means to an end. Let greatness be only accessory and secondary. Let us 'seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness.' . . .

"A few nights ago I went to see Mr. Williams from Georgia, who has a beautiful room in this building. I have often spoken of him to you. He is loved by everybody and is so good. He soon began to talk on that subject which naturally has such strong attraction for us fellows. I lay on his bed, and was glad he could not see the effect his words had on me. He took down from his shelves the memoir of Walter Lowrie, a missionary to China, from which he read me some fine extracts about missionaries' wives and how to get them ! Then said he : 'Brother Nevius, I can never think of this subject with levity. If there is anything in which we ought to distrust ourselves and fly to our Heavenly Father for help, it is this. I believe it will always be true till the end of the world that

“a prudent wife is from the Lord.” You do not know whom you are getting [here I could not agree with him!]. They cannot judge correctly of us, nor can we tell what they will be under other circumstances, and there may be disappointment. How delightful it would be to have a wife whom you have always known; some one whom our sisters have known; some one whom we have watched when she was not suspecting it!’ ‘O dear brother,’ said he, ‘when to the love of such a one you add grace, how strong must be the tie that binds you together, particularly if one is far from home, where a letter from the home of the one will also be from the home of the other!’ He did not know how many quivering chords he was touching in my heart.

“. . . To-day has been a very happy one for me again, Nell; only I have thought sometimes that I did not love my blessed Master enough to preach the gospel anywhere. I can almost pray now for a very humble place, where the responsibility will not be so great. Still, God’s will be done. He will never put a burden on my shoulders that he will not give me strength to bear. . . .

“I have been thinking lately more than ever before of the extent to which the position in society and the happiness of a wife depends on her husband. And, Nell, this dependence is reciprocal. You do not know how much you can do for me. . . .

“Turn to 1 Corinthians iv. 9, and see what a life God’s providence marked out for some of his servants. Christians must expect trials in this world. . . . Let us be more than satisfied if we can have that peace of God which passeth understanding, and can exclaim at last, ‘I have fought the good fight; I have finished the work thou gavest me to do.’ . . .

“You ask me to advise you about spending your time to the best advantage. Let us ask God every day in this, as in everything else, to direct us, and he will. And now a few

words about reading, although I do not know that my suggestions will be of much value, for we are benefited most by that for which we have an intellectual relish or appetite; that is, provided the food we crave is suitable for us. You know what book I want you to read most; read it a great deal, Nell. Do not read it, or anything else, hastily; but stop and think, digest and treasure up. I hope we can complete arrangements for reading together soon. Besides, Nell, I think it is a good plan—one which I am trying to follow—never to read the Bible without first looking to God for his Spirit to enlighten us and give power and efficacy to its teaching.

“Next to the Bible I should place works on practical religion, such as Baxter’s ‘Saint’s Rest,’ Doddridge’s ‘Rise and Progress,’ Flavel’s works, etc., and memoirs, among which those of Mrs. Judson and Harriet Newell are excellent and interesting. Next to these I should put Shakespeare. There is nothing to take its place. The characters are true to life, only moving in scenes different from those to which we are accustomed. Shall I designate some plays in particular? ‘The Tempest,’ ‘Merry Wives of Windsor,’ ‘Twelfth Night,’ ‘Merchant of Venice,’ ‘As You Like It,’ ‘Taming of the Shrew’—but I have taken nearly all of the comedies. Among the tragedies and historical plays, ‘Macbeth’ and ‘King Henry IV.’ and ‘V.’ I hope you will read and cultivate a taste for Milton, if you do not already care for him. The three histories which I should rather have you read than any others are D’Aubigné’s ‘History of the Reformation,’ Macaulay’s ‘History of England,’ and Gibbon’s ‘Rome.’

“Do not be frightened by the labor I have set before you. This is but a small part of the field we must travel over in process of time. Make a beginning according to your own tastes. Again let me say, do not be too hasty. The memory can be cultivated. Let us try it resolutely. Oh, if I had had some one to train me properly when a child! But we are young

yet. Let us not be discouraged. Real progress is always slow. Let us lay plans for years. We cannot become good or wise by a sudden transformation."

"September 23, 1852.

". . . A few nights ago I had a walk with Mr. Clemens, whom I mentioned to you before. I found there was not so much danger of his living a bachelor all his days as I had supposed. . . . After he had talked for some time of his own affairs, he said, 'Nevius, haven't you had your eye on any of those girls out there?' 'Yes,' said I; and what more I said you must imagine! . . .

"I have been writing a letter to-night to a missionary in the Sandwich Islands, in answer to one from which I will give you an extract which may interest you:

"I have sometimes thought of the vast destitute regions of the United States as a field for my own sons. I have seven, five hopefully pious; but when I look at the subject I am constrained to say, 'Lord, if they are fit for the work, and it seems good in thy sight, let them bear the lamp of life to the most benighted portion of our race.'" As you hope for peace of conscience through all your pilgrimage, and a glorious immortality, I exhort you let no selfish motive influence you in choosing your field of labor. Pray sincerely, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and thou shalt hear a voice saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Then shall your path be "as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.""

"September 27, 1852.

". . . I must finish the subject which I began on the first page of this letter. Well, I honestly should rather you would whip me ten times than to do this. But I never like to 'back out,' and you will not be harsh with me, will you? You know I am to tell you some of my faults, and you are to determine yourself whether they are yours or not, in a qualified sense, as

said above. But I never shall begin. . . . One fault which I deplore is indifference to the feelings and wants of others; want of sympathy with and kind regard for people. The opposite of this, which I wish to aim at, is 'true politeness,' consisting in kind offices, little attentions, and self-denials; that inexpressible but irresistible something in the look, the word, the act, which naturally and necessarily and instantaneously wins upon the heart even of a stranger.

"Another fault of mine is pride; not pride of dress or of station or of good looks, but a pride relating more to mental qualities and attainments which, although I may not be possessed of them, I think I might have or should have under favorable circumstances! It is such a pride, in fact, as any one can find ground for by looking at himself through a magnifying-glass, and then comparing himself with those who are, from vastly fewer advantages, perhaps his inferiors.

"Another fault of mine is selfishness; not that gross kind of selfishness which makes some so offensive, but that kind which loves to hear others talk of us directly, and to talk of ourselves indirectly, by making our own friends or the scenes in which we have acted the subject of enthusiastic conversation.

"Another fault of mine is excitability and its opposite, which is generally connected with it—stupidity. You can easily see the faults, both of excess and deficiency, which these will give rise to. These four faults which I have mentioned are very closely related to one another. They not only belong to the same family, but they are almost inseparable. The connection between the first three is obvious; the last is generally the result of the second and third, and the cause of the first. But the clock strikes imperatively.

"Friday morning. I cannot leave this subject without mentioning two or three other faults of mine which give me immense trouble and are most serious hindrances to progress. These relate not so much to natural qualities as to gradually

acquired habits. They are, want of order and neatness. I do not refer to these faults as exhibited in outward acts only, or principally. They show themselves not only in the work of my hands, but in the work of my mind; in fact, everywhere. These faults are very nearly related to one mentioned before, viz., excitability, or rather hurry, which is an effect of it; and they are very nearly related to another, and the last which I shall mention—a want of memory. You may think this a deficiency rather than a fault, but I cannot so regard it. . . .

“And now, Nell, if these are my faults, how shall I get rid of them? There is a way—I rejoice to speak of it; the principle of grace in the heart, fully developed, will make a clean sweep of all the first four, and make us just what we ought to be and should like to be; and the potency of those words ‘*I will,*’ with reliance upon the divine blessing, will in process of time dispose of the others. We must ‘go to the spring, and cast the salt in there.’ The heart, the heart, Nell! May God make our hearts, cleansed and purified, fit temples for the Holy Spirit to dwell in. . . .

“To-day, Nell, the 1st of the month, is set apart for prayer and conference about the condition and wants of the world. There are no recitations in the seminary. . . .

“Now about our future home and work. I am no nearer a decision than when I left you, as far as any particular place in our own land or in others is concerned. Still I may be preparing by a change in my feelings for making a decision when the subject comes more definitely before me. . . . I have thought I felt willing to go wherever duty calls. If I have had any partiality for any place, it has been for one where I could prosecute my studies and improve myself. This, I know, is not a high motive; but I feel that it does still to a certain extent influence me. . . .

“Evening. I had written thus far when I was interrupted. This afternoon I attended the meeting of the ‘Society of In-

quiry,' which I expected to enjoy so much. During the meeting the question of closing the reading-room on Sundays came up to be decided, and, from the peculiar circumstances, called forth a very long and exciting debate, in which I became interested, and in which, from the impulse of the moment, I engaged. I do not know that I said anything which I wish I had not said, but I lost all good feelings in the excitement. Though I went there with a desire to glorify God, yet I fear I lost sight of it in my wish to gain my point. And after the point for which I was contending was gained, I felt too much selfish gratification and exultation. How liable we are, when we least expect it, to fall from our steadfastness! Well, we must not avoid the world and live by ourselves, but must go out and struggle in it and against it, and against ourselves too."

" October 8, 1852.

". . . But I must give you a little account of myself. I sustained an examination on all the subjects required, together with three other students, and we received certificates of licensure. . . ."

" October 16-19, 1852.

". . . Oh, what a glorious day; and the trees are so beautiful, and the air is so pure and bracing, and the robins in the little red-berry bushes are singing so joyously! . . . Shall I tell you my routine for the week? I write sermons if I can—I mean I try to, whether I can or not. Saturday, after eleven in the forenoon, I devote to letter-writing, visiting, walking, etc. The other four days I leave clear for my lessons. From one to one and a half, when my pupils come to recite, I read some good book. Have just finished the 'Life of Payson.' I wish I could report some progress in singing. There is no club here with which I can connect myself, and I want a teacher sadly. I have got a pitch-pipe and am doing my best, but you must not expect too much of me! Give

me some directions in your next. Did you mean to have me learn the rudiments principally, or train my voice? You know I get along poorly with a teacher, and I am doing worse without; but I can make up lost time when I get with *my* teacher again. . . .

“I was perfectly delighted with our chapter this morning—the second of 1 Thessalonians. *I only wish that I may be able to adopt such language with reference to the people with whom God may let me labor.*”

[Was this an unconscious prophecy, a foreshadowing of the blessed end? When forty-one years had passed away, on the morning of October 18, 1893, Dr. Nevius had morning prayers in Chinese, as usual, in the little home chapel at the “Nan-lou,” Chefoo, China. There were present only our dear Christian servants, and a few other native converts, and two or three foreigners. He read and commented on the first half of the second chapter of 1 Thessalonians. The next morning at the same hour and place he finished the chapter. It was his last lesson from God’s Word on earth. Two hours later he had exchanged the “labor and travail” of his life below for the “rest that remaineth.” He had entered into the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ. He had heard the words, “Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” Perhaps, as he wrote these words to me from Princeton, he had prayed them to God, and the answer came after forty years of faithful service and a happy, successful life. Thanks be to God for that life and for that death.]

“October 23, 1852.

“. . . What leisure time I could spare from my studies this week I have devoted to writing a sermon, and I have accomplished fully as much as I expected. It seems to me now that I could not, in addition to the other duties of a minister, write one sermon a week which I should be satisfied with. Certainly

I could write a sermon in a day, but I should not dare to let you see it! It is slow work for me, Nell. It takes me a great while to gather the materials, then to select and arrange them, then to polish them, and then to put them together. I have nearly accomplished the first two processes in the present instance.

“Yesterday the Hon. Walter Lowrie, the corresponding secretary of our Board of Foreign Missions, came to see us, and I have done very little since in the way of study. He is such a good, noble man, so interesting and simple, and so discreet. I had a long talk with him alone, and was with him during his visits to some of the other students. He is almost perfectly acquainted with all the missionary posts in the world, and he is so intelligent, so practical and fatherly.

“He is very much encouraged in finding more men here who think of devoting themselves to missionary work than he expected. Mr. Williams, of whom I have spoken to you, intends going with his wife to the island of Corisco, Africa, and thinks of taking with him a negress named Aunt Betsy, and all my colored Sunday-school class! Charles Preston and Mr. Clemens will go wherever they are sent, probably either to India or Africa. Two or three others are thinking of China. Clemens and I have been talking with Mr. Lowrie a good deal about our Indian missions in the west of the United States. I sometimes fancy myself better fitted for such a work than for any other, and almost think that God has in my past life been preparing me for it; still I am by no means determined to go there. I shall not be hasty. I shall wait for more information about other lands, and for the leadings of God’s providence with regard to places at home as well as abroad. I want to know where my duty lies. There I shall be successful; there I shall be happy. I have not given up thinking of California yet. When the corresponding secretary of the Domestic Board visits us, I shall learn more of the work

there. I cannot but think that the Indian field would be the happiest. I would not imply that the happiness of a minister of the gospel depends upon the place he occupies. In many respects they are all alike. Everywhere we hope to have our God with us, and everywhere we shall have as much work as we can do. The great question is, Where can we do the most for our Saviour, and where would he have us go ? ”

“ November 3, 1852.

“ Yesterday afternoon a Rev. Mr. B——, a minister in Pennsylvania, who is out of health and expects to spend the winter in the South, called on me in my room. He wishes me to take his pulpit for three or four months during his absence. There is a central church and two or three preaching-places near it. The village is a short distance from the Pennsylvania Railroad. It would be necessary to take the train here at 11 A.M. Saturday, and come back on the evening train on Monday. I think I shall go. I am going this week Saturday to look and be looked at; and if I can make a satisfactory arrangement, I shall commence taking duty there about the 1st of next month. . . .

“ We had a ‘ Kap ’ meeting here in the college last night, and initiated six new men, very choice fellows as to talents and character. Perhaps you may think it strange that I should engage in ‘ Kap ’ meetings here, and it has been the subject of serious thought. The Kappa Alpha Society itself I love, and I think there is nothing in its organization which necessarily makes it inconsistent for a Christian to be connected with it. . . . ”

“ December 4, 1852.

“ . . . But now I must tell you something about Centreville. While there I was very much interested in the people. It is a real missionary field, such as I hardly thought existed much nearer than the Indians. Their spiritual wants have been very

poorly provided for, and I think that even I might do them good. I shall probably spend most of my Sundays with them until next spring. . . .

"And now, my dear Helen, I am glad to tell you—you with whom I wish to share all my joys and sorrows—that I hope a brighter day is dawning in my religious life. During the last week my little room has been to me more than once a 'Bethel.' We need never doubt for a moment God's willingness to answer our prayers. . . . Oh, if God would only give me the honor of being the means of the conversion of one soul! . . ."

" [No date] 1852.

". . . But have I not told you at other times what I should expect of my wife—that I wanted some one to lean upon, some one to advise me, some one to sympathize with me, to encourage me, to scold me and whip me, and keep me in the path of duty? Is not that enough? But, Nell, I am not thoughtless of the qualifications and duties of a wife. I have sought one of the Lord, using my best discretion, and he has given me you."

" December 18, 1852.

". . . Let us be content with gradual advancement and attainments, if they are only constant. . . .

"I have been very much interested in the study of the Gospel of St. John and the Revelation in our course of reading. All my studies and all my experience conspire to confirm in my mind the great cardinal doctrines of the Bible. I feel more willing and glad than ever before to have God reign, and to be and to do anything which his holy will may assign for me. God knows best how he can glorify himself in and by us. I can never thank God enough that he has put me into the ministry, and I pray that my future life may be one continual expression of my thankfulness. I desire to present myself as a sacrifice to God with all my powers of mind and

body, all my means and all my time. How soon we shall be in eternity ! . . .”

“ January 1, 1853.

“ . . . When God blesses me it makes my heart so proud that he, out of love, withholds his blessing. . . . God not only answers all my prayers, but more than answers them ; and whenever I have attempted anything without prayer, I have made signal failures. Let us remember, however, that words and postures and what are called ‘ devotional exercises ’ are not necessarily prayers. . . .”

“ [No date] Princeton, 1853.

“ I am glad to have you speak of the future as you do. Still I am a little afraid you will expect too much of me. I feel I ought to be nearer the beginning of a theological course than I am to the end of it. Though I have had better health and more time for study this session than last, it seems to me that I have done less. The fact is, I will not work in earnest except when I am obliged to.

“ What a beautiful passage and climax there is in the third and seventh verses of the Thirty-seventh Psalm !—‘ Trust in the Lord, and do good ; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.’ ‘ Rest in the Lord [be silent in the Lord], and wait patiently for him.’ Let us try to follow the directions it contains. I was very much pleased to-day with a new view, presented by Dr. Hodge in conference, of the phrase which occurs so often in the Psalms—‘ waiting on God.’ This state of mind is beautifully represented in the One Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm, when David says, ‘ My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning.’ How strikingly this presents the object desired, and the condition and feelings of those desiring it ! Here is earnest longing, strong confidence—as that the light of the morning will dawn—and an entire inability to hasten the event wished

for. This position was represented by Dr. Hodge as one of passive receptivity. As our bodies acquire strength by action and repose, so do our souls; and this last means of acquiring strength is represented by 'waiting on the Lord.' I have not time, and could not, if I had, give you fully the view which Dr. Hodge presented. The practical idea which his remarks left in my mind was that of a Christian sitting in the retirement of his room, without words and almost without definite thought, but with a lively sense of God's presence—such as to awe him into silence—and an earnest longing and looking for, and a confident expectation of, some manifestation of God's love; waiting, with a sense of need and impotency, for God, like those who 'watch for the morning.' I had always regarded 'waiting on the Lord' as equivalent to earnest and importunate prayer.

"When the moon comes again I hope to be where my thoughts are now. . . . It is all as I could wish it; better than I could plan it. Has not God smiled approvingly upon us, dearest? Will he not make us happy and useful? Let us try to feel more and more that we are not our own; and let us remember that, living or dying, it will be sweet to be found in the path of duty, which is ever the path of happiness and the path to heaven. What an uncertainty is there in life! what a nearness and reality in death! I would not draw aside the veil which God has kindly interposed, but I would, with you, following the natural impulse of hope, and trusting in God, anticipate only happiness, and 'rejoice in the Lord.'"

"February 23, 1853.

". . . There are a great many anomalies in my character which are anything but desirable, and which surprise me sometimes, one of which is that of sudden transitions from seriousness to levity and from moodiness to hilarity. . . ."

“ Friday night, February 24, 1853.

“ . . . I do not know when I should have found out how pleasant it is to live without ‘ fidgeting,’ had it not been for my little illness. While God has laid me aside from the teachings of the seminary, he himself has taught me more important lessons in his own best way. Last night Mr. H——, of the third class, came in to spend a few moments, and I did not let him go until near nine. We became very much interested in telling each other the ways by which God has led us. His life is an interesting one, differing in many respects from mine, but still having many things in common with it. His mother had consecrated him to the ministry from his earliest childhood, and had followed him with unwavering faith through many dark trials. We were so stirred up while we thought of what God has done for us, and also of the glorious work he has set before us, that we could hardly help shouting for joy !

“ Is the uncertainty of the future becoming a trial to you ? Let us take encouragement from the certainty that God will guide us if we ask him, and that we shall be so happy if we do really and honestly seek and follow his guidance. We cannot now even imagine how happy God is willing to make us, but he will do it in his own way. Let us live and act with God and eternity in view, and draw our motives from the world which is unseen and eternal, knowing that heaven is near and eternity long enough to rest in. About heaven, Nell : while I was ill Mr. E—— read to me something about recognitions in heaven. I cannot believe otherwise than that we shall know each other there. . . .”

“ Saturday morning.

“ I am a strange-looking specimen ! You would not like a daguerreotype of me as I look now. My face is swollen and rough. . . . I have been trying to take some practical views of life and make calculations for the future. . . . I sometimes imagine how we should look and feel in a bamboo cottage in

Africa, or among the forests with the Indians, or among the gold-seekers of California, or the heathen temples of the swarming East. There are five hundred vacant Presbyterian churches in our own country, to say nothing of the increasing demand for missionaries abroad. . . .”

“ Monday night.

“ If you knew that I am writing to you again, after having just sent a letter to you to-day, you would think, I suspect, that there is something the matter again; but no; I have other reasons. When I am well my time must be devoted to my studies; but now, while I am indisposed, it may surely be given to you. Since I mailed your letter this morning I have, I think, learned the last lesson—and an important one—which God would teach me by this providence, and now he will make me well. . . .

“ In looking back upon my past life I find that in every case in which I have been ill, I can easily trace the illness to a cause; and that cause has always been the same, though I have utterly failed to profit by so plain a lesson. Now I am going to make you my confessor, and I feel ashamed enough of myself to do it without reserve; and I should feel a still greater relief if you would give me a good scolding, as I have before asked you to do. The cause of all my illnesses which have not been epidemic has been violent and excessive physical exercise. Doing a man's work of the hardest kind on the farm when I was nineteen years of age, when I came from college with my frame not at all inured to work, resulted, after about two months, in a general prostration and derangement of my system, and in neuralgia, which lasted over a year. Walking, when not at all well, in the hot sun of Georgia from twenty-five to thirty-eight miles a day, for several days in succession, resulted in typhoid fever. Walking about sixteen miles in two successive days when unwell, and exhausting myself by superintending Sunday-schools and preaching, resulted here

last year in an attack of dysentery. And now I will confirm your suspicions expressed in your last letter, and add something more to them, by giving you an account of the performances of the last two weeks. I had been remarkably well during last winter, and any common irregularity of living, fatigue, or exposure hardly affected me at all. But, as I told you, I skated to Trenton. This is violent exercise, and, as it brings into play such different muscles from walking, it ought to be begun gradually. I became very much heated, of course, and then, with no chance to get cool, drove five miles. Though the weather was not cold and I kept a buffalo-robe around me—for I was afraid of catching cold—I felt chilly all the afternoon. Monday morning, very unexpectedly to myself, feeling an almost irresistible impulse that way, and promising myself to go along very quietly, I took the canal again. Another item: I had not had my breakfast. I soon became excited, felt 'mighty strong,' persuaded myself that there would be no use in being all day about it, and—oh, silly pride!—thought perhaps I might have a great story to tell in the future. . . . Remember all the time I am at the confessional. I skated back at the rate of about ten miles an hour, making allowance for the bridges. Skating at this rate for one or two miles is enough to make a person more than comfortably warm, so it is not strange that when I arrived here I was literally steaming; though I presume if I had had a good excuse I should have gone on farther toward New Brunswick! . . . Thursday I was aware that I had a very severe cold. . . . In all these cases my friends have remonstrated; but I have laughed at them and tried to persuade them and myself that I was benefiting rather than injuring myself; though I have always felt an instinctive and troublesome consciousness that I was doing wrong. There is a kind of intoxicating pleasure and excitement in physical exercise of certain kinds, under particular circumstances, which I cannot resist, and which I

presume few can appreciate. It is a kind of frenzy which I have inherited in my blood; for my father had it too. . . .

"I cannot stop since I have gone so far. Distinct from this inherent and inherited propensity in my physical nature, there is another, but analogous, tendency in my mental constitution. It is the same impulsive, impetuous, hurrying, driving, reckless spirit, manifesting itself in all intellectual enterprises. It is a restless anxiety to see the end of everything before the time; the same spirit which prompts the little boy to dig up the acorn before it sprouts. It is trying to do many things at once. It is hurrying things on prematurely; trying to get ahead of one's time.

"I will now refer to its effects. In the first place, in trying to do too much and too many things at once, I have never half done anything. This has been the case in all my studies. It is a general proposition too obvious to myself and those who know me best to need any proof, but I will mention a few cases in particular. In my inordinate haste and excitement I never stop at one particular thought or event long enough to treasure it up, and this accounts for my deplorable deficiency in memory, in which I am disposed to think I am not naturally defective. Again, I have dwelt upon particular subjects of investigation for so short a time, and examined them with so little thoroughness, that I have scarcely come to any settled conclusions yet, and can hardly be said to have any opinions of my own.

"Again, from the fact of doing everything in a hurry and under excitement, I can hardly do anything now unless I am in a hurry or under excitement. For this reason it is difficult for me to accomplish much in study or writing when I am not thus stimulated. This has given rise, I suppose, to my habit of extempore speaking. . . .

"Besides, excitement, either physical or mental, if it is extreme and inordinate, is always followed by a reaction. This

accounts for my extremes of feeling, which I presume you have often noticed, and the fact, which cannot be accounted for on other grounds, that I am too often more agreeable and entertaining to strangers than to familiar friends. When I am among strangers, or when I feel that an effort is necessary, my natural pride is enough to stimulate and excite, and then when these inducements are withdrawn, I relapse into a state of semiconsciousness and stupidity ! I do not know but I am pushing this thing too far, and will stop.

“And now remember, Nell, that all the bad effects, so far as illness is concerned, which I have mentioned have resulted from physical imprudence, and not from overtaxing my brain. I have never yet hurt myself by study, that I know of, and I fear there is no danger of it.”

“March 5, 1853.

“. . . During my illness and convalescence I have thought almost continually about our future home, and I hope I am better prepared than I was to make the decision. If I know my own heart, I am willing to go anywhere, even to the heathen, if it is God's will. . . . I am continually adding to the catalogue of places presented to me, and with reference to which I am thinking and inquiring and praying, and have not as yet been able to strike one of them from the list with the settled conviction that it is not my duty to go there.

“Dr. Potts of New York wishes to build up in some destitute place in the city another church connected with his present one, where he may himself preach occasionally. In carrying out this enterprise he desires to get some one from our class to go on the ground, when it shall have been selected, and start a Sunday-school, and try to gather together a regular congregation and find material for organizing a church as soon as possible. This colleague, or protégé, he will expect to preach in his church occasionally. A member of our class, whom Dr. Potts intrusted with the care of looking up some one,

said that he and two others individually decided upon me, and that Dr. Hodge coincided with them in their opinion. I regard this as providential, coming as it does at this particular crisis; but the difficulty lies in interpreting providence. I am very much perplexed. May God direct us. . . ."

" March 10, 1853.

". . . I am glad that I have been kept from making the important choice of our future home so long as I have, but I owe it to you as well as myself to make the decision soon. I do not think I am wrong in believing that providential circumstances and my own feelings, and more information and mature deliberation and advice, will make the choice easier; and I think God will, by changing my inclinations and by his providence, help me to see the path of duty clearer.

"I may go to take the service in Belvidere, in the upper part of New Jersey, next Sunday, for Mr. F. F. Ellinwood."

" March 18, 1853.

". . . I have learned not to go to anybody for advice, but only for facts; for I must decide for myself. Mr. Lowrie, whom we have expected for so long to visit us, has sent word that he cannot come at all, but his son will be here to-night. His son, the Rev. John C., is a returned missionary from India and an assistant secretary. . . .

"I have very bright dreams of happiness and usefulness. . . . Wherever we are God will be the same to us, we shall be the same to each other, and our work will be in some respects the same; wherever we go we shall find enough to do. Still there is one place where we can do most, and where it is our duty to go, and there God will go with us. I cannot but think God will direct us to that place, and there we shall be so happy. I try to trust him with all my heart. . . .

"My own dear, may our love be a pure, sanctified, Chris-

tian love, approved and blessed of God, and at last perfected in heaven. Let our love for each other remind us continually of the love which we should feel toward God. Let us count no sacrifice too dear for him. Let us regard everything as subservient to him, and place everything we love and prize on earth on his altar."

" March 29, 1853.

". . . I know you are not wholly unprepared for such intelligence as I am about to give you in this letter. It is my purpose now, if I do not meet with providential hindrances, to be a missionary to Siam or China. I have come to this decision not without long and careful consideration, many prayers and mental struggles, and an urgent conviction of duty. I am not enthusiastic, but I can heartily thank God, if he has called me to this work, for the privilege of engaging in it; and I only regret that I cannot bring to it a stronger body, a better-furnished mind, and a more devoted heart. I need not give you here, after all we have said and written, the favorable or unfavorable aspects of this subject, nor direct you to the Source from which we must derive our happiness and our success. I need not tell you, either, that all my plans have been formed with reference to you, and that I cannot go without you. You and I have consecrated ourselves to the service of our Heavenly Father already, and we made no reservations. His grace will be sufficient for us. If we leave father and mother for him, we shall receive a hundredfold more in this life. It would be a privilege to suffer for Christ. If we suffer for him, we shall also reign with him. O my dear Helen, I would that we loved our Saviour more and were more like him, and could love the souls of the perishing more, for the cleansing of whom the blood of Jesus Christ, and that alone, suffices. May God grant us the abundant influences of his Spirit. May he guide us now and ever in the path of duty, and in his own best time and way take us to our rest."

“ April 5, 1853.

“ It was with a heart more irregular in its movements than the pendulum of my clock, which seemed remarkably slow, that I waited to hear the heavy tread of Sam; and I was not disappointed. I was ready to meet him at the door with a penny and a ‘ Thank you ’; and now I cannot tell you how happy all the good news which your letter contained has made me. . . . While I have you, and God spares us to each other, my cup of earthly happiness is full. . . . I shall probably write my formal application to the Board of Missions this week. I have only waited so long in order to hear from you. I preached twice here in Princeton last Sunday; in the evening to a congregation including the president and professors of the college, a judge, several lawyers, etc., besides theological and college students. I have almost finished my first missionary sermon. We are now busily engaged in reviews, and feel that the time for separation is very near. . . . I think it is possible that I shall be ordained at the meeting of Presbytery on the 26th of this month. . . . ”

“ April 11, 1853.

“ Last week Friday I sent my ‘ application ’ to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. I stated in it that, though I had no decided preference as to place, and would choose to have them dispose of me at their will, yet if I were called upon now to select for myself, I should decide upon going to Ningpo, China. . . . ”

“ O my dear, need I tell you that thoughts of you pervade my whole inner life, enter into and modify all my plans and thoughts and feelings, and give a charm which nothing else of earth can give to my future? There is but one possible event the anticipation of which makes me sad sometimes; but we can leave this too in the hands of our kind Heavenly Father, who has been so good to us, who will do all things well, and in his own best time will bring us to himself, where there shall

be no more separations. Forgive me for referring to such a subject. I cannot but think of it sometimes. I fear I am too apt to anticipate the possible trials of the future and to disregard the blessings and joys of the present. God has been so good to me, my cup has been one of such unmingled joy and prosperity, and I have been so unthankful, that the thought often comes to me that it may not be so long, or always. But God is love. He loves us even while we love him so little. Let us rejoice in him always, and commit our souls and bodies into his keeping.

“A quotation from your last letter will describe the feeling which often possesses my mind: ‘I have had some fears lest I am so unfitted to be a missionary that it cannot be my duty to go.’ But I also want to feel that ‘His grace will be sufficient for me.’”

In order to understand the following letter an explanation is necessary. A person, with the bluntness which sometimes comes from close intimacy, had used such language with reference to my dearest friend as I felt must not be left unnoticed. She had said precisely what is so often said nowadays, i.e., that one motive which actuates missionaries is the desire of getting “merit” for their self-sacrifice. Much more of a similar nature was said, which I reported to John, to his great discomfort, but also, perhaps, to his profit. In reply he wrote the following letter:

“The communication which you mentioned in your letter troubled me no less than it did you. Still I can truly say that I am thankful for having pressed home to my heart a question which has too seldom and too carelessly been presented, and which I fear I shall be obliged to answer very unsatisfactorily both to you and myself. . . . What my reasons for seeking the missionary work are I will give you as nearly as I can in the short time I am limited to this evening. I am sure that

my motives are not mercenary or selfish, for I should have preferred the most humble place at home; nor ambitious, for I do feel that I am so poorly prepared for the work before me that, among such men as we have in the foreign field, I shall fall far short of ever being 'distinguished.' I do not think, either, that the 'credit' of the world had anything to do with forming my decision. I believe I have been driven to the determination to be a missionary by a solemn and increasingly oppressive sense of duty taught me by God's Word, and the call of providence and the church and God's Spirit. I feel that few have been so much blessed and are so much indebted to God as I am, and I desire to consecrate my all to him. I think I have been able, without any regard to plans or preferences of my own, to say, 'Lord, where wilt thou have me to go?' . . .

"I think we shall be required to be ready to leave home by the 1st of August next. I care not where, if you do not. The preparations will be about the same for Siam or China. . . . I shall not be satisfied to leave the country without making the visit to the West which I have so long promised myself, nor to go without you. . . ."

"April 15, 1853.

"The accompanying letter, in which you are interested, I will send to you, only waiting until to-night with the hope of hearing again from you. Little did we think one short year ago that we should so soon have a new home, and such a home! That word is sweet to me. I love that new home already; and though the great ocean stretches between us and it, and the way may be long and weary, yet I look forward to it with glad anticipations. Not far before us there is a brighter, happier home, where earth's pilgrims rest forever. It is sweet to me now to think of our final rest, which seems so near. Yes, it is, at the farthest, very near. I anticipate with pleasure

both the rest and the pilgrimage. 'This God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death.'

"While I begin to feel the practical reality and solemnity of the step we are taking, I have very few doubts that we are going where God would have us, and that we are in the path of duty. I know that God is leading us, and I can almost hear his voice saying, 'Fear not; for I am with thee.' This conviction is stronger than I thought it would be, and gives me more assurance and encouragement than I expected. I am amazed and humbled, and, I trust, made thankful, in seeing how mysteriously, how kindly, and how evidently God has led me. All the past is strewn with blessings, and surpassing and overshadowing all is Christ! If we could only draw aside the veil and see and comprehend all God's goodness to us, past and present and prospective, the weight of love would be more than our sinful hearts could bear, and, it seems to me, would unfit us for the duties of life. It is well that we see as 'through a glass, darkly.' . . .

"When I look forward to the future my heart tells me that we shall be happy. . . . It ought to make us happier than any anticipation which imagination can present, even if we knew that it would be fully realized, to think that our future is with God. . . . If we could only estimate and feel our indebtedness to him for what he has done for us, we should never think of sacrifices. I thank you, dearest, for teaching me to trust in God. Oh for purity of heart and motive! to feel that I am bought with a price, and that I am living for Him who has loved me and ransomed me with his precious blood! . . .

"And now for business. We shall need just about the same clothing at Ningpo as we should to stay at home, in kind. As to quantity, you can judge for yourself. As I told you before, we can have things sent to us often, and perhaps it would not be best to take too much at first. At all events, do not work too hard, or be 'fidgety' or imprudent.

“Our Presbytery will meet a week from to-day, and it will then be determined whether I shall be ordained at an extra meeting before the close of the session, or during next summer.

“The session closes next week, and I shall leave Princeton probably a week from this morning. I finished my ordination sermon last night, doing, while I felt in the spirit of it, what I expected would occupy all the leisure of the day.

“Let me close with a little advice suited to both of us. Do not be too industrious, nor let accumulating business encroach upon the hours of prayer or draw our minds away from thoughts of Him on whom our hopes are stayed.”

Letter from the Rev. John C. Lowrie, D.D., to John L. Nevius

“NEW YORK, April 18, 1853.

“DEAR MR. NEVIUS: At the meeting of our committee this morning, your application was taken up, and after consideration you were received most cordially as a missionary of the Board. In view of the transfer of Mr. Culbertson from Ningpo to Shanghai, of the sad loss to Ningpo in Mr. Coulter's death, as well as of your own preference, the committee has designated the Ningpo mission as your field of labor. And there, I trust, dear brother, you will in due time find your home, and be long spared and greatly blessed in your labors for our blessed Saviour and for our perishing fellow-men. . . .

“Yours affectionately,

“JOHN C. LOWRIE.”

The following is the last letter of the Princeton series:

“Tuesday evening, April 25, 1853.

“. . . I started with Mr. S—— this afternoon between two and three o'clock for Lawrenceville, to attend the meeting of Presbytery. We had a delightful walk, part of it through the environs of my old Sunday-school parish. The country does

look so beautiful now. We had an opportunity of presenting our request before the Presbytery without being detained long, and walked back before sunset. I enjoyed the walk very much, and it has done me good. The distance from Princeton to Lawrenceville is five or six miles. I am to be ordained here next Thursday at 3 P.M. Dr. Hall, of Trenton, is to preside. Dr. Dodd is to preach the sermon. Dr. Hope, a returned missionary, is to deliver the charge, and I am to prepare a sermon on Galatians vi. 14: 'But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.' . . ."

CHAPTER VIII

MARRIAGE AND VOYAGE TO CHINA

WE were married early in the morning of June 15, 1853. It was a quiet wedding at our country home, the "Hermitage," in Seneca County, N. Y., where, at the same hour, exactly one year before, my sister had been married to Dr. A. D. Schuyler, of Marshall, Mich. It was to this place that we went on our wedding-tour, stopping on our way at Niagara, and from there going by steamer on Lake Erie to Detroit. After a delightful journey and visits with friends, we returned home to complete our preparations for leaving for China. Our greatest trial of that time was my father's displeasure at our decision to go abroad as missionaries. This can only be appreciated by persons who have gone through a similar experience. Had my father, Dr. Coan, entirely withheld his permission to me to become the wife of a missionary, that of itself might have kept us permanently in America; but he did not do so. He showed his disapprobation in other ways which made me very unhappy, and gave John, of course, great uneasiness. It should, however, be remembered that China in those days was in the very ends of the earth; a country little known, and considered almost hopeless as to the introduction of Christianity. Moreover, the climate of the ports then open to foreigners was unfavorable to health. It was not strange that a medical man should have many misgivings. But when at last the time came for our leaving home, yielding to the inevitable, and allowing his affectionate heart to influence his

conduct, his sternness quite melted away, and he was kindness itself. He accompanied us to New York and Boston, never leaving us, and scarcely permitting me to be out of his sight, until, on September 19, 1853, he took us on board our ship, the "Bombay," where with many tears he bade us farewell. I cannot write, even after the lapse of so many years, of that our first leave-taking without great pain. Things were so different then. There was the long journey in a sailing-vessel round the Cape of Good Hope; the infrequent communication, so that many months were required for the exchange of letters; and, added to this, the imagined dangers, which, happily, we never experienced. But, in spite of all this, both my husband's mother and mine gave us up to the Lord's work with entire willingness. What it cost them to do so only God knows. But he gave them strength and courage, and they never made our burden harder by a look or a word. I feel sure that they have been happier for the sacrifice. It has been much to them all these years to feel that through their children they have been working for Christ among the heathen. It has broadened their sympathies and made them more Christlike. One of them—now for many years at home in the heavenly mansions—surely rejoices in having had the privilege of self-denial for Christ's sake. Not less does the lonely watcher, waiting in almost blindness for the Master's call, regret that she gave her son to Jesus in his bright young manhood. In the silent watches of the night she is sometimes heard singing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!" Not least among those blessings, I am sure, is that of having given her boy to China, and that her gift was accepted, and a happy, useful, and successful life was his before God called him to himself.

Our ship, the "Bombay," was an old East India trader of only eight hundred tons' capacity. It was neither comfortable nor seaworthy, though of the latter fact we were fortunately ignorant. It was badly provisioned, and for the last two or three months

we had no fresh stores of any kind. The few sheep, pigs, and fowls with which we started had long since gone; and, as this was before the time of condensed milk, canned fruits, and the like, we had no variety of food whatever. But we had a good steward, who made the most of the materials within his reach, and no one seemed to suffer in consequence of all this. The little cabin to which we had been assigned was a bit of the stern, shut off from the hold. It was entirely below deck, and even when its tiny port-holes were open, the air was never good. When they were shut it was stifling. As soon as the ship was in motion the odor of bilge-water rolled in like a wave; while the smell of new paint, and our first experience of seasickness, made our situation worse than merely uncomfortable. I became so ill that it seemed as if I should end my woes then and there. We bore it until the second or third night, when my husband carried me on deck, where the fresh air revived me and gave me new courage. I must confess that while in that "black hole" between decks, I, for the only time in my life, lost all heart, and distressed my husband by wishing with fervency that I were at home. "Oh for a return-ship!" I said. "I would go back willingly."

The captain, seeing that it would be dangerous to our lives to attempt to stay longer below, kindly gave up to us one of his own little cabins on the side of the dining-room. It was less than six feet long, and three and a half wide. There was one narrow berth, and space on the floor underneath where John could spread his mattress. A window a foot square opened out on deck, so that we had plenty of pure, fresh air. A few days more of some discomfort and we had begun to feel at home, and to make plans for spending our time. I well remember our first great storm at sea, which occurred about a week after we sailed. My husband insisted upon dragging me out on deck, where we stood a long time, he with one strong arm clinging to a mast and the other around his wife. Pale

with excitement, he cried, "Oh, how glorious!" And indeed it was glorious beyond all we had ever imagined.

All through the voyage John kept up his Greek and Hebrew, though in the latter it often amounted only to reading a chapter in the Bible daily. Our reading was of the most serious and solid kind. Morell's "History of Modern Philosophy," I remember, was one of our books. We certainly indulged in strangely few novels; I think more would not have been amiss. John worked at theology, and I shared his studies to a certain extent. We had hoped to do a good deal with music on the voyage, as I had my guitar and John his flute; but our practice interfered with the daytime sleep of the ship's officers, as was inevitable in such close quarters, and we were obliged to restrict our performances to the few delicious hours between watches when no one was disturbed by us. In those days we both sang; John had a capital bass voice, afterward somewhat injured by having to lead the singing in Chinese services. We became very good friends with our captain and the two mates, and John was also much liked by the sailors. We had services on Sunday, attended by the captain and crew, who came in a shamefaced way, more out of regard to the young minister and his wife than from a sense of duty or privilege. We had not expected to be more than four months on our voyage; and when John wrote on November 2d to his mother, he had evidently not given up that hope. He wrote:

"I sit down this morning to write my first letter on ship-board, hoping to meet a vessel homeward bound off the coast of Brazil. We are now in latitude 4° north, longitude about 30° west. We hope to reach the equator in two or three days. There is a strong probability of our running into the southeast trades to-day, after which we shall have little or no detention from head-winds and calms until we are near 30° south. Our voyage to the equator will be about forty-six days long. The average time of that distance is forty days; so you see we have

done very well, considering our chance. . . . Helen and I have been down in the hold this morning opening and examining the contents of our boxes. . . . The temperature of the air here varies very little. It is 82° or 83° both day and night. That of the water is about the same. . . .

“Our time is flying away rapidly and, I can truly say, very pleasantly. Our physical wants are provided for; we are well; we have many ways of spending our time agreeably and profitably; we have the conviction, now stronger than ever, that we are in the path of duty, and that God will be our Friend and Guide; and we have many delightful subjects for meditation in the past and present and future. In addition to all this, my own dear Helen, though I had hoped much of her, is more and better than all I had hoped for. Yes, mother, I am more than contented; I am happy. Not a moment since I left you has been saddened by one thought of regret that I have left home to spend my life among the heathen. Not that I love home little. No, I have always loved it, and now more than ever. . . . Time is too precious to be spent in selfish gratification. I shall regard a visit home, if God ever in his providence grants it, an extra boon of happiness worth years of absence to enjoy. . . . I love to think there is one family altar, and more than one closet, where we lone wanderers on the deep are often remembered.”

A week later he was obliged to add: “We have not yet crossed the equator. Instead of reaching the trades, as we expected, we had changeable head-winds, so that for five days we only made twenty-five miles a day. Now, however, we have the trade-winds so strong that the sea is rough, and we have had another touch of seasickness.”

I will insert here one extract from his journal, which he kept regularly while at sea:

“Ship ‘Bombay,’ Sunday, January 1, 1854. A strong wind which blew last night increased this morning to a gale with

rain-squalls. We have been running nearly before the wind under close-reefed topsails. Have been unable to have public religious services on account of stormy weather for four or five weeks past. This morning I made a visit to the fore-castle with some tracts and books. The sailors receive my visits very willingly. In deference to us, as I suppose, there is less profanity among them than during the former part of the voyage. In my too infrequent and formal efforts for them I have alternate hopes and fears and perplexities. The unfavorable circumstances and influences under which they are placed are their excuses for not attending to what some of them know to be their duty. Though these are no sufficient excuses, I can but feel that they are truly adverse and discouraging.

"In the voyage of life we have to-day crossed another marked boundary-line; we have entered upon a new year. How changed our circumstances from those of last New-Year's day! If any one from past experience has reason to trust in the providence of God, it is I. I feel satisfied to be a stranger and sojourner on the earth with such a Guide. . . .

"My dear wife and I are very happy, and feel that our cup is overflowing with blessings. My health is excellent, and Helen, too, is very well. We are busy with our books, and hope we are also growing in the knowledge and favor of God."

Our voyage proved a very long one. We had a succession of head-winds, storms, and calms, sometimes rocking in the doldrums, again lying motionless for days, like "a painted ship upon a painted ocean," then again pitching and tossing in the wildest storms; while our ship creaked and strained and leaked so badly that the sailors were kept much of their time pumping out water. It was no wonder that the captain became anxious and depressed, and sometimes suggested in lugubrious pleasantry that there must be a "Jonah" on board. We were the "Jonah," evidently, and the whales sometimes swam close to the ship's sides, as if waiting for us!

While off the Cape of Good Hope we were several days "hove to" in a gale; and other ships near us were in the same condition. One of those days was peculiarly trying, the ship rolling so that for safety I was obliged to stay in my berth. Once, when the ship gave a lurch unusually violent, out from the pantry rolled not only dishes of all kinds, but also a large barrel of pickles, which emptied its contents upon the cabin floor. Oh, such a scene! It was so ludicrous that notwithstanding the wild commotion without, and the fact that it was a catastrophe on such a poorly found vessel, we had a hearty laugh—all but the poor steward. It was too serious a matter for him, poor fellow! He scrambled hither and thither gathering up the fragments, and at length restored order and succeeded in making fast every movable thing.

After being nearly four months at sea, we had a glimpse of the island of St. Paul at a distance of ten miles—the first land we had seen since we left Boston harbor. Again and again we read the description given of it in a nautical work belonging to the captain; of its being the resort of a few fishermen; of its having one, and only one, object of interest, namely, a hot spring, so situated that one could catch fish from a cold spring close at hand and toss them into the hot spring and cook them there.

On the 30th of January we passed through the Straits of Timor. When we came on deck about five o'clock in the morning, we were midway between the islands of Timor and Ombay. The sun had not yet risen, and mists partially hid the mountain-tops. These tropical islands, clothed in richest verdure, with trees and plants of many kinds and colors, seen from the ship as we sailed slowly by, seemed almost too beautiful for earth. There are skeptics, I believe, who say that "spicy breezes" such as "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle" are only imaginary; but I have often had an opportunity of noticing them, and I know they are real and delicious, like

the perfume of flowers. With the aid of a glass we could see numbers of small villages, some at the water's edge and others up the mountain-side. From several of these islands naked savages came off in their long, narrow proas, with a few articles for sale; nothing, however, of value—only some specimens of coral, shells, and birds. These last were beautiful; and so many were purchased by us and the men on board that for a few days our ship had something the appearance and sound of an aviary. But the birds did not thrive, and before we reached Shanghai few of them were living.

One morning at daylight we found ourselves near a large ship, on the deck of which was a lady with a spy-glass in hand. She had descried me also, and for a long while we looked at each other through our glasses. After breakfast a boat came off from the stranger ship with the compliments of the captain and his wife, and a present for the "lady of the 'Bombay.'" As we were nearly becalmed, our captain and my husband returned the courtesy by going on board the "Rose Standish." They found her accommodations very good; and the captain and his wife were cultivated and religious people. I think they suspected that we were not comfortable on our ship, as they invited, and even urged, us to make the remainder of the voyage with them, as their guests. We thought, however, for several reasons, that it would be better to remain where we were. After leaving the islands we were still several weeks in reaching our destination. The weather was bad, and for days our captain was not able to take an observation, so as to fix our exact position. On one of these days we passed a sunken rock, the ship scraping it, without other damage than losing part of her keel. Had we gone a few feet farther on the rock we should have been wrecked. We were often becalmed while among the islands of the "eastern passage"; and on one occasion the tide seemed sweeping us on the shore of one of those "cannibal islands." Small boats were put out,

and strong ropes attached to our ship to draw us off. Fortunately a favorable breeze sprang up, and we were carried to a safe distance.

At length the muddy yellow color of the water indicated very plainly that we must have reached the mouth of the Yangtse-kiang; but the fog was dense and no pilot near; so, when we came to shallow water, we were obliged to drop anchor. Chinese junks were lying near us. Seen through the mist, they seemed immense, and very weird and phantom-like. It was cold and stormy; and our situation, without a fire, and with necessarily much exposure, was exceedingly uncomfortable. We lay for three days at anchor, waiting for a pilot. At length some one discovered a white flag on a small Chinese boat in the distance, and it was not long before it had brought us our much-wished-for pilot. I cannot express the interest we felt in him, coarse and grotesque as he seemed. He was, to us, the type of the race among whom we had come to live and work. He told us in "pidgin-English," which we then heard for the first time, that the rebels had taken Shanghai, and that "they makee too muchee bobbery; altogether too great a fightee!" The fellow proved an incompetent pilot. He three times ran our ship aground. In the first two instances the rising tide prevented serious consequences; but in the third we were hopelessly fast in the mud, unless we could secure the aid of a steam-tug to draw us off. Here our pilot ran away, and left us to get to Shanghai as best we might. We were still several miles from Wusung.

At this time a foreign comprador's boat from Shanghai came alongside, and a young English lad in charge of it came on board the "Bombay." He explained more fully the state of affairs at Shanghai, and gave us some scraps of news from the outer world, to which we had been so long strangers. He also invited my husband and me to go up to Shanghai in his boat, assuring us that we should thus reach our friends before dark

of that day, whereas there was no immediate prospect of the "Bombay's" stirring from the spot where she then was. The opportunity was too tempting to be refused; so, in a chair suspended from a spar, I was lowered—"whipped," it was called in sea phrase—from the deck of the "Bombay" to the little comprador's boat.

The banks of the river are low and the scenery tame; but to us, after being so long at sea, it was delightful. The first few miles we enjoyed most thoroughly. Then, however, night came on, and the boatmen positively refused to proceed. They were evidently afraid of something; and, on making inquiry, we found that between us and the city lay the whole imperialist fleet, to pass through which, especially in the night, was a perilous undertaking.

The captain of our boat—the only foreigner on board except ourselves—was a boy of sixteen, with plenty of English "pluck," but with little discretion. At one o'clock, when the tide was strong in our favor, and the full moon made it almost as light as day, we again got under way, and proceeded quietly until just below the fleet, when the clang of gongs from vessel to vessel gave warning that they were all on the alert for intruders. Our little "John Bull" came into the cabin, and placing two loaded revolvers beneath his waistcoat, exclaimed, "I'll teach them to meddle with me! They shall not stop my boat!" And so we went on for some little distance, the sounds from the junks becoming more ominous. Rockets were fired upon us, some of which fell either on our boat or in the water close to us. My husband now thought it time that he should interfere, and he told our little captain that he must stop at once. Almost as soon as our anchor dropped, a small boat from one of the junks pulled toward us. It was filled with dusky figures, each holding a spear or sword erect and glistening in the moonlight. They came on board, and would at once have searched the boat for contraband articles

—which, I think, they would have found—had not the English boy thought of an expedient which caused them to alter their minds. He told them in Chinese—which we, of course, did not understand—that I was the sister of a merchant in Shanghai with whom he knew them to be on friendly terms. They believed the story, and with humble apologies for having stopped us, and polite salaams, went, one after another, into their sampan and shoved off. All this time I had been standing with my husband on deck, not particularly alarmed; but after the danger was over, and we had come to anchor close under the flag of the English consulate, I trembled at every footfall, and more than once before daybreak begged John to go on deck to see if we were really safe. The strange music of cannon on the city wall, where a continuous firing was kept up, did not assist in composing our minds to rest.

It was only a short time after this that these same imperialists attacked the foreign settlement, in assisting to protect which our friend Captain Pearson, of the “*Rose Standish*,” was killed.

The pretty chapel of the American Episcopal Mission was one of the first sights which greeted our eyes the morning after our arrival. Leaving me in the boat, my husband went on shore to find our mission families. He called at a house near the chapel, when a lady asked, “Is this not Mr. Nevius? We are all expecting you”—giving him at the same time a most kindly welcome. This was Miss Emma Jones, of the American Episcopal Mission. Mr. Nevius soon returned, bringing for me a sedan-chair; for, though the distance was short, the mud was so deep that it was almost impossible for a lady to wade through it.

The Chinese city of Shanghai is, comparatively, a small and insignificant one. The foreign settlement, although not so large as it has since become, was already a place of much importance. We were surprised at the number and size of the foreign hong and merchants’ residences. At the time of this

first visit to Shanghai, owing to the city's being in the hands of the rebels, with continual fighting between them and the imperialists, all foreign residents whose houses were in exposed situations had been obliged to leave them. There were three or four mission families crowded into one house; but that circumstance added materially to the pleasure of our visit. It was before the days of disunion and secession, and the harmony and sociability of our new friends were truly delightful. The distinctions Northern and Southern, English and American, seemed forgotten in that far-off land. All were hard at work; some of the gentlemen preaching daily, others translating and making books; and the ladies, with few exceptions, were occupied in their schools, which at that time were large and flourishing.

In his journal John wrote: "I will enumerate the names of the missionaries whom we have met in Shanghai: of the American Board, Dr. Bridgman; of the Southern Baptist Board, Messrs. Yates, Pierey, Crawford, Cabinis, and Roberts; of the Methodist Board, Mr. Cunningham; of the Sabbatarians, Messrs. Carpenter and Wardness; of the American Episcopal Board, Bishop Boone, Messrs. Nelson and Keith, and the Misses Jones, Fay, and Tenney.

"To-day called on the English missionaries, whose names are as follows: of the London Society, Dr. Lockhart, Messrs. Edkins, Wiley, and Muirhead; of the Church Missionary Society, Messrs. Burdon, Reeve, and Hobson; and also Mr. Hudson Taylor, unconnected with any society, I suppose. At Mr. Hobson's we met Mrs. Bettleheim, who, with her husband, Dr. Bettleheim, has spent several lonely years on the Lew-chew Islands."

We remained in Shanghai about two weeks, and then sailed for Ningpo in the schooner "Speck," in company with Mr. Goddard, a Baptist missionary of Ningpo. A day or two before, Rev. J. K. Wight and his family, and Mrs. Coulter, whose

husband had died at Ningpo, had left for America. Their ship had not yet fairly got out to sea, and when we came to anchor for the night below Wusung, we found ourselves close to it, and soon went on board to pay our friends a visit. We found them in great perplexity. Mr. and Mrs. Wight had a family of small children, the youngest only seven months old. The child's wet-nurse had been left in Shanghai, and they had depended upon two goats to give milk for the baby on the voyage; but even before they were out of sight of land, they found this plan did not answer; and the question was, What shall be done? It was risking the child's life to take it, and Mr. Goddard urged them to leave the babe with his wife. "Can I, must I part with my dear baby?" exclaimed the poor mother, the tears streaming down her cheeks. It was a terrible struggle, but there were only a few moments in which to decide it, as we must return to the boat. And so, although it nearly broke her heart, she gave her baby for a time to our care.

Taking the little Annie with us, we went again on board the "Speck," and were soon out at sea. Two Ningpo women, one of whom was Annie's nurse, were with us, and occupied the berth at one side of our cabin. The nurse proved of not the least use in taking care of the child, as she soon became deathly seasick. The night was stormy, and the waves being short and "chopping," the "Speck" rolled from side to side fearfully. Mr. Goddard took charge of the little Annie. I should gladly have done so, but it would not have been safe, as I could not keep my footing, the ship was so unsteady. During the night we heard a groan, and my husband called: "Mr. Goddard, are you seasick?" "Yes, I *am* seasick!" he answered. Such an impatient, querulous tone from such a good man! We knew matters must be desperate, and Mr. Nevius insisted upon relieving him of the care of little Annie for the rest of the night. The poor child cried piteously, and it was a very uncomfortable time for us all.

Owing to head-winds we were three or four days in reaching Chinhai, which lies at the mouth of the Ningpo River. The scenery there is beautiful. High hills on either side, with the walled city near the water, and numerous junks at anchor, appeared in the light of the setting sun, when we first saw them, even more lovely than they really are.

As the "Speck" could not get up to the city that night, we went in a small boat sculled by a man standing in the stern. It was late in the evening before we reached Ningpo. Mr. Rankin was the only one in all the circle whom we had met previously. He had visited at my father's house some years before, when I was a child.



THE NINGPO PAGODA.

CHAPTER IX

DESCRIPTION OF NINGPO—LEARNING THE LANGUAGE

NINGPO FU—that is, “City of the Peaceful Wave”—is in longitude $121^{\circ} 22'$. Its latitude, $30^{\circ} 35'$, is about that of New Orleans. It is in the province of Che kiang. It is a large and important place, with three hundred thousand inhabitants. It is surrounded by a substantially built stone wall, twenty feet in height, fifteen in width at the top, and twenty at its base, which is in good repair, though very ancient, and in many parts overgrown with moss and other plants. The wall has a high parapet with embrasures, and the top of it, inside the parapet, is a fairly good paved road either for walking or riding. Near each city gate is a long and easy flight of steps, which can be ascended by horses as well as by men. It lies in an extended amphitheater, in some places not far from twenty miles in breadth, with hills on one side and the ocean on the other. This vast plain is devoted to rice-culture. It is irrigated by artificial means from the canals, and at certain seasons of the year is almost covered with water. Vegetation is rank and luxuriant, and, as might be expected, there is much malaria in the atmosphere. From any eminence, such as the city wall or the Ningpo pagoda, one sees, on looking landward, villages and hamlets without number, temples, monasteries, family tombs, fields, bridges, canals, and water-courses; while seaward is a low, flat country but little above the level of the ocean, through which runs the river, alive with boats of all sorts, and its banks studded with huge mounds,

which perplex the stranger until he is told that they are native ice-houses, in which, during the coldest season, filmy ice is collected in enormous quantities.

The streets of Ningpo vary in width from four to ten, or occasionally fifteen feet. They are well paved, and are spanned by frequent ornamental stone gateways or arches, which have been erected to commemorate the virtues of noted persons in former ages.

There was at Ningpo in 1854 a small but growing mercantile community. The Presbyterian mission houses were in a suburb on the north bank of one of the two streams which here unite to form the Ningpo River. The mission had been commenced about ten years before our arrival. Dr. McCartee was the pioneer. He was joined in a few weeks by Rev. Mr. Way and Mrs. Way, and some months later by Rev. Mr. Culbertson and Rev. Mr. Loomis and their wives, and Rev. Walter Lowrie, whose death at the hands of pirates occurred several years before we went to China.

We had only been at Ningpo a few days when we settled down to the study of the language. We were fortunate in securing at once the services of a good teacher. An excellent system for writing the Ningpo colloquial with Roman letters had been invented by the earlier missionaries, and to this was due in a measure the success we had in rapidly acquiring it. It was not many weeks before we were able to talk a little with our teacher and the servants, and at the end of eight or nine months my husband engaged in chapel work; more, however, in a conversational way than by formal preaching. In about a year he took part with others in missionary work in general, traveling and preaching as circumstances required. He never regarded himself as in any sense a "genius" in acquiring languages. His progress, which was certainly unusual, was due to unremitting hard work. He denied himself all recreation except such as he believed absolutely necessary for his health

of body and mind. He gave up, almost from the first, Hebrew and Latin, and read but little Greek, and, with the exception of theological works and Bible commentaries, he did not read one English book for ten years! I am aware that many will not approve of this course, and I do not know that my husband ever advised any one to imitate it. In fact, he scarcely ever spoke of it. I ought, however, to mention that it was my own habit to read a great deal, and in rather a miscellaneous way; and I, as a rule, gave him the benefit of my reading, whether it was light or heavy, serious or gay, history or fiction, biography or science. Often at meals, when we were alone, I entertained him with the *résumé* of a story, or a choice bit of history, or anecdotes; and thus, in a second-hand way, he had some drops from the great sea of literature, into which it would have been such a delight to him to plunge, could he have felt it right for him to do so. The study of Chinese was not a drudgery to him, as references to it in his journal will show. After being at work about a month he wrote: "I think we are getting on with the language as well as we could expect, and it becomes more interesting every day." A week or so later he said: "We are plodding away at the language. We work with little interruption from breakfast until two in the afternoon, after which I have as yet been able to accomplish little, although I am very well. Time passes rapidly and pleasantly, though monotonously. I am not afraid of finding the acquisition of Chinese either impossible or disagreeable." Such entries in the journal or in letters were frequent.

But, although my husband was successful in learning Chinese, he never made light of its difficulties. He disapproved entirely of expressions which he sometimes saw in newspapers and magazines, or heard from the lips of oversanguine missionary speakers, such as that "the Chinese language may be acquired in a year, or even in six months"! His own experience proved the contrary. Of course much depends upon what is meant

by "knowing" the language. A faithful student can have made a good beginning before the end of six months. In my husband's journal there is this entry :

"September 15, 1854. This morning being the regular day for visiting the outstation Chinhai, at the mouth of the river, as Dr. McCartee was ill and Mr. William Martin unable to go, I went alone with the two assistants. Though the day was hot, I enjoyed it very much. I arrived at the chapel before my assistants did, and as the people were getting clamorous, I took the desk and made something of a talk. I was not at a loss for words, and all said they understood me; but I doubt if they did."

One of the oldest missionaries in China was asked by a new-comer how soon he might commence preaching in public. He replied, "Oh, almost any time; at the end of a few months, if you choose; but your 'preaching' will probably do yourself more good than it will your hearers!" If I may speak from my own experience and observation, I should say that to get a fairly good working knowledge of any of the dialects as spoken is not much harder than the acquisition of French or German; but to gain a thorough knowledge of the Chinese "character"—the "book-language" of China—is far more difficult than the acquisition of any other language in the world. In my husband's book, "China and the Chinese," is a concise treatise on the language, which would be helpful and instructive to any one interested in the subject.

My husband wrote in his journal :

"March 30, 1854. This afternoon I went to the little chapel in the city, and was delighted with my visit. Mr. William Martin and Mr. Rankin were examining the theological class; Mr. Quarterman and Dr. McCartee were trying experiments with the magic lantern; and Mr. Samuel Martin was preaching to a transient audience in the room below. . . ."

"April 13th. On our return from a walk this evening we

heard from a French man-of-war which came up the river to-day that three ports of Japan are opened to foreigners! We have already begun to talk of some of us going there."

"April 14th. To-day, as it was raining, Helen and I exercised on the veranda, walking and jumping the rope. . . ."

This last entry brings vividly to mind one of the experiences of those first months in Ningpo. My husband, having wholesome home ideas of the importance of exercise to health, and finding even thus early how far from strong, physically, his young wife was, determined to leave no effort untried to make her so. Behind our mission houses were "paddy-fields"—i.e., growing rice—with only narrow foot-paths between them. Walking in that direction was disagreeable, besides being very unhealthy; so we tried the city wall. Crossing the river at the Salt Gate Ferry, we entered the city, and ascending the wall from within, found a walk as quiet and retired as we could wish. It would have been truly pleasant had not the weather been so oppressive, or had our strength been greater. But before we were aware of it, the effects of a first summer in that most trying climate had told upon us both. I became too weak to walk, and then my husband procured some native ponies. Oh, those miserable animals! Even after the lapse of more than forty years I can see them kicking and jumping, running and plunging, regardless of my feeble efforts at control. It was not many weeks before we decided that exercise before sunrise in Ningpo was more injurious than beneficial; and my husband, believing that my health had suffered seriously and permanently from it, could never think of that early experiment without sincere regret.

Our first summer in China was not altogether a quiet one. The journal of April 16th says: "We were kept in a state of excitement this forenoon by the prospect of a fight between the Chinese and the Portuguese, of whom there are many here. We had service in the church notwithstanding."

At this time there were in Ningpo great numbers of Cantonese, between whom and the Portuguese there was a long-standing feud and most unfriendly rivalry, both being engaged in convoying fleets of trading-junks up and down the coast, though they were all alike known to be little better than pirates. The Chinese junks and Portuguese lorchas lay in the river just in front of our houses. On the morning of Good Friday, looking from our windows, we saw hanging from a spar of a lorch a figure with the dress and cue of a Chinaman. It was stuffed with fire-crackers, which soon began to shoot out on all sides tremendously. Presently a string burned off and the figure fell into the river. It was hauled on deck and beaten to pieces with clubs. This was Judas ! This studied insult increased the ill will of the Cantonese, and a few days later they attacked the Portuguese, killing and wounding several. Later on a Portuguese corvette came into port, anchoring nearly in front of our houses. Failing to gain satisfaction from the Chinese authorities for the assault on their countrymen, they bombarded the city. Standing on our veranda, we saw the affair, which could hardly be considered a battle, as the Chinese made scarcely any resistance. It was an easy victory; but the Chinese had their revenge a few years later, when they fell upon the little Portuguese settlement and massacred every individual in it. From the mission houses they could be seen rushing frantically hither and thither in vain efforts to escape.

The following are brief extracts from Mr. Nevius's journal :

"August 7, 1854. To-day was our monthly concert of prayer for missions. It was led by Rev. E. Lord, who made some appropriate remarks on 'Be not weary in well-doing.' I always find these services profitable. This is the fullest exhibition of Christian charity which we have here, and to me it is delightful. The plan which is now under discussion to have a general meeting, at stated periods, of all the native converts

in Ningpo will, I hope, soon be carried into effect; and I pray that it may be attended with blessed results. . . . Miss Aldersey has returned from the country, where she has been spending several weeks of the hot weather, on account of the illness of Miss Dyer."

Miss Aldersey was an English lady who devoted herself and her fortune to missionary work in China. My husband was for several years intimately associated with her. She was a person of unusual piety and strength of character, and her influence for good was very great. She had several adopted daughters; one of these was the wife of Bishop Russell of Ningpo; another married Mr. Burdon, afterward Bishop of Victoria (Hongkong); and a third was the wife of Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, and his most faithful helper in the arduous work of founding the "Inland Mission" of China.

Journal

"Island of Poo-too, Chusan Archipelago, sixty miles from Ningpo, August 16, 1854. . . . Last week Mr. Cobbold, of the Church Missionary Society, having determined to take a trip to Poo-too on account of his health, kindly invited me to accompany him. As I have been closely confined to my work and needed a little change, I accepted his invitation, and soon found myself very much in the spirit of going. . . . We started with the tide at 7 P.M., and arrived at the mouth of the river about ten and anchored for the night. As the tide was just changing, Mr. Cobbold and I enjoyed a fine swim before going to bed. Yesterday at ten in the forenoon we reached the island of Chusan. . . . This morning, after all sorts of detentions from wind and tide and incompetent boatmen, we arrived at Poo-too and anchored some distance from shore. There was, fortunately, a small boat close by, which took us off. We started at once for a walk up the hill behind the nearest temple, and on to the northern side of the island, enjoy-

ing many beautiful views from the summits of the hills. We visited the immense boulder which rests on a very slight foundation, scarcely bigger than a thimble. Several of the priests from an adjoining monastery following us, Mr. Cobbold had an opportunity of speaking to them of the folly of idolatry. They assented to all he said, but no doubt it seemed foolishness to them. The sun broke through the mist and we hastened back. I took shelter in a monastery, and Mr. Cobbold went to our boat. He soon returned, bringing some food for our lunch, and also books and writing-materials. Having no bed or lounge, I was glad to lie down upon two tables furnished me by a priest, to get a little rest. After occupying them an hour or so, I left them to write, and I presume Mr. Cobbold has now appropriated them."

"Thursday. After breakfast this morning we followed the beach to the right until we passed the first monastery, and from there on to another near a very deep cave. . . . From there we went to 'Tunbridge Wells,' where there is another natural cave, and rocks piled up in a very fantastic manner. We found in the adjoining monastery a man from Shanghai who has taken temporary vows upon himself. He was very talkative, and somewhat intelligent. There was also a good-natured old priest, who had nothing to say, but assented to everything that was said to him. And there was another, a stupefied, besotted fellow, who sat in a little nook conning an old book, looking up and grinning at us occasionally. I procured a string of beads—a rosary—from the talkative Shanghai man, and the good-humored priest presented me with another. . . . When we reached the top of Veh-ting-san we found ourselves in the clouds, which were driving over the top, and the air was very cold. As we were thinly clad, and warm with climbing, we quickly started back. We got to our boat at seven o'clock, and the boatman at once shoved off and we started for Chusan, which place we reached about midnight. . . . I

have been out of sorts ever since leaving home ; still I have enjoyed the trip, and hope to visit Poo-too again."

It is more than eight hundred years since the island of Poo-too was first devoted to religious purposes, and some of its buildings were erected at that time. Others are of more recent date, but all have now a dilapidated appearance, which indicates a great falling off in resources, as well as in the devotion of the Chinese generally to the Buddhist religion. It is a beautiful island, and years ago, before the north of China was opened, it was a favorite health-resort of foreigners from Ningpo and Shanghai.

When we had been six months in China, at the request of the mission, and at my husband's earnest wish, I began teaching singing to the pupils in the two boarding-schools. There were between seventy and eighty boys and girls, who, with a few others, met twice a week in the chapel on "North Bank." As we had no music-books, I had a staff painted on a black-board, upon which the scale was written. The first step in this formidable undertaking was to get my pupils to make one note in unison. I cannot here describe how, in the course of a year, my class grew into a very respectable choir, with some really fine voices among them, singing four parts in perfect time and very good harmony. This gave my husband great pleasure, and he often said that in all the years he was in China he never anywhere heard as good singing as that of my first music-class in Ningpo.

CHAPTER X

HOUSEKEEPING—COUNTRY TOURS

IT was near the close of the year 1854 that my husband and I began housekeeping; not in the "bamboo cottage" of our dreams, but in one of the mission foreign-built houses, a short distance from that of our kind friends, Rev. Henry V. and Mrs. Rankin, who until that time had allowed us a home with them. This had been a great blessing to us in every way. The freedom from household responsibilities gave us leisure for study, and we had also the inestimable benefit of having constantly before us the beautiful consecrated lives of those dear servants of Christ. My husband regarded it as of great importance that young missionaries should for their first year be free from housekeeping and house-building cares; and he always regretted the recklessness, not to say obstinacy, with which in their inexperience they would sometimes assume these cares.

In the year 1855 Mr. Nevius was often away from home. During his absences I was engaged in study and visits from house to house among the women. I accompanied him on some of his country tours. I tried the experiment of wearing the Chinese costume, but did not find any special advantage in it. On the contrary, as my husband did not wear it, it proved rather awkward; on one occasion I was taken for a native woman, and supposed to be the wife of one of the assistants!

My husband had no strong objection to the native dress. In fact, he thought it a much more graceful one than his own.

He did, however, dislike the long skirts, which made walking difficult, and to a person of his active habits were a real hindrance in his work. The fact that he never adopted the dress of the Chinese shows that he did not regard it as preferable in his own case, and that, on the whole, he believed it quite as well for a missionary to be what he must be—a foreigner. This seemed no barrier to close friendship and personal influence. The look of love and sympathy which beamed from his face; the kind, strong arm thrown round the shoulder of a native friend, or, it might be, a stranger; and the deeds of kindness which “make the world akin,” needed no change in apparel to win the natives to him. This is well known by every one. Still, as I have said, he had no strong objections to a missionary’s putting on the native dress if he thinks it best and does not make a “merit” of it, as certainly there has been some temptation to do.

Although, since the so-called “opium war,” the five ports, Canton, Amoy, Foo-chow, Ningpo, and Shanghai, had been open to foreign residents, it was many years before they were allowed to go farther than thirty miles into the interior; and this restricted the preaching-tours of the missionaries to very narrow limits. But the populous plain surrounding Ningpo was easily accessible by means of its innumerable canals. The inhabitants were not invariably friendly, but, as compared with the Fukienese and Cantonese, they were harmless and well behaved, and always responsive to kindness. Little missionary work had been done in the country before we reached China; but it can be seen from the journals of the next year that then a good beginning had been made. I will give a number of short extracts which will show the interest which my husband already took in one kind of work, which he afterward did so much of in other parts of the empire. He sometimes went on these journeys by himself, but, whenever it was possible, he greatly valued the company of an older and more experienced

missionary. He was always ready to learn and willing to take advice, which made his society pleasant to older men, and was of the greatest advantage to him.

Extracts from the Journal

“S-kong, April 4, 1855. Yesterday morning I left home for a tour in the country to the southeast of Ningpo. About 1 P.M. we went on shore, and spent an hour or two in preaching and distributing books. We afterward went to a large place, where the people assembled in crowds to hear us. I talked from the top of a bridge until I was hoarse. . . .”

“Ningpo, October 20, 1855. I am just home from a very encouraging tour up the river in company with Mr. Russell, of the Church of England. We left Ningpo on Monday night. Tuesday we spent at Z-chi, speaking on the streets and in the temple. Wednesday morning we found ourselves at Yu-yiao. Here we were invited to take the theater-stand in the Dzing-ming temple, where we addressed the people at length. Many were worshiping the idols before us at the same time. Thursday evening we walked from Tong-ming to Zong-nu. Here also were many worshiping in the temple, where we again preached. . . . We spent Friday very pleasantly, and we trust profitably, at Loh-ko-bu, where we were kindly received by the people, and had many encouraging talks to interested groups in the streets and shops.”

“November 2, 1855. I write this journal in Ming-ngo-dziang. I left Ningpo two nights ago in company with Mr. Gough, of the Church of England. The wind being strong against us, we only reached Pun-pu by one tide. There we spent most of the forenoon. The people seemed unusually indifferent and uninterested. . . . We have been on the road between that place and this during the whole day, and I have preached a great many times, and occasionally with much en-

couragement. We arrived here a little before night, and found it a larger village than we expected, and one of the finest we have ever seen. It seems not to have been visited by foreigners before."

"November 3d. The weather to-day has been rainy; still we have been out nearly all day, and I have talked more Chinese, I think, than I ever did in any one day before. . . ."

"Ningpo, November 8, 1855. Started with Helen and Mr. Zi on a country tour. On the 9th we visited Hapu and Tong-ming-nga, with a few intermediate places. Helen was taken ill, so we returned home sooner than we expected. . . ."

"November 28, 1855. I left Ningpo last Saturday for another country tour. . . . Have spent the whole of to-day at Dao-king-san, where we spoke in six or seven places, about an hour in each. Our audience consisted principally of women. We have distributed but few books during this trip, as we do not find many readers; and in one or two places we saw Christian books previously distributed which had evidently hardly been looked at."

"November 29, 1855. Spent the forenoon at Ing-ko-wan. I went into a school kept by a literary graduate, and found in it a number of young men of very fine appearance, most of whom seemed also to be good Chinese scholars. They were rather surprised and not altogether pleased at seeing me, and led me with reluctance into a side apartment. The teacher treated me rudely from the first. He was unwilling to admit that there was anything good in Christianity. I told him I was glad to have him present his objections, and to have the opportunity of replying to them. Then we took up in order the late war between England and China, the worship of ancestors, and the comparative merits and claims of Confucius and Christ, with their systems. After conversing nearly an hour, the teacher, finding himself hard pressed, grew angry and insulting, and twice called the religion of Christ '*zia kiao*'

(corrupt teaching), which was an uncalled-for insult, as I had been scrupulously respectful to the native religions. . . .”

On the 16th of November, 1855, Mr. Nevius wrote to his mother: “. . . I now feel that the time has come to work. I have thus far been preparing my tools and learning how to use them, and in so doing I have very much enjoyed my comparative relief from care and anxiety. A sense of the greatness of the responsibilities growing out of my relation to this people is sometimes painful and depressing. It is my desire that the feeling of my own insufficiency may lead me oftener to God, and that I may in him find that strength and guidance which alone can make me faithful to my trust. It is most encouraging for us to know that there are those who continually pray for us. I have sometimes thought, dear mother, that God may be preserving your life that you may pray for your children. Let your faith be strong and your prayers fervent, for I believe that God’s time for manifesting his grace and power toward this people is not far distant. There are already nearly one hundred professed disciples of Christ in Ningpo.”

On December 6, 1855, Mr. Nevius started on another long tour with Rev. Mr. Cobbold, whose wife and I, with several other friends, went with them as far as the beautiful region called “Snowy Valley.” The journal of this tour is much too long to be inserted here in full, but some extracts from it may be given. Leaving us at the first great waterfall, the two gentlemen went over the hills toward the south and west. On December 7th Mr. Nevius wrote:

“This morning, instead of getting off early, as we had expected, we were detained until eleven o’clock. The bearers, thinking we were dependent upon them, refused to go with us for less than about thirteen hundred *cash* (\$1.30) a day for a chair. So we determined not to have them at all, and to go

the first day on foot. . . . We took the road across the bridge at Zi-wu. The view of the falls from the brow of the hill was beautiful. After leaving Zi-wu we gradually ascended a path which leads around the side of the mountain. The scenery here was exceedingly picturesque. From our path we looked down more than two thousand feet into a narrow valley watered by a stream. Above us the mountains rose to more than half the same height. The declining sun shining upon them gave great variety to the views. The shady sides of the mountains were sometimes so dark that no object could be distinctly seen, and this somber and obscured view contrasted strikingly with the bright opposite side. In some places under the slanting rays of the sun the silvery appearance of the waving bamboos was most charming. We gradually ascended the winding path, admiring the scenery and unconscious of fatigue. We reached this place, Dong-din, which is situated in a valley, about sunset. The people generally are not very intelligent. After having been refused a place to sleep in, a garret reached by a ladder, we accepted an invitation to a house where there is but one bedstead, and our men are now making their beds on the floor around us. . . ."

"Tong-ling, Saturday night, December 8, 1855. . . . We preached at some length in the Z-dong (ancestral hall) near our last night's stopping-place, and also at various villages on our road. Our day's journey may be described as going up a hill and then down in the forenoon, and again uphill and down in the afternoon. . . . Ten *li* (three miles) brought us to the top of a hill not less than three thousand feet high, which commanded one of the most beautiful views that I have ever seen. It is surrounded by an amphitheater of hills, very high except on the southwest, with a steep slope and irregular ridges and summits terminating in the picturesque valley below. Here we expect to spend Sunday. We are in the upper

story of an inn. A number of people have called to see us. The place has about a thousand families, nearly all of the family name 'Wang.'

"December 9, 1855. This morning, in walking out before breakfast, I met five men on the road going to Zing-yuen, seventy *li* distant, for the purpose of worshiping at the temple there. I told them of the better way, but my words produced no impression. After breakfast we went to the Z-dong. Mr. Cobbold talked while I went about calling the people together. A crowd soon collected, and we preached to them an hour or two. After dinner we went out and visited a few families. Everywhere we go we see the ravages of opium. . . ."

"Dzing-loh, Wednesday night, December 12th. The country we have passed over is much like the Ningpo plain. We have stopped to preach repeatedly. At this village crowds have followed us, nearly filling the large Z-dong, numbering about a thousand people. . . ."

"Tong-yiang, Friday night, December 14th. . . . We spoke in many places, and were pleased to find that the people understand us well, though we do not them, their dialect being widely different from that of Ningpo. At Ong-liang we found the people almost furious in performing some kind of worship at a temple—such worship as we have never seen in the region near Ningpo; and precisely what it consisted in we could not learn. At the time we reached the temple a large number of men and women were eating dinner in a side room, where are the most hideous pictures hanging on the walls, representing the tortures of hell. Some are being ground between grindstones; some thrown off precipices; and others, again, are represented in various stages of transformation into animals of the lower orders—for instance, a man with a wolf's head, or a donkey with the face of a man. . . . There was such an excited crowd at the Dzing-ming temple that we did not attempt to speak there. . . ."

"Ni-u, Saturday night, December 15th. Last night, as we were going to bed, one of the men just taken into our employ called to me with evident alarm that Mr. Zi, the catechist, was on his knees perfectly motionless, and did not answer when spoken to! This gave an opportunity to explain to him something about prayer. . . .

"Wheat is principally cultivated in the region which we have passed over, and in this and other respects also it resembles the country we have traveled through for several days. . . ."

"Monday night, Pu-kong, December 17th. Yesterday we had a very tiresome day. The people assembled about our stopping-place early in the morning, and we spoke to them in the adjoining Z-dong. Afterward we went to call on the local magistrate and two literary judges. The magistrate was out, and we were received very coldly by his inferiors, but we found the literary judge a man of very pleasing manners. He entertained us hospitably, and gave us a nice tiffin.

"While there we had to go out into the street to keep the excited crowd from bursting into his house, as he himself could not restrain them. In the meantime the other literary judge, Pun, came in person to invite us to his house. We went there, and were just seated when we were called out to quiet the people, who had broken down the outer gate, and were fighting with the servants who were trying to guard it. The people were so excited that we left for a while in order to call off the crowd. We took a quantity of books and distributed them through the principal streets. . . . After supper we had a long and interesting talk with the literary judge Pun, and others of his family, together with an opium-smoker who called on us. . . . A number of women, evidently of the upper class, came to see us get off. Just before we reached the *ling* (mountain-pass) we stopped to see the coal-mines at Mei-san. The pits are from four hundred to five hundred feet deep, going down about fifty feet at a time and branching off.

“The country this side the pass is thickly covered with villages. When we arrived at this place the people were in great consternation at our appearance; wonder and alarm were depicted on their countenances. . . . We went to a temple, where a great crowd assembled. The local constable came bustling in with evident uneasiness, to see what was to come of the disturbance. His fears were soon set at rest, however, and we have spent a quiet evening in our inn, where we have received several notes asking for books.”

“Ba-deo, Tuesday night, December 18, 1855. . . . We have walked nearly the whole distance, leaving the one sedan-chair almost entirely to Mr. Zi, the native assistant. Taking into account our walks through the city in the morning, and our missing the way on the road, we did not walk less than eighty *li* (twenty-six miles). . . . People to-day sometimes called us ‘*bah kwei*’—white devils. Some thought from our speech that we were Ningpo men, and asked why we wore such clothes, and why we did not shave our heads and have a cue. . . .”

“Friday morning, December 21, 1855. We are already moving on our way to Ningpo. It is delightful to rest after the bustle and confusion of such a trip as ours has been; but we shall enjoy home all the more for having taken it. I am truly thankful for the opportunity which God has given me of preaching the gospel over such a large extent of country, and wish to be very humble in view of the imperfect way in which I have discharged my duty.”

CHAPTER XI

RETURN OF MRS. NEVIUS TO THE UNITED STATES—ESTABLISHMENT OF THE FIRST OUTSTATION, SAN-POH

AT the beginning of the year 1856 we met an unexpected trial. My health became much impaired, and my voice, which, until then, had been strong and reliable both for speaking and singing, quite failed, and for many months I could not speak above a whisper. Hoping to derive benefit from the purer air of the country, several months in the early spring were spent among the hills twenty miles from Ningpo, at Tien-dong, a Buddhist temple and monastery. We occupied two small rooms in one of the back courts. Mr. Nevius was obliged to spend part of his time in the city, so that I was occasionally alone, with the exception of my Chinese amah and a man-servant. But so quiet and respectful were the monks, of whom there were a large number, that I felt in no danger, and except for the intense loneliness of the place, should have enjoyed my stay there. On one of my husband's visits he brought me a present of a beautiful brown pony, and many were the quiet excursions we had over the hills surrounding the monastery. The same summer we spent several weeks at Poo-too. Both my husband and I had frequent and severe attacks of fever and ague, which, however, was not thought a matter of great importance; it was so common there, so much a matter of course; though I am sure Mr. Nevius never fully recovered from the effects of it. He had ever afterward occasional seasons of great physical depression and tendency to fever, from which

nothing but a few doses of quinine could relieve him. I do not think he could have borne for many years the climate of the Che kiang province, though it was not on his account that we finally left there.

Among Mr. Nevius's letters of the year 1856 there is one from which I shall make a long extract. It is addressed to the Hon. Walter Lowrie, whose intelligent interest in every department of missionary work has perhaps hardly ever been surpassed.

“NINGPO, March 25, 1856.

“DEAR MR. LOWRIE: . . . As you wish to have the views of your different missionaries respecting the translation of the Scriptures, I will give mine briefly. . . . It is evident, even to those who are commencing the study of the language, that all versions of the Bible have their excellences and also their defects, and I have no idea that any version which has been produced will be permanently used by any class of missionaries or converts.

“Again, it is not in our power to control our church-members in the exclusive use of any particular version. Natives well instructed in the Scriptures will judge for themselves, being better qualified to do so in some respects than foreigners are; and an attempt to enforce the use of one version to the exclusion of another would be apt to defeat its object. Native Christians will finally have most to do in determining what version of the Scriptures they will have in their own language.

“With regard to a characteristically Presbyterian version, I must say that for my own part I should not like to have one. I should much prefer, other things being equal, to have a version in common with other Christians, or to receive one equally good from others, reserving our force for different work.

“With regard to the Bridgman and Culbertson version, I am glad to have it, not as a Presbyterian version for exclusive and permanent use, but as a valuable addition to tempo-

rary versions, serving to correct some of their errors and supply some of their defects. I like it, on the whole, better than any other, and I think it is about as good as it would be with the coöperation of our other missionaries according to the plan proposed, which would cost a great outlay of time and strength, which I cannot but feel would be in a great measure lost.

“The translations which we have will supply our wants very well until such men are raised up among foreigners and natives as will be able, by their mental qualifications and freedom from prejudice, to combine the excellences and correct the errors of previous ones.

“I have had the principal charge of the instruction of our young men and assistants during the last few months. We use, including the colloquial, four versions which mutually shed light upon one another, giving together a fullness and clearness of meaning which could not be obtained from any one of them. This class consists of about twelve of our church-members, all more or less familiar with the Chinese written character, forming together as interesting, interested, and, I may add, intelligent, Bible class as I have ever met with at home. The readiness with which they often interpret difficult passages, and think of and turn to parallel ones, has surprised me; and this facility, with the richness, aptness, and simplicity of their Scripture quotations in prayer, gives evidence that the Bible is their constant companion. . . .”

If the following letter from my husband to my father should seem almost too outspoken in addressing one so much his senior, it should be understood that this freedom had been already conceded him, and that Dr. Coan valued very highly the affection which prompted and the conscientiousness which obliged his missionary son-in-law to be faithful to his convictions of duty. If for any one sin or temptation Mr. Nevius had perhaps too little pity, it was for that of unbelief. Even for

"honest doubts" he had not much sympathy. I do not think he knew by experience anything about skepticism. A little of this will appear in the letter.

"NINGPO, April 19, 1856.

"DEAR FATHER COAN: . . . Your letters speak of many changes taking place at home, and these changes, together with those which they betoken in the future, remind us forcibly that we and all things about us are passing away. How naturally the questions force themselves upon us, What is the true object of life? For what is life worth living? Well may you say that 'to one taking a rational view of life, nothing can relieve and satisfy the soul but the idea of the resurrection and of immortality.' I cannot, indeed, conceive of a sadder picture than that of an enlightened and awakened mind without a firm belief in the gospel of Jesus Christ. I know it is natural to some men to doubt, and it is the most common weakness of our sinful nature. At the same time, I believe that doubt is not a necessity to any one. Of the almost innumerable arguments for the authenticity of the Scriptures, many a one is, to my mind, conclusive, and together they form a mass of evidence that seems to me overwhelming; more than we could have had a right to demand, and as much as could, under the circumstances, be possible. They seem to me as innumerable as the pebbles by the brookside, any one of which, if used with a child-like faith in God, will destroy this fearful Goliath of doubt.

"Dear father, let me urge you not only to read and think, but to pray and do; for 'he that doeth His will shall know of the doctrine.' God is teaching us that these tabernacles are growing old, and that we must soon lay them aside. Some may be called soon and others later, but the difference of a few years is trifling. God grant that when we leave this tabernacle we may not be found naked, but may be 'clothed upon with our house which is from heaven.' It is natural for me to think of your illness in connection with Helen's. . . . You and your

dear Helen may meet in heaven sooner than you have expected to meet on earth. Should it appear that her days are nearly numbered, it will be her wish, as well as my own, to lay her dust here in the land of our choice, where I hope also to lay my own. This has often of late been the subject of familiar conversation with us, and while we pour out our souls in earnest prayer together that we may be long spared to each other, I trust it is in our hearts to say, 'Not my will, but thine, be done.' . . . I expect to leave for Tien-dong to-morrow morning, and to surprise Helen by a present of a beautiful little pony which I bought for her to-day. We have a foreign saddle, and I hope she will enjoy many pleasant rides among the hills. . . .

"I was startled last night by an almost deafening noise proceeding from all quarters, made by gongs, drums, fire-crackers, guns, and cannon, all occasioned by an eclipse of the moon, which the natives regard as portentous of evil. The 'heavenly dogs' are supposed to be eating up the moon, and the tremendous racket is made to scare the dogs away. . . .

"The long-haired rebels are approaching us, and have already taken a city in this province."

When Mr. Nevius had been in Ningpo only about six months, he was chosen pastor of the native church; but for several reasons, chiefly his youth and inexperience, he, as well as his brethren in the mission, thought it well not then to consent to assume the responsibility. He often, however, took the church services, and sometime during his second year he was formally installed as pastor. While we were at Poo-too in the summer of 1856 he wrote to his mother:

"I can hardly realize that I am the pastor of a church. It was one of my trials in determining to become a missionary to give up the idea of ever having a church of my own. I expected also to have to wait at least three years to acquire the language sufficiently to enter fully upon my work; . . . be-

sides, I hardly expected ever to do much more than to sow the seed, leaving it for others who are to come after me to reap. What should be my gratitude in being able so soon to have the oversight of a flock of Christ's sheep in this far-off wilderness; to speak to them in their own tongue of the wonderful works of God; and to point inquiring souls to the 'Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world'! I know, my dear mother, that you will rejoice with me, and that it will be your earnest prayer that I may be a faithful servant of Christ."

As my health steadily declined, it was at length determined that I must return to my native land, and many of our friends expressed their opinion very decidedly that it was my husband's duty to accompany me. Had we taken their advice it is not likely that we should ever have returned to China, as my health was never completely restored, and thus the whole course of our lives would have been changed. I can never be sufficiently thankful that God gave me strength to refuse positively to take my husband away from China. I came home in company with our friends Dr. and Mrs. McCartee. We sailed from Shanghai in a beautiful clipper-ship, the "Wild Pigeon," on the 14th of December, 1856. Of the trial of separation under such circumstances I will not write.

During the year 1857 Mr. Nevius began a series of articles on the religions and superstitions of China. He felt the importance of becoming accurately acquainted with the great systems of error which he expected to spend his life in combating, and, with his usual thoroughness, he made an exhaustive study of the subject. The articles were intensely interesting, and after being published in a missionary magazine of his own church in America, they were many years afterward incorporated in his book, "China and the Chinese."

About this time he commenced his first book in Chinese. It was called "The Disciple's Guide," and was written at first in the Ningpo romanized colloquial, but was afterward put into

the "book-language" in the Chinese character. It has been very useful, and is one of the most valued of the works made especially for the native Christians. He also translated part of Abbott's "Mother at Home" in the romanized system.

The year and a half in which I was absent from China was eventful in our mission. In the month of October Mr. Quarterman died of smallpox. Other members of the mission were ill, and for a time Mr. William Martin and Mr. Nevius were the only men in the mission able to work, and their duties were very arduous. The native assistants, of whom there were three or four only, had to assume much more responsibility. Until that time nearly all of the work had been done by the foreign missionaries.

It was during the latter part of 1856 and early in 1857 that the outstation of San-poh was established. Miss Aldersey, who has been already mentioned, had in her employ a young Chinaman named Zia. Not requiring his constant services in the school, she sent him occasionally on short excursions to the country in order that he might attempt more direct missionary work, and it was in this way that San-poh was first reached. It was a rude, lawless region, which foreigners had but seldom visited. Here Mr. Zia met with such unlooked-for success that other assistants were obliged to go to his help. Fearing lest the presence of foreigners might rather retard than advance the work, the missionaries for some months left it in the hands of the natives. In a letter addressed to Rev. Walter Lowrie, dated February 27, 1857, my husband wrote:

"After spending the Chinese New Year in Ningpo, Mr. Zia returned to San-poh accompanied by two other church-members. They noticed at once an unusual interest manifested by the people, and it increased daily. Neighbors, and persons from a distance of two or three miles, gathered to listen to the new doctrines, often remaining until after midnight. . . . The word preached was accompanied with power, and affected the

hearts of the people as we have not seen them affected here before. . . . By the last accounts about thirty persons, exclusive of women and children, were interested inquirers. . . . Of these a few have visited Ningpo. Their Christian knowledge has surprised us. It is particularly encouraging to notice that their views of sin and of the atonement are remarkably clear, in this respect contrasting favorably with most of those who have been received into the church here. . . . The fruits of the movement are already apparent in the neighborhood. Several families have cast away their idols, refuse to engage in idolatrous ceremonies, and have commenced the observance of the Sabbath. . . . One man walks ten miles to attend service and back home at night. Such scenes as these, occurring where Satan has so long held his seat, must have caused the angels of heaven to rejoice with no common joy. We hasten to give you what might almost be regarded as a premature account of this movement, that you may be able the earlier to rejoice with us, and, above all, to pray that these indications of promise may not pass away like the morning cloud or the early dew.

“The name of the village where this religious interest is strongest is Siao-giao-deo (“Small Bridge Head”). There are at present five natives at work there, three of whom, Zia, Zi, and Lu, are ordained elders of the Ningpo church. The other two are a Mr. Dzing, and King Ling-yiu, formerly a pupil in the boarding-school. They are exceedingly happy in their work, teach with zeal and boldness, and we trust with humility and entire dependence upon God to bless their labors. As might be expected, Satan has already commenced to mar the work, and has raised up opposers. Not a few have come forward with the express purpose of entangling the young men in their talk. But they have had such success in meeting these attacks that the gospel is thereabouts very commonly designated ‘the not-to-be-knocked-down doctrine’ !”

In a little Sunday-school book called "San-poh" my husband has told the story of this outstation. I think it may be well for me to insert here, although not in order of time, a few incidents of its history. In the month of May, 1857, he wrote me as follows:

"SAN-POH, SIAO-GIAO-DEO,

May 14, 1857.

"I am now making my first visit to this place, which has of late attracted so much interest. . . . As the time is drawing near for several persons to unite with the church, and I did not think it best for them to go so often to Ningpo, I determined to come and receive those who seem to be proper subjects for baptism here. . . . When we arrived we found Mr. Zia and four or five others reading their Bibles preparatory to their evening worship. I had a fine opportunity of quiet conversation with the inquirers before my coming was noised abroad. So far my impressions have been very favorable. Our boat got here about midnight, and I had a sound and refreshing, though rather short sleep, in a nice clean place assigned to me. I ate a hearty supper in Chinese style, chop-sticks and all. . . ."

"Friday evening, May 15th.

"I write in the morning, before breakfast, as this is almost the only time that I can command. Yesterday morning the little chapel below was filled with persons wishing to see me, most of whom were women. After talking to them some time, I spent much of the day in calling on different families, in certain cases in answer to invitations. The people are generally very well disposed, and have a considerable degree of knowledge of Christianity.

"The boys' school, under the care of the reformed opium-smoker, is doing very well. The girls' school, in care of Mr. Zia's wife, is a very interesting one, being composed principally of girls from the best families of the place. . . ."

“ The two men who were cured of opium-smoking, who spent some time with us, profess an interest in the gospel and attend prayers every night, but I fear there is nothing of heart-work about them. I see a great deal in Mr. Zia’s Christian character to admire and be thankful for, and, I may add, to pattern after. I am also particularly pleased with the fish-peddler of whom I have spoken to you in former letters. He is a man of sterling good sense, and has some knowledge of letters. He says that God has blessed him in the observance of the Sabbath, so that his weekly earnings are not lessened. While talking with him last night, he inquired, ‘ Is it not true that persons after engaging in prayer sometimes feel very happy and light-hearted ? ’ He added, ‘ My wife says it is so with her too. ’ How delightful it is to hope that there are already among these abodes of heathenism those who rejoice in the Spirit, and know by experience the ‘ peace of God which passeth all understanding ’ ! ”

“ Saturday evening, May 16, 1857.

“ The inquirers here have made real sacrifices for the gospel, and can have no hope of temporal advantage in embracing it. They seem to have received it in the love of it, and I believe they are willing to follow Christ even to prison and death.”

“ AT HOME, NINGPO,
Monday night.

“ We visited Ku-hai-wai on Saturday, and after our return were occupied until a late hour of the night in examining catechumens and making arrangements for the services of the coming Sunday. We determined to receive seven persons into the communion of the church. . . . Several others were disappointed in not being received, but I hope they will be ready at the next communion. I was not only pleased, but delighted, with the seven who were received, and could talk to you for hours of what I saw and heard of them ; but it is late, and I

am tired. . . . The house was thronged from an early hour, and it was a busy day for me. After talking to them for about two hours, a few of the people dispersed, and we then, at about ten o'clock in the forenoon, commenced the baptismal and communion services. The day will always be remembered by me as one of the favored seasons of my life. Being in a hurry to return home, we left San-poh last night at twelve o'clock, and, having a favorable wind, reached here this evening, almost a day sooner than we expected. . . ."

The San-poh station continued to flourish, and in the course of years there were two or more separate churches. One of these, under the charge of Rev. King Ling-yiu, was especially interesting. An incident connected with it I will give in the words of Rev. H. V. Rankin, first explaining some of the circumstances. There was in connection with this church a carpenter who had been employed to do work in a city prison, and who while there spoke to the prisoners of salvation through our crucified Saviour. Among his hearers was a man named Zi Da-ching, who had not been imprisoned for any crime of his own, but was freely, or rather for a compensation, suffering the penalty for another. A rich man had committed some crime, and had hired him to go to prison in his stead—not a very unusual procedure in China. On a certain occasion there was an insurrection in the city, and in the confusion and alarm the prison was left unguarded, and all the inmates, with the exception of this one man, escaped. In reward for his faithfulness he was made an overseer of the other prisoners, but was still kept in close confinement. When he heard of Christianity from the Christian carpenter, he joyfully accepted it. Desirous to obey all its commands, he very soon requested baptism. Referring to his admission to the church, Mr. Rankin wrote as follows:

"At Yu-yiao on Monday last Mr. Nevius baptized in the

prison the head man, of whom I have frequently written. It was a very solemn time. Already ten of the twenty-two prisoners express religious interest, and pray and observe the Sabbath. It was exceedingly interesting to notice their savage-looking faces—for some of them have been guilty of manslaughter—as they listened on that occasion, as well as the day before when I was there, with intense eagerness to the Word of God. A general reformation has also taken place in the prison. . . . The officer in charge is delighted with the change from their former habits of gambling, cursing, and idleness, and the news will spread outside also and do good.”

When the “long-haired rebels” took the city a few years later, these prisoners were all liberated, and Zi Da-ching, being a person of good presence and abilities, was made an officer in their army. When they were finally conquered he nearly lost his life at the hands of the imperialists, but was saved through the intervention of the missionaries. He afterward became a respected and useful resident in one of the villages of San-poh.

Of the present state of the San-poh churches I am not informed. The Rev. King Ling-yiu died many years ago, and was succeeded in the pastorate of the city church of Yu-yiao by Rev. Bao Kwang-Hi, another of the graduates of the Ningpo boarding-school. The former of them once sent me this kind message:

“Tell Mrs. Nevius that she is still teaching music in China, through us. I am teaching our men, and my wife the women.”

CHAPTER XII

MRS. NEVIUS'S RETURN TO CHINA—WORK IN NINGPO

I WAS absent from China one year and a half. At the end of that time, with health greatly improved and my voice in a measure restored, I returned to Ningpo, in company with Rev. H. V. Rankin and Mrs. Rankin, on the "N. B. Palmer," well known as one of the fleetest of clipper-ships. Our voyage was a remarkably prosperous one. We sailed from New York on the 19th of March, 1858, and reached Hongkong via the Cape of Good Hope in eighty-eight days. My two voyages on the "Wild Pigeon" and the "N. B. Palmer" were made in just the time of the one on the "Bombay."

On the 8th of May my husband wrote his mother the following letter :

"NINGPO, May 8, 1858.

"MY DEAR MOTHER: I received a letter from Helen a few days ago, making it almost certain that she is ere this on her way to China. Consequently I address this letter to you, which, if she is still detained at home, you will please immediately send to her. The protracted anxiety which I have felt for Helen, and the pain of separation from her, have seemed lately almost more than I could bear. Though I feel that she has not stayed at home long enough for the good of her health, I should be glad to hear certainly by the next mail that she is on her way to me. I hope for much from the voyage. Had not the adaptedness of sea-life to her constitution been clearly tested by our voyage to China, I could never have consented

to have her go to the United States alone. I have frequently been asked why I do not go home for her; but I am very glad that she does not require me to do so. Had our mission been weaker by another man, I do not know what it would have done during the last year. Now that Mr. Samuel Martin has gone home, Mr. William Martin to the north, and Mr. Way is unable to take his part in the work of the mission, our number is reduced from seven working men to two, or, for the present few months, to one. I anticipated the reduction of our numbers when Helen left, though not the removal by death of dear Mr. Quarterman.

“With regard to Helen’s health, I cannot but have my fears; but all the future is in God’s hands. Much as I wish to remain permanently in China, should God’s providence call me away I hope I should go cheerfully to engage in his work elsewhere. Pray for us that we may interpret God’s providence aright, and neither expose our lives to unnecessary danger nor run away before we are called.

“My health still remains good. . . . Besides the superintendence of missionary work and preaching on Sunday, I find some hours each day for study, and am trying to make up lost time in acquiring a more thorough knowledge of the written language. Instead of my regular Bible class two nights a week, one of these has given place to a theological class, which requires considerable preparation, and the members of which are much interested and studious.

“Although our work progresses slowly, we meet with continual encouragement. . . .

“The affairs of China have reached a crisis, and a few months will no doubt make great changes. The rebels have now entered our province, and all parts of it are in a state of greater or less alarm. Local banditti are appearing in different places, composed of starving desperadoes, and it will probably be years before peace and tranquillity are restored. We

are waiting anxiously for news from the expedition to the north. . . .

“You need have no special anxiety on our account. In case war ensues it will not be apt to affect us, and if it does, living on the coast, we have an opportunity of getting out of harm’s way if necessary. With reference to the insurgents, should they establish themselves in the province, they will probably shun Ningpo. . . .”

The “N. B. Palmer” was detained several weeks at Hong-kong, and our voyage up the coast was tedious; but on the 25th of July, 1858, we reached the mouth of Hwang-po River, upon which Shanghai is situated. We anchored near the United States man-of-war “Minnesota,” which was at that time stationed there. Soon a small boat pushed off from her and made toward us. I was not long in discovering that the gentleman in the stern was my husband. He had, while awaiting the arrival of our ship, been the guest of Admiral Dupont. After dining on board the “Minnesota,” our party the same evening proceeded in a small boat up to Shanghai.

Within a few weeks we were in our home at Ningpo. Those were busy, happy months. Since the return of Rev. Samuel Martin to the United States on account of ill health, Mr. Nevius had been superintendent of the boys’ boarding-school. He was assisted by competent native teachers, and thus was able to spend hours every day in the study of the language, and to preach in the street chapel and in the surrounding villages. In addition to house-to-house visiting, I translated the “Peep of Day,” writing it with the Ningpo romanized colloquial.

From about the time of my leaving for America there were many indications that missionary work was beginning to make more rapid progress. The number of converts and inquirers greatly increased; other outstations besides that of San-poh, already mentioned, were formed; evangelistic tours were under-

taken ; and the Sunday church services became more solemn and interesting. My husband's sermons preached on these occasions were carefully prepared, and were listened to with deepest attention ; and the singing, led by one of my singing-class, was delightful.

On some of my husband's preaching-tours I accompanied him. Needing rest, we went during the autumn, in company with Rev. Mr. Knowlton and Mrs. Knowlton, again for a few days to Snowy Valley. There is no scenery in the neighborhood of Ningpo more inviting than Snowy Valley and its vicinity. A few miles from the terminus of boat navigation on the river we reach the foot of the mountains, and the landscape becomes wild and broken. There is, however, as in Chinese scenery generally, a strange mingling of wildness and softness. Many of the hillsides are terraced and cultivated to their very tops. In one instance we counted seventy of these terraces. Other hills are covered with almost unbroken forests of bamboo and pine. The most remarkable features of this locality are the waterfalls and ravines, which, in Western lands, would attract crowds of admiring visitors. Mountain streams, forcing their way to the plain below, form a succession of waterfalls of great height and beauty. Near each of these cataracts is a Buddhist monastery, and innumerable smaller shrines are scattered here and there by the wayside, or in niches in the rocks. The first of these falls is about three hundred feet high, and the rocks on either side are much higher. Not far from this, on another stream, is a very lovely cascade called "Dragon's Shady Dell." About five miles distant is still another fall, five hundred feet high, and in some respects more beautiful. The volume of water is not great, and before it reaches the rocks below it is converted into light, feathery foam. The descent to the bed of the stream seemed almost impossible ; but a short distance from the precipice my husband discovered a footpath, down which we all scrambled, and, with only a few bruises and

scratches, reached the bottom in safety. Here the view was magnificent; the fall itself, the towering rocks, the grand old trees with their tangled underwood, and the clear stream gliding over its bed of pebbles and rocks, formed a scene ever to be remembered with pleasure.

The old monastery where we spent our nights afforded but the poorest accommodations. Like nearly all similar establishments, it is going to decay, though at certain seasons it has crowds of worshipers. One evening, taking a lighted candle in my hand, I went from my room through several courts to meet my husband, whom I was expecting home. As I was passing through the largest building of the temple, a gust of wind extinguished my light, and left me groping my way in the dark among the huge, grim figures on every side of me, while just then the great bell of the temple began to toll, its tones reverberating through the nearly empty rooms. At length I found a door, and was glad to make my escape.

We returned to Ningpo by a different route, stopping the first night in the valley just below the monastery, at the house of one of our servants. Some member of his family had died five days before, and preparations were being made for the funeral on the morrow. The ceremonies and performances were something after the order of an Irish "wake." A concert of the most doleful music, interspersed occasionally by the explosion of fire-crackers, was kept up through the night. Immense kettles of food were cooking on the fires, and, as the house had no chimneys, we in the second story were nearly smothered by smoke. Early the next morning we resumed our journey. The first stage was made on rafts of light bamboo poles fastened together. The stream had frequent rapids, down which we floated swiftly, though the water was often so shallow that the raft touched the stony bottom. After reaching the deeper part of the river we took boats for the remainder of the journey. Some of the Ningpo river-boats are very com-

fortable—that is, to persons who can accommodate themselves to circumstances. They are sculled by a man in the stern. In the middle of the boat is a small cabin, about ten or twelve feet long and six or seven wide, covered by a matting which droops at the sides, leaving only a narrow space in the center. Here even a short person can scarcely stand erect. In one end is a raised platform, on which we spread our beds at night. There is a little hole at each side, which, if wind and weather allow, we keep open to admit light and air; and often at evening, or when the sky is clouded, the matting overhead is pushed back, allowing an unobstructed view of the river and surrounding country. The cabin, which has usually a tiny table and one or two chairs, serves as a bedroom at night and a sitting-room by day. On our return from Snowy Valley on the occasion to which I have alluded, we were not so fortunate as to secure such comfortable boats as those I have described. We hung up screens to protect us from the wind, and spread our mattresses on the floor.

In the autumn of 1858 there was a local insurrection in the country a few miles from Ningpo, occasioned by oppression and extortion on the part of the officers. Troops were sent there, and after a short struggle the country-people were obliged to yield. Among the terms imposed upon them was the surrender of their chief and leader. This man, named S. Chu-feng, was brought to Ningpo, and for the few days previous to his execution was confined in a cage exposed to the gaze of all who cared to see him. Much sympathy was felt for him, as he was not more to blame than many others, and, in fact, the provocation was so great as almost to justify the revolt. My husband visited him in his prison and had a long conversation with him. A day or two after this interview, as Mr. Nevius was passing through a street in the city, his attention was arrested by several open baskets suspended from a pole. In each of these baskets was a gory head, and one of them he recognized as that of poor S. Chu-feng.

One day Mr. Nevius went by request to visit a prisoner at the English consulate—a man who declared himself an American citizen or an English subject, as suited his convenience. He professed to have been praying since he had been in prison, but said he “did not get any comfort.” Mr. Nevius was convinced after conversing with him that he feigned this appearance of religious interest only to awaken sympathy and get release from confinement. He exhibited as deplorable ignorance of the Bible and Christ as a heathen.

CHAPTER XIII

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE MISSION IN HANG-CHOW

DURING the year 1858 a very important meeting took place, in the north of China, between the plenipotentiaries of China and of Russia, England, France, and the United States. This meeting resulted in the formation of new treaties, securing to foreigners greatly increased privileges. We missionaries now felt that the time had come for extending our efforts to those regions from which we had until then been excluded; and while the foreign ambassadors had returned to submit the newly formed treaties to their respective governments, we were prayerfully considering in what way we might best avail ourselves of the anticipated openings. Although, as American citizens, we had no legal right to reside anywhere except at the open ports, yet, fully expecting the speedy ratification of the other treaties, which secured much more freedom, it was decided early in the year 1859 to try the practicability of commencing a new station at Hang-chow, the capital of the Chekiang province, and Mr. Nevius and I very willingly undertook this new mission.

Hang-chow is situated upon the Tsin-tang River, some distance from where it empties into the Hang-chow Bay. It is in the northern part of the province, about one hundred and thirty miles distant from Shanghai on the northeast and Ningpo on the southeast. It is a well-built city, surrounded by a wall more than thirty feet in height. Its streets, which are paved with stone, are clean and comparatively wide, and the place

has an air of respectability and importance, very different from ordinary Chinese towns. Numerous canals intersect the surrounding plain, some broad and deep, others narrow, and winding here and there like by-roads in our own country.

Boats filled with passengers or produce are seen on every hand, and many are the evidences of great productiveness in the soil and of the industry of the inhabitants. The town stands near the river, which is at high water about two miles wide. A mountain-range stretches for many miles without the walls, and a spur of this range extends into the southern part of the city. Almost as a matter of course these elevated situations have been appropriated by the Buddhists or Tauists, who have here numerous temples, or rather they once had; many of them have since been destroyed by the rebels.

The Chinese have a saying, "*Shang yiu Tien-tang. Hia yiu Su Hang*" ("Above is heaven; below are Su-chow and Hang-chow").

At the time of our residence there the population of Hang-chow was estimated at about one million; and many years before, when it was the metropolis of the empire, it must have been much greater.*

When Mr. Nevius first visited Hang-chow he was in com-

* Marco Polo, the Venetian traveler, who visited China about the year 1200, speaks of it as "preëminent above all other cities in the world in point of grandeur and beauty, as well as from its abundant delights, which might lead an inhabitant to imagine himself in Paradise." In another place, describing Si-wu, or West Lake, an artificial sheet of water just without the city wall, he says: "All around the lake are beautiful palaces and houses, so wonderfully built that nothing can surpass them. They belong to the great and noble men of the city. In the middle of the lake are two islands, on one of which stands a palace so wonderfully adorned that it seems worthy of belonging to the emperor." Such a description of the lake would at present be absurd exaggeration; but in former times, when emperors honored it by their presence, and it was the resort of the nobility of the land, it must have presented as gay and animated an appearance as one can well conceive of in China.

pany with Dr. Bradley, United States consul at Ningpo, and Mr. Russell, of the Church of England Mission. Perhaps the spice of novelty and insecurity of the tour rather added to its pleasure. They were one day visiting some place of interest in the neighborhood of the artificial lake Si-wu, when they suddenly found themselves face to face with a party of mandarins, who had come out for a row on the lake. The officers seemed much startled, and not quite pleased with the encounter; and afterward it was found impossible to obtain any services from the natives, who were evidently much in awe of the magistrates. The gentlemen, moreover, were the objects of constant surveillance, one of the ya-mun underlings following them like a shadow. (Ya-mun is the name given to the official residences.) At last, from necessity, they requested this individual to procure them a boat in which to return to Ningpo. He did so, and they started for home. To their annoyance he took them directly to a ya-mun within the city, where they were detained a long time; and it was not until after most tedious delays, and they had begun to realize the fact that they were virtually prisoners, that they were forwarded on their journey. The officers were not aware that Dr. Bradley was the United States consul, as he was traveling incognito. The gentlemen were vexed to find, one morning, that they had as traveling-companions a boat-load of criminals in chains, who were being carried from one city to another. After submitting to the annoyance for about half the distance to Ningpo, they insisted upon their escort leaving them; and after much demurring, they were allowed to proceed by themselves.

On this tour my husband made careful observations of Hang-chow and its vicinity, and was convinced that it was a most important center for missionary operations, and ought to be occupied as soon as possible.

In the latter part of February, 1859, Mr. Nevius again visited Hang-chow, and while there was so fortunate as to

find a place to which he thought he might safely take me. It was an old monastery, Loh-o-tah, four miles from the city wall. The rooms he engaged were small and dark, but he was glad to secure them until he could find better ones. Having completed the arrangements, he came to Ningpo to spend a few days, and on the 4th of April we started together for Hangchow, accompanied by two native assistants.

We left home about nine o'clock in the morning, and, favored by both wind and tide, at evening were within a few miles of the city of Yu-yiao, which I have mentioned in a previous chapter. While obliged to lie at anchor several hours, waiting a change of tide, the sight of a high hill not far off tempted Mr. Nevius to take a run on shore. Having been ferried over a branch of the river, he made his way up to the summit of a hill where there was a house which, in the dim twilight, he mistook for a Buddhist temple. It proved to be a farmer's dwelling, and its inmates were startled by the sudden apparition of a "red-haired man," as foreigners were usually called in Ningpo. However, finding he could speak their language, and had evidently come with peaceful intent, they soon became composed, and enjoyed his visit greatly. When he reached the stream on his return to the boat he found that the ferryman, who had promised to await him, had already gone. It was dark, and there were no other boats near. When he attempted to get back by a circuitous route, his progress was constantly impeded by canals and ditches. After wandering about until his patience was exhausted, he saw a light glimmering in the distance, and guided by that, he soon reached a little hamlet. Here a good-natured man ferried him across the river and piloted him to our boat, a distance of two or three miles. Such instances of true politeness are by no means uncommon among the Chinese.

On the evening of this day we were in danger from pirates. Even the rivers of China were infested by small piratical craft,

which, like the larger vessels of the same class on the coast, were often in command of dissolute foreign sailors.

We spent part of the next day at San-poh. On the morning of the 6th of April we crossed the Tsao-wo River, which empties into Hang-chow Bay. The boats in the canal on the opposite side had nearly all been impressed into government service for the purpose of carrying troops to a neighboring city which was in rebellion. This canal, between the Tsao-wo and Tsin-tang rivers, is a very fine one. It is broad, the water is deep, and its banks are much pleasanter than those of many of the rivers on the plains. Just before dark we reached Shao-hing, a large and flourishing city, containing about eight hundred thousand inhabitants.

After leaving Shao-hing our route was entirely uninteresting. The weather was bad, our boat a poor one, and we were not sorry when, at about dusk the next evening, we reached Nigiao, the terminus of the canal. Here the people were afraid to have anything to do with us. We had such difficulty in getting a boat to take us down the river that we were glad to secure one of the very poorest sort, even at an exorbitant price. It was covered by a coarse bamboo matting, supported by a pole in the center; some rough rails were spread over the bottom; it had no window or doors; in fact, no divisions or partitions from stem to stern. We improvised screens by hanging up shawls and blankets, and managed with some difficulty to put up our traveling-bedstead in such a position that we imagined we might be sheltered from the rain and wind, at least in a measure. But we had no sooner lain down to sleep than the rain forced its way through the matting and poured over our bed. The bed was moved to a drier spot, and again the relentless rain pursued and found us. We had not rain alone to contend with, for the wind whistled through every crevice, and swayed our temporary partitions in a threatening manner. We were glad when the morning dawned and this

most uncomfortable night was past. The morning was as charming as the night had been unpleasant. The storm was over; the sun shone brightly; and we were gliding rapidly down the Tsin-tang River, and approaching the end of our journey. We reached Loh-o-tah about ten in the forenoon. The monastery is small and going to decay, but its situation is lovely. It stands on the bank of the river, and is shaded by immense camphor-trees; and though but a short distance from a busy suburb, it is quiet and retired.

The chief attraction of the place is the lofty pagoda at the foot of which the monastery stands. Loh-o pagoda was built more than a thousand years ago. It has seven stories, and on each story are eight windows. It is octagonal, and over two hundred feet high. The diameter of its base is about seventy feet, and its outer walls are twelve feet in thickness. It is built of large, well-burned bricks, which have stood the storms of centuries and are still in a good state of preservation. It formerly had steps and a balustrade leading from the bottom to the top on the outside; but these have been quite destroyed by repeated strokes of lightning, and now it can only be ascended by the stairway on the inside. This tower was built in consequence of a superstitious notion that it would protect the bank from the encroachments of the river by offering resistance to a remarkable tidal wave which sweeps up the river with tremendous impetuosity.

On the day of our arrival there were crowds of worshippers, many of whom remained throughout the night, chanting, beating drums, and making prostrations. The women here seemed particularly devout. They would kneel before the idols and strike their foreheads upon the floor with such force as to produce a sound which we could hear distinctly where we were standing, twenty or thirty feet distant. After dark the pagoda was illuminated, and nothing could be more beautiful than the appearance it then presented.

The next day Rev. Mr. Burdon, of the Church of England, who was staying in the city, came out to pass the day with us. At evening we accompanied him some distance on his return, and on our way home visited a Tauist temple called Uh-hwang-miao, which crowns the summit of a hill. We met here an old Ningpo man whose case was somewhat peculiar. He had brought to this temple all his little property, the earnings of a lifetime, and in exchange was allowed to spend the remnant of his days within its sacred precincts. He had two small cells, in one of which he slept; and the other he had made an oratory, where, kneeling before a picture of his god, he spent much of his time muttering prayers and counting his beads, and frequently knocking his forehead in the way I have mentioned when alluding to women's worship in the temples. We found this devotee, though an inmate of a Tauist temple, worshipping a Buddhist deity, without supposing there could be any inconsistency in so doing. He had gone through with the performance called *ka-tou*, or knocking the head, so often that it had raised a large callous protuberance on his forehead. He was a neatly dressed, cheery old man, whose white flowing beard and venerable appearance interested us much.

While staying at the Loh-o monastery we had crowds of visitors. It was the season of the year particularly devoted to worship in the temples, which were thronged with both men and women as I had never seen them in Ningpo.

One day we, in company with Mr. Burdon, visited several temples situated within a few miles of Loh-o-tah. It was a day which I cannot forget. I never, either before or since, saw anything like the multitudes of worshipers who were wending their ways toward the different monasteries. One scene in particular burned itself into my memory. As almsgiving is considered peculiarly meritorious by votaries of the Buddhist sect, the well-known fact is taken advantage of by beggars from all parts of the country; and when the pilgrims approach



CHINESE BEGGARS PUTTING UP FOR THE NIGHT.

these sacred places they find themselves besieged by a crowd of as wretched a class of human beings as this world affords. Blind and lame, sick and starving, some crawling along the ground, some running and leaping, they constantly placed themselves in such positions that we could not possibly avoid seeing them. Horror-struck at the sight of some poor creature with a foot or a hand eaten off by disease, we would turn away, and our eyes would fall upon some monstrous deformity or heartrending sufferer. I had never even imagined such a loathsome spectacle as that of the beggars, as they lined the way for a long distance before the entrance to the Tien-choh temple. They resorted to all sorts of expedients to gain the attention of passers-by and to secure their alms. Some besought us in a plaintive tone, hard to resist, to pity and help them; others demanded our assistance in a most peremptory manner, with loud and boisterous voices. Some assumed an air of great sanctity, and, while they chanted their prayers, held out their hands to receive the *cash* which they did not doubt such extreme piety would extract even from "hearts of stone"; while others had taught their little dogs to kneel and hold a *cash*-basket suspended from their mouths, in which to collect the gifts of the charitable.

Before returning home we visited a Buddhist monastery which has since been destroyed by the rebels. It was near the city walls, and was much frequented by the citizens. It had an immense hall, containing five hundred idols. They were in size somewhat larger than a very large man, and each stood on a high pedestal. They were, as works of art, much better executed than is common in Chinese temples, and must have cost enormous sums of money.

A few days later we visited the Yuing-si monastery, situated among the hills, several miles from Hang-chow. It was more like a fashionable watering-place in Western lands than anything we had elsewhere seen in China, and did not exhibit the

evidences of decline so common in similar institutions. Behind the large buildings devoted to the idols were apartments occupied by the monks, of whom there were in all five hundred, and by guests sojourning there. The courts and corridors of this immense establishment were so many and so intricate that we could never have found our way through them without a guide. Nearly all the rooms on the second floor were used as dormitories for the priests, or for the numerous guests. In some of these rooms we noticed a most unusual article of furniture in Chinese houses, namely, a bathing-tub. The kitchen and dining-room were on an extensive scale. The former contained numbers of immense iron kettles filled with rice and vegetables boiling for dinner. After leaving the temple, as we were passing through a winding avenue of pine and bamboo trees, we met some boys with a few pretty gray squirrels, which they wished us to buy, not to carry away with us, but to set free again in order to acquire merit, which is supposed to accrue from the practice called *fang-seng* (letting go alive). A little farther on a long, large snake was offered us for the same purpose.

We were then on our way to visit an institution such as can, perhaps, be found nowhere but in China, and very seldom even there. It was an asylum for animals, connected with the monastery we had just left. Horses and donkeys, buffaloes and oxen, sheep and pigs, with fowls of every sort, are brought to this place in order to secure merit by so doing. It is supposed that animals which live and die under the fostering influence of so holy an institution as the Yuing-si monastery are in a fair way to rise high in the scale of existence in another state. It is, then, only natural that many a favorite old animal is thus given a friendly shove by those whom it has served faithfully in the past. This was not at all an agreeable place to visit, and we remained but a few moments. A little

distance from the asylum is the animals' burying-place—a deep pit, with a high wall around it.

A few days after our expedition to the Yuing-si monastery my husband received a visit from a high military officer, who was passing our temple with a large detachment of troops to encamp in the neighborhood. He was very affable, and, having had a slight acquaintance with foreigners at the open ports, was comparatively well informed concerning Western lands. When my husband returned his visit he was received with great ceremony, a line of soldiers being drawn up on each side of the walk from the outer court to the reception-room, where the *ta-jin* (great man) was seated. He was exceedingly cordial, and they conversed for an hour on a great variety of subjects, such as foreign customs and manners, ships, houses, agriculture, and firearms. Much was also said in explanation of the Christian religion and the object of our work in China. Tea and refreshments were brought in as a matter of course.

When my husband came home from the city that evening he brought me a piece of news for which I was not at all prepared. After leaving the *ya-mun* he visited an old Tauist temple within the city walls. To his surprise, when he suggested to the priest in charge to rent us a few rooms in one end of the temple, his offer was accepted. Realizing the importance of such a step, and how much depended upon it (for a foreign lady had never before lived in Hang-chow, and it was very doubtful whether it would be permitted), it was not until we had spent a day or two in serious deliberation and prayer for guidance that we came to a final decision upon it. Then, without further delay, we moved very quietly to our new quarters. I went in a closed sedan, and we reached our new home without molestation, though a few curious glances from persons whom we met made me aware that I was noticed as a foreigner. Mr. Burdon had returned to Shanghai, so that

we were quite alone, there being no other foreigners nearer than Ningpo and Shanghai. The Tauist temple of which our rooms were a part was a forlorn old building, but its situation was charming. Although only a few moments' walk from some of the most populous parts of the city, it was as quiet as the country. It stood on almost the highest point of the hill, and commanded an extended view. Before us lay the city spread out like a map, and beyond it flowed the broad Tsin-tang River, with blue hills bounding the horizon in the distance. Our presence becoming known, we began to receive visits from many of the common people, and also from persons connected with the ya-muns. These were invariably respectful; but they seemed to find it difficult to understand the motive which had brought us there, or by what authority we had ventured to settle among them.

Some of our Chinese friends suggested that if my husband should follow the native custom, and pay his respects to the officers, our position would be less doubtful in the eyes of the people. He did so, and his reception was all that could have been desired. One of the chief officers asked a great many questions. "How much money do you spend in the course of the year? Do you pay the Chinese for becoming Christians, and if so, how much? Do you keep a record of the names of the converts? How do you know that when you have their names you also have their hearts?" he asked, and also whether there were any Christians in Hang-chow. Before Mr. Nevius had completed his tour of the ya-muns the officers began to return his visits. As I was only the "mean woman of the inner apartment," it was not to be thought of that in my husband's absence I should venture to entertain his guests; therefore they only left their cards and departed. Toward evening, after Mr. Nevius's return, he received the supreme judge, who sat a long while and conversed very affably. He inquired if we were acting by the authority and consent of our

king in thus coming to live in Hang-chow. These interviews afforded an opportunity to give much information concerning our object in coming to China, the Christian religion, and other important matters, and the result was very favorable in many ways. We were fortunate in having with us a servant who, from long connection with ya-muns, was perfectly accustomed to the required etiquette in intercourse with officials.

One day, while calling upon a certain mandarin, Mr. Nevius chanced to remark that the flavor of the tea he was drinking was peculiarly fine. No sooner were the words uttered than the officer replied, "I shall give myself the pleasure of presenting you some." In the course of a day or two a box of the same sort was brought us, with the officer's compliments. Now this seems a very trifling thing; but in fact it was only the beginning of a rather onerous exchange of courtesies. When the officer was calling in person a few days later, he espied a common lithograph—which, by the way, Mr. Nevius had hoped might take the fancy of his expected guest, as it did—and upon his expressing his admiration of the picture, he was at once told that he must accept it as a present. It was now his turn to feel that he had been somewhat indiscreet in his praises; but he took the picture, and we should have been glad if that had been the end of it. But no; soon after he left, an inferior officer arrived from his ya-mun, bringing with him two coolies, who carried between them a burden consisting of six hams and eight boxes of very choice tea. We should gladly have declined the proffered gift, but the messenger insisted upon leaving it, saying that his master would be much offended and very indignant should any part of it be returned. Mr. Nevius thought it best to accept the civility, though well aware that one object of such unbounded generosity was to secure some valuable foreign article in return. In accordance with the Chinese custom, he presented the messenger and the coolies each with a sum of money, and returned with his

thanks the message that "as soon as he could obtain it from Shanghai, he should present the *ta-jin* with a spy-glass, as an insignificant token of his appreciation of his distinguished regard." In due time the spy-glass arrived, and was presented as had been promised.

After the interchange of visits with the officers we met with only respectful treatment from all quarters; and from our pleasant experience in Hang-chow, we felt more than ever its desirableness as a mission station. We were obliged to go to Ningpo for a time, but before leaving made arrangements to come back in the course of a few weeks. Our rooms, having no glass windows, and being in every way much dilapidated, needed many repairs; and Mr. Wang, the owner of the temple, willingly consented that Mr. Nevius should make any alterations which we thought necessary. This Mr. Wang was a very singular character. Though a direct descendant of one of the gods of our temple, he was not in any respect godlike. On his first visit he assumed a decidedly superior manner, as became a person of such exalted lineage; but after conversing for a short time he seemed to feel the assumption of such dignity fatiguing, and became more natural and agreeable. When we left for Ningpo, he, together with a crowd of two or three hundred persons, came to see us off.

On our journey back to Ningpo we had, one night, an unpleasant experience. In consequence of over-fatigue, I became very ill. When we arrived at a place where we were obliged to leave one boat and go some little distance to another, I was unable to walk; and my kind husband took me in his strong arms and carried me himself, only to find that the canal being low, the boats were lying in deeper water several miles farther away. Mr. Nevius, however, found a small, dirty sampan, in the bottom of which we spread our mattress, and in that we continued our journey.

After remaining a week or two in Ningpo, Mr. Nevius re-

turned to Hang-chow to begin repairs on our house. Our landlord, supposing from our anxiety to remain in the city that we would give almost any rent which he chose to demand, became very troublesome; so much so that Mr. Nevius found rooms in another temple. It was not until he thought he was in danger of losing us altogether that he became more reasonable, and consented to a written agreement to lease us the house for a term of years, at only a fair and just compensation. He was also difficult to please in the contemplated improvements. However, at length carpenters and masons were at work, and the dark old rooms, with board floors, whitewashed walls, and glass windows, assumed a more cheerful appearance.

CHAPTER XIV

SECOND SOJOURN IN HANG-CHOW

THE favorable reception we had met on our first visit at Hang-chow seemed sufficient evidence of the practicability of missionary families residing there; and when we returned the second time, it was with the expectation of making it our home. For this reason it was necessary to carry with us articles for housekeeping. A few vessels were constantly going from Ningpo to Hang-chow by sea; and although we were aware that that route was not considered quite safe, we thought it better to risk it than to go by the usual overland journey, which was always fatiguing, and, on account of having so much freight, would also be very expensive. We left Ningpo on Monday, the 27th of June, 1859. Our boat was a rough but strong little craft, which, when our tables, chairs, bookcases, etc., had been stowed away in it, was somewhat crowded. The second evening we encountered a fearful gale; and had not our boatmen been well acquainted with the route, we might not have weathered it. We ran on, notwithstanding the storm, until we reached a safe anchorage, where we passed the night. The next forenoon we had sailed only a short distance when we came to anchor, as the boatmen insisted upon waiting until the next day, when the higher tide would make it safer to pass the shoals which lay before us in our course.

At the mouth of the Tsin-tang River occurs the phenomenon of the bore, or tidal wave, seen, I believe, in such size in only

two or three other localities. I will quote from my husband's journal :

“ June 29th. We are now just outside the point where the remarkable tidal wave commences to form, and the anxiety of the boatmen is excited to an unexpected degree. They insist upon remaining at this place until to-morrow, when the tide, being a little higher, will make the passage more practicable. Our boat has been lying up on the mud all day, and in order to gain a better shelter from the sun, we have spent several hours in a temple close by. In the cool of the evening we enjoyed a delightful ramble on the hill above us, where we had a fine view of the bay and the islands which intersperse it. When we returned from our walk we found the boatmen sacrificing to the deities of the place, in order to secure their assistance and protection for our anticipated journey on the morrow. After tea I found them very interested hearers while I spoke to them of the power and omnipresence of Him who controls all creatures and events, and of salvation through the Redeemer.”

“ Thursday, June 30th. We were told that one tide would certainly sweep us from Ken-p'u to Hang-chow ; but here we are laid up on the mud again about fifty *li* [seventeen miles] from our destination. This morning the wind was against us, and the boatmen seemed afraid either to propose to detain us another day or to proceed on their way. Though they had already engaged two additional men who professed to be familiar with the passage, they here hired another man from the shore, supposed to be a still better pilot. Not far from our last night's anchorage the bay suddenly contracts, and the tide, being rapidly forced into a smaller compass, rushes into the channel with great rapidity. When it meets with opposing winds, sharp, angry waves are formed. The water in some places foams and boils in a furious manner ; the helmsman watches with eagerness the motions of the pilot, who is taking soundings with his bamboo pole, ready to give the alarm

of shoals and point out the way to avoid them. This route is only practicable at spring tides, and then the water on the bar is not much more than ten feet deep. Boats come down with the ebb without cargoes, drawing generally only two or three feet. As we lost some of the tide while waiting outside one of the shoals for the water to rise, we found we could not reach Hang-chow, and stopped at this place about 3 P.M., because it affords a mooring for boats which is somewhat protected from the bore. I have been on shore twice, and made some attempts to talk with the people, which were, however, very unsatisfactory, on account of the difference of our dialects."

"Friday, July 1st. Last night was a time long to be remembered. We waited for the tide until past midnight. Our boat, which was resting high and dry on the beach, several feet above low water, was bound to its place by cables on different sides, in anticipation, apparently, of some sudden emergency. About one o'clock we heard a low, rumbling sound in the distance, growing louder and louder, and giving sure notice of the approach of the tidal wave. This at spring tide comes in with a crest ten or twelve feet high. Ten minutes intervened between our first hearing the wave and its appearance. As it came foaming along the shore and passed quickly by us, with its hoarse, deep sound, the scene was exceedingly grand. The water sprang up about us as if by magic, and in an instant our boat was afloat, and we were borne along at railroad speed. It being nearly morning, I went below to get a little sleep; but in a few minutes the pilot gave the alarm of an unexpected shoal. The anchor was dropped with all despatch, to keep us from drifting upon it. (A peculiar kind of anchor is used here, and the only one that can be depended upon; as any other, native or foreign, will drag.) Running out on deck, I found that our anchor was down and our sails filled, the wind being strong against the tide; with both these we were barely able to hold our position. There was only about a foot

of water under our keel. Our situation was one of great peril. We were in danger, in case the boat struck, of being instantly capsized, especially if it received the force of the current on its side. It was dark, but the pilot knew the direction in which the channel was. To sail for it, though the wind was strong and favorable, was out of the question, as the tide took us so much faster than the wind could. The plan adopted was that of raising the anchor a little, so as to let it drag slowly, and turn the helm so as to throw the bow over toward the channel. In this way we worked gradually into deeper water, and were soon out of danger. This was a half-hour of the most painful suspense. Though I have encountered several storms at sea, I never felt a sense of such imminent danger. The boatmen declared that we were 'saved by a very, very little,' and attributed it all to the protection of Jesus. They had evidently for the time forgotten their idolatrous offerings.

"We have at last reached our destination, and find the place still open to us and everything in as quiet and favorable a condition as we could have expected."

The morning after our arrival our boatmen came to see us. They seemed much impressed by our preservation from death the night previous, and said they were sure it must have been owing to the protection of Him to whom they knew we prayed for help. They told us that one of the boats which had been in company with us part of the way had capsized, and several of those on board had been drowned.

As we could bring only a limited supply of food with us from Ningpo, and had few conveniences for cooking, we both suffered in health for the want of something wholesome to eat. Our servants were much distressed because they could not provide us better food. One morning they were attempting to bake some "griddle-cakes," and in spite of all their efforts the cakes would stick. "What shall we do? Mrs. Nevius must have something to eat!" exclaimed the cook. "Well,"

replied the other, "we are told that if we pray, God can hear us; and maybe, if we ask him to help about these cakes, he will do so." Whereupon one went off by himself and prayed. When the cakes were brought to the table they certainly were a great improvement upon the previous ones.

Before removing to our rooms in the temple on the hill, two official placards warning any one against molesting us were given us by the officers, to be posted on the outside of our gate. We were glad to have them, though they seemed hardly needed, as the people were so kindly disposed. We had many visitors, and the Sunday services were attended by as quiet and orderly a congregation as is usual in older stations. Everything had thus far been so favorable that we felt greatly encouraged and very thankful that our steps had been directed to such a hopeful and interesting field of usefulness. We were consequently much surprised one evening, when we had been there but a short time, to hear that Mr. Wang, our landlord, had been summoned to appear before the authorities in consequence of having rented his house to foreigners. He was questioned as to his connection with us, and seems to have been greatly alarmed and completely cowed. When an official, in a thundering tone, said to him, "Do you know what decapitation means?" he replied, "I ought to die." Supposing that merely a hint of such a nature would have the desired effect, the landlord was dismissed, with a command to request us to leave Hang-chow. But Wang, who was a strange mixture of temerity and cowardice, of generosity and avarice, influenced by a strong desire to receive the rent which we paid for our rooms, urged us to give no attention to the message of the officers.

We met with no other interference for some time after this; but there was a rumor afloat all through the city to the effect that there had been a great battle, at the north of China, between the Chinese and foreigners, in which several English

gunboats had been destroyed and many lives lost. Our servants were constantly urged to leave us, as our countries were at war. We did not know what all this meant, but felt so sure that it could not be true that the Chinese had gained a victory over the English that we gave but little attention to the rumor. One afternoon, about the middle of July, Mr. Nevius came into my room with such a grave and anxious countenance that I knew he must have bad news. He had just received a letter from Mr. Rankin, at Ningpo, confirming the report which had reached us from native sources. It appeared from his letter that the French, English, and Americans had all been engaged in the attack upon the Taku forts, and had there suffered a disastrous defeat. Our position was now very embarrassing. My husband, the same afternoon, called upon the *che-hien*, or district magistrate, but was told that he was "not at home." Not believing this to be true, Mr. Nevius requested to be informed just when he could have an interview, as his business was important. Thereupon a subordinate made his appearance, and, acting evidently for his superior, assured him that though we could not be permitted to reside permanently in Hang-chow, if we desired to remain a few days longer we should not be molested. We felt from the first that it would be better for us, not only on account of our influence, but also for our safety, not to exhibit timidity. Accordingly we went out to walk and ride just as usual.

When we returned from a stroll the evening after receiving the news mentioned above, we found a letter from Mr. William Martin, written at Tientsin. He had been a spectator of the attack upon the Taku forts by the combined forces of the English and the French. We were greatly relieved to find from him that our own government was not involved in the difficulties, and that though the American treaty had not yet been ratified, it undoubtedly would be within a few days, as the legation was on the point of leaving for Peking, where no difficulty

was apprehended. Feeling that under these circumstances there was no necessity for our immediate departure, we determined at least to await some further developments.

The following day, as our family were at morning prayers, we heard a commotion in the court below, and a priest belonging to our temple came rushing in to tell us that Mr. Wang had been seized by five underlings from a *ya-mun*, and that they were then dragging him off down the hill. Hereupon the servant, Hiao-fong, went in pursuit. In a short time he returned in triumph, having rescued Wang. The five "braves," seeing they had been discovered, and probably fearing the foreigner himself might make his appearance, let go their hold of Wang and retreated precipitately *ya-mun*-ward.

That morning Mr. Nevius addressed a letter to the *che-hien*, informing him of the reliable news we had received from Tientsin, and expressing the hope that, as Americans, we might be allowed the privilege of remaining in Hang-chow. The same afternoon the supreme judge again called, and we were somewhat encouraged by his visit to hope for a continuance of good feeling on the part of the officers. On the morrow Mr. Nevius received a very polite and carefully worded letter from the district magistrate. He still urged our return to Ningpo as necessary in the present disturbed state of public feeling, and also upon the ground that by remaining we made him liable to reprimand or punishment from his superiors. He suggested that at another time the question of a permanent residence might be taken under consideration.

The easiest way of solving our difficulties would have been to yield at once to the wish of the authorities. But there were several important reasons why we did not do so. The officers, by their kindly interchange of civilities a few weeks before, had given a tacit consent to our residence in Hang-chow. Allowing ourselves to be driven away when our countries were still on friendly terms we believed would have an unfavorable effect

upon the people, and would necessitate the return of the native assistants and the abandonment of our mission. It was likely, also, that in case of our absence, all natives who had been connected with us, either as teachers, workmen, or merely friends, would suffer in consequence; while as yet, with the exception of our landlord, Wang, none of them had been interfered with. We were, moreover, hoping to receive favorable news from the north which would induce even the officers to be willing to allow us to remain; while yielding too readily would embolden them to pursue a like course in any future attempts to settle among them. The heat of summer was at that time—the latter part of July—intense, and to make the journey across the country would have been at great risk to health. Mr. Nevius, in reply to the letter of the district magistrate, referred to some of the above-mentioned reasons for our stay, and urged that we might at least be permitted to wait until the weather became cooler; but still promised to leave immediately if they insisted upon it. To this communication no answer was returned; and construing silence into consent, we decided to remain.

We received letters from our friends both at Shanghai and Ningpo fully approving of our course, and expressing the hope that we would not leave unless it should be absolutely necessary to do so. Mr. Wang was a second time arrested and confined in prison. One day he was called before the magistrate and sentenced to be beaten. He begged that the sentence might not be executed, and was granted three days' reprieve. If at the end of that time we should not have left the city, he was told he need expect no further mercy. But we received certain significant intimations from various quarters that a sum of money would be efficacious not only in gaining Wang's release, but in amicably arranging our other difficulties. One of our servants went almost daily to visit Wang in prison. We were glad to be assured that our ease-loving landlord was con-

fined in a comfortable room outside the common prison, and that, as he had a sufficient allowance of good food, his position was by no means intolerable. He never received the threatened beating. Notwithstanding his imprisonment, he still seemed desirous to have us remain, and occasionally sent us messages to that effect.

It soon became known through the city that our residence there was against the wishes of the officers. And, unfortunately for us, there was just then a remarkable excitement all through the country with reference to the coolie trade. This odious traffic had been carried on to some extent at the open ports by foreigners, and there had no doubt been some cases of kidnapping. But so greatly had the truth been exaggerated that it was believed by many that all foreigners were implicated in the outrage. There was a book printed and distributed broadcast, with the avowed object of warning people against the danger of being captured and carried away to a fate even worse than slavery.

The story was somewhat as follows: The writer professed to be a doctor from the province of Kwang-tung, who, with several hundred other unfortunates, was kidnapped and carried on board a vessel bound for a foreign land. Their sufferings during the voyage were represented as horrible in the extreme. On arriving at port the captives were consigned to a kind of prison or pen, in which place they were fed like so many animals fattening for slaughter; and each day a certain number of those who were in the best condition were led out to execution. And what was the object of this heartrending cruelty? It was this: the bodies of all those who thus suffered death were, by some mysterious process known only to the "outside barbarians," to be *manufactured into opium!* From this fate the author of the tract was saved in the following manner: A high officer of the "outside country" was taken violently ill, and his disease baffled the skill of his medical attendants.

As he was lying at the point of death, the captive physician said to his jailer, "I am well acquainted with his Excellency's malady, and also with its cure." These words were repeated in the presence of the sick person, who at once commanded the physician to be summoned. He was so entirely successful in his treatment that in a few days the patient was perfectly well. But the doctor was remanded back to prison, and would soon have been led forth to share the fate of his wretched companions had he not thought of a fortunate expedient. He informed the jailer that, just one year from the time of his first attack, the officer would have a return of his illness, which in all probability would prove fatal. Before night this rumor had reached the ears of the officer. Again he summoned the physician, and, trembling with alarm, demanded to know in what way he could ward off the threatened danger, or, in case of its appearance, what remedy he should use to save his life. The doctor assured him that it would not be possible to avoid the recurrence of the attack, and that there was but one remedy which could prevent a fatal termination; and that one remedy, a small quantity of which he had brought with him from the "Middle Kingdom," had all been consumed in the first illness. "What is the medicine, and where can it be procured?" cried the officer, almost palsied with fear. "It grows only in one spot—a mountain-side in my native place, near the city of —, in China," answered the doctor. "Return at once to the place you speak of; procure the remedy I need, and bring it hither," commanded the officer. "A ship awaits you; delay not an hour."

The doctor needed no second order; and before night, in a well-appointed foreign ship, with an excellent commander and crew, he was sailing toward the land of his birth. He was treated with the greatest deference, each person on the ship striving to win his favor; and he scarcely realized that he was the same individual who, a few days before, had lain a hope-

less prisoner among the opium captives, in the country of the "outside barbarians." After a favorable passage they landed near the city of ——. On leaving the ship he assured the captain that he would only be absent as long as was necessary to secure the required medicine. Directing his steps toward a range of blue mountains in the distance, he was soon out of sight of the ship, and once more he was free! Oh, the bliss of that moment! Only a person who, like him, has but just escaped from the horrible fate of being killed and made into opium, and then either smoked or eaten, can possibly imagine it! This narrative of personal experience produced a profound impression.

It was also reported and believed that foreigners were impressing the natives into their army to fight against their own people at the north; that, once in their power, the Chinese were obliged to submit to the indignity of having their cues cut off and their faces whitened, after which a potion was given them by which they were completely deprived of the power of speech.

Another fiction became current in the city. Seeming to consider it impossible that one man alone should dare to offer resistance to the will of their rulers, many of the common people believed that Mr. Nevius had a regiment of soldiers drilling on the hills near our house. When it began to be known that we were thinking of going to Shanghai or Ningpo, they surmised that it was only to lead back a large body of troops with which to redress our injuries.

While such absurd and incongruous stories were being circulated it was not surprising that the feelings and manner of the people changed somewhat toward us. It gave us peculiar sensations to find ourselves suspected of such monstrous crimes. But in these trying circumstances our Chinese friends and servants behaved admirably. They fully identified themselves with us, and were constantly on the watch to guard

against possible dangers. We were glad, also, to find that the silly stories I have mentioned above were not by any means credited by all; and every day we received visitors as kind and sociable as ever.

Our Sunday services continued to be well attended, and there were many indications that if we could only in any way retain our position until the storm should blow over, our mission would have most encouraging prospects. The Russian treaty, which was already in operation, guaranteed the right of itinerating through the country for the purpose of preaching the gospel, but not of permanent residence. From our own treaty, notwithstanding the "favored nation" clause, we could expect but little help; and England and France, from whom we had anticipated greatly enlarged privileges, were then engaged in actual war with China. The uncertainty in which we were obliged so long to remain was as hard to bear as the actual danger to which we were constantly exposed. The officers, though acknowledging that our governments were in friendly relations, assured us that as their people could not distinguish us from the English or French, it would not be possible for them to protect us in case of an attack, even should they desire to do so.

We were not at all surprised, in the latter part of August, to receive from our friend Dr. Bradley, United States consul at Ningpo, a letter telling us he had received a communication through the Ningpo *tas-tai*, from the lieutenant-governor residing at Hang-chow, informing him that "a certain American citizen by the name of 'Nee' [Nevius] had come to live within his jurisdiction, and refused to leave, though repeatedly requested to do so." Together with Dr. Bradley's private letter to us was a formidable document addressed to the lieutenant-governor. In it, while assuring him that the Mr. "Nee" who was dwelling in his city was altogether an unobjectionable character, he acknowledged that we had at that time no treaty

right to reside there. He asked that, as a matter of friendly courtesy, we might be allowed to remain until the hot weather should be so moderated as to make our return less dangerous. Dr. Bradley strongly advised us, in case there were not a friendly response from the lieutenant-governor in answer to his communication, to leave at once. We waited several days after this in the hope of the desired reply; but as none was received, we felt constrained to yield to our consul's request. By this time the "coolie excitement" had greatly abated and the war at the north received much less attention. Confidence in us was gradually returning; and in these respects there seemed no necessity for our leaving. On our last Sunday we had the most interesting service of any while in Hang-chow. It was held in our Chinese reception-room. There were present at least fifty very respectable men, and a number of women sat with me in an adjoining room, where we could hear without being seen. We had at this time numerous visitors, to whom we were careful to explain not only the truths of Christianity, but very particularly our object in coming to Hang-chow and our reasons for leaving there. We were certain that by many this was perfectly understood, and that there was less danger of our leaving a wrong impression than if we had gone when first requested to do so.

We had, moreover, the satisfaction of feeling that our stay in Hang-chow had not been without the results most dear to a missionary's heart—actual conversions. Several persons, we thought, gave evidence of true faith in Jesus. One of these was a woman by the name of Su. Her husband was an artisan in easy circumstances. I felt from the first much attracted to her, she was so gentle and affectionate. She had for years been longing for just such a religion as that of Jesus, having been altogether unsatisfied with their own false systems. She felt herself sinful and undeserving; and unspeakably precious to her was the offer of a Saviour. I think she loved the Lord

Jesus as soon as she heard of him, and a new world of light and beauty opened before her. She came to me frequently with wondering questions, some of which I could not answer. It seemed strange to her that people having a knowledge of Christ could so long have failed to give that knowledge to others. I can never forget my last interview with her. Overcome with fatigue from preparations for our journey, I was lying down to rest, and she came in and sat beside me. She was very sad, and aside from regret at our going, evidently was depressed in mind from some other cause. Presently she said: "Nee S-mu [Mrs. Nevius], I wish to ask you two questions before you go. Do tell me, when I get to heaven, shall I meet my ancestors there, and my little children who died years ago?" She added: "You know my ancestors never heard of Jesus, and so they could not believe in him; but will he not save them, notwithstanding?" I was much distressed, and for a moment could not reply. But then I told her that we must leave such matters as we could not understand entirely with God; that since he had so loved us as to give his dear Son to die for us, we must never on any account doubt his love, nor his justice, nor his goodness. I assured her that I had not a doubt that, if she through grace should reach the home of the blessed, she would find her lost darlings awaiting her. An expression of great sweetness illumined her countenance. I love to think of her as she appeared at that time. It seemed as if she was then experiencing some of the happy effects of that faith which is the "evidence of things not seen." I felt a strong conviction that if we should never meet again on earth, we might hope to meet hereafter. She continued to attend services at the house of our native assistants until they left the city, after which for a long time we completely lost sight of her. When the rebels captured the city, she and her family effected their escape. Seven years afterward, when some of our native preachers were visiting a village in the dis-

trict of Ningpo, they were told that there was a woman in the place who did not worship idols, and who believed the same kind of doctrine as that they preached, and that she taught her children to kneel and pray to an unseen God. The natives were much interested in this account, and went at once to visit the woman, and found that she was Mrs. Su, our Hang-chow friend. From the time of our assistants' leaving there she had never met a foreigner, or received any religious instruction whatever. But through all those dreary years passed among those who knew nothing of Christianity, and who practised only idolatry, she had kept the faith, and was still "clinging to Jesus." Of course there was much darkness and ignorance to be removed, but not long after she was thus accidentally discovered she received baptism, and became a member of one of the Ningpo churches. The "bread cast upon the waters" during those trying months spent in Hang-chow was "found again after many days." At least one other person dates his conversion to instruction received at the same time.

Our experience in Hang-chow confirmed us in the impression we had previously formed of its comparative healthfulness.

In preparing to return to Ningpo, we decided to leave behind us all heavy articles of furniture; both because it would be difficult to transport them across the country, and in order that they might be there ready for use whenever we should be permitted to come back.

When the day was fixed for our departure, Mr. Nevius sent his card to the officers, informing them of his intention, and received theirs in return. Thus, notwithstanding the peculiar relations we had sustained toward the officials, we parted friends. On the day we left, a large number of people collected to see us off. Many expressed earnest desires that we should speedily return, and seemed really to regret our going. We left our rooms in charge of a native; the two assistants remained in their own hired house; and everything was so

kindly ordered that we could scarcely realize that we had been driven away. Yet so it was; and our dream of life and work in Hang-chow was over.

But being obliged to leave just when we did, though it seemed to us so unfortunate, was really a very marked providence; for it was not long after this that the Tai-ping insurgents captured the city, at which time there occurred scenes of such atrocity and cruelty as we never could have endured to witness. Nearly all our acquaintances either fled from the city or were killed or captured. It is thought that not far from twenty thousand people were massacred. Dead bodies were lying on every side in the streets or in the houses. Those who succeeded in making their escape and reaching some place of safety with their lives only considered themselves fortunate.

The temple of which our rooms were a wing was burned to the ground, while, strange to say, our part remained uninjured. A native who visited it brought us word that it was occupied by the rebel commander as his headquarters, and that the troops were making themselves very much at home with everything we had left behind us.

We were grieved to learn that the kindly disposed military officer whom I have mentioned as calling upon my husband during our first visit, while we were staying at the Loh-o-tah, met his death soon after the rebels attacked the city. He was killed as he was leading a company of soldiers out through a gate to meet the enemy. He was a brave, good officer, as well as a very agreeable and intelligent gentleman. The rebels retained the city only a few days, when it was recaptured by the imperialists.

The commanding position of our house led to its being again chosen as the residence of a military officer. We heard occasionally of it from persons coming from Hang-chow, though for a long while, owing to the greatly disturbed state of the country, communication was very infrequent. At length news

reached us that our old house was in ruins, having been burned to the ground. Our losses in consequence were considerable; but that we regarded as a trifling matter compared with our great disappointment in being obliged to relinquish a station of so great importance. Still, in looking back to that period, I feel that we had abundant cause for gratitude. From our perilous journey up the Hang-chow Bay, all through those days and nights of uncertainty and danger, we were conscious that our Heavenly Father was watching over and protecting us; and we experienced true happiness in the privilege of "enduring hardness" for Christ's cause.

CHAPTER XV

SOJOURN IN JAPAN

ON going back to Ningpo, at the end of August, 1859, Mr. Nevius resumed charge of the boys' boarding-school and also of the church.

While we were still living in Hang-chow we had received an appointment from our society at home to go, in company with Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn, to begin a new station in Japan. Although we were not prepared, even after we were driven from Hang-chow, at once to accept this appointment, it was decided in June of 1860 that, in consideration of the doctor's imperative advice, we should spend a few months in Japan, leaving the question of remaining there or coming back to China to be decided in the future.

At a meeting of the Ningpo Presbytery, Mr. Nevius had been appointed to prepare a "Compendium of Systematic Theology"—a work much needed by the theological students and others. It was almost impossible, amid the constant interruptions to which he was liable at Ningpo, to find the time necessary for the accomplishment of the task assigned him, and a temporary sojourn elsewhere was for this reason most opportune.

We took passage for Shanghai, *en route* for Japan, in a little vessel called the "Heather Bell." On the second night we anchored at Wusung. We counted nearly a dozen French ships of war lying at anchor not far from us. They swarmed with soldiers many of whom were Manillamen—miserable-

looking objects, wrapped up in their blankets, as if suffering from the cold, although it was already June.

We found our foreign friends at Shanghai very uneasy, on account of an anticipated attack from the insurgents, who were near them. On the day of our arrival, two hundred men were taken on suspicion of being rebels, and would at once have been put to death as such had not the French interfered and insisted on the captives having a fair trial. It was proved upon investigation that they were, as they asserted, a detachment of disbanded imperialist soldiers.

There was a report that Su-chow, the capital of the province, had already been captured by the insurgents, in consequence of which business in the foreign settlement was nearly suspended. Few ships were offering for Japan, and we were detained about two weeks before sailing, when we were so fortunate as to secure a passage direct for Yokohama in a large English ship, the "Challenger." We were about a week in going from Shanghai to Yokohama by the outside passage.

The night before we reached Japan we were in much danger, as the captain was uncertain as to his position, and the night was dark and foggy. But when the morning dawned we found ourselves in mid-channel, and fairly in the Yeddo Bay, with the "Country of the Rising Sun" spread out before us. Kanagawa and Yokohama were plainly in sight on the shore. Behind them rose a succession of low, undulating hills; while apparently near, though in reality seventy miles distant, towered the snow-capped Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan. This is an extinct volcano, in shape a perfect cone, in height over fourteen thousand feet. At evening, as the setting sun gilds the clouds and mists which rest upon its summit, its "purple robes of gold and violet" seem indeed a fitting mantle for this prince of mountains. And when at dawn of day the whole mountain-side is tinted with a roseate hue, it is no less beautiful. Look when you will, it is always

lovely and always fascinating, and I do not wonder at the reverence and affection with which the Japanese regard it.

Kanagawa, which is only seventeen miles distant from Tokyo, was a small village, important only as offering a good anchorage and being in close proximity to the capital. Its situation upon the Tokaido, the main road—which runs through the empire, and which is much frequented by daimios and their suites going to or returning from Yeddo [Tokyo]—made it so objectionable to the natives as the site for a foreign town that foreigners were, after a short time, obliged to remove to Yokohama, across the bay, two and a half miles distant by water and four and a half by land. While we were in Japan the American consul and missionaries were still residing in Kanagawa, though most of the residents and the other consuls had already left there. The mercantile community consisted chiefly of branch establishments from firms in Shanghai and Hongkong, and also a rapidly increasing native population.

Soon after the "Challenger" anchored in Yeddo Bay, Mr. Nevius went on shore, first to Yokohama and afterward to Kanagawa, where he had no difficulty in finding our missionary friends. For several weeks after our arrival in Japan we lived with Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn in Jo-bu-ts-gee. This was a native temple which had been repaired and remodeled, so that it was both comfortable and pleasant. In a house adjoining it lived Rev. S. R. Brown, D.D., and his family, and an American Baptist missionary had a house in a corner of the same compound.

Very soon after reaching Japan we commenced the study of the language; not, perhaps, with the energy and interest we should have felt had we been certain of living there permanently, but with such good success as to enable us, in a few months, to know enough of it to use in necessary intercourse with the natives. Our knowledge of Chinese was of some assistance, as, though the two languages are very different,

Japanese scholars understand a certain amount of the Chinese character. When sore pressed for the meaning of a word, my teacher would turn to it in a Chinese dictionary, or write it himself. If I did not recognize it I would carry it to my husband, and in this way we usually managed to solve our difficulties.

Although Mr. Nevius gave a little time daily to the study of Japanese, he was principally engaged in his Chinese work, which, under such favorable circumstances, progressed rapidly.

On July 3d Mr. Nevius wrote to his mother:

"We have found a new home in Japan, and in many respects a pleasant home it is. We have told you of Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn before. The doctor is a most excellent, sensible, and earnest man, and Mrs. Hepburn is a charming woman and a perfect housekeeper. When I first entered the house I was struck with the taste everywhere displayed. It is an old temple fitted up somewhat in foreign style. The partitions are thoroughly Japanese—sliding screens nicely papered on both sides; there is not a door inside of the house. The floor is also Japanese—soft-stuffed mats, nice and clean. Glass windows and venetians have been added, and also chairs, tables, beds, and wardrobes—all foreign to the Japanese.

"The servants are quick to learn, and are active and pleasant. They walk rapidly and noiselessly through the house without shoes, sliding back the light partitions. . . .

"As for food, we get on admirably, though we were told in Shanghai that we should have to live principally on fish and rice. The country is beautiful, and is intersected in all directions by passable roads. There are no means of comfortable conveyance but horseback-riding, and fortunately horses are plenty and cheap. . . .

"We expect certainly to spend the summer and autumn here, and perhaps it will be our future home. We cannot decide this question yet, but hope the way of duty will be made plain before long. . . .

“ It seems strange for me to have so much leisure, and I can now give up my whole time to study. We have commenced Japanese, and think we shall enjoy it much. If we should be obliged to remain here we should not at all feel that the time we have spent in the study of Chinese has been lost. . . .

“ We have two English services on Sunday, one here in Kanagawa, and one in Yokohama, where most of the merchants live. Dr. S. R. Brown and I expect to take these services in turn. . . .”

The country in the immediate vicinity of Kanagawa has a mild sort of beauty. It is not nearly so wild and diversified as the hilly region back from Ningpo, nor does it equal Hangchow; but still there is a freshness and softness in the landscape not often seen elsewhere.

The trees of Japan seemed to us more beautiful than any we had ever seen elsewhere; but perhaps that was because they so much excelled in variety and size those to which we had been accustomed in China. Oaks, pines, maples, and bamboos are only a few of the numerous varieties used either for timber or for shade in the vicinity of Kanagawa.

The vegetables of Japan were so numerous that it seemed as if in this department little more could be desired. Rice, cotton, millet, wheat, etc., are extensively grown.

The simple enumeration of the fruit-trees of Japan, as of China, would give an idea of delicious and abundant fruit, while the fact is that practically there was little in either country fit to be eaten. They have peaches, pears, plums, apricots, oranges, lemons, figs, etc. The grapes of Japan were comparatively good, and so also were persimmons and some kinds of melons.

There was at that time an abundance of wild game in the region of Yeddo. In passing through paddy-fields or near them we frequently came close upon great numbers of white and gray storks four or five feet tall. They, as well as the wild-fowl, were very tame, as they might well be, feeling secure

of their lives, go where they might. There was a stringent law forbidding the killing of birds or animals within twenty miles of Yeddo—an exception being made, I fancy, allowing the slaughter of the human species, foreigners at least, whenever a Japanese felt inclined to try his skill as a marksman or to test the temper of his sword.

As to the people of Japan, the opinion which we formed of them so long ago has never changed. There is a certain shrewdness and vivacity and readiness to learn of others in which they undoubtedly are superior to the Chinese; but in most respects I think the inhabitants of the "Middle Kingdom" are fully their equals. The fact that the Japanese in the ages past have looked up to the Chinese as their instructors and models, and have adopted from China not only the written language and literature, but also a whole system of ethics, proves their own estimate of their relative positions. In this they were scarcely likely to be mistaken.

It was our custom while in Japan, after spending the day in study, to go out toward evening for about two hours' recreation. We occasionally crossed the bay in a boat to Yokohama, and sometimes rode off, in quiet country paths, over the hills or through the valleys. Then again we would take a canter on the wide, homelike Tokaido—homelike, however, only as regards the comparatively wide, smooth road.

Here and there on the Tokaido were guard-houses, with yaconins in waiting. Whenever we approached these places our groom was sure to come up and place his hand upon the bridle of one of our horses; not for our protection, but to show that he belonged to us, so that the yaconins would not molest him. The abject, cringing manner with which the common people thirty years ago approached these lordly, two-sworded men was pitiable. They sometimes almost crawled, while the yaconins received this homage as only their natural right.

During all the time of our stay in Japan the lives of foreign-

ers were very insecure. In the month of January, 1861, the interpreter to Mr. Harris, the United States minister, was assassinated as he was returning late at night from the Russian legation.

When we had decided to remain some time in Japan, my husband and I removed to a little temple called So-ko-gee. It stood at the foot of a very steep hill, upon the top of which was a "lookout," with an extended view far over the bay and the surrounding town and country.

As I look back to those pleasant days in So-ko-gee, they seem to me very like other days further back in my childhood, when I used to experience unalloyed happiness in playing "keep house." Japanese houses all have a kind of "toy-house" look; and our temple, with its low walls, paper partitions, and soft-matted floors, seemed particularly of this character. Our servants could not speak a word of English, but we had learned enough Japanese to get on without great difficulty.

During the autumn of 1860 two United States men-of-war, the "Hartford" and "Niagara," visited Japan. The latter was bringing the Japanese ambassadors back from their first visit to the United States. We speculated much as to the impression likely to be made by the return of the ambassadors from abroad. But if any excitement ensued upon their arrival at the capital, or if any special interest was felt in their report concerning the land they had visited, little was known of it by foreigners. Without doubt, however, it had more influence than we at the time supposed.

On December 27th Mr. Nevius wrote his mother the following letter:

"Here we are still in Japan, living very quietly and monotonously; but we are enjoying our stay, and I hardly ever expect to have such another opportunity for study.

"Yesterday afternoon we had a snow-storm, and this morn-

ing, when I went out for a walk, I saw this beautiful country for the first time in its snow-white dress, while through the clear atmosphere the majestic mountain, Fujiyama, seemed but a forenoon's walk distant, though it is seventy miles away. . . .

“And now I will tell you more particularly what I have been doing here. Much of my time has been spent in committing to memory parts of the Chinese classics, and learning to form with a camel's-hair pen a few thousand characters. I have, besides, written out in Chinese a good-sized manual for the direction and encouragement of our native preachers, to be called ‘The Disciples' Guide.’ I am also working up the material for a ‘Compendium of Systematic Theology,’ a book which is now much wanted. I wish to get back to China as soon as possible to superintend the printing of these books, and take advantage of openings which may occur in these eventful times. . . . What God has in store for us we know not. . . .

“In riding out in the country a few days since, I felt all my boyish hunting-spirit roused. In the rice-valleys, from which the crop has lately been taken, I saw such a congregation of the feathered tribe as I never saw before. There were cranes of different colors and sizes walking proudly and fearlessly about, as if they enjoyed the full range of the country by an undisputed right. There were also immense flocks of large, fat geese, some brown and some white, which you could approach very near to; and ducks almost without number. . . .

“The winter wind is roaring through the trees on the hillside near us; the fire is burning briskly in my pet stove; the little clock is distinctly numbering the rapid moments which hasten us on to the new year; our two short-tailed cats, Niagara and Fleecy, are enjoying a warm mat by the fire; and the wandering mind of your wandering son is going back to other days and other scenes. You do not know, dear mother, how often I think of you, and your care and love for me in my childhood. . . . I remember just how you used to look busily en-

gaged in household duties, or plying your active needle. . . . It would be such a pleasure to be with you, to make you some return for all you have done for me. But I know you would rather that I should be here. . . .”

Japan had not as yet set out upon her wonderful march toward civilization and an assured position among the nations. She seemed to us a puzzle which we could not disentangle, or a riddle which we could not solve. We knew so little of the real nature of the government that I am sure our conjectures were generally wide of the mark. We talked of the “spiritual emperor” and of the “tycoon,” understanding very little what the functions of either were. It was impossible to find out from the natives much about the laws of the country or their enforcement. Japan, then as now, could be intensely reticent.

Had we been prophets, and could we have looked even a few years into the future, maybe we could not have made up our minds to leave a country where such wonderful changes were at once to take place. But it was from no want of interest in Japan that we determined to return to China. The war between that country and England and France was then over; and not only the original five ports were open for the introduction of Christianity, but the length and breadth of that great land was accessible. It seemed clear to us that it was our duty to go back to China, and we never regretted having done so. Still it was with much pain that we parted from our friends in Japan, with whom we had lived so happily, and whom we so honored and respected.

Toward the close of our visit in Japan we were distressed beyond measure by hearing of the danger threatening our beloved native country. As the indications of the disruption became more and more alarming, our hearts sank within us. Perhaps we felt it the more from being obliged to meet constantly with persons of other nationalities, who seemed gratified at what they were pleased to regard as the “downfall of the

boasted republic." It was not until we reached Nagasaki, on our passage back to China, that we heard of the commencement of actual hostilities in the firing upon Fort Sumter.

In my little book, "Our Life in China," I have given at some length the early history of Japan, and its opening by Commodore Perry in 1853, and the ratification of the treaty in 1858, and also other incidents in our stay there. This short sketch is all which the limits of this book will allow.

We took passage for China in an old English steamer called the "Cadiz." The principal inducement for choosing this vessel rather than a sailing-ship such as the one in which we had come was that she would pass through the inland sea, the beauty of which we had heard described in glowing colors. The "Cadiz" was old and worn out. Her boilers were so frail that every few hours they would burst, and no little time was required for repairing them; but as, with an engine constructed as hers was, there was little danger from this accident, and as, in several cases, it occurred at points conveniently near land, it was sometimes rather welcome than otherwise, at least to the gentlemen on board, as it gave them the opportunity of enjoying a ramble on shore.

We went on board the steamer on Friday, the 1st of February, 1861. We anchored the first night in a harbor called Aigero. The next morning early we again got under way; but the weather continuing bad and the sea very rough, we ran in to Shimoda and anchored close to the shore. On Monday we had clear sailing with a favorable wind, and by Tuesday morning we were near the entrance to the inland sea.

Suonada Sea—which, I believe, is the native name for this land-locked passage—lies between the large island of Nippon (Hondo) and two smaller ones, Kiushiu and Shikoku.

All Wednesday we were passing a succession of lovely islands, some of which were cultivated and thickly populated. We spent that night in a small bay called I-no-no-shima. We

had sailed but a short distance the next morning when a fog settled over the water so dense that we could not see our way. They backed the vessel to a safe anchorage, in doing which the boiler burst. While thus detained, the captain and the gentlemen passengers took a run on shore in spite of the fog and rain. They visited a temple, where they were hospitably entertained by the head priest, who donned his robes and performed a service for them! The inhabitants were evidently much alarmed at their presence, and as they entered the village they heard a great commotion and a universal slamming-to of doors.

On Saturday, the 9th, we anchored in a very narrow passage called Shimonoseki. Our coal had given out, and it was determined to obtain some, if possible, from a large town which stood near the water's edge. The only persons on board who understood any Japanese were ourselves and one of the passengers, who, his attention while in the country having been given to trade and barter, was fortunately better supplied with that class of words than Mr. Nevius, who, however, was better qualified to carry on general conversation. The two together were able to transact the necessary business, and they accompanied the captain and purser on shore. They ascended a flight of steps leading from the beach to what was apparently the main entrance; but at their approach a gate which obstructed the way was at once closed and barred. They conversed through the gate with some officials who made their appearance. Their request for coal at first met a refusal; but having been reminded of the treaty stipulations, and assured that, unless they furnished the needed article, men from the ship would be landed to take it by force, they gave a reluctant consent. However, they still made difficulties, and it was not until some time in the succeeding night that the coal was brought.

The next day, Sunday, we were out in the open sea. Just at evening we came to anchor in a sheltered nook with small

islands on every side. Early on Monday forenoon we passed through the narrow channel separating Hirado and Kiushiu. It was a very exciting time, and we were for a few moments in great danger. Just in mid-channel was a low, bald rock, between which and the mainland there was barely room for a large vessel like ours to pass. At the most critical point, in consequence of the fires in the engine being low, the ship began to go back in the direction of the rock, which was but a few yards distant. Happily a welcome breeze carried us from the danger. The scenery at this point was perhaps the finest of the whole route, though amid so many beautiful and varying scenes it was difficult to give the preference to any one.

On the afternoon of this day we reached Nagasaki. After a pleasant visit here of two or three days we again weighed anchor and sailed for Shanghai, the distance between these two places being, I believe, four hundred and sixty miles. We reached Shanghai on the 17th of February, 1861—more than two weeks from the time we left Kanagawa.

CHAPTER XVI

REMOVAL TO THE NORTH—DESCRIPTION OF SHANTUNG

ON returning to Ningpo from Japan in 1861 we should, had it not been for the disturbance occasioned by the "long-haired rebels," at once have gone back to Hang-chow. As it was, we had to look elsewhere when considering the question of a new station.

On the 30th of March, 1861, my husband wrote to the Hon. Walter Lowrie:

"It is the opinion of the mission here that three missionaries are all who are required at Ningpo, and that the others should occupy the new fields which are now opened to us. . . . Hang-chow is continually threatened by another incursion of the insurgents, and every one would consider it unwise for a family to attempt to go there at present. . . . Most interesting regions are now opening up on the Yang-tse River and in the north. In fact, we ought to regard the whole country as open to us. It is opened so far as treaties can open it, and the rest of the opening must be done by missionaries themselves."

During this temporary sojourn at Ningpo, my husband, besides chapel-preaching and country tours, spent much time in the revision of his books. He kept three native teachers constantly at work either copying or reading, and with their assistance was able to accomplish a great deal. His health, though by no means perfectly good, seldom obliged him to intermit work, even for a day. This is true of all his life in China.

When we had determined to go north to the province of Shantung, Mr. Nevius, on the 14th of May, 1861, at a meeting of Presbytery, resigned the care of the church, which until then had chosen to consider him as its pastor, supplying his place in his absences. There was a "farewell meeting" held, where Mr. Nevius spoke, as did also many of the native Christians. Although we had the approval of our friends in leaving Ningpo, it was a trial which seemed at the time hard to bear.

We left Ningpo on the 18th of May and reached Shanghai on the 20th. We found great difficulty in securing a passage for Chefoo; but after some delay we sailed for the north in a Bremen bark called the "Amalia." Our passage was a slow one, with head-winds and dense fogs. All through the night before reaching Chefoo men were on the lookout, and a fog-horn was blown incessantly. When morning dawned we were within sight of the harbor, where, at three o'clock in the afternoon, we came to anchor.

Chefoo, or Yen-tai, as the place is called by the Chinese, was, before it was opened to foreign commerce, only a small fishing-village. Tung-chow, sixty miles distant, is the port originally ceded to foreigners; but the harbor there not being good, Chefoo, or Yen-tai, was given instead. Although Shantung and the more northern port, Tientsin, had been but a few months opened, several missionaries of different societies were already on the ground. We were the guests for a few days of Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Holmes, of the American Baptist Mission. Some months before our arrival in Shantung, Rev. J. B. Hartwell had commenced a mission at Tung-chow fu, and at his kind invitation Mr. Gayley and Mr. Danforth, of the Presbyterian Mission, who had preceded us to the north, had joined him there. Before deciding upon our permanent residence it was imperative that we should see them; and we were desirous to proceed at once to Tung-chow, but were detained a few days by difficulty in getting our boxes off the ship. At length

we started, about 2 o'clock P.M., on the 20th of June, 1861. I went in a mule-litter, Mr. Nevius and the servant on horse-back, and there were two pack-mules. A mule-litter is a kind of palanquin; the poles supporting it rest upon mules, one before and one behind; a driver walks at their side. For a short distance it is rather agreeable, though unsociable, as a litter is intended to carry only one person. But after a few miles it becomes very fatiguing, as it has no springs and no seat for sitting erect. The mules, as they walk, give a rough, jolting motion, or sometimes, when they chance for a little distance to keep step, a sideways swing, which some one has appropriately termed, one the "pepper-box" and the other the "sieve" motion; a third has been named the "washing-bottle" motion! In order to sit or lie with any degree of comfort we place our mattresses on the bottom, with as many pillows as are at hand to lean against, and then vary our position as much and as often as possible. But after ten or twenty miles of this sort of traveling, every bone and muscle in the body enters a protest and refuses to be comfortable, no matter how desirous we are to make the best of our only practicable way of performing these long journeys.

The scenery in the vicinity of Chefoo is very fine; and indeed, nearly the whole way from that place to Tung-chow there is a pleasing succession of gently undulating hills and valleys. We passed through several narrow rivers, which, though at certain seasons rushing torrents, were then either nearly or entirely dry sandy beds. Only in one or two instances had we any difficulty in fording them. The great defect of the Shantung scenery is the absence of woods. The contour of the hills is beautiful, but they seem, in contrast to the luxuriant vegetation of the south and of Japan, rather naked and barren.

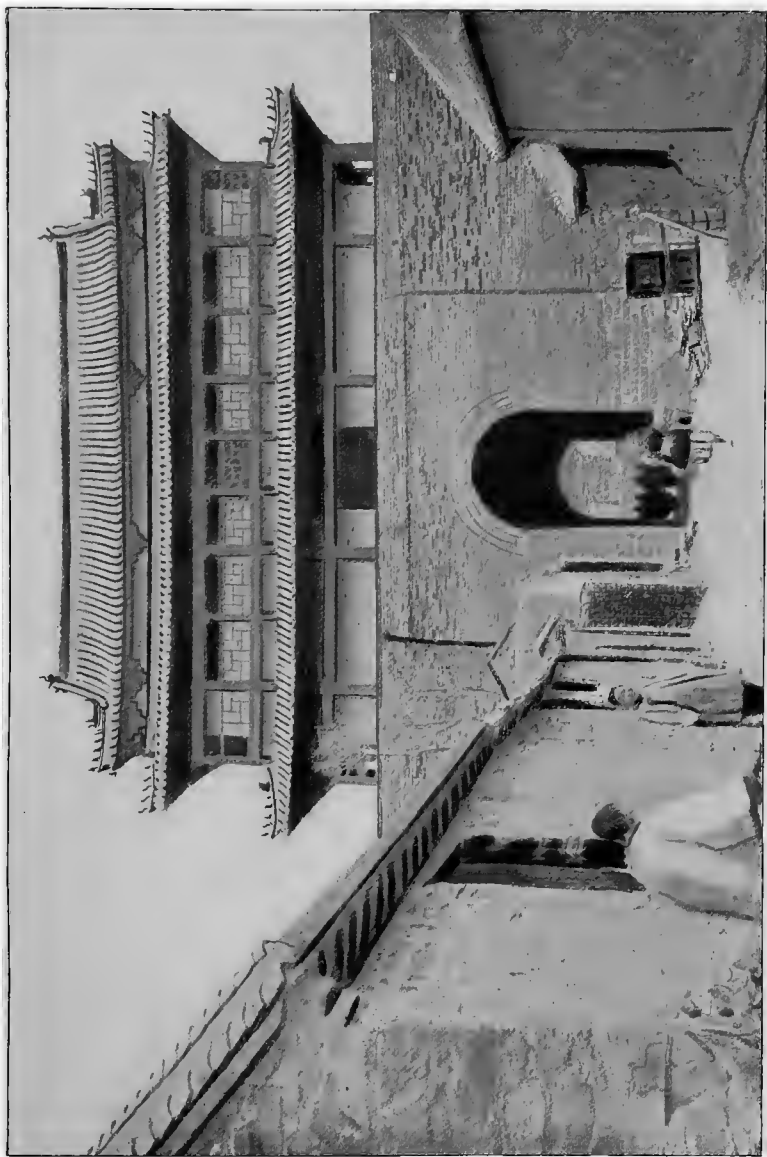
It was after dark when we reached an inn at the small village of Shin-tien. I had already experienced some of the dis-

comforts of touring in China, but I had never seen anything quite so forlorn as the room in which we passed that night. It was at the back of the stable-yard where the mules, horses, and donkeys were kept, and the odor was intolerable. It had a mud floor and paper windows, which, like the ceiling, were black with smoke and festooned with cobwebs. The furniture of the room consisted of an old board bedstead, a rickety table, and perhaps a chair, while the dust which covered all appeared to have been accumulating for years.

We had brought our own mattresses, which we spread upon the tottering bedstead, in the hope of a comfortable night's rest. Soon, however, the mules and horses close by our window became uneasy, kicking and screaming; hearing which, their drivers went out, and with blows and shouts quieted them for a time. Repeatedly, in the course of the night, their services were in requisition for the same purpose; while the fleas, as if emulating the quadrupeds in their efforts to prevent our sleep, made us aware of their presence also.

By five o'clock the next morning we were again on the road. At midday we stopped at a much cleaner and more comfortable inn, where we took lunch and rested until two o'clock. At six in the evening we were nearing Tung-chow.

Tung-chow is situated upon the northern shore of the Shantung promontory. Although a prefectural city, it is comparatively small, having less than one hundred thousand inhabitants. It consists of two separate cities, each completely inclosed with a wall. The smaller one lies close on the sea-shore, and is called the Swei-ching or water city; the larger is so near to it that a stone could be flung from its wall to the other. The streets of Tung-chow, though wider than those of southern towns, still scarcely deserve to be called roads. They are paved with stone and are very rough. One street is paved almost entirely with old, discarded millstones, which, as they



THE NORTH GATE OF TUNG-CHOW-FU.

are now worn smooth and slippery, are very precarious footholds for horses or mules.

Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell gave us a most kind and cordial welcome, and for weeks afterward they entertained not only my husband and me, but Mr. and Mrs. Gayley also.

We had great difficulty in procuring houses. Mr. Danforth and his wife, who was ill, were at Chefoo. Kwan-yin Tang ("Temple of the Goddess of Mercy") had been rented, and was being fitted up for them; and we finally rented another house, where for some months Mr. and Mrs. Gayley and we lived together. The high stone wall against the street formed the outer wall of our room. There was no window in it when we went there, but one was soon after opened, to allow a freer circulation of air. Just back of us was a long court, at each side of which was a small room, one a chapel and the other a study; and beyond were Mrs. Gayley's rooms. Then came another and larger court. Next was the dining-room, with a closed passage-way at one side, and between it and the kitchen was a small court. Behind the kitchen was another house, where the servants slept. Whenever I went from my room to the kitchen I had to go through Mrs. Gayley's rooms and three separate courts.

The window which I have mentioned as having been opened in the front wall admitted, besides air, sounds and scenes not always desirable. Every few days a fair was held on the street just at that point. Numbers of farmers coming in from the country with their produce for sale ranged themselves along on the sides of the road, each man with a mule or donkey behind him, and bags of wheat, Indian corn, beans, etc., in front of him, opened for inspection. This occasioned great noise and confusion; the cries of the buyers and sellers, mingling with the unmusical braying of the donkeys and mules, were often almost deafening. Occasionally some inquisitive individual would manage to raise himself to a sufficient height to

take a peep through our window, which had been purposely made at such an elevation as not to allow passers-by to look within.

Mr. Nevius had already some knowledge of Mandarin, and was able at once to begin preaching and conversing with the natives. He had also the assistance of an excellent Mandarin-speaking northern man, who had been trained at Ningpo. Mandarin is spoken all over the northern provinces, but it varies in different localities. Each large city has its peculiarity of pronunciation, more or less marked; and its residents can be easily recognized by persons familiar with the various places. The vernacular of our part of Shantung is real Mandarin; but it has numerous sounds and phrases never heard in Peking, or where what is called "standard Mandarin" is spoken.

Nearly all the missionaries who removed at first from the south of China to the north came on account of ill health. It required but a few months to prove the comparative salubrity of the climate. Every one seemed gaining in health except Mrs. Danforth. To her the change to this favorable climate brought no improvement. After some weeks she and her husband returned to Tung-chow, and went at once to the Kwan-yin temple, where one room had been finished and hastily put in order. The poor sufferer was laid upon her bed, from which she was never to rise. Masons and carpenters were at work all about her, but she seemed scarcely to notice them, so happy was she to be at home. She failed very rapidly, and died only two weeks after her return to Tung-chow.

When all but her husband had relinquished hope of Mrs. Danforth's recovery, and her other friends were daily anticipating her departure, we realized sadly that we were strangers in a strange land, without even a spot in which we might bury our dead. It became necessary at once to make definite ar-

rangements, and the gentlemen of the two missions went to the officers to ask to be allowed to purchase some place suitable to be used as a mission graveyard. They were kindly received, and the magistrate readily gave the assurance that any ground which might be selected for that purpose should be secured to us.

Close by the sea-shore, about a mile from our dwellings, are bold, treeless bluffs, too rocky and bleak for cultivation. Though close to the "water city," they are seldom visited, and are quiet even to loneliness. One of these bluffs was chosen for our graveyard. The ascent to it from the city is gradual; but on the other sides it is abrupt and difficult of access, while at its base the ocean breaks with one continuous sound. The view from the summit is lovely. Far off to the north and east stretch the blue waters of the Gulf of Pechili, while to the west and south are the two cities and a wide extent of country highly cultivated and picturesque.

To this sweet spot, on the evening of the 15th of September, 1861, we brought all that was mortal of our dear Mrs. Danforth. Hers was the first grave of any Protestant missionary in the province of Shantung.

This book is not intended to be a description of China, nor a complete history of our life; but as my husband's later years were spent in Shantung, some account of that province seems necessary.

China, in the eastern hemisphere, corresponds in many striking respects to the United States in the western. Its area is about the same, and, lying in nearly the same degrees of latitude, it has similar natural productions and varieties of climate. The mercury in Shantung sometimes falls nearly to zero.

To a person who has lived long in Ningpo the change from there to Shantung is very great. The eastern part of the province is a rocky promontory, bounded on the north by the

Gulf of Pechili and on the south and east by the Yellow Sea. It is very mountainous, but in the vicinity of Tung-chow and Chefoo the mountains are not high. The valleys are fertile and richly cultivated. The population is estimated at about thirty million. The people usually dwell not in solitary farm-houses, but in the cities and villages, or in the numerous little hamlets scattered over the plains or nestling among the hills. I was much disappointed in the roads of Shantung. They are ill made, rough, and disagreeable, and not fit for foreign carriages of any description. The natives have no wheeled vehicles, with the exception of carts and wheelbarrows. Horses, mules, and donkeys are all used as beasts of burden. You see comparatively few sedan-chairs in Shantung, though they are used on certain occasions. Women generally ride on horse-back, or on mules or donkeys, led by a servant. They sit astride, and a thick veil covers their faces.

The soil of Shantung varies in different localities. Its productions are very like those of the Northern and Middle States of America. Millet, sorghum, wheat, and maize are extensively grown. Sweet potatoes and numerous varieties of beans, together with onions, garlic, turnips, cabbages, leeks, melons, cucumbers, radishes, etc., are found in abundance. The fruits of Shantung are apples, pears, plums, grapes, apricots, and persimmons, of which only the last two compare favorably with the same fruits at home. The birds of Shantung are not numerous, but some among them are sweet singers, particularly a species of lark, which, soaring in mid-air, pauses on the wing and warbles forth a song which fills the air with melody.

The natives of this part of China are generally much larger in stature than are the southerners. They are also a hardier race, capable of great endurance.

The houses are built of stone and brick, and sometimes of mud. They are usually of one story. They seldom have board floors, and their windows are simply latticework, with

paper pasted over it. The furniture is very scanty, consisting of a few tables, stands, and chairs, and the inevitable "kang," which is the bed by night and the divan and lounging-place for the whole family by day. Women, when at leisure, or when engaged in sewing, usually sit "cross-legged" on their kangs, and they are also apt to take their meals there. The kang is a platform of mason-work about two feet high. It is sometimes not larger than an ordinary bedstead, but very frequently occupies the whole side of a room, being perhaps twelve feet long and at least six wide. It is so constructed that fire can be kindled below, with a flue for carrying the heat and smoke to every part, so that it becomes thoroughly warm, though not hot; and it retains its warmth a long while. No use is made of stoves or fireplaces, the nearest approach to them being these kangs. In the cold weather the natives wear thickly wadded garments, adding one to another until they resemble walking feather-beds. To keep their feet and hands warm they often use foot-stoves and tiny hand-stoves. Fuel is very scarce and expensive. The natives resort to all sorts of expedients to secure enough for the simplest cooking purposes. Dry grass and roots, pine-branches and straw, are often used for boiling the kettle, and are also burned in the kangs. There are coal-mines in various parts of the empire, but as yet they have been very poorly developed.

It was in the province of Shantung, more than two thousand years ago, that the great Confucius and his distinguished pupil Mencius were born. The tomb of the former, who died B.C. 479, is in the western part of the province.

This hasty glance at the country and people of Shantung will give a somewhat definite idea of our last China home.

A few days after the death of Mrs. Danforth we went to live at the "Temple of the Goddess of Mercy." It belonged to an old Buddhist priest, who was an opium-smoker, and, like many of his class, in impoverished circumstances. It was only

this which induced him to rent or lease us the temple in such a way that our mission will be able to retain it for an indefinite term of years.

Kwan-yin Tang was on three sides surrounded by a vegetable garden, only a small corner of which was rented by us. There was a rather pretentious porch and gate at the main entrance on the street. A high wall separated the outer court from the inner one, on three sides of which were our apartments. The main room of the temple was at first a cheerless, dark place, with several idols, large and small, occupying a prominent position on a raised platform at the back of the room. It was afterward so changed that it could scarcely have been recognized as a temple at all, the idols being taken down, the largest ones buried in the court, and the smaller ones stored in a loft. Large glass windows opened from both rooms upon the court in front and the vegetable garden behind, and a good board floor took the place of the old one of brick. On the court side was a veranda; on the right and left were two other buildings, which served for dining and guest rooms.

Kwan-yin Tang was not a model for convenience or elegance. In stormy or cold weather it was not agreeable to have to run through the rain or snow when I was obliged to attend to matters in the kitchen or oversee the pupils in the school-room. Still, with all its disadvantages, we liked the place. Just in front of the dining-room door was an old arbor-vitæ, while opposite it was a pretty young willow with graceful branches sweeping the ground. The arbor-vitæ was a favorite with the magpies, which often congregated there, chattering with boisterous voices.

The ceilings of our house were made of the stalks of sorghum tied together and attached to the rafters, with coarse paper pasted over it and whitewashed.

Mr. Nevius had a room fitted up close to the street, which he used as a chapel and a reception-room for Chinese visitors.



RECEPTION HALL OF A CHINESE TEMPLE.

CHAPTER XVII

INCURSION OF THE "LONG-HAIRED REBELS"—FIRST WINTER IN TUNG-CHOW

BEFORE we were settled in the "Temple of the Goddess of Mercy," and while workmen were still engaged in certain parts of the house, rumors reached us of an invasion from a band of rebels. Coming from the east, they swarmed over our section of the promontory, visiting not only the cities, or such of them as they dared attack, but also small villages in the country.

In letters of the autumn of 1861 I wrote :

"October 9th.

"During the latter part of last week rumors from the rebels became more definite and alarming. People from the country came flying to the city. The gates were all shut and barricaded, but thousands were drawn up over the walls by ropes. One day we were upon the wall and saw a whole family thus drawn up, among whom were several women and one ten-days-old baby, which received a good many hard thumps in making the ascent. The young and active women, as they were being hauled up, braced themselves out at right angles to the wall, and partly walked up its nearly perpendicular face. But one old woman just gave herself up as a dead weight, and so came up rubbing and bumping against the stones.

"A strange sight met our eyes as we looked over the wall, at the bottom of which there were literally thousands of own-

erless mules and donkeys running wildly about, much puzzled at their unwonted freedom. Their masters, having ridden to the foot of the wall, had been obliged to leave their animals there, with only a faint hope of ever seeing them again. We have been told that many women flying from the rebels, in their terror and desperation, have thrown their little children into rivers and ponds at the roadside, in order to prevent their falling into the hands of their enemies. Nearly every evening we see in the red glare of the clouds the reflected light of burning villages; and in the daytime heavy smoke rising here and there, in places more or less remote, tells the same sad story.

“There is a report that the rebels are encamped in immense numbers in the Hwang-hien valley, twenty miles distant, and that they are now engaged in undermining the walls of that city, and that after capturing Hwang-hien they will at once advance upon Tung-chow.

“Yesterday the gate nearest to us was opened for a short time, and Mr. Nevius and Mr. Danforth embraced the opportunity to ride out on horseback. They went a long way, and did not get back until evening. I was terribly anxious about them. They witnessed most fearful sights. Not quite a mile from the city, noticing an unusual appearance in a certain spot, they rode to it, and there lay six or eight well-dressed women, dead, by the roadside. Each had a rope around her neck, which was worn and red, and the lacerated back of one of them showed plainly that their heartless captors had been dragging them over the ground. Nestling close at the side of the women were several children, also dead. There were no marks of violence upon them, and probably the little ones had died of starvation. Only the day before, as we were upon the city wall, we had noticed some objects moving at or near this spot, and had we been able to go there sooner we might have saved these poor children alive. The gentlemen visited a vil-

lage some miles from Tung-chow, the inhabitants of which had with great bravery endeavored to protect themselves from the rebels; but, overpowered by superior numbers, they had been conquered and cut down, and there they were, in various places and attitudes, just as the rebels had left them. One poor creature was tied to a tree, his blackened body showing plainly that he had been tortured by fire; and another, also tied to a tree, had been literally hacked to pieces.

"Their village was in a lovely retired spot in a gorge of the mountains. No doubt they loved it well, to be thus willing to sell their lives in its defense.

"The gentlemen found an old man by the roadside, about five miles from Tung-chow, almost dead from fatigue and starvation. After restoring him to partial consciousness by food and wine obtained in a neighboring village, they constructed a rude litter and hired some men to carry him to Tung-chow, hoping to save his life. It was too late, however; he died just before reaching the city.

"Many of the villages through which they passed were still almost deserted, their inhabitants having fled either to Tung-chow or to places of concealment in the mountains. In one or two cases they had well-nigh suffered injury. The enraged villagers, seeing two strange-looking men approaching, took them for rebels, and were on the point of attacking them. But a few kind words of sympathy were enough to turn the tide of feeling, and the people soon came crowding around them with their sad tales of distress.

"We have now staying with us a family which John found a few nights since in the streets. The man, whose name is Fan Yin-tai, is badly wounded, and we have many fears for his recovery. A band of rebels attacked his village, and the villagers fought and drove them off. A few days later they came in greater numbers. Hearing of their approach, Fan Yin-tai took his family to the top of a high hill and concealed

them there. He then went back to his house to procure food and other necessaries. These he had placed upon a donkey, and was already half a mile from his house when the rebels overtook him. As they struck his head he threw up his hands to protect it, and thus both his hands and head have received frightful wounds—nearly twenty in all. We may be able to save his life, but he cannot possibly recover the perfect use of his hands. His family consists of his wife and child and an aged grandmother. It goes to my heart to witness their distress; but they bear it bravely. I ought to have mentioned that this poor wounded man actually carried his mother upon his back a great part of the distance between his home and Tung-chow, she having become unable to walk.”

“October 12th.

“There is a report that Chefoo has been captured by the rebels; another report says that there was an engagement between them and the foreigners, in which the latter were worsted. Just at dusk this evening John and Mr. Danforth were on the wall at the east gate, and some one came to them saying that there was a foreigner desiring to gain admission to the city. Looking through the embrasures, they saw Mr. A. Holmes, of Chefoo. After some difficulty they succeeded in getting the gate opened. Mr. Holmes was just returning from Tientsin, having made the long journey alone on horseback. He speaks of the country through which he has come as a scene of desolation, the rebels having passed over his route before him, burning villages, capturing or killing the inhabitants, and not only so, but putting to death every living creature. He says in some places the streets were so crowded with dead bodies of donkeys, cattle, dogs, and fowls, besides many, many corpses, that he was scarcely able to pass.

“A terrible rumor has reached us this evening from Chefoo. It is said that when the *tu-fe* (banditti) approached Chefoo,

Rev. J. L. Holmes and Rev. Mr. Parker, of the American Episcopal Mission, went out to meet them, and have not returned !

" Within the last few days several individuals have been captured within the walls, supposed to be spies. They were executed at once. Much fear has been felt that the rebels would attempt to set fire to the city, and, during the excitement, gain admission and easily capture it."

" Thursday, October 18th.

" It is nearly two weeks since our friends Mr. Parker and Mr. Holmes met their sad fate. There was an impression among foreigners at Chefoo that these rebels were connected with those at Nanking, who had thus far shown some deference to foreigners ; and it was thought that there would be little danger from seeking an interview with them, while good might be done in inducing them to assume a different policy, perhaps insuring the safety of the town of Chefoo and other villages in that vicinity. With some such hopes as these the two gentlemen left their homes. Next morning they found themselves near a large body of the rebels, and, not suspecting danger, went forward right into the face of death."

" October 23d.

" Mr. Nevius had a call to-day from a man who was carried off by the rebels about a month ago and only a few days since made his escape from them. He represents their numbers as almost beyond computation. He says there are three different bands, distinguished by white, red, and black flags, the last the most cruel and bloodthirsty. He represents them as less courageous than I had supposed, and says they are exceedingly afraid of firearms, of which they have few or none. To prevent their captives from escaping they dress them in their own garments, so that they must inevitably be taken for rebels ; and when making an attack, place them in the thickest of the fight. They are particularly fond of capturing little boys,

whom they dress in fine clothes and allow to ride the horses. The company which has been in this vicinity had the black flag. They captured a great many women and young girls. This man says that when his family found that he had been carried off, all of them drowned themselves, with the exception of two or three little children, who are all that are left of a once large household.

“Aside from our own danger, we have suffered more than I can express in witnessing the miseries of the poor natives. In passing through the streets we often see persons with their heads apparently half severed from their bodies, while wounds and bruises of various descriptions meet our eyes on every side.”

“October 26th.

“We are all quiet at present, and have no more fear of the rebels returning before next spring. They have gone, it is said, to their haunts in the southwestern corner of this province. What a comfort it is to feel safe and easy again !”

Our first winter in Tung-chow was a pleasant one. We had never been more isolated; even Shanghai and Ningpo seemed very far away. I think we were two full months without receiving mail, and that, too, at a time when matters in America were in a state to occasion us the greatest anxiety.

Mr. Nevius spent much time in his study, hard at work in book-making; not, however, to the exclusion of occasional country evangelistic tours and preaching in the street chapel. Every third evening he had a service, and these were invariably well attended and very encouraging. He had at that time in the press in Shanghai, or already printed, his “Guide to Heaven,” a tract on “Ancestral Worship,” “Mark, with Notes,” and one volume of “Theology”; also “The Assistant’s Manual” and a tract called “The Two Lights” (nature and revelation). The second volume of “Theology” was about

ready, and he was preparing the third volume, which, when finished, made about half of the contemplated "Compendium of Systematic Theology," which was never completed.

On the 2d of March, 1862, three persons were admitted to the newly formed church in Tung-chow. One of these was our servant, a Ningpo man named Ah-pao; another was a literary graduate named Lin; and the third was Mr. Chang, my husband's scribe. He was not naturally a strong character, yet he showed a great deal of firmness and determination. One evening, as he was coming to attend Bible class, his older brother met him, and began to abuse him for having disgraced himself and his family by becoming a Christian. Finding that words had little effect, he tried blows, and nearly tore poor Chang's clothes off him. Finally Mr. Chang said, "Now, elder brother, if you kill me you cannot shake my purpose, for I will be a Christian." Hearing which, his brother left him, saying, "Very well, then; from this hour you cease to be my brother!"

Mr. Lin was very intellectual and a fine scholar; but he had some odd ways, which, though amusing, were sometimes annoying. He usually carried about a dog's skin, and carefully spread it upon our chairs before seating himself. He was also very dainty and affected in other respects. He many years later showed evident signs of insanity; and although he gave my husband most valuable assistance in literary work, he proved a great care and trial.

In my husband's journal I find an entry giving a long account of the apparent conversion and speedy defection of his teacher, Mr. Swun. That he should have written so minutely shows the deep interest he felt in this man, with the hopes, fears, and disappointments he occasioned him. He had left his home in Tai-an, in the west of the province, on the approach of the rebels. Being out of employment, he was glad to come to Mr. Nevius as a teacher. It was when they

were revising a book—"The Assistant's Manual"—that his curiosity was aroused by some thoughts contained in it; and from that time he always appeared glad to talk on the subject of Christianity, though slow to confess his belief in its truth. At Mr. Nevius's suggestion he wrote out at length his objections to Christianity. My husband says: "Before he had finished, however, one of his papers was so blasphemous that I told him that while I wished him to use the utmost frankness, he must at least speak of Christ with respect; and that he must remember that he might one day find he had been sinning against the Majesty of heaven and earth." The objections indicated a clear mind and much study. At the end of three days it was evident that his intellect was satisfied as far as most of his objections were concerned, and he was becoming intensely interested. Weeks passed on, and much time was given to the study of the Bible and books bearing upon it. At one time Mr. Swun would seem ready to yield all to Christ and follow him in joyful obedience. Again he doubted the divine origin of the Bible and every truth it contained. The doctrine of the resurrection seemed foolishness to him, and he could not believe that the Scriptures taught it, but was sure they had been misinterpreted. He could not believe in the Holy Spirit, nor would he acknowledge the being and power of Satan. Still it was evident that Mr. Swun did in a sense believe in the religion of Christ. One day, in response to some searching questions from my husband, he drew from his pocket a paper on which he had written some of his difficulties. They were these:

"1. My old mother is opposed to my being a Christian.

"2. I cannot give up the worship which the custom of my country requires me to give to my ancestors.

"3. I dread the scorn of my former associates, who will say that, having failed in all my plans, I became a Christian because I could do nothing better.

"4. My becoming a Christian will cut me off from sympathy

with my former associates, as St. James says, 'The friendship of the world is enmity with God.'

"5. If I become a Christian I know of no way in which I can honestly, and consistently with the teaching of the Bible, support my family."

I cannot give here even an extract of my husband's answers to these difficulties, so grave and real; but while assuring him of his own loving sympathy, he begged him to go at once and cast these burdens on the great Burden-bearer. At length Mr. Swun became convinced both in mind and heart of the truth of Christianity; his intellectual doubts were dissipated; he felt the presence of the Holy Spirit in his own heart; he learned to pray, trusting in the merits and intercession of our Advocate, Christ Jesus; and it seemed that he had indeed "passed from death unto life." Then began that storm of opposition which converts from heathenism so often have to endure. His old mother was greatly distressed at his being led astray; his sister opposed him; and his wife threatened to leave him and return to her family. She even vowed that if he became a Christian she would commit suicide; and in attestation of the sincerity of her intention, she seized a large knife and cut her finger to the bone. All this was too much for poor Swun's wavering faith. Near the Chinese New Year there is a day when worship of the "god of the kitchen" is an imperative custom. On that day, after his mother had again and again reminded him of his neglected duty, he replied to her, "I have worshiped." This lie was perhaps the first step in his downward path, which he soon walked so rapidly. The New Year holidays, with their varied temptations, proved a disastrous time; and when they were over, though he still professed the same determination to be a Christian, it was evidently a hollow profession. Ashamed, discontented, and unhappy, he did his work badly; and having no pleasure in intercourse with Christians, he soon left my hus-

band's employ. He returned to the habit of opium-smoking, of which he had been apparently cured. In the course of time we entirely lost^s sight of him.

To understand the real trials of a missionary's life it is well to know that cases such as this of Mr. Swun are frequent. Words cannot express the pain and disappointment they were to my husband. But he always felt sure that no sincere work for Christ had been lost, and had a hope that though he should never see the results here below, he might meet these wanderers in the better world.

In the spring of this year (1862) Mr. Nevius made two tours on the promontory of Shantung, the first with Rev. Dudley Smith, of the American Episcopal Mission, and the other with Rev. S. Gayley, of Tung-chow. He was not absent from home on either of these tours more than a month or six weeks, and the distance traversed was not half that of his tours in later years; but the time of his absence seemed long and the distance great, because this kind of work in Shantung was an experiment involving a certain amount of danger, although even then the people listened with attention to preaching, and eagerly received Christian books.

In the month of June the literary examinations were held in Tung-chow, and the scholars collected there from all parts of the promontory were said to number four thousand at one time. All the chapels were kept open from early in the morning until late at night, and our houses were overflowing with visitors. It was a capital time for preaching and distributing books.

One Sunday morning in July we heard for the first time that cholera had broken out at Chefoo. The same evening we heard of the death of Mrs. Dudley Smith, and within a few days two other missionary friends and two children were taken away by the same disease at Chefoo. The cholera soon reached Tung-chow, and raged among the natives frightfully.

From morning to night we could hear from neighboring houses sounds of weeping and wailing, while new-made graves could be seen in every direction. In the absence of a doctor we prepared large quantities of cholera medicine and gave it freely to all who would take it, and had the satisfaction of knowing that in many instances it saved life. There was a little herdsboy employed by us to lead away our cows to pasture on the hillside. One day we were told that he was ill, and that his friends had placed him on the ground (as is their custom) to die. My husband sent him the medicine in all haste, and in a few hours he was out of danger.

At this time our mission met with a very great loss in the death of Mr. Gayley, my husband's dear friend and coadjutor. He died of cholera. When near his end he sent for us all to come to him. When standing by his bedside he said, "My friends, I want to tell you not to be afraid of death; it is nothing, nothing! It is—" And then, as he hesitated for words, my husband said, "Is it not just the spiritual life expanding into the eternal life?" "Yes, yes," he answered; "it is that—just that."

A week later Mr. Gayley's little daughter died of cholera, and also a niece from the south of China. There were other cases of illness, but no other deaths in our little mission circle. The brother of Mrs. Gayley, the Rev. C. R. Mills, with his wife and two children, had come from Shanghai to live in Tung-chow. Before reaching that place both children had died of the same dreadful disease. For thirty years it had never prevailed there to such an extent, nor has it since.

Our second winter (1862-63) confirmed us in our favorable opinion of that part of Shantung. The weather was almost uniformly bright and beautiful, and though colder than Ningpo, it really seemed warmer, on account of the dryness. Snow fell to the depth of several inches or a foot, but did not lie long, disappearing without any general thaw such as fre-

quently makes our winters in America so disagreeable. The smaller streams were all frozen, and ice formed in solid blocks on the beach, like huge boulders, though the sea was not frozen except close to the shore.

In our instruction of pupils and inquirers we felt the want of a catechism in Mandarin, and I was glad to put my knowledge of the character to account in preparing one. It was not a translation, as I knew of none which was exactly what we needed, some being too simple, and others, like the Shorter Catechism, unsuited to persons who had not been previously instructed. Mine began with such questions as were comprehensible to the most ignorant, but soon passed on to subjects from the Bible, embracing a compendium of both Old and New Testament history, the fundamental doctrines of the Christian system, and explanations of church ordinances and religious duties. This catechism has ever since then been extensively used in Mandarin-speaking districts, and has had as large a circulation as any other book issued by the Presbyterian mission press in Shanghai.

I had at this time a small boarding-school for girls, and Mr. Nevius had a class nearly every day of the week either in the Bible or in theology. He continued his work of the preparation of books, and devoted every leisure moment of the day or evening to the study of the character. I think it was nothing but his habit of systematic and regular exercise which enabled him to perform such an amount of work without injury to his health. Nearly every afternoon he spent about two hours either in long walks in the country, or, when I could accompany him, we took pleasant horseback-rides over the hills or on the sea-beach. At high tide a ride on the beach was impracticable, but when the water was low we had a wide space nearly as smooth and hard as a floor. Many a gallop have we had there close to the water's edge.

My husband, with much trouble, had procured for me a

capital horse. "Dinah," as we named her, became a great favorite with all the foreign ladies. She had been taught to ask for food by raising her forefoot and neighing until it was brought her. She soon learned that I could never resist her entreaties. She became rather tyrannical, but repaid me fully by pacing so fast on the beach that my husband's more clumsy animal would have to gallop at full speed to keep up with us.

CHAPTER XVIII

LETTER TO THE PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS ON THE SUBJECT OF A SYNOD AND THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

THE Annual Report of the Tung-chow station for the years 1861 and 1862 is a long and interesting paper. As the substance of it has already been given here, I shall not insert it. But a letter from Mr. Nevius, addressed to the executive committee of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, seems to me too important to be omitted. It was not until five years later that the Synod of China, the establishment of which he so strongly urged, became a fixed institution, the importance of which I think no one now doubts. The theological seminary, or training-school, is still a thing of the future. His opinions on the subject never changed materially from those expressed in this letter; but he yielded readily in this, as in every other mission matter, to "the will of the majority." For many years he gave much of his time to the instruction of theological or Bible students, working always at a disadvantage, and, as he believed, to a great loss in the work. A theological school established thirty years ago would have been an inestimable blessing in China. It should be borne in mind that when this letter was written the questions raised in it were indeed "questions." Some of them have been fully answered by the progress of events. I doubt if any one can now realize how experimental all kinds of missionary work were thirty or forty years ago. Certain things now

accepted as matters of course seemed then anything but that ; for instance, the practicability of using native assistants in missionary work.

“ TUNG-CHOW, October 2, 1862.

“ *To the Executive Committee of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions :*

“ There are several important matters which I have thought much about for a long time, which I have not felt like referring to freely in the Annual Report just finished. In the gradual development of our work it appears to me that the time has come for making some changes in our general plan of operations. There is a natural tendency to go on in old tracks marked out years ago, forgetting that circumstances have changed and that new methods are required to suit them.

“ I wish to call your attention to the importance of establishing in China, as soon as possible, a theological school for training natives for the ministry, and also a Synod.

“ First, with reference to a theological school. I believe it is generally admitted that the main work of preaching the gospel in China must eventually be performed by natives. The first difficulty which a foreigner meets is that of acquiring the language. This is by no means insurmountable ; but it requires years to learn it thoroughly. A still greater hindrance exists in the foreigner's comparative ignorance of native ideas, customs, and habits of thought, to become acquainted with which requires long years of familiar intercourse with the people. A native, knowing these things intuitively, is on this account better fitted to approach his own people, combat their errors, detect the undercurrent of their thoughts, understand and sympathize with them in their trials, and solve their doubts. China is a nation by itself, and has few things in common with the Western world, so that the difficulty which exists here of adapting one's self to the people for whom he labors can only be fully appreciated by one who has made the

attempt. The difference of race is at first a great barrier, and produces a feeling of distance and reserve. A foreigner is a mystery to the great mass of the Chinese. They treat him with outward politeness, and generally assent to most that he says, while their minds are full of doubts and suspicions. A native presents the gospel to his own people without any such bar of separation, and openness and frankness in a great measure take the place of suspicious reserve under the false guise of politeness.

“Perhaps what I have said, though quite true, may produce a false impression with reference to the comparative influence of native and foreign preachers; for a foreigner who has become familiarly acquainted with the language of the people, and has gained to a good degree their confidence, speaks with an authority which no native can, while, with his mental training and logical habits of thought, he is able to present the truth with great additional force.

“Now, while the above-mentioned difficulties exist in the intercourse between the foreign missionary and the heathen masses around him, every barrier between the native Christian and the masses is removed. He and they mutually understand and respect each other, and the native gladly takes the position of a learner and eagerly seizes hold of the instruction which is offered. Here, then, in the raising up, training, and superintending of native laborers, is, I think, the place where, as a general rule, the time and energy of the foreigner may be expended to most advantage and with the hope of the greatest ultimate results.

“But there are other considerations which present the necessity of depending chiefly upon native agency in a still stronger light, among which one of the most important is its cheapness. Taking into account the years of preparation necessary before a foreigner leaves home, and the years on the field, together with the short average of missionary life

and the respective salaries of the two classes, the cost to the church for foreign laborers as compared to native is more than ten to one; or, in other words, ten or more native helpers could be placed in as many outstations with as little outlay of funds as is necessary to send into the field one foreigner; while a large proportion of the foreigners are taken away by death or sickness before they are able to enter fully upon their work. This is not said to the disparagement of foreign laborers—by no means. Without the foreigner's influence the natives could not be obtained, nor without his superintendence could they be profitably employed. These two agencies are mutually dependent upon each other. We do not want fewer of the one, but more of both. It is evident that Christian nations can never furnish either the means or the men for evangelizing the three hundred millions of China. It is only from the Chinese that this large demand for laborers can be supplied; and they, in many respects, are best fitted to speak to their own countrymen, in their own language, of the wonderful works of God.

“Taking for granted, however, the desirableness of a native agency, the question arises, Is it to be depended upon? Have natives sufficient capacity and character, and are they sufficiently reliable, to be freely employed in this great and responsible work? Much anxiety has been felt on this point, and most missionaries have proceeded in this matter very cautiously. Still, while it is necessary for us to exercise due care and prudence, we must not at the same time err on the side of distrust and inactivity. The Chinese are not a barbarous, but in some respects a highly cultivated, race, and require only the same training and Christian principle to put them on a level with other races. The results of our experience in Ningpo on this point have been very satisfactory and encouraging. Though different persons to the number of more than ten have been advanced to the position of native

preachers, and separated often from foreigners in remote out-stations, there has not been a case in which the native has proved unworthy of the confidence placed in him. On the contrary, they have generally far exceeded our expectations, and responsibilities laid upon them have, in most cases, strengthened and developed their Christian character and fitted them for occupying still more important positions in the future. As far as experience and the leadings of Providence go, we have been pointed most clearly to the employment of a native agency as a safe means, and one approved of God, for the successful carrying on of his work. The great essential qualification and ground of confidence is real piety. Where this is possessed, with suitable talents, the pushing men forward, after as good a training as we can give them, to battle with the world, and look to God for grace and strength, is the best way to make them strong and efficient.

“Now the question arises, How shall we best train these men? A great many difficulties have attended this department of labor heretofore. When a missionary has to attend to a great variety of duties it is almost impossible for him to give sufficient time to the instruction of native assistants. In consequence of older missionaries being obliged to leave the field, and from other causes, the instruction of natives often has to be suspended, or put upon younger members of the mission, who have not yet had time to qualify themselves thoroughly for it. The great want of text-books, also, has made the systematic prosecution of this work still more difficult. The result is that though all has been done that could be done under the circumstances, candidates for the ministry have been kept five, six, seven, and eight years in a course of preparation, still imperfectly instructed, or not at all, on many points regarded as essential. In fact, this is too great a work to be devolved upon missionaries who are expected to give their attention chiefly to other things. Teaching theology

here is very different from what it is at home. Almost all our text-books are still to be written; translations of the Bible are yet imperfect; the language of theology is not yet fixed; new terms have to be coined; and polemic theology has to be adapted to the prevailing errors and systems of the Chinese. Dictionaries, also ought to be prepared as soon as possible, to enable the Chinese to learn the original languages of the Scriptures. It is often remarked that we shall not have really satisfactory translations of the Bible and Christian books, distinctively native in their character, and suited to the native mind, until they are prepared by natives. But where are they to come from? And where are they to get the training? This whole work is so great that we almost shrink back from it as impracticable and impossible. It is true the end in view cannot be reached in months or in years; but a beginning may be made now as well as ever, and the sooner the beginning is made the sooner the end will be attained.

“Everything I have said points to the early establishment of an institution having for its special object the training of a native ministry, and to the importance of some missionaries giving themselves up specially to it. The work of missionaries is fast becoming one of training and superintending native preachers, and visiting outstations, and it will become so more and more. Now, if a few men will attend to the instruction of candidates for the ministry, there would be great economy of time and labor, and the other missionaries, being relieved from a part of their cares and responsibilities, would be free to give themselves more entirely to the other duties of their fields.

“Another argument for the establishment of such a school is that it would be a strong bond of union between the various missions in China. Hitherto we have been in a great measure isolated and had little in common, and it is probable that such an institution, by bringing us closer together, would have a very happy effect both on foreigners and natives.

“Again, these advantages would be gained with comparatively little expense. In the beginning there would be few to attend such a school, and, wherever it might be located, not much additional house-room would be required.

“It is but to be expected that the execution of the plan would be attended with some practical inconveniences. It would be impossible for all persons now looking forward to the ministry, or who shall hereafter wish to fit themselves for it, to congregate in such a school. Some are now connected with outstations which cannot be given up; some are too old to undertake a thorough course of new studies; and some are married and cannot leave their families. If the establishment of a theological school would make it necessary for such persons to leave their work to attend it, or it should be concluded that none could enter the ministry who had not received this training, I should think it better to give up the idea of the school altogether. Such persons, who will have to depend upon the more informal teaching of the missionary under whose care they labor, would, however, have the advantage of text-books prepared in the institution; while young men of studious habits and unfettered by family ties might enjoy its full benefits. All kinds of men are required, and all kinds of places are to be filled. The standard of necessary qualifications should not be too high nor too unyielding. A great deal of discretion should be left to Presbyteries in inducting into the sacred office men who, though destitute of a thorough intellectual training, seem called to it and fitted for it. I have by no means forgotten that some of the most important qualifications for being a good preacher are not to be acquired in a theological school. In fact, separation from the world and close study are, on the contrary, unfavorable to the development of two among the most important requisites—knowledge of men and common sympathies with the masses. We often find at home—and it will be no less true here—that men of few liter-

ary attainments who are strong in the Scriptures and men of prayer, zeal, prudence, and common sense, are among our most useful and honored ministers. While no policy should be fixed upon which would exclude such men from the sacred office, the introduction into the church of some men, and as many as possible, of higher literary culture and more extensive knowledge is most desirable. This class of persons will have a good work to do in the future in translating, superintending schools, assisting in the teaching of candidates for the ministry, and acting as pastors of the more intelligent churches in important centers of influence.

“The greatest practical difficulty, perhaps, particularly in the beginning of this work, is to obtain suitable students for such an institution. It should be the aim of each mission to send as many young men to this school as possible. Boarding-schools would be the best nurseries for raising up such students, and the more promising Christian boys should be encouraged to give themselves to this work.

“I fear that if we adopt the principle that we cannot make use of young men who are not possessed of unusual intellectual gifts, the church in China will long be without a supply of native pastors. While we ought to seek as high a degree of intellect in candidates as possible, all we ought to require in them is ordinary gifts. Of the students in our theological seminaries at home, not many are naturally gifted above intelligent persons in other callings, and yet they make efficient and acceptable ministers. It is impossible to anticipate with any degree of certainty, while students are in a course of training, who of them will in the end be most useful. It should be remembered, also, that a knowledge of Christianity in China gives a man a moral and intellectual advantage and superiority over his heathen countrymen which a theological education cannot give to a minister at home over the enlightened and intelligent people among whom he is placed. I wish to urge

the importance of not rejecting young men, otherwise well qualified for usefulness, because they are not possessed of brilliant talents.

“For the reasons above stated it appears to me that the immediate establishment of a theological school in China, for the training of native Christians for the sacred ministry, is a measure eminently practicable and desirable, and one which in the course of time will be productive of incalculable good to the cause of missions.

“With reference to the place where such an institution should be established, there may be difference of opinion. It appears to me that there are weighty reasons why it should be in the north of China. These reasons resolve themselves into two, the one relating to the climate and the other to the language.

“To make the plan of a theological school successful, nothing is more important than uninterrupted continuity of effort. This will depend very much upon the health of the foreigners connected with it. Consequently it ought to be, if possible, in a healthy locality, where the teachers could, under the most favorable circumstances, prepare themselves for their duties and have the best prospect of remaining permanently in the field. Vacancies occurring from time to time might be filled by missionaries from the south obliged to leave their fields from ill health, who would here find useful employment. Again, the removal of native young men from the south to spend three years in a bracing and invigorating climate would also, doubtless, have a happy effect in preparing them better, physically, for their future labors.

“Considerations connected with the language point to the north still more clearly. In such an institution all would of course have to adopt a common dialect, and there can be no doubt that the Mandarin or court dialect—the only one widely spoken—should be the one chosen. Educated young men would be able to use that dialect as the medium of instruction

in a few months, and on leaving the institution would find the knowledge of it a most valuable acquisition in whatever part of China they might labor. In establishing outstations considerably removed from the place where the native evangelist's dialect is spoken—as, for instance, in the case of a Ningpo man's establishing himself in Hang-chow, or other interior parts of his province—a knowledge of Mandarin would be invaluable. Another important result of the plan would be that young men from the institution would have a common medium of communication when they meet together hereafter in the judicatures of the church. To have Chinese ministers possessed of a common spoken dialect will be absolutely necessary if the theory of our church is carried out here, since the dialects of places situated in the same province often differ to such an extent that natives speaking them exclusively cannot understand one another. Further, by making use of the Mandarin dialect, all from the northern provinces, where the different varieties of it are spoken, would not be obliged to learn a language entirely new. But, it may be said, such an institution need not necessarily be located in the north in order to have Mandarin taught in it, as this might be accomplished anywhere in the empire. We all know, however, how much more readily and thoroughly we learn a new language on the ground where it is spoken than we can anywhere else. Should it be determined to establish such an institution in the north, some place in Shantung would probably have the greatest advantage in point of climate, while Peking, the capital, would have the advantage of moral influence. The fixing of the ultimate and permanent location of this school might be postponed for several years, as a few students might be removed from one place to another, when deemed desirable, with little expense and inconvenience.

“With these remarks I leave the subject with the Board and my missionary brethren, trusting it may receive that attention

which its importance demands, and that those plans may be adopted which shall prove best adapted to secure the end in view.

“Intimately connected with the subject above presented is the establishment of a Synod; for the theological school would naturally come under the care of a Synod, and could not well be carried on without it. We very much need a common bond of union to make us feel that, though separated from one another, we are engaged in one and the same work. Heretofore our missions in China have been to too great an extent distinct and isolated. Instead of feeling that we are coördinate members of the same body, mutually dependent upon each other, and fellow-helpers in the same cause, a strong feeling of individuality springs up, if not a feeling of rivalry, between different missions. A Synod, or something of the kind, is fast becoming a necessity. Practical questions of common interest are coming up which cannot be settled in a manner satisfactory to all except in a body in which all are represented. One mission cannot decide for all what equally concerns all; and the Board, with necessarily imperfect and perhaps partial information, cannot be expected, thousands of miles away from the field, to be as able to decide upon many questions as are men who have devoted their lives to the cause of missions on the field, and have become thoroughly acquainted, by practical experience and observation, with the work before them. For instance, last year two versions of the Shorter Catechism were presented to the press for publication. One was prepared by Dr. Happer, under the direction of the Canton Presbytery, and the other by Mr. Culbertson, under the direction of the Ningpo Presbytery. What shall the press do? Of course it could neither print both nor choose one and reject the other; nor can such a matter be decided by the Board. Another version may in time be prepared combining the excellences of the former two; but it can only be done, under the circum-

stances, privately and informally, and when completed, there is no ecclesiastical body competent to decide upon it authoritatively as a book for general use in all missions. In China a General Synod is, at this time, really of almost more practical importance than the Presbytery. The members of a Presbytery are, at present, simply the missionaries who are laboring together in the same station. Most matters are decided by them in the capacity of a mission at the monthly mission meeting, and comparatively little is left for the Presbytery to do. Many matters, however, would fall naturally under the supervision of a Synod, such as the following: to suggest the translation and composition of important Christian books; to decide upon the versions of the Bible and of the standards of our church for the use of all the missions; to fix the standard of qualifications for native ministers; to appoint instructors for the theological school, in case there be one, and to take the general superintendence of it; in a word, to take the charge of all matters in which the different missions have a common interest. While something of this kind is evidently needed, it seems to me that the theory of our church provides just what we want. The meeting of the members of such a Synod once a year would be a matter of some expense, but I believe that the expense would be insignificant compared to the advantage which would be realized. To constitute a quorum for transacting business three missionaries residing at the place where the Synod meets, and four from abroad, are all that would be necessary. The meeting of Synod would be a delightful episode in our monotonous missionary lives. In the visiting of other stations practical lessons, suggestions, and incentives would be derived from observing the workings of the plans and methods there employed, and a new stimulus would be given to the work generally. Other advantages might be mentioned, to which I will not refer, lest this letter should become too long and tedious.

“ Before closing, allow me to suggest that it may be worth considering whether we have not made a mistake in having separate Presbyteries at Ningpo and Shanghai, and whether in forming new stations in the north it will not be better to have adjacent stations united in one Presbytery. The happy effect of the visit of our Shanghai brethren in attending the meetings of the Ningpo Presbytery in former years is often referred to and gratefully remembered ; while there is reason to fear that the separation into two Presbyteries has been, to too great an extent, a separation of interests and sympathies. Another serious consideration is the danger that Presbyteries composed of barely enough members to constitute a quorum may be at any time broken up by the death or return home of missionaries. If we had three Presbyteries—one for southern, one for middle, and one for northern China—they would be strong and stable, and stations nearly related by place and interests would then have a special bond of union and sympathy, and be able in the Presbytery to discuss and adjust all matters of common interest. Of course these remarks refer only to the present. When our churches increase, more Presbyteries will be required. Hoping that we may be guided by heavenly wisdom in considering these and all other matters relating to Christ’s kingdom, I remain,

“ Yours truly,

“ JOHN L. NEVIUS.”

CHAPTER XIX

WORK IN TUNG-CHOW—DEATH OF REV. H. V. RANKIN—
VISIT IN NINGPO

ABOUT the 21st of May, 1863, two of my school-girls, together with some others, were received by baptism into the church, and near the same time there were several additions to the Baptist church also. These events were the occasion of a new and most unlooked-for interruption in our hitherto prosperous operations. The natives, seeing so many persons coming out from heathenism and joining this foreign religion, were startled out of their usual apathy. They could not understand it, and many theories were suggested to account for it. At last some particularly discerning ones explained the whole affair as follows: We foreigners, they said, were possessed of a secret by which we could gain an irresistible power over persons who allowed themselves to come under our influence. Some averred it was the "evil eye"; others that it was witchcraft; and others, again, knew positively that it was by a charm or potion which we mixed with the tea which we gave our guests when they came to visit us. This latter supposition was confirmed by the fact that many who had been known to be unfriendly to us before they came to see us, after one visit would become our staunch friends. This was inexplicable except on the supposition of some such unholy influence. The reports spread everywhere, and assumed more alarming shapes. Not content with carry-

ing on our iniquitous practices on a small scale, they suspected us of insinuating our charms into the flour used by bakers in the city, and even into the wells in private families. The business of the bakers suffered much from these suspicions, and the wells on a certain street which we had frequented were emptied of their contents and searched. We were told that in every case a small red bag with a powder of some sort was found in the bottom of the well, placed there, probably, by the well-cleaners themselves, to whom this panic yielded a rich harvest.

My little school came in for its share of suspicion. It appeared as unlikely to the Chinese that we should be willing to spend our lives in efforts to benefit others, without some bad motive at the bottom, as it does to some people at home. They did not suspect us of "going abroad to see the world," or choosing that employment because it offered attractions for "ease and luxury." On the contrary, our work, especially teaching and supporting a school of girls, seemed to them a very dull, tiresome vocation, and as useless as dull. At last they found the clue to the mystery. We were getting these girls together in a quiet way, and when a large number had been collected, and they had been sufficiently improved by their good living, a foreign ship was coming along, and the ill-starred maidens were all to be sent off to some distant land, not to be made into opium, but to be used in the preparation of that mysterious "elixir of life" which religionists of the Tauist sect believe has the effect to insure perpetual youth. The bodies were to be boiled, and from them would be expressed a kind of oil, which, when eaten, has marvelous effects. When going to and from my school I could see groups of men standing on a mound which commanded a view of our court, watching me to see in what suspicious performances I might be engaged.

In the course of a few weeks this excitement passed away ;



CHINESE GRAVES OUTSIDE OF TUNG-CHOW FU WALLS.

the absurdity of the reports, after men's minds had had time to consider them coolly, most effectually worked their own cure. Credulous old women who, perhaps, were the first to originate the stories were also the last to disbelieve them.

It will be remembered that most of our first year in China was spent in the pleasant home of Rev. H. V. Rankin, in Ningpo. Nine years later, with his wife and two children, he came to us in Tung-chow, with the hope that the climate might restore his broken health. But his work on earth was done, and God took him to himself. He left us on the morning of July 2, 1863, and was laid to rest in a lovely spot on the hill which he visited soon after reaching Tung-chow. "There is no other place in the world," he had said to me, "where I should prefer to lie."

From a letter of mine, dated the 20th of August, 1863, I will make some extracts:

"We have had a great flood. It rained all day yesterday, and in the evening it began again to pour. Between eleven and twelve we heard an uproar in the school-girls' room, and starting out to learn the cause, found even the inner court flooded with water, which already covered the lower steps of our veranda, and was several inches deep on the one in front of Mrs. Rankin's room, which is considerably lower than ours.

"The women and school-girls came rushing into our part of the temple to find a place of safety, the water in their rooms being already over their kang. Some waded, and some were carried by the men, and all were in a great state of excitement. The water continuing to rise, Mr. Nevius and one of the men waded over to Mrs. Rankin's room. Before they had things properly arranged, in came the water, oozing up through the floor and pouring over the door-sill. At the same moment it entered our dining-room. When Mr. Nevius crossed over there to lift some boxes to a safe elevation, he

heard a voice calling, 'Nee shienseng! Nee shienseng!' ('Teacher Nevius! Teacher Nevius!') from the garden without. It proved to be a neighbor, who, with her little son, had made her way through the fields to our house. As the water in the outer court and passages was then too deep to allow her to come through in that way, Mr. Nevius pulled her up through a window seven or eight feet from the ground.

"There is a stream in front of the 'Temple of the Goddess of Mercy,' which is often quite dry; but in heavy rains it rises very suddenly. Last night it was a rushing torrent. Mr. Nevius was anxious to get out to look after an old woman who lives in one of the neighboring houses, and also to see if he could not render assistance to others who might be in danger; but he was met by so swift a current as nearly to carry him off, and was glad enough to find himself safely back in our own inclosure.

"The water was at its greatest height at midnight. By that time the roof of the Kwan-yin Tang was leaking in every room, particularly in the main building. Nearly half the ceiling fell off, or hung in tattered shreds. The water abated as rapidly as it rose, and in a few hours the courts were empty. As the flood subsided it left a residuum very hard to remove both in the house and in the courts. Every matting had to be taken up. The floor in the girls' school-room, and also in the chapel, caved in, and two partition-walls and several doors had to be pulled down, as they were on the point of falling. Part of the stable-wall fell during the night, almost upon the horses. Such a house as ours I am sure you never saw!" The walls were so thoroughly soaked that it was months before they were perfectly dry.

During the autumn of 1863 my health was unusually bad, and in the hope of being benefited by rest and change, we took a trip to the south of China. On the 21st of September Dr. McCartee wrote us from Chefoo of the sailing of two

ships, one for Hongkong and the other for Amoy, the captains of which kindly offered us a free passage. He urged our accepting the invitation of one or the other without delay. After consultation with our missionary friends, and earnestly asking guidance from Him who so often in our lives had verified the promise, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths," we decided to start for Chefoo the next day. We expected to be gone only a month or two; but notwithstanding this, our Chinese friends, especially the girls and the women, seemed to feel our going very much, and many tears were shed.

We left home at nine o'clock in the morning. By seven at evening we reached Shin-tien, the village where we stopped on our first journey to Tung-chow. The inn seemed forbidding in the last degree, and the air was so stifling that my lungs refused to breathe it. I was greatly relieved when Mr. Nevius suggested continuing our journey by night. He left his horse and mounted a donkey, which knew the road so perfectly as to be quite capable of acting as our guide. The owner of the donkey assured us that if we would allow it to have its own way we need have no fear of losing the road. And so, through all the hours of that dark night, our wise little leader led us, up hill and down, through fields and over streams, in narrow, rocky, and precipitous paths, sometimes on the edge of chasms and precipices, without ever one mistake. I enjoyed the strangeness, almost grotesqueness, of our night-journey, but Mr. Nevius was completely worn out by it. On reaching Chefoo we found that neither of the vessels was to sail for several days, so we need not have hastened our leaving Tung-chow as we did. It was decided that it would be best for us to accept the invitation of the captain of the "Agnes," whose wife, an American lady, was with him. They were exceedingly kind, and had it not been for ill health the voyage would have been a very pleasant one.

We spent several weeks at Amoy, where we were most hospitably entertained by members of the English Presbyterian Mission ; and we received many kindnesses from other missionaries, both English and American. A physician who was called in to see me soon after our arrival took a discouraging view of my health, and urged us to give up our intention of remaining longer in China, and return to the United States immediately.

After leaving Amoy we stayed a few days in Hongkong, and from there went up to Canton, where we spent several weeks. In the latter part of November we sailed for Shanghai, stopping on our way at Foo-chow for a few hours. We had thus an opportunity of visiting most of the mission stations in China ; and, as was his invariable custom, my husband made the most of this opportunity, inquiring into the methods used, their results, both past and prospective ; into mistakes made, and their causes and effects ; and in every way possible added to his knowledge of the economy of missions. He felt the information thus gained to be invaluable, and its influence on his own work was very great.

We reached Shanghai on the 4th of December. While there our physician advised us so strongly to return to the United States, and warned us so earnestly against the danger of delay, that we scarcely felt at liberty to further discuss the matter, although my husband and I both should greatly have preferred to stay in China one or two years longer.

When the question of our return home had been decided, Mr. Nevius determined to go at once to Ningpo, in order to secure the aid of trained native scholars to assist him in finishing and revising different works for the press. He felt that he could not leave the country without accomplishing this object, as doing so might involve the loss of years of hard labor. On reaching Ningpo, about the first of the year 1864, he at once engaged several teachers and scribes, and kept them constantly busy. He himself worked day and night,

now with one, now with another, and crowded into a short space of time what ought to have occupied a much longer period. It was good, successful work, and it seemed necessary; but his health suffered from the overstrain for nearly a year afterward.

With one exception there was not a missionary at Ningpo then who was there on our arrival ten years before. Some had removed to other parts of China or returned to their native countries; but many had died from the effects of climate or overwork, or more probably from both causes combined, as was the case with Mr. Rankin. The native Christians met us with a hearty and affectionate welcome, and were much rejoiced to meet their old friend and pastor again. Shortly after reaching Ningpo Mr. Nevius went to Bao-ko-tah, the nearest outstation, where he preached and administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. At the close of the service a woman came to him with a case of conscience. She wished to know whether it was right to think of Jesus after she had gone to bed at night! She said that by the worshippers of Buddha it was considered wrong to think of him at that time. She also asked whether, in case she really had no leisure for prayer in the morning, it would answer as well to say two prayers at night!

He made several visits to the San-poh stations, where he was delighted to find affairs in a most prosperous condition. At a meeting of the Ningpo Presbytery, six candidates, all, with one exception, graduates from the school, were licensed to preach the gospel.

One day, in the latter part of March, Mr. Nevius and I visited an extensive establishment in Ningpo where tea is prepared for the foreign market. We had often witnessed the process of tea-picking on the hills in the vicinity of Ningpo, where it is grown extensively; but we had never given much attention to the final processes necessary to fit it for exportation to distant lands. That used by the natives is prepared in

a more simple way. Seen at a distance, the tea-plant resembles somewhat the common currant-bush. Its blossom is very like that of the *Camellia Japonica*. "The camellia has the same name among the Chinese as the tea-shrub, and possesses most of its botanical characters." The picking of the leaves is usually performed by women and children, who can in this business earn from three to six cents a day.

We found in this establishment eight or ten long ranges, each with twelve or more deep iron pans, with apparatus for heating them underneath. In these pans the leaves, after having been carefully assorted and withered, are heated over a slow fire, a man standing by who, with the palm of his hand, lightly stirs the whole with an even, rotary motion. The young and tender leaves are much valued by the natives, who drink their tea without either milk or sugar. It is nearly colorless, and has a very delicate flavor, and is expensive, even in China. The Chinese never boil their tea. They usually place a small quantity of leaves in a cup which is filled with boiling water, and the saucer is placed over the top while it draws. We were also told at that establishment in Ningpo that a foreign coloring ingredient is generally introduced into the green teas to improve their color, but that it is in very minute quantities and of a harmless character.

The black teas—at least, some varieties—in the process of preparation, are trodden by barefooted men, and when finally ready for market, go through a similar process as they are being placed in chests. Davis says: "The tea, when prepared, is first of all put up in baskets, and subsequently packed by the contractors in chests and canisters. The black teas are trodden down with the feet to make them pack closer; but the green-tea leaves would be crushed and broken by so rude a process; they are accordingly only shaken into the chests." Our informant at the Ningpo tea-hong assured us that hogs' blood is often used in the preparation of black teas.

CHAPTER XX

TRIP UP THE YANG-TSE—DEPARTURE FOR ENGLAND

WE had hoped to engage passage from Shanghai direct to New York, or, failing in that, to be able to find a ship going to California; but we were disappointed, as there was scarcely a vessel of any kind at that time bound either for New York or San Francisco. The privateers of the Southern Confederacy had driven nearly every merchant-vessel carrying the United States flag out of those waters. Under these circumstances we thought seriously of returning to Tungchow and waiting for better times. But Dr. Henderson, who himself, a few months afterward, fell a victim to the climate, urged the necessity of our leaving China with as little delay as possible, cautioning us against the risk of remaining longer.

At length, after much detention, and making inquiries on board many ships, Mr. Nevius secured passage for ourselves, and Mrs. Rankin and her children, who were to accompany us, in an English vessel bound for London. While waiting for our ship to sail, we were invited by a friend to take a trip up the river Yang-tse to Hankow. We were glad to avail ourselves of this favorable opportunity of seeing the interior of China. We went on board the steamer late one Monday evening in the latter part of May, and the next morning got under way. The first night we reached Chin-kiang, one of the newly opened ports, which was captured by the rebels

the year before we reached China. They held it for three years, when, owing to supplies failing, they were obliged to evacuate it.

The next day at noon we passed the city of Nanking. Its walls, which are about fifteen miles in circumference, run in some places close to the water's edge, and in others stretch far away over high hills, inclosing miles and miles of unoccupied ground and cultivated fields or gardens. More than ten years before this, Nanking had been captured by the insurgents, and a great part of the time since then the imperialists had been closely besieging it. As we passed we could see the long lines of tents belonging to the besieging army, which, like a great boa-constrictor, was coiled around the ill-fated city. The rebels were known to be hard pressed for provisions, and it was not supposed that they could hold out much longer. Only a little frontage on the river was left them, and they evidently made the most of that for fishing. Close to the wall of the city is a narrow stream, upon one side of which were the imperialists, on the other the rebels.

Early Thursday morning we passed the fine old city of Ngankin, the capital of Nganhwui province, which we entered, not far from it. This city was then the residence of one of the highest insurgent chiefs. On the afternoon of that day we passed the Siao ku-san ("Little Orphan"), an island lying midway in the river. It rises abruptly from the waves, one towering rock two or three hundred feet high. On its summit is a small temple or idol shrine, and somewhat lower down is a larger building, evidently of the same character. These can be approached only by steps hewn in the rock. We were surprised to see in such a rocky place an abundance of beautiful foliage. An hour or two after leaving this pretty spot we discovered the entrance of the Poyang Lake, and had a glimpse of another island, called Ta ku-san ("Large Orphan"), also, apparently, a high, precipitous rock. Like its

young sister just mentioned, it evidently is not altogether neglected, as its brow is crowned by a towering pagoda.

It was evening when we reached Kiu-kiang, where the steamer anchored a short time. There were here only a few foreign houses, but those few were large and conspicuous. The next afternoon we reached Hankow, our journey's end. While there we were the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Griffith John, of the London Mission. They had visited us several years before, while we were living at Hang-chow. We seemed destined to meet in out-of-the-way places. Their new mission at Hankow had commenced most prosperously, and at that early date gave indications, since verified, of being a station of no ordinary interest.

Hankow is situated on the Yang-tse-kiang, six hundred miles from its mouth, at the point of its confluence with the river Han. Seven years before our visit it had been completely destroyed by the rebels, only one house, we were told, having been left standing. But, as if by magic, it had already recovered itself, and was again a place of much commercial importance. It was compactly built, extending at that time for at least five miles along the banks of the Han and Yang-tse rivers. Its population was about four hundred thousand; but it had few objects of interest, such as temples, gardens, or fine streets, which are usually found in Chinese cities of that size.

Opposite Hankow, on the right bank of the river Han, is the smaller city of Han-yang. It also was ruined by the rebels, and had been only partially restored.

Across the Yang-tse, which is at that point three quarters of a mile wide, is Wu-chang, the capital of the Hupeh province. The situation of these three cities, Wu-chang, Han-yang, and Hankow, reminded us somewhat of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City; but the river Han is much narrower than the East River separating New York and Brooklyn. Indeed, it is here so narrow that one might throw a stone across it; but

it is very deep, and is navigable for hundreds of miles beyond this point. Navigation of the Yang-tse is made difficult by rapids about one hundred and fifty miles above Hankow. The population of these three cities combined Père Huc estimated at eight millions. An English traveler says: "Perhaps their united population may have equaled that of London, but certainly never exceeded it."

One short extract from my husband's journal of this time may be given here :

"May 24th. After an early lunch we went across the Han River, and the small lake opposite, to Mr. W——'s bungalow. Nothing in Hankow is so impressive, or gives such an idea of the former populousness of the place, as a native burial-ground which we saw there. A narrow strip of land stretching as far as the eye can reach is occupied by graves, apparently as near one another as coffins could be placed. I was told that this immense graveyard extended to a range of hills about ten miles distant. The area thus filled is on an average more than one mile wide, and here probably not less than thirty millions of Chinese sleep their long sleep. My figures may not be quite accurate."

The current is so strong in the Yang-tse that few native vessels were anchored in it; but the Han for a long distance was crowded with junks and lighter craft. Large river-steamers constantly ply between Hankow and Shanghai, and merchant-vessels also, some of heavy draft, went there to take in cargoes for America and England.

From what we saw of Hankow we were convinced that it was destined to be a very important commercial center, and an equally important one for missions. No American society had then any mission on this great river. I have heard old sea-captains who were familiar with the noble Mississippi express the opinion that both for beauty and purposes of commerce that river is inferior to the Yang-tse-kiang, or Ta-kiang ("Great

River"), as it is often called in China. They seemed to me very much alike. The banks of both are often low and uninteresting, and navigation on both requires the aid of a good pilot acquainted with the channel. I do not think there are so many lagoons and marshes on the Ta-kiang as on the shores of the Mississippi; but still in certain parts there are not a few of these.

The voyage up the Yang-tse had not been slow; but our return, owing to the strong current, was very rapid.

The "Robert Low," in which our passage was engaged, arrived from Hankow, where she had been taking in a cargo of tea, shortly after we reached Shanghai, and in her we sailed for England, a little more than ten years after our first arrival in China.

CHAPTER XXI

VOYAGE TO ENGLAND, AND SOJOURN THERE—ARRIVAL IN THE UNITED STATES

THE voyage to England—again around the Cape of Good Hope—was nearly uneventful. The ship had auxiliary steam-power, which, in calms or head-winds, was an advantage. We stopped nowhere, except for one or two days at the island of St. Helena. Of all lonely places in this wide world, this is the loneliest. We visited the house of the great Napoleon, and the room where he died, and the graveyard where his body lay for a time, near which are the graves of some of God's dear children. "More than conquerors were they!" Here in this rock-bound island lies the body of Sarah Boardman Judson, the echo of whose sweet songs seems to linger round her last resting-place. Immense geraniums and flowering cacti cover the rocks, losing their fragrance and their beauty in their size, and astonishing us by their luxuriance. As for the people of St. Helena, they seemed at least a century behind their time, and were a very strange mingling of races. The coming of a ship into the harbor was a pleasant event in their quiet lives, and they were most hospitable to the strangers visiting them. We sailed away with loads of lovely flowers and very pleasant recollections of our short visit to the "lone, barren isle."

In all our voyages at sea it has been our custom not to spend the time in continual lounging or light reading, but, as soon as

the ordeal of seasickness was passed, to begin some systematic work; not to the point of overfatigue, but in a way which gave us the satisfaction of gaining some little good each day. Thus the many months which we have been obliged from first to last to spend at sea have not been entirely wasted.

An extract from Mr. Nevius's journal will show how he employed the time on this homeward-bound journey:

“ ‘Robert Low,’ September 15, 1864. Latitude 20° north, longitude 210° west. Hitherto we have had a delightful and prosperous voyage. . . . Helen's health has improved, though not so much as I hoped. . . . I have enjoyed reading the New Testament in Greek during this voyage more than in any other period of my life, and have, I think, been more profited by it. During the last few weeks I have had a little cabin in the back part of the ship, which I have used as a private study—a room of which I shall always have grateful recollections from the happy hours spent in it. My Bible classes with the sailors, sometimes twice and sometimes four times a week, together with preaching on Sunday, have been a capital exercise to me as a preparation for work at home, and I think I have carried some of my freedom in Chinese into speaking in my own language. I have carefully prepared four sermons, which dear Helen has written out for me, thus rendering me great assistance. I have been arranging and classifying materials for missionary discourses at home, and the subject has expanded and grown upon me the more I have thought and written. I have arranged heads for seven discourses, and am to commence writing them out to-day. I hope to finish some of these before reaching London, which we expect to do in three weeks. I would record the fact with gratitude that I feel that I have been helped by God in this work; and if I am able to do anything in interesting the church and awakening her to a sense of her duty, it will be all of God's grace, and to him shall be the glory. I have felt such special assistance and encourage-

ment of late that the thought has frequently come to me that, aside from my own prayers, others are praying for me.

“ Last week, through my own carelessness, I lost overboard our favorite Shantung lark, one of two which we brought from our home in Tung-chow. This little circumstance was really a great trial to me; but I recognize God's hand in it, and believe it has been for my good. . . .”

I remember well the day when this little accident occurred. My husband came down from the deck looking pale and distressed, as he told me that, the bottom of its cage having fallen out, the “ tufted lark ” had flown off—away, away, and finally settled down on the dark waves, unable to rise. There were tears in his eyes, and he was as much grieved as I at our loss and the sad fate of our little songster.

We reached London the middle of October, 1864. We were six months in England; part of the time in London, the remainder in a hygienic establishment at Sudbrook Park, where my health improved and my husband was able to have the rest of mind and body which he so much needed. Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor, were then home on a visit from China, and the project of an “ inland mission ” was occupying their minds. While we were at Sudbrook Park a gentleman was staying there who was a rich ship-builder and a pious, benevolent man. He told us of a ship he was about to send to China, and offered us a free passage in it. We could not accept the kind offer, but my husband told him that his fellow-missionary, Mr. Taylor, was wishing to send two men to China, and asked if the invitation to us might be transferred to them. The permission was willingly given, and thus we had the privilege of helping a little in the establishment of the mission which has since grown to such large proportions.

During this visit in England Mr. Nevius formed the acquaintance of many persons whose friendship he valued most highly.

In the latter part of the winter my husband took a run over to France. While there he was the guest of an old school-mate and college friend. I am glad to find a letter which shows how thoroughly he was able to enjoy the new sights and the change from our monotonous life in China. On the 24th of February, 1865, he wrote me from Rue de la Paix, Paris, as follows:

“While waiting for breakfast I will commence a letter to you. We had a smooth and comfortable passage across the Channel Wednesday night, arriving at Dieppe about six o'clock on Thursday morning.

“We reached Paris a little after one, and I took a cab, and directed the cabman to Hotel Hollande, Rue de la Paix; not, however, without a little stuttering, which brought your prediction forcibly to mind. . . .

“Mr. and Mrs. G—— are both very cordial, and are doing everything in their power to make my visit pleasant. After spending the afternoon and evening together chatting over old school-days, etc., M—— proposed a walk in the city. I cannot tell you one tenth of what I saw, and must reserve an account of it till we meet. . . . This morning I got up quite rested and in good spirits. . . . I imagine you now as taking the full benefit of the baths at Sudbrook Park, and I so hope you are enjoying them. . . . This morning M—— had important business to attend to, and gave me the pleasant escort of his two little girls, Florence and Anna Belle. Florence took me under her especial care, and I assure you an old Parisian could not have shown me around more delightfully. . . . I am sure I shall enjoy my visit here very much, and there is no prospect of my leaving before the middle of next week. . . . Mr. and Mrs. G—— are going to a party to-night. I have been obliged to decline accompanying them, principally because I have ‘nothing to wear.’ I almost regret that I did not bring a dress suit; but it is of very little consequence. . . .”

Mr. Nevius spent much time while in England in reviewing and printing, in the Ningpo romanized colloquial, several books, new editions of which were required, it being then more practicable to do that work in London than in China.

Our visit in England was made at the time when the great Rebellion in our own country was nearly at an end ; but public feeling was strongly against our government, and, had we not been sure of the sympathy of the best in the land, and also been encouraged by the successes which were then attending our armies, this visit to the "mother-country" would have been less agreeable.

We returned to America—by the blessing of God still the *United States*—in the spring of 1865. On nearing our own coast, about the 18th of April, we heard from a pilot of the virtual close of the war. The next day, as we sailed into the bay, the slow, heavy booming of minute-guns on shore filled us with forebodings of evil, to be turned into dreadful certainty when a sloop sailed close to our side with the news of the assassination of our President. It was a sad home-coming.

The following letter to the Rev. Charles Preston, whose preaching-services for heathen audiences in Canton Mr. Nevius considered the most successful work of that kind which he had seen in China, shows, I think, that catholicity of spirit and unselfish interest in others which was such a marked feature in my husband's character. And now, when the importance of schools of all sorts has been so long well understood, it seems strange there should ever have been any question about it.

" April 21, 1865.

" MY DEAR MR. PRESTON: We reached New York day before yesterday. A large bundle of letters awaited our arrival, including two from you. I thank you much for your kind remembrance of me. I have often thought of your interesting chapel work, and feel with you that it will not be

without important results in the future. I earnestly hope that you may have the happiness of soon seeing much fruit gathered from this extensive seed-sowing. . . . When I wrote to you about a boarding-school I wished to get your opinion as to whether you think such a school is needed in Canton, and if so, whether there are difficulties in the way of establishing one there. I mean a boarding-school in which English is not to be taught, having for its object the raising up of a native missionary agency—a school similar to the one at Ningpo. If you think such a school desirable and practicable, I shall be very glad to use what influence I may have in helping you to start one.

“We sailed from Liverpool on the 4th instant, and had a favorable and pleasant passage over. . . . When we first reached England there was a great deal said about our country which it was not pleasant for us to hear. The tone of feeling and the expressed sentiments of the press on the American question have, however, lately been rapidly changing.

“When we took a pilot outside the harbor last Tuesday we were delighted with the news of the fall of Richmond and the capture of General Lee’s army. The next day, however, we were shocked by the news of the assassination of our President. The universal grief here is remarkable. Every one is in mourning, and business has been generally suspended. . . .

“I was almost bewildered by the different emotions which occupied my mind at the same time on reaching New York. The joyous and the saddening news; the sight, after so many years, of my native land; the beauties of New York Bay under a cloudless sky, with its shores in their fresh spring dress, made me feel at the same time both happy and gloomy. This forenoon I took a walk about this beautiful village, Astoria. The willow-trees have just put forth their leaves, and the fruit-trees are budding and blossoming. I heard a familiar sound from some early songster, and on looking about, saw the old ac-

quaintance of our childhood, robin redbreast. The nearer I get to our own country home the more I feel like hastening to it. . . . But I realize more than ever what a privilege it has been to preach Christ where he is not known.

“After a stay of about ten days at home, I expect to attend the General Assembly at Pittsburg. . . .”

CHAPTER XXII

MR. NEVIUS'S FIRST VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES

MY recollections of our long visit to the United States between the spring of 1865 and the autumn of 1868 are not very distinct. Much of the time I was ill, and remained in our country home in Seneca County, N. Y. My husband, after a short rest there, placed himself at the service of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions; and from that time until our return to China he was doing what is known in England as "deputation work" among the churches. In May, 1865, he attended the meeting of the General Assembly at Pittsburg, to which meeting the following letter to me refers:

". . . We arrived at Harrisburg at 1 P.M. yesterday, and started about 1.30 for Pittsburg, the road for the most part lying along the banks of the Juniata. . . . The ride over the mountains was magnificent. . . . One of the first items of business was to elect Dr. John C. Lowrie moderator, when he made a very nice, modest speech.

"Since dinner I have indulged my propensity to run up to the top of a hill near us, from which I got a good view of Pittsburg. It is beautifully situated, surrounded on all sides by high hills and mountains. Here the Alleghany and Monongahela unite their waters, forming the Ohio. The smoke of this city of workshops hangs in a heavy cloud over the town, the atmosphere of which reminds me very much of London. . . ."

During the next year (1866) Mr. Nevius attended, by special invitation, the meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions, which was held in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. In all these absences he wrote me regularly, though often in haste. He wrote from Buffalo, September 26, 1866:

“ . . . We had a very pleasant missionary meeting. . . . The Board has adopted China as its principal field of operations. Yesterday afternoon was devoted to its consideration, and I was called upon to make the second address, when the audience was fully assembled. The house was crowded, and my remarks were attentively listened to.

“ Dr. Happer, of Canton, is here; also one or two other of our missionaries. I have had several invitations to visit different places, and the prospect is that I shall have much more to do than I can attend to. . . .”

“ September 27, 1866.

“ The meeting of the American Board closed this morning with the farewell service, which was very solemn and interesting. I have enjoyed it much, and shall always be thankful that I attended it. My address on Wednesday was very well received. Mrs. Boyd says I set a ball a-rolling, and claims part of the credit for it, on account of having been principally instrumental in inducing me to come here. If I have been able to do any good I thank God, and give him all the praise. . . . I am to speak in Dr. Lord's church in the morning, to address a union Sunday-school in the afternoon, and a union meeting in another Old-School church in the evening. Dr. Lord's is a large congregation, and, it is said, is the largest Protestant church edifice in the United States. . . .

“ I only half enjoy my visits anywhere without you. This is a greater trial to me than you can imagine. . . . You know that I have often remarked that God has for years made use of your delicate health to direct the course of my life and the character of my labors. I am beginning to feel a strong con-

viction that he does not design that we shall go back to China just yet, but that I may have, for a time, a more important work to do here than I could there. . . .”

A few days after the close of this meeting of the American Board, Mrs. Chester Eastman, my husband's mother, was taking tea in Ovid village in company with a young minister who had just returned from that meeting and was full of missionary enthusiasm. He told of one address after another. “But,” said he, “by far the best address of all was given by a young missionary from China—a Mr. Nevius.” All eyes were turned to Mrs. Eastman, and the young minister said, “Do you know him, madam?” Smiling and confused, and her sweet face blushing like a young girl's, she answered, “He is my son!” The address he spoke of must have been the one referred to in the letters of September 26th and 27th, given above.

In the autumn of 1866 occurred the first visit of Chinese officials to the United States. I find a letter referring to this addressed to Dr. J. C. Lowrie. My husband wrote:

“I learn by the papers that a mandarin from China, *Pin ta-jin* [great man], who has been sent by the Chinese government to visit foreign countries, is expected soon to reach New York. From private letters from China we learn that *Pin ta-jin* is a prominent and intelligent officer, and that two young men who are coming with him as interpreters are from W. A. P. Martin's school in Peking. . . . This mission forms an epoch in the history of China, and will, I believe, have an important bearing upon our relations with that empire and upon our missionary work. I should like to know when this officer reaches New York. He is himself unacquainted with the English language. . . . I am not aware that there is any one now in the United States who speaks Mandarin except myself. . . . If I can be of service in making the visit of these persons pleasant and profitable, I shall be most happy. The young interpreters,

as well as the *ta-jin*, will perhaps have much influence in the future affairs of China. . . .”

I do not remember whether Mr. Nevius met the Chinese party in New York; but when they were the guests of our Secretary of State, William H. Seward, in the beautiful little city of Auburn, N. Y., they were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Troop-Martin, and my husband was Mrs. Martin's special interpreter on that occasion.

On the 17th of November, 1866, my husband wrote me from the home of our friend, James H. Pratt, Esq., in Albany:

“Albany is the place to come to to see Old-School churches. The Old School is predominant. The First, Second, and Third Presbyterian churches all belong to it. . . .”

My husband, though an Old-School man, was by no means extreme in his devotion to that branch of the church, and he was entirely in favor of the union of the two schools, which union was consummated soon after.

During the year 1867 Mr. Nevius did an unusual amount of “deputation work,” and extracts from his letters to me will give some of his experiences. Leaving me about the last of October, he was absent from home for many weeks. He wrote as follows:

“PHILADELPHIA, November 2, 1867.

“. . . I reached Philadelphia before noon to-day, and called first on Dr. Speer and then went to Dr. Reed's. He insisted on my preaching to his people Sunday morning, which I have promised to do. To-night I speak in Mr. Cunningham's church. Dr. Beadle urged me to stay with him at the Girard House over Sunday, and I am now writing in this fine hotel. I shall probably take quarters as a delegate to the Presbyterian Convention on Monday. . . . I know that you will pray for me that God will work in and through me. This is my only trust. . . . It would be a great relief to know that you are not voiceless to-day. You know I am thinking of

you. . . . My hope is that you will make a better man of me, and I believe you are able to do it, and that you will !”

“ PHILADELPHIA, November 5, 1867.

“ The meeting of the Presbyterian Convention commences to-night, and also that of the Episcopal Convention. I shall see many of our ministers at the convention, and make arrangements with them about services. I shall have to visit several of them on week-day evenings in order to get around in two more weeks. . . . I feel that if I do this work well, and God blesses it, a great deal may be accomplished by such visitations. . . .”

“ 907 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA,

“ November 9, 1867.

“ Last night, at about eleven o'clock, closed the last session of the Presbyterian Convention. It has been the richest and grandest religious meeting that I have ever attended, and I believe it will be followed by most important results. Everybody seemed happily surprised by the number present, the unanimity of the members, and the advanced point reached in the preliminaries for organic union. I now have little doubt that the Old and New Schools, Reformed Presbyterians and United Presbyterians, and perhaps the Dutch Reformed, will be one church in the course of time.

“ But something still more remarkable has occurred than the hearty union and communion of the different branches of the Presbyterian Church. We have exchanged fraternal and ministerial courtesies with the Episcopal Church as represented here in its convention. Bishop McIlvaine and Bishop Lee, with two laymen, appeared in our midst by appointment yesterday at 10 A.M., followed by almost the whole Episcopal Convention. They made very appropriate and eloquent speeches, and were replied to by Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, and Dr. Stearns, of Newark. Bishop McIlvaine led in an extempore

prayer. We repeated the Apostles' Creed and Lord's Prayer together, and sang "Blest be the tie that binds." Our meeting was in the Reformed Presbyterian Church. . . ."

The next month I went with my husband to Philadelphia. Leaving me there with friends, he went on farther south, visiting Baltimore and Washington and other places. I give a few extracts from letters written at that time. His failure to receive news from me was due to some mistake, and was not my fault.

"BALTIMORE, December 2, 1867.

"What has become of you? It is now the sixth day since I left Philadelphia, and not one word from you! Saturday night I came up here to my room and imagined all sorts of things. . . . Now I am hoping for a letter from you this morning. If I do not receive one I shall telegraph. . . . You will probably be prepared by the doleful tale I have given of myself to hear that I made a complete failure in yesterday's work. I am glad to say I did not do that, though I certainly might have done better. I addressed Dr. Backus's Sunday-school in the morning. We had a very fine congregation at the church service, and all seemed interested; but I failed to produce the impression I had hoped to, especially in the latter part of my discourse. I talked about forty-five minutes. In the afternoon we had a 'big thing'—a service for children in the largest Presbyterian church here. The middle pews were reserved for the children, but these were found insufficient, and persons in the side pews were requested to go upstairs. And still they came! The aisles and the vacant space in front of the desk were packed with children and teachers, additional seats having been provided. There were below about fifteen hundred, and with the galleries more than two thousand. Some of the children were from mission-schools, and the boys rather difficult to be controlled, though they were as quiet as

such a promiscuous gathering could be expected to be. . . . I talked nearly an hour, and with as much effort as it would require to talk three under ordinary circumstances. I shall not covet the opportunity of addressing such a crowd again. . . . Though considerably exhausted by the afternoon service, our meeting in Dr. Dickson's church at night was among the most satisfactory that I have ever held. I have appointments for every night I am here. I feel none the worse for wear, and am, in fact, quite well."

" BALTIMORE, December 3, 1867.

" Your letter reached me yesterday afternoon, and the answer to my telegram, in which Dr. Lowrie informs me that my wife is with him and well. How could you leave me from Wednesday of one week to Monday of the next without one word from you, to imagine all kinds of horrors? . . . I supposed, of course, you were keeping me in ignorance of your real state of health, lest a true statement of the case might interfere with my work here. But now it is all over, and if you do not write, or if you intermit a day, I shall not complain or worry. . . .

" Last night I spoke in another of the city churches about an hour to a very attentive congregation; and after the benediction nearly half the people remained and questioned me an hour longer. They were then dismissed again, as not one of them showed a disposition to leave.

" This morning I started out to see something of the city, and went to the top of the Washington monument, which is built of marble, and is one hundred and eighty feet high. . . ."

" WASHINGTON, December 9, 1867.

" . . . After dinner last Saturday, Dr. Parker invited me to accompany him to attend a meeting of a private club at the house of Chief-Justice Chase, which I was happy to do. There I met Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute; General

Eaton ; Mr. McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury ; and others. Professor Henry gave an address on the subject of 'Fog-signals,' and the rest of the time was pleasantly occupied in conversation. Refreshments were served in an adjoining room. . . .

"Yesterday morning, the weather being fine, Dr. Gurley's church was full, and it was such a congregation as I have never faced before. Dr. Gurley said there were a large number of 'the literati' there, including some of the most distinguished men of our country. I confess that as I stood before them, with only a slip of paper about three inches square in the way of notes, I felt a little *shaky*, and queried whether I might not have been rash and presumptuous. I offered the opening prayer, and read the Scripture lesson (the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah). Dr. Gurley gave out two excellent hymns, and led in a comprehensive, solemn prayer—a model prayer. He introduced me so kindly and appropriately that I felt quite reassured, and, I may say to you, gave one of the best addresses that I have ever made. I spoke with freedom for about fifty minutes, and the whole congregation was most attentive. I think a decided impression for good was made, and Dr. Gurley seemed to think so too. I speak thus fully and frankly to you, I trust without any feeling of self-gratulation or pride, but with gratitude to God, who sees fit to use me for the advancement of his cause, and to whom be all the glory. I learned after church that the President was present. Professor Henry and General Eaton came after service to express their interest in my address, and invited me to visit them at their homes. In the afternoon I spoke to Dr. Gurley's Missionary Association, and in the evening had a very pleasant service at Dr. Chester's church on Capitol Hill. . . .

"Dr. Gurley is to accompany me in a few moments to see the opening of Congress at 12 M. This evening I attend the ministers' meeting at six ; we have a missionary meeting at half-past seven, in which it is hoped that the Rev. S. R.

Brown, D.D., of Japan, and a missionary from Syria will take part. After that service we are to go to spend an hour or two at Professor Henry's."

"WASHINGTON, December 14, 1867.

"Yesterday, after writing to you, I found that I could not go to Alexandria till evening, and so went to the Smithsonian Institute. Dr. Logan, of the Freedmen's Bureau, went with me. . . .

"I started for Alexandria at 6.30, and reached there in time for my service. . . . This morning it was cold and stormy, and I found that the river was frozen up, and that there would be no train till 5 P.M., so, like your husband, I started on foot, a distance of about eight miles, and arrived here a little before twelve. . . . To-night I am to go to the club again at the home of General Eaton. . . ."

"BALTIMORE, December 16th, 4 P.M.

"I left Washington at 12.15, and arrived here about 2 P.M. . . . The fact is they think too much of me here. I am almost afraid to visit a place the second time for fear they will find out that they have made a mistake in me. . . .

"My dear, it has been a great comfort to feel that you have been praying for me. May God give us both more of the spirit of prayer, and fit us more abundantly for duty here and glory hereafter."

I think it was during the summer of 1867 that the following incident occurred. My husband had been absent from home for a few days, keeping some appointments for missionary addresses, and I was awaiting his return on a certain afternoon. He did not come at the hour appointed, but not long after made his appearance. He had reached a station on the opposite side of Seneca Lake, where he supposed he would meet a train, but found himself too late. Knowing that I

should be anxious, he looked about for some way of getting back to me. But the lake lay between us! On the shore, opportunely, he espied a tiny boat, and with the freedom of the country he appropriated it, and started on a fifteen-mile voyage down the Seneca. He happened to have with him a roll of calico, and in his pocket some pins and bits of string. With these and the oars he extemporized a sail, and, greatly amused, came sailing homeward. A steamer was going up the lake just as he reached his landing-place, and on it he placed his borrowed boat, to be left in the nook from which he had taken it. Then, coming "across lots" through the fields and the woods, he was soon at the "Hermitage."

I mention this little incident, as it was so characteristic of my husband. It had to be a very bad emergency which he did not find some way out of. It became the habit of my life, if ever anything "went wrong," to go at once to him, quite sure that if it were within the bounds of human possibility he would make it right. He had also not a little genius for invention, and might have excelled in it had circumstances encouraged it.

CHAPTER XXIII

WRITING "CHINA AND THE CHINESE"—RETURN TO TUNG-CHOW

DURING the intervals between missionary addresses and other work while in the United States, Mr. Nevius was engaged in preparing materials for his work, "China and the Chinese." That part of it which treated of the religions and superstitions had been written, as has already been said, about our fourth year in China. But chapter after chapter was added, and most of the book was made, in 1868. At some previous time—I have no recollection when—I had written a few chapters of reminiscences of our life abroad. My husband had heard them, and one day asked me to read them to him again, after which he insisted upon my going on with the narrative, which finally grew into my little book, "Our Life in China."

The last months of our visit at home were passed in Seneca County, N. Y., where the proof of both our books, which we read each for the other, was constantly coming, keeping us very busy indeed.

We sailed from New York about the 1st of November, 1868, in the steamer "Arizona," for Aspinwall, the railroad across the continent not being completed. We were accompanied by Miss Mary Patrick, daughter of General Patrick, of the United States army; and another young lady, going out as a missionary under the American Board, was in our care. The steamer was crowded with the roughest class of people it has

ever been my lot to sail with. The weather was for some days very stormy, and the voyage was not a pleasant one. We crossed the Isthmus of Panama on the slow-moving train, which gave us more than time enough to see the sights and breathe the malarial atmosphere of that damp, unwholesome region. We were detained some days in the harbor of Panama, where yellow fever was prevailing, and there were at least two deaths from it on our ship. On our way up the coast I had fever every day—the effect of the malaria at Panama. On the 2d of December, 1868, my husband wrote to Dr. Lowrie from San Francisco as follows:

“To-morrow we sail for China in the steamer ‘China.’ I am sorry to say that during our week’s stay here Mrs. Nevius has been confined to her room nearly all the time by illness. . . . You will think that this is rather a discouraging beginning; and so I have felt it myself, and have sometimes been almost disheartened. Were I now at home I should hesitate about leaving; as it is, I trust I have come in accordance with the leadings of God’s providence, and that he will direct and prosper us, and overrule our trials and disappointments for good. . . . There will be but few passengers on the ‘China,’ and we have every reason to expect a pleasant voyage.”

Again, on the 22d of December, he wrote from on board the “China”:

“DEAR DR. LOWRIE: We are now nearing the coast of Japan. The best news which I have to communicate is that Mrs. Nevius has been steadily improving in health during the voyage, and is now about as well as usual. We expect to reach Yokohama day after to-morrow, and to be at Shanghai in little more than a week. We have had a most pleasant voyage, the weather being on the whole favorable. Last night we experienced a very hard gale, and were ‘hove to’; but the gale only lasted a few hours.”

When we reached Japan we were struck by the marked changes which had already commenced there ; but no one then dreamed of the wonderful metamorphosis which a quarter of a century would accomplish in that phenomenal land.

There was important work awaiting my husband in our old station, Ningpo, and we returned there for the winter. On the 18th of January, 1869, Mr. Nevius wrote to Dr. Lowrie :

“ I should like very much to have permission to form a new station in Chinan fu,* in case the mission think it desirable, and the way is opened for us to do so. I have no personal choice as to my field or work. I should be happy, if all our missionaries were associated together in a Synod, to have them settle the whole matter for me. As it is, I think the sympathies of missionaries are too much confined to their individual fields, and they are disposed to think, plan, and work for them exclusively. We have been urged to stay in Shanghai and Ningpo, and have received a letter asking us to go to Hangchow ; and we are also, I suppose, expected at Tung-chow. I should be quite willing to remain there temporarily until a new missionary comes to help Mr. Mateer ; but I think I should be more useful permanently elsewhere. It is generally agreed that Chinan fu is one of the most important points for a missionary station. . . . All the north of China might be worked from these three centers—Peking, Chinan fu, and Chefoo or Tung-chow. I hope to visit Chinan as soon as the spring opens, and to get more reliable information concerning it.”

While at Ningpo Mr. Nevius did a good deal of literary work, and made one long tour in the country, and also shared in the responsibility of ordaining several of his old students to the work of the ministry. At the request of the mission he wrote the “ Mission Letter ” for March, 1869. It is too long for insertion, though important. It refers to a meeting of the

* Frequently spelled also Tsinan fu.

mission held during the previous month, when, among other "resolutions" adopted were these:

"*Resolved*, That Hang-chow be fixed upon as the place for conducting the instruction of candidates for the ministry.

"*Resolved*, That Messrs. Nevius and Dodd be appointed as the teachers of the theological class."

Mr. Nevius adds: "I had expected to go to the north, and I should prefer Shantung, because of its climate. . . . I did not, however, feel at liberty to decline the invitation of the mission here, as this work is of such urgent importance. . . . Under these circumstances, I have promised to spend the next winter here, and, if possible, the winter after, leaving our permanent residence to be determined as the providence of God shall give us more light."

In a letter of a later date he says:

"I have made a trip to San-poh in company with Rev. J. A. Leyenberger. The church there is now contending with some difficulties, but its prospects are on the whole encouraging. . . .

"I am much pleased with the character, development, and standing of the native pastors. . . . The missionaries in Tung-chow have written an urgent letter requesting us to return there. . . . I find it is useless for us to make plans for ourselves, and I trust it is our desire to carry out God's plan as he makes it known to us."

On our return to Shantung we made the journey from Ningpo to Shanghai by canal, stopping on our way to visit Hang-chow, where there were several missionaries of different societies from England and America. In a letter written while on our way to Shanghai, my husband said:

"The ten days which we spent in Hang-chow were employed in looking for building-sites and in maturing plans for theological instruction next winter. I have seen no reason to change my views as to the advantages of making Hang-chow

our chief mission center for this part of China. . . . I have visited nearly all our stations and outstations, and I am glad to say that while there are many things which we all wish otherwise, there is everywhere much to make us thankful. I believe that all the agents here employed by our church are laborious, faithful, and useful, according to their ability and opportunities. I have been particularly pleased to see the improvement in our native preachers. Our foreign brethren are trusting them more and more, and I think they have never yet been disappointed in them. . . .

“I am writing to-day under rather unfavorable circumstances. We are on the canal on our way from Hang-chow to Shanghai. The wind is ahead, and the motion of the boat is anything but favorable to communication of thoughts on paper.”

We sailed from Shanghai for Shantung, accompanied by Miss Patrick, on the 16th of April, 1869. In writing from Tung-chow on the 10th of May, my husband, in a letter to his society, says:

“We reached Chefoo April 19th. In entering the harbor I was struck with the appearance of Mr. Corbett’s establishment. It seems larger in the distance than it really is, and is a most conspicuous object and in a very desirable location. . . . While we have a great deal of hard work before us here in Shantung, and many difficulties to contend with, everything confirms me in the opinion which I have entertained for years, that this province is the most encouraging field for labor in China now accessible to missionaries.

“Mr. Mateer’s boarding-school for boys is a very promising one. . . .”

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Mills were just starting for a visit to the United States, and we went at once to their house, taking charge of a small boarding-school for girls which Mrs. Mills had started. The house was part of a Buddhist temple situated

not far from the east gate of the city on a busy street. It was not a "house with seven gables," but seven gables of adjoining houses juttred out on the tiny court between the main building and a smaller one. It was not so pleasant a place as the "Temple of the Goddess of Mercy" had been, but it was sufficiently comfortable. The school was in a small building at one side.

I find no reference in either letter or journal to the fact that during the year 1869 my husband received his degree of Doctor of Divinity from Union College, his *alma mater*.

A few weeks after getting settled in the Tung Ta-ts ("Great Eastern Monastery"), Dr. Nevius went to the capital of the province, Chinan fu. He became convinced that it was not practicable, owing to the unfriendly temper of the people and officers, for us to attempt to go there to live at that time; but he was confirmed in his opinion of its being a most important mission center, which ought to be occupied at the earliest possible moment. On his return he wrote the following letters to my father, Dr. Coan:

"TUNG-CHOW, Tuesday, July 6, 1869.

"I reached home last Saturday evening from a visit to Chinan fu. I spent nine days on the road, traveling forty miles a day, excepting Sunday. Before leaving Chinan fu I became very anxious about Helen, as I did not hear from her at all after the first week. Fearing that the roads might become impracticable for carts, I purchased a horse for twenty-five dollars. He does not come up to your 'Andy' for beauty or speed, but he is very reliable for strength and endurance, and is gentle and safe. . . .

"Helen has been ill during my absence, but it is surprising to see how much she accomplishes. She has trained two new servants, and taught them in the kitchen, so that they can now make as good bread, butter, cake, etc., as you would wish to

eat anywhere. During my absence she has added furniture to the house, put down matting, and had everything cleaned and put in order, so that I am sure you would say, could you come in and look at us, that our house, though very plain, is the perfection of neatness. She has also made important changes in the school, and, with Miss Patrick's help, is teaching singing with great success. You will be glad to know, as I was, that a catechism in Mandarin which she prepared before she went to the United States, and which was intended originally for school-children and inquirers, is now regarded by both native and foreign teachers here as one of the best books we have for general distribution, and is very much sought after. . . ."

" September 1st.

" I spent a half-hour this evening in planting a bed of strawberries. I noticed a fine strawberry-bed in Japan as we were coming through, and put twenty or thirty plants in a little box in the ground in Shanghai while we went to Ningpo, and brought it up here about the 1st of May. From one half of the plants I have stocked the larger half of our front yard, and now have about two hundred healthy plants growing. If the spring climate here suits them we shall have all we want to use next summer. We are also having a good supply of tomatoes. . . .

" And now, if you should infer from my letter that a good deal of my time is taken up in looking after tomatoes, strawberries, and household matters, you will get a very incorrect idea of the way in which I employ myself. These things take up a part of the small portion of my time which I give to recreation. . . . There is a world of work before us, and life seems altogether too short for it.

" My thoughts often fly homeward, and my heart yearns after those loved scenes which no one prizes more highly than I do; but I feel thankful for the privilege of being here, em-

ployed as I am, and I believe that the 'rest that remaineth' will be all the sweeter after toil, and perhaps suffering, for Christ.

"Helen has got through the summer as well as we could expect. She has been ill, I believe, three times. It is the same old story, and just as I expected. She gets intensely interested in her studies, her school, and her housekeeping, and it is impossible for me ever to convince her that she is over-tasking herself, or that she is working on excitement rather than strength. When her weak body can stand it no longer she goes down, and suffers more or less with a loss of voice, a distressing cough, and pain in her chest. In the course of one, two, or three weeks she rallies again and is ready for another bout. She is just recovering from the last weak spell. This time she did not give up study, I believe, for a day. Though she could not speak, she still managed to get through her daily lesson with her teacher, and when she was obliged to lie down generally improved the time learning Chinese or writing letters. . . . You may infer the manner in which I talk to her sometimes from a dream she had a short time ago, which I suspect she has not told you. During one of her illnesses, when I suppose she thought, as she often does at such times, that it might be her last, she dreamed that she saw herself resting sweetly from her labors. Loving hands had tenderly and tastefully performed every little act of affection and respect; but *somebody*, with excessive consistency and persistency, had placed a large placard by her side with the inscription, 'Impudence!'

"I told you in the first part of this letter that we have a great many things to remind us of you. Your photograph, with the corresponding one of Mother Coan, hangs on the post or pillar in the middle of the sitting-room, and your excellent likeness, taken more lately, stands on the melodeon, where it confronts Helen every time she plays. Still the living reminder,

which often brings you to mind so clearly and strikingly that we look at each other and smile, without a word being spoken, is your own daughter Helen herself. I need hardly say that we are almost as constantly reminded of her dear mother, her marked looks and actions also, in Helen. . . .”

CHAPTER XXIV

DR. NEVIUS'S SEVEN MONTHS IN HANG-CHOW

WHEN Dr. Nevius gave the promise to the Mid-China Mission to return the next winter to teach the theological class, it was with the certain expectation that I should accompany him. When it became evident that we could not both leave Tung-chow, we had again to face the alternative of another separation or of failing to do what was evidently our duty. We could not long hesitate, although many circumstances combined to render it one of the heaviest trials of our lives. Having made every possible arrangement for my comfort during his absence, my husband left me early in the autumn of 1869 for Hang-chow, to be absent seven months. Apparently the necessity for the theological training of the candidates for the ministry had not been fully understood by the secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in New York, for a letter from my husband to Dr. J. C. Lowrie, dated Hang-chow, November 15th, has the following:

“As to the theological class, it seems to me, judging from your letter, that you wrote under a misapprehension both as to the character and the necessity for it. You say it strikes you as ‘too scholastic.’ Now it seems to me to be the very opposite of scholastic. I heartily wish it might be more scholastic than it is. It is simply an effort on the part of the Presbytery to give to candidates under its care such an amount of instruction and training as would warrant licensing them as authorized preachers of the gospel. The necessity for the

work appeared in the fact acknowledged by all that if this plan were not adopted the candidates for the ministry would be, for some years to come, without instruction, and our growing churches connected with the Ningpo Presbytery without pastors. In adopting the plan all the brethren, foreign and native, showed an entire and hearty unanimity. . . . Carrying out my part of the program has been attended with many difficulties; but I determined, as a matter of solemn duty, not to allow mere personal considerations, however weighty, to prevent my fulfilling my engagement. I do not call this a theological seminary, but simply a class for the time being—an effort to do the best we can in giving instruction to persons under our care. For this reason we did not submit the matter to the Board or executive committee. We regarded it as a measure which rested entirely with the Presbytery, and we did not propose to ask for any additional funds.”

While at Hang-chow my husband was in the family of Rev. Samuel Dodd, who, with Mrs. Dodd, did everything to make his sojourn pleasant and to keep off the pain of homesickness. In this, however, they did not fully succeed, as will be seen from his letter to my parents of December 14, 1869. I hope I need not say it was never my fault that he did not receive letters from me.

“ HANG-CHOW, December 14, 1869.

“ DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER COAN: . . . I am well, and my work here is very satisfactory and encouraging; but for some reason or other my regular letters from Helen have been interrupted for two weeks. I left Hang-chow the 18th of last month to take a Baptist missionary who was ill to Shanghai. A letter which was awaiting me there from the north informed me that Helen was ill. My first impulse was to take the next steamer for Chefoo, but I could not help seeing that it was inconsistent with duty to do so. So I turned around and came back to Hang-chow immediately, bringing with me a heavy

and anxious heart. Since my return I ought to have received two letters, but none have yet come. I have no way of accounting for this interruption. Helen promised that she would write regularly and tell me just how she was. . . . So I have no news from her since the 16th of November—nearly a month ago. I think every day that I must receive a letter before night; but hope is deferred, and it makes the heart sick. . . . My imagination will suggest all sorts of calamities. The mystery must be solved in a few days, and I trust my anxieties will be relieved. . . . This present separation from Helen is truly one of the greatest trials that I have ever experienced. Nothing but stern duty could make me willing to consent to it. My only support and comfort is in going to Him who has, as I believe, laid this cross upon us; who chastens us 'for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness'; and who has taught us to believe that 'all things work together for good to them that love' him. I like especially to plead the promise that is given to those who forsake father and mother and house and land and wife for him. But I find my faith all too weak, and I am sometimes almost given up to despondency. Perhaps it is God's design that I should test the foundations on which I am resting, and build deeper and stronger in preparation for the trials which must sooner or later come. I have had of late a deeper realization than I have ever had before of the instability and insufficiency of everything on earth, and the preciousness of affliction, when it draws us into closer sympathy with Christ. . . . I never felt before to the same extent how near Helen and I are to each other, and how essential to each other's happiness and usefulness; and the very suggestion of my losing her seems more than I can bear. To add to my troubles, navigation with the north of China is just on the very point of being suspended for about six weeks.

"I have written a very gloomy letter; but I trust it is only

a temporary cloud which covers me, and that life will be brighter when it has passed. God grant that we may all learn the lesson of perfect trust. . . .”

This homesickness and the loneliness inevitable in all our separations were counterbalanced by the consciousness my husband felt that he was doing his duty, and that the help he gave his missionary brethren in their difficult work was appreciated by them. I received a letter at that time from Rev. Samuel Dodd which cheered my heart and made me very happy. He told me how pleasant it had been for him to have Dr. Nevius's companionship during those many months, and also how greatly he admired his strong, loving, beautiful character, so patient, kind, and deferential to the opinions of others, in which he thought he was unlike some missionaries. During the latter part of his stay there Dr. Nevius had the pleasure of welcoming Rev. and Mrs. David Lyon to their home in Hang-chow.

In the latter part of March, 1870, his task successfully completed, Dr. Nevius started for his home in the north. He went first to Ningpo to attend a meeting of Presbytery and of the “Consolidated Mission” of the Chekiang province. And in a few weeks the hard, long seven months were looked back upon without one regret. In a letter to Dr. Lowrie he wrote on May 31, 1870:

“You will be glad to learn that our work in Shantung is still increasing in interest. Our great difficulty is that we can hardly keep pace with it. A few days after my arrival from the south a company of more than a dozen inquirers came here for instruction, most of them from the region of Ping-tu. My time for a month was chiefly given to them. A week ago ten of them were received into the church by baptism. . . . I expect to start day after to-morrow to visit Ping-tu and other places in the country, in company with a native elder.”

During the summer of 1870 there was through the whole of the northern provinces of China a strange anti-foreign agitation. The most incendiary placards and books or pamphlets were in circulation, and rumors were rife that foreigners were to be driven from the country. These grew so definite that it would have been folly to ignore them. The natives connected with us became most anxious and excited, as they were to be involved in the threatened attack upon their foreign teachers. Not a day passed without some new rumor of the hostile intentions of the officers and people reaching us. Warnings were frequently conveyed to us that our safety could only be secured by getting away from Tung-chow as speedily as possible. Had our little community consisted only of men, they would doubtless have preferred to take their chances of escape when the danger should become more imminent; but as there were five ladies and eight children to be looked after, it was a different matter. Our only means of getting away in case our closed compounds were attacked by a mob would have been by climbing up to the roof of certain houses adjoining certain alleys leading to certain quiet streets, from which we might possibly have gained the friendly shelter of tall rows of sorghum growing between us and the city wall, from the top of which, could we have reached it, we intended to be lowered by ropes into the corn-fields outside, and through them to creep down to the seaside, where possibly a boat might be found in which some of us might, if the waiting populace allowed it, embark on the sea for some island or inlet, or even Chefoo, if winds and tides did not prevent. We had long coils of rope ready at hand, and had our plan of retreat carefully mapped out. Our native friends living in the country begged us not to risk our lives by staying on when they knew the danger to be so real and definite; for a day had been fixed for the massacre. Under these circumstances it was decided to request the American consul at Chefoo to send a boat of

some sort to Tung-chow for our relief. There was no American gunboat in port, but, happily for us, the English admiral was there, and as soon as he knew of our danger he sent his gunboats, the "Barrossa" and the "Grasshopper," to take us to Chefoo. To the astonishment and dismay of the officers and people, these two vessels appeared in the harbor of Tung-chow, and waited there for us until we could leisurely arrange to go on board, which we did before evening of September 1st. It was wonderful, the "converting power" of these two ships of war! We had scarcely been a day in Chefoo before the *che-hien* of Tung-chow reported the fact of our leaving to the *tao-tai* of Chefoo, who in turn addressed a communication to the United States consul, deprecating our departure and cordially inviting us to return.

It is possible that the danger was not so great as we supposed, or it may have been much greater. It is a fact that we heard of the contemplated "Tientsin massacre" many days before that horrible event really took place. Had we not been so providentially rescued from our perilous position we might have shared the same fate as that of those nine or ten devoted Sisters of Charity, and other foreigners, who were so brutally murdered at that very time. The way having been made quite open for returning to Tung-chow, most of the missionaries soon went back there. My husband and I, however, before returning, visited Shanghai to attend the first meeting of Synod. Of this important body Dr. Nevius was chosen moderator. At this Synod only three Presbyteries were represented. There were eight foreign and seven native ministers and nine elders present. Much business was done and many important questions were considered, among which was that of the theological school or seminary. My husband was grieved by the strong sectional feeling which was so evident in this Synod, in place of the broad, unselfish interest which he longed to see manifested. I think he had the happiness of witnessing during

the ensuing years a growing spirit of union and love among the various missions of his church in the north and south.

Not long after the close of Synod we welcomed to China Rev. George F. and Mrs. Fitch and Rev. J. F. and Mrs. Crossette. The latter returned with us to Tung-chow in the autumn of 1870, while Mr. and Mrs. Fitch have spent all these intervening years in active and efficient work in mid-China—most of the time in Shanghai.

Then, as often in our sojourns in Shanghai, we were the guests of Rev. and Mrs. J. M. W. Farnham, who came to China only a few years later than we did, and who, with their ripened experience and scarcely diminished vigor, are still at their post working faithfully and with almost youthful enthusiasm.

My husband felt a great interest in the mission press at Shanghai, and was glad to assist in its management to the extent of his ability.



HARBOR AND VILLAGE OF CHEFOO, SHOWING THE "NAN-LOU."

CHAPTER XXV

REMOVAL TO CHEFOO—BUILDING THE “NAN-LOU”

IN two letters of March 25 and October 16, 1871, my husband wrote to Dr. J. C. Lowrie:

“I am glad to say that the country is perfectly quiet here at present, and that we are meeting with very little opposition in our work. No doubt not a few professed ‘inquirers’ have been influenced to withdraw from us by the threatening rumors of last autumn, but the native Christians have all stood firm. . . . I shall be very much burdened with work during the absence of Rev. C. W. Mateer. . . . We are glad to know that Mr. Mills is expecting to be back this autumn. . . . When he returns we shall no longer be needed in Tung-chow, and it appears to us that it will be best for us to go to Chefoo as our permanent place of residence. . . . We desire above all things to go where duty calls and to be guided by the leadings of God’s providence. . . . I think there is now a wider sphere of usefulness open to us in Chefoo than here. . . . Most of our outstations can be reached as easily from there as from here. . . . Tung-chow is perhaps a better station for a new missionary, as he is more free from interruptions which interfere with study, and is likely to acquire better missionary habits; but, while this is so, it is a very difficult place for an old one, as the routine work which falls upon him exhausts his time and strength. I have not been able to do anything in the way of book-making since my return, though there is much of this

kind of work which is needed, and which I wish to do, and to which I feel specially called. I think I can do that work more satisfactorily at Chefoo.

“Aside from the two schools which are efficiently carried on—the boys’ by Miss Brown in Mr. Mateer’s absence, and the girls’ by my wife—nearly all the rest of the work of this station falls on me. Our new church is about finished, and we expect to dedicate it next Sunday. It is a substantial and satisfactory building, and is much admired by the Chinese. . . . The theological class, which had its last session at Chefoo, is now with me. They are earnest students, and are making marked progress. There are ten men, whose ages range from thirty-five to sixty years, who are regarded as regular members of the class, and seven or eight others avail themselves of this opportunity of studying the Scriptures. Every morning they spend an hour, in connection with morning prayers, in the careful study of the Acts of the Apostles, after which Mrs. Nevius teaches them vocal music. On alternate days they study the Epistle to the Romans and theology, and have a weekly exercise in preparing plans for sermons, and in writing sermons.

“The next session will be held in Chefoo. These students spend about half their time in study and the other in evangelistic work. Whether we unite with our brethren in the south in the establishment of a theological institution or not, we feel that we must carry on this work regularly, systematically, and thoroughly. . . . The ‘Mission Letter’ informing us that the Shantung and Peking missions are to be considered one reached us by last mail. . . . As to the consolidation of the northern missions, I doubt not our meetings will be pleasant and profitable. After an experience of a few years we shall be better able to judge whether this plan will be practicable and desirable as a permanency. . . .

“If the plan is adopted of large missions including a num-

ber of stations and substations, it seems to me very important that the relations of these missions and stations to one another and to the Board should be clearly defined. A book of rules in many respects like those adopted by the London Mission seems to me very desirable. Without such rules I fear that the result of the establishment of these large missions will be independency or something very much like it. The large missions will hardly undertake the practical direction and control of work in the stations unless empowered and directed to do so; and what is not determined by the mission will be very apt to be left to the discretion of individuals. Is there not a happy medium, though practically very difficult to find, between too much control and too little? I think the tendency with us now is to the latter extreme. There has been a marked change in this direction since I came to China."

In the autumn of 1871 we removed to Chefoo. We lived for the first year in a small but pleasant house in the foreign settlement. Here my husband had more leisure for literary work, though still having the care, in connection with Mr. Corbett, of the theological class. He attended the meeting of the Synod of China in Ningpo, and in his first letter to our new secretary, Dr. F. F. Ellinwood, he says:

"The Synod gave evidence that the native element is fast gaining influence in our ecclesiastical courts, and I think that influence will be a healthful one."

With reference to the theological seminary he says:

"All were agreed as to the desirableness of having one institution for north and middle China; but each mission station wanted the institution, and so we very amicably agreed to carry on our work of theological instruction separately."

This "amicable agreement" has continued from that time to this, involving great loss, probably, to the mission cause, and certainly entailing much unnecessary work upon certain members of the various missions.

It was during the year we lived in the Chefoo settlement that my husband built our house, the "Nan-lou." *Lou* means a loft or storied building, and *Nan* is south; so that the name which the Chinese at once gave our place means literally the "Southern Loft." It is situated on a hill back from the sea, on the southern slope, and not very far below the large Taoist temple of the "Pearly Emperor," Yu-Hwang Ta-ti, nowadays often called "Li Hung Chang's temple," from the fact that his Excellency some years ago occupied it for a short time.

We were desirous of getting land nearer the Chinese villages and lower down the hill; but it was impossible, and we were shut up to this particular spot—a succession of fields lying in terraces, stony and unpromising. It required all my husband's acumen and engineering ability to level the land, lay the drains and watercourses, and arrange the garden spots, making it the pleasant place it finally became.

To the north of us, and in a still more conspicuous position, is Dr. Corbett's house, and farther down the hill was that of our friends, Rev. and Mrs. L. W. Eckard, whose return to the United States shortly after we so much regretted.

As these mission houses are ones which have been called "palatial residences," and may have done some harm to the missionary cause through the ill-natured reports of "globetrotters" or the studied untruths of more leisurely travelers, I must refer to them more at length. Dr. Corbett's is a low house, one room deep, built around two sides of an inner court, which gives it the appearance, as seen from the harbor, with the mission church standing at one side, of being very large; while in fact it is much too small, and none too convenient, for his family and the native schools which fairly swarm within the inclosure.

Our house has four rooms above and four below, a kitchen and laundry behind, and some small rooms made from the

veranda and end of the hall. It is comfortable, but nothing more. It is simply furnished, and so cheaply that the furniture of almost any good parlor or drawing-room at home would cost as much as that of our whole house, exclusive, perhaps, of my good piano.

Some extracts from a letter of my husband to Dr. Ellinwood relate to the building of our house and other matters. On the 4th of September, 1872, not long before we moved into our "Nan-lou," he wrote:

". . . You express a wish to hear about our mode of living, houses, etc. As I have been much occupied during the last summer in house-building, let me give you some of my experiences.

"I could fill a volume with accounts of provoking mistakes of incompetent workmen to which I have been a victim almost every day. There are but few mechanics here who are accustomed to foreign work, and I was obliged to take up with those I could get. I soon found that to have the house built at all as it ought to be I should be obliged to master all the details and superintend it in the minutiae. This I have done; and though no doubt an experienced builder might have done the work better, and possibly more cheaply, I do not think I have made many serious blunders.

"I need not tell you that this, together with teaching the theological class and other work, has kept me busy, especially as the new house is nearly two miles from the settlement and I have to ride over to it twice every day.

"I have been not a little worried by the fact that I have had to go beyond the usual estimates for mission houses. . . . I could have built a house large enough for our two selves alone, but it would not have been what the interests of the mission here require.

"To make the matter practical I will tell you what our circumstances have been this summer in the little rented house

of four rooms in which we have been living. We have had missionary friends staying with us four different times, with three or four children, to say nothing of single guests on other occasions. In order to accommodate them we have been obliged to turn out of our bedroom and sleep in my study, leaving our room to our guests, making a nursery of the drawing-room, and turning things upside down generally. . . . Mrs. M—— and her four children are now here, and will remain with us a month or more. It is a positive necessity that we, or some one else, be prepared to answer these calls upon our hospitality, which are very frequent, especially in Chefoo. I will add that, having often been cast upon the hospitality of others during our years in China, we feel it a pleasure, as well as a duty, to do our full share of this kind of work, though it is by no means our experience that we always 'entertain angels.'

"We should also be prepared to give young missionaries a quiet home for a year or two. . . . I think Mr. and Mrs. —— have received an injury from want of such accommodations when they first came to China from which they will never recover.

"It is evident from my experience and that of others that our present mission allowance is not large enough to build such houses as we need. . . . I was thoroughly convinced during my stay in Ningpo that we carried the idea of economy in house-building to an extreme, and were really wasteful of money, and of what is more precious, time and health. The houses and walls there were so poorly built that they were constantly requiring repairs, involving a heavy outlay each year for that purpose.

"Our house is only about three hundred yards from Mr. Corbett's, and is on about the same level—ninety feet above the sea and eighty above the villages below, where we got most of the water for use in building or for other purposes. . . . Hav-



THE "NAN-LOU," DR. NEVIUS' RESIDENCE AT CHEFOO.

ing good water is a matter of great importance. Feeling this to be so, I began digging a well, much of the way through solid rock; and, after a great deal of hard work, have succeeded in getting delicious, cool, and, I think, pure water."

The digging of the well referred to above created not a little excitement among the Chinese; not only just about us, but the fame of it extended off through the country. I do not know why it excited so much comment, unless it was that no well had yet been dug on our hill, it being supposed that its rocky formation would not allow it. Each of the mission houses has now its own well. One evening, a year or two after this, my husband, in returning from a country tour, lost his way. Coming through a small village one very dark night, he found himself in a narrow alley and in the door of a house. The first inmate to be alarmed was a dog, which barked with terror. Next came the man of the house, who acted as if he had seen a ghost. Dr. Nevius began to explain who he was and how he happened there, and that he was on his way to his home on the "Pearly Emperor's Hill" in Yen-tai, and that his name was Nee (Nevius). "Oh, are you the man who dug the well?" exclaimed the villager, all his fears gone; and at once he most kindly led the way back to the main road from which Dr. Nevius had wandered in the pitchy darkness.

Our house and grounds being ready for us, we moved from the settlement to the place which has been our happy home ever since. Even before this time my husband had begun to get trees from various places in the United States, being determined, if possible, to change the miserable fruits of Shantung for the best varieties of America or England. Our own garden, though not large, gave him a better place than he had had before for carrying out his experiment.

I will mention here that the "Nan-lou," which was built at first by mission funds, we afterward bought ourselves; and we greatly enjoyed beautifying it and making it more comfortable

and inviting. It became a kind of sanatorium and rest-house for invalids from both the north and south of China, and scores of such persons have been entertained there from first to last. The year before my husband's death we gave the house and grounds to the Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church, as we wished it to continue permanently a mission home.

The arrangements of the main building, with the Chinese quarters for native guests, and the servants' rooms, and the buildings used for many years by my girls' boarding-school, make it a most satisfactory mission house. Still it is a plain, dark building, and as far removed from being a "palatial residence" as could well be imagined.

CHAPTER XXVI

COUNTRY TOUR—FIRST AUDIENCE WITH THE EMPEROR— VISIT TO PEKING AND CHINAN FU

THE year 1873 is one of which there happen to be more memorials of my husband's life than of almost any other. But the limits of this work oblige me to give only meager extracts from all these. January 15th he wrote to Dr. Ellinwood:

“. . . It rejoices me to hear of the increasing interest in missions, and especially that they who 'have power with God' are praying for us. What we need more than money or men or right means or methods is the Holy Spirit, and he is sent in answer to prayer. Urge the people above all to pray for us.”

In the same letter he wrote at length his views about the mission press at Shanghai. He had been urged by the Board to go to Shanghai to consult there with Dr. Happer, of Canton, about the purchase of land and the erection of new buildings for the press. He did not think that necessary, but said if it appeared at any time to be so he would willingly go. He wrote:

“I regard the press and type-foundry as a powerful agent for introducing new ideas and helping to civilize China. The government is already buying fonts of type of us, and there is reason to believe that our mode of printing will before long take the place of others. . . . You must remember that

the press in Shanghai is not a small affair, but a very large establishment—I presume the largest east of India. It is known all over China as one of the great moral forces of the empire. Much important work, like the printing of the Japanese Dictionary, etc., could hardly be done elsewhere—certainly not without increased expense. Such an establishment must have a large building, and cannot be carried on efficiently without it. . . .

“I enjoyed my last preaching-tour in the country. It did me good physically, and I trust it may prove to be not without good results spiritually to the region visited. . . . When I returned home I found that during my absence Helen had inaugurated a new work among the women of the neighborhood, which has already grown to a magnitude that surprises me. She has started an industrial school, which she calls the ‘Needle and Thread Club.’ The women come together and spend most of the afternoon with her. They receive for their time about three cents each, and, as they are all poor, garments are sold to them considerably under cost. The number of women soon increased to nearly one hundred. In connection with their work they are learning a great deal of Christian truth, and some of them seem decidedly interested in it. Helen is in this way forming the acquaintance of, and gaining an influence over, the women in all the villages about us. She is assisted by Salah, a very nice Chinese girl who was a pupil of hers in Tung-chow and has come here to live with us. She is a very interesting character. Helen could not do this work at all without her help. . . .

“And now I will give you a history of to-day. I rose between six and seven, and was ready for breakfast at seven. (We never vary two minutes in our time for meals.) After breakfast I spend more than half an hour with Helen in our room. This is our time for reading the Bible together, and morning prayers in English. We are just beginning the study

of Genesis, and your views respecting the tree of knowledge were very apropos. At ten minutes to eight I have Chinese prayers with the servants, the teacher, and Helen's school-girls; and then I am ready for my day's work. This morning I finished the last reading of a little Chinese book which Helen is about to send to the press. I then wrote an appeal to the students in our theological seminaries, which is to be signed by a committee of which I am chairman, and sent through different copies to each seminary. Our lunch at half-past twelve found the appeal unfinished. After lunch I wrote on until two, when I started, as is my wont, to the street chapel. Here, with an extra shawl around me and my feet in a fur muff—for the room is cold—I tried to convey spiritual truth to those who came in for an hour, more or less. To-day I had about twenty listeners, and a few seemed very much interested. Reaching home after four o'clock, I looked in at Helen's class, which she was just dismissing, and then sat down and finished my committee letter. I then went out to get as much exercise as possible within an hour. Going down on the plain to find a beaten path through the snow, I took the opportunity of running whenever I was out of sight of people. About three fourths of a mile from home I overtook Dr. W——, an English missionary, and his daughter. He was leading his horse and she was playing with her Korean pony, which was following them like a dog. As they went too slowly for my exercise, I commenced helping Miss W—— frolic with her pony; and jumping on it rather rashly, my momentum carried me a little too far forward, and alighting on the pony's neck, I performed a nice, easy somersault in the air, very much to the amusement of Miss W——. This was not dignified for a man of my age (which I forget sometimes), with such a formidable appendage to my name; but I must record it as a fact nevertheless. . . . After dinner and evening prayers, I commenced this letter, and it is now nearly nine. . . .”

On the 3d of March, 1873, Dr. Nevius and Rev. L. W. Eckard started on what was then regarded as a long tour, embracing about six hundred miles. In a letter to Dr. Ellinwood Dr. Nevius says:

“Everywhere we found evidences that the truth is taking hold of the masses of the people. . . . We met with the most encouragement in the outstation in Chi-mi, where there are now nearly one hundred inquirers. The interest here is of an unusual and peculiar kind. Nearly every one of the inquirers has belonged to a secret and proscribed religious sect which I am very desirous to know more about, but with reference to which it is difficult to gain reliable information. This sect has now no name, and its adherents seem to know but little of its origin. During their persecutions in past years their books have been destroyed, and their beliefs have been perpetuated by oral traditions in the form of rude rhymes or verses. They can trace back the history of their sect five or six generations, but no farther. Many, in order to avoid persecution, have renounced the sect. [In the memorandum-book occurs this entry, dated March 24th: “. . . Near Kiu-kia I left the road to visit this place, where I am certain leaders of the ‘nameless sect’ live. I met many of them, but nothing which they said or did indicated that they were members of a religious sect. They seem to have been schooled to secrecy and reticence. They were particularly loud in their professions of adherence to Confucianism.”] Nearly all in Chi-mi are illiterate, but others in adjoining districts have literary men among them. The doctrines which hold them together are the following:

“They believe in one supreme Deity, whom they call the Heavenly Ruler or the Heavenly Father. They speak of the world as having gone astray from the truth, and look forward to a period of reform and restoration at the end of the world, when the Lord or Head shall appear to teach and save men. They count as belonging to the sect every member of the

family; and children are taught to repeat the rhymes which contain all that is left of their religious teachings.

“Many of them are fully persuaded that Christ is the Saviour for whom they have been looking, and are studying Christianity very diligently, and are willing to suffer persecution for Christ’s sake. In two small hamlets which we visited, one containing about eighty inhabitants and the other thirty or forty, more than half of the people are professed ‘inquirers’ of the Christian doctrine. We hope that many lovers of the truth as it is in Jesus will be gathered into the church from this sect.”

This hope was not disappointed. The church in Chi-mi since that time has chiefly been under the care of Rev. Hunter Corbett, D.D. It must now have several hundred members; I do not know the exact number.

The tenets of this sect, as given in my husband’s letter, show such an evident “feeling after God” as is not often seen among the heathen. It was painful to read in his memorandum of this same journey a sketch of a kind of worship so low and degrading as to have in it not one redeeming element. I will condense the notice of it. A teacher named Chung gave my husband the legend of the Lung-mu (Dragon’s Mother).

“A woman whose husband’s name was Li gave birth to a monster, which immediately became invisible, only leaving behind it a trail of light, and its mother lying insensible. In a day or two it came back to nurse, having assumed its real form, that of a monster with a long tail. While it was nursing at its mother’s breast, her husband came in, and, seizing a large knife, cut off the creature’s tail!” This monster is now one of the most noted of the gods of this region, and temples are erected in his honor in many places, near which is always found a mound representing the grave of his mother. Temples are sometimes erected to her. The monster is called by his wor-

shippers "the Ruler Li," but by the unbelieving "old tailless Li."

In the temple of the Dragon's Mother, and in fulfilment of a vow, a three-days' theatrical performance was going on when my husband entered a certain village, and all the villagers, especially the women, were in their holiday dress. The temple of the Dragon's Mother was very fine and in good repair, with a great many flowers planted about it.

I will give here the journal of two days, merely as a specimen of the kind of work done on this tour.

"Sunday, March 9th. Spent most of the forenoon in talking to attendants at the fair. We chose a place not far from the main street, and had an audience of about two hundred before us until we dismissed them at one o'clock. Through them we sent tracts to all the surrounding region. In the afternoon we visited three villages to the west."

"Tuesday, March 11th. . . . Before leaving Ling-san we visited a large school taught by a man with a literary degree. He was shy at first, but became communicative and talkative afterward. At one place they utterly refused to receive our books. After talking to another company, and leaving books in distant parts of the town, we went about four miles to a small market. Here we had an encouraging talk with the people, about four hundred listening to us a long time very attentively. We have had a number of calls from respectable men and scholars, with pleasant conversations, and an opportunity to distribute books where they will be sure to be read."

A few brief extracts from letters to me must complete the notices of this tour.

"KIAO-CHIU, March 20, 1873.

"We left everything in Chi-mi in a very hopeful state. Since reaching this place to-day we have preached to large and attentive crowds in different parts of the city. . . . We expect to spend the whole of next week and what remains of

this in the region south and west of here, and to start for home a week from next Monday. . . . We are distributing more of your catechism than of any other book, and it is much sought after and most highly prized. We can never tell in this world how much good it may do by the blessing of God's Spirit attending it."

As showing how my husband, even in those busy, weary country tours, ever had in mind the home he so much loved and so faithfully cared for, I give the following:

"About the hot-bed—it will require occasional watering. Water should be sprinkled on it carefully, as, if it is poured on, it will cake and harden. . . . The second or third tree of those on the north side of the yard is not a healthy one. Have it replaced with a *yang-shu*. . . . Will you also ask Mr. M——, of Tung-chow, if he will be so good as to cut for me some grafts from the apple-trees at Kwan-yin temple? They ought to be the outer sprigs of last year's growth. . . . And, besides these, I should like a few cuttings of superfluous branches from the trees which Mr.—— obtained from California. . . . When you get them, scoop out a little hole in the bottom of the cellar, place them there, and cover them with earth to keep them moist. . . . Do be very careful of your precious health. Avoid overfatigue when you can do so, and do not use Ma shienseng [Teacher Ma] for study, in addition to your other work. Let him take my book of Chinese 'characters,' and go over them carefully, making corrections in tones and aspirates. . . . I think of you night and day. I am thankful that I have a wife in whom I have complete confidence, and with whom I can sympathize in everything, and to whom I can confide and trust everything. May our Heavenly Father watch over and bless and keep you, and crown your life with loving-kindness; spare us for many years of united work and happiness on earth, and at last bring us to

his eternal rest. . . . I am beginning to count the days of my absence by fractions. To-day we have been gone one ninth of the time. . . . While I think of it, if inquirers come to our place on my invitation given last year, find out who and what they are, and deal with them as you think best. . . .”

On August 4, 1873, my husband wrote to his brother as follows:

“. . . You have no doubt heard something of the great little event which occurred a few weeks ago in Peking. I refer to the first audience with the Chinese emperor. Officers of state from the leading powers of Europe presented themselves in turn, and made a low bow before a boy hardly out of his teens. Then one of them read a formal paper of congratulations, good wishes, and desires for peace and unity. The young ‘son of heaven’ replied through his chief officer, and the foreign ministers walked out. This seems a very small affair at first view, but in reality it is not. It is the breaking down of a long-established precedent; the giving up, to a certain extent at least, a long-cherished idea of national preëminence, which will have a decided effect on the whole empire, and prepare the way for other steps in the same direction. We can see that China is moving, though very slowly. I believe she is destined to make more rapid changes in the not distant future, and that she will ere long follow the example of Japan in adopting foreign ideas. In the meantime I feel that it is a great privilege to have a part in the work of casting into this great lump of humanity the leaven of Christianity.

“I hope to have more leisure in the future for general reading and self-improvement. A great deal of my time has been expended in the study of the language, which, as well as Chinese literature, furnishes very little food for the mind to grow on. The Chinese have a well-known proverb: ‘If you wish to do good work, first sharpen well your instruments.’

Hitherto I have spent a good deal of time in sharpening the instrument. I hope hereafter to accomplish some work. . . .”

The “Mission Meeting” of the North China Mission was held in 1873 at Peking. Dr. Nevius attended it, and on his return went to Chinan, the capital of the Shantung province, and from there on to the south over a region which had scarcely been visited by a missionary. On the 5th of September he wrote me from Tientsin :

“ . . . Two members of the American Board Mission have just returned from Pao-ting fu ; and, as they are to start for Peking to-morrow, I shall go in their company. . . . Tientsin is rather a forbidding place—one vast plain, affording no pleasing landscape ; and the inhabitants are in constant dread of floods. The water in the river is very high, and it would be impossible to go from here to Peking by carts, as the roads are in many places submerged. . . .”

A month later he wrote from Chinan fu :

“ We have had a quiet day, the scholars from all over the province being immured in the Examination Hall. They are to come out finally this evening, and we expect to have a busy time with them for two or three days. . . . We found Rev. J. MacIntyre, Mr. Lilly, and Rev. Timothy Richard here on our arrival. They are staying at an inn in the west suburb, and we in one on the east side of the city. . . . Mr. McIlvaine has not been well since we left Peking. I should not feel it right to leave him here, under these circumstances, were it not that Mr. Richard will be here to assist him in case of need. . . . I myself was obliged to have recourse to the quinine bottle before leaving Tientsin. The malaria there is dreadful. I am glad our home is not there. . . . Now I am going out to look for the best place in which to station the native assistants to distribute books to the students as they come out of the Examination Hall. . . .”

“ October 7th. This morning I went out with a satchel of

books. I had some difficulty in distributing them, as the scholars scrambled so for them. . . . I have succeeded in engaging a large covered wheelbarrow for the whole journey of about twenty days to Kiao-chiu. . . . Try to send me a letter as soon as the 23d. It would be such a relief to hear from you again on the way. I should be happier and do better work."

On the 5th of November, 1873, Dr. Nevius wrote to his mother as follows :

"I am back again in our comfortable home. It is evening. The full moon is shining in our front windows, and glimmering on the smooth sea below us. I have drawn Helen's couch close to the table where I am writing, and she, having done a good day's work in copying for me, and being tired, is lying down reading. We have been talking of our next visit home five years hence. We might go sooner, I suppose, but could not accomplish what we wish to do in less time. . . . Since coming to Chefoo I have selected a new field for country work, in most of which hardly anything has ever been done except by myself. There has only as yet been time for sowing seed, but I hope we may live to reap a glorious harvest. There are many encouraging signs, and I have an earnest given me of a rich blessing in store for us. Your prayers have already been answered in a measure. Continue to pray, dear mother ; for if God's blessing only attend us, no limits can be set to the good which may be accomplished. . . . I am sorry to leave Helen so much alone as I am obliged to in making these tours ; but I am more and more convinced of their importance, and I have no doubt they are in the direct line of my duty. I think, too, I have some special fitness for this kind of work. I can live and thrive on Chinese food, and the rough life I have to lead rather agrees with me. There are few kinds of work I enjoy more and in which I think I can accomplish more good. Before reaching home I could walk

in a day any distance between ten miles and forty, or even more. I could eat a very coarse supper with a relish in a room filled with tobacco-smoke and smoke from the inn kitchen, and could sleep sweetly and soundly in a shed without doors or windows, or in a room filled with dust, rubbish, and Chinamen, doors opening and shutting continually, and twenty donkeys and mules in the court outside braying and fighting all night. The quiet on reaching home is so strange that it takes me several days and nights to get used to it. . . .

“ In my study I have before me during the winter the work of revising a translation of the Standards of our church; a revision of a hymn-book as a member of a committee of two others; and I hope, too, to complete before spring two tracts, one of which I formed the plan of while away. I have also given notice in my ‘circuit’ that I shall always be happy to receive visitors during the sixth and eleventh Chinese months, at which time I expect to have an inquirer’s class. . . . Mr. Corbett is in Chi-mi, where he has lately baptized about thirty persons, and where there are nearly two hundred inquirers. This is in the region which I visited twice last year.”

CHAPTER XXVII

TOURS IN THE COUNTRY—ENCOURAGEMENT—MEETING OF SYNOD IN CHEFOO

DURING the winter of 1874 my health was so poor that our physician advised my going for a change to Shanghai; so I closed my little school for a few months, and, taking two of my pupils with me, I left for Shanghai on the 12th of March, the day before Dr. Nevius was to start for the country. That evening he wrote me the following letter:

“CHEFOO,

“Thursday night, March 12, 1874.

“I have come back to our lonely home so blue that I hardly feel fit for anything. . . . I did not know how useless I am without you. I have constantly been thinking what a delightful winter we have had, and commencing already to count the days which must intervene before we see each other again. But we must trust in God, take courage, and do our duty. My consolation and strength are that we are trying to serve him. . . .

“Half-past eleven P.M. My things are nearly all put up, and I shall go to bed. It is very lonely; my thoughts follow after my dearest wife. I can only pray God to bless and keep you. . . .

“Friday night. Still in our home. I found I could not get off satisfactorily this afternoon, and so determined to start after midnight and go through in a day. I have had a very busy day. . . . I got my box of books from the jetty, and all

that I want for the trip. I have been stamping my books, giving directions about the house and garden, having the kitchen put in order, etc., etc. . . . It is now nearly midnight, and I expect to start before long. I did not get to bed till twelve o'clock last night, and got up very early; but you know I can sleep in the *shen-tsz* [mule-litter], and I presume I shall be as stupid for a day or two as 'a bear in winter quarters.' . . . And now, dearest, that the eye of Him who never slumbers may ever watch over you is my constant prayer."

During my visit in Shanghai there occurred what was called the "French riot," which I witnessed; but, as it did not affect my husband in his distant wanderings in Shantung, I need not describe it here. When I reached home in improved health in the month of May, Dr. Nevius had already returned. It was in the autumn of this year that we had the happiness of a visit from the Rev. F. F. Ellinwood, D.D., and his wife; and at the same time two members of the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Rev. Miles Greenwood and Rev. C. P. Scott, afterward Bishop of North China, became inmates of our family. Several other guests were with us, and our house seemed to swarm like a beehive, testing its elastic properties to the utmost. Miss Fay, of the American Episcopal Mission in Shanghai, Mrs. William Morrison, with her four children, and others, found shelter at that time under the roof of the "Nan-lou."

Leaving Mrs. Ellinwood with me, Dr. Ellinwood and Dr. Nevius made a hurried visit to Peking. We were not sorry that our missionary secretary should have some experience of traveling in China; but my husband was distressed, and even alarmed to find that, at the close of the first day spent between Tientsin and Peking, Dr. Ellinwood was so exhausted that it was feared it might result in serious consequences. The journey was made by alternating between a cart and donkey-

back ; whenever Dr. Ellinwood could not possibly longer bear the one, he would change to the other. This journey was a never-neglected subject for playful chaffing between the two gentlemen. Many important questions of mission policy were considered during this sojourn of Dr. and Mrs. Ellinwood at Chefoo. A not unimportant matter to my husband was a promise he made to Dr. Ellinwood that in the future he would provide himself more comforts in his country tours, as before that time he had lived upon native food, and may have injured his health by so doing. He used not to take with him even a knife and fork, which, however, was a trifle, as he could use the chop-sticks like a native. In later years he carried a few plates, cups, knives and forks, some tins of butter and condensed milk, and a bag of rice. I never succeeded in getting him to take table-linen. It would be absurd, he said, to spread it upon the greasy inn tables. Sheets of coarse native paper he thought much more tidy, as well as more convenient. One surface of the brown paper would stick fast to the table, leaving a clean side uppermost, while bits of paper did duty for napkins !

Dr. Nevius started for his country work very early in the year 1875. On the 20th of March he wrote of this tour to Dr. Ellinwood as follows :

“As to my spring trip, very little occurred which would be of special interest to you. The people are evidently getting fuller and clearer views of Christianity. . . . Mr. Scott went with me. He will make an excellent missionary and ‘itinerator.’ I took along some foreign food and cooking-utensils on his account, but I found he could have got along very well without them. . . .

“I visited the churches in Chi-mi, and found that they are now comparatively free from persecution, and seem to be growing and extending their influence under the care of their recently installed native pastor.”

During the summer of 1875 the Synod of China met in Chefoo. Among the members of that body was Rev. Jasper MacIntyre, of Chinan fu, one of the most faithful of missionaries and an inveterate worker. He, with Dr. Nevius and Dr. Happer, of Canton, were revising the Standards of the Presbyterian Church; and having that mental strain just when he had much other responsibility and business was too much for my husband. They finished the work, but Dr. Nevius's health suffered, and he was unfit for his country tour, upon which, however, he soon started. After being out a few days he was taken ill. One evening, when within a mile or two of his stopping-place, he found himself giddy and sick, and went staggering along the country road, dazed and unsteady, until he reached his inn. After a wretched night he was better; but, not understanding these unusual symptoms, he thought it well to return home for a time to recruit. As he neared Chefoo, fearing to alarm me, he sent on a messenger with this characteristic little note:

“DEAREST HELEN: You will be surprised to hear that we are all coming back. Do not be alarmed. I was taken ill, and so turned homeward; but I am now almost as well as usual, and will see you in a few moments. So ‘Johnny comes marching home!’”

The illness was much more serious than he supposed. For months—perhaps years—he never quite recovered from it. A dull heaviness in the back of his head, and difficulty in lying long on his back, and inability to use his mind as he had before, continued permanently. After remaining at home for rest a week or so, he again started for the country. He was accompanied this autumn by Rev. M. Greenwood. I had given him, as he was leaving, a volume of Thackeray, hoping that it would rest him after a hard day's work to lose himself

in its fascinating pages. It was the only time I remember his taking anything of the kind on his journeys, and it seems to have been a mistake. On the 6th of November he wrote me from the city of Kiao-chiu as follows:

“This is a beautiful morning, and while Chao is cooking our breakfast—after which we are to leave for Kao-mi—I will write a short note to you. Last night, in consequence, perhaps, of having a little too much to do with ‘The Virginians,’ I did not sleep well. So for the future I shall break off intercourse with them and let them alone.

“We have as yet met with nothing on our trip specially encouraging. I fear that our hopes of immediate fruit in this region are doomed to disappointment. Still God may have blessings in store for us which we do not imagine. It is a trial to go where so much work is to be done and to be obliged to avoid it. Restrained both from work and continuous reading, I feel called to introspection, and looking back upon the past and forward to the future. I believe God is ordering and will order all things respecting us for the best. Many thoughts of the past and future have been pleasant to me. . . .

“‘The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.’”

On January 18, 1876, my husband wrote his mother as follows:

“Your assurance that you constantly remember me in your prayers is a great source of comfort and strength to me. I am glad to say that there is some evidence that your prayers, and those of others, for a blessing on my work are about to be answered. I have heard during the last two weeks that a number of persons in the region which I visit regularly are showing a decided interest in Christianity, and expressing a desire to make an open profession of their faith. I have written nothing about this to the mission rooms, nor to our mis-

sionary papers, as it would be premature. I cannot tell for weeks to come what the result will be. I write this much to you that you may join me in thanks to God for the present signs of promise, and be stimulated to pray with still more faith and earnestness. My touring region is a large extent of country nearly two hundred miles long. It embraces a population which is numbered by millions, and the truth seems to have made some impression in every part of it. With God's blessing we could not hope for too much. When you receive this you may think of me as away in the country engaged in my work, perhaps gathering the first sheaves of a rich harvest. . . ."

During the spring tour of 1876 my husband was again accompanied by Rev. C. P. Scott, while Rev. M. Greenwood remained at Chefoo with me. The following are extracts from letters to me written on this tour.

"CHI-MI, February 21, 1876.

"On Friday, the 11th, we attended the fair, preaching continuously for about three hours, Lin and I alternating. We had a changing audience of from thirty to fifty, but no unusual interest. . . . Wednesday afternoon the assistants Yuen and Lin returned, accompanied by four inquirers, with whom we were from the first favorably impressed. When we had got rid of the crowd in the evening we had a long conversation with them; and 'can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized?' was constantly in my mind, as Mr. Scott said afterward it was in his also. They asked to be baptized at once, and the request was granted. There were present Mr. Scott, four natives, and myself. There are others in their village who will probably be ready for baptism soon. . . . Last Friday Mr. Scott and I had a tramp of nearly twenty miles among the hills, visiting the mountain home of our unfortunate brother Yiang Ko-ho and the village Tung-kia-wu. At the

latter place we found the Christians in a remarkable state of excitement and alarm, in consequence of reports growing out of the government tree-planting on the coast. . . .

“Another incident has occurred in which you are specially concerned. About a week ago an old Christian, going out early in the morning, found by the roadside a new-born babe wrapped in an old garment. He carried it to his home. It is a little girl, said by all to be remarkably promising. In a few days there were several applications for it from well-to-do persons in the neighborhood; but the assistant Chung said that it was God’s child, and that it must be kept and trained for him. It was decided by all that it should be given to you. Yesterday afternoon before service Chung presented it for baptism, he and the old man who found it, and myself, promising together that it should be trained for Christ. I baptized it by the name Me-li [Mary].”

On this journey Dr. Nevius was absent from home three full months, during which time he again visited the capital, Chinan fu, where Mr. McIlvaine and Mr. and Mrs. Crossette were living quite alone. Of the latter he said in a letter: “You know her delicacy of constitution; but I think she is about as likely to hold out as either of the others. She has many visits from women, and is doing a good work, for which she seems admirably fitted. Though all by herself, she is contented and happy.”

On part of this tour my husband had the company of Rev. James Shaw, a newly arrived missionary, whose death occurred soon after. In writing to Dr. Ellinwood after his return home he said:

“This may be the first announcement you receive that Mr. Shaw has entered into rest. He was with me in the country, and I became much attached to him, and was much impressed

by his lovely Christian spirit and singleness of aim. His removal is, humanly speaking, a great loss to Shantung. . . .”

In the autumn tour of 1876 Dr. Nevius again had the companionship of Rev. C. P. Scott. Very often either Mr. Scott or Mr. Greenwood remained with me during my husband's absences. But I see from old letters that I was that autumn entirely alone, and that an unusual load of trials and anxieties was resting upon me. The infant Me-li died, and my favorite pupil, Sumay, was ill for many weeks with typhoid fever.

The following letters to me contain evidence that my husband's long-continued labors in the particular circuit which he mapped out for himself after going to Chefoo were at last having a decided influence, although the time of great ingathering was still in the future.

“ KAO-MI, September 28th.

“Your sweet letter, sent with the books, reached me here yesterday. It was a great comfort. And so little Me-li is dead! Her history has been short, but it is pleasant to think of her freed from earth's trials and temptations, and translated so early to the paradise of God. I trust she has been the means in God's providence of making us all in some measure fitter for following her. . . .”

“ AN-CHIU, October 3, 1876.

“We reached this place last evening. I rode on to see if our favorite inn was open for us, but found it filled with a military officer and his retinue, who are likely to remain here for some days. I succeeded, however, before Mr. Scott came in on 'Blackbird,' in finding another comfortable inn, in which we now are, and where we expect to stay till next Monday. Last night I was so fatigued with the journey, and getting settled, and talking to a mandarin in the inn, that I could not write. . . .”

“The country through which we have passed has only a

very inadequate autumn crop. It can support the people but for a few months. There is an almost certain prospect of a great deal of suffering in the spring. . . .”

“CHEN-KO-CHUANG, November 8, 1876.

“We were detained all day Monday at Kiao-chiu by a storm. Yesterday we traveled a hundred *li*. This morning I rode on ahead of the cart, and was glad to find all the Christians here well and doing well. . . . Old Sen is waiting to go as soon as I have finished this. I am on the whole much pleased with him. You and Salah must certainly have been very faithful in teaching him. He seems earnest, and I trust will be a good and useful man. . . .

“Your letter was charming, and the news about your health was as good as I could expect under the circumstances; still, by a strange perversity, I did not feel happy. The fact is, I suppose, your letter made me homesick! These three months, how long they seem! In honor of the occasion Mr. Scott and I put on a clean table-cloth (sheet of paper), opened a box of sardines, and had some other delicacies for supper.”

Dr. Nevius and Mr. Scott returned home on the 15th of November, soon after which we had the pleasure of welcoming to our home as guests Rev. William Speer, D.D., and Mrs. Speer, of Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. Murray, under appointment to the mission in Chinan fu, where from that time to this they have been doing most earnest service. A notable event in our family that autumn was the marriage of my pupil and most faithful, loving assistant, Salah. She married a young man connected with Dr. Farnham, of Shanghai, to which place they went soon after.

On the 7th of December Dr. Nevius wrote his mother the following letter from Chefoo:

“The day after my return from my last tour the Presbytery

began its sessions, which continued nearly a week. Our house was full of foreign and Chinese guests, including our friends, Dr. and Mrs. Speer, of Philadelphia; and we had also to make arrangements for a Chinese wedding. Then I had a drawer full of letters, many of which required answers. Now Presbytery and the wedding are over, and our guests have all gone. . . . A Bible class has assembled from the country, numbering in all nearly twenty. Most of them are Christians from our outstations. Three or four are inquirers, who, I hope, will be baptized before long. There were several whom I met in my last country tour who seemed to be truly desirous of being Christians, who are kept from coming here by poverty or by opposition from their relatives. On the whole my work in the country is looking more encouraging. Do not cease to pray that God's blessing may constantly attend it. I am specially cheered by the character and growth of those who have been received during the last year. My teacher, a literary graduate of the first degree, who was baptized about a year ago, is an excellent scholar and seems to be an earnest, growing Christian. . . .

“Another person whom I baptized this spring accompanied me on my last trip, and gives promise of being a useful helper. He is about my age—a clever, cheerful, gentlemanly man, who has seen a good deal of the Chinese world. He has a knowledge of medicine as practised in China, which is a great advantage to him in missionary tours. I hope he will develop into a very useful Christian, and be a reliable co-laborer with me as long as I remain in China, which, I pray God, may be twenty years yet, or more, if it pleases him.”

It was about this time that my husband, in connection with two or three other missionaries, formed the plan of a missionary conference to be held in Shanghai the next year, which he fully expected to attend; but when the time came round for it he was otherwise engaged, as will be seen in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXVIII

FIRST FAMINE IN SHANTUNG

I HAVE come now in order of time to what we call the "first famine" in Shantung, a most eventful year to us. How shall I condense the long letters and full records which I have preserved of that time? I can neither give them in full, nor do them any justice in an abstract; and so all that I shall attempt will be a few reminiscences and extracts from letters.

In the month of February, 1877, when my husband left home, he intended going nearly to the southernmost point of the province; but as he journeyed westward he found the effects of the famine already so terrible that it seemed to him plainly his duty to lay aside all other work for the time being and give himself up to the one great effort to save lives and relieve physical suffering. Rev. Timothy Richard, of the English Baptist Mission at Ching-chow fu, was already distributing food to the starving, and had several small orphanages. My husband visited him, and they together laid plans for greatly extending relief-work and for soliciting money from abroad. Dr. Nevius then went here and there through the famine region to see for himself where he was most needed and in what way to work. He finally settled down at a market-town called Kao-yai, two hundred miles southwest from Chefoo. In March he wrote from there:

"I have traversed the famine region in different directions,

and find that while the distress is very great everywhere, it reaches its highest intensity here. Nearly half the population have been driven away to beg, and are scattered in the adjoining provinces. On an average about fifteen per cent. have died of starvation within the last six months. In many sections the proportion is much larger. Good land is offered for one tenth of its value. In fact, land cannot be sold at any price. The people have eaten all the grain and almost all the millet-chaff, sweet-potato stalks, and beans, and are now living on the buds and bark of trees, roots of wild plants, and grass-seed carefully swept from the ground. Nine out of ten of the persons you meet have pinched faces and sunken eyes, and some are tottering skeletons. Being hungry is their chronic condition. They do not ask to be filled, but only for food enough to support life. Many, as a last resort, sell their wives and daughters. Girls of from six to seven years of age sell for from one to two dollars; those from ten to twelve for three, four, or five dollars.

“The plan which I have adopted is to enroll the names of the most destitute in some of the villages, and have them choose a representative, who comes to me every five days to get for each person a daily allowance of ten *cash* [one cent]. This seems very small; but added to what they can get in other ways, it will keep them alive, and they are very thankful to get it. . . . We have already enrolled one thousand names, and shall go on increasing the list. . . . I had thought of opening an asylum for orphans; but the government is so jealous of us, and so afraid we shall acquire an undue influence over the people, that I have not thought it prudent to try it. . . . Toward evening I mounted my horse and rode out into the country. The people used to be shy of me, but now they greet me kindly. As I came back to my inn an animated skeleton, with glaring eyes, seized my bridle and would not let me pass. Rebukes and threats had no effect. He held

fast, repeating over and over, 'You don't know how hungry I am!' My greatest trial is that I cannot help such people. Should I give whenever importuned to, in this village or my inn, thousands would collect, all business be stopped, a mob might ensue, and I should have to leave the place. When I began here I let every one know that I would give no money within one and a half miles of the town. By distributing through the leaders of the villages, or chosen representatives from them, I have thus far avoided all trouble."

As the weeks passed on, the death-rate became much higher. Another person, writing at this time, said: "Villages of five hundred inhabitants report three hundred dead of starvation; three hundred, one hundred dead; and so on. One village in Lin-ku, which last summer had one hundred and eighty inhabitants, now has ninety-three. . . . They sell their clothes and children. Then, having no more clothing, many take refuge in pits underground to keep themselves warm from the fetid breath of the crowd—a course which is bought dearly. In the east suburb of Ching-chow there are four such pits. One third of the number living in them—two hundred and forty—died in six weeks. Yet no sooner is one body carried out dead than there is a crowd struggling to get in. All this has wrought a great change in the spirit of the people. Old men who come as deputations seeking relief weep like children when they find there is none. . . ."

It was always a happiness to my husband to acknowledge God's hand in directing his life; and during his stay in the famine region he met with many evidences of God's special presence and care. Even so small a thing as a bundle of lead-pencils he recognized as such. In enrolling names of beneficiaries, if they were written with the native camel's-hair brush, he could not prevent forgeries; but when he gave a foreign lead-pencil to his agent, and would not accept a single name unless written with that, he could with great difficulty be

deceived. Again, when he was in need of a competent book-keeper, just the right man made his appearance, having come without invitation and at first to my husband's annoyance. But to enumerate these "happy providences" would necessitate a detailed account of all the famine work.

I will give a few extracts from his letters to me written during the months of March, April, and May.

" March 30th.

" I have been so much on the road of late that my writing has been necessarily interrupted. . . . To-day I have been getting the record-books and account-books put in order. . . . By the middle of next week we shall have about twenty-five hundred names enrolled. Three thousand will be the limit unless considerably more money comes in."

" April 1st.

" Your letter of March 20th reached me last night, only ten days from home. I am so glad to hear that you are well. I like all your plans, and think them just right.*

* Famine refugees came to Chefoo in crowds. Starving women stood hour after hour on our veranda, staring with longing eyes at our comfortable rooms. We could neither work nor eat, so dreadful was the sight of misery which we were powerless to relieve. At length, when the refugees were numbered by hundreds, and the generous contributions of money made it possible, a friend, Miss Downing, and I arranged a plan of work which answered admirably. On alternate days we opened our houses and grounds at certain hours, provided immense baskets of cakes made of millet or Indian corn, and, by the help of our natives, distributed a certain quantity to each woman and child. What we gave was not much, but the wretched people thrived on it, and were most grateful. The largest number I remember to have relieved on any one day was nine hundred. We availed ourselves of this opportunity to teach the poor women Christianity. During the hours in which they were assembling I and my girls were in different rooms, or among various groups on the lawn, teaching them verses from the Bible, prayers, and hymns. Exactly at the hour of noon the outer gate was shut and no others were admitted. I sat at the gate,

“As for myself, I have been a little homesick to-day. I shrink from the idea of staying on here; but I must be content, and try to be glad to do so, if it is duty. . . . As I was out riding a man overtook me, carrying on his back a girl twelve years of age, his daughter. He had been off to the east with her, begging, and was now taking her back to her mother. He had not sold her, as in her condition no one would buy her. As they followed on after my horse I could hear him saying to the girl, ‘Don’t cry; the foreign gentleman says he will give you something to eat.’ I got her a corn-cake from the barrow men, and she ate it greedily. When, after a while, we stopped by the roadside to rest, we tried to make her stand up; but she could not, though her father said she could walk only a day or two ago, and was now simply exhausted from hunger. I gave her another cake, and she soon stopped crying, and in the course of a mile or so got down from her father’s back and trotted along by his side. . . . What do you say to my making up a company of ‘picked specimens’ of women to stay with you a few months, girls for your school, if you like them, and perhaps a few boys for the boarding-school?”

“April 5th.

“From present appearances it will be impossible for me to get away from here before the middle of May. . . . The special providences connected with this work are so many and so great that I cannot doubt I am in the path of duty. May we ever have the Saviour’s presence and guidance. Do not be anxious about me. . . . Our Heavenly Father, who has been so good to us in the past, will guide and keep us to the end—which cannot be far distant—and bring us to his eternal

which was opened just wide enough for one person to pass out; and to her I handed her cakes, turning at once to the next comer. As a rule things went smoothly, but it required all the help I could get from the teachers and servants acting as “police.”

rest. . . . I have been writing since breakfast, under whip and spur. . . .”

“ April 6th.

“ Last evening I visited a rich man who has been to us to ask us to relieve his village. I begged him to assist us by relieving his own village. This puts him in rather an unpleasant predicament. Coming back I stopped in the village where the little girl lives of whom I wrote you the other day. She is now ill, and will die unless she has special care. I shall give her an additional allowance for food, and she may live and find her way to you yet. . . . In another direction I met a man with two children, all in the last stage of starvation. They were coming to ask help of us. The mother of the children had starved to death a month or two ago.

“ Yesterday and to-day I have felt better in health. Still we must bear in mind that our hold on life, always uncertain, is especially so at such a time and place as this. I sometimes think that perhaps this is the last work which God has for me to do. I trust I can say, ‘Thy will be done.’ Trying as it would be to leave you and my work now, I should rather, if it is God’s will, be called away suddenly while engaged in active work than from long illness be laid aside as useless. But it is all in God’s hands, and we need not trouble ourselves about it. His way is best. The thought that life’s work is nearly done, and that the night is far spent and the glorious day near at hand, is very sweet, joyous, and restful to me. Let us say, ‘Lead Thou me on,’ and follow joyfully, contentedly, and obediently.

“ It is evident to me now that I must give up going to the conference at Shanghai, and must make my plans accordingly.”

“ April 7th.

“ Last night we had a fine shower. It is gold. It is more; it is life to this people here. This evening four heavily loaded

barrows entered the inn. They carry timber from houses just pulled down. You can see what straits the people are driven to when they destroy their houses and come a three-days' journey—more than a hundred *li*—to sell their load for about five hundred *cash* [fifty cents].”

“ April 10th.

“ Herewith I send you two emigrants bound for Kwangtung [Manchuria]. It is certain they will not reach you in good condition, but they will serve as specimens of what you may expect from this region. Tell me if you can forward any more.”*

Until this time my husband had been staying at an inn, with much discomfort and inconvenience. Providentially a large unused oil-manufactory was placed at his service, and he moved at once into it with his large family, after which he was much more comfortable.

On April 16th he wrote: “ I have had a little difficulty to-day in enforcing the rule that no money shall be given to beggars and no names enrolled on this compound. Some men have determined that they would override it, and have stayed nearly all day to worry me into concurrence. They say, ‘ Did you not come here to relieve suffering? And are we not as needy as any?’ Two poor wretches tried to make it appear that if I would not relieve them they would die at my door. But I was firm, and sent word to the people that if these persons were not taken away I should stop the allowance of the village. They took the matter in hand immediately, said I was right, and apologized for the disturbance. This old oil-factory has large courts, fairly good buildings, and no nuisances about it. I have a quiet room away from the crowd.”

* Through the kindness of friends I was able to send scores of the starving refugees by boat from Chefoo to Manchuria, where they hoped to better their condition; but whether they did so is doubtful.

“ April 27th.

“The five hundred taels having arrived, and more being expected in a day or two, I have responded to some of the urgent entreaties to extend aid to other villages. . . . It is very difficult for the assistants to carry out my instructions. . . . When I undertake to enroll names I break my own rules so dreadfully that I have given it up for the most part, for fear of running into bankruptcy ! On the whole, the distress seems thus far only increasing. One family after another, having exhausted all they have of clothing, furniture, etc., are brought to utter destitution, and soon perish.”

“ April 29th.

“ . . . This knocking about on uncertainties is one of the hardest things I have to bear. If I were ahead a little with silver, and could take time for my journeys when I could spare it, I should not mind it so much. I am very sorry that Mr. — kept money so long in Chefoo which ought to be on the ground in use.”

“ April 30th.

“ I was writing in this mournful strain yesterday when who should make his appearance but Wang himself, all right, as usual, with the silver. You can imagine what a relief it is. I will send you my complaining letters by way of confession. You see, my difficulty was that I have been working in the dark, not knowing how much relief-money was coming. . . . You did not send lead-pencils. They are one of the ‘special providences,’ as all the names are enrolled with them, and thus the certificates cannot be forged. . . .

“Thank Mr. Greenwood for his kind offer to come to help me, and tell him I can get on without him, and should rather he would help you. You need him more than I do.”

“ May 3d.

“ . . . Tuesday I was busy in An-chiu changing silver, and succeeded in changing eleven hundred taels advantageously.

I started early yesterday morning for home, leaving Sue and Kiang to follow me with three large wheelbarrows of *cash*. I got back at two in the afternoon—eighty *li*, having walked nearly half of it. The *cash*, which did not get in last night, came to-day, and is being stowed away in my room where I am writing. Sung is doling out *cash* to the countrymen; my old scribe is copying names in the record-book; Leng, Sue, and Kiang are stacking *cash*; four persons, Tsao, Li, Tan, and Chang, are out in the villages enrolling names; and old Kiang and Chang the fisherman are expected this afternoon with more *cash* from Ching-chow fu. . . .”

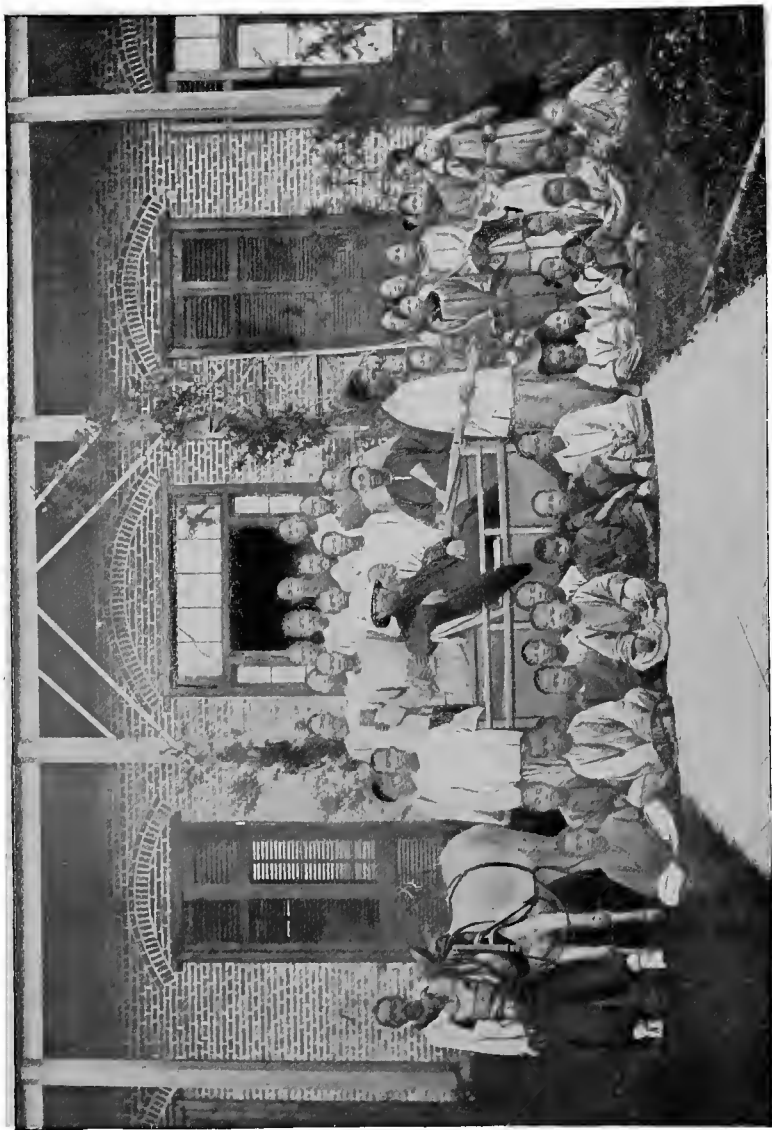
“ May 8th.

“ I imagine from Mr. Muirhead’s letter from the Shanghai Famine Relief Committee that more silver is coming. This will keep me here still longer; but if God so orders it, we ought to be thankful to have the opportunity of relieving so much suffering. The distress here has not been exaggerated, and it would be almost impossible to exaggerate it.”

“ May 12th.

“ We have had another rain, lasting three days and three nights. . . . In consequence of this all my supplies are cut off. I had five large barrows ready to start from An-chiu when the rain began. Of course I was a little anxious; but the people understood the difficulty, and went back to their homes—ten, twenty, and thirty *li*—without, as far as I have learned, a murmur. . . . Last night an almost starved little girl about four years old was brought to me. She was heard crying among the hills. A man picked her up and brought her here.” *

* This child is An-lin, now the wife of Wang Chong-ku, one of our “famine boys.” He was educated in the school and college at Tung-chow, and is one of the few Christians who have taken a literary degree in the Chinese examinations.



DR. NEVIUS AND "FAMINE BOYS" AT THE "NAN-LOU."

“ May 13th.

“ Our little girl is ravenous, and we are afraid to give her all she wants to eat. I am doubtful whether she will be so sweet and subdued when hunger has lost its effect upon her.”

“ May 16th.

“ Wang has come again, only bringing me two thousand taels. I feel as if I should starve with the people here. . . . I expected three thousand at least. . . . There has been great distress occasioned by the break the past few days, and my present supply will not carry us on to wheat harvest. . . .”

“ May 19th.

“ If you could look into our premises you would see five famine-stricken boys and the little girl I have told you of sunning themselves in the court. These boys had been growing thinner and thinner until they were on the verge of starvation, so I determined to take them in at all hazards. The amount they would eat if we would give it to them is almost incredible.”

“ May 30th.

“ Mr. Ma arrived last night with seven wheelbarrow-loads of *cash*, and we were very busy until late at night storing it away. . . . I left you with only my old white horse and Sung Shuteh; but you must not be surprised if I come back to you with ‘two bands.’ My family is increasing fast. I only take those boys who, I feel, cannot be refused, trusting the Lord to provide. . . . How many boys I shall take home with me I cannot now say. . . . This has been a trying week, and I have had as much to do as I could bear. In the main our work is going on satisfactorily; but we have found that in two places the village representatives have deceived the people, and kept most of the money to themselves. . . . One of the delinquents promised to disgorge at once. The other case is

more serious. . . . The transgressor is an old literary graduate and the head of a group of villages. . . . After careful investigation his dishonesty has been brought clearly to light, and he promises to make restitution. . . . We are reorganizing our work in that neighborhood. . . . The new supply of silver arrived the very hour when I needed it. . . . I can never be sufficiently thankful for all the mercies I have received here. . . . I think you need not be anxious about our leaving. . . . When the people inquire how long I shall keep on giving relief, I reply, 'Just as long as I have money.' But ever since that five days' break I have had written on my tickets, 'If we have *cash* it will be given; if we have none, this becomes waste-paper.' We shall keep on issuing these tickets, and the people will not know with certainty that we have closed until the very time—perhaps not until we are half a day's journey away."

At last the day approached for my husband's leaving the famine region. He had not been able to keep the time so secret as he intended, and, in consequence, a great surprise was in store for him—nothing less than a grand feast! What could have been more incongruous in a famine-stricken region! But there was positively no help for it. What made it especially trying was that, in anticipation of the event, the representative men from the villages had imposed a tax—about one tenth of a cent a man—for some days, and the money thus diverted was spent on the feast and its accompaniments!

A committee waited on Dr. Nevius, and at a given hour conducted him to a room hung with banners, and tables spread with food such as the Chinese regard as luxuries, while a native band discoursed doleful and discordant music. The feast over, a sedan-chair was in waiting, and, seated in that, and carried by stalwart countrymen, amid a perfect shower of thanks and good wishes, my husband rode out of the town

where he had spent a very hard and trying, but by no means unhappy, three months. He had with him about a dozen boys given him by friends too poor to support them, and also the one little girl. He reached home the 14th of June, in pretty good health, though very tired. He had aged perceptibly in the less than four months of his absence, and looked as if he had been carrying a very heavy burden; but the rest, and his delight at being at home, soon refreshed him. On the 6th of July he wrote to Dr. Ellinwood:

“. . . The people in the famine region were very appreciative and grateful, and I believe this work will have a strong influence in removing prejudices and preparing the way for the reception of Christianity. . . . The amount of money received and distributed by me was about ten thousand dollars; and the number of persons to whom I gave aid was thirty-two thousand five hundred and thirty-nine; and the number of villages three hundred and eighty-three; the farthest being about fifteen miles from my distributing-center. We were able to continue our work until the wheat and silk crops brought partial relief; and as there is a good promise for the autumn crops, the future is decidedly hopeful. . . . My work had in it a religious element from the first. All the natives connected with my establishment attended morning and evening prayers, and we had special religious services every Sunday. Much preaching was done, and many books distributed. The money given, and our efforts to relieve distress, were regarded as the outgrowth of Christianity. By it many were led to investigate the truth, and others previously interested were emboldened to confess themselves believers in it. . . . Dr. Corbett is just now much occupied in superintending a famine-fever hospital, and is doing an excellent work there. . . . In consequence of the famine we are having a sad year. . . . My wife has been for nearly three weeks nursing Miss —, who is ill with famine-fever.”

I have made too slight an allusion to my husband's remarkable preservation from violence and dangers of many kinds. While other foreigners engaged at the same time in similar work in other regions died of the famine-fever, he, although this fever was raging round him, was mercifully preserved from it. A friend at no great distance from him was doing "relief-work"; the people became wild with excitement and entirely ungovernable. He made his escape from them in the night during a violent storm which had driven the desperadoes within doors. Another time he was dragged from his horse and his clothes nearly torn off him, and this by women—poor, starving women.

In writing to his mother soon after his return home, Dr. Nevius said:

"I have never before had such a tax on my nerves and strength. I had insufficient help; my men were untried, and I hardly knew whom I could trust. The work was new to me, and necessitated a great deal of thinking and planning and anxiety. I had to intrust men with large sums of money, sending them with silver thirty and forty miles to have it exchanged for copper *cash*, to be wheeled on barrows over mountainous roads, and right through the famine region. When it arrived it was stacked in huge piles in the room where I slept, and a few determined men might have robbed me of the whole amount any time. Every department of my work needed constant supervision and adjustment. . . . But God gave me the work to do, and the strength and health to do it. . . . I never should have believed, without the experience I had, that this amount of money could accomplish so much in relieving distress and saving lives. I have not said much in my report about the testimonials which were given me on leaving; and I did not have a translation of them printed, because such a course seemed to me unseemly and ostentatious. People here are very much interested in them, however, and

I am of course pleased with this evidence that my work was on the whole a success, and that a favorable impression was made on the people.

“Some of the large scrolls I have given away. The rest hang before me in my study. I have not made a translation of them yet, but will soon make one of the principal scroll, which is on satin, about nine feet long and three and a half wide, the characters written beautifully in blue ink. I shall make it as literal as possible, shading off the flattering portions a little. Do not think me vain, or that I suppose I deserve all the nice things which are said of me.”

“A Testimonial to the Work and Character of the Teacher Nee

“Heaven, by means of rain and dew, nourishes all things. Man, by the refreshing influences of kindness, confers blessings upon his fellow-beings. The work is one, and the spirit which inspires it is the same. Therefore he who exerts all his power to benefit others may be characterized as acting out of the principles of Heaven.

“The American teacher Nee was born in his own country, and on arriving at mature age came to China. He is thoroughly instructed in the doctrines of Christianity, and familiar with the mysteries of truth. He prints books, and preaches true doctrine for the purpose of enlightening the ignorant; and not only teaches by words, but is able, in imitation of Heaven, to practise what he preaches.

“We, inhabitants of Ching-chiu, from the cycle Ye-hai to the cycle Ping-ts [three years], have been visited by a prolonged famine. Cries of distress, like those of the wild swans, filled the whole plain, and persons about to die stared at one another on the roads. When the teacher looked upon this spectacle his heart was grieved within him. Heaven-inspired pity was aroused, and he at once desired to institute extensive

plans for saving the multitudes from calamity, only fearing that his ability was not equal to the task before him. Fortunately, noble men of like sympathies came to his aid, and contributed of their wealth, so that their beneficence was spread far and wide. Still, without special qualifications for executing this work, it would not have been accomplished.

“ In the spring of the present year, when the teacher came to the scene of distress, he exerted himself to the utmost in relieving it, distributing the charity without favor or partiality. When the work of relief began, those who were wandering from their homes returned, and hope revived in those who were ready to die. Now all would come to thank the teacher for his kindness, and bear grateful testimony to his virtues.

“ It is because the teacher is an investigator of true doctrine and a propagator of the mysterious truths of Christianity that he is thus accustomed to regard all under heaven as one family. Therefore, when he looked upon this wide-spread and extreme distress, his heart could not rest. In disbursing the funds he put forth all his ability. Favors were evenly distributed, without partiality, and extended in every direction, passing by no one.

“ Although the teacher is unwilling to regard himself as having any merit in this matter, still how can those who have received such favors refrain from a grateful acknowledgment of them ? ”

Below were the names of those who presented the testimonial.

For weeks our walls were hung with the bright scrolls which had been presented to my husband. Our Chinese friends were delighted with them. I overheard a woman saying to my school-girls: “ Oh, it is such an honor ! such a distinction ! Why, they would be given to no one except a very high officer, and not even to him unless he were

one who had treated the people as if they were his own children !”

Some of the scrolls were afterward sent to the Famine Relief Committee in Shanghai, as an evidence of the appreciation of the people of what had been done in their behalf ; others are still in my possession.

CHAPTER XXIX

ENCOURAGEMENT IN COUNTRY WORK—MANV INCIDENTS

THE summer of 1877, after my husband's return from the famine region, was spent by him in the revision of books, in teaching the theological class, and in the miscellaneous work which always accumulated in his long absences. On his autumn tour he wrote in his journal-letters as follows:

“ CHING-CHOW FU, October 2, 1877.

“ One hundred and seventy miles west of Chefoo.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER: As for some days to come I expect to travel with a wheelbarrow, and shall have time by the roadside to write as the men stop to rest, I shall keep a sort of journal, which will give you some idea of my life in the country, and will be of interest to Helen as well, to whom I shall first send it.

“ Mr. Painter, of the Mid-China Southern Presbyterian Mission, has thus far been with me. This morning he has started on his way west to the capital of the province, from which place he will go by canal to the south. On our way we have visited the churches in Chi-mi and three new stations. In one of the latter places it was my privilege to baptize the first woman whom I have received into the church in this my new circuit. She is the married daughter of one of the first church-members in the district of Lai-yang. During the last year, while on visits to her father, she has learned to read



DR. NEVIUS IN HIS WHEELBARROW, READY FOR A COUNTRY TOUR.

Christian books, and has overcome the prejudices and opposition of her husband and his family, so that they consented to her baptism. Her apprehension of Christian truth is remarkably clear. I hope she will have a decided influence upon the heathen women of her village.

"I spent this forenoon with Mr. —, who has recently come to join this mission. He is a well-to-do manufacturer from Ireland, who has given up home and luxury to devote his life to China. . . .

". . . My evangelistic work assumes a new phase every year. I am in the country so much, and traveling with a mule-litter is so expensive, that I have taken a wheelbarrow to carry my baggage, and a horse to ride. I have engaged two steady wheelbarrow-men by the month, and, if they suit me, shall probably keep them the year round. My barrow is a platform about six feet long and four wide, with a wheel in the middle and handles at both ends. I have in it now four large bundles of books for distribution, a few foreign stores, and my little portable kitchen, which weighs, with its kettles, dishes, etc., about fifty-five pounds. All together, myself, my clothes, and bedding, etc., weigh about five hundred pounds.

"I left Ching-chow fu after noon to-day, and reached Lin-ku about sunset. I found that the barrow had not arrived. It came in, however, in the course of half an hour, but without my servant, whose non-appearance is unaccountable. So I have built my own fire, broiled my chicken, and cooked my rice, and must now make my bed and lie down to rest. . . .

"Wednesday morning, October 3, 1877. Notwithstanding I enveloped myself last night in my 'flea-bag,' these pests got through either the seams or the texture, and before morning put a stop to all sleep. So I got up, packed my things, and was off early, to reach, if possible, Kao-yai, where I spent three months in the spring distributing relief to the starving inhabitants. After taking a cup of cold tea and a bowl of

millet-gruel, I put what was left of the broiled chicken in my pocket to eat on the way.

“Now that we are fairly started, with a third man to pull the barrow, you will have an opportunity of looking at us as we creak our way over the mountain-paths. See, then, a semi-centenarian on horseback, who is called by the villagers a ‘foreign devil.’ He is rather stout, perhaps a trifle grave, and the furrows of age and care are beginning to leave their traces on his countenance. He rides carelessly, as if he had been long accustomed to a horse’s back. He wears colored glasses to protect his eyes from the glare of the sun. His clothes and his hat are covered and ingrained with dust, and his general appearance, as well as that of his old horse, is rather dilapidated. The poor beast, which is no longer fitted for the turf, has, however, like his rider, good bottom, and is sure-footed. . . .

“The villages still show the ravages of the famine. Most of the houses which were torn down to be sold have not been rebuilt, and a large proportion of those who left their homes have not returned. The difficulties of the mountain roads so retarded our progress that near sunset we had traveled only fifty *li* (seventeen miles), and we stopped at the village Shwang-shan-ho (‘Twin Mountain Stream’), where every one knew me and gave me a cordial welcome. Before I reached this place other villagers recognized me, and I often heard them remark, ‘If he had not come in the spring there would not have been half of us left alive.’ . . .

“Thursday, October 4th. My friends in ‘Twin Mountain Stream’ gave me a feast this morning, and sent me off with a donkey to pull my loaded barrow. We reached Kao-yai at 11 A.M., and took possession of my old quarters in the inn. Most of my acquaintances in the town have called on me, and are right glad to see me back again.

“Saturday, October 6th. Have had a good many calls.

The people seem truly grateful for the favors received last spring, and my fear is that they will burden themselves in expressing their gratitude. I see their plan is to feast me, which I do not like. I accepted an invitation to a feast to-morrow, on the condition that they should not keep me long, and that it should be plain and inexpensive.

“Sunday, October 7th. Two Christians from Chang-lo came, and several inquirers, and we had very pleasant services both morning and afternoon.

“My friends broke their promise about the feast, as I presume they intended to when they made it. Their wish was to do a polite and proper thing, and the dinner gave me a good opportunity to preach to them. I everywhere meet with the greatest civility.

“Monday, October 8th. Left Kao-yai a little after sunrise for our journey south. Our first halting-place was Pei-tah, about three miles distant. Here the people seemed very glad to see me again; and one of them offered his donkey to pull my barrow, which offer we accepted for the day. We accomplished a journey of twenty-five miles, and reached a town only two miles from the Mu-ling Pass, which separates the district of An-chiu from I-shui.

“October 9th. Crossed the pass early in the morning, and proceeded on our way, preaching and distributing tracts in the villages. The people, as we go farther south, are getting rather shy and suspicious, not having seen much of foreigners. To-day’s journey was twenty-eight miles.

“I-shui, October 10th. I took quarters at an inn, and then went through the city and suburbs to acquaint the people of my arrival, and to find my two assistants. They, however, did not appear. Preaching to the crowd which assembled at the inn gave me more than I could do, and I was glad when the barrow came with Li to help me.

“October 11th. Lovely autumn weather and a beautiful

road along the banks of the I (E) River. The farmers are very busy gathering their beans, buckwheat, sweet potatoes, and peanuts.

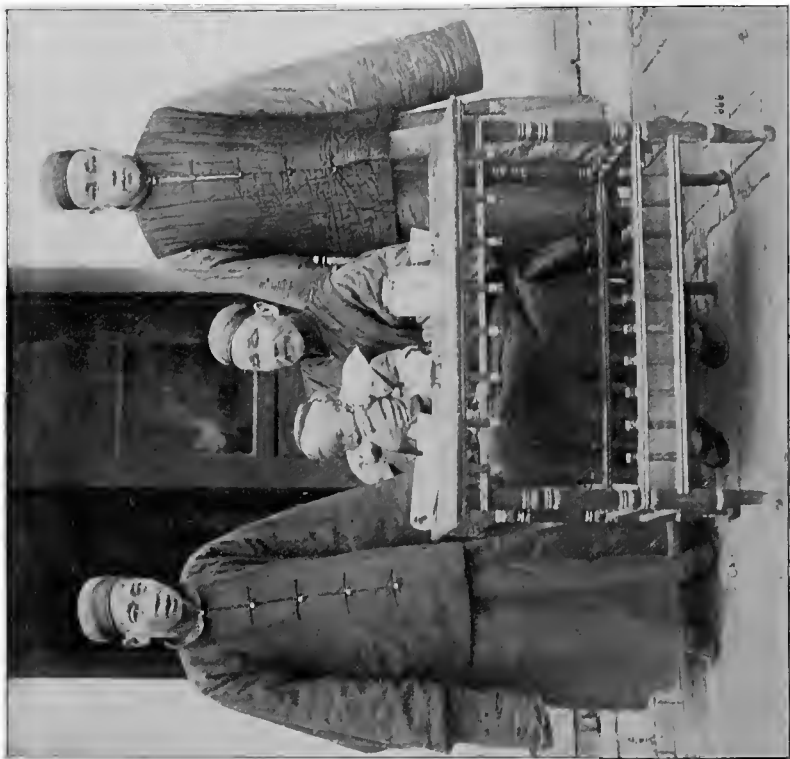
“We were pleased and encouraged by the friendly spirit everywhere manifested. While traveling on the road I spent much of my time in practising Seng and Chang in singing the scale. Chang can sing nearly every tune he knows—about fifteen—by note from memory, but has all the half-tones wrong. I hope to get him right before we get back home again. . . .

“October 13th. I went on ahead sixteen miles, and reached the prefectural city of I-chow fu a little after noon, selected an inn, and waited for the barrow. Am feeling a little ill, and one of my eyes is troubling me. It is a good deal inflamed, but not very painful. I suspect I may somewhere have met with my old enemy, the Southern or Ningpo varnish, which is a poison to my blood. I hope it is only this; for though anything but pleasant, it runs its course, and passes off in three or four days. The barrow got in toward evening, having been detained some time in crossing the sandy bed of the stream, which bed is nearly two miles wide.

“October 14th. We have had a good many visitors to get books. The curiosity of the crowds here is not so great as I expected, owing, no doubt, in a measure to a long visit from Mr. Lilley, an English Bible agent, who spent some months here three or four years ago. My distance from home by direct route is now about three hundred miles.

“October 16th. We have had a good many visits from Mohammedans, of whom there are a large number here. My eye is better, and I expect to make an excursion farther south to-morrow.

“October 17th. Leaving Seng and my servant and the portable kitchen and the old horse at I-chow fu, I started not long after sunrise with Chang on the wheelbarrow. A



MR. CHANG MING-KIAI, HIS SON, GRANDSON, AND GREAT GRANDSON.

little after noon I crossed the river at the ford opposite the large market-town Li-kia-chang. We just succeeded in getting into our inn before a heavy storm came upon us. The sky cleared toward evening. We found the roads practicable, and went on eight miles farther, and reached a small village about dark, where we put up for the night. Our accommodations were scanty, but our landlord was kind and obliging. A little hole in the wall gave us light enough to grope about the room, but not enough to enable us to see things distinctly, which was, perhaps, all the better.

“October 18th. . . . Rose betimes, laid our bedding on the barrow, and got off early. I like this mode of traveling, it is so primitive; no cooking, dish-washing, packing, etc. We simply start on our way, and buy by the roadside what we can get to eat. Reached the city of Tan-ching about noon, and took up quarters in the southern suburb. This is my farthest point from home—three hundred and forty miles.

“My principal object in coming here was to see a church-member named Chang, who is connected with the American Board Mission. He is so far removed from any station of that society that they have requested us to look after him. He fortunately was at home and delighted to see me. Though hundreds of miles away from any Christian, he is maintaining, so far as I can learn, his Christian character. He has taught his children to read the Scriptures and pray, and his wife also wishes to be a Christian. It was evident from their demeanor at prayers that family worship was no new thing to them. . . .

“October 19th. . . . Returned to I-chow, preaching and distributing books in the villages as before.

“October 21st. . . . The specially encouraging feature of our stay here is our acquaintance with a literary graduate, also named Chang, who has learned more from the simple reading of the Bible, and has been more impressed by it, than any Chinaman I have before known. But he is an opium-

smoker, and what his future will be it is difficult to say. I pray that God will use him in some way for the introduction of the true religion in this region.*

“October 24th. . . . I reached Chu-ching before noon. Preached to a large crowd which assembled in the inn court. Had a good deal of work to do here, and rather a fatiguing day. . . .

“October 27th. . . . We expected to be at Kao-yai this evening, but found we were so tired when we reached Ping-yuan, seven miles from there, that we stopped for the night. I went to bed without my supper, but had not got to sleep when a man, who, I trust, is a sincere inquirer, came to have a conversation with me. He heard the gospel first when we were here last spring, and seemed much impressed by it. I did not light my candle, nor get up, but he sat by my bedside, and we talked about the great truths of salvation for a long time. . . .

“Kao-yai, October 28th. . . . I am very thankful to have this comparatively quiet place where I can rest. I had hardly reached the inn when a man came from a village two miles distant to thank me on behalf of his wife and children for what I did for them in the spring, and to invite me to pay him a visit at his home. . . .

“October 30th. . . . Spent the forenoon in visiting several villages to the southwest, three or four miles distant, and the afternoon another to the southeast, where an unexpected event occurred. I had called on an acquaintance, had a very pleasant talk with him and the villagers who collected at his house, had parted from them, and was leaving the town. At the western end of it a respectable-looking man and his wife, about forty years old, came out of their house into their backyard to greet me as I passed. The woman accosted me very

* That prayer was answered. Mr. Chang has rendered invaluable help in the establishment of the mission in the city of I-chow.

politely, thanking me for my help in the famine time, and I stopped to reply. I had just turned to go on when I heard the cry of 'Fire!' and I saw that the house from which they had come out was all in a blaze, the flames mounting above the roof. I gave my horse to a bystander and ran back, and found the inmates wringing their hands in despair and crying to *Tien lao-yai*—the Heavenly Ruler—to help them. The Chinese are slow to move, and nothing was being done. Fortunately there was no wind blowing. The straw roof was in a blaze. Inside the house was a large heap of grain, which was just beginning to burn. It was the produce of their fields, and the main dependence of the family for the year. I called on the villagers to bring water; and as there was a well in the back yard, buckets were soon filled, and were brought into the court in rapid succession. But they tossed the water too much at random, and few had muscle enough to throw it where it was wanted; so I took hold myself, received most of the water as it came, and applied it with vigor, having especial reference to the grain-heap. The fire was gradually brought under control; it spread no farther, and I think nine tenths of the grain was saved. When I found there was no more danger I mounted my horse and came back to the town with feet pretty wet and my hat covered with cinders. I fear one family at least will wish I had stayed away. . . ."

On the 30th of October, writing to me from Kao-yai, the old famine center, my husband said:

"A wide door seems opening before me. Let us thank God and take courage. . . ."

"Since breakfast I have been cleaning my boots and doing a little mending. I have been viewing with great admiration, gratitude, and affection the little bag which you put up for my use, finding that it contained everything that I wanted or am likely to want. I had been needing some court-plaster,

and there it was all the time waiting to be used ! . . . Your letters have come, and you can imagine with what avidity I read them—the first for nearly fifty days! Do you think Mrs. — could have borne that ?”

The point of the allusion to Mrs. — was this: During one of my husband's long absences, when my burden of loneliness and care was almost more than I could bear, Mrs. —, her husband, and five children were my guests. One day she was speaking with great admiration of Dr. Nevius; of his bravery, self-denial, and successful work, finally comparing him to St. Paul. “But,” added she, “*my* husband could never bear separation from me; his usefulness and happiness are both dependent upon me”—the natural inference being that I was of less importance to my husband. I kept back the tears, but as a matter of course reported the conversation to my far-away husband; and ever afterward a reference to Mrs. — was clearly understood between us.

In the letter of October 30th he continued: “I was wondering, in looking at myself the other day, ‘What will Helen think of my gray head?’ . . . I shall go home looking as young as I can. . . . I am heartily sick of this feasting. I cannot accept all the invitations given me; they take up time and are wearying. But I shall try to imitate your patience. The people only mean to be appreciative and civil. After sitting with them nearly two hours, I have left them at the table, and come to a corner of the room to write this letter.”

On the 1st of November, 1877, the journal-letter was resumed:

“We reached Yai-yuan this evening. A number of people, most of whom are scholars, invited me a few days since to come and preach to them. They prepared a feast for me, which I endured with as much patience as I could muster. One feast in the morning at Kao-yai and another here at night, after a journey of twenty miles, is about as much as I can stand.

“November 2d. I went out this morning to see the beauties of the place. It is the most charming spot I have found in the interior of Shantung. It is situated in a beautiful valley at the foot of a high range of mountains, and a fountain of the purest water gushes up from the ground inside the town and flows through it, giving a rich luxuriance of growth to numerous trees and bamboo-groves beside it. The landscape here is refreshing after the barren, monotonous scenery which Shantung for the most part presents.

“During the day more than a dozen inquirers have come in from the neighboring villages, all of them scholars, and most of them literary graduates. I have spent a good deal of time explaining the Scriptures to them. These men belong to the same religion as my friend Wang, at ‘Twin Mountain Stream.’ He came to this village in the spring to tell his co-religionists of Jesus. . . .

“November 3d. . . . Arriving at Kao-yai, I found five men from the southwest, who presented themselves as inquirers, and expressed a desire to go to Chefoo to receive instruction. I trust some of them, at least, are sincere.

“Sunday, November 4th. This morning before I was up a man of seventy, a school-teacher, came to ask for instruction and baptism. . . . About a dozen were present at service to-day, several of whom are determined to become Christians. I heard also of a number of women, about five miles from here, who are desirous of being taught Christianity, and I have sent a native helper to see them. There seems to be a decided awakening among the people in this region, and I hope the prayers of God’s people are soon to be answered in a large ingathering here. . . .

“November 5th. If my work progresses, as I trust it will, I shall soon change my plan of operations, and have only students go to Chefoo for theological training, and leave them to teach the inquirers on the ground. Many wish to go, and

were it not for the difficulty they have in providing money for their traveling-expenses for the journey of three hundred and thirty miles, I should probably have more guests than I could accommodate.

“November 6th. After receiving a few callers in the morning, I started out at 11 A.M., and preached in four villages, getting back toward evening. The third village was the one where the fire occurred when I was there a week ago. I visited the scene of the fire. Only the bare walls remained; the grain was taken away, and the court cleared of the rubbish. The woman of the house received me very cordially. I asked for her husband, but he had gone to a fair to purchase some household utensils to replace those which had been burned. I said, ‘I am very sorry to have been the cause of your misfortune.’ She answered, ‘It was all due to my carelessness. Your exertions made the damage much lighter.’ I then talked to her and others for some time on the great truths of Christianity, and she listened with eagerness. She is bright and intelligent, and a devout member of one of the religious sects here. On leaving I said, ‘You don’t blame me, then, for your losses?’ Looking at me earnestly, she said, ‘Blame you! I knock my head to you;’ and suiting the action to the word, she bent down, knocking her head on the ground. I thought I would not provoke any further protestations, and left.

“Coming into the town, I found two men waiting for me at the gate, who wished me to *divine* what road a young man who had run away from home, and whom they had been seeking for some days, had gone, that they might overtake him and bring him back.

“Wednesday, November 9th. . . . Spent the day conversing with a succession of visitors. There is evidently a growing spirit of inquiry here; but few, if any, have correct ideas of what Christianity really is.

“Monday, November 12th. Started about noon on my

journey northeast, and reached at night the village of Tai-ching. After supper a teacher seventy-eight years old, with a relative about fifty, and six or eight pupils, came, saying that they wished to receive instruction. They all listened for a long time with the most respectful attention. . . .

"Tuesday, November 13th. . . . Reached Ta-chiu, a town in Ping-tu which I visited seven years ago, and received at that time a few persons into the church. . . .

"Wednesday, November 14th. Reached Sa-ko this morning, where the Presbytery is to hold its meetings, and found several of the missionaries from Tung-chow already here."

In writing from Chefoo to Dr. Ellinwood on the 7th of December, 1877, my husband said: "My time, as you know, is largely given to evangelistic work, which I regard as second in importance to none other. I have carried it on regularly and systematically for the past six years in the new field which I now occupy. My circuit extends to a point three hundred and thirty miles from Chefoo, and embraces a population of about three millions. Four years ago there was not a single Christian in it. There are now twenty, besides many inquirers; and these are found in more than a dozen different places, all of which may, with God's blessing, soon become centers of Christian influence. . . . Our Presbytery was held three weeks ago in the outstation Ping-tu. There were many cases of defection which required the summary application of discipline. There is reason to fear that some of the churches in that vicinity will relapse into heathenism. While this fact threw a shade of sadness and disappointment over the meeting, there was much to cheer in other quarters, especially in Chi-mi. About one hundred and twenty adults have been added to the churches under care of Presbytery during the past year. . . . In connection with the chapel where we met, a tent was put up, in which we had preaching every day to large and attentive audiences."

I have thought it well to give at length these notices of work in the country at the time when we first began to see tangible evidences of results. Until then, at each recurrent home-coming, as soon as ever my husband and I were alone I had anxiously asked, "Well, dear, what success?" And my impatient heart had sunk when year after year he had replied, "Nothing especial as yet." But he never, I think, failed to add, "But in God's own time we shall see results."

CHAPTER XXX

THE AUTUMN TOUR OF 1878—STORY OF SEN PAO-CHIN

AGAIN I must express the deep regret I feel that I am obliged to limit myself to brief extracts from my husband's journal-letters, for those of the spring and autumn of the year 1878 were full and interesting. He started from home for his country work earlier in the season than was pleasant, in order to return in time to attend the meeting of Synod, which was held that year in Hang-chow, the capital of the Che kiang province.

Journal-letter

“Shu-kia-tien, February 7, 1878. This morning it was so cold that, when I was washing, drops of water which fell on my clothes froze as they dropped, and the sandwich which I prepared for the road was frozen stiff when I took it out to eat. . . .

“As the barrowmen stop to rest, I have an opportunity to talk to the villagers, who are now quite at leisure, as it is their New-Year's holiday. I come this way so frequently that many of the people know me. They are very civil, and inclined to be sociable. . . .

“Shu-kia-chwang, February 11th. I have spent the day conversing with the native Christians and successive companies of ‘outsiders,’ and in examining candidates for baptism. Four persons are to be baptized to-morrow, and four others are deferred until my next visit. . . .

"February 15th. . . . It was impossible to have a quiet service by ourselves in the daytime or early last evening. At half-past eight P.M. we dismissed the strangers and had our baptismal and communion services. Of the four persons received into the church one is a man sixty-five years of age, an uncle of our first convert here, who opposed us for some time; another is the father of a young man in Mr. Mateer's school, together with his wife and daughter-in-law.

"February 15th. I have felt very ill for days past, and had thought of going back to Ping-tu to recruit among the Christians there. I determined, however, to try the effect of medicine prescribed by my assistant, Li Ting-kin, who is a native doctor. After swallowing the decoction, which gave me some relief, I proceeded on my way, and reached the city of Kao-mi at night. Distance, twenty miles.

"February 17th. Spent in my inn at Kao-mi. . . . Feel only half well. Very little appetite or energy.

"February 18th. . . . Had recurrence of old symptoms. Stopped at night at Yu-ko. Pulse very high. Li is to administer another decoction, which he thinks will set me right.

"February 19th. . . . No better. Determined not to go farther from home, but to direct our course to An-chiu, where I have a quiet inn and a good landlord, and shall be within forty-five miles of our Baptist friends at Ching-chow fu in case I am ill.

"February 20th. . . . I tried Li's method of 'sweating,' which I should think would produce the desired effect if anything could. He procured an earthen basin about a foot high and a foot and a half in circumference, filled with a boiling mass of onions! Over this was inverted a basket-cover, on the top of which were placed several layers of cloth to break the force of the hot steam. This basin was placed on the kang [earthen bed]; cushions were put on opposite sides of it, raised to its level; and, resting my shoulders on the supports

on one side and my hips on the other, I stretched myself, stomach and chest, over the hot basin, and was covered over with 'comfortables' by my faithful attendants, Li and Chang. Such a steaming! One part of my chest where a little too much of the steam touched me was burned to a blister. This process was continued about an hour and a half. But there was no perspiration, though I drank water freely. I believe, however, it did me good. . . . But I did not feel warranted in starting this morning on the long journey south. . . . Both of my assistants and one of the barrowmen are also feeling indisposed to-day. Li says that somewhere by the way the same 'bad wind' has struck us all. . . .

"Kao-yai, February 23d. . . . The people here greet me with a hearty welcome, and this seems almost another home to me. I feel well again, and cannot be thankful enough for all God's goodness to me.

"Sunday, February 24th. . . . Service in the morning and calls from old friends during the day. Li went across the stream to see the woman whose house was burned, and found the whole family interested in Christianity.

"February 25th. . . . A constant succession of visits. I hear favorable reports of inquirers who went to Chefoo last autumn, but who came home without having been baptized. . . .

"March 1st. . . . To-day a number of persons came in from the adjoining villages. We preached in the open court to from one to two hundred persons till afternoon, when we were obliged to leave to meet our appointment at a place fourteen miles distant. . . .

"Yang-ko-chwang (two hundred and forty miles from Chefoo), March 2, 1878. Last night at evening prayers there were many present, including a number of very respectable women. To-day we have had the room full of visitors from the surrounding villages, who have listened with unusual interest nearly the whole day. Among them were several

scholars and school-teachers. The most unusual event of the day is that a company of ten women came from a village three miles north from here for the express purpose of learning 'the doctrine,' and have spent hour after hour listening eagerly, and evidently appreciating a great deal that was said. The house was full again at evening prayers. . . .

"Sunday, March 3d. . . . The day has been spent much as yesterday. I trust that the Holy Spirit is opening the hearts of some of these people to receive his truth. Preaching nearly all day and until bedtime at night. A few seem never tired of listening.

"March 4th. This morning a man who was a member of my last inquirers' class at Chefoo was baptized. He is a bright, intelligent fellow of twenty-six, and has been ten years at school. . . .

"After accomplishing a journey of fifteen miles over a very mountainous road, we reached Shwang-shan-ho ('Twin Mountain Stream') before sunset. There is here a man named Wang, who is a well-to-do farmer, sixty years of age, a member of the Sz-chwen religion. He attended my class last summer, and is constantly reading Christian books. . . . He received me, as he always does, with great kindness and hospitality. He urged me to occupy his principal room, which I declined to do, as it could not be kept quiet, and took up my quarters in a little place next to the sheep and goat cote. Wang's wife and oldest son are inquirers. I told him this evening, plainly and solemnly, that it is time for him to make up his mind whether he will forsake all for Christ; and that unless he does so, he and I can only meet in the future as friends and acquaintances—that I cannot regard him longer as an inquirer. Two friends of his from neighboring villages came to spend the night at his house, by invitation, on purpose to meet me.

"March 5th. This morning while I was dressing Wang came into my room evidently in a very happy frame of mind.

He told me that he had been talking a good part of the night with his two friends, and that the three have determined to be Christians; that he would serve two masters no longer, and would immediately sever his connection with his former religionists.

“Leaving ‘Twin Mountain Stream’ about 10 A.M., we came on to Shin-tsai, seven miles on the way to Yai-yuan. I am unexpectedly detained here, and have been much encouraged by what I have seen. Last autumn two young men went to Chefoo from this place to attend my class. They were in a wretched plight when they reached there—out of money, had pawned the best of their clothes, and were suffering from cold. I made them comfortable for a couple of weeks, and taught them what I could—though they had not education enough to keep up with the class—and then sent them home before the class was disbanded. I saw one of them, Liu Mao-lin, about a week ago in Kao-yai, and also heard from others that he was doing well, and that his mother and his children were learning Christianity from him. I found my way to his house, and had such a welcome as I have rarely received in China. A younger brother seized me by the arm and almost carried me into the house. Liu’s mother—a bright, active woman of fifty-five, with considerable refinement and intelligence—met me very cordially, accosting me at once as her ‘teacher.’ She told me that she was delighted with what her son told her on his return home, and that she at once had a room fitted up as a school-room, and had kept Mao-lin employed ever since in teaching the rest of the family. She had her grandchildren—a boy of eleven and a girl two years of age—kneel down and say their prayers for me to hear. Though I could hardly approve of such a performance, I did not think it best to prevent it. The little girl said the Lord’s Prayer after her brother, and the boy repeated two other prayers, one a long one, very correctly. Then the mother and a granddaughter of thirteen

said one of the prayers together, after which I examined the boy on the catechism, and was surprised to find how much he had learned. I felt rebuked when I saw what the unappreciated Mao-lin had done. In the meanwhile my luggage had been carried to the house of Liu Shi-en, a cousin, which I found to be a large establishment, showing that its possessor had at some time been a man of wealth. It required no little moral courage for them to entertain me, as the people were overheard on the street, as I entered, saying, 'Why, they are taking a devil into their house!' A large, well-furnished school-room was appropriated to my use. . . .*

"Ching-chow fu, March 9th. Mr. Jones and I have spent nearly the whole day talking English!

"Sunday, March 10th. I went to an outstation eight miles distant, and met a company of fifty worshippers. There are, in connection with the English Baptist Mission, eight or ten of these companies in this region, including thirty baptized persons and from two hundred to three hundred applicants for baptism. These people seem very sincere and earnest. I have hardly ever seen so hopeful a state of things in China. To-morrow I start for the south again. I have still before me a month's steady traveling. I expect to visit six cities, and villages without number. . . ."

My husband often arranged his journeys so as to be able to visit *en route* his Baptist friends at Ching-chow fu. It was not alone the "communion of saints," which, indeed, he valued

* Years after this the Rev. James Gilmour, of Mongolia, wrote my husband, begging him to send him a native assistant for the hard, rough work he was engaged in in those northern wilds. Having no more suitable person, and Liu Mao-lin being willing to go, he became Mr. Gilmour's helper, doing much faithful service, and learning from that good and holy man many lessons of endurance, cross-bearing, and zeal for souls. Although not at first one from whom we expected much, God has certainly used him in a remarkable way in the extension of his work.

almost above all else; nor the social intercourse, which was alike refreshing to him and to them; but in the matter of methods of mission work he never failed to get hints and suggestions of great practical value. His long-cherished conviction that "preaching the gospel" was often done in the most effectual way in close personal intercourse with those he desired to influence here received decided confirmation. His friend, Rev. Timothy Richard, the first representative of his mission in that part of Shantung, on one of his earliest visits took him the round of his stations, then only half a dozen or so, and explained what had been his plan of work, which was that of inquiring, whenever he visited any new place, for "the worthy," when he was usually directed to a leader of some religious sect, to whom first he gave the message of salvation. Often such a man was won over to the true and better religion, and sometimes—in fact, in many cases—his co-religionists, listening to their own leader, would also soon be won over.

Dr. Nevius believed that, at a certain stage of missionary work, street-preaching, open-air preaching, book-distribution on a large scale, and the various methods which have been used for attracting notice and making an impression, were quite legitimate; but he himself was far more successful in the quiet talks with individuals which of later years he always sought, more especially when he could hear here and there of one who was accounted among his neighbors as a religious man. A friend has sent me the following reminiscence:

"At a prayer-meeting held in Dr. Corbett's drawing-room in July, 1889, the leader made some remarks on a passage in the Acts of the Apostles, in the course of which he tried to show that St. Paul went at once to the most public places in the heathen cities which he visited. Dr. Nevius, in a quiet, earnest way, followed him. He said that his study of the Acts of the Apostles had led him to form exactly the opposite opinion. He found that St. Paul invariably first offered his gospel

message to the pious Jews who sat in the synagogues; and where there was no synagogue (as in Philippi), he went to the 'place where prayer was wont to be made,' and addressed the devout women that gathered there. It was by special invitation, after his preaching had become the town's talk, that he spoke to the Areopagites on Mars' Hill."

I will insert here the following, which has been sent me by another friend:

"On Dr. Nevius's return to China in 1892 he was asked what he thought of the Christian Endeavor Society as an auxiliary to mission work in China. He replied that it is on the principles of 'Christian Endeavor' that his mission and that of the English Baptists are worked in Shantung, although it is not called by that name. It was the principle, especially, of encouraging every convert to do what he or she could to bring in others into the church, and do deeds of kindness to all around them."

Journal-letter

"March 20th. . . . We are now at I-chow fu, the guests of Mr. Chang, to whom I have brought some scientific books which I got for him from Shanghai. He is remarkably familiar with the Scriptures, and defends Christianity among his friends; but I fear he has not strength of will to break off the habit of opium-smoking.

"March 23d. . . . Have reached the city of Tan-ching. This is in the extreme southern part of the Shantung province, and more than three hundred miles from Chefoo in a direct line. The native Christian who lives here is having a lawsuit, several of his neighbors, who have been worrying him with petty persecutions, having brought false charges against him before the magistrate. From here I expect to go straight home. The time of fruit in this part of the country is not yet; but if my life is spared a few years longer I hope to see living Christians scattered all along this route. . . .

“Pai-tah, March 28th. We reached this place more than an hour before sunset—thirty miles. I am sure that these two barrowmen, with a man to help pull, could, on a good road, without difficulty take the load—four hundred pounds—between daylight and dark forty miles, and by extra exertion fifty. Their muscular power and endurance astonish me. They generally go about five miles without resting, traveling faster than a horse can walk. . . .

“April 9th. I was enjoying my rest in Chao-ko-chwang, and intending to lie in bed a little longer than usual, when I heard a familiar voice outside, just about sunrise, crying out, ‘Is Mr. Nee here?’ I answered, ‘Is that you, Leng Shien-chin?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Letters from Chefoo?’ ‘Yes.’ I opened the door and received from him a note in an unknown, foreign handwriting. It told me that Helen had been ‘very dangerously ill,’ but that ‘it was hoped that the worst was over, at least for the present,’ but requesting me not to delay my return. The messenger had come from Chefoo with the letter, walking a hundred and six miles in two nights and a little more than one day. I will not attempt to describe the anxiety and suspense of my three days’ journey home. All the possibilities of the future flitted before my imagination. As I crossed the hill above our house it was with intense anxiety that I looked for any indication of what might be the state of things there. In the course of a few minutes I saw smoke issuing from our bedroom chimney, and ‘thanked God, and took courage.’ A few minutes more and I found that my dear Helen was still spared to me.”

On April 19, 1878, Dr. Nevius wrote the following letter to accompany the journal which was sent with it.

“MY DEAR MOTHER: I know you will be interested in and encouraged by my journal. I rejoice, but with fear and trem-

bling. With so many evidences of promise, if God withdraws his Spirit, all will come to naught. With God's rich blessing, no result is too great to be hoped for. Pray that we may all be kept humble, prayerful, and ever in the way of duty. I am learning more and more the lesson that of myself I can do absolutely nothing, and that when God works everything is easy. I am expecting a large class here in June, and you may think of me as busy with it every day till the end of August.

"My plan now is to start out on my next tour about the 20th of September. In the meantime I intend to make a new vehicle—a large wheelbarrow on springs, kept upright by two men, and drawn by a donkey. This will carry me and all my luggage, and afford me a good place to lie down and rest when I need to do so on the road. . . . We frequently speak of our next visit to the United States; but, as you see, my work is in such a state that nothing would induce me to leave it but necessity. I hope our health and strength may not fail us until reliable natives are prepared to carry on my work in the main while I am away for a year or two. Our force here is at present so small that each one is barely able to do his own work, and it is very difficult to obtain new recruits. I have written to the Board urging them to send on a man at once to learn the language and be able in a few years to take up a part of my work; but I hear of no one coming yet. I can only go on, leaving the future in His hands whose ways are not as our ways, and who causes all things to work together for good to his children."

Soon after his return from the country Dr. Nevius went south to attend the meeting of Synod. While in Shanghai he was engaged with Dr. Happer, of Canton, in further revision of the Standards of the Presbyterian Church. He went to Hang-chow by way of Ningpo, and visited the native churches and the Christians, in whom, to the last, he felt so deeply in-

terested, many of whom regarded him as their spiritual father. The much-needed rest and change did him good, and he came home ready for the hard work which awaited him.

On the 23d of September, 1878, he left for his autumn evangelistic tour, traveling in the main the same route as before, but branching off and going farther in this or that direction, as led by providences. Extracts from the journal-letters sent first to me in Chefoo, which I then forwarded to friends in America, will show how much the character of my husband's work was changing. He wrote:

"An-chiu, September 28, 1878. Last Wednesday night I stayed in the district of Lai-yang, at Chao-ko-chwang, where there is a company of ten Christians, who are on the whole doing pretty well. Friday night I reached Chang-ling, where a year ago I baptized two persons, father and son. The father has relapsed into idolatry, but the son seems firm and earnest. Another man in the town, nearly seventy years of age, is much interested, and prays and reads the Scriptures constantly. But he cannot give up ancestral worship, and says he will be an 'outside disciple.' To-day I reached this city—a distance from home of two hundred miles.

"Monday, September 30th. I had a pleasant Sunday, with services in the morning and evening.

"I started at eight this morning and journeyed westward to the market-town Tang-wu. This place is ten miles northeast from Kao-yai, the center from which I distributed famine relief, and the names of about five hundred starving people were enrolled here. The first thing on my arrival this afternoon, after a journey of twenty-five miles, was to look for an inn. We are staying at the best one the place affords. It has black, smoked walls, earth floors; the wind blows through the broken paper windows, the two rooms are filled with rubbish, and everything is covered with dust and dirt. It took about an hour to make the place habitable. . . .

“I was delighted with a conversation I had this evening with a man of sixty-five, whom I met near here in the spring. The amount of knowledge which he has acquired since then gives evidence of great earnestness and perseverance, and we have every reason to hope that he is taught and led of God's Spirit. There are a few other inquirers here, whom I shall see tomorrow. I hear good reports of the company of women whom I met in the spring about seven miles from here.

“October 2d. This forenoon I baptized two brothers, one sixty-five and the other seventy-five years of age. . . .

“An-chiu, October 3d. I started from Tang-wu supposing that a two-days' rain was over. It soon began again, and we came on through rain and mud forty *li* to this place, Yu-kia San-chien, the home of Mrs. Yu, the old lady who sent her son and grandson to Chefoo to learn about Christianity. I have been surprised and delighted by what I have seen here. The grandson came out to meet me, lost his shoes in the mud, and showed me the way to the house barefooted, or in his stockings—I could not see which for the mud. I was put up in the large room which they have fitted up for a chapel. There the villagers came in to see me. After a while the wife of the head of the family came with seven other women and several girls, all inquirers, and to a surprising degree instructed already. I am told that about twenty persons assemble here for worship every Sunday. . . . A fearful storm is raging outside. They are bringing in the benches for evening prayers. . . . Prayers are over. More than a dozen women came through the mire and rain, and listened with the most intelligent attention. I am greatly interested in them.

“The amount of company which this family entertains is something remarkable. Besides inquirers who are constantly coming on week-days, they feed all who come from a distance to attend service on Sunday. I must try to put a stop to this; it is too much. . . .

“Friday morning. It is blowing and raining as hard as ever. There is no getting out, for the roads are impassable; so we must stay one more day at least. . . . Liu Mao-lin, of Shin-tsai, came here two or three weeks ago to paper the ceiling of the chapel. The women adopted him as their teacher, and will not let him go home. I think perhaps your pupil Salah will have to come here with her husband. There is certainly a wonderful field of usefulness open for her, and a work which she is specially fitted to do. . . . The longer I remain here ‘the more my wonder grows.’ There seems great promise for the future, if God continues to bless us, which I know he will if we are faithful. There are eight or ten women, including the heads of the most influential families in the village, who come together twice a day through mud, or rather mire, and will sit and listen to the gospel as long as one will talk to them. Still they are Chinese women, and you know what that means as regards teaching them new ideas. They are eager to learn and have leisure to do so, and seem disposed to be aggressive in their efforts to reach others. They often speak of you, and say they pray for you. They were delighted when I told them that the catechism and the ‘Simple Prayer’ were prepared by you. They are about the only things which they have learned ‘by heart,’ and nearly all have learned them thoroughly.

“Yu-kia San-chien, October 8, 1878. I expect to be busy all this week examining applicants for baptism here and in the neighborhood, and to be here until after next Sunday; then to go on to Kao-yai for the following Sunday, and then on to Yai-yuan. . . . If I find my work very important I may spend the most of November here; but my intention now is to leave Yai-yuan about the 1st of November and go south to I-shui; from there to Chu-ching, and so back home. . . . We have great reason to be thankful. Let us rejoice and pray God that the beginnings of good things here may result in a great harvest of souls. . . .”

Some readers of this book may like to know the sequel to the house-burning incident in the Chang family, mentioned in a previous letter; and the references to Mrs. Yien I cannot bring myself to omit. More will be said of her in a later chapter. She was very dear to my husband and me, and is another of the bright jewels now shining in our Saviour's crown.

On the 21st of October, 1878, Dr. Nevius wrote his mother as follows:

"You will remember that I wrote to you from this place a year ago of a family having a house burned while I was saying a few words to the man and his wife across a fence in their back yard. This was my first meeting with them. It was my privilege to-day to baptize this man and his wife and a neighbor in the same village. Their interest in Christianity has continued from last autumn till now, and since spring they have observed Sunday and had regular worship in their home. This woman, Mrs. Chang, is very bright, and is making remarkable progress. She can already read a considerable part of the Gospel of St. Matthew. Other persons in the village and neighborhood may be regarded as hopeful inquirers. They are suffering no little opposition and persecution. Immediately after we left there, before we were a hundred yards from the house, we heard the neighbors reviling and cursing them. . . .

"To-day it is raining hard again, and I am detained at least two days from going on westward. I do not mind it much, though the inn is full of travelers and the yard of mules. This kind of experience is getting to be a part of my ordinary life, and I take to it more kindly than I formerly did. I forgot to tell you, in connection with my story of the 'village of the Twin Mountain,' what a kind of homelike feeling I have there. Those women of sixty and more seem like mothers to

me, and I was entertained and fed with a hospitality which was almost excessive. These women were much pleased to hear that I have a mother at home who prays for me and my work. They will now feel an interest in you, as I am sure you will in them.

“Yai-yuan, October 24, 1878. I reached this place this afternoon, and found a messenger had just arrived with a nice budget of letters from Helen, with good news from home. I have had many calls from old acquaintances, and have fitted up my room for a four or five days' stay. . . . I have met here old Mrs. Yien, who has been staying with Helen for about a year, and became a Christian while there. She has just returned home again, and seems to be in real earnest, going over hills and down dales and fording streams to tell her old acquaintances of Jesus. She has given up a comfortable home in a temple, and several acres of land connected with it, to live in a mere hovel. She has thrown all this away because she will have no connection with idolatry. She is very hopeful about many of her old co-religionists becoming Christians. While I was eating my meal she sat on the doorstep, and I asked her to sing for me, as I wished to know whether she had learned any tunes to teach the other women. I was delighted to find that she could sing ‘Jesus loves me,’ and ‘Safe in the Promised Land,’ and ‘Bright Jewels’ quite well. She speaks very gratefully and tenderly of her stay with us, and of Helen’s kindness to her. . . .”

On the 1st of January, 1879, Dr. Nevius sent to his society in New York a request for permission to return to the United States on a visit, as his health, as well as my own, made change and rest a necessity. He also again urged that a new missionary should be sent to his assistance at once. In this letter he said: “Any one who undertakes this must make up his mind to hard work in the country for about half the year.

A young man with zeal, energy, and good abilities could be of use in two years, or sooner. He could then keep the work going with the assistance of the natives, and it would be a capital school for him; and on my return he would be ready for full work in any part of the north where he might be most needed."

The help so urgently asked for was not sent. The work in the country was progressing in a way which made it impossible for my husband to overtake it. He left about the 1st of February for the country, and was absent until April. On the 17th of February, in writing to his mother, he said: ". . . Helen has not been so well as usual this last winter, and I hesitated about leaving her alone again; but she insisted upon my not changing my plans, saying she was sure I ought not to do so, and that, engaged in such a work as ours is, 'they who have wives should be as though they had none.' She is very brave and very good, but I cannot help feeling anxious. . . . A new feature of this trip is a wheelbarrow of my own contriving. It is constructed after the native style, but with foreign springs and many other changes. It has done its work well, and with a few more improvements will be very serviceable. I hope it will be of great use to ladies and delicate persons traveling in the interior. . . ."

Writing to me from Tang-wu two days later, he said:

". . . I arrived here before sunset, and stole into the house of my seventy-five-year-old brother, and tapped him on the back as he was attending to some work. While I was enjoying his surprise some one tapped me on my back, and I turned around to see Leng Shien-chin confronting me. Then, just after dark, Yien ta-sao [Sister-in-law Yien], having heard of my arrival, came in from 'Twin Mountain Stream,' and a few minutes later Mr. Li arrived from Chang-yi. We had a general rejoicing over the wonderful coincidence, and Leng actually perpetrated a pun! It was 'Leng Shien-chin,' said he.

[Leng was his family name; *shien* means "first," and *chin* means "entered"—i.e., it was Leng who first entered.] *

"We had rather an exciting time talking over our varied experiences. . . . The best news I have to give you is that the good work is spreading here in every direction. I am almost confused by details, but shall get matters in hand, I hope, by degrees. . . . It seems all God's work; I feel that I have nothing to do with it except as God's instrument in carrying it on. . . . Send Leng Shien-chin back to me almost immediately."

On the 22d of February he wrote from Yu-kia San-chien ("Yu-family Hill-in-front-of"): ". . . It is Saturday morning. I arrived here Wednesday, and had been here but an hour or two when your letters came. It did me a world of good to know that you are better. It lifts a load from my mind, and makes me not only happier, but stronger and better able to work. I hardly need tell you that I am cheerful with so much to encourage me. . . . If I continue to get good news from you I shall be ready to leave Yai-yuan and cross the mountains to I-shui by the 20th of March. . . . People are watching me as I write this; others are waiting to talk with me. . . ."

Writing to his mother on the same day, Dr. Nevius said:

* This man was just returning from a long and perilous journey to a distant province, where he was sent to carry silver to the Rev. C. P. Scott, who was engaged in famine relief there. After the famine in our province was over, it continued in the provinces to the west with terrible severity. The accounts which Leng Shien-chin brought back were heart-rending. He was for many years in our employ, and was a very warm-hearted Christian, though often an inconsistent one. He did his work well and faithfully on this terrible journey, not realizing that he was in any sense a hero to have accomplished it. He supposed that my husband would be somewhere in the vicinity of Tang-wu, and planned to see him, so that he might bring back letters to me. But it was strange indeed that so many friends should meet just there and then, coming from places hundreds of miles distant.

“I have been here three days, and most of my time has been spent conversing with visitors and inquirers. Seventeen persons are to be baptized to-morrow. There are many inquirers waiting for me in the villages to the south and west. Of the persons who have been accepted for baptism, some are especially interesting. One is a granddaughter of Mrs. Yu, the first convert here. She was very anxious to be baptized when I was here last, but was put off on account of the general rule which keeps applicants waiting about a year to test their sincerity. She has been ill for some months, and seems going into a decline. It is her earnest wish to be known as a follower of Christ, to serve him while she lives, and be ready to depart to be with him. She is fifteen years old, is unusually bright, and has acquired a knowledge of Christianity very rapidly. She has been most useful in teaching little girls in the village to recite the catechism and to sing. [This young girl died a few months later.]

“Another case is that of a blind beggar woman. By listening in the chapel, and when the girls have been learning their catechism, she has gained a correct and clear knowledge of the primary truths of religion, and is very earnest. Some time ago she asked for a catechism, and in going about from house to house she would beg any one who was willing to read it to her. One day a strong wind blew it out of her basket. She could not find it, and was in great distress; so she kneeled down by the roadside and prayed. A field-laborer saw her in that unwonted position, and went to learn what was the matter. She told her story, he found her book, and she went on her dark way rejoicing.

“Another case is the old teacher of Mrs. Yu, and the head of her former religious sect. He is a simple-minded, bright, and intelligent man, small in stature, seventy-five years of age. He can read fine print without glasses, and walk twenty-five miles a day. He has entirely renounced his old religion, has

given up his habit of abstinence from animal food—which he has strictly observed for nearly fifty years, as a means of obtaining merit—and seems as happy as a child in having found the ‘pearl of great price.’ He is learning very rapidly, and his great desire is to bring his former followers to Christ. He has from one hundred to two hundred of these followers. Three of them—women forty or fifty years of age—came to me yesterday, begging for baptism. I put them off on the ground that they were not sufficiently instructed, and because of my general rule. Still they would not be put off. They plied me with arguments for nearly an hour: ‘They had broken their fast;’ ‘Their determination to be Christians could not be changed,’ etc. I thought of what our Saviour said about taking the kingdom of heaven by violence. They are learning prayers and the catechism. They can give very little account of what they know, but say they can understand what they hear, though they cannot reproduce it. I confess I was somewhat shaken in my determination when they said, ‘If you baptize us, and we receive the Holy Spirit, we shall learn faster.’”

It was during this tour in the month of February that my husband had the happiness of receiving into the church our dear friend, Mr. Sen Pao-chin. One day in the previous autumn a fine-looking young man had come to Chefoo inquiring for my husband. In the first conversation I had with him I became interested in him, and invited him to stay at our place until Dr. Nevius should return from the country, promising him all the help I could give in gaining a knowledge of Christianity. He soon astonished me by the readiness with which he committed the Bible to memory; not merely by rote, but with a most intelligent appreciation of it. He repeated one whole chapter the first day, two the next, and would perhaps have learned more if I had had time to hear them. The questions he asked me were close and sometimes difficult to

answer. In the course of a few weeks he said to me one day, "I am convinced that Christianity is true; I intend to obey its commands, except the one of being baptized. I cannot possibly be baptized, because I know my family would disown me if I did." I at once assured him that at present he could not be baptized even if he wished it, and that he need not take that question into consideration. When my husband came home I gave my pupil over to him. It was not long before he earnestly requested baptism, but was told that before he could receive it he must return to his home to see if he were willing or able there to profess his belief. Having said this much, the following reference to him will be better understood.

My husband wrote on February 17th: "I found on reaching Ling-ho that Sen Pao-chin has remained firm, and that he has confessed Christ openly, not only in his family, but everywhere. He came at once to my inn and asked for baptism without further delay. His father and other members of the family, fearing this, came to me, begging me not to baptize him, at least not at present. The family sent me a sumptuous feast in acknowledgment of my kindness to Pao-chin, and I was invited to visit them. I had asked Pao-chin whether it was his wish to be baptized in my inn or at his home, and he had replied that he wished to be baptized, not privately, but openly, in his own home, before his own people. . . . His grandfather received me, when I went there, with cold, reserved politeness, thanked me for what I had done for his grandson, and soon left the room. The others now repeated their entreaties that I should not baptize the young man. I replied by referring to our Saviour's command, and said that if he still wished it I must baptize him. The place where we were was a large school-room. Sen Pao-chin, seeing that his relatives were prolonging the discussion merely to gain time, stepped forward and said firmly, 'I ask to be baptized, and that now!'

He had placed a bowl of water before me on the table. He knelt down and I baptized him, all present being perfectly quiet and motionless. The ceremony seemed solemn and impressive. Very soon one of my native helpers, seeing that trouble was brewing, came to my side and suggested that we should leave, which we did. We had not been long back at the inn when Pao-chin came running to us, saying that his grandfather was in a fearful rage; that he had seized his father by the throat, threatening to kill him for having allowed his son to bring such disgrace upon the family. Happily, persons present rescued the father, and he afterward came to me at the inn. He apparently sympathizes somewhat with his son, and has confidence in me. . . . It has been a hard battle, nobly fought and won. I have advised Pao-chin to stay quietly at home and prosecute his studies, agreeably to the wishes of his family, with the understanding that he is to go again to Chefoo to attend my class in the summer."

The after-history of Pao-chin, who has given up friends and wealth and position for Christ, is too long to be related here. He is still one of my dearest Chinese friends. Perhaps there is no sincerer mourner for my husband among all our Chinese friends than he. I am sure that one of the chief delights to which Pao-chin looks forward in the better land is meeting there his beloved friend and teacher.

On the 19th of March, in writing to me, my husband said: "This evening I have had a final consultation with my native helpers. Li Ting-kin is to go to 'Twin Mountain Stream' to work in that region with Mrs. Yien; and I have sent Liu Mao-lin across the mountains to do some work there. . . . I am in good health, and none the worse for the care and work of the last month; so do not be anxious about me. . . . I do want you to be more careful about tiring yourself, and yet I know how difficult it is; you have so much to do and so much care. It will not be long before I get back to help you. If

you are well when I come you shall have a ride in the wheelbarrow! . . . As we go south we shall travel with the old mule and the new donkey, and the barrow will be lightly loaded, and I think the trip will be a more restful one. I have forgotten to tell you that I picked up a boy at 'Twin Mountain Stream' who seems very bright, though he does not look so. He is to drive the donkey, and when I get to Chefoo I shall give him to you to add to your flock. I think he will take the lead of your other boys, and perhaps turn out a Chinese genius! Who knows!"*

It was with these light-hearted, cheery letters that my dear husband tried to cheer my loneliness; but I could read between the lines, and knew that the long-continued nervous strain was wearing upon him, and I was never entirely free from anxiety; though, happily, neither he nor I had a doubt that it was his duty to do this particular kind of work, and my duty to allow him to do it.

During the summer of 1879 we had a visit from my cousins, Rev. William F. Bainbridge and Mrs. Bainbridge and their little son. This was a great pleasure, in spite of the fact that my health was at its lowest ebb and that I was unable to participate with them in any of the social pleasures of the season, chief among these being the visit of General Grant, ex-President of the United States, who called at Chefoo on his way south from Peking. During the afternoon of his day there the general expressed great satisfaction in a walk he had with my husband, visiting certain places of interest in the Chinese part of Chefoo. In the evening there was a beautiful entertainment in the settlement, given by the Chinese and foreign officials together.

During the months of July and August I had a long and

* This boy is the one mentioned as having succeeded in the examination and taken the degree of *Shiu-tsai*, and having married the little "famine girl," An-lin.

dangerous illness, from which I recovered so slowly that it was evident to all that I could hope to regain complete health only by going for a time quite away from China. My physicians advised the south of France, as it was thought I could not bear a colder climate. Once again we had to face a question of sacrifice for Christ's sake, or to undo, perhaps, the work of years, and retard its progress in all the little out-stations, which were then in so critical a condition. I was not unwilling to stay in China at the risk of my health, but I did not dare to take my husband away. In all this we were in fullest sympathy. I knew that it was no want of love for me which made him feel it his duty to send me on the long journey away from him, and he was grateful to me that I was willing to leave him for one year longer to work in his extended parish, until it should be, he hoped, in a better condition to leave, and until the arrival of a missionary to take charge of it during his absence.

CHAPTER XXXI

A WINTER'S WORK IN THE INTERIOR OF SHANTUNG

WRITING to Dr. Ellinwood from Shanghai on the 21st of October, 1879, Dr. Nevius said: "My wife and I reached here day before yesterday. We are now deliberating about our future movements. . . . She is not strong enough yet to warrant me in allowing her to return home without me. . . . But I hope with this complete rest and change she may soon be well enough for us to carry out our original plan, which contemplates her going alone and my returning to my work in Shantung. There are strong reasons for my going with her which are sufficiently apparent to every one, and on account of which it is the opinion of many that I ought to go; while the reasons for my staying can only be understood and appreciated by a few. . . . The work in my large field is in such a state that it cannot be left without great loss. There are many difficult and delicate questions which a stranger could not possibly know how to deal with, especially if not well up in the language. Mr. Corbett would give all the assistance in his power, but he already has more on his hands than he can attend to; and it is impossible to get help at present either from Tung-chow or Chinan fu. I think in a year and a half I could introduce — to the work so as to be able to leave it with some satisfaction. . . . Still, if my wife did not herself approve this plan, it ought not to be thought of."

I improved in health during the few weeks spent with my husband in Shanghai; but it is possible that even our strong

convictions of duty might not have given us courage to undergo separation had it not been for the kind help of friends. Two sisters of the Rev. M. G—— were spending the winter in Rome, and it was his urgent wish that I should be with them; and it was also the greatest comfort to my husband that he could think of me as going to friends, even though they were as yet strangers.

On the 8th of November I sailed for Italy in the French steamer "Ava." My husband took me, the evening before, to Wusung, at the mouth of the river; and at early dawn of a dark, lowering morning he was obliged to go back to Shanghai on the steam-tug, leaving me, the only lady passenger, to commence my long journey. The same day he wrote me from Shanghai: "I can hardly realize that you have gone. I did realize it, though, on the tug, when I left you, and the tears would come. I was glad there was no one there to see me. But there is so much of joy and gladness mingled in my cup that I feel it would be wrong to murmur or repine. All things *do* work together for our good, and our trials are our blessings. . . . If I know that you are doing well I shall be happy. You have promised to take good care of my wife. . . . I shall try to trust in the Lord, and not be afraid, and give myself to my work."

Writing the next day, he referred to a subject which was then occupying much of our thoughts—the sacraments of the church; the place they ought to hold, their use, and, I may add, their abuse. He wrote: "Last night we talked after dinner until nearly eleven o'clock on doctrinal subjects, principally the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, Mr. —— urging his view that it is a sacrifice offered by the priest, etc. I am more and more convinced that his views are extreme and unscriptural. In all our long discussion, however, we did not get unduly excited, nor did either of us say anything to wound the feelings of the other in the slightest degree. . . . Mrs. ——

said she had enjoyed our discussion so much—that she disliked controversy, but liked to hear Christians who differ talk as we did. . . . This morning I awoke from a sound sleep and found that you were not here. Oh, that waking up !”

In the same letter, having mentioned some of the kindness he had received in Shanghai, he says: “It is high time I should go to the country to be called ‘kwei-ts !’ [devil].”

My strength gave way from the great strain put upon it. I was ill on the passage down the coast, and while in Hong-kong, where I was most kindly entertained by Bishop Burden and Mrs. Burden, it was uncertain whether I should not be obliged to remain there and send for my husband to come to me. However, I was, through God’s mercy, sufficiently restored to continue my journey. The voyage did me good; while the winter in Rome—the intense interest I felt in its ruins, churches, and galleries—helped to while the time of separation and restore my health of mind and body. A few weeks in Florence, and later in Paris, and the summer spent in England at the quiet country home of the mother of Rev. C. P. Scott, still further benefited me.

The letters which my husband and I wrote to each other at this time would fill a volume; and certainly his to me are of great interest. If the limits of this work would allow I should gladly give them entire; but again I must confine myself to brief extracts.

While in Shanghai we had the pleasure of welcoming to China Dr. and Mrs. Hunter, and Rev. J. A. and Mrs. Leyenberger; the former under appointment for Chinan fu, and the latter to assist my husband in his country work, and to take charge of it during his absence in the United States. Dr. and Mrs. Hunter accompanied Dr. Nevius to Chefoo, and Mr. and Mrs. Leyenberger went there soon after, and occupied our house until our return.

The weeks of the autumn of 1879 were spent by my husband in arranging for a long winter's campaign in the country. Writing to me from Chefoo on the 17th of November, Dr. Nevius said: "I am in the dear old home once more; but oh, how dreary! Such a time as I had last night! . . . Everything reminds me of you, and I lived over again that dreadful two months' illness. . . . I was so lonely—and then I thought of you, as you have so often been during the past years, here alone when I was absent in the country. And then I forgot myself in thinking of you now, and of what might befall you, and I was doleful enough. Old Fung came in with the school-boys to *wen me hao*, and the school-girls, led by Mrs. Tse, welcomed me back; but that did not help me. Here I was, and my forlorn condition forced itself upon my consciousness. I was so stupefied that I could hardly pray. I hoped to find relief in my trusted friend, sleep; but 'the wretched he forsakes' was verified in my case, and I had only broken rest through the night. This morning everything looked so lovely—I only wished for you. . . . Mr. Hudson Taylor read the English service in the Union Chapel, and gave us a good sermon. . . ."

About the 10th of December Dr. Nevius started for the country, going by way of Tung-chow, where he attended a meeting of Presbytery. On the 1st of January, 1880, he was at An-chiu, and on the 5th he wrote from Kao-yai: "It did me good to see the walls of the old town again, and I thank God at every remembrance of the work which he permitted me to do here. . . . While I was at An-chiu, Sen Pao-chin made his appearance. He is still meeting with persecution in his family. They are determined to force him to worship in the ancestral temple. . . . After late evening prayers, and consultations about many matters, we went to bed; but I awoke in the night, and thought of so many things which

needed to be planned for that I got up about four o'clock and called Sen Pao-chin and Leng Shien-chin for another talk. . . ."

On the 8th, writing from the same place, he said: "Yesterday morning I went to 'Twin Mountain Stream' to visit Mrs. Yien, who, I had heard, was very ill. She has been confined to her bed for weeks, and seems to be sinking fast. I talked with her for some time without her recognizing me. When she knew it was I she burst out crying and asked after you. I found her mind perfectly clear and her trust in Christ unwavering. She said: 'I am willing to die if it be God's will; but I have given books in the villages north and south and west, and I have not been able to explain them. Oh, if I could live one year more to speak to the women about Jesus! Some of the people tell me I am suffering because I have given up my old religion and my fasts, and urge me to go back to my old faith and to make vows in the temple; but I tell them that whether I live or die my trust shall be only in Jesus.' A number of the Christians were present, and we knelt and prayed with her. When I asked her what hymn we should sing, she wished:

" ' Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more.
Oh, that will be joyful,
To meet to part no more !'

"She had probably not heard it since she left your school, and had evidently been thinking much of it; and when I sang it she was delighted. I left a little money to buy something to make her more comfortable, for she is very poor. She had not sufficient covering, and her only pillow was a mat of coarse, plaited straw. I promised to see her again as soon as possible."

On returning from a distant tour about two months later, my husband found that dear Mrs. Yien had died a day or two before his coming. Her life as a Christian had been short; but seldom, even in Christian lands, could one be found more zealous, loving, and faithful.

It is always pleasant when the paths of the missionaries off on their preaching-tours happen to meet. In February of 1880 Dr. Nevius, two missionaries from Ching-chow fu, and the Rev. C. P. Scott were all together at Chinan fu, the capital of Shantung. In going from there to Tai-an fu Mr. Scott accompanied my husband in his wheelbarrow. While at Tai-an Dr. Nevius made the ascent of the far-famed sacred mountain, Tai-shan. I will give some extracts from his journal-letters, in the first of which he told me of his going to the top of Tai-shan. On the 22d of February, 1880, he wrote:

“. . . And now a few words about our excursion of yesterday. The weather was bright, the air bracing, with a slight northern breeze. We got off at half-past eight in the morning, taking two mountain-chairs. The ascent is about five miles from the north gate of the city, growing steeper and steeper as you proceed. At different intervals temples more or less pretentious and more or less dilapidated occupy the level spots on the mountain-side. It would seem that all the chief Chinese deities have places assigned to them. About one third of the way up the road passes through an avenue of cypress-trees so thick that they wall it in and overhang it. The whole road is paved with stone, with a succession of slopes and flights of steps, the former predominating at first, but toward the summit, where it is very precipitous, giving place almost continuously to the latter. The sight of the pilgrims in the cypress avenue, half concealed by the drooping branches, was picturesque in the extreme. The snow partly covering the hillside enhanced the beauty of the scene. Issuing from extemporized huts and caves in the rocks came as

fat and comfortable a company of beggars—men, women, and children—as you ever saw. . . . The realization of the height of the mountain grows as you ascend, and it seems as if you could never reach the top. We toiled on, often stopping or walking to rest the chair-bearers. Mountain-tops which had seemed from the plain almost as high as Tai-shan itself were left far below us. . . . At last we found ourselves on the summit, and an immense panorama stretched before us, all covered with snow. The paths and beds of streams looked like dark lines on the white groundwork, and the city of Tai-an had dwindled in the distance into a square, in which even the largest temples were hardly discernible. Floating clouds hung in fleecy folds below us. The top of the mountain has an area of several acres, and has a village with inns and accommodations where pilgrims can pass the night. It is about four thousand feet above the base, and probably double that height above the level of the sea. We started back so late—half-past three—that we almost despaired of getting down before dark; but by a rapid descent we reached home at half-past six o'clock. What I saw will always live in my memory as a picture of grandeur and beauty such as I have never before seen. . . . I wish you could have been with us, but you would have been scared to death! It made us giddy to look down the steep stairs, which the chair-bearers rushed over in a way which was frightful to the uninitiated, and which they could not have done without long training.

“Mung-yu, February 27, 1880. Here I am, mud-stayed! I left Tai-shan on Monday, and found the snow growing deeper and deeper as we came toward the southeast. . . . Yesterday we forced our way through the mud forty-two *li* to this place. In some spots the men sank in the mud above their ankles. This city among the hills is the poorest one I have seen in this part of China. I am stopping in a mud house, the walls of unburned brick, unplastered. The holes give good ventilation,

and sticks stuck in the walls make pegs for hanging up things! . . . But it is quiet, and large enough to give me room to dance my jig for the sake of digestion and circulation.

“Tung-li-tien, March 4, 1880. My birthday again. God be blessed for the mercies of another year. . . . Yesterday I had a constant succession of inquirers and others; indeed, a very busy day, and I trust a profitable one. . . .

“‘Twin Mountain Stream,’ March 14th. I have had crowds of visitors through the day—some from the ya-mun, some business men from the town, and some from the country; some respectful, some flippant, some sober, some half drunk. It is difficult to know when and how to speak, and when to apply the rule of our Saviour—‘Neither cast ye your pearls before swine.’ I fear I make mistakes sometimes, and am resentful and impatient. . . . I often wonder how God can use such a one as I, and am constrained to cry out, ‘God be merciful to me a sinner.’

“On my way here I met young Mr. Kwo, the ‘dispossessed’ man, and Liu Mao-lin coming to meet me. I had a desire to see Mr. Kwo’s home; so, saddling one of the donkeys, I sent the wheelbarrow on here, and came with Kwo over the hills to his village. He lives in a comfortable house high on the hillside. The land about it is very poor. The room into which he brought me was the one in which he used to worship the evil spirit. He soon introduced me to his family. His wife is a bright, interesting young woman with a babe of five months in her arms, and he has a little daughter about ten years of age. His little girl repeated to me the catechism through the ten commandments, and also several prayers, all very accurately and intelligently. Then the mother followed, repeating still more. I was surprised and much pleased, as not one of the family knew a character until they became interested in Christianity. They wished to be baptized together, and I was glad to accede to their wishes. We had the bap-

tismal service, when they and one other inquirer were baptized in the presence of a little company of villagers. . . . Here at 'Twin Mountain Stream' I have met the husband of Mrs. Yien, and heard from him the particulars of her last days. After my visit to her she seemed to improve in health—I suppose owing to having more nourishing food. But about the beginning of the Chinese New Year she told her husband that she was growing weaker, and believed that God was going to take her to himself, and was always very happy and cheerful in the thought of being with Christ in heaven. In the forenoon of the seventh day of the first month (February 16th) she spoke of going soon to see the Saviour, and then said she was tired and would rest. When her husband spoke to her a little later she was dead. . . . Until near the last she took great delight in singing hymns, her favorites being 'Here we suffer grief and pain,' 'Safe now in the Promised Land,' and 'When He cometh.' . . . To-day her husband and two other men were baptized, and twelve persons partook of the Lord's Supper."

As is customary in China, the burial of Mrs. Yien did not take place immediately, but was deferred until my husband's return from the south. Writing from Shin-tsai on the 16th of March, he said:

"Yesterday afternoon we carried the body of Mrs. Yien to her resting-place under the shadow of the 'Twin Mountains. It was the place chosen by herself, in their own plot of ground. There were twelve besides myself, all Christians or inquirers, and the larger half had received the most of their religious instruction from Mrs. Yien. No 'outsiders' were present, or were used in any way. All the work was done voluntarily by loving hands. The twelve, representing four adjoining villages, dug the grave and carried the heavy coffin through the valley and up the steep ascent. Before we left the house we had prayer, and sang:

“‘ For now we stand on Jordan’s strand,
Our friends are passing over ;
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover.’

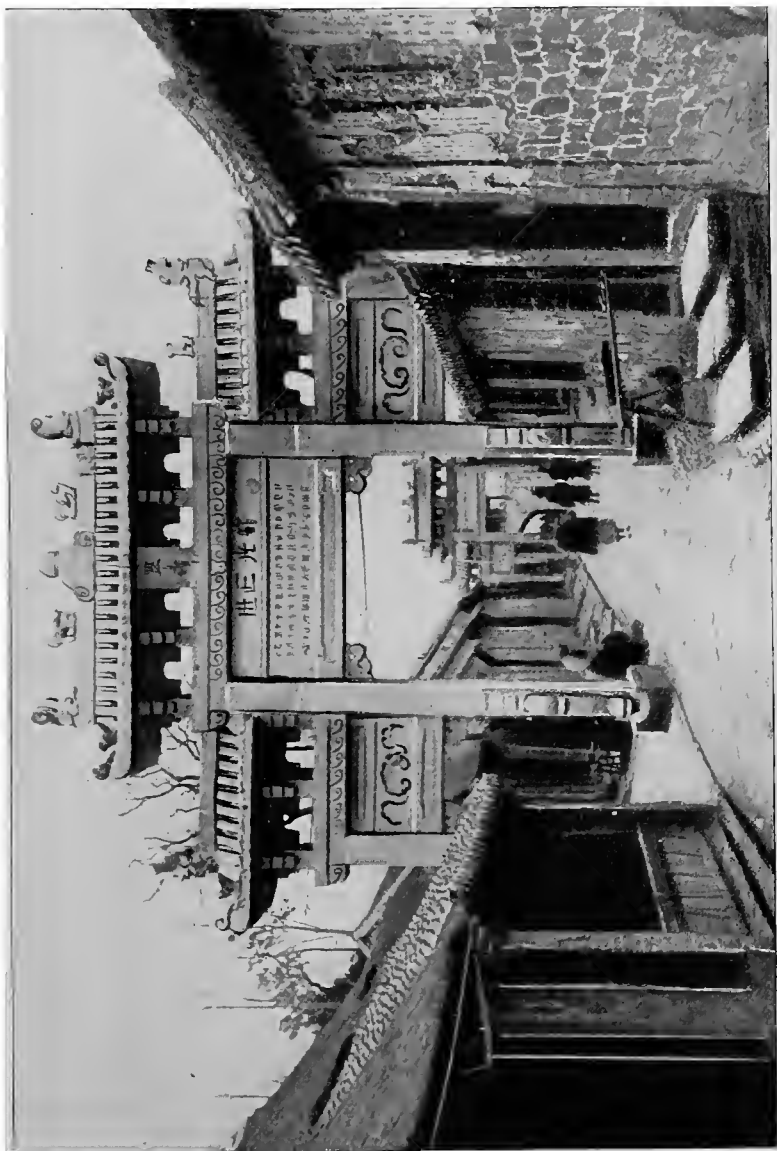
“At the grave I read and explained part of the fifteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians, followed by a prayer and exhortations ; and then, after singing ‘ Safe now in the Promised Land,’ I pronounced the benediction. On my way back I saw a good deal of the work which the mother of Liu Mao-lin is doing, and was delighted with it. She has a school of about ten little boys and girls, and a number of women in her village are coming to her regularly for instruction, and others also come to her from time to time from adjacent villages. The amount they have learned from her is very considerable.

“Chao-ko-chwang, April 21, 1880. Last Sunday we spent in Ping-tu, and on Monday we pushed on over muddy roads and in the face of a gale of wind and threatening clouds, reaching this place just after sunset. We were very tired. . . . We are detained here by rain. This is my first station in the Lai-yang district. It was here that the opium-smoker was excommunicated about two years ago. His course has been so steadily downward that he has proved a warning and a kind of witness to the whole town. . . . I have again seen Sen Pao-chin, who grows steadily in Christian knowledge and firmness and zeal. He is now almost an outcast from his family, though he visits them occasionally. In the village of his wife’s father there is a very interesting state of things. The father-in-law is a literary graduate, and the richest and most influential man in his village. The interest in Christianity is chiefly among the women. When spending a night there I had evening prayers. The women, who would not venture to come inside for fear of the rumors, listened attentively under the window in the court, and knelt there during prayer. . . . After the service was over an unmarried girl

over thirty years of age, attended by an elderly woman, came to me and expressed her intense longing to be a disciple of Christ. She is one of those cases, rare in China, who have refused all proposals of marriage in order to devote her whole life to the care of her parents. She would be delighted to go to your school in Chefoo if there were any practicable way of getting her there. . . . Further on in this direction there are other promising new openings. . . . But I must not confuse you by details. . . .

“Chefoo, May 1, 1880. Home again, and still it is not home! . . . On the way I went to see Chang Wen-yuen, who has, you know, gone astray. His mother, a violent heathen woman, to whom he has been accustomed from a child to yield implicit submission, has recently died. . . . When near death she called the members of her family to her, and exacted from them the following promises: ‘You will buy me a fine coffin and fine clothes?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘You will have a band of music at my funeral?’ ‘Yes.’ And then followed the whole program of usual idolatrous ceremonies, to which, under the pressure of circumstances, the son assented. He knows now that he did wrong, and was afraid Christ would not receive him back again. . . . As I told him of the danger of the position which he has brought himself into, and of the necessity of his taking a bold stand for Christ, the perspiration started from his face and the tears rolled down his cheeks. He promises to do his duty.”

In writing to Dr. Ellinwood on May 4th he said: “. . . I must first speak of my wife. I cannot be thankful enough for all the special mercies and striking providences which have followed her since we parted. . . . I have written her to use her best judgment in staying somewhere in Europe until I come along to join her, or else to return to the United States this summer if she can have a good escort. I see that her friends at home are rather of the opinion that on account of



MEMORIAL ARCH IN A SHANTUNG VILLAGE.

some peculiar circumstances there it would be better for her to wait for me. However, I fear she will not be content to remain so long away, and may cross the Atlantic without me. . . . And now about myself and my work. I expect to have a large class from the country for this summer, and to go back to the country in September, returning here in time for Presbytery in December, and, D. V., to leave for the United States in January next. I was not very well on this last tour, and Dr. H——, at Chinan fu, advised me to go home to the United States at once; but I demurred, thinking my case not so serious as that. . . . My work in the country is still extending, and presents many features of interest and encouragement, as well as others very disheartening and full of difficulty. I baptized forty-nine adults on my last tour, and there are many more applicants for baptism, who will probably be received next autumn. I have now eighteen different centers where Christians and inquirers meet on Sundays for worship. These are found in seven different districts, each much larger than one of our counties in the United States. The area covered by these stations is in the form of a cross, the length being from a point near the Pechili Bay on the north to the southeast border of the province—nearly two hundred English miles; and the width east and west is nearly one hundred. I have this whole field to myself, and do nearly all the work myself in visiting the stations, and instructing leading men selected from them and brought together during the summer in Chefoo. I have now but one man in regular employ as a messenger or helper. I also take others with me on short excursions, or send them on special missions for a week or two, simply paying their expenses. I am trying to make the work independent and self-supporting from the first. The country Christians in the main provide their own places of worship—generally a large, decent room in some house; and everywhere aggressive work is being done in the regions around, entirely on the vol-

untary principle. . . . The work is in its initial formative state, very few of the converts having been baptized more than two years. I go on step by step, seeking to be led, and not to interfere with the developments of God's work where it needs no interference. God's providence seems to me to have brought me into very close conformity to apostolic methods. I have often said to myself, 'Christians must be praying for me.' My appeal still is, 'Pray for us.' . . . The country where these little stations are, or immediately adjacent to them, otherwise unoccupied, embraces a population of more than five millions."

In this same letter my husband, after giving at length the needs of other parts of the province, adds: "Now a word about the kind of men we want sent out to us. It is my opinion that no inferior or second-rate men are wanted here or anywhere else in China. Our work is becoming more and more that of organizing, directing, and controlling advanced native Christians, many of whom have much character and shrewdness. Besides, a great deal of literary work must be done, and some departments of work—in fact, most of them—require originality, self-reliance, and a facility in adapting plans to changing circumstances. It goes without saying that a man should be not deficient either in piety, energy, or intellectual power, and he ought to be preëminent in one or the other of them. I think it does not pay to send out men to China who would not make their mark in some department of work at home. No one need fear that there is not the fullest scope here for all the force he possesses, of whatever kind it may be; and any one who has not the ignorance of conceit will be made to feel, in view of the work before him, that he is insufficient for these things."

CHAPTER XXXII

BEGINNING OF DR. NEVIUS'S WORK ON "DEMON POSSESSION"
—LETTERS TO MRS. NEVIUS—RETURN TO THE UNITED
STATES—POEM, "THE SEA-GULL"

SOON after his return from the country in May, 1880, Dr. Nevius wrote me of the death of one of my pupils. He said: "Early last Tuesday morning Deer passed away. The school-girls came to my door at two o'clock to call me. I went down and found her unconscious. We knelt together and commended her spirit to her loving Saviour."

This child was the first of the Shantung girls to have her feet unbound. As she was indentured to me, I had a right to do this, and was very glad to make a beginning in what has now become common among the Christians. The little maiden of about ten years of age so enjoyed being able to run lightly over the fields or along the sea-shore that she seemed like a deer, and so I gave her that name—"Deer."

I think a translation of a letter which my husband inclosed to me at this time may be of interest as a specimen of Chinese epistolary style, and of the genuine kind feeling which exists between the missionaries and their converts; and also of the mixture of the old faiths with the new which is sometimes found in our aged Chinese Christians. The letter was from the teacher, Fung Shi-tien, who has already been mentioned in the pages of this book. He said:

“When Mrs. Nevius returned home in the ninth month, and we heard that she was by degrees recovering from her illness, our delight was extreme. When we heard afterward that she had become quite well and strong, our pleasure was still greater. How true it is that God watches over the good and gives them peace at last ! This is evidence that our faith was not misplaced, and that the prayers of your many disciples have been heard and answered. We have now only to hope that prosperous stars may render all your way radiant, and that favorable winds may fill the sails all your way home, so that you may comfort the hearts of your aged parents, put an end to their anxious longings, and realize your wish to make them happy. United again in the family hall, the thirsty longings of years will be satisfied. This is happiness indeed ! We rejoice with and congratulate you. It is our wish that when at home you will give yourself quiet and rest, and recuperate your impaired vital energies, and grow stronger and stronger every day. We beg you also not to cast us from your thoughts, but return again to China to relieve your husband from care and anxiety, and comfort the boys and girls in your schools, and fulfil the affectionate wishes of us all. This is what we earnestly beg and pray for.

“I am glad to inform you that the mission work is now full of promise. Disciples are increasing every day. It is evident that our Heavenly Father loves us, and our Saviour has not forgotten these Eastern lands. It is also evident that the virtues of the foreign pastors are having their legitimate effect ; as it is said, ‘When the wind blows, the grass bends before it.’ The keeping of the hearts and the true traditions taught by the holy men of the three religions [Confucianism, Tauism, and Buddhism] have been disregarded for many years, so that in China every one worships images, and does not know and reverence the true God, nor know the source of life, nor where in the body the seat (or temple) of the soul is! How is it

possible for them, then, to worship the true God in spirit and in truth? Therefore they all walk in darkness, and cannot look up to the bright heavens and enter into the glorious light of God's Spirit.

“China is waiting for the glorious appearing of our Saviour. He has sent his messengers to prepare the way before him, and to make his paths straight, in fulfilment of Matthew, third chapter, which says, ‘Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;’ and also, ‘The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord.’ This is what has not happened since the beginning of the world—for tens of thousands of years! Is not this a pledge that the methods, doctrines, laws, and practices of the holy men of the three religions of China will not utterly fall to the ground—destroyed—never to reappear? Still, without the personal presence of our Lord, stamping his heart on our hearts, his doctrine evidencing our doctrines, his truth evidencing our truth, and sweeping the world clear of its corruptions, customs, and usages, and reëstablishing a new heavens and new earth and new men, the methods and true traditions of the holy men of the three religions would, after all, be unable to again manifest themselves. It is our joy that the end approaches. The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Our Lord will soon appear. The spirits of the holy men of the three religions, now in heaven, are certainly quietly rejoicing and restfully praying, as they have just reason for doing. Our Saviour said, I came not to destroy the law and the doctrines of the previous sages—I came not to destroy, but to fulfil. That saying is now fulfilled. As for my poor self, I am darkened in intellect, deficient in knowledge, and utterly without understanding. I am certainly not able to discover the thousandth part of the mysteries of our Lord's fasting; of his holy spiritual exercises; of the Lord's Supper; of the baptism of the Holy Spirit by fire, and worshipping the true God in spirit. I can only follow on with intense longing and

earnest hope, observing what Christ has commanded and being instant in prayer. I earnestly pray that our Heavenly Father's grace and our Saviour's love will not leave our souls in hell. This is my hope.

"I close by wishing you peace. I also send my best wishes to your parents. All the brethren, old and young, greet you. My son, King-kwo, requests me to greet you for him.

"Worshipfully presented by the after-learner,

"FUNG SHI-TIEN."

If, to any one who reads it, this letter seems an absurd mixture of Christianity and heathenism, of mysticism and its opposite, let it be remembered that the writer of it was born and reared a heathen, taught to trust in and reverence the holy men of his own country, and that it was not easy for him to believe that they had been all wrong and that there was no truth at all mixed with their teachings. In fact, Mr. Fung never did believe that. But with all his clinging hold of his old religion, he had a still firmer grasp of the new. If to "love much" was an evidence of fitness for the eternal presence of his Lord, then he was meet for that presence, in spite of all seeming; for he did sincerely love our Saviour, and believed in him, and trusted in his redeeming work for salvation.

In letters from my husband there were not infrequent references to one of his merely accidental, or incidental, kinds of work—that of interpreting for our consuls or other officials in their intercourse with native officers. He thus acted as interpreter scores of times, and was always quite willing to give this assistance, our consular service in China being without a staff of trained interpreters. Dr. Nevius was, owing to his command of the language and close habits of thought, unusually successful in this capacity.

I think it was during this summer of comparative leisure

that he began writing his book on "Demonology," materials for which had been accumulating ever since his arrival in China. The book, now published,* speaks for itself. Any one who is interested in the subject will find in it evidences of most earnest research and honest effort. He felt that the study of that forbidding subject was forced upon him providentially, and did not dare keep to himself the results of his investigations.

When Dr. Nevins visited his country stations early in September of 1880, he was accompanied by Rev. J. A. Leyenberger, who went the whole round with him, and was introduced to the work in a way which prepared him for taking charge of it during my husband's absence. There are many interesting incidents given in letters to me which must be omitted here, but a few extracts may be inserted. On the 3d of October, 1880, he wrote as follows:

"Tsui-kia-chwang, eight *li* northwest of Chang-lo. I am visiting this village for the first time. The head of the Christians here is Farmer Suen. . . . His interest in Christianity began about nine months ago. . . . Our welcome here was like what one might expect in a Christian village at home. Though none of the converts had seen a foreigner before, they gathered around us without the least shyness, as if we had been old familiar friends. . . . Two very pleasant young girls sang hymns for us, when requested to do so, without the slightest hesitation, and remarkably well, considering the circumstances. Then I began examining the applicants for baptism, singly and in groups, and was surprised to find what progress they had made, and the clearness with which they apprehended Christian truth. The whole day to 5 P.M. was spent in examination of these persons, and in the baptismal and communion

* "Demon Possession and Allied Themes." (Fleming H. Revell Company. Chicago, 63 Washington Street; New York, 112 Fifth Avenue; Toronto, 140-142 Yonge Street.)

service. We received Mr. Suen and his wife, his son, two daughters, and a niece; also his wife's mother, a religionist who has fasted (i.e., eaten only vegetables) for forty years; also three very interesting men of the Chow family, and their sister and aunt, and a woman who has been, as they all believe, 'possessed of a devil' for seven years. The whole number baptized was fourteen. The general spirit of love and peace and joy which pervaded this little company was very remarkable.

"October 4th. You may imagine that I was tired yesterday—especially my throat—after about five hours of continuous talking. At night we had another service like the former one, held in the open court, as the little worship hall was not large enough. . . . We had an interesting day at Wu-kiamiao, which place also I visited for the first time. . . . Here again fourteen persons were baptized. After the communion service we went home with one of the newly baptized converts to his village, three miles distant, where there are about a dozen professed inquirers. . . .

"Tang-wu, Friday, October 8th. . . . Sending all our luggage direct to Yu-kia Shan-chien on the barrow, we took the other donkeys and made a circuitous route to Tung-kia-chwang, where we received three persons into the church. One of them is the wife of a church-member who was baptized a year ago. She is entirely deaf. . . . She has worshiped with the others for a long time, and has evidently a correct knowledge of what Christianity is, and is earnestly desirous to serve and worship the true God. We reached Yu-kia Shan-chien just at sunset. Of course I had to talk with every one—and was glad to do so—about each individual's own private affairs. . . . The three women who are the 'pillars of the church' here I was delighted with. In the face of the most malignant and persistent opposition, they are growing in grace and knowledge and courage, and working hard and with good success in

teaching others, and keeping the other Christians in the right way.

“It is wonderful what an effect your going home without me has had on them. I tell them that I must have gone with you had it not been your wish that I should come here to them. They inquire very lovingly about you, and constantly pray for you; and I believe you have had as much influence on them for good as if you had spent a year in personal intercourse with them. . . .

“‘Twin Mountain Stream,’ October 10, 1880. . . . On our way we stopped for the night at the home of the ‘dispossessed’ man. I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed my visit there. It is like a Bethany to me. The progress of this man in knowledge and Christian influence is wonderful. There were about thirty persons present at morning service, and nine were baptized.”

Thus everywhere on this journey my husband had the happiness of receiving to the church “such as were being saved.” But it was by no means all encouragement which he met. There were cases of defection; the love of some had grown cold; and certain places upon which he had bestowed special attention gave no response. On the 14th of October, 1880, writing from Yai-yuan, he said:

“We found here only a few of those whom we had made appointments to meet, and those who came were very unsatisfactory. Our visit was a great failure, as everything connected with Yai-yuan is. I have some hope, however, that a good spiritual work will begin here soon. Perhaps it has already.

“. . . Your letters have come. . . . With what interest I followed you from England to New York and Albany and Seneca Lake and the dear old home! My eyes filled with tears more than once as the old familiar scenes came before me, and I realized that I was far away. But I was so relieved to know that you were not ill that I was very happy. However,

I do not feel sure that you are not ill, as you hardly ever speak of your health. I only infer that you must be comparatively well or you would not be allowed to travel alone. Still I know what you can do even when you are ill. . . .

“Shu-kia-tien, November 26th. We were pushing on, hoping to reach Chefoo to-morrow. We started yesterday morning at daylight in a snow-squall, which, instead of stopping, as we hoped, continued and increased. The road was very hilly and rough. Fortunately we had hired an extra mule for the luggage, and Mr. Leyenberger and I had a donkey to ride when we wished. We came on in a heavy gale with driving snow, and reached this place yesterday about noon; distance, thirty-five *li*. It was difficult toward the last to determine where the road was, and in some places the donkey pulled the barrow through snow two feet deep, the men and the barrow dropping into pits and rolling over more than once. It is very cold, and all the paper windows are full of holes. As I am trying, with stiff fingers, to write this to you, I am superintending Leng Shien-chin while he writes the ‘records’ for the Presbytery. . . . Sunday afternoon I went back almost by stealth to the home of Sen Pao-chin’s father-in-law, arriving there after dark. I have not time to tell you of all the opposition the new converts receive from some members of this family, and of the long debate and consultation, which resulted in my deferring the baptism of Pao-chin’s mother-in-law; but his wife and son were baptized in the presence of the father-in-law. The boy was named John. Another woman came in at a late hour—as she could not get there before—and was baptized. I will tell you more of the trials of these women when I see you. At Pang-wang, where I received into the church the first converts last spring, five men were baptized, including the father and brother of the first convert. . . .”

In a letter written me from Chefoo after his return there, my husband said: “. . . The meeting of Presbytery is draw-

ing near, and it will have very bright and very dark shades in it. . . . One of the difficult problems before us is how to adapt Presbyterianism to the wants of our mission fields. 'Hard indeed,' I hear you say. I wish you were here to help."

Writing to me on the 19th of December, 1880, with reference to his leaving China for a time, my husband said: "I cannot doubt that God is leading us. . . . Matters are so rounded out that I sometimes wonder if we are never to come back again. I trust we may. . . . Let us leave all in the hands of God, who knows what is best for us and for his cause."

During the winter in Chefoo there are sometimes but few steamers coming and going, and Dr. Nevius was detained some weeks waiting for one, and did not leave until the 14th of January, 1881. He took passage from Shanghai in the "Glen Roy," intending to leave his steamer at the Isthmus of Suez, and to visit Egypt and the Holy Land. The "Glen Roy" stopped on her way down the coast at Foo-chow and Amoy, and Dr. Nevius enjoyed seeing the missionaries in both places, although he had to go on shore with his head and eyes bandaged, his old enemy, "Ningpo varnish," or something resembling it, having, as so often, poisoned him.

His journey through the Indian Ocean was a quiet and pleasant one. On the 24th of February he wrote me: "As the sun rose this morning over the mountain-range to the east of us, four successive elevations were clearly marked, though we could not see Mount Sinai, having gone too far north during the night. At eight o'clock we passed the spot where it is supposed the Israelites went through the Red Sea. . . . We dropped anchor at Suez about nine o'clock this morning. . . ." Later in the day he wrote: "We have had a remarkably quick run, and are now near Ismailia. . . . I may leave in a few moments with the pilot, while the ship goes on. . . . It

is a great trial to me. I have been going nearer and nearer to you every day, and now the idea of stopping off is dreadful. . . . I shall certainly write to you again from Alexandria. . . .”

My husband had made a nice little itinerary as follows: “March 1st, Cairo; 5th, Alexandria; 10th, Joppa; 25th, Naples; 27th, Rome; April 10th, Paris; 12th, London; 20th, Liverpool; May 1st, New York”—which, however, he did not have occasion to use. The postscript to his letter of February 25th says: “I am going on with the steamer direct to New York! . . . I found last night that the home attraction was stronger the farther I got westward. I could give you many *pros* and *cons* which passed through my mind last night. . . . I will only say that my fear that you might be ill and need me would destroy the pleasure of the trip; and if it should afterward prove that you really had been ill, that fact would take away all pleasant remembrances of it. It is very different from deciding a question of duty. . . . I had from the first committed the matter to God, who guides our steps, and I have now no doubts—although I was in the dark yesterday—that ‘this is the way.’ . . . We expect to reach Port Said in about two hours, and shall be detained there only a short time; then about nine days will take us to Gibraltar, and we hope to reach New York about the 20th of March.”

Writing me from the “Glen Roy” on the 14th of March, Dr. Nevius said: “We had a delightful sail through the Mediterranean, passing Malta so close that we could read with a glass the time by the town clock, and the name on the Imperial Hotel. We reached Gibraltar a week ago yesterday. I got on shore just in time for service, went to the Scotch church, formed the acquaintance of the pastor, was invited by him to his house, lectured on China in the evening, stayed with him overnight, and left the next forenoon.”

The voyage across the Atlantic was entirely favorable,

though uneventful. I have a souvenir of it in the following little poem, written by Dr. Nevius either during a storm or soon after one :

The Sea-Gull

Where is thy home, wild nursling of the storm ?
 Lone in mid-ocean, dost thou know no fear ?
 Full many a league from shore or ocean isle—
 What dost thou here ?

Thou sportest with the sea ! With snowy plume
 Touching the wave, then mounting o'er the foam ;
 On breaking billows, or on tempest's wing,
 Alike at home !

Man's proudest structures quiver in the blast
 That only speeds thee in thy circling flight ;
 Thy tireless pinion revels in the gale,
 Frail thing of might !

Fain would I learn the lesson thou dost bring—
 Be joyful in my lot ; on stormy sea
 Or lonely desert, ever trust His care
 Who leadeth me.

Dr. Nevius reached New York on the 24th of March, 1881. I was spending the winter with my sister, Mrs. A. D. Schuyler, at her pleasant home in Marshall, Mich. My husband immediately telegraphed me of his arrival, and a few days later, after a short visit at his home in Seneca County, New York, joined me in Michigan ; and our long separation, which had been full of trials and equally full of blessings to us both, was over.

CHAPTER XXXIII

INCIDENTS OF VISIT IN THE UNITED STATES—RETURN TO CHINA

WHEN my husband rejoined me in Marshall, Mich., in the end of March, 1881, I had a little surprise in store for him. He and I had often regretted that I had never learned the violin, as we thought it would be such a help in my music-classes, especially after I had in a measure lost my voice for singing. A music-master being at my sister's house one day, I asked him if he thought it possible that in the ensuing six months I could learn enough of the violin to use it in teaching my Chinese and for playing simple "hymn-tunes." He replied that if I had a good ear and perseverance he thought I could. So I went to work, and after a hard struggle of one or two months I got the better of the perverse little instrument, after which time the practice became a pleasure, and helped to while away many hours of impatient waiting when my husband was making his preparations for leaving China and journeying homeward across the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, and the Atlantic.

On the evening of Dr. Nevius's arrival, my niece, Miss Schuyler, and I "gave a concert" for his especial benefit; and I think it is safe to say that he was never more surprised in his life. I may add that I did not stop with being able merely to play church-tunes or exercises for my singing-class, which was the most I had expected. The violin has ever since been a real friend and solace in times of loneliness, as

well as a pleasure to my husband ; and it has answered exceedingly well the purpose for which I originally learned it, being of the greatest help to me in my vocal music-classes, its strong, imperative tones almost compelling the dull ear and untrained voice to follow and imitate it. Of late years I have invariably used it when teaching the Chinese to sing.

This visit to the United States, lasting from the spring of 1881 to September of 1882, was an eventful one to us. My husband, as on his previous visit, went here and there among the churches, speaking with great power, and awakening everywhere an interest, not only in his own special work, but in the work of missions in general. It was a noticeable feature in all his addresses how little attention was attracted to himself and how much to the cause he represented and the people of whom he spoke. It was sometimes thought that he overestimated the character of the Chinese, and that by giving them the respect which he believed they, as a nation, deserve, he would produce the impression that they do not need the light of the gospel. But I think no intelligent, broad-minded person ever got that idea.

Nor would my husband pander to a sickly desire for harrowing stories or tragic instances of cruelty and wickedness, such as undoubtedly abound among the Chinese, as in every other heathen nation. He simply told the truth, allowing it to make its own impression. It was a surprise to him to find the prejudice against our poor Chinese so strong that some persons were not willing to allow them credit even for the physical strength which some of them possess. I remember well when he was giving an address before the General Assembly which met in Buffalo, N. Y. He had mentioned some feats of strength such as have perhaps been narrated in the letters or journals already given in this book, when an angry voice cried out in the audience, "Say that again !" He did say it again, and added other instances which proved that at least in the

direction of endurance and muscular strength our hardy Shantung mountaineers are fully the equals of Anglo-Saxons.

He was also glad to give the Chinese the full credit which they deserve of being intellectually very nearly on a par with Anglo-Saxons; and also, taking into consideration the fact of their being heathen through and through, he never failed to accord them, morally, high praise. At the same time he never withheld the darker, sadder truth that as a people they are degraded; that the light which was in them long ago became darkened; that as a government they are corrupt to an astonishing degree; and that nothing but the gospel of Christ can save them as a nation or as individuals.

During the summer of 1882, while my husband and I were spending a few weeks at Asbury Park, on the coast of New Jersey, he gave an address on missions to a crowded house, where he was one of several speakers. At that time it was customary to allude to woman's work in distinction from man's work, as if they were essentially different, and to the great disparagement of the latter. In order to be popular one was obliged to use exaggerated expressions and to indulge in a sort of sentimentalism which is not wholesome. Every one who knew my husband well was aware that he had a very high appreciation of lady missionaries and of the work they could do; but he never believed that their work was superior to or more important than that of men. He also knew that certain expressions often made use of in referring to women's work were not strictly true, and he consequently regretted them; as, for instance, that stereotyped one, "Women can never be reached except by women." His own experience in the country stations of Shantung at a time when no women, foreign or native, had been employed in evangelistic work proved the contrary. He knew that fathers, husbands, and brothers, when themselves filled with the love of Christ, must be constrained to preach him to their mothers, wives, and

daughters, and that there could not possibly be more effective missionaries to the women of China than these converted men. Yet, as I have said, he believed in women's work as of very great importance, though second to that of men. It seemed to him that the trend of Bible teaching was in that direction. On this occasion, in the meeting at Asbury Park, he dared, in a most kind spirit, and intending not in the very least to depreciate the work of women, to express some such sentiments. It required courage to do it, because he knew the spirit of his audience. He had not finished speaking before there was a perfect buzz of voices. Here and there a gallant defender of the no-longer-to-be-called "weaker sex" sprang to his feet, crying out how much he deprecated such language, and dissenting angrily from the sentiments of the speaker. Dr. Nevius stood on the platform with folded arms, serious, waiting, watchful. When quiet had been restored he said a few conciliatory words, but ended with these, while a gleam shot from his deep-set eyes which was never seen except when he was strongly moved: "But, notwithstanding all this, the fact remains that when our Saviour chose his apostles to evangelize the world, he chose, not women, but men."

"I am glad you said it, Dr. Nevius," was the assurance my husband received from one and another of his ministerial friends at the close of this service; but not many of them had the courage, just then and there, to avow their honest convictions.

I think no reader of my husband's letters, with their frequent allusions to the work done by his wife, can fail to see that at least one woman's work was appreciated by him to the full; and I wish to give here what I know were my husband's opinions on this general subject. He believed that there was scarcely one department of missionary work from which they ought to be excluded. Schools, either for boys or girls, women's classes, house-to-house visiting, and even certain

kinds of evangelistic work, provided they have the physical strength required for it, he considered entirely "woman's sphere." And he often spoke of the good they might do in book-making as of very great importance. It was at his urgent wish that I of late years devoted much of my time to literary work. He believed that I might accomplish more in such work than in any other. I wish my husband's position on this subject to be clearly understood. He did not, as has been represented, consider "woman's work" the "fifth wheel," which might well be dispensed with. He did not like the separation so constantly made between man's work and woman's, and he especially deprecated the antagonism which some people seemed determined to believe existed between them. He did not entirely approve the present plan by which ladies' societies send out to the mission fields women only. This "divorce" seemed to him unnatural and not desirable. "Why should you not send men to mission fields—at least a man and his wife—as willingly as a woman alone?" he would sometimes ask these societies; and he used playfully to refer to having "offered himself" repeatedly to these ladies and having been refused!

If I have said more than is necessary on this subject it is because in one or two instances my husband's views have been misrepresented, and I wish it known that he was in no sense out of sympathy with the so-called "woman's movement" which is so marked a feature of Christian work in this age. He so fully appreciated it that he believed it needed no exaggerations nor semi-untruths to make it the power for good it is destined to be.

I will insert here a letter addressed to Dr. Ellinwood, as it gives my husband's views, by implication, on some important questions of mission policy. It was written at the "Hermitage" in Seneca County, New York, on February 22, 1882:

"Agreeably to your request, I will give you my individual

views respecting the establishment of a new station at Wei-hien. The missionaries on the field are already fully acquainted with them. I wish it understood that I am always ready to coöperate, as far as I am able, with any plan recommended by the mission and sanctioned by the Board, though it may not be one which my individual judgment approves.

“It is quite true that Wei-hien is an important commercial center, and that, in itself and the surrounding country, it furnishes a wide and promising field of usefulness to any missionary who may reside there. The same may be said, however, of other unoccupied cities in China, and in the province of Shantung.

“I cannot approve of establishing a new station in Wei-hien at present for the following reasons:

“First, because most of our stations already established in China, including those in Shantung, greatly need reinforcement, and it seems undesirable to form new stations before the urgent wants of the old ones are supplied.

“Second, should the reinforcing of the old stations be regarded as undesirable, and it be thought preferable to make use of new men to establish other stations, ought not these to be located in provinces not yet occupied, rather than in Shantung, where eight missionary societies are represented besides our own?

“Third, the work to be done from Wei-hien would be, I suppose, principally that of visiting and superintending our interior outstations during the months favorable for traveling, while the other months would be spent at home chiefly in literary work, or teaching inquirers and catechists, or in study. I believe that more could be accomplished in each department of labor above specified by persons residing in Chefoo rather than Wei-hien. Wei-hien has the advantage of being in the vicinity of some of the interior stations, while it is nearly two hundred miles distant from others in the south of the province.

The 'itinerator,' in going on a tour of from two to five months, starting from Wei-hien rather than from Chefoo, would save merely the time required to travel from Chefoo to the nearest outstation, which is three or four days; and this inconsiderable journey would be necessary but once or twice a year. . . . As regards health, Wei-hien would probably be found to have no advantages over Chefoo. It is an inland city, situated in a plain, adjacent portions of which are covered with sand. In the spring sand-storms are common and very trying, and it is much hotter there in summer than on the coast. . . .

"Fourth, with Chinan fu well manned, the intervening region between it and Chefoo can be easily covered by itinerations from those two places, as has been abundantly shown by experience. Should we be able at once to obtain enough men to establish one new station in Shantung, it seems to me that it would be better to place it on the south side of the province, at I-chow fu, or somewhere near it. That city forms nearly an equilateral triangle with Chefoo and Chinan, and is nearly midway between Chefoo and Nanking on the direct road south toward Shanghai. As regards population and trade it is quite equal to Wei-hien, and is a city of a superior class. It is far removed, also, from any other mission, while Wei-hien is within forty miles of the English Baptists at Ching-chow fu, and within twenty miles of some of their numerous stations or churches. . . ."

The station at Wei-hien was begun against my husband's judgment; but he gave it every assistance in his power, though never able to change in the least his opinion with reference to it as expressed in the letter herewith given.

In February of 1882 Dr. Nevius and I were called to my home in Seneca County, New York, by the illness of my father Dr. Coan. We felt it a special mercy that during this time of sorrow and extreme anxiety we were able to share with others the privilege of watching and nursing our loved ones. By

night or by day my husband was constantly at my father's side. As a nurse he had few equals; for, together with excellent judgment and ready tact and skill, he had the strong, steady arm and hand which are so comforting to the sick. But in this case more than that was needed. My father's clear intellect, undimmed to the last, and his faltering faith, required just such a friend for that time of supreme need, and he gave his confidence to his missionary son-in-law as to no one else. The joy of knowing that he had been a help and comfort more than repaid for weeks of weary watching and some peculiar trials which came to us at that time. One week before my father died my mother became ill, and on the morning of March 1st, less than twenty-four hours after my father breathed his last, she too "fell on sleep." On the 3d of March they were buried, in one grave, in the beautiful cemetery near Ovid village.

My husband's mother had never, even in secret wish, recalled the gift which she had dedicated to the Lord; and she bravely bade her children good-by as we left our home again for China about the middle of the month of August, 1882.

We had the happiness of taking with us my cousin, Miss Lisle Bainbridge, the companion and dearest friend of my childhood. She went not as a missionary, but as a member of our family; and in all the years which have passed since then she has been one with us in every joy and sorrow, helping in our missionary work in many ways; and now, as I write this record of the life of my husband, she gives me every assistance in her power, and, what is more, cheers my lonely life by her love and sympathy.

CHAPTER XXXIV

A WINTER SPENT IN THE COUNTRY—DR. NEVIUS'S VIEWS ON
THE SUBJECT OF "SELF-SUPPORT"—RELIGIOUS PER-
SECUTIONS—BAPTISMS

ON our return to China in the autumn of 1882, we went by the way of San Francisco, crossing the continent for the first time. We sailed from San Francisco in the "City of Tokyo" on the 21st of September, and reached Shanghai the middle of October, and Chefoo the last day of that month, getting safely on shore just in time to escape a violent storm.

My husband at once resumed the charge of his country stations, which, during his absence, had been looked after by Rev. J. A. Leyenberger and others. I have not the statistics to refer to, but I think there had been between two and three hundred baptisms in that time, and many applicants were awaiting Dr. Nevius's return.

After a few weeks of arranging our house and getting settled for the cold weather, Dr. Nevius left me, to be absent in the country all the ensuing winter. He had gone only as far as Tung-chow fu, and had been away less than a week, when he was called back, and returned home to find his wife dangerously ill with erysipelas, her face and head swollen, and her mind wandering. In direct answer to prayer the disease was arrested, and in less than a week the danger was over.

During this enforced visit at his home in December of 1882, Dr. Nevius wrote to one of the secretaries of the Pres-

byterian Board of Foreign Missions, strongly urging the necessity of sending some one to assist him in his country work. He referred to the fact that during his visit at home he had intentionally refrained from urging certain very promising men to accompany him back to China, saying :

“ I might easily have secured — and —, both of whom wished to come with me, and I should have been delighted to have them ; . . . but I determined to work not for myself, nor for Shantung, but for the mission cause generally. My brethren here now reiterate the request which they made for me four or five years ago. The want which then existed is still unsupplied.

“ Mrs. Nevius said, as I was leaving her sick-bed to write this, ‘ Tell Dr. E—— to send a man just like you ! ’ I replied, ‘ That would suit me exactly ; how I should like such a man as Dr. E—— was when he left the seminary ! ’ ‘ No,’ she interrupted, ‘ I mean such a man as *you* ! ’ To which I made answer that that would not suit me as well, but I should be satisfied by a compromise. Now you know how to select a man such as — or — for Mexico, Chili, or San Francisco ; pick out such a one and send him to me at once. I do not believe there is another field where a first-rate man is more needed or can do more good.

“ We all like Rev. Gilbert Reid, and should be glad to have him remain with us. . . . He only feels, as I do, that if circumstances should arise in the future requiring him to take part in some new enterprise or aggressive movement in some of the unoccupied provinces, he wishes to hold himself free for any manifest call of duty. Let me emphasize the fact that our work will need all the men you can send us. It is progressing and developing wonderfully. . . . We cannot keep pace with it. Secure at the very least two men for Chinnan fu and one for us here.”

In the same letter he wrote : “ It appeared in our last mis-

sion meeting at Tung-chow that although we are acting harmoniously, we are not fully agreed as to our methods. Mr. —, in our 'estimates,' asks money for the support of about a dozen helpers and colporteurs and nearly as large a number of country school-teachers. I could readily supply from my stations an equally large number of men, and use private means to support them; and such a course would no doubt give an impulse to my work; but I so doubt the desirableness of such a course that I do not dare adopt it. I intend, trusting in God's help and guidance, to try to work on the principle of self-support and self-propagation, which has thus far more than answered my expectations. So I have, for this year, asked nothing; and I am not using private funds, because I am afraid such a course would, in the end, do more harm than good. I cannot tell yet what will be the result of my experiment, and I may change my mind and plans, as I have before. I think I am on scriptural grounds, and am hopeful for the future; but I have by no means the confidence in myself that I used to have, and I know that I do not know half so much as I thought I knew twenty-five years ago!"

I wish to say here that my husband never did change in the very least the views expressed in the above letter. His convictions deepened and strengthened with each year's observation and experience. As an experiment he considered it in a wonderful degree a successful one, and never in any sense a failure. But, with his beautiful charity and toleration to all who differed from him, he did not seek to impose his views or his plans of work upon others. He could see good in the schemes of others even if they were the very opposite of his own, and he never failed to accord them respect and deference.

After his death one of his most valued friends, with whose views on divers matters he had been obliged scores of times to disagree, said of him that he had "never known any one with whom it was so safe to differ." And thus, in this matter



A CHINESE MANDARIN AND HIS WIFE, OF I-CHOW FU.

of "self-support," as it was called, although his views were considered extreme, there was positively no ill will between him and his fellow-workers who disagreed with him either in theory or practice. But the quiet persistency with which he held to and worked upon these new lines of departure had a very marked effect, not only in his own mission, but in others; not in China only, but in Japan, Korea, India, and Siam.

It was necessary, in order to keep his appointments, that my husband should not tarry long at his home in Chefoo; and so, with a heartache for us both, he started again, on the morning of December 14, 1882, for his winter in the interior. On the evening after leaving he wrote me from the inn at Shin-tien, where we had spent a night on our first journey in Shantung, twenty-one years before: "I slept, or at least rested, a good deal in the mule-litter, and should have been much refreshed by the journey had it not been for an accident. About five miles from here I heard a fearful yelling behind me, and my muleteer stopped at once and bade me get out. I thought we had been attacked by robbers, but soon learned that the son of a high mandarin was traveling our way, and his mules had slipped and upset him in a stream by the roadside. In he went, bed, luggage, and all, and was wet through. We went back to him and were a long time gathering up his things and repairing damages. We put the unfortunate youth in one of our *shen-tsz*, and I wrapped him up in my shawl and overcoat, and then F. C—— and I walked and rode in turn. One of our beds got pretty wet, but the weather is so mild that we shall get on very well. Had this happened two nights ago the poor fellow might have been frozen to death."

On the 22d of December he wrote me: ". . . We got up this morning at half-past three o'clock, and have come one hundred and thirty *li* [fifty miles]. We intend to start early again to-morrow, in the hope of reaching Wei-hien before sunset Saturday evening. I am bearing the journey well, and

think that when I get accustomed to the cold I shall not mind it, and perhaps may come to the conclusion that 'base-burning' stoves are an unnecessary luxury."

By Christmas, 1882, Dr. Nevius had reached some of his most important stations. Those were holy days if not holidays, and they were certainly happy days. On the 26th he wrote me from Chang-lo: "The news of my arrival reached Shu-kwang last evening. To-day a company of Christians have been in to see me, and I spent most of the forenoon talking with them. . . . We have had a prayer-meeting, which I enjoyed exceedingly. I have not realized as I ought what a blessed privilege it is to have the care of this flock of Christ's sheep. Pray that I may as an under-shepherd be guided and assisted to feed and care for them as the Master would have me."

Readers of this memoir may have noticed the absence of allusions to stated hours of devotion in my husband's journals and letters from the country. I hope they have also realized the reason of it. As a rule he had no leisure from early morning until late at night, except when walking by himself over the hills and valleys between his stations. Those were the golden hours of his day, when he felt God especially present, and talked with him as friend talketh with friend. In the twilight of the early morning he loved to walk on far ahead of his men, and the listening angels often heard him singing his favorite hymns. Perhaps the one he sang oftenest was:

" Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

" Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee;

“ Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey’s end.”

This expressed exactly the wishes and longings of his earnest, submissive, and loving heart. He lived in an atmosphere of prayer, and it seemed to me that the communion of his soul with God was so unbroken that it scarcely needed words to express it.

One source of never-ceasing pleasure to my husband was his passion for beautiful scenery ; and parts of the country which he traversed yearly were charming. This love for nature was with him a species of worship, for he “ looked through nature up to nature’s God ” ; and the rapt expression which came over his countenance spoke more than words possibly could of the thoughts of love and adoration which filled his soul when gazing on some scene of special loveliness. I used to wonder that he never felt, as most of us do, the want of churches as aids to worship. That he never did was due, I suppose, to the habit of years and the necessities of his mode of life, which had taught him to seek God in his own works and in the hearts of his fellows rather than in temples made by men’s hands.

Writing me a few days later, Dr. Nevius said : “ You would be pleased to hear the Christians here singing, accompanied by three instruments—two flutes and one instrument of a dozen or more reeds—all played in good time and tune. . . . We have repacked and rearranged for a month’s trip to the south. . . . I went yesterday to the city and had an interview with the officer—long and rather sharp, but, the natives all think, very satisfactory ; and there is a prospect of matters being settled and peace and good will restored. . . . To-day I sent my card to the district magistrate, and he sent a deputy to consult with me, declining my visit on the ground of urgent

business. They are in a tight place and do not know how to get out of it. It is now fully acknowledged that we are right in our statements about the charge of salt-smuggling. They admit that the Christians were falsely accused and ill treated, but are not willing to do anything to remove the stigma from us."

There is a subject which one who has not lived in China finds it difficult to understand. The natives of Shantung have, it appears to me, almost a mania for lawsuits. They find, I think, a certain kind of pleasure in the excitement attending them. The aggrieved party—and apparently each side often sincerely believes itself to be that—is bent on getting justice, and is willing to sacrifice everything in that endeavor. In a country where bribery and corruption are so general, the rich have naturally the advantage over the poor, and every influential man has crowds of importunate persons hanging upon him for help. It is a well-known fact that the Romish Church has, from the first, gained immense numbers of adherents from its custom of espousing the cause of its members who have suits pending in the *ya-muns*; and the Protestant Christians hoped for the same advantage. This was only natural. As soon as Christianity gained a foothold in our province, persecutions of all sorts at once sprang up, and unjust acts were committed and false accusations made in every *ya-mun*. When heathen relations determined to defraud their Christian brother of all his rights as a son, or villagers to make the life of such a one intolerable, simply because he was a Christian, there seemed every reason why the foreign evangelist, standing upon treaty rights, should come to the help of his native friend. This was done in many cases; such, for instance, as is mentioned in the letter given above, where a false accusation of salt-smuggling had been made. The native officers, as a rule, were ready to punish a Christian, but very slow to give him justice. The story of the persecutions endured by native Christians in even our one province of Shantung would fill a

volume. They ought to be known ; but I cannot enter into the subject here, except as it may incidentally appear in references to my husband's work. For many years the most trying and annoying part of that work had to do with cases of religious persecutions, and of lawsuits brought against the Christians, or by them to gain redress for injuries received. The fact cannot be denied that in a few instances unworthy persons sought admission to the church in the hope of gaining an advantage in some contemplated wicked scheme, or in the hope of receiving aid in some unrighteous lawsuit already commenced. And even good, honest Christians were not always entirely blameless in these things. Sometimes the missionary, after spending hours or days investigating a matter, and supposing he had thoroughly understood it, would learn that there was a deeper depth which he had not sounded ; and if he had already committed himself, and taken the affair in hand before the district magistrate, he would find himself in a very awkward position indeed.

It became evident, after the first few years, that too great care could not be exercised, and that no encouragement ought ever to be held out that by becoming a Christian a Chinaman might hope for aid in litigation, even if his cause were most just. It is considered better far, in almost all cases, to "suffer wrong rather than to go to law," and only in extremity to appeal to "treaty rights." In what I have said I have referred chiefly to petty injuries and persecutions, which, until Christianity shall have spread more widely, will perhaps be the rule rather than the exception.

In strictly business transactions, such as buying land, the registration of deeds, and the like, without doubt the missionary, as well as any other foreign resident, has the privilege of standing upon his "treaty rights," and defending them when they are infringed ; and in cases of persecution he also has the "right," and it is only a question whether he shall use it.

During Dr. Nevius's absence in America his country stations had prospered ; but, together with much which was encouraging, there were also on his return many very difficult questions to be settled, and the most arduous work imaginable occupied his time and strength through the whole of the winter. There were cases of discipline awaiting him, and not a few professed Christians he was obliged to suspend from the communion of the church. There were many instances of religious persecution ; and many lawsuits, either actually commenced or in contemplation, were constantly requiring his attention. Writing me one day, he said : " I commenced the day by declining out and out to press a complaint which they [the Christians in a certain place] had made against a neighbor ; and they were so disappointed and grieved that there seemed for some time likely to be a rebellion. I stood firm, however, and they cooled down, and the work of the day commenced. We were engaged for three hours in the examination of candidates for baptism, and nineteen were accepted."

About the end of January, 1883, Dr. Nevius went to the Baptist station at Ching-chow fu, where he spent a week or more of the Chinese New-Year holidays. Of the earnest workers there he wrote on leaving : " They are just such men as China needs." The time there was passed in trying to overtake his correspondence, and in preparing a series of articles for various papers and magazines at home. Still the change of employment was restful, and the society of foreign friends a most welcome break in the long, lonely months. The winter was a very severe one, with an unusual amount of snow. He mentions in one of his letters traveling twenty miles in a blinding snow-storm, from eleven o'clock in the forenoon until nine in the evening, at which time the snow was more than a foot deep even where it was not drifted. He was two hours in getting over his last two miles. It was impossible to keep

the roads, and they "took a course as at sea, and waded through it."

On this itinerating tour Dr. Nevius baptized two hundred and eight adults and more than twenty children. The work done resembled in its minutiae so nearly that of previous tours that I shall insert none of the records which he sent me from time to time. He reached home about the 20th of April, 1883, tired, as usual, but in pretty good health, and ready for the training-class of young men from the country which assembled a few weeks later. In the meantime he made a hurried visit to Shanghai to attend the meeting of Synod. While there he had the pleasure of welcoming to China Miss Mindora L. Berry, of San Francisco, who for the next two years was a loved member of our household.

I find merely incidental mention made, either in journal or letters, of my husband's Bible or theological classes, which for many years were such an important part of his work; and I can write of them only from memory. They consisted at first of almost any suitable men, young or old, who were interested in Christianity and wished an opportunity to study it. I think at first my husband often aided them by giving money for their traveling-expenses either in going or returning, which is in accordance with Chinese ideas of hospitality in "speeding the parting guest" by a gift of a few thousand *cash*. Afterward he was obliged to be less and less liberal in the use of money. While these men were with us—twenty, thirty, forty, or more—we provided food for them; not at our own table, which would not have been practicable, but in a dining-room of their own, with a Chinese cook, who gave them native food such as they were accustomed to at their own homes, but in many cases undoubtedly better. They slept in our own compound, where we had Chinese quarters, with the usual earth floor and the kang for beds. Three hours or more in the fore-

noon and from two to four in the afternoon were spent by my husband in our home chapel in close teaching and examination of the lesson given the day before. Dr. Nevius was, I am sure, a "born teacher," and the progress which these countrymen made in their lessons was often wonderful. The Bible was his chief text-book, though he made use of commentaries and other helps as far as they were available. Some of these commentaries were his own. He often gave the lesson in the form of a lecture, and required his class, or some member of it, to reproduce it the second day, which of course, to untrained minds, was not easy. In fact, he made this very hard work a test of the sincerity of his pupils. When these became too numerous, and certain persons would come, influenced in part by a desire to "see the world," or even to get their daily bread without working for it, he would receive them without remark; but, as a rule, these unworthy ones soon had quite enough of this school of learning, and were seldom willing to stay more than two weeks. On the plea of illness, or some other, they would ask to be excused, and gladly return to their homes in the country. But the students who were in earnest found great delight in this opportunity of improvement, and seldom complained of overwork. In all these classes I had the privilege of teaching vocal music, usually taking for it the hour from one to two in the afternoon. Often in the evening we would have our parlors filled with these Chinese friends, for whose benefit we would have music and conversation, pictures, and any sort of amusement which seemed suitable. After Miss Berry came, she sometimes played the piano and I the violin, and our duets were apparently highly appreciated. I remember on one such evening hearing a pleasant little tinkling behind me; and looking around, there sat one of the oldest of the students—a man sixty years of age—with his guitar in his lap, which he had got in tune, accompanying us without discord and in perfect time!

These classes were invariably held during the interval between country tours. On account of the healthfulness of Chefoo, all through the summer months, when in other parts of China the missionaries were obliged to intermit their work and often to leave their homes for the sake of health, we could continue our employments without interruption.

The classes were in session from six weeks to two months, at the end of which time the members of them returned to their stations to teach the less favored Christians with whom they were connected what they had learned at Chefoo. In his next visit Dr. Nevius would find out whether they had done so; and these country examinations were a great stimulus to both the teachers and the taught.

On the 12th of September, 1883, after his summer at home, Dr. Nevius, accompanied by the Rev. Gilbert Reid, again started for the country, where he had his usual experiences of lights and shadows, encouragements and discouragements; but with the invariable sense of God's presence and approval which made his path one of constant light, shining "more and more unto the perfect day." Before Christmas he was at home again, and had commenced the work of the winter. I have referred too seldom of late to the preparation of books and their revision, which in every interval of leisure occupied my husband's thoughts. When he had several consecutive months at home he seized upon them to complete some waiting manuscript or to revise one of his books; and not infrequently he spent much time on the work of others. In every book which I myself have written he has taken great interest, and given me the advantage of his criticisms and corrections; and for many other persons he did the same, in the kindest and most unselfish spirit. He was an active member of the North China Tract Society, and not a little of his time was taken up in examining manuscripts presented to it for publication.

CHAPTER XXXV

MENTION OF THE "MANUAL" AND "METHODS OF MISSION WORK"—A REMINISCENCE BY REV. J. H. LAUGHLIN

THE war between France and China had affected us so little at the north that early in February, 1884, my husband went for his customary three months' tour in the country stations.

The winter had been an unusually laborious one, for much literary work had accumulated, which he tried in vain to overtake. He was, moreover, engaged in preparing for his out-stations a kind of "curriculum"—if I may use the word—for the learners there. The last few days before leaving home he was engaged in hectographing the pages thus prepared, in order that each station should be supplied with them. These "Rules and Regulations" were the result of many years of observation, experiments, and planning, and were written with an almost overwhelming sense of their importance, as they must, he knew, affect the church in China for all time to come. They were afterward embodied in a little book called "Manual for Inquirers."

This "Manual" contains: "General directions for prosecuting Scripture studies; forms of prayer; the Apostles' Creed, and select passages of Scripture to be committed to memory; with a large selection of Scripture stories and parables, and directions as to the way in which they are to be recited and explained. Then follow rules for the organization and

direction of stations; duties of the leaders and rules for their guidance; a system of forms for keeping station records of attendance, studies, etc.; a form of church covenant; Scripture lessons for preparing for baptism; order of exercises for church services, and directions for spending Sunday; a short Scripture catechism, enforcing the duty of giving of one's substance for benevolent purposes; and a short essay on the duty of every Christian to make known the gospel to others. To the whole is appended questions on various parts, especially prepared to facilitate the teaching and examination of learners. A selection of our best-known hymns is also sometimes bound up with the volume."

The above long quotation is taken from my husband's "Methods of Mission Work," issued two years later, which little book has been repeatedly republished by various societies in England and America, and has had great influence in other mission lands besides the one for which it was originally intended. It will be of special interest to any one who wishes to know the way in which my husband carried on his work in the outstations. It will be seen that he did no random work, carelessly sowing the seed among the weeds, but that he made every possible effort to till the soil, to guard against the tares, and to afford to the weak, imperfectly taught Christians the instruction, help, and comfort they so greatly needed. Some of his friends, both at home and in China, were troubled because he did not sooner give to these incipient churches a complete organization—at least the ruling elders required by Presbyterianism. Had he yielded to this pressure he would early have inducted into that office men who were not fitted for it. But he did not yield, and it was not until this spring tour of 1884 that elders were ordained in some of the churches. Rev. J. H. Laughlin was appointed by Presbytery to visit the stations in company with Dr. Nevius; and I think they found it practicable, in three or four out of the sixty places where

there were little companies of Christians, to induct suitable carefully chosen men into the office of ruling elder.

In stations where there was no one who could, even by the greatest stretch of charity, be considered fit for an office-bearer in the church, the work of the station, with its informal Sunday services and aggressive work among the heathen, was carried on by the combined efforts of all, subject to and guided by the "Rules and Regulations" already referred to.

It sometimes happened that in a healthful, growing station there was not one man whose intelligence, piety, or conduct fitted him for being a leader of others, while there might be "women not a few" who were such in an eminent degree. When this was the case, these women, without dreaming that they were doing anything unwomanly, would come naturally to the front, reading the Bible, if they were able to read, explaining and enforcing it, and upon occasion reproving, rebuking, and exhorting with all authority. Many who remember Dr. Nevius's addresses on missions will call to mind his delighted mention of the "three pillars of the church" in Yu-kia Shan-chien—three sainted women who have now for many years been in the sanctuary above; "pillars" there, perhaps, to go no more out forever. Mrs. Liu, the mother of Liu Mao-lin, is yet spared to work for Christ. Of her Mr. F. Chalfant recently wrote: "Mrs. Liu, of Shin-tsai, is still alive, and is the most remarkable Christian character I have met in China. When I was urging Rev. Lan Yu-ho to organize a church in west Lin-ku, recently, he hesitated, and then with a twinkle in his eye replied, 'The only man in that region fit for the eldership is Mrs. Liu!' I think we must push for lady elders as well as deaconesses!"

And so the work was carried on, sometimes by men, sometimes by women, God setting his seal of approval by bringing many precious souls out of darkness into light. I cannot, within the limits of one short chapter, give any adequate idea

of the progress of this work in these distant country stations, nor of the way in which it was carried on. The leader who attended the training-classes in Chefoo did a great deal of teaching. A careful record was kept of the attendance at services, and of the amount of study done and lessons learned, of labors among the heathen, and also of money contributed for benevolent purposes. The study of the Bible worked a miracle in many a darkened mind, proving how true it is that "the entrance of Thy word gives light." The presence and power of the Holy Spirit are manifested in those remote corners, where so few human helps are possible; and the growth in the knowledge and fear of God, and the consistent, holy lives of men and women born and reared in heathenism, must be witnessed to be fully appreciated. Any one who feels that this account of the formation and work of those country stations, or churches, is very imperfect will find a fuller discussion of the subject in the little book called "Methods of Mission Work," which can be procured at the Presbyterian Mission House, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, or from the Presbyterian Mission Press, Shanghai, China.

On the 28th of April, 1884, after his return home, my husband wrote to Dr. Ellinwood as follows: ". . . As to my own work, it goes on gradually and encouragingly. I baptized on my last tour ninety adults, and added four new stations, the whole number now being sixty. As to the method adopted, I am more and more convinced that it is the scriptural method, the practical method, the most substantial method, and more thorough in its working and results than what may be called the old methods have been. It requires a few more years, however, to test its character and merits more thoroughly. . . . As to help for myself, I have given up asking for it or troubling myself about it. It is almost too late now for me to get help from new men just coming from home. . . . Dr. Corbett's work and mine will probably before long be devolved

upon the younger men in the different missions and competent natives."

On the 28th of May Dr. Nevius gave an address before the North China Tract Society in Peking. Writing from there, he expressed his surprise that the missionaries in the capital devoted themselves so exclusively to chapel-preaching and schools, and added: "If schools and chapels are to interfere with country work to that extent, I think they would better be given up." But, as a matter of fact, he believed fully both in schools and in chapel work, not considering it necessary that the work of first importance should in consequence be neglected.

During the spring tour of 1884, and from that time on, Dr. Nevius was usually accompanied in his country work by Rev. J. H. Laughlin, who relieved him of much care, and whose congenial society was a great comfort. I had now no longer to think of him as all alone, and perhaps ill, when far away from home. On the contrary, I knew that the two men, as they rolled and jolted over the stones and ruts of the mountains and plains, sitting one each side of the big wheel of the barrow, were the very farthest remove from being objects of pity. They were too good friends to feel obliged to "entertain" each other, and often mile after mile each one quietly rested, planned, or reflected, only occasionally giving the other the benefit of his meditations. When not too tired Mr. Laughlin read aloud some entertaining book to Dr. Nevius, who was the best listener in the world. Thus, when going from station to station, they whiled away many tedious hours, and also brushed up their knowledge of history and of present-day literature.

The following is a reminiscence kindly sent me by Rev. J. H. Laughlin:

"My acquaintance with Dr. Nevius began in April, 1881. We met in my native town in Pennsylvania, whither he had

come by request to take part in the ordination of two young men, R. M. Mateer and myself. The burden of his charge to us as missionaries was, 'Get into full sympathy with the Chinese; love them.' His own life, I afterward learned, was this charge in execution.

"Our next meeting was in Tung-chow, China, in the autumn of 1882. The Shantung mission and Presbytery were in session there. Dr. Nevius had just returned from the United States, and, though it was the beginning of winter, was starting on a six-months' tour among his churches. I recall his trying on of the fur-lined, thick-soled native boots that he was buying to keep his feet comfortable on the unwarmed earthen floors of the inns. This winter tour illustrated another trait of his character—devotion to duty. His care for his stations had kept him on the field a year after Mrs. Nevius, in feeble health, had gone to America. It plunged him into the winds and snows of a cold winter immediately on his arrival.

"At the same meetings I also noticed his unfailing courtesy in debate, and his cheerful acquiescence when the votes of his brethren went against him.

"Some time during the next year he invited me to become his assistant in caring for the eight hundred and fifty Christians who then formed his parish. In the spring of 1884 we took our first tour together. Thus began a close intimacy which continued while he lived. During those years, when we traveled thousands of miles together in the same wheelbarrow, and discussed and decided some of the most delicate and difficult questions that fall to the lot of man, I cannot recall that our congeniality and harmony were ever interrupted for an hour. When we differed he appeared to give the same deferential consideration to my untried opinions as I to his, which had been tested by a thirty-years' experience.

"The affairs of the stations he managed with painstaking care, patience, and skill. His knowledge of his parishioners

was remarkable. He was personally acquainted with each of them, knew their special foibles, weaknesses, and virtues.

"The multitude of his cares did not long weigh on Dr. Nevius's spirits. A most cheerful religion was his. The journey between the stations was always beguiled by conversation, recitation of poems or orations, singing, and reading. The latter fell to me, owing to a defect in his vision, which refused to accommodate itself to the motion of the barrow. Among the books thus traversed were Macaulay's 'History of England,' a volume of Joseph Cook's Lectures, newspapers, and some works of fiction which I do not recall.

"Dr. Nevius loved a horse, and never seemed happier than when driving or riding or otherwise handling one. One evening, after finishing up the work of a station, we were riding our ponies to the inn where we were to spend the night. Perhaps it was the exhilaration of completing that station's work, perhaps the effect of the fine evening, perhaps the spirits of the ponies themselves; at any rate, they were allowed to break into a canter, then a gallop, then the topmost speed of which they were capable. At the end of the spurt Dr. Nevius began to moralize: 'I'm afraid that was not quite right, for two reasons: First, our lives are too valuable to risk in that way. A vast sum of money has been invested in us as missionaries. Our lives are therefore valuable, and should not be needlessly endangered. Secondly, it would not look well to read in the newspapers that the Rev. Dr. So-and-so or the Rev. Mr. So-and-so had been killed in a horse-race!' To all of which I assented. Next morning, as we rode along, coming to a level piece of road, he turned to me and said, 'Well, after all that's been said, if you really want to know which of these horses is the faster, here's a good place to find out!' And we forthwith proceeded to find out.

"The improvement of the temporal as well as of the spiritual condition of the Chinese was a never-failing aim with Dr.

Nevius. Many were the seeds, grains, trees, and vines he imported and strove to introduce; a foreign grain-cradle, and a carriage too. Many were failures, but that affected neither his spirits nor his efforts. His carriage experience is a good illustration. It was procured at great expense—had to be made to order; the width must be no greater than that of the native cart, else it could not pass through the narrow cuts in the hills; the front wheels must be low enough to go under the body, else it would be impossible to make the short turns from the narrow streets into the inns. Other attempts to adapt it to Chinese conditions were made, but still the result was failure. Our experience with the vehicle was a series of adventures. We hitched up on the jetty whither it was landed from the steamer. Our team was two mules which had never been driven side by side, the native method being tandem. Our progress through the main street of the native city was accompanied by great consternation among the shopkeepers, and the taking in of signs and awnings which were threatened by the high carriage-top. Outside the city gate is a moat crossed by a stone bridge just wide enough for a cart. Here the mules, accustomed to a tandem choice of the center of the bridge, began to push each other. Result, a drop for carriage and occupants of five feet into the moat. Nobody hurt, but some damage done to the new carriage. Its owner only laughed, and we started again. A few hundred yards farther one of the mules slipped on the ice of a frozen stream and fell flat. Her struggles to regain her footing proved fruitless. Unhitched. Ditto. Finally had to drag her off the ice to the solid ground, where success was achieved and a new start made. But the top, which had to be high on one account, was too high on others. It made the vehicle upset easily, and the entering of some inn-yards impossible. Once, when hundreds of miles from the port and foreign workmen, the hub of one wheel began to turn

on its box, the latter having been heated and fastened to the spindle. The hub was a mere shell before we noticed the disaster. Other breakages occurred in sufficient number to show clearly that the use of that carriage on Chinese country roads was impracticable. Throughout it all Dr. Nevius kept his temper, and seemed to regard the entire transaction as a huge joke.

“Other trying incidents of a different kind he was accustomed to treat in the same good-humored way. Once when a long-standing candidate for baptism, who, for good reasons, had been refused again and again, broke into a rage, yelled, called us foreign devils, and made my blood boil, Dr. Nevius simply laughed, and congratulated himself that he hadn’t received the man into the church long before.

“Always, to sum up, I found Dr. Nevius a genial companion, a Christian gentleman. Of great value to me have been his counsels and example.

“J. H. LAUGHLIN.”

The autumn tour of 1884 had nothing of unusual interest in it; but the work in the stations was, on the whole, prospering, and a number of converts were received into the church. My husband did not bear the fatigue of these tours as he had in previous years, and all through the ensuing winter he was far from well, though able to accomplish a great deal of literary work.

In the spring of 1885 the continued war between China and France gave us some anxiety, and it was thought better, on account of it, for Dr. Nevius to remain a few weeks longer at home; but early in March he and Mr. Laughlin started for the country, and it was then that they tried the experiment of going in the foreign carriage referred to by Mr. Laughlin. My husband, when at home in the United States, had given careful directions for the construction of this narrow-gauge

vehicle, which would run in the roads and ruts of the common native carts. It had good springs and seats, and a cover affording protection from rain. In looks it was like a "Pennsylvania market-wagon." It reached China safely, and was used a few times on the "West Beach" at Chefoo. But as an itinerating conveyance it was not a success, as has been shown. Dr. Nevius and Mr. Laughlin were both skilful horse-men, and equally ready in an emergency; and these qualities were in constant requisition on this tour. Dr. Nevius usually held the reins, while Mr. Laughlin, as the younger man, was on his feet half the time, having to spring to the ground to ward off accidents of all sorts. They managed to get the carriage safely home, after which it was sold for half its value, and taken, I think, to Port Arthur, having proved an expensive experiment.

During the year 1885 the country work in my husband's stations received a severe check in the excitement which sprang up in connection with a silver-mine. Many of the native Christians, in common with the heathen around them, went wild over it. Not a few, in spite of the warnings of their foreign teachers, invested in it the savings of a lifetime, and in the end lost their all. There were also at that time some severe cases of religious persecution. In a letter dated November 12, 1885, my husband said:

"These causes have retarded the work for the time, but we have many grounds of hope and promise. This autumn, for the first time in many years, I have not taken my usual country tour. Mr. Laughlin, who is now sharing my work, went in my stead. I expect to go but once a year hereafter, and eventually to leave my country stations entirely in the hands of younger men, giving my time chiefly to book-making and theological teaching. I find both the physical and mental strain too much for me, and I must do more quiet work at home. Not that I am specially ill; indeed, in most respects

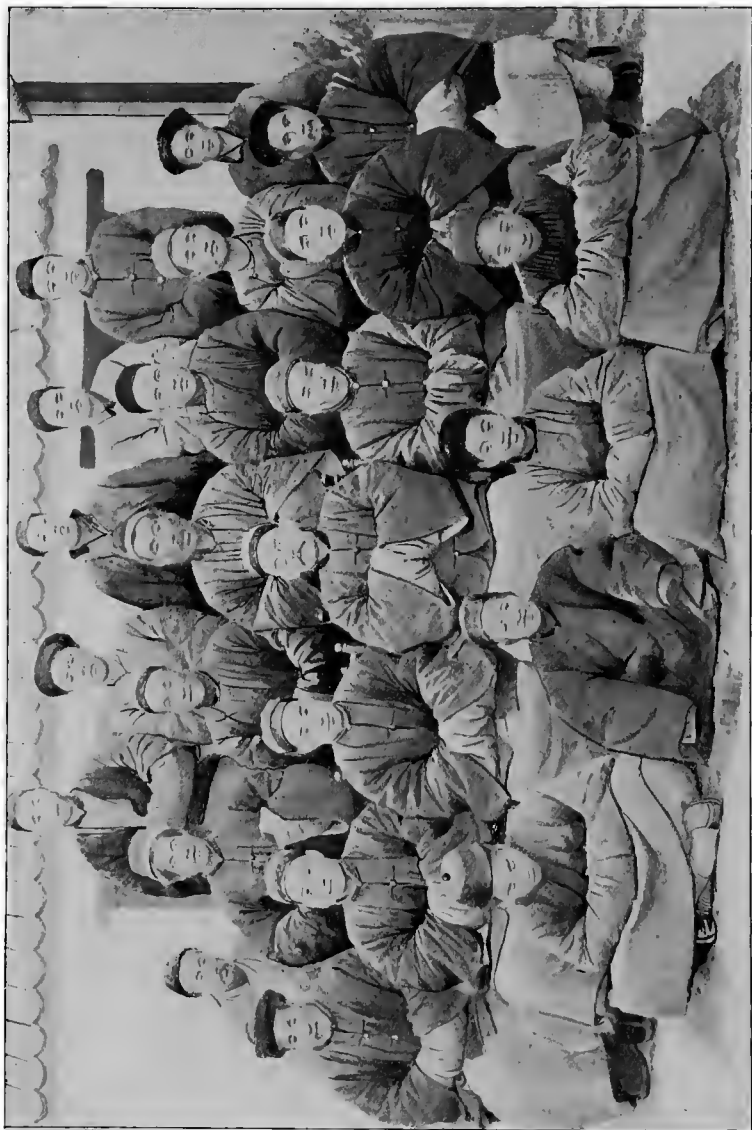
I feel as well as ever ; but it is time to husband my resources, for you know I am not far from the ' threescore years.'

" I have lately been preparing in Chinese ' Questions on the Acts of the Apostles,' for use in the country churches. . . .

" I have also completed another edition of my wheelbarrow. It weighs a third less than the last, and I think it better in every way, and also cheaper. . . .

" The political sky here is clear again, and there is more and more prospect of China's quickening her pace in the line of progress. We have now in Chefoo a telegraph-line connecting us with the rest of the world, and other lines are being established, both north and south. It is probable that railroads will follow in a few years. China has just received from Germany two of the finest men-of-war afloat. We have nothing in our navy to compare with them. The Chinese are as pleased as with a new toy. They are very imperfectly trained to the use of such engines of war, but they will improve gradually. The war with France has stirred them up a good deal, and reassured them in their belief in their ability to resist a foreign foe."

During the autumn of 1885 Dr. Nevius was much interested, as a member of a " joint committee," in arranging a division of territory and coöperation in work between the Presbyterian and English Baptist missions in Shantung. The fields of these two missions were co-terminous, and in certain places intersected each other ; and there had been some misunderstanding and jealousy between the natives laboring in them. I remember well the great solicitude my husband felt about this matter, and how earnestly he assisted in preparing a scheme for inducing harmony and preventing trouble in the future. I think his Baptist friends were well satisfied with his action, and that the plan adopted has worked satisfactorily since.



A GROUP OF "INQUIRERS" WITH THEIR TEACHER IN THE CENTRE.

CHAPTER XXXVI

WORK OF VARIOUS KINDS—THE INTRODUCTION OF FOREIGN FRUITS INTO SHANTUNG

ONE evening in the month of August, 1886, in the drawing-room of the "Nan-lou," was celebrated the marriage of Rev. J. H. Laughlin and Miss Anderson, of our mission. Kind friends had assisted in the pleasant task of converting the simple room into a bower of roses for the occasion, while lovely greens crept up the walls and over the doors and pictures, and a heavy mass of dark foliage made a perfect background for the "altar." My husband performed the marriage ceremony. It was a bright, happy wedding, though saddened to us by an event which had occurred the same morning. This was the death of my pupil Salah. She died of consumption, after a long and painful illness, borne with wonderful patience and resignation. The story of her life is interesting, but I cannot give it here. She was bright and intellectual, and had great force of character. Few foreign women could equal her in ability to influence native women. Not long before her death she said to me, "I have no dread of death; my Lord has taken all that away. I just stretch out my hand and Jesus clasps it, and he keeps me from all fear. I know now what the Saviour is worth! I could not lie here in such peace and rest if it were not for his presence." Afterward I heard her saying over and over to herself, "Jesus is everything to me!" and also, "I repent of all my sins;" "I trust in Jesus." Once she said to me, "We do not know just

where heaven is; but it is where Jesus is, and surely that must be a *hao ti-fang*" (a good place). And so, trusting her Saviour, and knowing no fear because he was with her, she went quietly away to the "good place" prepared for her. We are sometimes asked if it "is possible that the Chinese ever become true Christians." Is it not an answer to this question to know that "such as these have lived and died"?

The meetings of the mission and of Presbytery which took place in Wei-hien in the autumn of 1886 were perhaps the most discouraging of any in all the history of the Shantung mission. The progress of Christianity throughout the interior of the province seemed to have come to a standstill. Various causes—some of which have already been referred to—had combined to bring about this state of things. Much earnest prayer was offered at these meetings, and many weighty subjects were discussed. Two rules were adopted by the mission which Dr. Nevius considered of great importance. The first of these was: "No member of the mission shall undertake the duties and responsibilities of establishing a new mission in a new field, unless he is associated with an older missionary, until he has been on the field five years." The second expressed the opinion of the mission that it is desirable to establish strong, well-manned central stations, rather than a number of small scattered ones.

Having made the tour of his country stations, my husband, on his return home, had for his traveling-companion on one side of the wheel of his barrow the Rev. C. W. Mateer, LL.D., of whom he wrote: "I am more and more impressed with his varied gifts, and his disposition and ability to perform practical and efficient work. We had an opportunity on our journey to exchange views and compare notes. I trust he may long be spared to our mission."

In a letter of my own written on the first day of January, 1887, there is a mention of my husband's being out making

“New-Year’s calls.” It was his invariable custom in the early days of each year to make a round of visits in the foreign settlement, at which time he exchanged friendly greetings with nearly every person in it. His genial, unaffected manners, and the genuine interest he felt in them, made his visits acceptable even to the youngest. The kindly talks he had, and the good advice he gave, with sometimes earnest exhortations, or even reproofs and warnings, were scarcely ever taken amiss. I remember no instance in which they were resented.

No one who knew my husband would need to be told that he was far removed from being a recluse or ascetic. Still for long years he was, I believe, entirely dead to the sinful pleasures of a sinful world. Nothing could have induced him to go where he could not ask and expect the Saviour’s presence with him; and even many things which in themselves were good and beautiful had, as he neared the bounds of time, comparatively little attraction for him, because of his clear realization of the “glory that excelleth.” To use his own words, “Time seems so short, and the other world, with all its glories and eternal realities, so dwarfs and overshadows these little things with which our relations are so transient,” that it sometimes required an effort, and perhaps a prayer to God, to bring him into sympathy with the occupations and amusements of others. But he did not allow himself to shun “society.” Some of his warmest friends were among the merchants, or persons in the consular or customs service. He had no conscientious scruples about exchanging the duties of hospitality which are so marked a feature of life in the East. Had not our house been to such an extent a sanatorium for missionaries, or had not our direct missionary work been of such an absorbing nature as to leave neither strength nor leisure for much else, my husband would have had no hesitation in giving more time to the claims of society than was our custom.

The summer of 1887 was spent by Dr. Nevius in literary

work and in the instruction of a theological class. Writing to a friend on the 27th of June, he said :

“At present everything is quiet here. There is comparatively very little progress in the outstations, and there is also very little persecution. We hope that the process through which our work is passing is not an unhealthy one. Persons who entered the church from interested motives are falling off, and the church is stronger without them. Other churchmembers and stations are growing in Christian knowledge and stability, and preparing, we trust, for a new advance, and a more healthful one, in the future. . . .

“I remember your once asking me if I did not think that if a missionary had been living nearer the stations he might have prevented the difficulties which arose from the ‘silvermine craze,’ and the troubles which came from the Christians’ buying and afterward destroying the idols of a certain temple. My answer would be, ‘No.’ Nine tenths of those engaged in these enterprises did so knowing they were acting in opposition to the judgment and advice of their foreign teachers. I grant, of course, that there are some advantages in a missionary’s being near his converts. There are also advantages, I think, in converts’ being left a good deal to themselves, and being made to feel that they must depend upon themselves rather than on foreigners, and that they have to bear the responsibility of acting for themselves.”

Writing about this time to the editor of a missionary magazine, he said: “I think there is a difference between your views and mine as to the kind of letters which ought to be published. You seem to wish us to send you only encouraging and favorable news, while my idea is—perhaps I may be wrong—that we should give the church at home the truth as to the actual state of things here; the Bull Run disasters as well as our glorious victories.”

Perhaps there may be no more suitable place than just here

to mention my husband's work of introducing foreign fruits into China. From a child he had a taste for horticulture, which was indulged somewhat on the home farm in Seneca County, New York. It was an inherited taste from his father. On coming to the province of Shantung he found there nearly all the fruits grown elsewhere in similar latitudes; but, with few exceptions, all were very poor. He early conceived the idea of changing the fruitage of Shantung, and began at once to try to bring it about. He sent to different parts of the United States and of Europe for varieties likely to suit the soil and climate, and gave no little thought to his experiment. As was to be expected, there were failures without number. Perhaps a choice lot of young trees in their voyage across the ocean had been stored close to the engine, and reached China dry or dead. Or exactly the opposite conditions had ruined them. Or, if they came in good condition, the heat of their first summer or the cold of the winter had been too great for them, and they never grew. Or, after a brave struggle for existence, a concealed worm preyed upon the fairest tree and robbed it of its life. Or, when everything promised well, a furious wind came, and the choicest fruit lay in its immaturity on the ground.

The garden which surrounded the "Nan-lou" proving too small, Dr. Nevius bought some acres of land five minutes' walk distant, in which to plant and propagate fruits and vines from abroad. He wished to prove, if possible, the practicability of the scheme. Not wishing it in any sense to be either in name or in deed a money-making thing, he gave the place into the hands of certain of our favorite Chinese friends, promising it to them whenever they should refund the money actually spent upon it; he to take all the risk of failure, and to oversee it and give it the constant benefit of his knowledge and experience. This place, lying to the south of the "Nan-lou," is called the South Garden; and in the settlement it is known

as the "foreign fruit garden," and much interest is felt in it. Many people who do not care in the least for missionary work strictly speaking do care for this project of attempting to benefit materially our adopted country, and approve of it heartily. But even this has been misunderstood and misrepresented, and so it may be well for me to say here that although the culture of foreign fruits has been a success, and his attempt to change the fruitage of Shantung has in a measure been accomplished, so that there was little which my husband could do in promoting it which he did not do, still not one cent of the principal invested in it has ever been returned. This is because the South Garden was at first a mere barren, stony plot of ground, swampy in some places and rocky in others, requiring a great outlay of money before it was possible to use it for fruit-culture. Then, too, the Chinese to whom we intrusted it required houses to live in, and three such houses have been built, all of which has required money, and consumed the proceeds of the garden, which year by year has been growing in value.

One of the rules which my husband made in starting the enterprise was that grafts and scions should always be kept on hand and given gratuitously to any of the natives who should ask for them. For a long while there was little or no demand, as the Chinese were satisfied with their own wooden pears and tasteless grapes and other fruits. But a few years ago they found out, to their surprise, that money could be made by selling foreign fruits; and since then certain kinds, such as Bartlett pears, Muscat, Black Hamburg, and other grapes, and apples, are coming into the market—grown from plants taken from the South Garden—in such quantities that the prices are lowered so greatly that it is doubtful if the mother-garden will ever be able to pay back the money spent upon it. But, "having accomplished the errand of its destiny," what its after-fate is may be considered a small matter. If the Chinese

in the Shantung province and others adjoining it do not hereafter have good foreign fruit it will be their own fault, as it has been introduced among them and successfully grown, and there are those there who are competent and ready to instruct them in methods of culture.

In writing to his mother on September 14, 1887, Dr. Nevius said: ". . . We are having the most delicious foreign fruit: Delaware, Diana, Sweetwater, Black Hamburg, and Muscat grapes; Bartlett and other pears; and also apples and plums. Some of the fruit which has been propagated from my garden by natives living some distance in the country is now coming into the market, though in small quantities. Summer visitors from Shanghai are calling eagerly for foreign apples and pears, and are willing to pay twenty-five or thirty cents a pound for them. Grapes are not in the market as yet. We find at different distances from home, varying from two miles to forty, or even one hundred or more, that countrymen have one or two foreign fruit-trees growing. They have cultivated them principally from curiosity, not believing that there would be any profit in them. They found last year and this that these fruits bring in the market nearly ten times the price which the same kinds of their own fruits do, and they will soon, I doubt not, take to cultivating them in good earnest. The prices which rule now will necessarily and happily fall when the demand is better supplied. Through my new fruit-garden, which covers about three English acres, I hope to introduce fruits of all kinds, and to show the Chinese better methods of cultivation, especially of the grape. One of my wheelbarrow-men, who has had several years' training here at our place, now has the principal charge of the South Garden, which only requires a little superintendence from me. Some of the foreigners out here take more interest in the material vineyard than the spiritual, and I am afraid I am in some danger of being known among them chiefly as a successful horticulturist! I hesitated

somewhat, on this account, in having anything to do with it, but decided that, as I had a taste and qualifications for it, and it would be, in connection with my main work, merely a recreation and occasional pastime, I would undertake it, hoping good would come from it in various ways."

My husband's introduction of foreign fruit into China illustrated practically his belief that it is a missionary's duty to seek, in every possible way, not only the spiritual and eternal good of the people he lives among, but also their temporal and physical good.

It is my hope to carry out, as far as possible, my husband's plans and intentions relating to fruit-culture, my only regret being that I am not more competent to do so.

Soon after writing the letter just quoted Dr. Nevius started for his autumn tour in the country. His letters to me resemble in the main letters or journals already given, and I will not run the risk of repetition by inserting them, except a brief extract here and there. In the month of October, 1887, he wrote:

"October 1st. Day before yesterday I reached the gold-mine. Mr. Li, who is in charge, received me kindly, going round the establishment with me, and paying me some special attentions in the way of opening the machines to show me the deposits of gold, which he has not often done for other visitors. His interpreter, one of the young men educated in Hartford, Conn., took me through the mine shafts and pits. . . . Mr. Li is pleased with the prospect of the arrival from America of his reinforcements of miners and engineers with additional machinery. . . . My inn was made hideous during last night by a scene of reveling such as is too apt to characterize mining-regions everywhere."

"October 20th. We found the stations in I-shui in a hopeful state, and Mr. Yang was ordained ruling elder in Tung-li-tien."

The meetings of the mission and of Presbytery were held in November, 1887, at Chinan fu, the capital of the province. At this meeting, with the cordial consent of his brethren, Dr. Nevius resigned the care of his country stations. He had felt the strain too much for him, and for several years before had done the work only from necessity. Referring to this in a letter to his mother, written soon after his return from the country in December, 1887, Dr. Nevius said: "At the mission meeting I told the mission that I thought the time had come for me to give up itinerating as a regular part of my work, and asked to be released from further responsibility in the care of my stations. The mission released me with many expressions of regret, kind feeling, and appreciation. They especially spoke of Helen's self-sacrifice in never allowing her ill health to prevent my starting on my journeys. I shall not give up the country, and intend to make several tours before returning home, going to places where I have not been heretofore. . . . If our lives are spared we hope to visit the United States again during the autumn of 1890."

In the same letter he wrote: "I did not forget Reuben's birthday, but thought a great deal of it as marking the three-score epoch, which I too am fast approaching. From this point of view there seems to be not much future left, and I am beginning to make plans for rounding out what remains of life and turning it to the best account. Pray, dear mother, that I may seek God's glory and not my own, nor my own ease or preferment."

On his next birthday, March 4, 1888, in writing his customary birthday letter to his mother, he said:

". . . Now I feel that I am almost as old as my mother. You, you know, can only be an old woman, and I am already acknowledged to be an old man! I presume my head is quite as gray as yours. I hope, however, that neither of us will ever feel very old, and that God, who has been so merci-

ful to us hitherto, may crown his other mercies by the great joy of making our last days our best and brightest. . . .

“ This morning, after breakfast and prayers, and some other reading, I went upstairs to take my not unusual Sunday nap. I find that my nerves require more rest than formerly, and that an extra sleep does me good at any time. Fortunately I can almost always, when I lie down, go to sleep, or, if not, pretty near it. . . . At ten o'clock I prepared for church. Helen takes the place of mother, who, fifty years ago, looked ‘ Johnny ’ well over and brushed him, and rubbed the grease-spots off his coat. I walk to church, not having a horse to ride just now, and because, when the weather is cold, I prefer walking. The distance to the settlement, where we have our English service, is about a mile and a half. . . . ”

In a letter of my own, written the same day to my husband's mother, I find the following: “. . . I have many questions which I should like to ask you about John's babyhood and boyhood. He thinks he was a great cry-baby, and I can imagine that when he cried he roared ! I don't believe he ever whined. . . . Well, dear mother, all your prayers and his father's have been abundantly answered. His has been a very useful life, and an uncommonly happy one. Of course the passing years leave some traces : his hair is thinner and grayer, and you might notice wrinkles in his face, but I do not. His spirits are never depressed, and he is quite as merry and full of fun as ever he was. He ‘ teases, ’ too, just as he used to ; never, you know, to hurt feelings, but just ‘ for fun, ’ and in such an amusing way. I know of no other missionary, old or young, who is so uniformly cheerful and contented. It is a great relief that he has not now the care of all those country stations. . . . He feels free to go away or stay at home, as he is inclined. . . . ”

CHAPTER XXXVII

VISIT TO THE GREAT WALL—SECOND FAMINE IN SHANTUNG—IMPORTANT MISSION MEETING IN CHEFOO

AS I was greatly in need of a change of scene, and my husband of rest, we determined in the spring of 1888 to visit Peking; and on the last day of April we started on our journey northward. While in Peking we were the guests of Dr. W. A. P. Martin, president of the university. We visited the Great Wall and the Ming tombs and some of the famous sights of the capital; and when we came back to our home, just one month later, it was with health much improved and grateful recollections of the friends who had done so much to make our visit pleasant.

Soon after our return we had, what is not very common with us, several shocks of earthquake, which threw down chimneys and cracked the walls of some houses; but the "Nan-lou" did not suffer at all.

The summer of 1888 was a trying one, on account of the extreme heat and the unusual rains, which in the western part of the province did great damage.

The Synod of China, which meets once in five years, was held that year in Tung-chow fu, at which time the annual mission and Presbytery meetings also took place. Writing to a friend from Tung-chow on the 29th of September, 1888, Dr. Nevius said: ". . . I was very busy in Chefoo receiving and forwarding the delegates to the Synod. . . . When all had

been sent on we brought up the rear. Helen and L—— were in mule-litters. Dr. Happer, of Canton, and I were in the barrow. He is by far our oldest missionary, and is about seventy years of age, but is strong and vigorous in mind and body. . . . Our meetings have been harmonious and interesting. . . . There were a great many things to be settled in connection with the ordinary details of our work. Places were assigned to the theological students; plans made for the next theological class; the mission at the capital is to be enlarged; a new and important station is to be established on the Grand Canal in the city of Che-ning-cho; Dr. and Mrs. —— are advised to go home on account of ill health, and Mr. —— is to come here during his absence. This shows you only a small part of the business transacted. . . . It is now understood that in the autumn of 1890 we are, D. V., to go home on furlough. . . . I am to start on my autumn tour in a few days, taking with me a considerable amount of money which has been contributed for the relief of sufferers from the floods. These floods are not the result of an overflow of the Yellow River, but of heavy local rains. The whole country is flooded.”

At the close of Synod, on the 2d of October, we returned from Tung-chow, accompanied by Rev. William Chalfant, whose marriage to Miss Boyd was arranged to take place at our house the next Monday evening.

On reaching home we were alarmed by finding Mrs. Corbett dangerously ill, while her husband was far away at work among his country stations. He was sent for at once, but did not reach his home until that home had been made desolate by the removal from it of one of the most faithful of wives and devoted of mothers, and a most conscientious, hard-working missionary. This blow came so suddenly it seemed bewildering. We dared not ask the “why,” but could only say, “Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight.”

The next evening the marriage of Mr. Chalfant and Miss

Boyd was solemnized in our drawing-room. It was the quietest of weddings, and one of the most beautiful, the memory of which lingers with me yet like a lovely dream. In the house next our own one dear friend lay in the "majesty of death," while life in all its brightness was commencing here; and heaven and earth, this world and the next, seemed strangely blended into one.

My husband went to the country about the middle of October, 1888, and in company with Mr. Laughlin visited the stations, which they found in the main doing well, though some of them were suffering severely from the approaching famine. They made a visit of exploration and investigation into the heart of the famine region, and from there my husband wrote me hurriedly the facts he had learned, requesting me to put them together and send them to one of the Shanghai papers, which I did. That was the first of our series of "begging letters," which proved to be about as hard work as we ever attempted, and the most effective in the way of getting money.

My husband's health was no longer such as to allow him to go in person to distribute relief to the famine-stricken people; but he did what was equally important, while others undertook the arduous work of saving the starving. On his return home he at once began calling for aid through the Shanghai newspapers, and by personal solicitation in the foreign communities. My husband's "Appeal" is a paper of great interest, giving in his own words what was then known of the causes of the famine and its effects. But it is perhaps too long for insertion here. It ends as follows: ". . . We appeal to you who in God's merciful providence have never known want, in behalf of those who, when this appeal reaches you, will for months have had no respite from the pangs of hunger, and will be on the very verge of starvation. Though we have refused our Mongolian neighbor a home on our shores, let us not refuse

him a place in our sympathies, nor turn away from him in this hour of his extremity."

In a letter to a friend, written on the 16th of March, 1889, Dr. Nevius said: "Nearly two millions of people in one locality alone are now on the verge of starvation. Many have already died. This fearful state of things must continue and grow worse until wheat harvest in June. . . . The Chinan fu missionaries, the English Baptists of Ching-chow fu, and the members of our own mission in Wei-hien, reinforced by Dr. and Mrs. Neal and Dr. and Mrs. Mateer, of Tung-chow fu, are working on the same general plan. Centers of distribution have been organized, from which many thousand persons are enrolled as beneficiaries. They receive an allowance of one cent a day. Besides this daily allowance, which is used for buying a little grain to mix with chaff and leaves, we are very desirous to make a further grant of seed-grain. I should have mentioned that Dr. and Mrs. Neal have taken with them several trained medical students to assist in looking after the sick. One great dread for all our noble band of distributors is the famine-fever which is sure to prevail, and which is so dangerous. I ask that special prayer may be offered that they may be kept in health and safety, and that an abundant blessing may follow their self-denying and most difficult work."

Were I writing a history of the great famine I could relate many interesting incidents taken from the numerous letters of our friends, who with great self-sacrifice plunged into the relief-work, never leaving it until the need was over. Nearly every missionary in the province except ourselves went into the famine region and personally superintended the work of feeding the starving.

I remember, when we first began to "beg," my husband said to me, "I have faith that we may receive for the famine-sufferers twenty thousand dollars!" To which I replied, "Oh, not so much, surely! Let us not expect too much, and

then we need not be disappointed." Before the famine was over, in answer to our appeals and those of others, about two hundred thousand dollars had been given for the Shantung province alone, while perhaps even more had been sent to different parts of the country. In our province more than two hundred thousand persons received regular aid, and were saved from starvation.

The famine lasted until the summer of 1889. As we received the journals of our workers in the interior we made extracts from them, which we forwarded to whatever person or newspaper was willing to receive them. When responses came in the shape of thousands of dollars, we knew our work had not been in vain. Again and again we were rejoiced by the arrival of a telegram saying, "Expect by to-morrow's steamer one, or five, or ten thousand taels," as the case might be, the aggregate amounting to a very large sum.

The summer after the famine would have been in every respect a pleasant one had it not been for a long, dangerous illness in which for days my life hung in the balance. My husband believed very decidedly that no one apparently nearing death should be kept in ignorance of it; and I remember well how quietly and calmly we talked together at this time of the event which seemed approaching. He told me afterward that on one of these evenings, when he was greatly shaken by the sense of impending loss, he went out on the upper veranda. The crescent moon hanging in the west, and the bright stars overhead, spoke to him like a living voice of God, and gave him just the help he needed, and drew him back to the stronghold where he found his ever-present Help in time of trouble; and he was again ready for whatever awaited him either of toil or suffering. Once more our Heavenly Father answered prayer, and again I was restored to comparative health.

In letters written to Dr. Ellinwood, my husband said:

". . . You have no doubt heard of Mrs. Nevius's serious

—indeed, dangerous—illness during the summer. Our physician says she ought not to spend another summer in China; but our plans have been formed for returning home a year from next autumn, and we cannot leave earlier without disarranging these plans. . . . We hope that with care, and by avoiding any heavy literary work, my wife may not suffer from the delay. . . . I am hard at work preparing an apologetic—or perhaps I should rather say polemic—work connected with Romanism. The Romanists are entering our stations openly and avowedly to proselyte, and not without some success. We are driven to the necessity of appearing before the heathen as two branches of the church of Christ in opposition to each other. The duty of engaging in this work has been forced upon me. . . .

“I am glad to say that the work in our outstations is now much more promising than it has been during the last few years. The number of inquirers is greatly increasing, and we hope we are entering upon a new era of progress. We are looking forward to the next yearly meeting with unusual interest. The coming of so many recruits is a matter of great delight to us. Plans for locating these recruits will require much thought and consultation. We hope also to come to a final adoption of the rules for unifying our work. They have been before us for years, and in the form in which they now are they will, I think, be cordially adopted by nearly all our members. . . .

“I see the force of your remarks as to the importance of furnishing you material for making out your Yearly Report to the General Assembly. . . . As for myself, my work during the last year has consisted of a tour among our stations and in the famine regions, and in efforts to raise money for famine relief; in the transmission of funds, and correspondence with the distributers; in teaching a theological class; and in preparing for the press a controversial work on Romanism, and



THE PRESBYTERIAN MISSION OF SHANTUN J. DR. NEVIUS IN THE CENTRE.

another book for theological students, entitled 'Analysis of Romans, with Questions.'

About this time Dr. Nevius replied to a letter which had been addressed to him asking his opinion as to the advisability of employing laymen in missionary work. He wrote:

"I say, if earnest, devoted, practical, able-bodied, efficient laymen apply, accept them, and send them out by all means. . . . As to their being willing to receive 'a much smaller salary' than the rest of us, I think it amounts to about the same thing. . . . If a person lives in the country in the same way that the natives do, the sum you mention is ample. If a family living on the coast keeps 'open house,' and entertains missionaries from the interior and others who need rest and change, it is hardly sufficient. Persons 'roughing it' in the country must have change at varying intervals, and we who have comfortable homes here will be glad to welcome them when they need rest and recuperation. The Inland Mission has found the necessity of having such places, and now has a sanatorium in Chefoo. I hope you will encourage suitable persons to come, on a salary of five hundred, or two hundred, or entirely self-supporting, if they can do so.

"The question of employing for evangelistic work persons who have not had the classical and literary training required by most churches for candidates for the ministry is, in my opinion, a serious, practical matter, not only in missions abroad, but in work at home. I think our church has made a mistake in shutting out from the ministry all who have not had a full classical and scientific training, though they may have other qualifications just as important, and may be specially gifted for some positions of influence."

The mission meeting which began its sessions in Chefoo on the 27th of November, 1889, was one of no ordinary interest. Sixteen new missionaries had arrived from the United States, and nearly all the missionaries from the interior stations

were also present. Two new stations were to be begun at once, and this, according to the rules of the mission, obliged some of the older missionaries to leave their homes and undertake the arduous work involved in breaking new ground. Dr. and Mrs. H—— were to leave for the United States in the following spring. In order to open the station of Che-ning-cho, they volunteered to postpone their going for three years. Mr.——, being requested to lead the new mission in I-chow fu, willingly gave his consent, subject only to the one condition, his wife's approval. She was in her distant home in the capital of the province. He telegraphed his question, and the reply came promptly back: "With you, anywhere, any time!" It gave Dr. Nevius great delight to see in his younger missionary brethren, almost without exception, this beautiful spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice.

It would perhaps have occasioned surprise to some persons to see these same "soldiers of the cross," who were so ready to go out where the fight was thickest and the danger greatest, the very evenings after days requiring all the fortitude they could command, and strength and grace far beyond their own, giving themselves up to fun and merriment, singing college songs, reciting poems, and laughing as merrily as in their boyhood days. Some of those evenings in the autumn of 1889, I am sure, are remembered by us all as bright and happy and strengthening and wholesome.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

MISSIONARY CONFERENCE IN SHANGHAI—DR. NEVIUS CHOSEN
MODERATOR—VISITS TO KOREA AND JAPAN—
DR. NEVIUS'S POEM, "NIKKO"

FOR many years it had been my husband's earnest wish to visit India, Siam, and other countries in which he might continue his studies in methods of mission work. The time seemed to have come for realizing this wish, and we were making arrangements to leave China in the autumn of 1890, intending to spend all the time we should need in India, and afterward to stop for rest in some place in Europe—either Italy or Switzerland, or it might be in the mother-country, where there would not be the same demand upon the strength of the returning missionary as invariably awaited him in his own land. But our thoughts were not God's thoughts. My health was such that it became evident I must not remain in Chefoo during the rainy season of the approaching summer. On the 4th of March Dr. Nevius, writing to his mother, said: ". . . As you may imagine, we are somewhat hurried with preparations for leaving. . . . Last week we closed the sessions of the theological class. This had occupied me for about two hours every week-day during the last three months. It is a relief to be free from this daily tax upon my time. Helen is slowly recovering from an attack of fever complicated with bronchitis. She is very weak, and obliged to keep as quiet as possible; but to keep quiet and rest is one of the last and least of her accomplishments. . . . Our plans for the

future are not easily told. . . . Having finished my paper for the Missionary Conference in Shanghai, I wish to write an article or two for publication, and to get thoughts together for presenting to the churches when I am called to speak on missions at home. About the middle of next month I expect to leave for Shanghai to attend the Second General Missionary Conference of China. I should like very much to have Helen go with me, but she is not strong enough to bear so much fatigue and excitement."

There lies before me a large volume entitled "Records of the Missionary Conference held at Shanghai, May, 1890." In the preface and introduction to it are these words:

"The work now completed is sent forth to the world as the crystallized memory of a most exhilarating and successful gathering, with thanks to Him who blessed it for the impetus given to hundreds of workers in all parts of the empire.

"Four hundred and twenty members were present on the opening day, and twenty-six more arrived subsequently. As was usual on such occasions, a photograph of the conference was proposed, the taking of which nearly ended in a tragedy. A scaffolding, supported by bamboo poles, was hastily constructed by the photographer. It consisted of twelve seats rising in tiers and extending to a height of about eighteen feet, and was large enough to seat the whole conference. It looked frail, and many were dubious of its safety; but reassured by others, they ascended to their seats. When nearly all were seated, the higher seats began to sway forward on the others, and the whole structure doubled up like a fan, piling men and women, young and old, in one mass at the foot. . . . Not a scream was heard, but those who first got on their feet set to instantly to lift and drag out those who were piled up seven or eight deep before them. It was but a few minutes before all were released. Though many received cuts or bruises or sprains, none of these were serious or involved permanent in-

jury. This deliverance was not the least of the causes which the conference had for thankfulness. . . .

“An important feature of the conference was the fact that nearly all the papers were printed and distributed beforehand, so that much time was saved which must otherwise have been spent in reading. Moreover, in this way the papers were more fully in the possession of the conference. But for this plan it would have been impossible to get through so crowded a program and leave sufficient time for discussion and for business.

“The conference appointed committees on a large number of important subjects. . . . Much of the success of the conference is to be attributed to the vigorous and efficient work done by these committees. . . . The most distinguishing feature of the conference was the spirit of harmony which prevailed. This spirit not only characterized the discussions, but was especially exhibited in the unanimity with which various important and difficult practical measures were acted upon. Conspicuous among these was the subject of Bible translation and revision. When the large representative committees appointed to consider the subject brought in unanimous reports, proposing practical schemes for realizing the end desired, there was a general feeling of surprise; and when, twenty-four hours later, the conference unanimously adopted these reports, the high-water mark of unanimity and of enthusiasm was reached. This achievement was no doubt the great work of the conference, the attainment of which alone is worth far more than all the conference cost. . . . Few went home without seeing that the hand of God was in this thing, and thankful that by his blessing it had been accomplished.

“Another practical matter, only second in importance to this, was the appointment of a representative committee to prepare a preface and explanatory readings for the Chinese

Bible, and to urge their publication by the Bible societies. It is hoped that this will at length be the means of securing to the missionaries the kind of Bible they have been so long and so ardently desiring for circulation among the heathen. . . . The conference of 1890 will mark an era in the history of missions in China."

On his arrival in Shanghai about the 1st of May, 1890, Dr. Nevius, with several other missionaries, was engaged in preparing certain "Rules of Procedure," which were adopted by the conference.

It had been expected that the office of president, or chairman, or moderator, as it might be called, for the conference would be held in rotation; but it was decided by the committee of arrangements that it should be permanent, and one American and one Englishman were chosen. Dr. Nevius fully appreciated the honor done him in being requested to serve in this capacity, and many who attended the conference have told me how beautifully he presided—with what grace and dignity; with an equal blending of firmness and kindness, and his habitual and never-failing deference to the opinions of others.

Dr. Nevius's essay prepared for the conference was "A Historical Review of Missionary Methods, Past and Present, in China." He also spoke on many other subjects, including "The Annotated Scriptures," "Bible Distribution in General," "Woman's Work," "Medical Work," "Loans to the Poor," "Self-support," and "Native Agency."

The conference lasted about two weeks; the results of it can only be known in eternity.

A few weeks after my husband returned from the conference at Shanghai we left China. The "Hermit Kingdom," Korea, although but a day's journey distant from Chefoo across the Pechili Bay, had until of late years been so sealed against foreigners that the attempt was seldom made to visit it, and

nearly every such attempt had ended disastrously for the intruder. But in the year 1890 foreigners were residing there in as much security as in China, and a good beginning had been made in missionary work, three societies having well-appointed missions there. The missionaries of the American Presbyterian Church had repeatedly sent urgent invitations to Dr. Nevius to come to them, as they wished the benefit of his years and experience; and now, on our way to Japan, it was quite practicable to visit them.

Immediately after casting anchor in the harbor of Chemulpo, Dr. Nevius went on shore, and returned soon after with Dr. Allen, the pioneer of the mission, and also at times secretary of the United States legation. We had reached Korea at rather a critical time. The queen dowager had just died, and owing to a disturbance in the capital the king had requested the American minister to order from Chemulpo some troops of the United States man-of-war "Swatara." Fifty men had just that day gone to Seoul, twenty-five miles distant. It was uncertain whether we should be able to go there at all; but a telegram received the next day reassured us, and Rev. H. G. Underwood himself kindly came all that distance to meet us and accompany us back.

It is difficult to condense into a few lines any adequate account of this most interesting visit to the "Land of the Morning Calm." It was a marked event in my husband's life, which gave him great pleasure, both at the time and in the retrospect. Writing from Japan a few weeks later, he said: "We had a delightful visit in Korea; and if the missionaries there were not benefited by our sojourn with them, it was not because they were not more than willing to profit by our suggestions and advice."

Indeed, it was touching to see how the young missionaries clustered around him as round a father, with affection and deference, asking his advice on many questions. Evening

after evening was spent in this way, he making a careful study of the present conditions and wants of that newly opened country, and the missionaries ready to carry into immediate execution suggestions and advice which commanded their approval.

Korea seemed to us a most interesting country—a strange cross between China and Japan. The people of both these nations were quite at home on Korean soil. The active little Japanese were here, there, and everywhere; and the Chinese, with their accustomed air of superiority, seemed even more arrogant than in their native haunts.

The scenery between Chemulpo and Seoul is lovely; not so beautiful as parts of Japan, but greener and more pleasing than the opposite coast of Shantung. Want of space prevents me from giving at length a description of the interesting work of the American Methodist Mission and the American Presbyterians, of the extended medical work connected with both, and of the foreign community, which, though small, was unlike any other in the East. The pleasant relations existing between all these Westerners, living so close together in the shut-in corner of the capital city of Korea, made it in that respect a model for others.

An extract from a long journal-letter of mine must close my notice of our visit in Korea:

“June 7, 1890. As we neared Seoul we could catch glimpses of a high hill, along the summit of which runs the city wall. A river which is navigable for small steamers we crossed a few miles below, in small boats sculled as in China. The streets of the city are even more filthy than those we are used to. . . . It seems strange to know so much about the king and queen of this country. After the secrecy and mysteriousness attaching to our emperors, with scarcely an incident or rumor ever escaping from the sacred precincts where they hide themselves, it is refreshing to be where royal personages

do not fear to show themselves occasionally in broad daylight. . . . Mrs. — has been called more than once to visit the queen professionally. . . . Just now there seems to be more than usual in the way of strange customs to notice. This is the day when, on account of the death of the queen dowager, every subject must go into mourning. After noon to-day it would be punishable for any man to appear on the streets without white garments and a white hat, the hat being in shape the same as the ordinary tall black one. . . . This afternoon there is to be a ceremonial weeping for the dead queen; the grandees will weep within the palace walls, and the common people outside. . . . Weeping and howling of this sort is not so strange to me as if I had not lived in China. It is five days since the queen died. I am told that her body has been carried to the top of a mountain behind the palace, where it is to lie in solitary grandeur for five months. What will happen at the end of that time I do not know. . . . I must tell you a little about the home of Mr. and Mrs. —, where we are so kindly entertained. Their house is a three-hundred-years-old tumble-down Korean dwelling, transformed into a fairy-like place, so much prettier than our foreign houses that I at first longed for just such a one myself. I soon realized, however, the advantage of having doors which shut, windows which can be either closed or fastened open, with closets, wardrobes, or bath-rooms, and some possibility of privacy. . . . One seems to be dressing out of doors, and flees hither and thither, and hides behind screens or grovels on the floor. In the course of time doubtless all this will be improved. . . . The beams in the walls of the pretty drawing-room are very big, and as black as ebony from time and smoke. On all sides are wide windows with Korean split-bamboo screens. The walls are papered, and there are a few good pictures and a sofa or two. But I have given you no idea how picturesque it all is—more picturesque, perhaps, than

comfortable. Next door, and a little higher up the hill, is Dr. ——'s house, which is similar to this and just as old. Toward the east is a newly established school for girls, and nearly opposite is the fine Methodist Mission compound.

"Thursday, June 17th. We left Seoul night before last, and spent the night at the 'half-way house.' We made the journey, as before, in sedan-chairs carried by eight men each, and Dr. Nevius and Mr. Underwood on horseback. Starting at half-past five the next morning, we had a pleasant but weary journey to Chemulpo, which we reached before ten.

"Fusan, June 21st. This longest day of the year finds us at anchor in the most southern open port of Korea. The rain is pouring, so it is dismal on deck, and no one can go on shore. . . . This little town has a history. It was in the hands of the Japanese for about two hundred and fifty years, having been taken by them at the time when one of their emperors had designs upon both Korea and China. The Chinese came to the help of the Koreans, and they succeeded in keeping the Japanese out of China, and also rescued the greater part of Korea from them. Some of the southern towns, however, remained in their possession, Fusan being one of them. It has lately been given up, and I think no foreign country now claims to own any part of the land. . . . Our ship is so crowded with passengers that we nearly failed in getting a cabin. L—— and I have one together, and John sleeps wherever he can find a place—generally on the transom back of the dining-cabin, which he shares with Dr. F—— and two Korean gentlemen, a *chargé d'affaires* to Japan and his secretary. The *chargé* knows some Mandarin, so John and he have been able to converse. . . ."

On our way, after leaving Fusan, we had a hard storm, and I was taken very ill with an illness from which I did not recover during all the weeks we were obliged to wait in Japan before sailing for Vancouver in the "Abyssinia."

We spent a few days, on our first arrival in Yokohama, with our friends of many years, Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn. While there Dr. Nevius wrote: "You can easily imagine how delightful it is to revive the memories of 1860 and 1861; to see the wonderful changes which have taken place since that time; and to find our old friends well and strong, and as happy and useful as ever."

We again visited Tokyo, and were the guests of our kind friends, Dr. and Mrs. McCartee. Having several days at our disposal, we planned to visit Nikko, among the mountains; and I am most thankful that Dr. Nevius had that great pleasure, though at the last moment I was again so ill that I had to stay behind. I would not allow my husband to remain with me; that would have doubled my grief and disappointment. I think no one ever lived who took more delight in beautiful natural scenery than Dr. Nevius, and Nikko satisfied him in this respect as perhaps no place on earth ever had before. He never tired of describing it, and he could not be content, he said, until he had taken me there to enjoy it with him. While walking among the beautiful woods of Nikko, or by the side of the marvelous lake, Chusenje, he composed the following, which he gave to me on his return to Tokyo:

"In these vast solitudes God reigns alone,
And to the soul through all the senses speaks
In voices numberless: the mountain shadows;
The gleam of sunbeams in the embowering trees;
The roaring stream; the joyous songs of birds;
The mirroring lake, bright gem embossed in hills;
Interminable woods of richest green,
With oaks of centuries, and towering pines,
Beneath whose grateful shade flower, fern, and vine
Exhale the sum of thousand fragrances—
Oh, world of beauty, whence—for what—art thou?
Perchance by dim resemblances to lift
Our souls to higher, better, worthier thoughts
Of other worlds, more bright and fair than this."

CHAPTER XXXIX

LAST VISIT TO AMERICA—RETURN TO CHINA

ON the 3d of August, 1890, I wrote from on board the steamer "Abyssinia," on the Pacific Ocean: "Yesterday was certainly Saturday; but as we passed the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude last night, this is the place fixed upon for adding a day, in order to bring ourselves into accord with the rest of the world. It is Saturday to-day on the west coast of the United States, which we are now approaching, and so I suppose we need have no qualms of conscience in considering it to be such, though it does put us to some 'mental confusion.' To-morrow is to be our Sunday, while to-day games, etc., are going on as usual on board our ship. . . . We sailed from Yokohama last Sunday. . . . We are up in the high latitudes—about fifty degrees—and the weather is so cold that we are dressed in warm clothing and have fires. We have had almost constant fogs day and night. The incessant screaming of the 'siren' fog-whistle is indescribably horrible. The voyage is not pleasant, but we are thankful for the smooth sea and the absence of strong winds. . . ."

At the end of our voyage we went down Puget Sound, which surprised us by its beauty, equaling, we thought, the inland sea of Japan. After a week or two in the State of Washington we crossed the continent to Minneapolis. We spent a few weeks with the family of my brother, William F. Coan, in Clinton, Iowa, and in the dear home in Marshall,

Mich., and then returned to Seneca County, New York, where again Mrs. Eastman had the happiness of welcoming back her "boy," whose head was now grayer than her own, but whose heart was as overflowing with love to that dear mother as when, sixty years before, he had said to her in baby-language, "I'll tomfort you!"

On the 11th of October, 1890, Dr. Nevius wrote to a friend: "Here we are again in our old home, and very delightful it is to be here! We find my mother bright and active at the age of eighty-five. . . . We have spent about two months coming across the continent, three causes uniting in producing the delay: breaking the journey for Helen's sake, visiting friends by the way, and responding to numerous invitations to speak on missions. We have everywhere met a most cordial welcome. . . . I have presented the cause of missions thirty-five times."

While in the United States on this visit we spent much time at Clifton Springs, and grew to love the place as a second home. When my husband went here and there to give missionary addresses he liked to leave me in that pleasant retreat, to which he returned for rest whenever other duties allowed him to do so. Perhaps it would have been well had more of his time been spent in resting; but it was far from that. He gave almost as many missionary addresses as on his previous visits at home, and I am not aware that he spoke with less fervor or persuasiveness than in former years. He was never at any time a sensational speaker. Perhaps it was his deep sincerity more than any other one quality which made his addresses so effective. To do his best either in public or in private conversation he had to be deeply moved; and whenever in "dead earnest" he never failed. When, as I suppose happens occasionally to every public speaker, he spoke perfunctorily, he did only half work, though this was not always evident to his listeners.

The summer of 1891 was one which it is a delight to remember. The old homestead, the "Hermitage," was opened, and was the place of rendezvous for many friends. It was our custom to go each afternoon for a long drive, often followed by a picnic on the banks of our loved Seneca, returning leisurely home at nightfall. It was a wonderful providence which gave us this happy time together after the long years of separation—a time which seemed a foretaste of the glad reunion to which we could all look forward confidently in the better land.

In every interval of leisure while in America Dr. Nevius was engaged in writing his book on "Demon Possession," or in studies connected with it. He procured and read every treatise which he possibly could on allied subjects, not by any means overlooking "spiritualism," which he had long regarded as probably a species of "possession." Hypnotism and the various phases of mind-reading, and all sorts of mental phenomena, engaged his attention. In this special department I imagine many a medical man has read less and is not more competent to form an intelligent opinion than he became before he had finished this work on "Demon Possession." When in Philadelphia a friend gave Dr. Nevius's completed manuscript to the late well-known physician, Dr. D. H. Agnew, who in returning it wrote as follows: "I have gone over with some care the manuscript on demoniacal possessions. The subject has been treated very ably by the doctor. He has brought out very clearly the differential points between 'possessions' and epileptic, cataleptic, and hysterical disturbances of the nervous system. I believe these demoniacal seizures mentioned in the New Testament fall within a realm which has never been invaded by the studies of the pathologist."

As I have said before, my husband never engaged in this repulsive study from mere idle curiosity. Having in his early

years found it hard to believe in the literal truth of the cases of demon possession mentioned in the New Testament, he had, on going to China, been wonderfully interested in finding apparently the same thing existing there at the present day; and he believed that it ought to be known by all. It was in the hope that the faith of some doubting ones might be strengthened, and a stumbling-block removed out of their way, that he undertook this work and finally brought it to completion. He never saw it in print, as its publication was strangely delayed.

Early in January, 1891, Dr. Nevius, leaving me at Clifton Springs, visited Canada, and spent a busy, happy week in Toronto, speaking continuously on the subject of missions. Again in the autumn of the same year he attended an important Canadian Intercollegiate Missionary Alliance, held at Kingston, Ontario, where he was the principal speaker.

The winter and spring of 1891-92 we spent in a series of visits in New York, Philadelphia, and New Jersey, with a sojourn of several most interesting weeks in Washington, D. C. Scarcely one untoward event marred the pleasure of this happy time. However, while the guests of our dear old friend, Dr. John C. Lowrie, in Orange, N. J., we were both ill with *la grippe*. It was while still suffering from it that Dr. Nevius sat for the photographic likeness forming the frontispiece of this work. It was earnestly requested by the Canadian Missionary Alliance to accompany their published report. It proved, strange to say, one of the best likenesses he ever had taken, although more stern in expression than was common to him.

The weeks spent in Philadelphia were especially enjoyable. Our friends, knowing our love for music, and our hunger for it after our sojourn in the most unmusical of all lands, had arranged that we should attend one after another delightful concerts, and also lectures and entertainments of various kinds. After being "somewhat filled" with these unusual

delights, we returned to our quiet country home for a few restful weeks, and to make our final preparations for returning to China.

On the 4th of February Dr. Nevius had written to his mother from Philadelphia: "After so much rest and visiting we begin to feel that we ought to be back at our life-work in China. Our greatest trial will be to leave you, dear mother. But we must work while the day lasts. Very soon we shall meet never to part again."

Fully realizing that they should not meet again on earth, Dr. Nevius and his mother were much together during this last summer. There was not a trace of gloom or sadness in their intercourse. They most thoroughly enjoyed the present, and their anticipations of the meeting in the home above were so real that the future had no dread for either of them.

One incident of the summer of 1892 was of anything but a pleasant nature. My husband was driving a mettlesome young horse through the streets of our village, when a dog rushed out and frightened it. "Bertha," the mare, gave a wild bound which broke the shafts off short, and one sharp end pierced her side. Wild with pain and terror, she leaped into the air, and, like a great flying creature, alighted on the top of a covered wagon wherein sat a half-drunken countryman. Down crashed the vehicle in a mass of débris, in the midst of which were the man and the horse. My husband called to the villagers to lend a hand, but for the instant no one moved. Spectators who saw it said they never knew a braver and more daring act than when Dr. Nevius sprang to the horse's head, seized the broken bit, and by force of muscle restrained the mad animal from the plunge she was about to make; while his well-known voice soothed and quieted her, so that she allowed herself to be extricated from the mass of wheels and springs and carriage-seats, and led away not materially hurt, and not even much to blame for what had

occurred. As for the man in the broken carriage, he was not seriously injured, and perhaps considered that the heavy "damages" Dr. Nevius at once paid him for the broken carriage were easily earned.

After a weary, anxious evening's watching for my husband's return home, I saw our serving-man leading "Bertha" home. "What does this mean?" I cried in great alarm; to which he replied, "Oh, there has been a little fracas; but the doctor is not hurt, and will soon be home." My husband considered this one of the most narrow escapes from death in all his life, and we were filled with gratitude for God's preserving mercy. One thing which I remember in connection with it was my husband's unwillingness that his beautiful young horse should be thought the least to blame for the adventure. He felt almost grateful to her for not having behaved worse under the circumstances, and told me with much feeling how glad she seemed to be to hear his voice and feel the pressure of his hand when quivering from head to foot with fright.

In making the journey across the American continent we decided upon the Canadian route, and, in order to shorten the distance by rail, went first by the great lakes Huron and Superior, through Sault Ste. Marie to Fort William, and from there to Vancouver, stopping a few days for rest at beautiful Banff.

We sailed in the "Empress of China" on the 18th of September, 1892. There were many missionaries on board, most of them young, and going for the first time to the mission field. In spite of storms and many discomforts, it was their custom to assemble every evening in an after-cabin, where, at the close of evening prayers, they listened to an address, usually from Dr. Nevius, on various subjects connected with missionary work. He had a special gift in answering questions, and on these informal occasions it gave him great pleasure to reply to the many queries of his listeners, who were, he knew, actuated

by no idle curiosity as they asked him of this or that connected with the untried life upon which they were soon to enter. I am sure many of them will recall those evenings as times of special profit and pleasure. Among the young missionaries were several under appointment to the province of Shantung. Of these the Rev. F. W. Jackson, Jr., became an inmate of our family; he was almost like a son to Dr. Nevius, and was the kindest and most helpful of friends to me all through the sad days of 1893 and the weary months which followed.

We made no stay in Japan, and were only a few days in Shanghai. On the evening before leaving there for Chefoo we were invited to dine at the house of Rev. J. M. W. Farnham, D.D., to meet some travelers from the United States, of whom every one spoke in the highest terms. The following day they went on board their steamer, the "Bokhara," *en route* for Hongkong, on their journey round the world. The evening after they encountered a terrible typhoon, in which the noble ship went down; and they, with nearly all on board, were lost. We did not hear of this awful event until after reaching our home; but the violent storm followed us also all the passage to Chefoo, and it was, I think, the roughest voyage we ever made. Our steamer pitched and tossed in the wildest way, and we were thankful indeed when the graceful hills of Shantung came into view and we glided into the still waters of Chefoo Bay. This was on October 13th, just six weeks from the day we left our home in Seneca County, New York.

Our Chinese friends were awaiting us at the jetty, the faithful servants with sedan chairs and coolies for our luggage; and in half an hour's time we were at our dear "Southern Loft." The sun shone brightly, the doors and windows were wide open, the garden was full of chrysanthemums and autumn roses and China asters, and it was home! Kind neighbors had seen to it that our house was in good order; and when they came themselves with loving welcomes it was really very

like heaven to us all. And so commenced our last and happiest year on earth.

But was it that heaven was too near, and one of our number too ready for the still happier life above, that a deep sorrow and a cause of great anxiety at once developed itself? We had known before leaving the United States that something was amiss with my husband's heart. Perhaps the excitement of getting home, and the press of work which necessarily came upon him, were too much for him; for many symptoms of serious heart-affection immediately became apparent, and we could not fail to realize the danger. Still his general health remained good, and he was bright and cheerful; and when, after a few weeks, he was decidedly better, we hoped all might still be well, or at least that the evil day might be far, far distant. Intensely happy in the present, how could we realize that so soon it would be over?

On the 8th of November, 1892, Dr. Nevius wrote to a friend in the United States as follows:

"I need hardly tell you that we were very busy the first two or three weeks after our arrival. We had hardly got settled when the meeting of Presbytery began. It presented serious difficulties in adjusting the relations between the native churches and the native pastors, and gave further evidence of the folly and impracticability of trying to introduce fully developed modern Presbyterianism in Shantung quite yet. The scheme for the support of the native pastors which has been on trial for two years was discontinued unanimously. The meeting evinced a kindly and harmonious spirit on the part of foreigners and natives, with, however, a great deal of foreign and native human nature. The outlook is on the whole very encouraging. There were over five hundred accessions to the churches within the bounds of this Presbytery during this year. . . .

"The mission meeting is now being held at Tung-chow. I

abstained from going, as my good wife and Dr. Corbett thought that one meeting such as we have just had was quite enough for me, with my imperfectly restored health. . . . It is most pleasant to be in our own dear home again. . . .”

In the last letter which I find addressed to the mission rooms in New York is this: “. . . Everything is quiet and peaceful here. I am glad to be able to say that my health is much better. I have plenty of important work to do of a literary character, and am constantly tempted to go beyond my strength. With my wife’s help, however, I think I am getting on pretty well.”

CHAPTER XL

THE LAST YEAR

IN the Missionary Conference at Shanghai committees were appointed, as has been said, for the translation and revision of the Bible in both the classic language of China and the Mandarin. It was a great happiness to Dr. Nevius to serve on the latter. Without disparaging the importance of the "Wen-li" version, he felt a special interest in the Mandarin. In the precarious state of his health he could no longer undertake rough tours in the country; but this quiet work of translation he felt well able to do, and having to study continually and critically God's blessed Word was to him a constant delight. It gave me much pleasure that he allowed me to assist him in it in certain ways. I do not think he lost one day in his study for many consecutive months. There were on this Mandarin committee in all seven persons. The New Testament was apportioned in such a manner that, after doing his own task, each translator read and criticized that of each of the others. My husband's part was St. Luke's Gospel, eighth chapter to the twenty-third, and the Epistle of St. James, third chapter, to Revelation, second chapter, inclusive. He had finished his allotment by or before the close of September, and was engaged in the revision of another's work early in October of 1893.

In April of this year my husband's brother, Rev. R. D. Nevius, D.D., came to us in extreme ill health from the west

coast of the United States, in the hope that a sea-voyage and the change might restore him. This hope was realized, and at the end of five months he returned to America, and is now comparatively well. For more than forty years the brothers had seldom met, and it was a kind providence which brought them together again in the far-away home of the one, even though the flight of time and different environments had made them as unlike as brothers often are. Still they were alike in many things. Neither had changed at all in, for instance, his love of poetry; and many pleasant evenings were spent listening to "Dr. Reuben" reading Tennyson or the Brownings, or to "Dr. John" reading or reciting from Shakespeare or Byron, or his old favorite, "Gertrude of Wyoming." "Dr. Reuben" liked also to interest his plodding brother in the marvels of nature through the microscope, and to get his assistance in studying the flora or the geology of this new, strange land. Sometimes they would go off boating on the bay, crossing over to the bluffs for a picnic; but such outings were not frequent—time was too precious and work too pressing.

One of my husband's characteristics was that of always keeping his house and grounds in good repair. In the early spring of 1893 he had the roof of the "Nan-lou" entirely taken off; new timbers replaced imperfect ones, and new tiles covered the whole, making it ready, he believed, for another twenty years' use. He did this because he wished to save trouble to any one else, and fully realizing the probability that another year he might not be there.

Many strangers were at Chefoo in the summer of 1893, and there were frequent meetings among the missionaries for prayer and conference. These were held at private houses or at the chapel in the settlement. There lies before me a letter from one of these summer guests, who wrote to Dr. Nevius as follows: "I am sending you a few lines because I have had a message laid upon my heart to deliver to you, and I believe it

has been placed there by the Lord, and that I should fail in duty if I left Chefoo keeping back what the Master asked me to speak out. The message was: Could you start, as the Lord should guide regarding time, place, etc., a meeting for united pleading with God, in believing prayer, for definite personal blessing, to the end that the Lord's work might be revived in Chefoo, and that workers from other parts might go back to their different spheres of labor anointed with power from on high? The Monday afternoon meetings were most enjoyable and stimulating. The two meetings considering how to raise the spiritual life in the native church proved clearly that the most effective way to help the native Christians was to get our own souls revived. . . . Pardon the liberty I take in writing this letter. I should not have done it were it not that the Lord has pressed me in spirit so to do; and, if I might judge from the tenor of your address and prayer at the meeting in your house on Monday afternoon, I should think that you are in the deepest sympathy with the subject-matter of this note. . . ."

To this letter my husband sent the following reply:

"CHEFOO, October 5, 1893.

"MY DEAR BROTHER: I thank you most heartily for your very kind fraternal letter, written to me just before you left Chefoo. I thank the good Lord, too, for the feelings and leadings which resulted in your writing it. Yes, I was very much interested in the meetings to which you refer, and I think I may say that I certainly received much spiritual benefit from those meetings, and that we have still the evidence of Christ's continued presence with us here. I doubt not that your prayers for us have been answered. What a privilege it is thus to help each other in the divine life!

"After talking with Dr. D—— about the practicability of all getting together for united prayer, we decided that, as we

have so many meetings already, this would not be desirable, as the missions are so far apart. We have a mission meeting for prayer every Thursday evening. It was agreed that, though separated as to place, we should unite in one purpose, praying for a new baptism of God's Spirit, and a great blessing upon our work. Our meetings have been very refreshing and strengthening. Our monthly union prayer-meeting has continued to be full of interest and profit.

"The friends whose Christian fellowship we enjoyed so much during the past summer have left, or are about to leave us. May God bless them all, and prepare all his servants in China for a richer blessing than, in our weak faith, we have dared to hope for. Thanking you again for your letter, I remain,

"Yours in Christian fellowship and hope,
"JOHN L. NEVIUS."

It was arranged that in the autumn of 1893 Rev. F. W. Jackson, Jr., should accompany Dr. Nevius on his tour among the stations and churches, and that together they should attend the mission meeting at Wei-hien, and also an important conference of the missionaries of Shantung, which was to take place at the Baptist Mission in Ching-chow fu. I hoped the change, with constant exercise in the open air, would do my husband good, and I knew the meeting with old friends, native and foreign, would give him great pleasure; so I cheerfully helped forward the preparations for leaving, which are so unlike anything we have in Western lands. There is, first, bedding suited to the capacity of the pack-saddle or the wheelbarrow to be arranged for; then cooking-utensils and a few dishes; certain sorts of food, such as tinned meats and canned milk; books, writing materials, and tracts or Chinese books for distribution; and last, but not least important, the money for the way. This is usually silver, chopped in pieces of the

size most likely to be required, with a small supply of copper *cash*, which is bulky and heavy.

On Wednesday, the 18th of October, Dr. Nevius was more busy than usual, having not only to attend to many matters preparatory to his departure on the morrow for himself or for me, but he also had not a little to do for others. In the forenoon he rode to the settlement to attend a committee meeting of which he was chairman, having in charge the newly established local post-office of Chefoo. In the afternoon he was obliged to ride again to the settlement, and when at home he was constantly occupied with calls from the natives, arranging and assorting and putting in place things he would require on his journey. The evening was spent in my room, where I was obliged to stay on account of a bronchial attack and loss of voice. He was settling accounts and weighing silver. He was in good spirits, talking in the most cheerful way, and not a trace of anxiety was apparent, although he felt so very tired—more tired, he said, than he remembered to have been in a year before. The next morning, although not ill, he was still unrested. After breakfast he came upstairs, and telling me that he felt tired, said he would take a little nap before Chinese prayers. I went with him to the room opposite mine, where I thought he would be more quiet, covered him up warmly on the bed, and left him to rest while I went to finish some work for him on which I was engaged. Very soon he came back to me, and throwing himself down on my couch, handed me his watch and asked me to feel his pulse. It was strangely intermittent, and at times scarcely perceptible. I said little, but asked if I might send for his physician, to know from him if he ought still to think of going to the country while feeling so far from well. He consented, and I wrote my letter. A few minutes later he arose and went into our little home chapel for morning prayers. There were present, besides Miss Bainbridge and Mr. Jackson, our servants and a few other

native Christians. On the previous day he had read and commented upon the first part of the second chapter of the First Epistle to the Thessalonians. On this day he finished it, explaining it with great sweetness and tenderness, and at the end closing, as usual, with a prayer.

On returning to the house he seated himself at his desk, upon which lay his Bibles, with commentaries and lexicons which he used in his translation work. After a time Dr. Douthwaite arrived, and Dr. Nevius met him at the gate. As they did not immediately come to my room, I ran hastily down the stairs to the study. I heard the fall of a chair, or some slight unusual noise, and as I entered the door was startled to see my husband lying on his back on the floor in front of his desk, and Dr. Douthwaite sitting beside him. In answer to my question he said, "Dr. Nevius has fainted from over-exertion." At the doctor's request I ran away to fetch some brandy, being gone but one moment. Then I kneeled beside my husband, taking his dear head in my arms and calling him by name; but there was not one faint trace of consciousness. He neither saw me nor heard me. The strange, far-away look—the look of death—was already there, and I needed not to be told, "It is all over." At the same moment there came to me, as if a voice had spoken them, the words, "An answered prayer!" and I remembered how often in the days gone by I had prayed my dear Lord never to allow my noble husband to suffer decay of mind or body or long-continued pain, and had almost promised to thank him for the mercy should he hear my prayer. Oh, how little I knew what that answer would cost me! And yet, even in that moment when I realized that I was alone and the light had gone from my life, God kept me from breaking my word to him or rebelling against him; and there was no bitterness in my grief, for I never questioned his goodness nor his love, either to him whom he had taken to himself or to me.

When Dr. Douthwaite and my husband entered the study together, the former, seeing that Dr. Nevius looked ill, asked him to lie down on the sofa. "No," he replied; "we will go upstairs to my wife in a moment." The doctor asked him how he had slept the night before, and he answered, "Well; better, even, than usual." He arranged things a little on his desk, then turned to Dr. Douthwaite with a smile, and had opened his lips to speak, when his head fell slightly forward. In that instant his happy spirit soared away to the presence of his Saviour.

All through this day foreign and Chinese friends came and went, pausing a moment beside him whom they loved, then going away weeping, while he lay resting so sweetly, with a look of perfect peace on his dear face, sleeping the blessed sleep which God gives to his beloved. It can never seem to me that my husband died; he only went away. No, he did not die; he entered into life.

Friends were kind to me—more than kind; but the shock brought on a long and dreadful illness, and for weeks it seemed that I should soon go to him who would never return to me, and I could not wish to live when life was so changed. Then I was told that it was my duty to live, God willing, to write the story of my husband's life. Many friends began to pray that I might do this work both in English and in Chinese, and I was made able to say, "Father, if it seemeth good in thy sight, I will take up again the burden of life, and do whatever thou givest me to do."

If I have, in writing this little book, been able to show how near one of God's children lived to him; how Christ-like he became; how happy, bright, and joyous is a life lived in the conscious presence of Christ, and how powerful for good; if I have made it clear that the Christ-life is the true life, and that a missionary's life is perhaps the brightest and happiest of all, then I thank God, who has spared my life and to such

a degree restored my health, and has, as I believe, written through me this record of my husband's life.

My husband's funeral took place on the afternoon of Friday, October 20th. There was first a service in the Chinese chapel, conducted by Dr. Corbett and Dr. Douthwaite; and afterward Bishop Scott and Rev. M. Greenwood read the Church of England burial service at the grave, after which Dr. Corbett made some beautiful and appropriate remarks and pronounced the benediction. Two hymns were sung, one of which was my husband's favorite:

“ Now the laborer's task is o'er;
 Now the battle-day is past;
 Now upon the farther shore
 Lands the voyager at last.
 Father, in thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

.

“ ‘ Earth to earth, and dust to dust,’
 Calmly now the words we say;
 Left behind, we wait in trust
 For the resurrection day.
 Father, in thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now thy servant sleeping.”

Beautiful flowers sent by loving, sorrowing friends covered the coffin and the grave. The day was warm and balmy. This lower world was very beautiful, and some rays from the glory beyond streamed through the opened door. I knew that “to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord” was, for him who had left me, “far better.”

The cemetery of Chefoo lies on the western declivity of the hill upon which are the “Nan-lou” and other houses of the Presbyterian Mission. Toward the west is an extended land view of fields and ravines, villages and hamlets. On the other side is the long beach with the bluffs beyond, and the city of



THE CEMETERY AT CHEFOO. DR. NEVIUS' GRAVE NEAR THE TWO CROSSES AT THE RIGHT.

Chefoo, and the hill in the foreign settlement. Many years ago we chose for our own a plot of ground on the highest terrace of the cemetery, at that time almost unoccupied. Now some of our dearest friends are resting there. The evergreens which my husband planted have grown well, and sweet, bright flowers cluster over and around the grave where I shall soon place a monument. On the reverse side will be an inscription in Chinese ; on the front will be this :

REV. JOHN LIVINGSTON NEVIUS, D.D.,

BORN IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, MARCH 4, 1829;

DIED IN CHEFOO, OCTOBER 19, 1893.

FOR FORTY YEARS

A FAITHFUL, LOVING, DEVOTED MISSIONARY TO THE CHINESE.

“ They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars
for ever and ever.”

“ For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.”

APPENDIX

THE Chinese Christians who were awaiting the coming of their beloved teacher at the meetings in Wei-hien, or in their country homes, where he was to visit them, were stunned and heartbroken when they heard of his death. I was somewhat anxious as to the effect it might have upon them, and was relieved to know that it seemed to them a mark of God's special favor that he had been taken suddenly and painlessly away from earth. They called it a translation rather than a death. They wrote me many kind letters, assuring me of their constant prayers, and of their continual remembrance of their pastor's instructions, and their determination to live so that they might meet him in the Saviour's presence. The following is one of these letters. It is from Mr. Yang Yiu-shin, one of the most useful and exemplary of our native Christians. He wrote :

“This autumn the word reached us that Dr. Nevius was coming to visit us, and I and all the brethren were delighted. Without ceasing we prayed for his speedy arrival. Who could have thought that just in the time of our happy expectation, on the fifteenth day of the tenth month, suddenly word should come that our teacher had been called away to the Lord ! We were grieved to the depths of our hearts, our hopes having thus in a moment come to naught ! We remembered all the years which have passed when he cared for us

and taught us and helped us, and his deep love for us; and when we knew that we could never see his face again, we grieved more and more.

“But then Yang Hin-lin came to tell us about the way in which God had received our teacher to himself (bringing also the pictures of him as he lay sleeping in death), and we knew that he had been taken away, just like the holy men of old, without any suffering or ‘bitterness,’ in one moment of time called to his rest; and so we knew that it was certainly because our Lord could not bear to leave our teacher longer here below to endure pain and weariness that at the very time when he was starting on another hard journey in the country he was taken away, leaving behind him all care and sorrow, going to eternal rest in the presence of the Lord.

“But now we grieve for Mrs. Nevius. We know how weak she is, and how often she is ill. How can she bear this grief and loneliness! But it is the Lord’s will. In a short time Mrs. Nevius, and we too, shall all go where we shall see our teacher, and be together with Christ.

“Now there is nothing more that the ‘younger brother’ can do or say, but only with the other Christians constantly and earnestly pray for Mrs. Nevius.

“All the Christians wish Mrs. Nevius ‘golden peace.’

“YANG YIU-SHIN.”

The pictures referred to in this letter were photographs which were taken by the Rev. George S. Hays the day after my husband’s death. He was lying on a sofa with many flowers about him, and on his dear face was a look of perfect peace. It seemed to our Chinese friends a mirroring forth of “the peace of God, which passeth all understanding,” and these photographic pictures gave them great comfort. They asked that one of their number might be allowed to go around to all of the distant stations to tell them the particulars of their

friend's removal from earth, and also to carry the likenesses to show them, which request I willingly granted.

One of the native Christians, a man from a country station, said to me: "I think God has given Mrs. Nevius this great sorrow, and has spared her life, in order that she may live among us and show us how we ought to bear affliction." I will praise God if he helps me thus to do.

During the long illness which followed my husband's death the native Christians were more or less at my bedside. I cannot forget the beautiful way in which one of our barrowmen one day spoke to me, even though there was in his words a slight rebuke. Seeing me constantly weeping, he said: "Mrs. Nevius, you think too little of your husband's happiness! Our Saviour said, 'Come unto me, ye weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.' Dr. Nevius had worked very, very hard, harder than most men, and he was weary; and now the Lord Jesus has given him rest. The pastor used to say to us Christians in the country, 'This is a beautiful world, very beautiful indeed; but heaven is more beautiful still;' and that is where Dr. Nevius has gone; you ought not to be so sad!"

At other times he would relate incidents connected in some way with my husband, knowing well that just then nothing else could interest me. Once he said: "On one of our tours we were going over a long raised causeway as high as this ceiling, when, from striking against a stone, the barrow with Dr. Nevius in it, the mule which was dragging it, and we men who were steadying it, all rolled over and over to the very bottom of the embankment. We supposed some one must certainly be hurt, and the contents of the barrow ruined, but to our delight a broken plate or two was all the damage done. It was a lonely place away off among the hills, and no one was in sight. When we had got things all to rights, Dr. Nevius said, 'Now let us thank God for our preservation;' and we knelt down

and prayed." Another day he told me the following: "We were nearing the end of a hard day's journey, when the mule stepped on my foot, hurting it very much, so that it was with difficulty I could walk and pull the wheelbarrow. We tried to get some one to take my place, but when we could not do so I said, 'Never mind; I can get on.' But Dr. Nevius said, 'No, you shall not do such work when you are suffering;' and in spite of me he took my place in the barrow and dragged it until we reached the next station. The Christians there had heard of our approach, and a dozen or more came out to meet us. When they saw the pastor harnessed in his own wheelbarrow they begged to take his place. But he would not permit it, and so they all ran along with laughter and fun until we reached the house where we were to spend the night."

Such little acts of kindness endeared Dr. Nevius to his native friends, who in turn rendered him loving, grateful service. The "wheelbarrow-man" who told me these anecdotes had been with him for many years, conscientious and faithful even before he became a Christian. It was he who lay upon the floor at his master's side on the night before we laid the dear body in its last resting-place; and ever since he has watched the grave, keeping fresh cut flowers upon it, and others growing at its side.

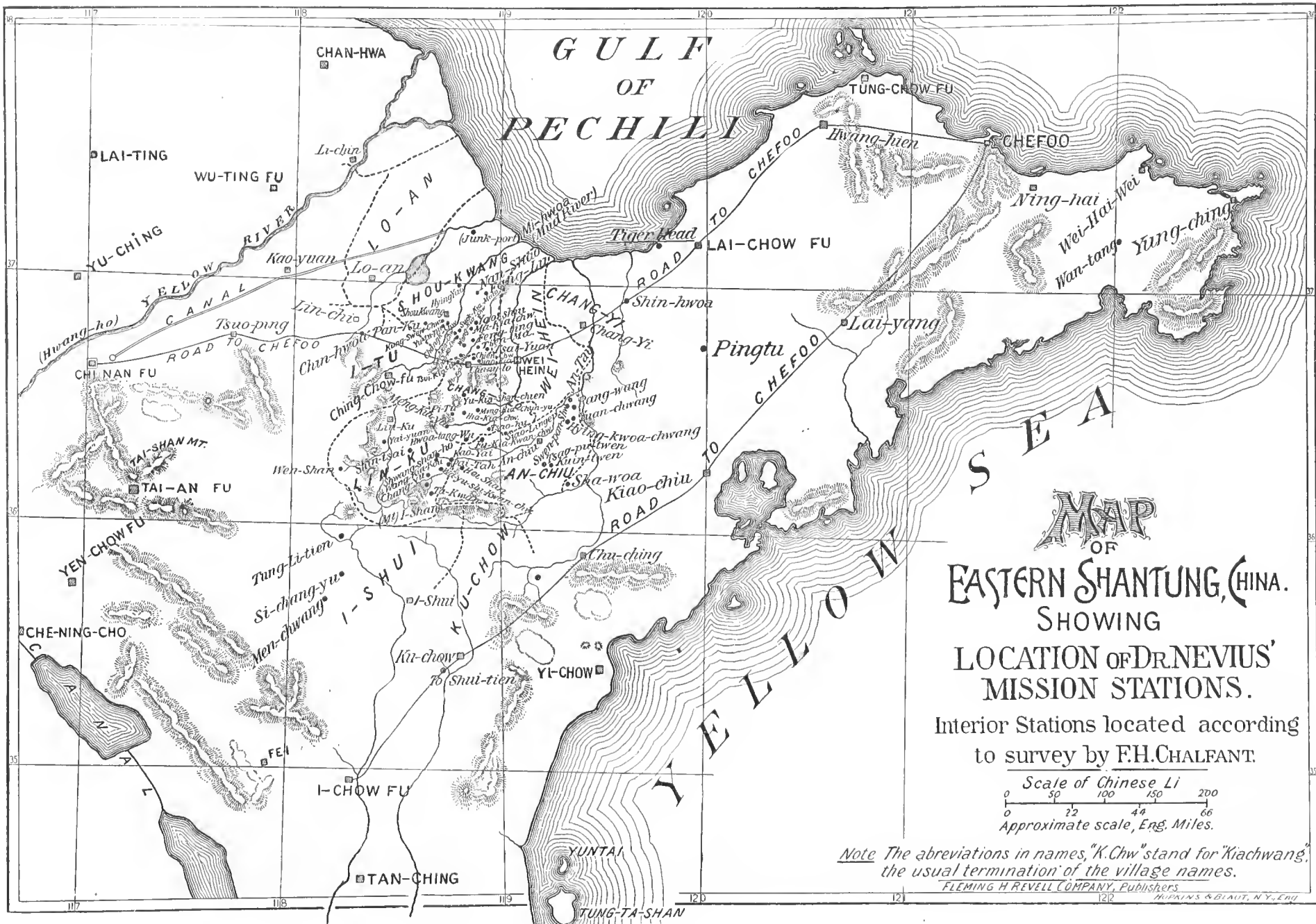
It has occurred to me that some readers of this history of my husband's life may have been disappointed that I have not given any summary of the results of his work. I would fain believe—I do believe—that the influence of his sweet, consistent, conscientious life has but just begun. Still, had I been writing where I had access to certain statistics, I might have been able to give with some accuracy the number of persons baptized by him, the number of stations he established in various places, and also the number of books and tracts prepared by him. In either his journal or some early letter he

wrote, "Oh that God would permit me to be the means of the conversion of one soul!" Without doubt he was the instrument in God's hands of bringing many hundreds to a knowledge of himself. But I think he may have felt that it was not well for him to allow himself to keep a close record of the number of conversions of which he may have been the means, directly or indirectly, nor of the baptisms administered by him, nor, indeed, of any sort of work which he was privileged to do, lest it might minister to that spiritual pride which missionaries are no more exempt from than are other men. Hundreds of persons in his outstations have been baptized by other missionaries during his absences. He seldom spoke of "numbers," and I doubt, if he had wished to do so, whether he could have told exactly how many persons he had baptized. I think his feeling was that he was in China not so much to baptize as to preach the gospel.

His literary work was more than ordinarily successful, and will prove of permanent value. Knowing as I did my husband's indifference to these matters, I have not cared particularly to seek for statistics for insertion here. I hope their absence will not be considered a serious blemish in my work.

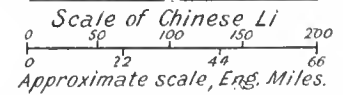
And now that God has permitted me to complete in English this record of my husband's life, I hope to return at once to my China home, to fulfil my promise to many Chinese friends to give them in their own language a memoir of their dear friend and pastor. It will not be a translation of this English book, nor in any sense a reproduction of it. Doubtless it must be much shorter, and I shall try to adapt it to the special wants of the Chinese. Much which to English readers is of interest an Oriental would not appreciate. For instance, a Chinaman's ideas of dignity and decorum would possibly be offended by the playfulness and boyishness which gave such a charm to the real every-day life of my husband. They indeed felt that charm in personal intercourse, but I doubt if his most

admiring disciples would like their hero depicted in a way which would remove him so far from the studied precision, the almost awful solemnity which apparently hedged about their "holy men of old." My task is to be no easy one. But, difficult as it is, I am sure that God will give the help I need, if it is his will that I should do the work.



MAP
OF
EASTERN SHANTUNG, CHINA.
SHOWING
LOCATION OF DR. NEVIUS'
MISSION STATIONS.

Interior Stations located according
to survey by F.H. CHALFANT.



Note The abbreviations in names, "K.Chw" stand for "Kiachwang",
the usual termination of the village names.

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