

W. W. CASSELS

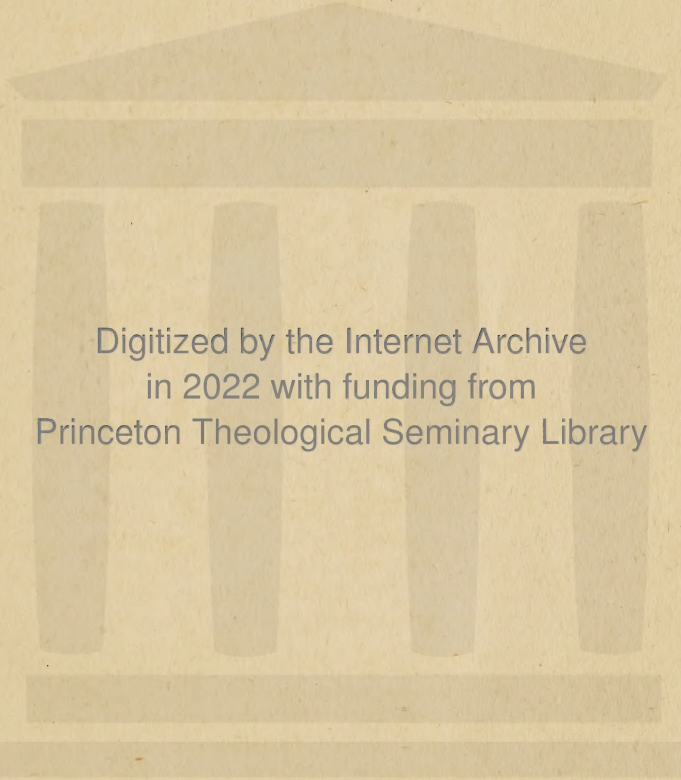
FIRST BISHOP IN
WESTERN CHINA

蓋士利



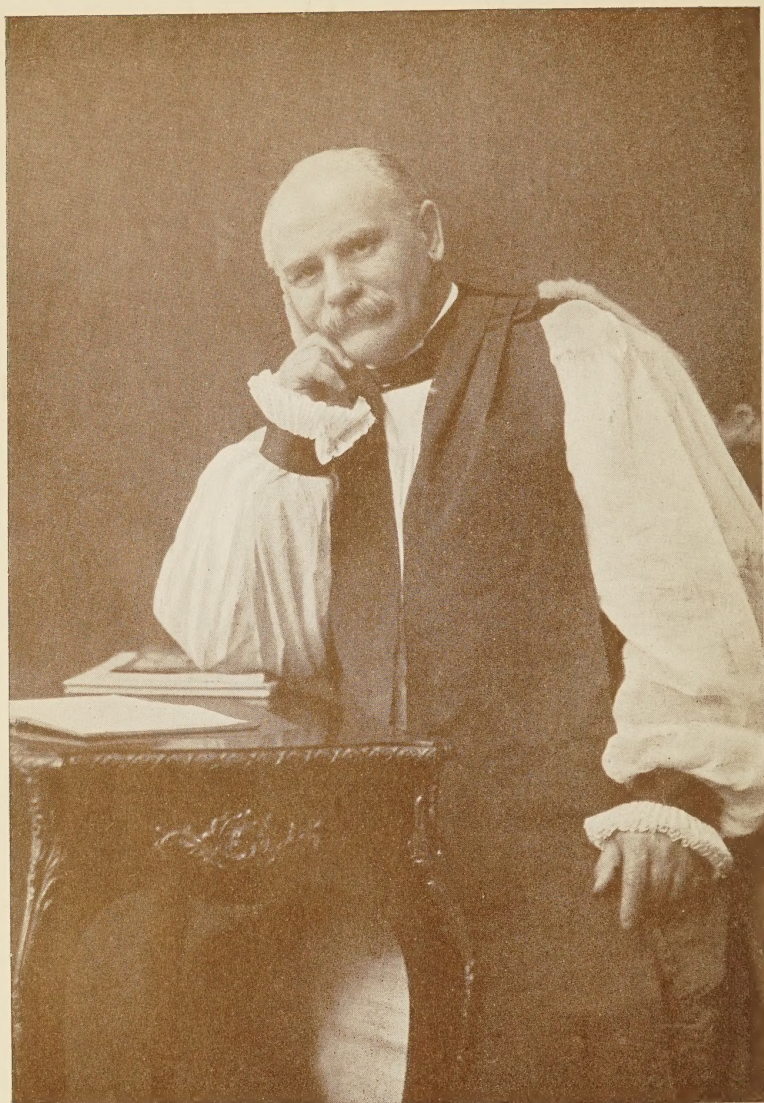
Division

BV 3427 .C3 B7
Broomhall, Marshall, 1866-
W. W. Cassels, first bishop
in Western China



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Princeton Theological Seminary Library

W. W. CASSELS

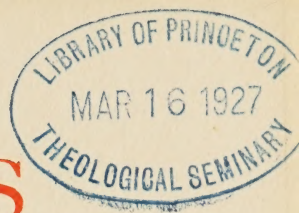


Photograph by

Russell & Sons.

W. W. Cassels
Ph.

Frontispiece.



W. W. CASSELS

FIRST BISHOP IN WESTERN CHINA

'DILIGENT IN BUSINESS; FERVENT IN SPIRIT; SERVING THE LORD'

WITH PORTRAITS
ILLUSTRATIONS & MAP



By
MARSHALL BROOMHALL, M.A.

EDITORIAL SECRETARY OF THE CHINA INLAND MISSION

THE CHINA INLAND MISSION, LONDON
PHILADELPHIA, TORONTO, MELBOURNE AND
SHANGHAI.
AGENTS: THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY
4 BOUVERIE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4 . . . 1926

WESTERN CHINA

FIRST BISHOP IN
WESTERN CHINA

THE CHINA BIBLE SOCIETY
THE CHINA BIBLE SOCIETY
THE CHINA BIBLE SOCIETY

Printed in Great Britain by R. & R. CLARK, LIMITED, Edinburgh.

TO
THE CHURCH IN CHINA
THIS RECORD
OF
A STALWART PIONEER
IS
DEDICATED

Great is love, and a great good in every way ; for it alone maketh every burden light, and every rough place smooth.

For it carries a burden without being burdened, and makes all that is bitter sweet and savoury.

The noble love of Jesus spurs us on to do great things, and excites us always to long after that which is more perfect.

Love feels no burden, thinks not of labours, would willingly do more than it can, complains not of impossibility, because it thinks that it may and can do all things.

It is equal, therefore, to anything ; and it performs and bringeth many things to pass, where he that loves not faints and fails.—*Imitatio Christi*.

TRIBUTES

To print all the tributes of love and reverence paid to Bishop Cassels is impossible ; to make a selection is full of difficulty, but the following appreciations from His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, four China Bishops and two Chinese Clergy may be allowed to stand as representative of the many, and in place of a Foreword.

FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

The death of Bishop Cassels removes from among us one of the very foremost Missionaries of our time. The work which he has done is not of a perishable sort, and it must have affected the life of a very large number of people. He rests from his labours and his works do follow him. I have known him ever since his consecration some thirty years ago, and I have always esteemed my interviews with him as privileges of a very sacred kind. . . .

His work has been of the simple straightforward kind, with the bringing of the Gospel of Christ to the heathen folk who are ready to listen. I have again and again been impressed by his quiet unassuming perseverance and by the power he has shown of what missionary work in its most apostolic form can be.

FROM THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP F. R. GRAVES

We met for the first time in 1897. . . . The things which impressed me most about him were his deep seriousness, the depth and reality of his personal religious life, his

loyalty to his Church, and his unfailing good judgment and common sense.

He seemed to me almost too serious, there was always a sense of strain and tension about him. One used to wish that he could relax a little. I used to think that this tension and reserve were due partly to natural disposition, but more largely to the weight of work and responsibility which always rested upon him, and to the fact that he was so far away in Szechwan.

Naturally, the way in which I knew him best was by working with him in the General Synod and in Committees. He never spoke much or often, but what he said carried weight always. We all felt that we wished that he were nearer so that we could consult him oftener on difficult problems of mission work. And one always recognised that his wisdom in counsel and his remarkable administration of his diocese were founded on a deep personal religion. He seemed a saintly man, not of the weak sort that is so often taken for saintliness, but of the silent and strong kind that does God's work in this world and makes no show.

FROM THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP HERBERT J. MOLONY

The Bishop's life was an inspiration to many and to me. It was the farewell meeting of the "Cambridge Seven" at Cambridge in 1885, and particularly Stanley Smith's address that evening, that was God's call to me to the foreign field, and I remember after the meeting walking back to College with Mr. Cassels. His long period of heroic work in the far West has given one of its high points to the history of missionary enterprise, and his wise and patient meeting of problems and difficulties has always been a great help and a steadying and inspiring example to us all.

FROM THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP LOGAN H. ROOTS

I cannot express at all adequately my sense of loss in his death. Ever since I came to China, and indeed before I came, I have known of him and thought of him as a typical example of what the missionary of the Cross of Christ should be. For many years we have worked together in various ways in the Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hwei, and my visit to Szechwan in 1914 has left an indelible impression upon me, not only as to Bishop Cassels' own saintly personal character, but also as to the extraordinary way in which that character has impressed itself on the work of the great diocese which he administered. I am also impressed by what I have seen since his death, that in fact his works do follow him.

FROM THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP H. W. K. MOWLL

The old man with the skull cap and spectacles on nose, busy in his study with his correspondence or interviews, giving addresses in his Chapel or Cathedral with amazing vigour and spiritual freshness, has become a fixed institution. . . .

Paoning, because he lived there, became known as the place "whither the tribes go up". Having built up the work from the beginning he had a remarkable grip on details and a mine of wisdom minted from experience. Always a reserved man, he had within a rather awe-inspiring exterior one of the kindest of hearts. None of his guests can ever forget the infinite pains he took to make them comfortable. When anyone suffered, the Bishop suffered with them. . . .

His activity was remarkable. Nobody could have called him old who saw him on the Badminton court, more than a match for many half his years, or entering whole-

heartedly into the games of his daughter's family as their idolised grandfather. . . .

A tremendous sense of duty and stern self-discipline were marked characteristics of his life. I have never met a man in whom these were so prominent ; I believe it to be a literal fact that he never thought of himself. His work, to which he constantly remembered God had called him, was the passion of his life. He had no hobbies, and found mental relaxation increasingly difficult. Young men meeting him for the first time were amazed at his intenseness for a man of his years. His great objective was the evangelisation of the district over which he had been set. His great gifts of organisation were subordinated to that end. Much else might be useful. Nothing must ever crowd evangelisation out. He came to understand the Chinese as few foreigners do. He could disentangle complicated situations and put them right as few others were able to do.

He was a masterful man. No one could be more tenacious than he was when his mind was made up. He was extraordinarily shy. It created a barrier which he felt much more acutely even than the rest of us. He was very humble. I had heard his humility spoken of long before I met him, but to work with him for three years was to see what real humility was. . . .

His devotion to Mrs. Cassels and hers to him were very beautiful to witness. He considered her in every way, and she "reverenced her husband". Mrs. Cassels lived for the Bishop, and her personality tended to be lost sight of in his. Her courage in the frequent long separations, her bravery in facing the hardships of the early days to which he so often referred, her faithfulness in carrying on her four weekly women's classes year in and year out for nearly forty years must never be forgotten.

The Chinese speak of the Bishop's entire absence of fear. . . .

But even more noteworthy was his confidence in his fellow-workers. Others faced with some of his difficulties would have cut the knot quickly and lost a worker. The Bishop had infinite long-suffering and patience with hope. No testimony at his funeral was more touching than that of a prominent Chinese helper, who said when others had lost faith in him he had lost faith in himself; it was the Bishop's implicit trust in him which brought him back.

These traits are rays of light on the inner sanctuary. Day by day he walked with God. A life of prayer was second nature to him. How many have been prayed out to the field by him. His knowledge of his Bible was remarkable. His love for the Lord, so constantly evidenced, warmed many a cold heart. . . .

FROM THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON KU

(Translated)

*What great virtue ! What great love !
 He took the great responsibility of saving souls.
 He toiled day and night to give people education.
 He climbed high mountains, crossed deep seas, and
 suffered hardship and taught men.
 Released were the poor ; enlightened were the ignorant.
 He preached the Gospel in China over forty years and
 travelled far and wide beyond the ordinary capacity.
 So humble that he never thought much about himself ;
 So wise that he always understood " what was in man " .
 How many men can rank with him ?
 Terrible to be numbered with transgressors !
 We are not only to number converts and churches.
 " So teach us to number our days."
 Time is short. Let us be up and doing.*

FROM THE REV. K. C. YÜ

(Translated)

Bishop Cassels, of the Szechwan Diocese, died on November 7th, 1925. Eight days later Mrs. Cassels also died. The astonishing news stirred the whole Province. Both Chinese and foreigners felt the loss as greatly as if their own parents had died. Everything has changed. How sad we are.

When we, the nine thousand Christians of the Diocese, think of the hardships of the forty years which Bishop and Mrs. Cassels endured, in order to bring us to birth, of the way in which they opened up more than 400,000 li of the Diocese, we naturally feel overwhelmed with sorrow. . . .

When the Bishop came to Szechwan he found travelling bad, and the people ignorant, the slaves of the devil. However, he did not try to escape any difficulty or danger. . . .

When Bishop Cassels began to preach in Paoning the people were self-satisfied and proud, yet he continued to preach. He travelled, and worked his utmost in his earnestness, so that even iron and stones were moved by him.

By the Grace of God men were won to the Lord, and became co-workers, and so the work increased. . . .

In recent years in spite of his old age and life of hardship Bishop Cassels visited all the Diocesan districts, some trips taking him two or three months. He always decided beforehand the day on which he would arrive at a place. If it rained he would walk on, in order not to be late. As soon as he arrived at a place, after a few minutes' rest, he would begin a service for the Christians, or a Confirmation. He would encourage the Christian

workers, and discuss many important matters when he was needing rest. . . .

Bishop and Mrs. Cassels loved the Lord, they loved men. They worked hard, and accomplished a great work. They were admired by both Chinese and foreigners. They have now gone Home, hand in hand, and are rejoicing together in the Presence of their Lord. . . .

Let us trust the Lord, and save men, thus finishing the work which they would have liked to have finished. In this way their spirits will rejoice with us in heaven.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

A BIOGRAPHER, ere he completes his task, begins to feel something like an inquisitor. Probe he must to find the facts and truth. His is a sacred privilege. Of necessity he seeks admittance into the inner courts of the life of which he writes. Nothing which may be known can he afford to ignore. To all those who have so kindly and graciously introduced the writer into the Bishop's life, whether in the old home in Portugal or his recent home in Paoning, and to all those who have entrusted him with letters, often personal and confidential, we now offer grateful and appreciative thanks. Without such willing assistance our task would have been impossible.

But when all such assistance has been received there are three things which conspire to render the picture incomplete. First and foremost are the author's limitations, which are freely acknowledged. Secondly, the deepest things of a man's life are known only to himself and God. No author can pry into these. Thirdly, those things which most severely test and reveal a man's character are to be found in his contacts with other men, and yet without breach of confidence or indiscretion these cannot always be revealed. The picture must, therefore, inevitably suffer much loss in point and force by the employment of generalities, at times, instead of the living details.

Within these inescapable limitations we have

sought to tell as true a tale as we know how. Where it has been possible without wounding others we have not hesitated to state the facts. Nothing that can be published has been suppressed, and we trust no details have been distorted. A portrait or a story to be of value must be true. To make it such has been our aim, and no pains have been spared to secure accuracy. While seeking the aid of those who have been the Bishop's fellow-workers, we have not relied on memory alone, but have sought to verify or correct all such recollections by the use of original documents.

In this we have been more fortunate than we had dared to hope, for nearly two thousand autograph or typed letters have come into our hands, apart from much that has been printed or published. This material has been fairly evenly distributed over the whole of the Bishop's life in China. We have had placed at our disposal his forty years' correspondence with the China Inland Mission Executive in Shanghai ; his twenty years' correspondence with Bishop Roots in Hankow ; such annual letters and other correspondence with the Church Missionary Society as have been preserved ; some of his annual letters to Bishop Talbot, with whom he was consecrated on St. Luke's Day, 1895 ; his frequent letters to the Rev. W. H. Aldis during recent years ; some of his correspondence with his fellow-workers in the diocese, including Bishop Mowll, and a selection of letters to his wife and children, etc.

For the last twenty-one years much assistance has been received from *The Bulletin of the Diocese of Western China* with its regular letter from the Bishop, and full use has been made of all that has been published in the official organs of the Church Missionary Society and of the China Inland Mission.

To mention by name all those to whom the writer

is indebted would necessitate a long list, and we trust that without such detailed reference they will accept our whole-hearted acknowledgment here as though individually given. The author hopes there is none to whom he has not expressed his thanks by letter.

The plan adopted has been to allow the Bishop, whenever possible, to speak for himself, believing his own words to be better than those of any interpreter. We have not hesitated, therefore, to quote freely and even extensively from his correspondence.

In the editing of the letters quoted, often written under great pressure, we have expanded contractions, occasionally supplied a missing word, unified the spelling of Chinese place names according to the now generally adopted Chinese Post Office spelling, and, in agreement with the Bishop's later practice, have substituted the word "Chinese" for "native" in his earlier letters, believing he would himself desire this, since unfortunately the word "native" has, in certain connections, come to be associated with a sense of inferiority.

As the data available far exceeded expectations the book has grown to larger proportions than had been anticipated, but the chief difficulty, nay, the impossible task, has been to keep the records of so full a life within so small a compass. While the writer accepts full responsibility for what is published, it has been to him a source of much satisfaction that the proof has been read and criticised by the Rev. W. H. Aldis, the Bishop's colleague for twenty years. If any one will rejoice that the book is finished it will be he, for his office being next to the author's he has suffered many an invasion when information and counsel have been needed!

The writer cannot send forth the book without expressing his sense of privilege in being allowed to

undertake its preparation, and his gratitude to God for having been enabled to complete it. When the work was well in hand it had to be suddenly laid aside for a serious operation, and when it was nearly finished—on the very day the last two or three hundred letters of the Bishop's had been read—a sudden development of eye trouble called forth a medical prohibition against further reading. The completion of the task, involving the writing of the last five chapters and the final scrutiny of the whole, were only possible—if a prolonged delay was to be avoided—through the eyes of others. Of those who have thus kindly assisted we would especially mention Miss Ridge, who has typed the whole of the manuscript—much of it more than once—and rendered ready assistance in many another way. We are also much indebted to Miss P. A. Hocken for her skilled and generous help in preparing the index. On his debt to his wife—already irredeemable—and to his younger daughter, Dorothea, the writer will not enlarge. Without their aid, the final revision of the manuscript, undertaken during a delightful holiday in the home of a kind friend in the Isle of Wight, would have been indefinitely postponed.

May He who called and gave His servant, Bishop Cassels, to the Church in China, accept and use this volume not only to enshrine the past, but to keep alive and perpetuate the spirit and devotion of this “wise master builder”.

MARSHALL BROOMHALL.

SANDOWN, ISLE OF WIGHT,
August 1926.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
TRIBUTES	vii
AUTHOR'S PREFACE	xv
LANDMARKS	xxiii

PART I.—ANCESTRY AND THE HOME IN PORTUGAL

LIFE'S LANDSCAPE	3
CONVERGING STREAMS	5
THE HEYDAY OF YOUTH	10

PART II.—PREPARATION AND THE YEARS IN ENGLAND

REJOICING IN THE RACE	19
THE CALL OF THE CITY	28
THE CAMBRIDGE SEVEN	40

PART III.—EARLY DAYS IN NORTH CHINA

GOD FIRST	49
AMONG THE HILLS OF SHANSI	60
THE CITY OF GREAT PEACE	65

PART IV.—EARLY YEARS IN WEST CHINA

THE CALL OF THE WEST	79
THE OPENING OF THE CITY	87
LOVE TRIUMPHANT	93
BRINGING HOME HIS BRIDE	106
A WISE MASTER BUILDER	117
AN ARDENT PIONEER	128
A LOVER OF ORDER	136

	PAGE
MR. HORSBURGH'S ENTERPRISE	143
IN LABOURS MORE ABUNDANT	149
A SORROWFUL HOMEGOING	164

PART V.—FIRST BISHOP IN WESTERN CHINA

(Before the Revolution)

"LOVE'S HIGHWAY OF HUMILITY"	173
THE BISHOP AT WORK	186
THE CRUCIBLE OF CRITICISM	196
THROUGH FIRE AND WATER	207
A SPACIOUS PLACE	220
POWER TO CONTINUE	228
SOME WIDER FELLOWSHIPS	238
ORGANISATION AND REVIVAL	247
LIKE AS A FATHER	255
THE HOME	268

PART VI.—BISHOP IN WESTERN CHINA

(The Revolution and After)

THE REVOLUTION	275
THE NEW CHURCH	283
THE HILL DIFFICULTY	296
HIS LAST FURLOUGH	305
A PEN PICTURE	316
PRESSING TOWARD THE GOAL	321
HIS LAST JOURNEY	333
STEADY IN THE STORM	342
AT THE GATES OF THE CITY	351
THE MAN AND THE WORK	356
APPENDICES	363
INDEX	375

ILLUSTRATIONS

W. W. Cassels, Bishop	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	TO FACE PAGE
The Bishop's Father	6
The Bishop's Mother	8
Garden Scenes in the Oporto Home	14
W. W. Cassels as Child and Youth	22
W. W. Cassels as Curate	30
M. L. Legg as Missionary Candidate	94
Ground Plan of the Paoning Premises	112
The Home at Paoning	114
The First New Chapel	166
The Bishop's Private Chapel	166
Bishop and Mrs. Cassels with two Children	208
The Yangtze Gorges	218
Ascending a Rapid	218
The Bishop's Children	256
Autograph Letter	273
The Pro-Cathedral	290
Mrs. Cassels in mid life	306
As Grandfather	324
W. W. Cassels in later life	356

LANDMARKS

- | | |
|--------------------|---|
| 1812, August 20. | Birth of John Cassels, the Father. |
| 1821, July 13. | Birth of Ethelinda Cox, the Mother. |
| 1843, October 20. | Marriage of John Cassels and Ethelinda Cox. |
| 1858, March 11. | W. W. Cassels born. |
| 1868, March 25. | W. W. Cassels came to England. |
| 1869, February. | Father died. |
| 1869, June. | To School at Percival House, Blackheath. |
| 1873-1877. | To Repton. |
| 1877-1880. | To St. John's College, Cambridge. |
| 1882, June 4. | Ordained Deacon. |
| 1883, June 10. | Ordained Priest. |
| 1885, February 5. | Sailed for China. |
| 1885, May. | Reached Shansi, North China. |
| 1886, Christmas. | First visit to Paoning. |
| 1887, October 4. | Married to Miss Mary Louisa Legg. |
| 1893, Christmas. | Dedication of First Church in Paoning. |
| 1895, October 18. | Consecrated Bishop, St. Luke's Day. |
| 1900. | Boxer Outbreak. |
| 1900, Christmas. | Shipwrecked in Yangtze. |
| 1907, May. | Offer of Mid-China Diocese. |
| 1910. | Period of Revival. |
| 1911. | Revolution. Overthrow of Manchu dynasty. |
| 1913, November. | Invited to join C.M.S. staff in London. |
| 1914, Christmas. | Opening of Pro-cathedral. |
| 1922, June 24. | Consecration of Bishop Mowll as Assistant
Bishop. |
| 1925, Summer. | Anti-foreign outburst following Shanghai
shooting. |
| 1925, November 7. | Death of Bishop Cassels. |
| 1925, November 15. | Death of Mrs. Cassels. |

PART I

ANCESTRY AND THE HOME IN PORTUGAL

Every soul is an abyss, a mystery of love and pity. A sort of sacred emotion descends upon me whenever I penetrate the recesses of this sanctuary of man, and hear the gentle murmur of the prayers, hymns, and supplications which arise from the hidden depths of the heart. These involuntary confidences fill me with a tender pity and a religious awe and shyness. The whole experience seems to me as wonderful as poetry, and divine with the divineness of birth and dawn. Speech fails me, I bow myself and adore.—AMIEL.

LIFE'S LANDSCAPE

In this Valley our Lord formerly had His Country House. . . . Some also have wished that the next way to their Father's House were here, that they might be troubled no more with either Hills or Mountains to go over ; but the Way is the Way, and there's an end.—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

IN one of the luxuriant gardens of Portugal, amid the beauty of the flowers, John Cassels, a young man of business, and Ethelinda Cox, a charming girl still in her teens, plighted their troth. Here in this foreign clime these two builded their home, into which happy and hallowed centre was born a family of thirteen children, of which goodly company the subject of our story was the ninth child and sixth son.

In Portugal, where he was born, William Wharton Cassels spent the first ten years of his life ; in England, where he was educated, he made his home for the next sixteen or seventeen years ; while to the Land of Sinim, where he became missionary pioneer and first Bishop in Western China, he devoted the rest of his days—a period of more than forty years.

A child of the open air he revelled in the sunlit country of Northern Portugal. " Blowzed with health and wind and rain " he grew into a sturdy youth with a hearty and healthy love for sport. At Repton he took his place in the school Cricket Eleven, and became a doughty player in the school's " Rugger " ¹ team, gaining his cap of honour. At Cambridge this love of

¹ Re the " Rugger " of those days, see p. 21.

the open still prevailed, and he is remembered to-day by some of his contemporaries as a distinguished football player who only missed his "Blue" by breaking his leg in a college game.

Sturdy in mind and body he was just as robust in soul. When called to the Mission field, he devoted himself to the arduous work of a pioneer with vigour and joy. When consecrated Bishop in Western China—a diocese unique both in extent and population—grace and humility became as conspicuous in his life as his youthful love of sport had been. Aflame with a longing to see his fellow-men saved, all things were made subject to this passion. And after more than forty years of toil in and for the land of his adoption, when bitter anti-foreign feeling was inflamed and ingratitude was abroad in the land, he wrote these heart-revealing words :

It is deeply impressed on me that we must now remind ourselves again that it was not for praise or approval that we came out here. We came to follow in the steps of Him Who was despised and rejected of men, a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief. Perhaps this is one of the chief lessons we have to learn at a time when an extraordinary bitter hatred has been stirred up against us. "If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more them of His household!" He was kind to the unthankful and the evil. May we continue to do good, hoping for nothing again. At the end of my thirty years' episcopate it is far better to be thus following the Master's steps than receiving commendation and congratulations from men.

It is the story of this man's life we seek to tell ; to trace it as a bounding, bubbling burn among the hills of youth, to watch it as it deepens and strengthens its channels in early manhood, and to follow it throughout its widening way carrying blessing to countless souls, until it passes from our mortal vision into the boundless ocean of Eternity.

CONVERGING STREAMS

Be not amazed at life ; 'tis still
The mode of God with His elect,
Their hopes exactly to fulfil,
In times and ways they least expect.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

IF we would follow the streams of life which met and mingled in the Cassels' family under the sunny skies of Portugal, we must trace them to their respective sources in Scotland and the west of England. On the father's side we find the family of Cassels—originally spelt Cassillis—among the hills of Ayr and Fife in Scotland, and on the mother's side we meet the family of Cox among the valleys of West England.

For several generations the Cassels had been ship-owners at Borrowstounness on the Firth of Forth until the Bishop's great-grandfather, Andrew Cassels, moved to Leith. His son, Dr. James Cassels—the Bishop's grandfather—following the lead of so many of his countrymen, came south across the Tweed and set up as a physician at Kendal and Lancaster, where he married Mary Hodgson, the daughter of the Rev. Francis Hodgson of Bury. Kind-hearted, benevolent, and philanthropic, his thoughts were perhaps more for others than for himself and even for his own. The poor he attended free, and gave prizes to those who kept themselves off the rates.

His youngest son, John Cassels, the father of our subject, was, in consequence of his father's disregard

for this world's wealth, early plunged into the stern and hard school of life. Though of slight build physically he was a sturdy Christian, and from the first showed his strength of character by following his own convictions when called upon to mix with uncongenial companions.

When still young he was sent to Lisbon to represent his cousin Robert Hodgson of Manchester, who in those days was a well-to-do merchant with connections in Portugal. Here young John Cassels soon made friendships with men of principle like-minded with himself, with whom he helped to found a school for the children of British subjects hitherto neglected. This was no easy task, for Roman Catholic influence was strong and unfriendly. On Sundays he gave lessons to the children from the Epistles, Gospels, and Collects for the day, and at his own expense employed a scholar to translate the English Prayer Book into Portuguese, which was subsequently published by the S.P.C.K. This school existed for some forty years, the buildings now being used for the British Hospital nearby the British Episcopal Church.

After some four years in Lisbon he moved to Oporto, where he subsequently established his own business and spent the rest of his life. It was here he first met his future wife, and we must therefore leave him for the moment and turn our thoughts to the little market town of Painswick, among the Cotswold Hills in the west of England, whence his bride-to-be was to come.

Here in the old homestead of "Olivers" we shall find Ethelinda Cox, a bright and attractive girl of eighteen years of age. For many generations her people had been owners of mills for the manufacture of the famous west of England cloth, and her father was also engaged in the same trade. He was a quiet,



JOHN CASSELES.
The Bishop's Father.

To face page 6.

sturdy old English gentleman, while her mother was a woman of marked character, with a face in which strength and sweetness mingled. She lived to be ninety-two, and her grandchildren—the future Bishop among them—stood in no small awe of her.

Ethelinda Cox, though nursed in this secluded spot, had a wide and intelligent outlook upon life, for her mother, distantly related to Warren Hastings, by whom she was much admired, would talk to her of India, that great possession of the British Empire. Of her uncles, three were in the army, one in India, while another had served with Wellington in the Peninsula War and at Waterloo. And her eldest brother, John Cox,¹ was away as a missionary in India in connection with the London Missionary Society, where for the space of thirty years he lived the life of an ardent pioneer without once coming home.

One of a family of twelve—six boys and six girls—Ethelinda was a lover of the open air. In the garden of her home she reserved a small sacred spot for quiet meditation and prayer, and nothing rejoiced her more than to get away for a tramp over the Cotswold Hills—a freedom which in those days was accounted somewhat wild and unmaidenly. She was one of those who, had she been asked “When are you most yourself”, would probably have answered :

Not on glittered floors
Pattened by dancing feet,
But striding up cloudy hills,
That are redolent of peat.

In 1839, when only eighteen years of age, she bade

¹ His son, Dr. Cox, and his daughter, Miss M. E. Cox, who subsequently married Mr. Hollander, joined the ranks of the China Inland Mission. Mr. and Mrs. Hollander subsequently transferred to the American Episcopal Mission at Hankow, while Dr. Cox is to-day in charge of the C.I.M. Hospital at Jaochow.

farewell to the old home, and ventured forth to the sunlit land of Portugal. Embarking at Liverpool in a small schooner she landed at Oporto after a voyage of fifteen days.

The scene which broke upon her vision as she reached Oporto, that ancient stronghold of the Christians against the attacks of the Moors, deserves a brief description here, for not only was she to find her future home in this locality for many years to come, but the subject of our story was to be born and nurtured in these surroundings.

“Oporto stands on the steep and rocky North Bank of the Douro River, three miles from the sea. The houses, as they rise confusedly from the river’s edge, some painted in strong reds, blues, and greens, some left whitewashed, and the majority retaining the granite grey of the stone they are built with, make up a very strange and beautiful panorama ringed, as the city is, by the encircling pine-covered mountains, and many of these houses stand embowered in the greenery of gardens.”

On the south bank of the river immediately opposite, and in those days connected by a suspension bridge, is the suburb of Villa Nova de Gaya, with a smaller population and extensive wine cellars. Here the well-known port wine is made in what the English call “lodges”, which are chiefly managed by English firms.

Oporto to-day is very much modernised with electric trams, but in those times the ox-carts were the only means of transport, unless one includes the women, who carried on their heads anything from a piece of soap to a heavy trunk, a chest of drawers, or a basket containing a pair of babies. With their full skirts bunched up below the waist, with a bright coloured



ETHELINDA CASSELES.
The Bishop's Mother.

To face page 8.

shawl and a gay cotton handkerchief on the head tied under the chin, these women, with their bare feet or national *soccas*, made a picturesque scene.

It was not unnatural that Ethelinda Cox and John Cassels should meet within the somewhat limited British community of Oporto, and as already recorded they plighted their troth in the garden of a mutual friend. On October 20, 1843, they were married at Painswick from the bride's old home, whence they shortly afterwards returned to Portugal.

Into their home at Oporto, at one time north of the river and later in the southern country suburb, thirteen children were born, seven sons and six daughters, and of this goodly stock William Wharton was the ninth child and sixth son. He was born on March 11, 1858, and was baptised just a month later in the British Consulate Chapel in Oporto, his first name William being after his mother's brother in Canada, and his second name Wharton after his brothers' tutor (from Repton) who became his godfather.

It is not necessary to follow the fortunes of this large family,¹ save only to say that some adventured into the business world of South America, some founded their own homes in Portugal, the land of their birth, while others settled in the old home country of England, where their parents had been born, while one, the subject of our story, found his sphere of service in China.

¹ Of Bishop Cassels' brothers three, Walter, Herbert, and Francis, went to South America, one, John, became Chaplain in India, and two, James and Andrew, remained in Portugal, Herbert returning from South America to Portugal later. Of the six sisters, one died in infancy, four married—Mrs. Alan Watts, Mrs. Cobb, Mrs. Bayne, Mrs. Nixon—the other being Miss Bertha Cassels, whose home in England has been so much to her brother, the Bishop, and his children.

THE HEYDAY OF YOUTH

God Who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim ;
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him ;
Take the thanks of a boy.

H. C. BEECHING.

WHEN little William came as a sturdy babe into the home of John and Ethelinda Cassels at Oporto and began "with purrs and with coos to give them his views of the little world of his own", he came to be no solitary and spoiled child, for the rooms of that home were already "musical with joyous strife of children's voices and the sweet hardihood of laughter". With eight brothers and sisters older than himself he was from the first to profit by the healthy rivalry of the nursery, which was a fitting prelude to the keener competitions of the playground and the still sterner school of life.

In that sunny and salubrious climate the home into which little William was welcomed was large and bare, with delightfully spacious rooms for the warm weather, and with a large garden ending in a wood of stately pines. Here his elder brothers and sisters revelled in nature, when free from the lessons given by their tutor, and here he too learned to love the open life.

Of the home life of those joyous and care free days

we are happily able to give a living picture from the pen of his brother Francis, specially written for these pages.

Since William was only eighteen months older than myself, it can be said we were cradled together.

We belonged to a gloriously large family of thirteen, of which he was the ninth, and the sixth son. All but one reached a vigorous maturity, and ten of us were blessed with olive branches.

The rough and tumble of such a community had full scope in the unconventional surroundings of the large "quinta", in the suburbs of Oporto, where our parents resided, with its barn-like rooms, the large flower garden with a fountain in the middle, the prolific vegetable patches with here and there vines supported by tall rough-hewn stone uprights, maize plantations further out—(and how much beauty there is in each individual maize plant)—avenues of chestnut trees, and bordering the far end of the grounds, our father's cotton-printing works, which, as things were then, were considered quite a big concern.

Our good mother was a believer in fresh air ; and in such an environment, and in such a superb climate as that of the north of Portugal, and with all kinds of domestic animals to interest us, we children required no urging to fall in with her views.

But life was not all spent in the open air and sunshine. Each morning there was family prayers, principally consisting of the Psalms of the day and collects from the Prayer Book, earnestly conducted by our father ; there were some short elementary lessons after breakfast ; and on Sundays those of us who were considered old enough, with our big pinafores discarded, sprucely arrayed, carefully groomed, and frequently inspected hours before setting out, were marshalled to attend the Consulate Chapel in the city some three miles distant. Generally as many of us as it was possible to fit in went in the big family wagonette, but sometimes we all walked, except perhaps my mother, who went on donkey-back.

And the scene is recalled of the schoolroom in the long winter evening, lit by one tallow candle (to use the snuffers of which there was often a squabble), occupied by the lengthy tail of the family. We were easily amused in those days, playing dominoes, white horse, and such games. And then a call used to take us up to the drawing-room, where our mother read to us for a short time before bed-time. And what she read is often more than a mere recollection : whenever the

pages of *Robinson Crusoe* or *Pilgrim's Progress* are turned her voice and intonation seem to-day as consciously present as they were then.

No children can owe more to their mother than we did to ours ; in childhood she was mother, nurse, doctor, teacher and priest ; in maturity she was still mother, and with it our most intimate and sympathetic friend, a friend gifted with great common sense, and able to take the particular of life that each had however different from those of the others, the holder of our secrets and encourager ; and ever remembering the needs, worries, and aspirations of each one of us in her prayers.

Our father died when we were small children—William must have been about eleven years—and the burden of bringing us up was entirely on our mother's shoulders. Supreme as she was to us, while devoting herself to his care—and he was an invalid for some time before his death—we were constantly left in the charge of a nursery governess, whose well-meaningness was mixed up with a terrifying ultra-Calvinism, which she sometimes rubbed well into our young minds. In justice to her memory and faithful service, be it said, that she suffered from moments of great physical depression due to some liver trouble. Years after this good creature was fond of recounting to our wives and to our own children our childish peccadilloes. Perhaps her desire to be graphic led to a little exaggeration ; and sometimes she attributed these to whom they did not correspond. She always, for instance, insisted that it was Francis that emptied a pot of warm glue over William's head, whereas Francis has a vivid recollection of the results, lasting for days, of William's thus anointing him.

She also used to insist that William as a child was given to exhibitions of a violent temper, hinting there was some moral lesson to be drawn at his turning out so good a man ; but I cannot remember that he had this trait, and think she must have been generalising from some particular case. On the contrary, towards me, his immediate junior and inseparable companion, to the best of my recollection, which in childhood is pretty good, he was then, and as boyhood went along, always fair and forbearing ; indeed, I can recall instances when he was too long-suffering, and should have turned and thrashed me.

In regard to William's temper as a boy the other members of the family agree with the nurse and not with their brother Francis, whose forgiving spirit is evidently such that though William emptied the pot

of hot glue over his head he thinks that he and not William ought to be thrashed ! We therefore venture, but without adducing the incidents remembered, to record that he sometimes gave way to tempestuous and violent outbreaks of passion as a lad, though he early learned the difficult lesson that he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.

The discipline of the large and ample family life at home and of the football field at school taught him self-control, and to be master of his spirit. Yet throughout life many who knew him best felt that behind his shy and reserved exterior there slumbered the pent up fires of a dormant volcano.

To the picture of that life in Portugal portrayed by his brother we may add some further details supplied by other members of the family. The father, though engrossed in business, sought to encourage his children in the love of games. Before his marriage he frequently amused the young people of the English colony in Oporto with his magic lantern, and this was constantly produced at his children's parties in later days. He also delighted to disguise himself as an old lady or some other character, and appear to the surprise and merriment of the youngsters.

This love of impersonation the children inherited from him, and there were great times and high glee when charades were performed in the home, even the cocks and hens from the garden being introduced, and once even the donkey ! This love of histrionics William carried with him to Cambridge, where he joined the College Dramatic Society, and during the vacations he acted in a simple way at home, but after his ordination he dropped all this.

Music and other recreations also had their place in that home in Oporto, and in the winter evenings when

the nights were cold, the mother would read aloud in the drawing-room to the children, as well as to their father who was often in delicate health. Chess, too, had its vogue, and this William learned to play in a darkened room when kept from more active pursuits by a serious attack of inflammation of the eyes.

In the early days, when the elder members of the family were at lessons, the younger ones were allowed to play and do much as they liked in the shade of the vine-covered *remadas*, and on Sunday afternoons during the hot summer weather the mother would read to them in the wood from the Bible, or *Pilgrim's Progress*, and sometimes from some more difficult work beyond their comprehension.

All this time, by example as well as by precept, they were taught to sympathise with and care for the less fortunate members of society. On the streets there were ever present maimed and deformed beggars, and some with loathsome sores. One such used to be laid in the streets on his bed, and another mentally deficient was nicknamed by the children "Mad Jenkins". To all such the father and mother were kind and thoughtful, so that their children learned to follow in their footsteps of mercy.

Ten happy and ever memorable years were thus spent by William in this Portugal home, and then—the father being in delicate health and having retired from business—the larger portion of the family left to settle in England.

This breaking up of the old home was, of course, a time of great excitement for the young people who had never seen England before, and some of the family still remember how William with others rushed eagerly from side to side of the ship, as it slowly proceeded up



"THE LARGE FLOWER GARDEN WITH A FOUNTAIN IN THE MIDDLE."

(See page 11.)



GARDEN SCENES IN THE OPORTO HOME.

To face page 14.

the Thames, in their keenness not to miss any of the sights of England's great Metropolis.

London was reached on March 25, 1868, just a fortnight after William's tenth birthday. Thus closed the Portugal chapter of his life.

PART II
PREPARATION AND THE YEARS IN
ENGLAND

Lord, I would follow, but—

Who answers Christ's insistent call
Must give himself, his life, his all,
Without one backward look.

Who sets his hand unto the plow,
And glances back with anxious brow,
His calling hath mistook.

Christ claims him wholly for His own ;
He must be Christ's and Christ's alone.

JOHN OXENHAM.

REJOICING IN THE RACE

Just as I am, young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, for righteousness and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

M. FARNINGHAM.

WITH the closing of the ten years in Portugal William Cassels entered upon a period of from sixteen to seventeen years in England, roughly divided into his school-days at Stroud, Blackheath, and Repton, his three to four years at Cambridge, and his two and a half years as curate in London.

After arrival in England from Portugal the parents, with those members of the family who had accompanied them, settled at Stroud, where William soon began to enjoy the larger liberties of life, for in Portugal he had mingled but little with the people, apart from those in his father's employ. Here at Stroud also he was introduced with his younger brother, Francis, into the routine of school life, but having in true school-boy fashion a greater relish for the playing field than for the classroom.

Within nine months of settling at Stroud serious news¹ from Portugal caused the parents to return in

¹ James Cassels (the Bishop's eldest brother) had a somewhat distinguished career in Portugal. As early as 1867 he built the first Protestant chapel in Oporto, and subsequently he and his brother Andrew were ordained by Dr. Plunket, the Archbishop of Dublin, who visited Oporto for this purpose. James Cassels' church, St. John the Evangelist, supported his brother's work in China through the "Porto-China Fund" of

haste to that country, while William, with his brothers and sisters, was left in the care of his grandmother Cox and a maiden aunt.

Little did William Cassels and the other members of the family realise that they were saying farewell to their father for the last time. Frail in health he suffered considerably on the voyage, which he did not long survive. He died in Oporto on February 6, 1869, being laid to rest in the land where his children had been born, and where he was highly respected and greatly esteemed.

What a serious bereavement he had sustained, young William Cassels, then barely eleven years old, would only faintly realise, but he learned in later years of the sterling excellencies of his father, and of his deep devotion to the Church of England, a devotion arrived at through personal conviction, for he had not been brought up in that Church.

Of William's life at Stroud during his father's and mother's absence in Portugal we are fortunately able again to have the reminiscences of his younger brother, Francis, who writes as follows :

William's school life began when he was about ten years old. The arcadia in Portugal had been left behind, and we were living in Stroud, Gloucestershire ; and he attended as a day-boy, a small school kept by a clergyman of the name of Baker. English school life fifty years ago and less was not the grand thing it is to-day ; and one of the objectionable features common to many preparatory schools then was that boys of all ages, from seven or eight years to eighteen years or over, were mixed together. Apart from other considerations, such as bullying—hardly known nowadays—if games are to be a feature in school life it is clear that the ages, sizes, and skill of

which another brother, Herbert Cassels, was treasurer. In consequence of Roman Catholic opposition James was in 1868 sentenced to six years' banishment from the country. This sentence was annulled on appeal. It was this trouble that took Mr. and Mrs. John Cassels back to Oporto.

the boys should not be as different as a three weeks terrier is from a fully grown fox-hound. There was some kind of football at this school, but the small fry were not expected to join in. I remember William's getting into sad disgrace by committing what was considered a grave misdemeanour by those dear old ladies, our grandmother, aunt, and governess, who were looking after us in the absence of our mother, by running off to join in the game, and turning up hours after he was expected in a state of weariness and disorder. Proper toggery for football was hardly thought of in those days, certainly not in our case, as we were hardly removed from the aforesaid big pinafore stage of existence, which covered all defects beneath.

In 1869, after the death of our father, we moved to Crooms Hill, in the higher part of Greenwich, where my elder brother, John,¹ was curate to Dr. Miller, the vicar of the town, a well-known preacher of the old Evangelical school; to whose church we were taken twice a Sunday. The long and not very bright services were followed by his sermons of an hour or more, generally learned expositions of St. Paul's writings, together with the discomfort of sitting in the box-like pews, were no doubt a useful discipline for some of us children; William, however, was a model of good behaviour and attentiveness, and I recall his sometimes taking notes of the preacher's points.

At the time of this move William entered, again as a day-boy, Percival House School, on the borders of Blackheath. Even in those spartan days it was soon recognised that our having to be at the first classes at 7 o'clock in the morning—and nippy it was across the open heath in the winter's dawn—was too much to expect from us; so after a term or two we became weekly boarders.

Probably William, like myself, always associated the years spent here with football more than anything else. Indeed, I remember exchanging views with him as to the gloomy thing life, when we were grown up, would be without it.

The rules and etiquette of rugger were not then standardised, as they were shortly after by the formation of the Rugby Union. But one of our school-fellows who, I understand, did brilliantly afterwards at Woolwich, had a genius for organisation. Under his captaincy a school fifteen was carefully selected, uniform jerseys and stockings were given out, proper goal and touch

¹ The Rev. John W. Cassels, educated at St. John's, Cambridge, where he graduated as a Wrangler, became curate to Canon Miller, Vicar of St. Alphege and St. Mary, Greenwich, and subsequently Vicar of St. Thomas', Batley, and then Chaplain in India.

posts were acquired, and fixture cards were printed—all of which seemed to us wonderfully correct and up to date, and corresponding to the high social standing of the school. William was perhaps the shortest man of the team; but he was a thick-set and very sturdy boy, and was chosen as likely to do useful work in what we then termed “squash ups”, now known as “scrums.” Some clubs played what was known as the “hacking game”; that was kicking the ball, and very often more or less accidentally, the shins of your opponents, in the squash ups. This kind of game, however, was very quickly universally tabooed.

Deliberately heeling out the ball behind was not considered by us quite the thing to do, although the rules, such as they were, may, strictly speaking, have allowed it. The tactics of both sides were nothing more or less than a mutual frontal attack in which attempt was made to push the ball through the enemy’s first line, when it could be picked up; and in this we at any rate found a small centre man, such as William, backed by the weight of the bigger men, important.

If Waterloo was won on the Eton cricket fields, as Wellington is said to have declared, William’s taking football as seriously as he did when a boy, presaged the whole-hearted earnestness with which he afterwards looked on life; and no excuse is wanted for giving the foregoing details. I will only add that at Repton, whither he went in 1873, he obtained both his cricket and football colours;¹ and that he was tried for the Varsity Soccer Team at Cambridge; but his leg was broken in a college game, and he gave up further playing.

When at Percival House we learnt to swim. I have an idea that in this I was his better; but perhaps the good fellow allowed me to think so—which would have been just like him to have done so.

Years after, referring to a pocket Communion Service that I had sent him, he told me that it was at the bottom of the Yangtze, where too, he laughingly added, he would also have been, on one of the times he was shipwrecked, if he had not learnt to swim in the Greenwich Public Baths.

To all these schools I followed him, after the lapse of a term or two; and he was indeed my guide, philosopher and

¹ His character as given in the School records is as follows:

(1) In the School Cricket Eleven, 1877. “An unsuccessful bat, but a busy field.”

(2) A Football “Cap of Honour” (= School team) in 1877. “A sturdy player, always well up to the ball and very determined. May always be relied on for good hard work. A good kick.”



W. W. CASSELES AS CHILD AND YOUTH.

1. William (standing) with his elder brother Herbert.
2. William (standing) with his younger brother Francis.
3. William when at Percival House School.
4. William when at Repton.

To face page 22.

friend on these occasions ; at Repton, however, he was above me in work and games, and the tradition of hierarchy of a big public school was duly observed by us.

Incidents are forgotten, but the figure of a quiet, reserved boy, with an atmosphere about him indicating that there must be a great deal in him, who played hard, worked hard, a thorough sportsman (which in the highest sense he always was to the end of the chapter) remains. His reserve, which was something more than introspection, did not encourage especial friendships, either at School or College ; but that he was remembered with affection was evidenced by the greetings he received at an Old Reptonian Dinner that we attended together ; several of our old school-fellows speaking to me about his having been " such a splendid fellow ". While his quiet and unostentatious influence was always for good, he was no " saint ". I remember his wanting to fight a sixth form boy ; his opponent was game enough to accept the challenge, but on account of his standing, mentioned the difficulty of keeping the meeting quiet ; so it was arranged that when on their way home at the end of the term, the principals with their seconds should get out from the train at the first convenient station, for the purpose of having their mill. This, however, did not take place, as friendly relations were re-established after a few days.

I left Repton before William did, and drifted from one opening to another in the world of business ; and became also a constant visitor at Doubting Castle with Mr. Worldly Wiseman as my companion ; which is mentioned to show the nature of the talks that William and I had, when we met, and when these took a serious turn. He was by no means then, or ever, narrow-minded, although with my priggishness, I perhaps so considered and treated him. He always listened patiently and good-naturedly enough to my logic and sophistries and sometimes answered them, but with time experience of life brought to me the common knowledge that the points of the cleverest argumentations will always be blunted when directed against conviction.

Repton, where Cassels was from 1873 to 1877, enjoyed at that time a well-deserved reputation, largely owing to the influence of Dr. Pears, the Headmaster. He found the school a Grammar School of the old type with only fifty boys, whose fortunes had fluctuated a great deal. He established it as a public

school, and raised its numbers to two hundred and fifty. The first step in this growth had already taken place when Cassels was there. Happily we have other reminiscences of those days when Cassels was from fifteen to nineteen years of age, in addition to those of his brother.

The Rev. H. Sykes, who became a missionary in Palestine, in a contribution too long to quote in full, writes :

I do not recollect that Cassels and I were contemporary in any particular form room. Where our paths crossed was in the athletic part of our school life. We were both devoted to games. . . .

Cassels was one of the indefatigables. I have quite a vivid recollection of the bowling style he developed, a longish run with a deep overhead medium paced delivery. But I think of him more as a football player than as a cricketer. In those "antediluvian" times our Repton game was a mixture of the Rugby and the Association games imported, I believe, from Harrow. Thus we had catching the ball, making our heel mark, and the right of a drop kick; there was no running with the ball but we touched down behind the line of goal-post, took the ball back and kicked over a goal as in the Rugby game. We always used an oval ball.

Well do I remember Cassels in that part of our school life. He was always in the very thick of the squash, and those squashes of "blues and reds" were sometimes of uncommon size in what was known as "The Hall Orchard". Later the big sides were broken up and more order developed. But Cassels was ever a power in the squash. He always seemed to emerge from the middle with the ball. He never seemed to succumb to pressure. He was short, thick-set, with neck and shoulders unbendable. The ball out in play he was always after it and on it dribbling, being rather a "forward" than a "back". Eventually he got his cap of honour, and right worthily so.

Another mind-view of him is *en route* from his house—a little distance off in the village—to his school form room, his arm circling a load of books. I picture him thus against the "Barn" (old gymnasium) wall walking with bent head and shoulders, approaching the school arch of glorious beauty, and to all old Reptonians of ineffaceable memory. . . . As a boy

I always felt that there was another and deeper Cassels than the one outside. . . . The quiet consistency, the dogged pertinacity that never gave in, and that went on until the game was finished, whether at cricket, football, or fives, was to serve its possessor well as missionary and missionary-Bishop.

It was at Repton, too, that Cassels and Stanley Smith became acquainted. Of this friendship—which was to mean so much to both—and of those days, Stanley Smith writes :

He and I were school-fellows together at Repton forty-nine years ago, and then our friendship was first formed. But as he was not in the same house we did not see much of each other. I well remember the enthusiastic welcome he got after playing a fine innings at a certain cricket match which got him his colours.

In 1876 Granville Waldegrave (the present Lord Radstock) and I with another boy, Hogg, had a Bible reading and Prayer Meeting in a certain room over a tuck shop. We were all in Fowler's house (he was in Clucas's house). The next year a boy named Collins, son of one of the Church Missionary Society's pioneer missionaries in China, proposed that other houses should join, and at the first meeting there were eight present, among whom Cassels was one, C. H. Williams, a son of Sir George Williams, was another, and a Dundas Harford Battersby—whose name was afterwards changed to Battersby Harford ; later on his brother John joined, whose name, Canon Harford of Ripon, is connected with the Keswick movement, of which his father, Canon Battersby, was one of the original promoters. This meeting developed into the Old Reptonian Prayer Union, which has now a world-wide membership. It is nice to connect the future Bishop with this schoolboy venture.

The bonds then formed were not forgotten in later years at Cambridge, where there was established an Old Reptonian Prayer Union, which played its part in bringing three Reptonians into the Cambridge Band.

In the autumn of 1877 William Cassels went up to Cambridge, joining St. John's, which was regarded as "the family College", his uncle, Andrew Cassels, for forty years Vicar of Batley, and his elder brother,

John, having been there before him. Of his three to four years at the University there is little that calls for special comment. He was never a "book-worm", but rather a man of action, and he did not distinguish himself as a scholar, being perhaps more addicted to sport than books. To his football experience—his broken leg and failure to gain his "blue"—reference has already been made. As an undergraduate he was beloved by his college friends, earning for himself, by reason of his reserved and somewhat taciturn ways, the sobriquets of "Father Cassels" and "William the Silent".

In December, 1880, he took his B.A. in a Pass degree, with theology for his special, and for the next eighteen months continued to combine reading for his Bishop's Examination with private coaching.

Before concluding this chapter a brief reference may be made to one or two of his vacations. While at Cambridge, and later when a theological student, he took a private tutorship during the vacations, going in this capacity to Burton-on-Trent and Scarborough. One of the chief qualifications demanded was that he should be able to teach cricket! This would certainly not be the least congenial part of his task. In 1881, however, he spent his summer holidays abroad, joining his brother Herbert, who had business on the Continent, for what was to have been a sea trip along the north coast of Spain and down the west of Portugal as far as Oporto. After spending a Sunday at St. Sebastian, on the borders of France, they took a diligence as far as Bilbao, and there embarked in a "potty little Spanish coasting steamer to Santander". The poor little vessel was about the size of a fishing trawler, and probably empty, for though Herbert Cassels proved a good sailor, William "had an awfully bad time".

In view of this truly sickening experience the brothers landed at Santander, and in order to avoid “any more cockle-shell passages”, they travelled all night by land in an old-fashioned Spanish *delligincia* to their destination. In spite of this bad beginning they declared they had had a really good time together—or at least one of the party—the good sailor—did !

THE CALL OF THE CITY

He had none of Ruskin's hatred of industrialism or of the great industrial cities. . . . He loved natural beauty, but more than mountain or moor he loved men, and the city was no Inferno or Purgatory to him, but a great ocean of human life, whose storms and tides it was an exhilaration to breast and swim.

D. S. CAIRNS OF A. R. MACEWAN.

YOUNG Cassels when he left the University to face life's sterner duties was about twenty-three years of age and in all the buoyant health of sturdy manhood. Happily he was in no doubt as to his vocation. From early years he had been conscious of God's call to service, and he "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision". From a child he had known the Holy Scriptures which are able to make men wise unto salvation, and he had been possessed with an ever-deepening sense of his responsibility to proclaim their message.

There are no records of any great spiritual crisis in his early life. Apparently he had not experienced, like the Apostle Paul, a sudden conversion changing the whole tenor of his being, nor had he, like the Philippian gaoler, passed through an earthquake ere he found his Saviour. Rather like Lydia, whose heart the Lord opened, had he greeted the dawning of that Light which shineth more and more unto the perfect

day. But there was no doubt that the day had dawned, though he gives no date for his spiritual birth. The vows made for him at his baptism were redeemed by him as his soul awakened to the claims of God and his fellow-men.

How early he recognised the call to the ministry is made clear by his brother Francis, who writes :

Here I may mention that William must have been about twelve or thirteen years old, when he confided very solemnly to me as a secret that he had made up his mind to be a clergyman. I have no idea what made him make this choice ; our mother may have influenced it ; and most certainly he would have gone to her about it. It was a great deal more than a boy's passing fancy, for there was never after any shadow of turning from this objective. I am unaware that, until the powerful call to go to China came to him, he had thoughts of any other field of work than in England.

On June 4, 1882, he was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Rochester, and Priest on June 10 a year later, the former service being at Purley and the latter at St. Mark's, Battersea. He was distinctly fortunate in the Vicar under whom he was called to commence his ministry as also in the parish itself, which offered fine scope for the development of his evangelistic gifts.

The church was All Saints', South Lambeth, and the Vicar, the Rev.—subsequently Canon—Allen T. Edwards, a staunch Evangelical, and a much-beloved man of God. The manifold activities of this parish demanded many helpers, for there were no fewer than six Sunday Schools with an aggregate of some three thousand scholars. There were also thousands of railway men connected with the large Nine Elms Works of the London and South-Western Railway residing in the locality. On Sundays the church was crowded to its utmost capacity, the aisles being filled with chairs, and even the chancel steps and pulpit stairs being

occasionally utilised. There was also a vigorous open-air work carried on incessantly by a devoted band of workers, many souls being pointed to Christ, not only by the Word preached, but by the consecrated song of a splendid choir.

It was into this sphere of Christian activity that William Cassels came in June, 1882, throwing all his boundless energies and zeal into this glad service. And so much knit together did vicar and curate become, that it was a common thing to hear the people say as they walked down the streets: "There go David and Jonathan". To the work in the open air, or pulpit or Sunday School—over one of which he acted as clerical superintendent—he gave himself as wholly and unreservedly as he had formerly done to sport. He was ever a strenuous toiler, filled with almost boundless energy. Happily we are able to give one or two incidents which, like windows, let in a flood of light upon the life and spirit of the man in those days. The first is by his brother Francis, who, after commenting on a certain bashfulness or reserve which characterised his brother, tells the following story, which possibly happened when he was visiting his mother, who then lived at Vanbrugh Park, Blackheath:

Be the foregoing (that is, his bashfulness) as it may, the following incident will show that he did not shrink from the stare of highly respectable people, and the shoulder-shrugging of the man in the street, who, if he had been among them would probably have interpreted his proceeding as an unnecessary piece of theatrical samaritanism. The incident, it should be mentioned, happened just after his ordination; he was dressed in his new clerical clothes; that it was in mid-Victorian times, a decade before General Booth had issued his book *In Darkest England*, awakening our consciences to our responsibilities to the fallen and outcast, and long before "slumming" became a fashion. In one of the primmest parts of residential Blackheath, one late afternoon, at the hour when the stream of City



W. W. CASSELES.

When Curate at All Saints' Church, South Lambeth.

To face page 30

men were returning to their villas, and otherwise people were most about, I met him taking the arm of an old woman, not the great lady she might have been with the care with which he was conducting her, but one of the saddest specimens of the sex that could be imagined, hardly more than an unsteady bundle of filthy rags, wobblingly crowned with what might have been a bonnet a dozen years before, and in a beastly state of drunkenness. I remonstrated with him, and offered to find a policeman, our natural protector from disorder, nuisance, and unseemliness; but he quietly motioned me out of the way, and right down Maze Hill he steered the poor thing to her slum in East Greenwich. I would here remark that William was always particular about his clothes, and person, and this close proximity with loathsomeness must have occasioned in him physical feelings of nausea.

Captain Albert Larking, now the well-known Secretary of the Early Closing Association, to whom we are indebted for the loan of some copies of the Parish Magazine¹ of those days, has also sent some interesting recollections, from which the following paragraphs are taken :

It was in November, 1883, that I came to London and on the first Sunday evening found myself in All Saints' Church, South Lambeth, and for the first time heard that faithful servant of Christ, the Rev. Allen Edwards, then in the height of his power and popularity. One of his three Curates was Mr. Cassels, and it was to his charge the Vicar handed me on my presenting myself for the work as a Sunday School teacher. I can see him now, a dark, thick-set young man, full of life and energy, and possessing a very earnest zeal for his life's work. We became friends at once, and one of the very happy memories of those days were the Sunday afternoon teas we had together in his lodgings in one of the unattractive streets of South Lambeth (153 Hartington Road). He was the Clerical Superintendent of the many Sunday Schools attached to All Saints', the total number of children attending then being three thousand. His dominating personality over the big rough lads had a marked effect on their unruly spirits. But he would stand no nonsense from them if they challenged his authority.

Notwithstanding his brief term of work at All Saints', he

¹ *The South Lambeth Record and All Saints' and St. Augustine's Parish Magazine.*

undoubtedly left his mark on those who came under his spell. I remember his great interest in the costers in Wandsworth Road. They came to him on Friday to borrow money to stock their barrows for Saturday's market. Instead of lending them money, which might have been spent in drink that night, he arranged to go with them to Covent Garden—often before daybreak on Saturday morning—to purchase fruit, flowers, and vegetables. And he was proud of the honesty of these men in paying him back the money borrowed.

His great factor in life was undoubtedly in "the power of prayer", and Mr. Cassels seldom visited any home, rich or poor, without he and those whom he visited spending some portion of the time in prayer. He won our affections, but what is more, he taught us that to live was not simply to scramble into Heaven ourselves, but that the whole earth was the Lord's, and to the whole earth His Kingdom must be preached.

In addition to these snapshots, with their almost photographic detail, we happily are able to turn to the pages of the Parish Magazine itself for further information.

Each issue of the magazine is prefaced with a calendar for the month, and these give the fixtures for each day and reveal a vast scope of work. But a few extracts from the Parish Notes will best bring us into touch with those days of more than forty years ago. Thus we read :

There were twenty-one baptisms and six hundred and ninety-two communicants at All Saints' in December (1883), and one hundred and eighty-one communicants at St. Augustine's.

The Sunday School continues to increase. A new Infants' School will be commenced early in January.

Another serious and fatal accident has occurred at Nine Elms. Two men, named West and Isaacs, were run over by an engine on Friday, the 21st. West was killed on the spot and Isaacs had both his feet amputated. They were both South Lambeth men, and a deputation of railway men have asked the Vicar to preach a sermon in reference to the event. The sermon will be preached on January 6th.

A Christmas dinner was given in The Institute to two

hundred and sixty-six people, who otherwise would have been without one ; . . . it is in contemplation to give a tea to eight hundred adults early in January ; and seventeen hundred All Saints' Sunday School children will be regaled with tea and amusements before the end of the month.

There was a midnight service on New Year's eve at All Saints', St. Augustine's, and St. Gabriel's Mission. The sermon at All Saints' was preached by the Vicar, that at St. Augustine's by the Rev. W. W. Cassels, and that at St. Gabriel's Mission by the Rev. John B. Chandler, Vicar of Witley.

These are but a few items in one issue. Let us turn these time-stained pages, and glean a few more facts. In the same number we find the report of a drawing-room meeting, presided over by the Rev. W. W. Cassels, held on behalf of the Spanish and Portuguese Church Aid Society, when the Rev. Juan B. Cabrera, Bishop-elect of the Reformed Spanish Church, spoke. Without giving further details the concluding paragraph of this report will suffice to show the link William Cassels desired to retain with the land of his birth.

Mr. Cassels is on the London Committee of this excellent Society, and will be pleased to supply collecting cards or boxes to any who will interest themselves in the great work. . . . We have a great home mission work to do in South Lambeth, but we must not forget the work abroad, but bear it in our remembrance, mention it in our prayer, think of it in our almsgiving. We specially commend this Society to our readers. They may hear something further about it from All Saints' pulpit before long.

In another issue we find a full page, evidently written during the month of August, 1884, bearing the well-known initials W. W. C., from which article some lines must be quoted.

South Lambeth has gone from home, the houses bear a melancholy aspect, the churches are not exactly crammed, the streets are destitute of life and animation.

South Lambeth may be very largely found at Ramsgate, at Brighton, and at Eastbourne. We have heard of it in Devonshire, in Cornwall, and in the Isle of Wight. And that part which has not gone so far is strolling about Battersea Park, drinking tea at Greenwich, or picking hops in Kent.

South Lambeth has gone for a holiday; but how sadly that word has lost its meaning. Would that every holiday were once more a holy day, with "Holiness to the Lord" written on all its moments. Too often the world's leisure time is the busy season with the powers below. . . .

In these days of high pressure a great deal more calm waiting before God is needed, and there is no better place for this than the open field, or the hillside, consecrated by our Lord's example to this very purpose.

But South Lambeth must come back again. Holiday and rest and quiet are but means to an end. . . . South Lambeth must come down from the mountain side, strengthened by its glimpses of the Heavenly world, to do the work which awaits it down below.

As we turn a few more pages we come across a sermon preached by the Rev. W. W. Cassels on the two texts, "I am the Light of the world", and "Arise, shine, for thy light is come". After referring to light being able to pass through the most polluted medium undefiled and undefilable, he closes his discourse with some practical words on shining, which are suggestive of his own character.

As to the modes of shining, he said, (1) Shine steadily. A flickering light is most unpleasant and may be dangerous. [Here illustrations are given from dangerous roads and precipices when the lantern flickers, which he certainly would experience in later life in China.] Oh, how much harm we do by the unsteadiness of our light. Nobody can trust us. We can be of no real service to any benighted traveller. . . . (3) Shine in proportion to opportunity. "Be a lamp in the chamber if you cannot be a star in the sky. Gladden the home circle if you cannot illuminate the town." We have not all great opportunities, but we can all do something. We can weep with the mourner if we cannot relieve him; we can bestow personal service if we cannot give gold; we can be a support to the household if we cannot be a pillar in the church;

we can teach children in the Sunday School if we cannot preach to hundreds of men and women.

Dear brother, you may be hidden away in a little corner, unknown to the world, but oh, illuminate that obscure spot, and see that your rays penetrate the darkness.

He was not speaking about what he did not attempt to do himself. Into the dark and sometimes sorrowing homes of the people he would go carrying the radiance of the Gospel story and of his own enjoyment of it. And sometimes in the least likely quarter he would find some one who was seeking to gladden the home if he could not illuminate the town. Of one such who was "spreading sheer joy" in the sick chamber his brother Herbert has written :

I remember at South Lambeth he took me to see one of the happiest faces I have ever seen. It was that of a poor cripple lying on his back on a bed from which he never got up. He was working at a shawl or something of that sort with as bright a face as ever I expect to see this side of Jordan.

But Cassels' stay at Lambeth was to be but short. For long he had thought of the foreign field, and now its call had become insistent. The duty of shining in the dark and obscure places constrained him to launch forth.

In the following letter, treasured by one of his parishioners,¹ we find evidence that he was still in close touch with his old school-fellow, Stanley Smith :

153 HARTINGTON ROAD,
July 16th, 1884.

MY DEAR WILLIE—I hope you will have a very happy and pleasant holiday ; and come back much refreshed and strengthened. We shall be glad to see you amongst us again. Where do you propose going ?

Did you get anyone for your class in the afternoons, or

¹ Mr. William Hayes, now Accountant of the C.I.M., Newington Green, London, N.

shall I get one of our substitutes? I value your help down at Hemans Street so much, and I wish you could be with us when Stanley Smith comes (28th).

May God go with you and be with you.—Your affectionate friend,

WM. W. CASSELS.

Here we get into touch with the growth of the well-known Cambridge Band, and some extracts from a recent letter from Stanley Smith will recall one part of that story.

From February 3-17, 1884, I held a Mission at Clapham Conference Hall with E. J. Kennedy of the Y.M.C.A. who afterwards was ordained in the Church of England. "Will" (as I have called him for long years) was then a curate under Canon Allen Edwards, and lived not far from the Hall; he used to come nightly, and after the meeting we had some arm in arm walks and heart to heart talks about the Lord and China, to which country I was going. His interest in China began then.

On July 28th my diary reads:—"Went to Cassels, 153 Hartington Road . . . went out and sang on the streets, and then addressed different groups, they seemed very much impressed; afterwards we swept into a room, and I trust some nine or ten decided for Christ; had an interesting talk with Cassels, he is much interested in China. May the Lord send him out with me!" Within a month the decision came and the answer to that prayer.

The following entry is on August 18th. "Went down to see Cassels at Lambeth. Had a nice talk at lunch, went with him to the church, had an hour's blessed waiting on the Lord, the Lord drew near, I trust he now sees his way definitely to go out to China." As a fact, he decided then.

As a churchman Cassels' original intention was to go out under the Church Missionary Society. He therefore offered himself to that Board, but as he expressed a strong desire for work in inland China he was told that they were not then prepared to start another Mission in the far interior. But Cassels was too much on fire with missionary zeal to be turned

back, and therefore approached the China Inland Mission, by which Mission D. E. Hoste and Stanley Smith had already been accepted.

The thought of his going abroad was a sore trial to his widowed mother, for of her seven sons he was the only one left to her in England. In her distress she visited Pyrland Road, and remonstrated with Mr. Hudson Taylor. In his kind and considerate way he comforted her by saying that to him a parent's wishes were sacred, and if she really was opposed to her son going to China the Mission would not encourage him to do so. At the same time we may be sure Mr. Taylor earnestly prayed that the mother might not stand in her son's way, if he had heard God's call. And such prayerful sympathy was not in vain, for ere many days had passed the following letter was received by Mr. Taylor :

BANK HOUSE,
PONTYPRIDD, SOUTH WALES,
1st October 1884.

DEAR MR. TAYLOR—Having mentioned the subject already to you I feel that I must say another word, though it's more in reference to myself than to my son. But it is so evident that he sees it to be his duty and his privilege to enter upon the Chinese Mission work, that I should only take the part of a bad Mother to one of the best of sons if I continued to put thorns in his sufficiently difficult road by urging him to take any other course,—so I must follow, for I could not have led to the course he feels he is led to, and I will try and claim God's gracious promises for him, and for all your work at large.
—Very truly yours,

E. CASSELS.

And we are told by one of the family that his mother never regretted her decision.

With his mother's blessing obtained Cassels now offered to the China Inland Mission, was accepted,

and commenced at once to prepare for work abroad. On November 8 his farewell meeting was held in the parish of South Lambeth, when a presentation was made him of two medicine chests, one a portable one for travelling, and the other a more substantial one for station use.

In acknowledging these gifts and the kind words spoken by eleven persons who voiced the feelings of the people, Cassels, speaking under evident emotion, said :

My dear friends, none of you know the difficulty of speaking on such occasions as this. No one knows how utterly words go away and ideas vanish. I do thank you from the bottom of my heart for the great kindness you have shown in giving me these very handsome and useful articles. I am thankful you have chosen things which will be useful and materially help me in my work. I again thank you for your tribute of love from the bottom of my heart . . . I deserve, as is well-known, nothing at all at your hands, and I do think it exceedingly kind of you. . . .

I never can tell you the lessons I have learned, and how wonderfully God has blessed me in my soul. I have learned many things of which I was previously ignorant altogether in my labour together with you all. Dear fellow-workers, I feel it difficult to part with you—utterly greater than many of you imagine—for the tie is so close between us that it will be a very great wrench in one sense, and yet in another it will be very little, as I feel we are not separated altogether. . . . You know my heart even though I cannot speak the words. We know each other so well that you must forgive me for my stammering utterances. Nothing can separate us from the love of God and the Blood which was shed for us—nothing can break that tie, thank God.

On the following Sunday, November 9, Cassels preached his farewell sermon. But though he said farewell the bond of love was not to be broken, for a band of praying friends was formed, and the stirring appeals which he later sent home from the field so fanned the flame of interest in the hearts of these that

within the next five years six¹ of them followed him to China, one of whom, Miss Mary Louisa Legg, became his wife.

But the story of his last few weeks in England must be reserved for another chapter.

¹ Miss M. L. Legg, one of the Fountain Street Boys' teachers ; Miss E. Culverwell followed ; then Miss Bastone, a worker in the same school as Miss Legg ; then Mr. J. N. Hayward, a lay-worker in the parish and superintendent of one of the Sunday Schools ; then Miss F. Culverwell, and Miss Martin, afterwards Mrs. J. N. Hayward.

THE CAMBRIDGE SEVEN

Again, the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field ; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field.—

ST. MATTHEW xiii. 44.

WE have now reached a point where the life of William Cassels was caught up by and became part of a remarkable spiritual and missionary movement, which swept through many of the churches and universities of Great Britain, stirring the hearts and minds of thousands. We cannot isolate his story from the story of the Missionary Band of which he became a member. That Band must therefore occupy our attention throughout this chapter.

It is unhappily quite impossible to-day by the medium of cold print to convey to the reader any adequate sense of the glow and gladness of the missionary enthusiasm which, towards the close of 1884 and the beginning of 1885, swept like a wave over many parts of England and Scotland, through the going forth of "The Cambridge Seven". This enthusiasm was only part of a greater work of grace which had preceded it and of which it was born. Directly and indirectly through the Missions of Moody in Cambridge, Brighton, London, and elsewhere, the way had been prepared for this outburst of missionary zeal.

In the preceding chapter we have already stated

that D. E. Hoste, Stanley Smith, and William Cassels had offered to the China Inland Mission. As early as November, 1884, it was announced in *China's Millions* that Mr. Hudson Taylor hoped to sail for China in December with this band of three, but war in the Far East between China and France, and the deep interest aroused at home, both called for a brief delay. Early in November C. T. Studd joined the band, then Montagu Beauchamp, and ere the party sailed, the two brothers Cecil and Arthur Polhill-Turner.

Extraordinary enthusiasm was aroused throughout the country, and especially among the students at the Universities, by the personnel of the party. Meetings were held in Liverpool, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Newcastle, Leeds, Rochdale, Manchester, Bristol, and at Oxford, Cambridge, and London, to which no description can do justice. At Edinburgh professors and students were seen together in tears, and in the after meetings there was the uncommon sight of professors dealing with students and students with one another.

There is, perhaps, no better way of bringing the reader into touch with those days themselves than by quoting what was written by Dr. Eugene Stock, in his fascinating history of the Church Missionary Society :

One of the most important events of the period, he wrote, was both a fruit, indirectly, of Moody's work, and a fruitful parent of other and larger movements. This was the going forth of the famous "Cambridge Seven" to China. Extraordinary interest was aroused in the Autumn of 1884 by the announcement that the Captain of the Cambridge Eleven and the stroke oar of the Cambridge boat were going out as missionaries. These were Mr. C. T. Studd and Mr. Stanley Smith; and very soon they were joined by five others, viz., the Rev. W. W. Cassels, curate of All Saints', Lambeth; Mr.

Montagu Beauchamp, a nephew of Lord Radstock, and also well-known as a rowing man ; Mr. D. E. Hoste, an officer in the Royal Artillery ; and Messrs. C. H. and A. T. Polhill-Turner, sons of a late M.P. for Bedford, the former an officer in the 6th Dragoon Guards, and the latter a Ridley Hall theological student, and both of them prominent Eton and Cambridge cricketers. Mr. Studd's dedication of himself to the mission-field, and Mr. Hoste's conversion to God, were direct results of Moody's Missions in London and Brighton. The influence of such a band of men going to China as missionaries was irresistible. No such event had occurred before ; and no event of the century has done so much to arouse the minds of Christian men to the tremendous claims of the Field, and the nobility of the missionary vocation. The gift of such a band to the China Inland Mission—for truly it was a gift from God—was a just reward to Mr. Hudson Taylor and his colleagues for the genuine unselfishness with which they had always pleaded the cause of China and the World, and not their own particular organization, and for the deep spirituality which had always marked their meetings. And that spirituality marked most emphatically the densely-crowded meetings in different places at which these seven men said farewell. They told, modestly and yet fearlessly, of the Lord's goodness to them, and of the joy of serving Him ; and they appealed to young men, not for their Mission, but for their Divine Master. No such Missionary Meeting had ever been known as the farewell gathering at Exeter Hall on February 4, 1885. We have become familiar since then with meetings more or less of the same type, but it was a new thing then.

Though the weather was tempestuous and rain came down in sheets, the platform, area, galleries, and every nook and corner of Exeter Hall were crowded to their utmost capacity. Sir George Williams presided, and each member of the out-going band addressed the crowded company, but we must limit our quotation to a report of what were the last words spoken in public by William Cassels ere he sailed for China.

Mr. Cassels said he was talking the other day to a man in a railway train who had travelled in China. He was one of those people who considered that every religion was of about the same value, and when he heard he (the speaker) was going

to China to preach the Gospel there he thought it was a most presumptuous thing to do. He proceeded to say how wise and clever the Chinese were, and he told him that all his arguments would be defeated. He felt at the time that, from his point of view, this man was distinctly right; but there was one consideration which he did not bring to bear when he was speaking, and it was that which made all the difference. They were going to China because they knew that the Gospel was the power of God unto salvation. Thank God, they knew that was not merely theory or speculation. They were going because they knew it was so by experience. They had not only themselves tried that Gospel, but they had seen its power in others. They had seen the sinner turned from his evil ways, they had seen a drunkard turned from his evil course, and they had also seen a strong man bowed in tears under the conviction of the truth. They had likewise seen weak women strengthened, and go out to do heroic deeds, because they believed in the Lord. They therefore knew the power of God; and He had no less power in China than He had in England.

Their expectations were very great, and they knew they would not be disappointed. They felt certain that they would see the Chinese turn to God just as the sinner did in England when the Gospel was applied to their hearts. What an immeasurable power of good there would be if all those present were to rise as one man and speak the Word of God! But if they believed in God, why should they not do His work?

They wanted more heroism in their religion. They wanted to be inspired with the idea that the religion of Jesus Christ was a battle, and they must join in the warfare and go forward. But, alas! how few they were who joined in the warfare! They read in the Bible of Reuben, who preferred attending to his sheep and his country village to the danger of war; of Gilead, who would not risk the passage of the Jordan; and also of Dan, who was engaged in his commerce. All those things were being enacted now. There were to be found many who preferred their own affairs to encountering the difficulties of preaching the Gospel in heathen lands. The battle was going on, and still the Lord was crying for helpers to go to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Thank God some came. But, alas! how many there were who still held aloof. There were still Reubens in that very gathering, who preferred their ease and comfort to the work of God. There were Gileads and Dans, who preferred attending to their own affairs rather than serve the Lord. Oh, for shame,

that He Who gave His own life on the Cross should still be crying for helpers. God had said again and again, "Be strong and of good courage", so why should they shelter themselves under their own fears and weaknesses. He had no pity for the man who starved himself when there was food to eat, and no pity for the woman who talked about her weaknesses when God had placed power at her disposal. He had no sympathy with the invalid Christians, because God had power at their disposal. If there were any present who were in a state of inactivity, the Lord was speaking to them, and saying, Arise from that inactivity—as He was calling for helpers.

It is not part of our story to follow the influence of this movement at home. It must suffice to say that at Cambridge alone forty men at one meeting dedicated themselves to the missionary cause, and many did the same elsewhere. It certainly was used of God to prepare the way in Great Britain for the Student Volunteer Movement, which came into being soon after.

The manifest joy of these men in leaving all to follow Christ was contagious. Their's was no reluctance in obeying Christ, but rather an overmastering passion. Like the Apostle Paul, Cassels and his companions counted all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus.

What it cost Cassels to leave his mother, and what it cost his mother to surrender her son may be gathered from a letter she wrote him on the last Sunday night they were together, a letter he treasured till the day of his death.

Sunday night,
February 1st, 1885.

MY DEAREST WILLIAM—I want to say some last words to you, but words seem to fail me. Nothing of my own is sufficient either for myself or for you, nothing but the sure Word of promise will do, and you seem to me like a sacred thing, taken from us, and upon which I must not put a hand, or tie any cord, even of love, to hinder you. May God not

despise the feebleness of my faith in giving you, and may we still not feel separated, but meet together before the Throne of Grace. I want to go to Him to supply all my need, here in our own home. I want blessings, true and real, to come down on the dear sisters here, and in their work around them. . . .

For you, my son, the many promises we have in Old and New Testament that—"I will be with thee"—seem the most supporting, to Moses, Joshua, Jeremiah, and many others, and through faith they obtained the promises. . . .

There will be strength for you and comfort for me in all the many, many promises and Words of God, which He has given us. You must lay your head, in the time of trouble and when you stand alone amidst idolaters, in "His pavilion", and He will set you on a rock, "secretly in His pavilion from the strife of tongues".

Oh, may no man set on thee to hurt thee. May the Lord keep you, my boy, tender and well beloved, as you have been to me. My pillows may be taken from you, and cannot do you much service, but "the Lord shall cover you all the day long" and you shall dwell between His shoulders.

I cannot tell you all I feel for you. Oh pray that I may not be found with a starless crown at the last. Ye all are my crown and my rejoicing. May it be so. I am glad friends pray for me as well as for you.—Ever your loving Mother, absent though present,

ETHELINDA CASSELS.

PART III
EARLY DAYS IN NORTH CHINA

Ah, it was no easy march, no holiday pageant, the coming of the Son of God into this world of ours. He came to *save sinners*. Not to help good men—this were a grateful task ; but to redeem bad men—the hardest work in God's universe. It tasked the strength and the devotion of the Son of God. Witness Gethsemane. And it will cost His Church something, more haply than we dream of now, if the work of the Redeemer is to be made effectual, and the travail of His soul satisfied.—G. G. FINDLAY.

GOD FIRST

Whoso hath felt the Spirit of the Highest
Cannot confound nor doubt Him nor deny ;
Yea, with one voice, O World, tho' thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.

F. W. H. MYERS.

ON the morning of February 5, 1885, the morrow of the farewell meeting—a day ever memorable for its announcement of General Gordon's death—Cassels bade farewell to his mother and loved ones, and with the other members of the Missionary Band set forth for China. Leaving Victoria they travelled overland via Brindisi and Alexandria to join their ship, the *Kaisar-i-Hind*, at Suez.

All their heavy luggage had long since gone on board, and Cassels' baggage was so labelled that there was no mistaking the master passion of the man. In bold block capitals he had had printed, in red, on large labels the two words "GOD FIRST", and these were conspicuously pasted on all his belongings. His zeal and love were all ablaze and could not be hid. Such labels—"stamps" he called them—heralded on board, long before the party arrived, the spirit of the men who were coming, while among the parishioners in South Lambeth these two words long lived as the farewell message of their beloved friend. For many years to come this motto was to be found framed and hung in the homes of the parish.

"God First"! It was this that constrained him

to leave England, and it was this that was henceforth to dominate his whole life. And nothing ever dulled the edge of this devotion. Forty years of toil in a pagan land, amid untoward conditions, tested but never quenched this first love. To the end he was always keen and ardent, never luke-warm.

The blessing experienced at home continued on the voyage, the power of God to save being manifest by some striking conversions among passengers and crew. One of the more remarkable cases was that of a captain whose Godless conduct had been notorious. Not only was he soundly converted, but he became as pronounced a witness for Christ as previously he had been antagonistic. There was in consequence no small stir on board, and many accepted Christ as Lord.

One previously sceptical passenger wrote :

We expected no end of fun in quizzing them (the Missionary party), intending to patronise their singing as a polite concession to mistaken enthusiasm. So with that in view, when the first evening came, we gathered round, but when we heard the deep swelling notes in which they so earnestly sang "Christ receiveth sinful men", and after a few stirring words of earnest appeal, went on in a gentle solo with those simple words, "Let the dear Master come in", it seemed to touch even the most callous. Tears would come into the eyes of many. . . . So were the evenings spent, singing ending about 10 P.M., but not their work.

Nor was this all. At the various ports of call Christian friends, anxious to buy up the brief hours of the ship's visit, had arranged for local gatherings, that they too might be brought into touch with this work of God.

At length on Wednesday, March 18, Shanghai was reached, and the party received a warm welcome to the Land of Sinim by Hudson Taylor himself, though he, being dressed in Chinese costume, was not recognised at first.

It is always a great moment for any man when he first sets foot upon the foreign shore for which he has forsaken the land of his fathers. Happily there are some of Cassels' letters still preserved which reveal his thoughts at that impressive hour.

Writing to his mother on the day of arrival he begins :

Here we are, dearest Mother, brought by our Heavenly Father's wonderful love and goodness in perfect safety to this dear country. How full my heart is this evening at the thought of really being in China ! How great are the longings which rise up that I may in all things be faithful and true to Him Who Himself never fails ! But resolutions and vows are useless unless we also cast ourselves completely on Him " Who is able to keep us from falling and present us faultless ", etc. The secret of the command, " Be strong " is always in the " I am with you ".

Three days later he writes his mother again ; this time a lengthy epistle with descriptions of the Mission Home, of the Chinese city, and of Archdeacon Moule's call and escort to see some Christian work, etc. The dominant notes are, however, revealed by the two following paragraphs :

But oh ! how my heart goes up to God at the sight of these crowds of Chinamen, that He would raise up His power and come among us, that He would speedily flood this place with a very tidal wave of blessing ! And why not ? If there are tidal waves in nature which completely flow over whole districts, why not a tidal wave in grace ?

I have been feasting lately on those wonderful promises in St. John. " Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall *never thirst* ", and " He that cometh to Me shall *never hunger*, and he that believeth on Me shall *never thirst* ". Never hunger and never thirst ! Oh, how blessed to think that all through what might otherwise be dreary journeys in China, and solitary days and weeks, I shall never hunger and never thirst. There will be perpetual satisfaction and perpetual streams of never-failing water ! How glorious ! The Lord is a never-failing portion.

Similar sentiments occur in letters to other friends, such as this :

It may well be imagined that it was with very full hearts that we set foot for the first time upon the soil of this dear country to which the Lord has called us. What, it may be asked, was the first thought that entered our minds as we walked through these streets and gazed upon the number of Chinese that met us at every turn? I answer at once, it was an almost overwhelming thought of the enormous work which has to be done. . . . We felt more than ever that nothing but a mighty outpouring of the Spirit of God can be of any use.

That God's Spirit was outpoured was speedily manifest in Shanghai and elsewhere. Perhaps the most striking illustration of this in Shanghai was given by the British chaplain, who was in charge of the cathedral. So great a change came into his life at this time that he called it his conversion. He publicly acknowledged that, though he had in the past honestly sought to do his duty, and had, he believed, preached the truth as he then knew it, he had never until that day been able to commit his own soul wholly to the Saviour's care. Such words from the British chaplain came upon Shanghai almost like a thunderbolt, and produced a great impression.

After a week of special meetings the band of seven donned Chinese costume and prepared for residence inland. Messrs. C. and A. Polhill (Turner) and C. T. Studd travelled up the Yangtze and Han rivers with the city of Hanchung in the north-west as their destination, while Messrs. Cassels, Hoste, and Stanley Smith, under the able escort of Mr. F. W. Baller, left by sea for the north *en route* to Shansi. For a time Mr. Beauchamp remained behind in Shanghai, subsequently following the northern party.

The reasons for thus dividing and travelling by

different routes are given by Cassels in a letter to his mother as follows :

- (1) It is not probable that the Consuls would grant passports for so large a number to go together inland.
- (2) Even if they would it would probably be unwise in the present state of the country to attempt to travel in one party.
- (3) By thus dividing it is hoped that we may be able to visit a large number of Mission stations, get a good idea of the work, and bring refreshment to the solitary missionaries that we hope to visit.

Both at Tientsin and Peking Cassels, Hoste, and Stanley Smith enjoyed a continuance of the times of blessing experienced elsewhere. Indeed, if anything, the days in Peking were more noteworthy.

Of the journey to the capital and of their experiences Cassels wrote a long and graphic account to his mother, which must be quoted almost in full.

PEKING,
May 1st, 1885.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I might write a great deal about Peking, and at considerable length also of the way we spend our time here, and of the quite remarkable movement among the dear missionaries here ; but as I have made it a rule to write a sort of journal to you (the only one indeed I keep), and as I know you like to hear about all my movements and travels, it would be better for me perhaps to go back to where I left off in my last hurried letter written from Tientsin on Monday, 20th April.

I believe I told you that God manifestly blessed the work amongst the little English community there (at Tientsin), and this indeed was to be expected when one observed the spirit of prayer and expectation that prevailed among the Christians. Did I tell you that one gentleman who was connected with an opium business was led to send in his resignation, feeling his occupation not to be free from sin, and to come out very decidedly on the side of our Blessed Master ? and that the work also extended to the Chinese Medical Students there who speak English ?

We did not get away from Tientsin much before noon on Tuesday, 21st.

Two of the little carts which are so commonly used about here, drawn by two mules each, tandem fashion, took our luggage and bedding and left room for one of us on each cart, on a sort of seat there is on the shaft, one side of which is occupied by the driver. The vehicles remind me much of the Portuguese ox-carts, but are much better finished and have a cover (under which, if there is no luggage, two people can just sit crossed-legged or on a pillow).

Having passed through the Chinese city of Tientsin we struck out into the country, two of us walking and two of us riding. Sometimes the road was simply a track across ploughed fields, but even when there was a distinct or so-called road the jolting was—well—let us say most amusing. We got accustomed to it by and by, but at first it was certainly a remarkable experience. Before dark we reached a town some twenty miles from Tientsin, and put up in the inn for the night. The inns in this part of China are said to be much better than in the south, and for ourselves we were exceedingly comfortable.

You enter by a gate into a good sized courtyard, all round which are rooms or sheds. The mules, donkeys and carts, etc., are deposited in the yard or under the sheds, and the travellers take possession of the rooms. At the furthest end are the chief rooms—the most private—which are reserved for the better class travellers. These were our quarters, two rooms leading into one another with a brick sort of arrangement, of which you have heard, for beds, giving plenty of room for two or three to sleep in each, a table and two chairs.

Having called for water and washed in our own wooden bowls, we got off some of the dust and then sat down to feast on the provisions our kind friends at Tientsin had put up for us in such large quantities.

If I were to tell you what we had for our meal you would say that we had exchanged plenty at home for prodigality out here : and that instead of coming to hardships we had come to luxuries. It is true that we had had no meal since an early breakfast, and that we had been in the open air all day, but even for four hungry men in this condition eight snipe, two chickens, several loaves of bread, some cake, and a pot of marmalade, washed down by plenty of tea, Chinese fashion, was a most sumptuous meal ; was it not ? Having finished our food, eaten by the way not with chop-sticks but with knives and forks which fond mothers or other thoughtful friends had made some of us bring with us, we gave thanks to our Heavenly Father for all His continued goodness to us, meditated for a while on His Word, commended ourselves afresh to Him, and

lay down on our comfortable bedding and were very soon, I can tell you, fast asleep.

The next morning (Wednesday, April 11) one of the drivers called us at 2 A.M. Having dressed and put together our bedding we got some hot water and made some cocoa from a packet which a dear mother had put into a son's bag, and also finished up some chocolate which was found by its side. Then having united in prayer we were ready to start about 3 A.M. The reason for such an early start was that we wanted, if possible, to get to Tungchow, some forty miles distant, where the American Board have a Mission Station. It was a fine starry night, and though at first we were rather sleepy, when after an hour or two the soft morning light began to steal across the sky and showed up the fields around us, we were refreshed and went forward with new vigour.

The country all along the route was monotonous and uninteresting, and there was not much danger of our getting so engrossed with nature as to forget nature's God. There were no hedges, but very occasionally a mud wall or a rushwork barrier formed a partition.

In the villages the houses were made of mud bricks. Several of these characteristics reminded me much of the dry tableland of Spain over which I travelled once with Herbert. Do not, however, be led to judge of other parts of China by what I have said of this.

At about 11 A.M. we stopped at an inn and, whilst the mules and carters were feeding, took our own breakfast, again using provisions which we had brought with us. It is quite possible to get very excellent food at these inns, but our friends at Tientsin had filled us up so bountifully that we reconciled ourselves to our fate and continued to feed in the fashion and on the food of the barbarians of the Western lands, instead of satisfying our longing to turn Chinamen at once. I cannot say, however, that we did not do full justice to an excellent piece of beef and some good bread we had with us.

After an hour's delay or more we started again and before long, Stanley Smith and Hoste, who had done most of the walking in the morning, having become footsore, we hired two donkeys in a village for which we paid less than one penny a mile each, and all set forward mounted, but still only at a walking pace.

That evening we again put up at a Chinese inn, and on the Thursday morning after three hours travelling got to the Mission houses, where we were most kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Sheffield, Mr. and Mrs. Beach, and the other

missionaries. A very interesting day was spent with them ; in the afternoon a meeting of the Chinese Christians was arranged and we spoke by interpretation, and in the evening had a Bible reading.

We were especially interested in going over the School and Theological College. In the latter there is a class of eight young Chinamen, the sons of Chinese Christians, who are very shortly going to be sent out as Evangelists or Pastors. One of them can say the whole New Testament through. The Chinese cultivate reciting very much, and so it is very easy for them to repeat long passages.

The next morning (Friday) we set out again with carts and donkeys to do the fifteen or twenty miles which separated us from Peking.

I have written all this because I thought you would like to know something about our travelling, etc., but I want now to hasten on to tell you something about our work here.

The only people besides the missionaries and their families are those employed at the Legation or those at the Chinese Customs, which are conducted under English management, so that the numbers attending our evening Evangelistic services, which have been carried on every night, have only averaged some forty or fifty, but even here good work has been done. But the remarkable work has been amongst the missionaries themselves, and has been chiefly carried on at the afternoon gatherings which have been held at the various Mission houses in the different parts of the city. I can write about it more fully since I have not had anything to do with the movement. The work is most manifestly God's, but the instrument has been Stanley Smith.

I mentioned that, when we were on board the steamer coming up to Tientsin, we were all much stirred up to spend our time in prayer for the deepening of our spiritual life and the outflowing of God's Holy Spirit upon us. We felt that the work at Shanghai had in a measure failed owing to our want of spirituality, holiness, and power. We felt the importance of waiting upon our Heavenly Father to be prepared for our future work in China, and the more we prayed the more we felt our need of prayer. Hidden and unsuspected depths of iniquity were disclosed to us, we were horrified to find how much selfishness, pride, untruthfulness, want of love, etc., there was in us, and we were constrained to humble ourselves very low before our God on account of it, and to plead for inward purity as well as for power. We also (led very largely by our dear brother Stanley) were brought to see how much

larger and wider the Old and New Testament promises were than we had supposed, and that our Blessed Lord must have been grieved that we had not pleaded His promises and striven to attain to what was for us. We saw, too, how much of all this was contained in what is called "*the promise of the Father*", the great gift of the Holy Spirit, not in the measure in which He is given to all Christians, but in that fulness which was promised by our Lord and in which He was received (often after a period of waiting) by the early Church.

So important did this waiting upon God appear to Stanley Smith, that for two of the days we were at Tientsin he felt it right to shut himself up and devote himself to prayer entirely, so that I was left, as I hinted in one of my letters, to carry on our work alone, and was much helped by God in doing so.

When we came on here our great need of a fuller revelation of God to our souls, and of enduement with power for our life work, was still much upon our minds, and we continued and have been continuing much in prayer about it, spending almost all our spare time before God.

Some afternoon meetings for the deepening of spiritual life having been suggested and arranged for, Stanley Smith took up this line of truth, and each day has been speaking to those who have assembled (missionaries and their wives) on some subject connected with the promise of the Holy Spirit in Pentecostal power to produce purity of heart and fitness for successful service. He has dwelt on the signal want of success which all missionaries feel and confess, on the tremendous difficulties which have to be encountered, and on the other hand he has shown with great power and clearness how magnificent are the promises of God, and the results predicted for those who avail themselves of them.

After the first two or three meetings it was decided that our stay should be extended another week, and each afternoon the missionaries have been meeting in large numbers from 3 to 5 P.M. for prayer and to hear further on this subject.

As a present and evident result one missionary (a lady) has been led to see after a long period of struggle, and to confess openly in the meetings, that she had never yielded herself to God, or really been converted and received a change of heart; one or two others have testified to renewed awakenings after considerable backsliding of heart (or second conversions, as it has been termed); and others have stood up to witness to renewed consecration, to fresh views of the Lord Jesus Christ, to unaccustomed peace, to unexampled zeal and devotion to their work.

And we have all been stirred up to count not ourselves to have apprehended, but diligently to press toward the mark, to seek that we may know Him and the power of His resurrection, and above all to cry mightily to God that we may in a real sense which we have never experienced before "Be filled with the Spirit", and as a result that rivers of living water may, according to the promise, go flowing out from us, and that we may enjoy the power we need to extend God's Kingdom in the way He desires.

There is no doubt that there is a very unusual awakening amongst the missionaries; and I can say this all the more decidedly as I have only followed in the wake of the movement, and have moved along no faster than my conservative and cautious nature has allowed me to do.

I would like to write much more fully on this subject but time does not permit at present, though I may have a further opportunity. I feel the importance just now especially of giving as much time as possible to prayer and communion with our Heavenly Father.

God bless and keep all you dear ones.

WM. W. CASSELS.

The preceding letter may be thought by some to show the excessive zeal of a young enthusiast. It is well, therefore, that we can refer to the sober judgment of a veteran worker. Of this visit to China's capital the Rev. Joseph Edkin, D.D., one of the senior and most respected of missionaries, wrote under date of May 3, 1885 :

The new religious life of England has come to us as a salutary purifying breeze. We have felt ourselves uplifted and revived. Some have undertaken a determined work of heart-searching and prayer for spiritual elevation. Some have felt converted after a previous life of cold religion. Some have accepted Christ as a personal Saviour after long hesitation extending through years of attendance on Christian worship. . . . The crust of conventional precedent and reluctance has been broken through at our meetings, and the tongues of those who have been blessed have been set free to speak of God's goodness. Such meetings I have never known in China. I take it as a sign that the revival wave is beating on the Chinese shore.

The young and the middle-aged have alike felt deep im-

pressions. Last night we had a Baptismal and Communion service. A father and his eldest daughter received Baptism and partook of the Lord's Supper. The Rev. James Gilmour (the famous missionary to Mongolia) administered Baptism, and the Rev. W. W. Cassels Communion. . . . In the afternoon drawing-room meeting a father gave thanks for his three boys (the eldest fifteen) for their acceptance of Christ during the meetings, and in the evening these all took the Communion. . . . We quite expect that this new impulse of spiritual life will be communicated to the Chinese of the native congregations.

All the societies in Peking, with one exception, united in these times of refreshing, and the spiritual impetus received led a company of Peking missionaries—twenty-five in number—to issue to the whole missionary body in China an appeal for special and united prayer. In this appeal they stated that one result of the visit of these brethren was the starting of a daily noon-day prayer meeting in all their local centres, and they suggested that all missionaries in China should in like manner unite in waiting upon God. “If we would all unite,” they wrote, “have we not faith to believe that God would shake China with His power?”

Seldom indeed has any company of young recruits to the mission-field been so warmly welcomed by their seniors, and seldom have any new workers entered upon their labours with such manifestations of Divine blessing. But the stern and hard realities of the foreign field were not far removed.

AMONG THE HILLS OF SHANSI

Yet not in solitude if Christ anear me
Waketh Him workers for the great employ.
Oh not in solitude, if souls that hear me
Catch from my joyance the surprise of joy.

F. W. H. MYERS.

FROM Peking the plunge into the interior began. Now the austere and naked truths of life in Inland China confronted him after the elation and enthusiasms of past months. Such a change is a searching test for any man, nor could it be otherwise for Cassels. His late Vicar, Canon Edwards, who had had abundant opportunity of knowing, had written of him: "He is decidedly not patient", and again, "Evangelistic work is his forte, he is fond of it, but he needs strong counsel against impatience". To such a temperament life in Inland China could not fail to be a severe ordeal, for if any grace is needed there more than another it is patience, patience, patience, from morning till night.

The first eighteen months in China were spent in the northern province of Shansi, for at that time the Mission had no Language School. Here he was to experience the painful helplessness of life among a strange people whose language he could not speak. The pent up feelings consequent upon this inability to utter his thoughts, the isolation and loss of accustomed friendships, and the lack of outlet for his eager energies, inevitably occasioned a reaction not easily

endured by an ardent temperament. How Cassels conquered and endured we shall see.

The long and somewhat tedious journey from Peking to Taiyuanfu, the capital of Shansi, was for the most part performed by Chinese cart under the guidance of Mr. Bagnall, then of the American Bible Society. The party consisted of Cassels, Hoste, and Stanley Smith, with their escort. Except for the journey from Tientsin to Peking, already reported, this was his first experience of Chinese travel, of the rough and tumble of mountain roads, and of the indescribable Chinese inns with their provocations to entomological research. Here he would witness the sufferings of the mules as they strained and struggled up the steep ascents—here called “The Gates of Heaven!”—through mountain passes into the province, the name of which translated means “West of the Mountains” (Shan-si). This was an experience altogether different to what he would become familiar with in Western China in later years, where cart roads are little known.

Of the carts and the inns he wrote: “The shaking up in the former did us a lot of good physically, and made the shaking down into the latter all the more welcome when night came on”, though on one occasion he remarked they “got a not very sweet-smelling room”. Yet he writes: “We are finding the ‘exceeding abundantly’ follows us here, and we really do enjoy these times”. It was evident that he and his companions knew what Thomas à Kempis meant when he wrote, “Love maketh every burden light and every rough place smooth. It carries burdens without being burdened, and makes all that is bitter sweet and savoury”.

But a week or two of Chinese inns makes a Mission

Station appear a veritable palace of delights, so he would enjoy to the full the warm welcome which awaited them in the kind and hospitable home of Dr. and Mrs. Edwards at Taiyuanfu. Here for a brief spell they settled to the study of the language, while they waited for their colleague, Beauchamp, who was to follow under the escort of Mr. Baller.

We arrived here [wrote Cassels from Taiyuanfu] on May 23rd, escorted by Mr. Bagnall of the American Bible Society, to whom we feel much indebted for his kindness. Almost at once we began work with Dr. Edwards' teacher. We have had some evening meetings together, and have felt refreshed and strengthened by the opportunity of intercourse with our Blessed Lord and His people. . . . What a beautiful place this Taiyuanfu is. Dr. and Mrs. Edwards are so kind. The Lord reward them tenfold. We are keeping well, resting and rejoicing in Him. May He constantly lead us and teach us and constrain us to faith.

After a stay of three weeks the journey was resumed, Messrs. Cassels and Stanley Smith, in company with Mr. Key, leaving for Pingyangfu on Monday, June 15, a small detour being made to visit the work of the American Board (A.B.C.F.M.) at Taiku. Of this journey Cassels wrote from Hochow :

On Tuesday we were at Taiku, where the American Board have a Mission Station, the work being carried on by men from Oberlin College. Here we had some encouraging little meetings at which we spoke of the secret of a life of victory being a life of faith in the risen and ascended and indwelling Lord. . . . We left Taiku on Thursday morning early, and have since been journeying. . . . The weather has been most favourable. . . . We have passed through a most interesting country. The early part of the journey the road lay amongst lovely cornfields, the wheat is turning yellow, but the maize is still young and green. Every here and there we came to beds or small fields of the opium plant. It is a beautiful flower, which adds to the beauty of the landscape ; but alas ! the moral aspect of this plant is anything but lovely. They are cultivating it more and more, I believe, but even here they speak of it as the foreign smoke.

A long description then follows of the road, of the mountains to east and west, of the glory of the sunrise, of the river skirting the road, and of the birds which abounded. He also gives a graphic account of the gallant efforts of the brave mules to surmount the Lingshih Pass, and of the wide views thence obtained. "We hope," he concludes, "to reach Pingyangfu by Tuesday morning, and then, as soon as we can get teachers, to settle down to Chinese. Mr. Baller, with Beauchamp and Hoste, are following us, and expect to arrive before the end of the week."

The ancient city of Pingyangfu, where the Emperor Yao resided more than 2000 years before Christ, was reached on June 23, 1885, and there the party settled down to the serious study of the language. Of those days Cassels wrote to one of his sisters :

We have reached a place where not many foreigners, besides some eight or ten China Inland Mission missionaries, have ever been. . . . The absence of other foreigners is not, however, likely to make us desolate, even if we were inclined to be desolate, for now that our friends, Beauchamp and Hoste, have arrived with Mr. Baller, we are a party of six. Nor are we cast into uncomfortable quarters. There are two adjoining houses here belonging to the China Inland Mission, in which there is plenty of room for us and our servants, as well as for the Chinese Christian and his family who live on the premises. Neither are we altogether out of reach of English influence of various kinds.

But we find more and more how easy it is to be independent of foreign things. After our first dinner here Stanley Smith said, "Well, I think this is the best meal we have had since we have been in China", and as I have said so often, as for hardships, I have quite begun to despair of ever having any. A little acquaintance with flies, mosquitos, and other animals of worse description in the inns does one good, and is only what travellers for pleasure always expect in inns. . . .

The four of us—Beauchamp, Hoste, Stanley Smith and I—occupy three sides of one little courtyard, each of us having a room to ourselves. On the fourth side of the yard is the room which is used as the chapel. In another court Mr. Baller and Mr. Key put up, and our dining-room and kitchen are there ; and in still another lives the young Evangelist, as they

call him. The *kangs*, or brick bed arrangements, under which a fire can be lighted in winter, have been removed from most of these apartments, and our bedsteads are there of another description. Mine is an unused door, stretched across two or three forms, and I assure you it makes a capital bedstead. If you know any who want to set up house cheaply, let them try this, and see if it is not an excellent substitute—easily taken to pieces too, and can be put to other purposes in the day. The two forms will do to sit on and the door can be put up as a screen! . . .

But now you will be very much interested to know something about the work going on here. The second meeting this morning was conducted by a Mr. Hsi [subsequently the well-known Pastor Hsi], a man of some position and means; he lives in a town a few miles from here. He is a Chinese Doctor of Medicine, and supports the Christians in the neighbourhood both by his means and by his own influence. He has a literary degree, which, however, was taken from him because he became a Christian. . . .

There are several remarkable features about the work, and above all this, that it has been very largely left in the hands of the Chinese themselves; very little English money has been employed upon it. The work lies largely in the towns and villages around, and not in the city itself, and in these places the Christians meet in some rooms of their own which they have themselves provided with hymn-books, etc., and they are led by one of themselves; they worship God and meditate upon His Word. Is not this encouraging?

In another letter written nearly a fortnight later he adds:

Mr. Baller has secured for us one of the Christians of this city as a teacher, and we are now hard at work and delighted at any progress we are able to make. . . . We are a very happy party enjoying our work, enjoying our walks on the city walls with the views of the not distant mountains, so wonderfully lit up, as they sometimes are, by the setting sun, and enjoying so much our little gatherings for prayer and praise and study of God's Word. How much we have to praise Him for. We have had to confess ever since we left England, "He daily loadeth us with benefits".

THE CITY OF GREAT PEACE

Send us this day among our fellows,
Held every moment in Thine own strong friendship,
To be for Thee, triumphantly,
The heralds of Thy Will, Thy Word,
Thy generous Love, Thy Hope, Thy Joy,
Thy Might, Thy Purity, Thy Beauty.

J. S. HOYLAND.

AFTER nearly three months' residence at Pingyangfu Mr. Baller proposed that Cassels and Beauchamp should open up a new centre west of the Fen River, some three days' journey away. Though no settled missionary work had been attempted there a remarkable work of grace prevailed, to which brief reference must be made.

Some seven or eight years before the time of which we write a copy of St. Mark's Gospel had fallen into the hands of a Buddhist Bishop in the city of Taning, which, being translated, means "The City of Great Peace". He and his friend, a scholar and local school-master, became deeply interested in this little volume, and by its means gradually groped their way into the light. There being no missionary to instruct them they were shut up to the Book itself, to which, recognising it as a sacred volume, they began to burn incense. From this beginning they proceeded to worship Jesus and His twelve apostles, until later, after long search for help, they found a missionary who instructed them more perfectly in the things of God.¹

¹ For the full story, see the Author's *In Quest of God*.

These two men, Chang and Ch'ü, gradually gathered around them a goodly company of earnest enquirers, hoping for the day when some missionary might settle in their midst.

It was at this juncture that Mr. Baller, through the good offices of a friendly official, was enabled to secure premises in Sichow—a neighbouring city of higher rank than Taning. Consequently, at the close of the summer, Messrs. Baller, Cassels, and Beauchamp, on September 16, 1885, set forth to open this new centre. The road lay across the Fen River and over a bold and rocky mountain range, which afforded a refreshing contrast to the sultry plain.

“After a most delightful journey”, wrote Beauchamp, “that is, delightful if I abstain from mentioning any of the resting places by the way”, Sichow was reached on the Saturday three or four days later. The house secured contained six rooms, with a kitchen, servants' quarters, and a well, all at the modest rental of £4 per annum. Despite the dilapidated state of the premises streams of visitors, full of curiosity, began at once to pour in, which, however, delighted the young workers so long as Mr. Baller remained. But when, on the following Tuesday, he bade them farewell they were speedily plunged like inexperienced swimmers into deep waters.

Here were these two young pioneers, with less than three months' study of the language to their credit, left on their own some four days distant from their nearest missionary neighbours. Both felt almost hopelessly at sea. Of the two Cassels seemed the better at understanding what was said, while Beauchamp was the better at making himself understood. Thus for the next three months they clung together as mutual ears and mouth.

It was not unnatural that in this lonely post Cassels should feel some reaction after the joy and elation of past months. Under ordinary circumstances an outgoing missionary is something of a hero to his Church and friends, but in the case of "The Cambridge Seven" hero-worship had been a marked feature. The trough of the wave naturally follows the crest. What Cassels experienced at this time is best recorded in his own words. Writing two days after Christmas, 1885, he says :

Notwithstanding—perhaps I ought rather to say in consequence of—the encouragement, the evil one has not been leaving us alone. I have known what it is to be in heaviness through manifold temptations, and have once, at any rate, felt indeed that "my soul was among lions", so terrible was the attack of the devil.

A little later he writes again, this time more fully, along the same line :

The daily study of Chinese is still our chief work. Then under the surface, visible, perhaps, to no eye but His, are those temptations which in this land especially the devil seems to be permitted to hurl at one. I think that from beginning to end the words of the hymn which say :

How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe !
How often when trials like sea billows roll,
Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul

very correctly express my experience. If He leads us through fire and water it is to bring us out into a wealthy place, we are sure of that.

These words may suggest to you that we missionaries are in need of your prayers ; and such indeed is the case. . . . It is easy to imagine that those who have taken the step of leaving home to become missionaries have got on a platform where they are safe from the ordinary trials and temptations of other people. But there is no mistake greater. . . . The Church is waking up to her duty to send men forth. Does it also realise its equally important duty of sustaining them by constant,

earnest and believing prayer? . . . I will give you some of my late experiences in the Words of the Book.

But as for me my feet were almost gone, my steps had well-nigh slipped.

Unless the Lord had been my Help my soul had almost dwelt in silence.

When I said, " My foot slippeth ", Thy mercy, O Lord, held me up.

The evil one has been round about us as a roaring lion trying, oh so hard, to draw us from Thy hand, but through Thee we shall do valiantly, through Thee we shall tread down—no, better still, it is Thou that shalt tread down our enemies.

And he was not to be left without the " clear shining after rain ". We find him some days later on Sunday, January 10, adding :

I wrote the foregoing at a time when, as you would gather, I had been going through fire and water, and though His presence was still very real (Praise be to His Holy Name !), the temptations of the devil were very fierce, but now He has indeed once again brought me out into a wealthy place. I do not think I ever had such visions of His love and His glory. I do not know exactly in what words to express my experience, but I have been finding it impossible to keep from shouts of adoration and praise even with the sobering influence of a more sedate companion in the house. Words utterly fail me to-night ; but, oh, it has been royal company all day, Divine company. I have just been gazing upon the Master, talking with Him.

If I ask for your prayers shall I not also ask for your praises ?

Among the many persons with whom Cassels and Beauchamp were brought into touch at this time were the two remarkable men, Chang, the former Buddhist Bishop, and Ch'ü the scholar. Through them they learned of the progress of God's work in and around Taning, which city they naturally longed to visit.

The more we see of Ch'ü [wrote Cassels], the more we praise God for him. He is a man with a great deal more animation than most Chinese that we have had anything to do

with. Rather reserved, perhaps, at first, but when he begins to speak about the spread of the Gospel his face lights up, and he talks away so fast and so enthusiastically, that it is quite impossible for us to follow him.

Ch'ü's bright and cheery manner, however, was not the result of easy circumstances, for he had endured no little persecution both from his wife and from the officials. It was the fruit of true joy in God.

A little later Cassels told his friend, Chang, that he should like to commence work in Taning, if that were possible. Happily, with the Sichow official still friendly, this was easily arranged, and some premises, rough and much dilapidated, were secured. Cassels, therefore, bade farewell to Beauchamp, and travelled one day's journey south to this little city which nestles among the hills, more like a walled village than a county town.¹

Taning, or the "City of Great Peace", was reached on February 10, 1886, during the first week of the Chinese New Year, and what these first Mission premises were like and what was the missionary's manner of life there may best be told in Cassels' own words written nearly a month later. It will be remembered that the work of which he speaks had grown up as the result of God's blessing on the labours of the two men, the Buddhist priest and the Chinese scholar.

I arrived here on February 10th, and have now met with all the Christians and have visited most of them in their own homes. They comprise some twenty-two families, and live in the most out-of-the-way villages, chiefly among the hills, at a distance of three to ten miles west of the city. With two or three exceptions, it was the first time they had met with a

¹ How friendly and homely the people in Taning could be may be illustrated by the fact that they lent the keys of the city gates to the writer and a friend on one occasion. None the less, during the Boxer crisis some showed their fiendish cruelty against the three lady workers resident in the city, as well as against the Chinese Christians.

missionary, and I have been most warmly welcomed by them all. As far as I have been able to judge, they are warm-hearted and consistent Christians, from the young convert of sixty years old to the lad of twelve who is comparatively an old Christian, having known the Lord nearly two years.

On first coming into the city, I put up in the only habitable room of a broken down house, which was the only place I could get. On the brick bed of this room, for it was nearly all *kang*, I lived with my teacher and servant, and any Christians who came in from the villages to see me. Here we slept, read and prayed, and the food was cooked and eaten. But the Lord, ever watchful of the interests of His children, no doubt thought I ought to have a better place than a couple of square feet in a cave-room; so after a fortnight the *Yamen* people, who like neither foreigner nor Christian—having kept out the former as represented by Mr. David Hill, who wanted to distribute relief here in the famine time, and having persecuted the latter to the best of their powers—now influenced my landlord and got me turned out, with the result that I am now in a better house, and as it is owned by the father of some of the Christians, I am expecting to be left undisturbed. Thanks be to God.

The work in the city itself is very encouraging. . . . As to myself, God has sustained me wonderfully under many inconveniences. I have had a continual stream of visitors since I have been here. They burst their way in before I am up in the morning, and do not leave me till last thing at night. I am now getting a few letters written while surrounded with sight-seers, who are never tired of examining my Bible and my pen and pencil, which are almost the only foreign things I have with me.

After a residence of about two months Cassels, joined by Beauchamp, paid a short visit to Pingyangfu, which was at that time the mother-church of the district, their object being to be present at a Church Conference when some seventy-two persons were baptised, which practically doubled the membership of that church. But their visit was cut short by the unwelcome news of persecution at Taning and Sichow. The friendly official had been replaced by another of a different spirit, and serious charges were being levelled both against the Chinese Christians and the

foreigners, it being asserted, for instance, that Cassels had destroyed one of the idols in the Buddhist temple which overlooks the city of Taning. Cassels and Beauchamp therefore set out at once upon the return journey, each going to his own centre. When Cassels reached the city it was to find his house barred and sealed against him, and though it was dark he had no alternative but to pursue his way as best he could to the home of his friend, Chang, in the village of Mulberry Crag, some twelve miles distant. The night was stormy, and the paths among the hills difficult and dangerous, and his donkey which carried his belongings was by no means easily persuaded to ford the river which had to be crossed. It was a trying experience, but his destination was at length safely reached, and the premises in the city eventually entered by taking the doors off their hinges.

Writing again from Taning on May 18, he said :

I have been here for three or four months in *such* company—His glorious companionship. Mr. Beauchamp has paid me several visits from Sichow. I have had such encouragement here, and this notwithstanding severe persecution. But, oh ! with the vast masses so enveloped in darkness and sin, we cannot be satisfied with a little encouragement. We want China for God, and in this generation, do we not ? May the Lord baptise every Chinese Christian for this purpose.

The people here are very friendly. Let me give you an instance. Expecting only to be here for a short time, and for other reasons, I scarcely bought anything in the way of furniture or cooking utensils, and nearly all the things necessary have been lent me by people in the city, not Christians, for when I came there were none.¹

Already Cassels' stay in Shansi had been longer than had originally been intended. His designation from the first had been the west of China, but as already recorded, since large parties could not wisely travel

¹ *I.e.*, none in the city, all the Christians were in the villages.

together the Polhills had proceeded to Hanchung *via* Hankow, while Cassels and Beauchamp were to travel west *via* the north. Mr. Hudson Taylor had purposed long ere this to have joined the Shansi party to escort them west himself, but he had been unexpectedly detained. At length, however, as summer drew near news arrived that he was on his way. Cassels and others therefore travelled north to stay once more, and to meet Mr. Taylor in the hospitable home of Dr. and Mrs. Edwards at Taiyuanfu.

Of the days of blessing which followed in fellowship with Mr. Taylor at Taiyuanfu, and subsequently in the south, we cannot write at length.¹ It must suffice to say that Cassels, with four other members of the Cambridge Band, beside other friends, spent ten hallowed days in Taiyuanfu in conference and fellowship with Mr. Hudson Taylor, days long to be remembered, for the chief topic on which Mr. Taylor spoke daily was "the all-sufficiency of Christ for personal life and for all the exigencies of service".

From Taiyuanfu the members of the conference proceeded south, the majority by the great North Road, but Cassels and Hoste took the small route west of the Fen River in order that they might bring from thence a goodly company of the Christians to meet Mr. Taylor at Hungtung and Pingyangfu, the former city being the centre of the great work conducted by Mr. Hsi.

Conferences were held at both these centres, the larger of the two being at Hungtung on August 1 and 2, when some three hundred Christians gathered together. It was on this occasion that Mr. Hsi and Mr. Song

¹ For the full story, see *Days of Blessing in Inland China*, compiled by Montagu Beauchamp, and for an abbreviated record see *Hudson Taylor and the China Inland Mission*, pages 400-412.

were set apart by Mr. Hudson Taylor as Pastors, while two elders and sixteen deacons were also appointed, and some seventy persons baptised. Unhappily heavy rains, which made the Fen River impassable, prevented Cassels and Hoste with the Christians from the west from being present at Hungtung, so a smaller conference was arranged at Pingyangfu immediately after. Here it was that Ch'ü, the fervent scholar and evangelist, was set apart as Pastor, while five others were appointed as deacons.

With these conferences concluded, Mr. Hudson Taylor at once set his face westward for the long overland journey to Hanchung, he being accompanied by Beauchamp. Much to his disappointment Cassels, who fain would have joined the party, was asked to remain behind for another two or three months.

But the disappointment had its reward, for he formed during these months a close and even affectionate attachment to Mr. J. W. Stevenson who was then in the province, and had recently been appointed Mr. Hudson Taylor's deputy in China. As Mr. Stevenson was also Superintendent of the work in West China, Cassels learned to know the man with whom he would, for years to come, be in constant correspondence. His letters to Mr. Stevenson, averaging two a month, have happily been preserved, and bear witness to a love and loyalty of priceless value to any organisation.

Cassels was glad, therefore, to open his heart to his fatherly friend—he once wrote to him “as to a father”—and discuss with him a number of questions. One of these was “Marriage on the Mission field”, upon which he had already strong convictions. It certainly became a serious problem to him, for as the first clergyman in Holy Orders to join the China Inland Mission he was frequently called upon to marry missionary

couples up country. It was for this reason he had been requested to delay his departure from Shansi. Before he was a year older he wrote: " Travelling on this marriage business is assuming serious proportions ", and this travelling business soon earned for him the nickname of " The Travelling Joiner " !

As for himself he was resolved to remain single, and told Mr. Stevenson so with some emphasis. Did not the Apostle Paul say: " He that is unmarried is careful for the things of the Lord, how he may please the Lord: but he that is married is careful for the things of the world, how he may please his wife " ? Zealous for the work not only was he determined to abide single, but he keenly advocated the single life for his dearest friends. And all the while there was deep down a suppressed attachment in his own heart. Was it this that accounted for his vehemence and made him " protest too much " ? How he succumbed we shall see.

But there were other subjects which had exercised his mind which he did not feel free to discuss with his colleagues, though he did with Mr. Stevenson. At Taning he had been brought into closest touch with an indigenous work of grace, and he had also seen and learned something of the remarkable work of Pastor Hsi. But as a good Churchman he was exercised by the absence of much to which he was accustomed. Neither infant baptism nor confirmation were practised in Shansi, and the ordination of Pastors Hsi and Ch'ü was certainly not episcopal. He was heartily in sympathy with the interdenominational character of the Mission he had joined, but he was thinking his way through to a clearer view of the difference between undenominationalism and interdenominationalism. It was a comfort, therefore, to be able freely to discuss

these subjects with one who had a wide and varied experience of twenty years in the work.

Writing to Mr. Stevenson from Pingyangfu on October 22, 1886, just a fortnight before he started west, he said :

I talked with you on certain matters, *e.g.* Baptism, Ordination, etc., more freely than I have done with anyone since I have been in China. Because I spoke my mind freely I do trust I did not leave the impression that I was bigoted or uncharitable. Believe me when I say that it is not so. I never mention this matter and never try to disturb those who think differently from what I do. It seems to me a proselytising spirit in the China Inland Mission would undermine one of the foundations on which it stands. And it was largely because I understood how lovingly Christians of different denominations were working together that I asked to be allowed to join the Mission.

Early in November, accompanied only by a Chinese servant, he bade farewell to Shansi, and set out for that sphere which was to be set apart for Church of England members of the Mission where he was to spend the rest of his life. From the same letter quoted above we learn the spirit in which he faced this untried service.

And now [he writes], my "two or three months" are nearly up and I am intending to get off after the Hungtung gatherings. How short the time has been! How I should like as many months as there are days left. But my Father knoweth what things I have need of. That is a blessed thought, is it not?

There is also another word that I was feasting on yesterday in Luke xi. in what one may call The Parable of Intercessory Prayer. The Lord teaches us there (verse 5) firstly to draw near with the utmost confidence saying "Friend", and secondly to lay before Him not merely our needs but the needs of those who are dear to us, whom we love, that is those who are without hope and are looking to us for the Bread of Life (verse 6), "A friend of mine". Now certain friends of mine in Szechwan—that is those to whom my heart is going out in love—have through the ordering of God come out of their way to me (verse 6 margin) like the Man of Macedonia came out of his way to

Paul ; and in myself I have just “ *nothing to set before them* ”. But I am asking the Lord that my needs—*i.e.* my sense of them—may be very great in view of the grand promise : “ He will rise and give him as many as he needeth ”. Our confidence is that if we persevere in our petitions and our importunity He will give us “ as many as we need ”. It was Andrew Murray’s book on Prayer that gave me this word.

It was in this spirit of dependence and expectancy that he set forth for his new and needy field.

PART IV
EARLY YEARS IN WEST CHINA

If I am to select an endowment which I have found precious for the whole work of life beyond all others, it would be the belief in words which I gained through the severest discipline of verbal criticism. Belief in words is the foundation of belief in thought.—

BISHOP WESTCOTT.

You will not forget the sacred words ; πιστὸς ὁ καλῶν. I think there is force in the present participle. ‘ Faithful He who calls.’

A word upon which Bishop Westcott rested at every fresh call of God.

THE CALL OF THE WEST

Tarye no longer ; toward thyn heritage
Hast on thy weye, and be of ryght good chere.
Go eche day onward on thy pylgrymage ;
Thynke how short tyme thou hast abyden here.

JOHN LYDGATE, 1370.

LEAVING behind the loved field of Ta-ning—the “ City of Great Peace ”—Cassels set forth for his new sphere, Pao-ning, the “ City of Assured Peace ”. It was a happy coincidence that “ *Ning* ”, the character for “ Peace ”, should be the dominant note in the names of the two cities with which his life was to be identified. But whereas he had been welcomed by a little band of Christians to the former, he was to find his entry resented by the latter. But the opposition experienced was only a measure of the need.

For more than a month Cassels, accompanied only by a Chinese boy, pursued his way, the long hours of his lonely march affording much leisure for prayer and thought. His route lay over the Yellow River, across the extensive Sian Plain, and then through rough and rocky mountain paths to Hanchung, which was to be his *pied-à-terre* for entry into the populous province of Szechwan.

Nothing can bring home to a traveller the spiritual needs of China more than such a journey. All along the way Cassels would not find a single Mission station. City after city he would enter and leave behind, each without a Gospel messenger, countless villages he

would pass where Christ's name had never been heard, and all along the roads—the highways of China, for railways were unknown—he would encounter incessant streams of eager travellers for whom nothing spiritual was being done. The need, the need, the need, would stare him in the face day by day and night by night. With added urgency he would continue to plead that God would arise and give him all he needed.

In the whole province of Shensi which he crossed there was only one Protestant Mission station and that was Hanchung, his temporary destination. Away to the north-west there was the vast province of Kansu, which with Chinese Turkestan extends into the very heart of Asia, with only four stations, and three of these just opened.

Away in the far south-west, in the provinces of Yunnan and Kweichow, with their aggregate of twenty millions of people, there were only three centres of light; while in Szechwan, with which province we are more especially concerned—a province of countless natural resources and more than sixty millions of souls—there were only two stations, Chungking in the south and Chengtu in the west, and a riot in the former had just driven the little band of missionaries away.

It was no wonder that Hudson Taylor, whose soul was wrung with anguish over China's spiritual destitution, should write :

The claims of an Empire like this should surely be not only admitted but realised! Shall not the eternal interests of one-fifth of our race stir up the deepest sympathies of our nature, the most strenuous efforts of our blood-bought powers? Shall not the low wail of helpless, hopeless misery, arising from one half of the heathen world, pierce our sluggish ear and rouse us, spirit, soul and body, to one mighty, continued, unconquerable effort for China's salvation?

With his practical though fervent mind Hudson Taylor had seen in the Cambridge Band some who could attempt an opening into the needy west. But further—in keeping with the principles of the Mission, which, as an interdenominational organisation, recognised and made provision for denominational convictions—he saw the necessity for allocating a sphere for Church of England workers, since Cassels and others of his party were members of that Church.

As early as 1866, shortly after the arrival in China of the “Lammermuir” party, he had written :

Those already associated with me represent all the leading denominations of our native land—Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist, Baptist and Paedobaptist. Besides these, two are, or have been, connected with the “Brethren” so called. It is intended that those whose view of discipline correspond shall work together, and thus all difficulty on that score will be avoided. Each one is perfectly at liberty to teach his own views on these minor points to his own converts; the one great object we have in view being to bring heathen from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to God. We all hold alike the great fundamentals of our faith, and in the presence of *heathenism* can leave the discussion of discipline while together, and act as before God when in separate stations.

Mr. Taylor’s visit to the west had, among other things, been to arrange the details of such a division of territory, and the great and needy north of Szechwan was calling as loudly as any for evangelisation. Not to attempt too much at once the densely populated area of Eastern Szechwan, lying to the east of the Kialing River, was, therefore, henceforth to be recognised as the China Inland Mission Church of England sphere. In confirmation of this statement we cannot do better than quote some words spoken many years later by William Cassels, long after he had been consecrated Bishop.

If you will excuse a personal reference which I cannot avoid. In the providence of God it happened that I should be the first clergyman of the Church of England to join the China Inland Mission. I went out to preach the Gospel, and perhaps—I do not know whether it was unwisely or wisely—I did not look very far ahead into the future. But not long after arriving in China, when I had only begun to study the language, at the suggestion of Mr. Hudson Taylor, who was most sympathetic and cordial in the matter, it was arranged that I should go to an untouched part of North Szechwan and try to gather round me there members of the Church of England who came out in connection with the China Inland Mission. As soon as I could I made my way from the north of China, where I then was, right down to the west, Szechwan. I was joined there first by my friends, Montagu (now Sir Montagu) Beauchamp and Arthur Polhill, both of whom have since been ordained.

We must not at the moment quote more of this interesting résumé, lest we anticipate our story, but we must rather proceed to survey the situation which presented itself to Cassels when early in December, 1886, he reached Hanchung, which is situated a little to the north of Szechwan.

There is, however, one memorable experience to which reference must be made before we proceed to survey the field, for God does not lay a burden upon His servants before He has conferred power to bear it. After Cassels had crossed the extensive and monotonous Sian Plain he came to the rocky mountain range which shuts in on the north the Hanchung valley. The weather had been dull and cloudy, and as he climbed these mountain roads he was feeling somewhat desolate and depressed. At the summit, after an arduous ascent, Ch'i-t'eo-kwan, or the Cock's Head Pass, was reached, a point of vantage from which the long stretches of the Han valley were visible with the Szechwan hills beyond.

Pausing after his steep and weary climb, he eagerly scanned the wide expanse before him, when suddenly the sun burst through the clouds and flooded all the

landscape with glory. There, fifteen miles away, in the midst of its well-watered and populous plain lay the city of Hanchung, the only Mission station in all that region, and away beyond, on the distant horizon, were the hills amongst which his life's work was to be. As he stood here wrapped in thought there flashed through his mind the words of Isaiah from which he had preached at South Lambeth :

Arise, shine ; for thy Light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth and gross darkness the people : but the Lord shall arise upon thee and His glory shall be seen upon thee.

It was one of those moments which time can never obliterate. To him those words came as a voice from the Living God Himself, and the scene became a prophetic vision of what was to be. There ahead was his future sphere with its people sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, but that burst of glory was God's pledge that the Sun of Righteousness should arise with healing in His wings and transform the situation. That this was more than a passing fancy, but rather an abiding experience, is confirmed by the fact that more than thirty-five years later, towards the close of his life's work, he, with a face lit up with the memory of it, recalled that moment on the mount to two young workers, from whom the writer received it.

With this vision in mind, let us in spirit take our stand beside him on that mountainous watch-tower in 1886 and survey the land which lay before him.

Szechwan, or " the land of four streams ", so called from the four great rivers which water its soil, is by far the largest province of China proper, and possesses the largest population. Like Eden with its four streams, it is a veritable garden of beauty and fruitfulness, if

physical conditions alone be considered. Its natural resources are boundless ; its waterways are magnificent, and sometimes, as through the gorges of the Yangtze, awe-inspiring ; its plains are almost tropical in their fertility ; its artificial irrigation schemes, engineered long ages ago, are a marvel of skill and ingenuity ; its mountains, especially on the Tibetan border, are massive and majestic beyond description ; its oil and salt wells, bored for hundreds of feet through solid rock with the most primitive of tools, are a revelation of almost incredible patience and pertinacity ; its toiling masses, many of them by reason of the absence of carts and roads veritable beasts of burden, reveal their admirable grit and pluck as they bear along its mountain pathways almost insufferable loads ; while its temples, rock carvings, and sacred mountains stand as monuments and as a moving testimony to the soul hunger and spiritual aspirations of its people. For nineteen hundred years the millions of Szechwan had toiled, had aspired to better and eternal things, and yet had died without having heard of the Saviour's Love. But at last an effort was to be made to save those who were ready to perish.

The city upon which the heart of Cassels and his fellows was set, as a centre for this new endeavour, was the influential Prefectural city of Paoning, and as this place became his home for many years, and eventually the centre of the new diocese, some description is necessary.

Paoning was the most important city in the whole of North Szechwan, not, however, because of its commercial activity, but by reason of its official status. Under the Manchu Dynasty it was the city of the Taotai or Intendant of Circuit, whose authority extended over the three Prefectures of Paoning, Tung-

chwan, and Shunking, a well-populated area nearly equal in extent to the whole of Scotland. It was also the headquarters of the Chentai or Brigade General, who had military jurisdiction also over a wide area. Here also were located the Yamens of the Futai or Prefect governing the nine Hsien cities of the Prefecture, and the Yamen of the local Hsien or county official, with the residences of many other smaller civil and military dignitaries.

Though Hudson Taylor and Cassels little thought at that time that their selection of Paoning as a centre for reaching the unevangelised regions of North Szechwan would lead to its becoming the centre of a new diocese, there can be little doubt but that their choice was Divinely guided.

From a religious point of view Paoning was also an important centre, the local Confucian and Buddhist temples being widely known and much frequented by visitors from distant cities. Under the old regime the students from all the northern parts of the province came up for the examinations, there being at times as many as ten thousand students in residence in the city or suburbs. Enormous crowds also from all parts of North Szechwan were attracted to the annual festival of the god of diseases in the fifth month. It should further be mentioned that the Mohammedans constituted an influential and strong community in the city and neighbourhood, where there were two mosques.

Although a large amount of silk is produced throughout the district there are no great industries in the city itself. The chief business centre is a street outside the city walls, which thoroughfare, especially on market days, presents a gay and busy scene. And it was on this street, as will be related later, that the first Mission premises were secured. Apart from its silk Paoning

is noted commercially for its vinegar, which has a more than provincial fame, and for a special kind of steamed bread which is very popular.

As a city it stands on the banks of the Kialing River, which rises in Kansu, passes through the western corner of Shensi, and thence flows south through Szechwan to join the great Yangtze at Chungking. This river, which in winter is a clear placid stream, but during summer becomes a broad and mighty flood difficult to cross, flows around three sides of the city, which stands on a low-lying promontory. In winter the river is spanned by a bridge of boats, but in summer can only be crossed by the use of large ferry barges.

The city, almost circled by the river and surrounded by hills, is a picturesque sight. And what has given a peculiar charm to the neighbourhood, especially to the foreigner, are the almost English-like lanes which are found in the suburbs. These appear to be almost unique in China, for many who have travelled extensively declare that they have not seen the like elsewhere in that country. These narrow lanes, shut in on either side by high hedges composed for the most part of wild limes, are a delight to the eye, especially when in bloom in the spring. All around, the country has a quiet beauty of its own, although the hills have been largely denuded of trees.

There is, unhappily, no question that the city has been deteriorating steadily during recent years, the tragic military disorders since the revolution having discouraged any attempt to rebuild or repair dilapidations.

THE OPENING OF THE CITY

Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither ;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather.

JOHN BUNYAN.

IF it were possible to tell the full story of the opening of the Mission stations in China it would be a tale of true valour indeed, for all who have attempted this task have had need, in John Bunyan's phrase, to "constant be, come wind, come weather". In many cases not merely weeks of patient unwearying toil have been demanded, but months and years. With Paoning the difficulties were not extreme, but still sufficiently trying, and we tell its story, not only for its own sake, but as one illustration of hardships endured in opening other centres of the diocese that was to be.

Probably the first Protestant missionary to enter the city was Mr. G. F. Easton of the China Inland Mission, who had been in China some ten years before Cassels arrived. As a pioneer he had traversed the country from Shanghai to Tibet and back, and itinerated in the far North-West for five years. More than eight years before Cassels reached Hanchung, as told in the last chapter, Mr. Easton had, in the height of the summer of 1878, spent a most trying week in Paoning city, where all alone he was stricken down with smallpox. The place was crowded with students for the examinations, and he experienced the greatest difficulty in

getting even the poorest accommodation. The inn in which he was eventually received was full of boisterous military students—not the most helpful neighbours for a sick man. Housed in a dark damp room with a mud floor, he was, in response to his urgent requests, carried out daily into the open courtyard to lie in the sun. After a week of fever and pain with the prospects of a long and serious illness, he engaged coolies to carry him the eight long stages back to Chungking, then the only Mission station in the province.

What he endured under such conditions can be better imagined than described. “I could do nothing,” he subsequently wrote, “but pray on the journey, and God had mercy on me.” But one of his coolies, meanly taking advantage of his helplessness, decamped with all his baggage. Still undismayed he wrote, “So God tries and teaches us, but I can believe that all things work together for good, that His hand is in it all, and that He is accomplishing His purposes.” Thank God for such faith and valour!

But nothing daunted a few months later he, this time accompanied by Mr. George King, again visited the city. But nearly eight years elapsed ere it was possible to attempt a settlement.

At length in the spring of 1886 Mr. Albert Phelps,¹ with Messrs. Cecil and Arthur Polhill, paid a brief visit to the city, and a little later Mr. Edward Pearse, who had been ten years in the field, accompanied by Mr. Cecil Polhill and an able Chinese worker, made an attempt to rent premises. But the students were so anti-foreign, and so determined in their opposition, that it seemed wise for the foreigners to retire, trusting Mr. Ho to make what arrangements he could.

Leaving the city the missionaries journeyed to

¹ Now the Rev. Albert Phelps of Norwich.

Chungking only to find that place had just been rioted, and that they must seek shelter in the *Yamen*, where the other refugees were lodged. This unexpected development made a speedy return to Paoning impossible, and Mr. Ho,¹ being perplexed at the non-appearance of his friends, wrote to Hanchung asking that Mr. Phelps might join him in an inn outside the East Gate, which he did in September.

As the situation had become more critical by reason of the anti-foreign riot at Chungking great caution became necessary, and Mr. Phelps wisely kept himself in the background as much as possible. At length a likely house was stealthily inspected by night, the deed of rental was approved, and the date for possession fixed. But before entry was obtained the landlord, who had been threatened with dire penalties, came begging to be released. Lest he, an innocent man, should suffer there was no alternative but to free him and begin the search again.

Months passed in this way, and meanwhile Cassels, who had arrived at Hanchung in December, paid his first visit to the city, bringing some needed supplies. Writing under date of January 18, 1887, he said :

By Mr. Pearse's advice I went to Paoning, taking Mr. Studd's luggage on thus far, also silver and letters for Mr. Phelps. I scattered seed at all the places on the way and was so glad to meet with the brethren Phelps and Gray Owen at Paoning. I spent two days with them in prayer and consultation. Then I went on to Pachow, where I sold books and spent one day. From Pachow I still went east to Tungkiang, where I spent two days and disposed of the rest of my books and tracts.

Having no more books I returned with all speed to Hanchung

¹ Mr. Ho, who was the first convert of the Hanchung Church, was a wise and cautious man. Previous to his conversion he had been an ardent vegetarian, and had travelled widely, even into Kokonor and Tibet, preaching salvation by vegetarianism and similar austerities. But now he was just as zealous in the things of God.

by Hsi-ho-k'eo, being absent thirty-two days. The whole district is hilly and does not appear populous, but yet there are vast crowds of people found at all the markets, which are held constantly.

Tungkiang reminded me of Taning (in Shansi) though it is a much larger place. Like Pachow and Paoning it has water communication with Chungking. Books sold most readily in the Tungkiang district, and thus confirmed what was told me, that it had been scarcely visited by missionaries.

It is worthy of note that one of the two brief days spent by Cassels at Paoning during this his first visit was Christmas Day, 1886, for Christmas Day, as our story will show, was on several occasions a red-letter day in Cassels' life. Writing on December 25, 1914, when Bishop of the Diocese, he said :

It was at Christmas twenty-eight years ago that I first set my foot in Paoning on a short visit of prospection in this region. Things were far from easy then. We were suspected, distrusted, and opposed ; our motives were misunderstood and misinterpreted. No house could be purchased or rented, and the prospects were far from promising. And for ourselves, we were very inexperienced, our knowledge of the language was small, and our knowledge of the people less.

But this sense of helplessness was Cassels' source of strength, for it drove him to prayer. When weak he became strong, believing that through Christ he could do all things. And so we find him at this initial stage laying the foundation of the work to be, by instituting that weekly day of intercession which has persisted ever since.

You may have heard [he wrote Mr. Stevenson from Hanchung], that a few days after my arrival here I went down to Paoning and returned by Pachow and Tungkiang. I scattered a good deal of seed in the way of talks and tracts on the road, and had the joy of some time of prayer with Phelps and Gray Owen. We spent New Year's eve in prayer at a little village thirty odd miles from Paoning, and since that I have kept the weekly anniversary of that day, that is every Friday,

for half a day of prayer and fasting with special reference to Szechwan. Others of the Szechwan detachment are, I believe, doing so too.

Refreshed by this brief visit Phelps held on, still living in an inn, but this time inside the city near the West Gate, and assisted now by another Chinese named Siang.

But the negotiations were protracted, and Cassels was obliged to fulfil engagements elsewhere. There were Mr. C. F. Hogg and Miss Muir to be married at Hanchung, and Mr. Gray Owen and Miss Butland awaiting his arrival for the same purpose at Chengtu, and there was, despite his strong views on celibacy, his own engagement as an appropriate preface to these weddings. But such a crisis in his own experience demands a chapter to itself, so that the story of the opening of the city must be completed first.

Eventually during the spring of 1887 Phelps' attention was drawn to a suitable house at the north end of the main East Street. The owner was a remarkable Mohammedan widow named Ku, a striking personality with great strength of character. Terms were arranged, the deed of rental signed, and the date fixed for entry, but only into a portion of the building, for there were several tenants. As had been anticipated opposition arose as before, but Mrs. Ku was not a woman easily to be terrorised, and she resolutely held her ground.

In view of some unavoidable delay in taking possession, Phelps gladly accepted the offer of Arthur Polhill to relieve him for a time. But more formidable opposition now arose. Gongs were beaten, crowds were gathered, and the people exhorted not to yield to the foreigner. Again the agreement was destroyed, and all prospects of success disappeared.

On hearing of this trouble Phelps hastened back,

and shortly afterwards, through the good offices of a secretary of the District Magistrate, with whom he had formed a friendship, an interview was arranged with the official himself who, being a native of the coast province of Chekiang, was more acquainted with the ways of foreigners than the local gentry. With his approval the deed was re-written, the possession of three rooms in the south section was secured, and with a grateful heart Phelps took possession with his teacher and servant.

But all demonstrations of ill-will did not cease, for a few weeks later Phelps' fears were suddenly awakened in the middle of the night by the noise of an approaching procession. With a bang and a crash the door was smashed in and the crowd surged through. Without showing any signs of alarm Phelps asked by what rules of etiquette this unseemly intrusion was allowed, when most unexpectedly and without any explanation the crowd withdrew as they had come. On the next day the leader of the procession sent an apology, and before long the possession of the whole compound, with the exception of a small court in the north-west corner,¹ reserved by Mrs. Ku for herself and two grandchildren, gave a fuller sense of security, though opposition did not fully cease.

Here at the beginning of August, 1887, Cassels and several others assembled to commence settled work. But before we take up that narrative we must go back a few months to follow more fully Cassels' own story.

¹ This remaining portion was only secured by the Rev. W. H. Aldis seventeen years later in 1904.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT

Of all the sweet and noble names that a woman bears, there is none so rich, so sweet, so lasting and so fruitful as just her first Divine name of helpmeet. Her Father, so to speak, gave her away under this noble name. And how favoured of God is that man to be accounted whose life still continues to draw help out of his wife's fulness of help, till all her and his days together he is able to say, I have of God a helpmeet indeed!

ALEXANDER WHYTE.

IN the autumn of 1885, not long after Cassels had reached Shansi, he had written to his mother saying, "Mrs. Hargreaves writes to me that a Miss Legg, a South Lambeth Sunday School teacher, was going to start for China in a month's time!!" Beyond his two exclamation marks he makes no comment. Those marks might signify anything or nothing. That they came to mean everything, despite his resolutions to keep single, is the subject of this chapter.

Miss Mary Louisa Legg was the first of the six workers from the South Lambeth Parish to follow William Cassels to China. Converted when about twelve years of age at some Children's Services held on the beach at St. Leonards, she had more fully dedicated herself to God at the time of her confirmation two years later. Her home was in St. Leonards, where she was educated, and where for a time she took up teaching as her profession. Though blessed with a good and gracious mother there were elements in her early life—one of these being an invalid and crippled sister—which, by their chastening and discipline, began their

good work of developing a noble and brave spirit. Resolved to bear her share of life's burdens, though she could have remained at home, she accepted the post of Assistant-Mistress in a school in London, which led her to join All Saints' Church, where Cassels was curate. Here she threw herself with youthful ardour into such activities of the Church as her time allowed, becoming a zealous worker in the Mission band and among the costermongers and factory girls.

Having offered to the China Inland Mission and been accepted, she sailed for China on December 12, 1885, under the escort of Dr. and Mrs. Douthwaite, and in company with three other lady workers, landing in Shanghai on February 2, 1886. The life and testimony of this party on board were blessed to many of the crew, and one officer at least. So manifest was the change in these men that officers and passengers alike bore witness to it, and ere the missionary party left the ship they were presented with the following letter signed by those who had been helped :

SHANGHAI,
February 2nd, 1886.

TO OUR DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS—We, the undersigned, feel deeply grateful to you for being the means of our finding salvation and true happiness : we feel so much indebted to you that we cannot find words to convey sufficiently our meaning. But, although we shall be separated by land and sea, we will pray to God that, in His great mercy, He will watch over and protect you from all harm and danger, and that you may be the means of bringing many, many souls to Christ. Trusting that you will remember us in your prayers, and that we shall all meet together in that beautiful land on high, is the prayer of your loving friends.

[Here follow the signatures of the men.]

The months of spring were spent by Mary Legg at the Mission's Language School at Yangchow, both then and for many years after under the loving and motherly



MARY LOUISA LEGG.
As missionary candidate in 1885.

To face page 94.

care of Miss Mariamne Murray. With the same good friend she proceeded later to Takutang, a lovely spot near the foot of the mountains overlooking the Poyang Lake, and under the shadow of the more recently developed hill resort, Kuling. Here she passed the hot and trying days of summer. It was during this time of retreat that she received a letter from her friend, William Cassels, from which it is clear that a mutual attachment existed between them. In this communication written from Shansi he tells her of his conviction of being called to remain single, a declaration which she acknowledged, when writing to a bosom friend, came to her as a painful shock. Fond hopes were thus dashed and dreams dispelled—for a time. But though the course of true love is said never to run smooth it still runs irresistibly. In this case it was only pent up to burst forth later with overwhelming force.

From Kuling Mary Legg returned in the autumn to Yangchow whence, as a Church of England worker, she was designated by Hudson Taylor to Hanchung with a view to labouring subsequently in Szechwan. Travelling up the Han River under the escort of Mr. and Mrs. Hutton, she reached her destination a little more than a year after her landing in Shanghai.

From some of those with whom she lived during her first year or two in China we learn that she was in those early days a diligent student of the language, a lovable and beautiful soul, personally attractive, somewhat forceful and masterful in character, and with "a voice like a bird". Such was Mary Louisa Legg when she reached Hanchung toward the end of February, 1887.

According to promise William Cassels was due at Hanchung in March to marry Mr. C. F. Hogg and Miss Muir, and here he again met Miss Legg, whom

he had not seen for more than two years. Meeting her thus face to face, especially as he had come for a wedding, raised an issue which he had thought dead. The whole question had to be debated again. Had he or had he not been Divinely guided in his decision not to marry? Despite himself his feelings now challenged his theories. Past convictions and love's present pleadings engaged in a battle royal. He was not a man to be lightly swayed by his emotions, so there was no easy surrender. But with his friend before him he felt he must arrive at a decision concerning himself and his friend which could not be shaken, ere he officiated at the marriage he had come to perform.

It is no exaggeration to say that for days he endured real agony of mind about it all. What was God's will? Was he allowing a second best to contend with God's highest? If he did decide to remain single himself he knew that this would be like a sword in the side of his friend, whom he loved despite himself. He was prepared to deny himself, but love's keenest shaft pierced him as he thought of wounding another. But the great thing was to know God's mind. He prayed, he fasted, he sought God's Word for light upon his path, and one whole day at least he spent by himself alone with God in the open fields north of the city, until at length he felt convinced of God's guiding hand. Then peace and assurance took possession, and on Sunday evening, March 13, after the little English service, he and his friend plighted their troth in that far away Chinese city, and upon that pledge of human love God set His everlasting seal.

That Cassels should have become engaged and in such a precipitate fashion—as it appeared—laid him open to no end of chaff. Here was the man who had so vehemently expressed his convictions in favour of the

single life—convictions he had preached to others—surrendering them almost at first sight—or so it seemed. And when within forty-eight hours of his own engagement to Mary Legg he spoke on the Marriage at Cana in Galilee at Mr. and Mrs. Hogg's wedding, and asked in all innocence "And what did Mary say?" the risible faculties of even his most sedate friends could not be restrained. Friendly banter inevitably followed, but the joy was his, and how he justified his *volte face* is best described by his own letter to Mr. Stevenson, dated March 21 :

David enquired of the Lord, "Shall I go up against the Philistines? And the Lord said Go". He went and prospered. (1 Chronicles xiv. 10.) "And the Philistines yet again spread themselves abroad, and David *enquired again*", and the answer was *different*, "Go not". He did not make the mistake of thinking that the guidance in one case was to be the guidance in every case. This, however, is the mistake we are apt to make. It was the mistake I was making. I was thinking the guidance of last year was the guidance of to-day, when it is now evident that the Lord has other purposes for me.

If any matter was ever undertaken with prayer and long waiting upon the Lord to know His Will my engagement is such a matter. The time may seem to have been short, but circumstances needed that it should be brought to a head. By the grace of God I could have borne my own burden and gone off to Szechwan leaving things as they were; but I could not bear her grief, knowing too well, and better than any around me, what was making her so ill. So things could not be delayed. I am so certain of the Lord's guidance and am confident that I have His smile upon me. Each day assures me more and more that He is the Doer of it, and I feel "I shall yet praise Him more and more". You are aware that I have known Miss Legg for three or four years. . . . Our Master Himself began His earthly ministry and manifested forth His glory at a marriage feast. Hallelujah! Will you not then, dear Mr. Stevenson, pray for us that we may serve the Lord as we could not possibly have served Him singly.

There is one other letter of Cassels penned during this visit to Hanchung dated six days before his

engagement, from which some extracts must be given to reveal his utter devotion to the Lord and His work, and at the same time his desire that that work should be rightly governed.

One of the first letters I opened [he writes Mr. Stevenson on March 7th] of the unusually large mail which has just reached me was yours of January 14th. I cannot tell you what joy it gave me to hear from you and I did thank God. . . .

Oh, it has been a time of "abiding satisfied". "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." This is still true. I hear that such expressions are being disapproved of, but I must state the blessed fact of my deep experience, that I have utterly lost my heart on Jesus. . . .

But herein lies the mystery and the paradox. I do feel in a most terrible state of dissatisfaction. I do long for more of the outflowing of the rivers of water—the "more abundantly" which the King has promised to His servants. . . .

The Lord gave us a message from your circular letter at a little prayer meeting we had about the Chinese New Year. It was re-read, and stirred many of us to more of that kind of prayer which cannot do without fasting, and the message reached beyond us to some of the Chinese, for the arrows which God gives to His children go very far and very deep. The great matter before us, as you said then and say again, is to glorify God by saving souls. To the winds with all our Church organisation and proper sanctions and so on, unless we set this first and last too!

God has sent us to China, has put us in the work to glorify Him and to be His messengers to poor benighted men, and by His grace we will do this. We want to preach the Gospel to every creature in Szechwan; we want a wave of converting power to roll over the province, and we want each Christian to be stamped with the mark "Holiness to the Lord". . . .

Directly after the wedding (of Mr. and Mrs. Hogg) I start for Chengtu, to keep as near as possible to Mr. Taylor's request, that I should be there early in March to marry Mr. Gray Owen and Miss Butland, and let the Clarks get away. . . . I may then pursue the study of the language either at Chengtu or Paoning. In the absence of further instructions the Lord will guide me in other ways. I have sent my luggage by my boy to Paoning. . . .

Thanks so much for telling me all about your conference

with kind Archdeacon Moule. . . . I am very glad you were able to have it all well talked out, for though I am feeling intensely that the salvation of souls is so important that any difficulties of other kinds must utterly go to the wall before that, yet I believe that our glorious Lord is going to bless His work, and I do intend by His grace to walk through the land and possess it for Jesus, so it is well to have our arrangements made for the formation and orderly carrying on of churches.

Since the letters which the Archdeacon refers to I have written again to him. I also told him, as you did, that I saw no fear of any clashing between the Bishop and the China Inland Mission Council or Superintendents, and quoted the cases of Colonial Bishops superintending missionaries. It seems to me that the fear of clashing will be no more and no less than in these cases.

In keeping with Mr. Taylor's request he left as soon as the wedding at Hanchung permitted for the marriage arranged at Chengtu, in which city he settled down for a period of study, hoping to receive word any day that Phelps had been prospered in his quest for a house at Paoning. The delay in securing premises there very far exceeded his expectations and proved a real trial to his eager spirit. His letters written during his four months' stay at the capital of the province revealed the yearnings of his heart over needy Szechwan and his consuming desire to gain a foothold at Paoning.

I can hardly bear [he says, writing to Mr. Stevenson on April 20th] to write 1887 when it recalls to one the awful fact that after all these eighteen hundred years there are only some fifty Christians in this province of twenty million people, millions of whom have never heard the name of Jesus. I suppose we have been in the province some ten years. Can it be God's Will that we should make converts at the rate of five a year? I have been considering the question to-day, and trying to find out what the rate of progress is God intends should be. . . .

The Clarks started on Tuesday, the 12th, Cecil [Polhill] Turner and Phelps travelling with them to Chungking. The province is thus being left with six missionaries until others arrive. It is about time we cried to the Lord for thirty men and thirty women. Some of us hardly knew what we were

doing when we kept praying for women to be sent to Szechwan. Little did we think that to answer our prayer the Lord would have to overturn our deepest prejudices, not to say convictions. How could He send sisters to Eastern Szechwan unless some brothers made homes for them? I remain here sticking hard to books. Arthur [Polhill] Turner starts for Paoning to-morrow to take possession of the house in the name of the Lord. We have been asking the Lord for this particular house for some time, and have determined to stick to it. He says, "For what dost thou make request?" wanting a definite petition.

To-day at noon Mr. Liang arrived saying he had bad news. There was no chance now to get the house, and he feared it was not God's Will that we should have one in Paoning at all. . . . Hearing this we all felt rather bowled over. What did the Lord mean? How about our prayers? We fell on our knees and asked Him to teach us. It then came to us all that it was a trial of faith and we must hold on. We mean to. Arthur [Polhill] Turner starts to-morrow, going to walk into the house, find an empty room—there are said to be two or three uninhabited—and seat himself down. The house is legally ours, money having been already paid over. We have tried the *man-man-tih* plan (slowly, slowly) for twelve months. We believe the Lord will honour faith and courage.

Mr. Liang is horrified and thinks us mad. He wants to be allowed to go on first and see what he can do. . . . We told him that if he attempted to discourage us or to go on first and spoil the plan of getting in we should prefer to keep him here. I think he received encouragement by hearing the plans we adopted just this time last year at Taning (Shansi). I had already been turned out of one place by the Mandarin's influence, and while I was absent the Mandarin, in addition to bringing charges against me and the Christians, told the landlord I was no longer to be allowed my house, and the door was to be locked. On my return I got through the window. . . . We are acting on distinct guidance given us on our knees, and we are going to entertain no doubts, but trust.

Six days later he wrote again :

I am hard at work at the language, giving myself almost exclusively to that and being helped. . . . Those verses, "The Lord is able to give thee much more than this" and "God is able of these stones to raise up children" have been much in my mind for Szechwan. . . . There are such nice quiet times in the beautiful garden here, no longer hiding from the Lord amongst the trees, but meeting Him face to face, brought nigh

by Jesus. . . . Oh for the heaviness of Paul, oh for the tears of the Lord Jesus, for the agonies of the Lord Jesus—for the unfathomable love which tore Him from glory and made Him set His face steadfastly to face death! Oh for deeds, and not empty words and feelings! “Do it,” is a word given me lately. Pray that I may.

After referring to a beloved fellow-worker who desired to work in Tibet, he proceeded :

I asked him what Mr. Taylor's views were, and he said that the matter would probably be determined by the guidance he himself received. I only said that I trusted the Lord would make it all plain to him, and that I believed people were led in very different ways. I do think, however, that many of us need more caution on the matter of guidance. If we were quite sure that no secret self-pleasing found its way into our hearts we should be safer in taking our own course rather than the advice of those who have been taught by years of experience. Personally (though perhaps it may be the devil has stirred up one to fret against general instructions and their bondage, until the Lord taught one to rejoice afresh in anything new which would help in the emptying process) there are times in which I have the greatest longing for the presence of an older missionary to advise and direct me. It has been natural to me to lean on others too much rather than too little. And this leads me to say how thankful I shall always be for hints, warning and advice as to my work and my movements.

The very best thing for us at times is a really good sitting upon. Now for example, in the matter of my marriage I do want to follow your advice and that of Mr. Taylor, who had seen a good deal of Miss Legg at Yangchow, and knows her state of health, and may possibly have got to know what some there did know, how deeply Miss Legg has prayed about this matter for a long time.

From my attitude at Taiyuanfu you may think me changeable in the extreme, but I think I have already suggested that I have mistaken temporary for permanent guidance. . . .

My heart is just burdened for Eastern Szechwan. Oh that He would rend the Heavens and come down, and do things that we look not for—something quite exceeding our expectation, and He will. Blessed are all they that wait upon Him.

Writing again on May 6, he says :

Our faith continues to be tried about Paoning. Arthur [Polhill] Turner's coolie returned on Wednesday night with a

note saying that he had been prevented carrying out the plan of entering the house. . . . We at once had a council of war. . . . It seemed right to send off somebody else to help our brother. Mr. Wang, a very good man for this sort of work, had been suggested by Gray Owen. He was most agreeable, and warmed up splendidly at the thought of the work. He has plenty of "go" and is not timid. His wife stopped up all night to get his things ready, and he started off the next morning (yesterday). I trust the brethren will be glad to have him, and will not be afraid of superseding Chang Wa. It seems to us that after all these months carrying on the matter in the *man-man-tih* style it is time to make a determined effort, and as we believe it is God's Will to give us a place we need not be afraid of going ahead. Of old they boldly walked into the Jordan and the waters divided as their feet touched them. We have not yet put God to the proof in this way at Paoning. We have rather been watching to see if the waters would divide before making the effort. I remain here studying hard. It could have been no use my going as no doubt Phelps has arrived by this time, and two foreigners (Phelps and Arthur [Polhill] Turner) will be plenty.

But though possession of the house was obtained at Paoning there was still considerable opposition, and for a time Cassels remained at the capital. Writing under date of June 3, he said :

How different are things in Szechwan. What idol worship ! What superstition ! What careful observance of idolatrous rites ! What magnificent temples ! What crowds of priests ! What tinkling of bells and chanting of prayers ! What burning of incense and candles, paper money, and all the rest of this heathen paraphernalia ! But in proportion as the work is more difficult the triumph of grace will be more glorious.

P.S.—I think I ought to tell you that Mr. Horsburgh of the Church Missionary Society has written to me to know if I think it possible for him to come and work up here in Szechwan as a Church Missionary Society missionary and to work along with us. He came out for extension work, and wishes to get further inland. He is also very much in favour of our simpler and more native style of living and working. He suggests that his coming might make it easier for Bishop Moule to visit Szechwan in course of time. . . . I wrote to tell him that I saw no obstacle, and personally I should heartily welcome him if the Lord so directed.

At this juncture the illness of a brother missionary unexpectedly delayed his departure, for on June 15 he wrote :

I am now writing in great haste, for it having become increasingly evident that dear Gray Owen has caught the small-pox it has been decided that I may have the privilege of nursing him, and he is to be brought in here.

Nearly a month later, on July 13, he reports the arrival of new workers, of his joy in welcoming them, though his own spartan habits caused him to rebel a little against the less austere ways of others.

If I write of my own doings [he says], it must be a tale of some three or four weeks of table-serving and ministering to the brethren in temporal things. In as far as this has been not for myself but for others it has been as acceptable to the Lord as other work. It does, however, appear to me to be very questionable whether the way we encumber ourselves with worldly possessions is altogether pleasing to our Master, and they certainly engross us a great part of our time. There was the nursing of dear Gray Owen. When he came over into my room he was so ill that the being carried across was most exhausting, and for some days he had to be fed every two or three hours, night and day, with a spoon. . . .

Excellent news has just come from my parish, some half a dozen have China deeply laid on their hearts, they are excellent workers too. How nice for them to form a colony out here in Szechwan. . . .

“Remember ye not the former things, neither consider the things of old.”

“Behold, I will do a new thing ; now it shall spring forth ; shall ye not know it ? I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert.”

“The beast of the field shall honour me, the dragons and the owls ; because I give waters in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert, to give drink to my people, my chosen.”

“This people have I formed for myself ; they shall show forth my praise.”

These truths are getting hold of us, and we are keeping on praying for new things in this province. Oh for souls ! Oh for souls ! My heart aches to win souls and see souls won. I cannot imagine any real completeness in the peace of anyone

who is not winning souls or engaged in work which more or less directly tends to the winning of souls. For myself I know there is a great unsatisfied gap in my heart when I lay down at night after spending a day arranging furniture, curtains, pictures, etc., and so on, and I cannot testify to feelings of joy, though it may be ever so necessary to have these things, and these things may all be done to the glory of God. Do join us in prayer for souls in this province. Oh to bring in lost ones!—just a few this year. Oh for some out and out conversions! Oh for a general wake-up both among ourselves and the Chinese Christians!

If I could stop until our new brethren get settled down we might have some hours of laying hold of our mighty God about this, but they will be very busy for some days yet.

The wealth of correspondence dating from Chengtu is somewhat embarrassing, but we must not omit to reproduce one or two paragraphs from one of his letters to his mother :

Just a few Sunday words with you. My letters on my journey from Hanchung to this great city have gone in another direction. But I do not love my Mother less for that reason. I think I love and value her more than ever. Perhaps I feel more than ever how I should like to have some talks with you, dear Mother, and tell you all about everything. . . .

When you pray for me, as I know you do incessantly, will you link with my name her name with whom my life is so closely connected, asking that we may “glorify God in our bodies and our souls which are His”. That we may be strengthened for and used in His blessed service and that we may be enabled to extend His Kingdom largely in this province of Szechwan.

The need which there will probably be after a time for us to make a home for other “sisters” who will be coming to work in the proposed Church District in Eastern Szechwan, will probably lead to our being married in a year, but Mr. Taylor will be able to tell you what he thinks about this. . . .

At length toward the end of July, Gray Owen being convalescent and the new arrivals comfortably settled, Cassels left the capital to take up his residence in Paoning, where he was to make his home until his death more than thirty-eight years later. Within a few days

of his arrival there, there was temporarily gathered together a goodly company of workers in this new station, which must have rejoiced his heart. In addition to himself there were Beauchamp, Cecil and Arthur Polhill Turner, making four of the Cambridge Band, and on August 5 Phelps and Hope-Gill joined them, the latter being another Cambridge man who had come out through Cassels' influence.

Praise the Lord [he writes on August 4th] for bringing me here at last. I am so delighted to be here. I know that many are praying for this place, and so feel I have got into the current of prayer. We are certain to have blessing here. It must come, though the battle will be fierce and the devil will try hard to upset us.

We have begun work at once. Tuesday morning we gave to prayer and fasting, and in the afternoon did the first street preaching that has been done here, except when Mr. Pearse and others have visited the place. We hope, please God, to continue this daily, but our hope is not from any efforts of our own, but from God pouring out blessing in answer to prayer.

You will not forget to pray, amongst other things, that when we all assemble here we may be of one accord, and have a meek and yielding spirit towards one another. For having each of us different experience and different ways of looking at things, the devil would like to make us pull in different directions. Many men, many minds, often (as I have known) lead to difficulties. . . .

Phelps is expected shortly from Hanchung, and it is thought Gill may be coming with him. I am really expecting the Lord to make the latter a very useful worker by directing his warm feelings into the right channels.

Yes, dear old Phelps does deserve our thanks (and I have repeatedly told him so) for plodding on here and at length getting such a capital house. . . .

I have great expectations from this district. Especially as I have lately heard of much prayer being put up for Eastern Szechwan. There seems to be quite an awakening of missionary interest in my old parish. A new curate (Meadows by name) seems to have something to do with this, and Miss Culverwell's coming out has also helped to stir them up. There are more to follow. There always is more to follow, praise God!

BRINGING HOME HIS BRIDE

What is House and what is Home,
Where with freedom thou hast room
And may'st to all tyrants say,
This you cannot take away ?
'Tis nothing with doors and walls,
Which at every earthquake falls.

Home is everywhere to thee,
Who can'st thy own dwelling be.

JOSEPH BEAUMONT.

IT had been Cassels' original intention to delay marriage for at least another year that he might engage more freely in itineration. But, with a house secured, Mr. Stevenson suggested that he should come down to Shanghai, see Bishop Moule, secure his licence, and at the same time be married. It was hoped that in this way the Mission's Church of England work would be regularised and Paoning secure a home for the reception of new workers, ladies included.

Nothing loath to respond, William Cassels and Miss Legg set out for the coast under the welcome escort of Dr. and Mrs. William Wilson. The journey down the Han river was swift and enjoyable, and Wuchang on the mighty Yangtze was safely reached late one evening. In a hurried effort to enter the city before the gates were closed, only hand luggage was taken, the rest of their possessions being left in the care of the boatmen. Next morning to their dismay they learned that the boat had been plundered and all their goods, wedding

garments included, had disappeared. Happily among the things taken into the city was a small handbag containing a cheque which amply met their immediate needs. This cheque, which had at first appeared a luxury, thus became a necessity, and was long remembered as one outstanding instance of God's timely provision.

On Tuesday, October 4, 1887, William Wharton Cassels and Mary Louisa Legg were married in the Cathedral at Shanghai, Dean Hodges, an old Cambridge friend of the bridegroom's brother John, officiating.

After the briefest honeymoon the newly married couple prepared for their long journey home, but not before William Cassels had seen Bishop G. E. Moule, from whom he received his Episcopal licence authorising him to minister in Szechwan, which province, though nearly two thousand miles away, was nominally within the Bishop's jurisdiction.

Of the long and anxious conversations between Bishop Moule and William Cassels we have no record, but several references in subsequent correspondence make the tenor of parts of it quite clear. It was a new and novel departure to develop a Church of England work within the borders of an interdenominational Mission, and Bishop Moule was not without some natural and serious misgivings. But reference to this will appear later. The next step was the journey west.

Accompanied by two new workers, Miss Davis and Miss E. Culverwell, the latter from South Lambeth, Mr. and Mrs. Cassels set their faces toward Szechwan, knowing full well that their entry into their new home would be far removed from what such an entry is to newly married couples in the homeland. Hitherto no foreign lady had set foot in Paoning city, so a boisterous reception was expected. But the deepest and most

abiding joys are not dependent upon externals, though these are not to be despised. They soon learned to say :

Home is everywhere to thee,
Who can'st thy own dwelling be.

After a passing visit to the Mission's two Language Schools at Yangchow and Anking on their way up river, where they were rejoiced to see a goodly company of new recruits—some of the Hundred—they commenced the fascinating yet dangerous journey west by means of a Chinese houseboat. Having come down to the coast by the Han River route they returned by the Yangtze, travelling through the tremendous Yangtze Gorges, which afford some of the most majestic scenery in the world. Here nature may be seen in her most magnificent moods. Here are the swirling waters of this mighty river, the rushing, foaming rapids, the engulfing whirlpools, with beetling cliffs towering up thousands of feet on either side. The whole scene seems shut in by inescapable mountains, but every bend of the river reveals an unexpected outlet with some new and charming vista. For mile after mile these wonderful gorges are an unsurpassed revelation of grandeur and beauty.

But though William Cassels always had a keen eye for nature's beauty, and seldom returned from a journey without some new illustrations from her, what most impressed him, judging by his letters, was the overwhelming spiritual destitution of the people.

This journey [he wrote] has made me realise in a much more vivid way than before, the needs of this vast province of Szechwan. Fengtu is the *sixth* large city that we have passed in this province, not reckoning the many unwalled market-towns. The population of these places varies from thirty thousand in the smaller cities, up to ten or twelve, or even fifteen times that number in the larger cities. They have been

visited occasionally by agents of the Bible Society with Scripture portions. But apart from this, nothing is being done for these thousands of souls—nay, millions of souls. I saw two little beggar boys in the city this morning standing outside one of the native eating-houses, their naked bodies (for they had but the merest rag upon their loins) all begrimed with dirt, and their faces pinched with cold and hunger. People passed into the shop and fed to the full, and crowds of well-fed people brushed past them in the street, but no one took any notice of them or seemed to care for their state.

They were heartless people in that town not to do something substantial for these tiny starved beggar boys, were they not? But is not the Church of God more heartless to leave the heathen thus to perish for lack of the bread of life? How utterly insignificant was the only work that I could do in passing through this morning; and when will there again be anyone there to witness for God? It may be even years at the present rate.

Three days later he wrote again :

I am writing now at a later day (Christmas Eve). Since I began this letter we have left behind us another large city with a population, according to the enquiries which I made, of some three hundred thousand souls.

Whilst we are in the neighbourhood of each city we plead for it very specially before our God, and ask Him to send forth truly-called labourers to occupy it—and all of them—for Him, to make them centres of light instead of centres of darkness.

Oh that He would impress His "Go" deeply upon some hearts with reference to these cities, and oh that they would receive His Word and come forth to obey it!

These cities are in our district; that is, in the district of Eastern Szechwan which has been specially set apart for work on Church of England lines, and for those who, believing these lines to be scriptural, are anxious to work on them, whilst, of course, maintaining the deepest brotherly love and goodwill towards those who in these immaterial things see differently. Who will come forth and help to wipe off the blood of the heathen from the Church's robes?

I am praying that God would lay the burden of this district upon many souls, and that they may give themselves over into His hands for it. Some would come personally. Others would come by deputy, if they are clearly kept from having the privilege of coming themselves. Some would set themselves

to *daily, systematic, continuous, believing prayer* for the outpouring of the Spirit upon the workers and the work. Others might have the privilege of giving of their means for the carrying on of the work here, while there may be a few, too, who, called by God to other work themselves, would especially bring its claims before those who are at liberty to come.

The cities I have spoken of lie only upon one side of this great district. There are, besides, numbers of other cities in the interior parts, and on the other sides of the eastern part of Szechwan. In all these, too, there are lost sheep to be found, there is the Gospel to be proclaimed by word and by living witness, there is God to be glorified by the subjection to Him of these usurping idols, and demons and spirits of sin.

Since I have been out here I have felt so much how deeply we need the help of labourers at home for missionary work, as well as a very large addition to the number of actual labourers on the field. And of these home labourers the most important will be those who give themselves to the work of prayer.

In this pleading for prayer I am not going beyond Scripture limits.

Chungking was reached in time for William Cassels and his wife to spend the last day of the old year, 1887, there in prayer and fasting, in keeping with what had long been the Mission's custom. Then, in company with Miss Culverwell, they set off to complete the remaining stages of their journey to Paoning, which city was reached about the middle of January, 1888.

Their entry into their new home was an ordeal for all concerned, and not without anxiety. Speaking of this many years later Bishop Cassels said: "We entered Paoning at night stealthily, fearing to create alarm". And this was only natural. The arrival of foreign women for the first time was an event to move the city, and no sooner did the news leak out than crowds, overwhelming crowds, almost terrifying crowds, surged into the premises, both to the danger of the people and property. It needed all the ingenuity, patience, and forbearance of the missionaries to control the situation.

Such times are trying to live through, being a strain

upon both mind and nerve, especially when the curiosity is unabated for days and weeks. We may therefore picture our friends in that home on the main East Street, after some fifteen weeks of travel, being thronged with almost unmanageable crowds, instead of entering into the peace and quiet of a restful home. The house stood on two sides of a fairly large quadrangle, but every foot of space was filled to overflowing. To be beset with endless crowds, to have no escape from early morning till late at night from inquisitive prying eyes, to know no privacy and no refuge from insatiable curiosity, must be experienced to be appreciated. Like the disciples of old, they were without leisure so much as to eat.

Speaking of those times Montagu Beauchamp, who was a tower of strength on such occasions, has said :

The early days in Paoning were almost entirely occupied with the crowds that came, crowds that were absolutely overwhelming, especially at the time of the Dragon Festival. Then they stormed into the women's apartments, and we put up a partition. Standing up against this partition I turned out the crowds, sometimes forcibly, and one day to my astonishment they turned on me.

About a month after their arrival, just when the greatest excitement had subsided, the Chinese New Year brought a fresh inflow of visitors. Of this occasion and of the Paoning house a somewhat full description was written by Mrs. Cassels, which helps us to picture the situation.

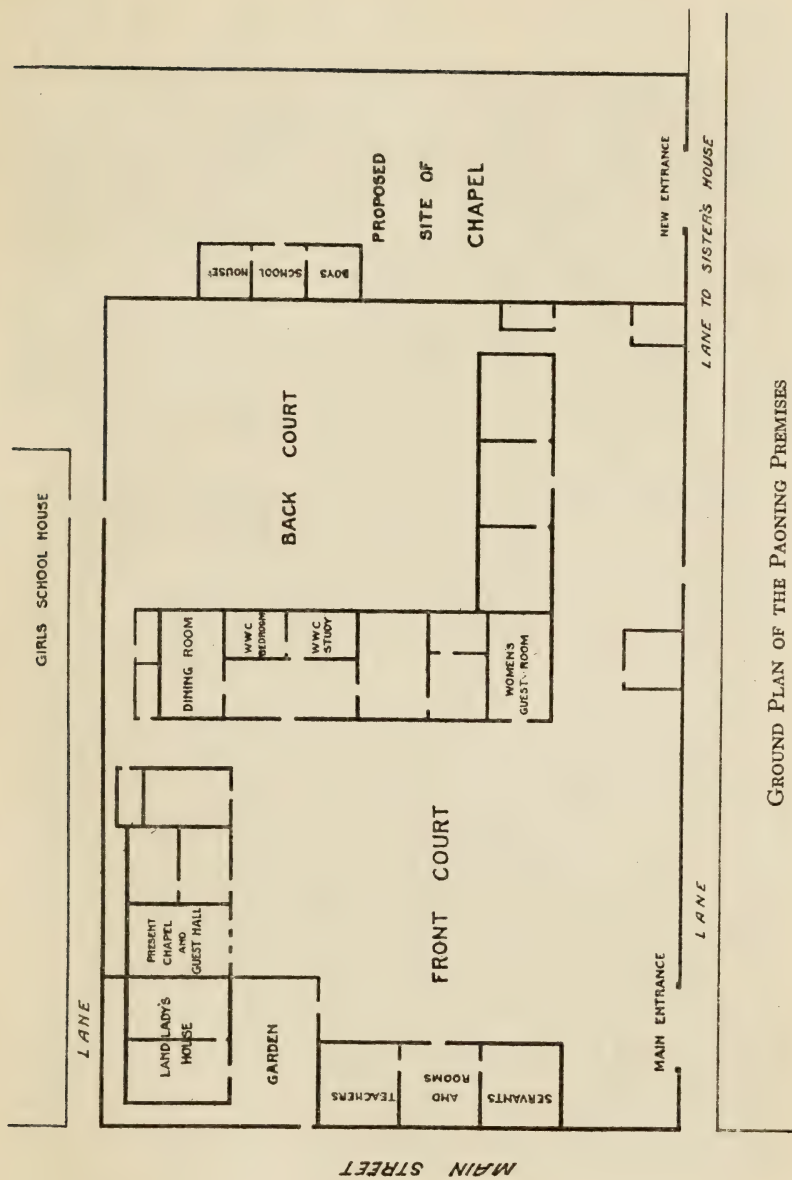
A fortnight ago [she writes] was the Chinese New Year. In the morning guests began to arrive in large numbers, increasing as the day wore on until about 5 o'clock, when they began to return and go home for their rice. These crowds of visitors have continued day by day until now, and almost all our time has been spent in the guest-hall receiving our visitors and seeking to tell them of a Saviour. Mrs. Chen, a dear Chinese Christian from Hanchung, has been an invaluable help

to me, and has preached the Gospel most earnestly day after day to her heathen sisters. Her bright testimony to the Saviour's power to deliver from sin has had great weight. . . .

And now I think I must tell you something of my new home. Our house is situated outside the city walls, and is in a very good position for work. In a few minutes one can get into the city. This makes it very convenient for street preaching, also for those living inside the city who wish to visit us. On the other hand we can get into the lovely country lanes in less than five minutes, which is a great boon to us. These are the first lanes I have seen in China. Just now they are lovely, and the leaves all bursting forth and the hedgerows lined with violets and other wild flowers. Our hearts are full of praise to our loving Heavenly Father for providing us a home in this place, and for giving us such beautiful surroundings.

Now I must try and describe very briefly our house. It is all on the ground floor, of course, being a native house. In the front we have a large square court with some shrubs in the centre and several fine trees growing in different places. One side of the court is bounded by a high wall, and at one end is the large entrance door. On entering you have on your left two large rooms which were originally used as shops, but which now serve as the opium refuge. At present we have several men there who have come in to break off the bad habit of opium smoking. Facing the entrance door are another set of rooms. One is large and lofty, and is used by us as the Chapel. We meet there for morning and evening prayers, and for worship on Sundays, and two or three times during the week in the evening. Next to this room come the rooms in which the single gentlemen live, and a nice book-room. At present we have only Mr. Beauchamp here, so the other two are vacant.

On the right side of the court is the main building, in which we live. It is disconnected with the other two blocks, and the court in front is paved with large flag stones. The room in the centre of this building is large and pleasant. This is kept for receiving Chinese guests of importance, and for taking those who are interested in the Gospel for quiet talks and prayer. A door opens from this room into a smaller one looking on to the back court. This is used by my husband as his study. To the right are two rooms used by Miss Culverwell, and beyond these the women's guest hall. This is a nice large room, and looks very bright with the texts and tracts pasted on the walls. To the left of the centre room are two rooms corresponding to Miss Culverwell's on the right. These we use as a private sitting-room and bedroom. Beyond is a large



GROUND PLAN OF THE PAONING PREMISES

room which opens on to the back court, and is our dining-room. The back court is a nice open place, though not so large as the front one. There are a few trees growing, one a beautiful peach tree, which is just now out in full blossom, and looks just lovely.

To the right is a wing connected with the main building, consisting of three good rooms. In one of these our woman sleeps, and another woman who has come to break off opium smoking. We hope to use this wing as an opium refuge eventually. The kitchens and the servants' rooms are built just a short distance off from the other buildings.

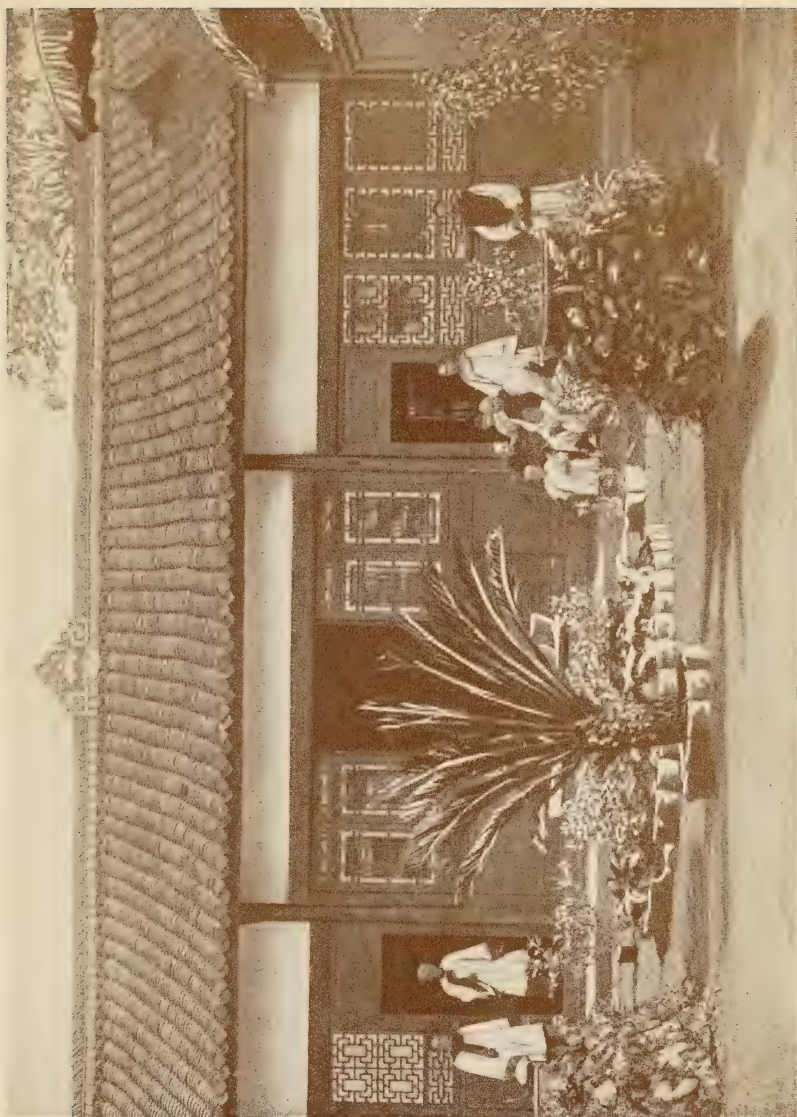
A month or two after Chinese New Year the students came up for the great triennial examinations. Again these courtyards were filled with eager and curious guests.

For over twenty days [wrote Montagu Beauchamp] we had been here at work with guests coming in large numbers, for the city was full of candidates for the great triennial examination. The scholars kept us at work from morning till night, and almost all who came were presented with a book and tract, while several hundred Gospels were also given away. . . . It was real hard work, needing all the physical strength one could muster.

Before the rush of scholar visitors was over we got country visitors by the hundreds, who came up to worship at the great festival of the year. For some five or six days the street passing our door, which leads to the great temple, was a living stream from morning till night. One longed to do something in the way of a special effort for these poor people. But our hands were more than full inside. One day we shut the door so as to have a quiet Sunday, and on the evening of that day we went out with our banner and had a very good hearing.

Such was the almost routine work within the city during those early months. And in the country it was much the same. What itinerating meant in those days may be described again by Montagu Beauchamp, who was a giant at this exacting toil.

The work was hard, and yet it had to be done, and could best be done *en garçon*. Those were great and terrible journeyings, not in the wilderness, but amongst crowds. There were



THE HOME, AT PAONING.

Bishop and Mrs. Cassels and children on the right-hand side.

nothing but inns to stay in, and we were quite commonly fifteen or twenty days on end without a Mission home or centre of rest.

To get into these inns often needed extreme tact and diplomacy, but once in we were invariably good friends, and more than welcome next time. We had, in fact, to live down a bad name in almost every place. Yet I say emphatically those homeless times were helpful though it meant hardship ; it was like the experiences of the youngsters—thrown into the sea and so taught to swim. . . . We were a most popular theatre (1 Corinthians iv. 9, margin). Those crowds in the inns, which were such a trial, were, nevertheless, productive of blessing. One could, of course, speak to only the very few out of such crowds, but the mass of them went home with a tale to tell, and all they had to say would be believed implicitly, whether for weal or woe. . . . Here again the best remedy was to mix freely with the people ; listening closely to all that was being said, commenting freely on what you heard, and even taking notice of the rumours in one's public street preaching.

But all this toil and hardship were not in vain, for as early as April, 1888, William Cassels wrote :

Notwithstanding our feebleness and often failure, which we deeply lament, our Father has given us continual and blessed encouragement in this place, and there are not a few men, and I may say women too, in whom there is an evident working of the Holy Spirit. But oh ! we want much greater things than any we have yet any trace of. And praise God, He is able and willing to do much greater things. If we are reaching with the glorious Gospel a certain number in Paoning how many there are utterly unreached. In this city of some forty thousand people, how many thousands are unreached as yet, and what shall we say of the masses in the cities, towns and villages around. . . .

But having said this one feels that after all the great need is in ourselves, we are to be ensamples to the flock. We are to be the handers on of power and blessing. So, while stirring up God's people to pray for the outpouring of His Spirit upon the unconverted heathen and on the Chinese Christians, how much need there is to entreat them to pray for us, His messengers and the bearers of the Bread of Life.

Mr. Beauchamp will have himself written to tell you how blessedly the Lord has refreshed him lately. I am so thankful to have him here. Our dear brother is doing a splendid work,

and I am sure he is being led of God in undertaking to work the large districts as he is doing.

Mr. Hope-Gill arrived two days ago, very bright, and having had very good times, praise God. He has a very kind way of speaking to the Chinese, which I covet earnestly. He will return in a week to Pachow to prepare for Mr. and Mrs. Arthur [Polhill] Turner.

We are so thankful to hear from Mr. Stevenson that three sisters are coming to reinforce us here.

A WISE MASTER BUILDER

Mark you the floor ? that square and speckled stone,
Which looks so firm and strong—Is PATIENCE :

And the other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is checker'd all along—HUMILITY :

The gentle rising, which on either hand
Leads to the quire above—Is CONFIDENCE :

But the sweet cement, which in one sure band
Ties the whole frame, is LOVE—And CHARITY.

GEORGE HERBERT.

WITH the coming of the reinforcements mentioned in the last chapter the growth and development of the work may be said to begin. If this book were a history of the Diocese it would be necessary to narrate the opening and enlargement of each new centre, but being a biography the story must be told from the standpoint of the man.

The work from its inception was nurtured by William Cassels as a true father in God. He was then the only one in Holy Orders, and was accepted as the natural leader. He welcomed the newcomers, and in co-operation with the Executive in Shanghai appointed them their posts. From the beginning it is easy to recognise the impress of his spirit and character. He was the organiser with marked gifts in that direction, but before organisation he put life and spiritual vitality. God's blessing to him was paramount, and his first desire was for the fruits of the Spirit both in himself and in his fellow-workers. He believed that the

foundations or "Church Floor"—to use George Herbert's quaint phrase—could not be laid apart from Patience, Humility, Confidence, and Love, and all who knew him testify that in these graces he abounded.

One supreme secret of his life was the place he gave to prayer. If Love was the "sweet cement" it was intercession and constant supplication that reinforced it. It has been said of Napoleon that "he was one of those builders who do not think it necessary to trouble about permanent foundations". That was not so with Cassels. Already we have seen how a weekly day of prayer and fasting was initiated by him during his first flying visit to Paoning, and this became a permanent and effective institution.

We always kept every Friday as a day of prayer and fasting [wrote Hope-Gill], whether we were together or—as was more constantly the case—whether we were alone living in inns waiting for the open door.

I was especially struck [writes Mr. Horsburgh] with the prayer atmosphere pervading the home and the work. At the weekly day of fasting and prayer Cassels was in his element. The messages God gave us through him were always helpful and his prayers uplifting. He was indeed a man of prayer; therein lay his strength. And he *was* strong, strong in the Lord.

This spirit of prayer was perhaps the first feature deeply to impress itself upon all newcomers, and this helped to fashion their own attitude toward the work. His heart had been "kindled by God's fire" and, as St. Augustine says, "one loving spirit sets another spirit on fire".

The reinforcements mentioned above were the Misses B. Hanbury, F. M. Williams, and S. E. Bastone, for whom another house in a quiet residential street, about ten minutes' walk away, had been secured and prepared, and on the day of their arrival, July 3, 1888,

they were welcomed some three or four miles outside the city by William Cassels. How they were impressed is shown by some words written by Miss Williams a few weeks later.

I am so thankful for having been brought to this station. There is such an earnest, *holy* tone about the work. Mr. Cassels is one who lives very near to God, and he knows the power of prayer. Every Friday from 12.30 to 3 or 3.30 P.M.¹ we gathered for a time of waiting upon God, specially for the province of Szechwan, and for all the workers and Chinese Christians. It is a blessed and helpful time and such a privilege to bring every detail of the work to God in this way, and He does answer "exceeding abundantly".

This example in prayer was followed elsewhere as the work grew and developed. One testimony must suffice. The Rev. A. E. Evans writes :

I remember very vividly the live, infectious spirit of prayer which prevailed at Paoning in those days. The Wednesday morning meeting, when to secure quiet the compound doors were closed, was always a time of simple yet bold pleading for spiritual quickening and definite results. I am sure all of us who enjoyed those seasons of fasting and prayer learnt to value and practise the example in our own separate stations, when the wide development of the work made it impracticable to meet together in one centre. "All things by prayer" was certainly one of our leader's mottoes.

Thus did this wise master-builder seek to lay the foundations. He believed, to quote his own words, that "we must advance upon our knees". It was not surprising, therefore, that some few years later Hudson Taylor should write, "Mr. Cassels' department is surpassed by nothing in the Mission for spirituality or success".

But though he believed in the secret of the closed

¹ The day was subsequently changed to Wednesday to bring it into harmony with the China Inland Mission Prayer Cycle. In this way they had fellowship with thousands in many lands praying for the same objects. Particulars of this Prayer Cycle will gladly be supplied at any of the Mission's Headquarters.

door for communion with God, he also believed in the open heart toward all the world. It is somewhat astonishing, for instance, to find him within less than a year of arrival seeking to educate the little company of new converts in the work of God in other lands. To this end he began a course of lectures on missionary work in New Zealand, Sierra Leone, and Uganda, etc., all the while seeking to build up these young Christians in the essentials of the Gospel. Breadth and depth with him were not incompatibles.

Some idea of the routine work of the station may be gathered from one of his letters :

On the river above PAONING,
October 23rd, 1888.

Our daily plan of work is this. At 7 A.M. we have family prayers (Chinese), then after breakfast at 7.30 our own time of prayer, etc. Then we have a meeting with the opium patients and outsiders, when we explain the more elementary truths of the Gospel. Then there is medicine to be given to the patients, and sometimes to other sick folk, and guests to be received.

At dusk we always have a united meeting when some thirty or forty assemble, including many inquirers. On Tuesdays there are some accounts of work elsewhere, on Thursdays an Old Testament reading, and on Fridays a meeting for Christians only. Besides this there are the Sunday services, and on the 1st and 15th of each Chinese month we have a special early prayer meeting to plead for those who are then bowing before their idols.

Sundays were full days, beginning with an English service at 7.30 A.M., followed by two public services for the Chinese, then by classes, Sunday Schools, and other forms of activity. But his keen evangelistic zeal early found expression in special efforts. In August, 1888, he wrote :

The past week has been a time of very special blessing here in Paoning. The evening meetings were unusually well attended by our inquirers, and the Lord gave us tokens of His presence.

Every night we had what I may call after-meetings, when we especially dealt with the candidates for baptism. During the early part of the week these were largely occupied with teaching, but as the enthusiasm increased the claims of the Master to full and immediate submission to Him were more and more strongly pressed. All through, salvation in its fulness was our theme, and having to do with inquirers there was no need to stop to say who God was, what the Bible was, and so on.

On Sunday three of the inquirers were baptised : viz., Li, the son of one of our Chinese teachers ; Wen, an old man who has been attending all the year, and who keeps a little hat-shop ; and Li, a shoemaker, who gives promise of making a very warm-hearted servant of the Lord. The rest are put off for a week or two.

Or writing again at the close of September he gives us another glimpse :

I have a dozen opium patients, who take a great deal of looking after during the day, and sometimes during the night too.

We have been having large audiences at our daily evening meetings ; the Lord has stood by me ; Christ has been lifted up as the only One who can supply the present and eternal needs of men.

Praise God that our work is going ahead, and every month shows real progress. On Sundays our biggest room, which we use as a chapel, is packed, and people sit outside. I am considering what is to be done for them. We may manage during the winter. I trust the room will be quite insufficient next summer ; and we must be getting ready for the showers of blessing.

We have a good number of inquirers, some of whom promise very well. All this gives me great cause for thankfulness ; but I long to be out more amongst the outsiders, and wish the way were open for more street-preaching.

What masses there are around us, lying in darkness and in the shadow of death ! Oh for a band of Christians all on fire, who would go forth to win them for God.

Country work, too, was prosecuted with ardour by all the workers, and what this meant at times is shown by the following quotation from one of Mrs. Cassels' letters written not long after she had recovered from an illness :

Mrs. Chen and I started for her home. We had a chair ride of about five miles along pretty country lanes ; then we arrived at the river, which looked very lovely in the morning sunshine. We crossed in a ferryboat, and were carried in our chairs a few *li* further to the village of Chen-kia-pa. The family in which we are staying are very much interested in the Gospel. . . .

My husband rode over again this morning before breakfast, and after prayers was about to return, but such a nice number of men had gathered in the court to see him that he sat down and preached to them. The Biblewoman and I went to visit a court at the other end of the village, leaving him still preaching. Several women came from there yesterday and begged us to visit them to-day. Such a large number of families live in and around the court. . . .

After short evening prayers Mrs. Chen and I had retired to rest, and I had just got into a nice sleep, when I was awakened by a great noise at the large doors ; a mob had gathered, led by the man who had gone round in the morning, and were banging the door and threatening with loud voices that they would kill the foreigner. All the household got up in great alarm and came to my door, begging us to get up quickly and dress. They wanted me to go and hide in one of the rooms on the other side of the court. The noise grew louder outside and the poor Chens got very much alarmed for my safety. My woman was soon dressed, but I did not get up, feeling sure that the Lord would protect me, and not allow the mob to get in. Though suffering from palpitation of the heart and oppressed by a heavy cold, I was very happy and did not feel in the least afraid, for the Lord kept me in perfect peace.

How Cassels was affected by such opposition the following brief reference in one of his letters makes clear :

We hope to return to Chen-kia-pa all the sooner on account of the little diversion of some of the people there, or rather the annoyance shown by the devil at the good hearing given to the Gospel.

Pachow, a small but busy city four days' journey to the east of Paoning, had been recently opened, and a temporary foothold had been secured at Wanhsien, one of the most populous and important cities on the

Yangtze. Converts also had been baptised both at Paoning and Pachow.

How the work of God was prospering in this newly opened area is shown by a brief survey written by William Cassels in July, 1888.

Look back and see if there is not reason for praise. But little over a year ago we were pleading with the Lord, amidst not a few disappointments and trials of faith, that He would give us a foothold in this district by enabling us to get a house from which to begin operations. In answer, the Lord has done "exceeding abundantly", and given us altogether *four* houses.

But little over a year since only *one* missionary was in residence in this district. Now we number *eleven*.

Go back less than a year, and how little knowledge of the truth had been made known, how few people had heard of the Saviour! Now, how different! As to the city: men and women have flocked into our guest-rooms, and crowds have listened to our preaching. All day long, one may also say, without an hour's intermission, the preaching has been going on. The streets are placarded with tracts, and Gospel books are in the hands of a very large number of the people; a wide knowledge of the truth is being spread abroad, and there is, as it is sometimes put, material for the Holy Spirit to work upon.

As to the country around, through the efforts of my dear brother Beauchamp, some very substantial work has been done, a large number of market towns and two walled cities have been visited, and seed sown which must bring forth fruit.

Go back six months, and not one soul had been won from heathendom out of the millions of Eastern Szechwan. Now, thank God, including those not as yet baptised, the Christians number nearly *a score*; and though, perhaps, they may be the weak things of this world, they are growing in grace, and I am looking up to our Father to make them "mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds of Satan". He has begun a good work in them and will finish it.

And from the very beginning Cassels sought to organise the Church with a view to its future independence. In the survey just quoted he wrote:

We have just lately set on foot a scheme for the distribution of the Church money, which will, I trust, stimulate the Christians to continue giving. In the first place they are sending

out one of their number—a woman who has shown great aptitude for preaching and has no home ties—into the villages, to go into the houses and tell the women the Gospel message which has been the saving of her own soul. Further, they have had a number of tracts printed for their own distribution, and besides this, they are starting a plan for helping the poor, which will, I trust, be useful and wise.

Thus, then, I think, without going any further, our praying friends will see that the Lord has not forgotten to be gracious, and will be encouraged to go on looking for much greater blessings.

How deep was his desire for a strong and vigorous Chinese Church the following words—part of the same survey—show :

I feel more and more that, next to obeying the Master's command to pray that labourers may be thrust out into the harvest fields, the important thing to bring before the Lord unceasingly is that the converts from heathenism may be kept, and built up and filled with the Holy Ghost. Our Lord's own great prayer in John xvii., and the example of the Apostle St. Paul in all his Epistles, will surely amply justify this statement. So one does long that the Lord would raise up many Annas and others who would continue in supplications and prayers night and day, pleading with God to sustain and strengthen those lately snatched from heathendom, and who are the objects of the devil's greatest malice. Then will these little dots of light all over China become great fires, and then will the Gospel be carried with power all over the country.

But all this progress was not secured without hard work and heavy trial. At Wanhsien, for instance, the man who had let the house to Mr. Phelps was beaten a thousand blows. Another man, the landlord of a shop which had been rented for a street chapel, received eight hundred blows, while a third man, a teacher, over two hundred strokes. Further, one or two new converts had been strangely tried by calamity or death within the family, almost immediately after baptism.

What a trial of faith ! [wrote William Cassels]. On the one hand one sees a Loving Father testing the faith of his

newly declared child ; on the other hand, the malice of the evil one trying to overthrow the faith of this man newly escaped out of his net. One is reminded of similar things that happened not infrequently in Shansi.

How strenuously Cassels laboured and how sorely he was tried personally, the following brief extracts from several letters of this period reveal :

PAONING,
May 16th, 1888.

Dear Horsburgh arrived on the 12th inst., having walked all the way from Wanhsien without a servant and with bad coolies. The day after his arrival he was in a high fever as a result of the sun catching him on the road.

I would not send you such a shabby letter, but that I am nursing my dear wife. . . . As regards medical treatment, we are quite at our wits end, but the Lord is our Refuge.

PAONING,
September 4th, 1888.

This evening I have begun a course of talks with the Chinese on the progress of the Gospel in other lands. I began with the marvellous transformation in New Zealand.

PAONING,
September 5th, 1888.

The Lord in His mercy has brought my dear wife through her attack of peritonitis. Miss Hanbury's unceasing kindness and devotion have been the saving of her.

PAONING,
September 30th, 1888.

I have been trying to write to you for some days, but I have been pressed by work, so I am going to sit up to-night after everybody has gone to bed, and the work of the day is over, to get a little time of quiet.

I have a dozen opium patients, who take a great deal of looking after at all times of the day and sometimes during the night too ; the work really requires one man's whole time.

Just now there is a little manifestation of strong feeling against us on the street, which I trust the Lord will use for His own glory. We have been having large attendances at our daily evening meetings, and sometimes the Lord has given me remarkable help in speaking.

On Sundays our biggest room, which we use as a chapel, is packed, and people sit outside. To-day there were over sixty present.

My dear wife is almost a constant invalid and needs a good deal of looking after, and the frequent advent of friends for marriage or for business takes up a good deal of time and gives me extra household matters to attend to. Praise the Lord, notwithstanding this the work was never brighter than it is to-day.

But Mrs. Cassels' state of health was so serious it became necessary to take a brief holiday, so rest and change of work were combined.

PAONING,
October 13th, 1888.

I am busy and feel I want a few days' rest. I took my poor wife, who remains upon her back, on the river for two days, but it was not long enough to do either of us much good.

On the river above PAONING,
October 23rd, 1888.

My dear wife continued so poorly and was unable to regain strength that after seeking for guidance I determined to hire a boat for ten days and take her on the river. I became somewhat reconciled to the idea of the absence from work that this would entail when the friends pointed out that it would take less time and money than a journey to England. I felt, too, that it would be an opportunity of reaching some places on the river bank which have scarcely yet been touched.

Later.

How great is our Father's goodness to us! We do thank Him for allowing us to get this nice change, a comfortable boat, the lovely hills, improved health, all speak of His goodness, and if this three months' illness of my wife has been the greatest trial of my life, how blessed that He has promised, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee".

I do want to get girded up with strength for our winter's work, and trust that before the Chinese New Year many souls may be brought in and many true witnesses for Jesus raised up.

PACHOW,
November 6th, 1888.

The news that Arthur Polhill had been unwell determined us to hasten our start. . . . So having got back from the river on Friday, October 26th, we started the following Monday and reached Pachow in five days. Notwithstanding some delay through rain the journey was most happily accomplished. My dear wife gathered strength from day to day. I was able to do some work each day along the road, and found willing and interested listeners.

The Pachow people are very friendly. I had opportunities of preaching in the Guest Hall and on the street.

We are crying earnestly for workers, there are doors open all round, and none to enter them, and none even preparing to come out from home. The Lord send us His own in His own right time. Horsburgh has gone north-west to explore.

It is comparatively easy to-day to tell this story of past years and note the progress made, but it is another thing adequately to realise the plod, the patience, the pertinacity demanded day in and day out. Grace abounding was needed not to be discouraged by constant difficulties, nor dismayed by incessant trials, to be for ever hopeful, ever cheerful, ever confident, come what may. George Herbert was surely right when he pictures the Church floor laid with Patience, Humility, Confidence, and Love.

In these graces Cassels was doubtless helped by the quiet prayerful fellowship of the Rev. J. H. Horsburgh, whom we have already seen as a visitor among this little community. But why was he there? and what were his aspirations? for the Church Missionary Society to which he belonged had no work in Western China. He was, however, filled with ardent longings for those great unreached and unevangelised regions.

But that is another story which must be reserved for a later chapter.

AN ARDENT PIONEER

Jesu—Son of the Virgin pure
Be Thou my pilgrim staff throughout the lands,
 Throughout the lands,
Thy love in all my thoughts—Thy likeness in my face,
May I heartwarm to others, and they heartwarm to me,
For love of the love of Thee,
For love of the love of Thee.

Old Gaelic Rune.

THE preceding chapter has given us a glimpse of William Cassels as a man of prayer laying foundations. He believed, and rightly, that the hidden man of the heart was of fundamental importance to the work, but though profoundly spiritual he was sturdily practical. With all his vision he was no visionary, for his devotion was wedded to a robust common-sense. Full of fervour, he was also full of sturdy practicality.

From the first he sought to gain a detailed knowledge of the district for which he and his fellow-workers were responsible. As he itinerated he took notes of local conditions, made observations on the various cities and on the character of their peoples. He was also a keen though generous observer of men, giving careful consideration to their capacity, qualifications, and limitations in order that work and workers might be rightly related. All this is revealed in his correspondence with the Mission's Executive. He had the eyes to see and the mind to plan. These gifts doubtless developed with years, but they are obvious at the beginning, sometimes in startling fashion.

Within a week of Christmas, 1888, he wrote :

From news which reaches us a good many reinforcements ought to be on the way. Mr. and Mrs. Williams, we hear, were to have started in November, and we hear that a Miss Barclay, known to Miss Hanbury, was to accompany them. From my own parish there are also Miss Fanny Culverwell, John Hayward and his intended, Miss Martin. . . . Probably, too, there are others whom we have not heard of coming out, as the Lord is wont to do more than we expect.

I am beginning, therefore, to think that you will be wanting us to make room for more workers. I suppose, at any rate, we are certain to have some more ladies here, so it is in my mind to revive the idea of which I have written to you before, and open Tsangki as a place for ladies' work.

Tsangki is a small hsien city sixty li north of Paoning, not on the main road to Kwangyuan and Hanchung, but on the Paoning river. It would seem a suitable place for several reasons for ladies' work.

1. Easy of access by water as well as by land from here.
2. Not too busy or too big a place. A good many retired people live there.
3. I hear of a good many vegetarian women there—a class often easily won and zealous in spreading the truth.

I am proposing to pay the place a visit with Mrs. Cassels and have a good look round. . . .

As for Shunking, I think you will feel that a big place like that will need brethren's work. May the Lord soon send brethren to us too.

Early in the New Year Cassels started out on a tour of inspection, which is briefly referred to in the following :

PAONING, *January 17th*. I returned yesterday from eight days in the country. I started on Wednesday for Tsangki. On Thursday I visited a market thirty li from there. Friday I spent on the streets and in the tea-shops of Tsangki. I have one or two friends there, and I think a house could be got without difficulty. On Saturday morning early I rode thirty li to a market, and after half a day there, went on twenty li to the place where I was going to spend Sunday and preach. Both places are on the main road northward.

Monday and Tuesday I spent at two places on the East River, at the entrance to a large and interesting district that I have long wanted to visit. No one has been up that way yet, and I hope to have an early opportunity of visiting some of

the larger places that I was unable to reach this time. There must be nearly one thousand small one-man boats running up that river for coal, which is brought to Paoning and other cities to the south.

How vast is the work, and how few and feeble are the labourers! Just now the markets are very busy because the country people are buying for the new year. One felt so terribly powerless to arrest and impress them. How it made one cry to the Lord for power. I long for prayer that I may be endued with fresh strength, and it is a joy to think that my Jesus is pleading for me at God's side.

A little later we find Mr. and Mrs. Cassels, with Miss F. M. Williams, staying for nearly a week at Nanpu, another city, this time in the south. A month later, in April, William Cassels is at Kwangyuan, an important centre four days north, seeking for and securing a house, and ere long Miss E. Culverwell and Miss L. Bastone commenced settled work there. Premises were also secured at Tsangki, though these had subsequently to be surrendered.

Of his visit to Kwangyuan Cassels wrote :

PAONING, *May 1st*, 1889. On the 20th I reached Kwangyuan, having had good times of the Lord's presence, and good opportunities for work all along the way. On Good Friday especially I had blessed communion with the Saviour Who has done so much for me. Oh, to satisfy His heart fully! . . .

As regards work, I do not think there is much fear of our stagnating in this centre (Paoning), for we are all far too keen to reach the regions beyond for that. The danger is rather that the city work may be neglected. For instance, I have a most inviting opening at a large market village half way to Kwangyuan, that is two stages from here, where I have had a number of pressing invitations to go and spend a month. . . .

We hear that Mr. Horsburgh may be returning again to Szechwan at once. He mentions the district north-west of us as the one he feels drawn towards. We shall be very glad if he comes back.

With cities opening and opportunities and responsibilities increasing, it was with peculiar joy that he

welcomed, early in June 1889, the Rev. E. O. and Mrs. Williams with their three children, escorted by Miss S. E. Jones. Mr. Williams had been Vicar of St. Stephen's, Leeds, which living, though he was a father of a young family, he had relinquished to respond to the call to China. The coming of such a one experienced in Church government was to Cassels an immense relief, and a cause for deep thanksgiving.

PAONING, *June 5th*, 1889. The Williams party [he writes] have all arrived safe and well, praise God. We got the ladies and two children off on Monday, bringing them by a short cut of 25 li overland. The boat itself arrived yesterday with dear Mr. Williams. How bright and peaceful he is, so satisfied with everything. The little ones are drawing crowds of visitors, the Lord has kept them in splendid health. My wife is very glad to meet Miss Jones again.

The interested and excited crowds who came to see these foreign children became almost unmanageable a few days later, when an idolatrous festival caused the country people to flock into the city. At one time it became necessary to close the gates, for already from eight hundred to one thousand people had found entrance into the courtyard.

With Mr. and Mrs. Williams and Miss Jones in residence Mr. and Mrs. Cassels went away for a brief change to the hills, and here for the first time we come upon the name of Sintientsi, which place, both as a centre for country work and as a refuge from the summer heat, became a veritable Bethel.

Sintientsi, or "the new inn", as the name signifies, is a lonely hostel on the main north road about five miles from the nearest village. Standing on high ground among the hills it is a hill station easily accessible from Paoning, which is some forty miles away. The landlord was an inveterate opium smoker, who eventually sold the premises to the Mission, and though

he made several efforts to break off his evil habit and professed interest in the Gospel, he died some ten years later from drugs and disease.

PAONING, *July 4th*, 1889. I have before mentioned Yun-lin-pu [writes Cassels], a place 180 li from here, half way to Kwangyuan. I promised that if they would find a place I would try and find time, so I set off on June 17th and found that the temple they had arranged for was entirely unsuitable, so nothing else offering just there I retraced my steps to a place I had heard of and myself seen once or twice before. It is a large wayside inn 130 li from here (named Sintientsi). Being built in an unfortunate position for travellers no one stops here, and the place is almost empty and desolate. There I found I could get several rooms in the best part of a nice courtyard for five thousand cash a month. The arrangement was completed early on the morning of the 19th, and the same night I got back to the Fu. Early on the 21st I left again with my wife, and by noon on the 22nd we were comfortably settled in our country abode.

The devil seeks to withstand every step of our onward march. He did not like us taking possession of this country place, which is called Sintientsi—the new inn—and the local *Pao-chen* made a great noise, until the Lord enabled me to win him over. There has been serious opposition at Kwangyuan too.

On Sunday, July 21, shortly after the return of Mr. and Mrs. Cassels from Sintientsi to Paoning, their first child, Jessie Ida, was born. What joy and gladness this good gift from God meant to them in this far-away station can only in part be understood by parents at home. "Blessed be childhood", wrote Amiel, "which brings down something of Heaven into the midst of our rough earthliness. All the good and wholesome feeling which is entwined with childhood and the cradle is one of the secrets of a providentially governed world." And this home among the heathen became more lovely by the prattle of a little child.

The Chinese, who regarded Mr. and Mrs. Williams as particularly blessed because their children were sons, were disappointed that Mr. and Mrs. Cassels' child should be a daughter! This, however, only made the welcome accorded this little girl a more powerful object lesson of what Christ had done for human life. "They cannot understand why we all love a little girl so much", wrote Miss Williams, and as every babe, especially since Bethlehem, has its message, so had little Jessie. The neighbours flocked with natural curiosity to see the sight, and fresh friendships were formed and prejudices removed, so that unconsciously the little one early began to open doors and hearts to the Gospel.¹

Though Mrs. Cassels suffered severely from sun-stroke shortly after this, she and Mr. Cassels, with the babe, when only two months old, visited Kwangyuan. This was a trying journey, for as the rain set in they all arrived drenched to the skin, but mother and child suffered no harm, while their coming brought no little cheer to the two brave sisters who were holding the fort there alone, and again they proved the coming of the babe opened fresh hearts and homes to the Gospel.

It was just about this time that Cassels was much helped by the quiet testimony of a little Chinese child. There was an old man, a maker of cheap hats, who for some time had attended the services but without showing any evidence of special interest. He was, however, having daily prayer at home. Concerning this home and family, Cassels wrote :

The other day—and this is what cheered me—one of our Christian women was there after dark ; it was getting late, and

¹ Jessie Ida Cassels, now Mrs. P. A. Bruce, who subsequently joined her father and the Mission in the work.

his little child wanted to go to bed. "Father", she said, "will you have prayers? I want to go to bed." The old man replied that he was busy, and that she must go to bed without prayers. The little one persistently protested that she could not go to bed without prayers, and at last her father laid aside his work to satisfy her, remarking that she would not be pacified until they had worshipped. The little one said a verse of a hymn, and they all knelt while the old man prayed, then the child went to bed happy.

This is to me like the blossoming of the first rose in the desert, and the beginning of the fulfilment of the promise. There is to be abundant blossom yet. The Lord send the showers down!

South of Kwangyuan is the city of Chaohwa, which Cassels visited seeking for another open door. In spite of difficulties a house was rented, but no sooner had he left than the official put the landlord in chains and cast him into prison. Thinking this had happened because there was no one in possession, Miss S. E. Jones volunteered to go. It was no easy task, for immediately she reached the city the landlord's mother met her, calling upon heaven at the top of her voice for help in her distress. Stormy scenes followed, and Miss Jones called upon the official, who, with many professions of friendship and reflections on the bad manners of the people, advised her to stay in an inn and not insist upon possession of the house. The truth was hard to learn, but she found the people friendly, and courageously held on in spite of many difficulties.

I must say [she wrote to Mr. Cassels] that it has paid me well to go through this; God has been so real, so near, so precious—my God, my Father. It was peace, perfect peace, every step of the way. And this little upset from Satan and his devoted ones has only increased the peace and rest. These things do bring us into more sympathy with our Master.

Concerning the situation at this time William Cassels wrote :

PAONING, *November 27th*, 1889. How thankful we ought to be for such wide open doors, and that there is no hindrance to the freest preaching of the Gospel on the highways and byways, in tea-shops and markets. Hughesdon has been away for a couple of months itinerating in the Shunking district. Beauchamp has lately spent several days at Chienchow, a town 80 miles to the north-west, and has now gone off again in the opposite direction, south-east. Gill has been working away in the Guest Hall here. The sisters at Kwangyuan are daily on the streets and in the people's houses. Miss Jones has been receiving women in the inn at Chaohwa, and has had invitations to many homes. Miss Williams has had a nice class with our school-boys, and both she and my wife have women's classes here and in the country, and with Miss Hanbury find many open doors for work. At Pachow, too, our dear brother, Arthur Polhill, continues his unremitting efforts in preaching the Gospel. So you see it is utterly wrong to say that there are no open doors. The need is to see to it that we avail ourselves of all of them, and that we preach the Word with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven. . . .

I feel so much that in the matter of Chaohwa there were two courses, the one was to retire at the first burst of opposition; everybody was against this. But I am not sure now whether it would not have been the better plan. We took the other course, and finding the people favourable, and only the magistrate hostile, determined to stick to the house. Well, we have done so, and the agreement remains locked up with my other papers, but what is the next step?

But though 1889 closed with trial at Chaohwa the new year, 1890, brought welcome reinforcements. These were the Misses P. and F. Barclay, F. Culverwell, and N. Martin, the last two from his former parish. There was also another old parishioner and lay reader, J. N. Hayward, who was appointed to Wanhsien. The coming of these friends both rejoiced his heart and inspired new ambitions.

A LOVER OF ORDER

The fetters Thou imposest, O Lord, are wings of freedom. My strength is proportionate to the strength of those cords that bind me. I am never so unrestrained as when I am constrained by Thy love. Put round about my heart the cord of Thy captivating love and draw me whither in my light I would not go. Bind me to Thyself as Thou bindest the planets to the sun that it may become the very law of my nature to be led by Thee.—GEORGE MATHESON.

NOT only was Cassels an ardent pioneer, he was also a fervent lover of order. He believed in lengthening the cords and also in strengthening the stakes. This bent of mind must have been innate for it asserted itself from the beginning. It was not any ambition to rule, for he welcomed direction from others over him in the Lord. In view of the great responsibilities which ultimately devolved upon him, it is highly interesting to note his instinctive qualifications for government. He was by nature a builder, and as the builder of a new diocese he will be remembered.

The Mission he had joined was by principle interdenominational, but it is one thing to profess principles and another to embody them. At one time some doubted whether it were possible within the limits of such an interdenominational Mission to organise successfully a loyal Church of England section. Such doubts had been publicly expressed. Cassels proved it could be done, and this in itself was no small achievement. He saw his objective and held a straight course to secure it. To do this demanded judgment, deter-

mination, and tact. In this chapter we shall see him setting his helm and steering with steady courage between Scylla and Charybdis.

As early as July 1889 we find him writing :

I have for the last two years felt intensely the importance of walking closely in the paths of order and regulation expected by our Mission, and so essential for the welfare of our work. It was only a day or two ago that I was noticing in Deuteronomy xxxiii. 5¹ that the Lord is then specially our King when there is order and unity and proper authority. I believe it to be God's plan.

May the Lord send us some more brethren soon. When in the comparatively small district (that is to say, just about the size of England without Wales) that we are attempting to work there is so much ground to cover, it is, of course, quite impossible for us to go two and two, so individual brethren have to go out alone, plunging alone into untouched districts, venturing alone into great heathen cities with all their dangers and temptations and masses of prejudiced and hardened and preoccupied idolaters, and hastily and alone paying the briefest visits to thronging markets crowded as they are here in Szechwan with seething masses of buyers and sellers—nay, is that all? Alas, no!—with seething masses of unwarned and unwashed souls, living sad and hopeless lives and passing away to sad and more hopeless deaths! One knows that this going out alone is not our Master's Will and plan. Will you ask, dear Mr. Taylor, while you are at home, whether it is His people's will and plan, and if not, whether they are doing their best to remedy it? For ourselves, have we any other course but to the utmost of our strength and time to go out obeying our marching orders, and whether with companions or without, preach the Gospel to all we can?

To him obedience to marching orders was fundamental. And so were unity, order, and authority. These were essential parts of God's plan. With the free-lance, therefore, he had small sympathy.

One or two quotations from his early letters will illustrate this.

¹ "And he was king in Jeshurun, when the heads of the people and the tribes of Israel were gathered together."

July 4th, 1889. I have been talking with — on the subject of your note, and stating my views that we ought to ask the Lord to guide those whom He has set over us, and then take it for granted that He does.

July 12th, 1889. I do feel so much that for the welfare of our work and the existence of the whole Mission, the principles of order and obedience to authority are most essential.

April 16th, 1892. I have been waiting for instructions from Shanghai on two or three matters, and it goes a good deal against my sense of order to act without waiting for them, but I have not known what else to do.

This unwillingness to act without instructions is manifest time and again in his early correspondence, and even after he had in 1890 been appointed by Mr. Hudson Taylor as Assistant Superintendent for his district, he was still reluctant to take action alone, as the above letter dated 1892 proves.

One other quotation, though of a slightly later date, must be given to emphasise this trait in his character. During his absence from China on his first furlough he gathered from correspondence that some laxity was asserting itself within the district, in consequence of which he wrote to Mr. Stevenson at Shanghai as follows :

BLACKHEATH, *September 18th, 1894.* I trust you will continue to discourage all unauthorised movements. Self-government spreads like wildfire when it once begins and is terribly catching, and most injurious to the harmony of the whole work. Better to check it at once, even if it causes a temporary explosion. . . .

Since writing the above I have seen some letters from Szechwan which give special point to my remarks. One of the letters says, "We have no Superintendent now, so we all do what is right in our own eyes". The special move referred to may have been quite right, but the principle is horrible, and shows that some fail to understand that the Superintendent's work returns to you.

But the most instructive part of Cassels' correspondence of those early years is that which reveals the

steady determination and scrupulous care with which he sought to build up a work within the China Inland Mission loyal and consistent to Church of England principles. It is evident that Bishop G. E. Moule was at first doubtful as to the possibility of this being done, and this doubt perhaps led him to ask for a closer supervision than was normally demanded by a Bishop. As we only possess one side of this correspondence it is not possible fully to reconstruct the story, but a series of extracts from Cassels' letters will give a picture of the man with clear eye and steady hand steering the middle course between extremes, determined on the one hand that Bishop Moule should have no just cause of complaint, and on the other hand courteously reminding the Mission Authorities at Shanghai, during Hudson Taylor's absence, that he was asking no more and no less than was in accordance with the Mission's principles.

In illustration of this we now propose to give, with a minimum of comment, extracts from a series of letters.

CHENGTU, *July 14th*, 1887. Your kind letter of May 30th, enclosing one from Bishop Moule, just come to hand. I will write to the Bishop when I have had opportunity of praying over the matter, and the Lord will guide me as to what to say.

The "power of the purse" is one which is held by no English Bishop. Questions of "living" and also of movements are in England only in a very small degree in the hand of the Bishop; generally he has no say at all in the matter, as would be the case here. So the two-fold authority is almost always divided in England and does not lead to trouble.

But I am not careful about the matter in the very least. It is in God's hands. I believe too much in the Scripturalness of the Church of England to leave it. But if the Bishop finds the difficulties too great I can look beyond him to a greater overruling Power. May God give us to walk in love towards one another. The greatest thing is to please Him and extend His Kingdom. The Lord give us to do this.

YANGCHOW, *October 18th*, 1887. In conversation with you at Shanghai I suggested (1) that as Bishop Moule decided not

to act through you, any stipulations that he proposed to make with you about the East Szechwan plan would naturally fall through. (2) And further, that I never heard of any Bishop requiring his clergy to submit to him for approval the names or qualifications of his parochial workers. And when the Bishop touched on the subject to me I told him that you were certain only to send to us those who were in full sympathy with our modes of work, or you would be doing your best to overthrow the plan you were yourself so desirous to see carried out.

CHENGTU, *April 30th*, 1892. I write to report that I reached here on Wednesday, and that yesterday, Friday, Grainger and Miss Broman were married by me.

It has been pleasant to meet Dr. Parry and the other workers here, and one's heart has been filled with joy as one looks back and contrasts the work in this province when I last came to this city a little over five years ago with what it is now. Then two stations, now a dozen. Then ten workers, now seventy or eighty of all Missions. Then twenty or thirty converts, now ten times that number all told, and reinforcements are, I hear, still coming.

I am informed here that Mr. Marshall Broomhall is on his way to Paoning with some new workers, one of whom is said to be a Plymouth Brother.¹ How glad I shall be to welcome any fresh workers that are likely to be a blessing to poor souls.

Unless there is some special reason for it it is unlikely that a Plymouth Brother is designated for our district, especially as there are both Churchmen and Churchwomen who would gladly have come to work with us.

Personally I would gladly welcome anyone who loves the Lord, and who is in harmony with the Mission, but it is not so comfortable for those whose prejudices are strong, and whose sympathies are not catholic, to come and work with us.

There is, however, one aspect of this matter, which it may save trouble hereafter if I allude to now. When I was at Ningpo in the autumn Bishop Moule told me that it had been suggested that his representative at Shanghai should interview any workers

¹ The rumour was in part false. The writer had been sent by Mr. Hudson Taylor to Ichang to engage boats and assist Mr. Horsburgh's party in their journey west, and at the same time to escort Mr. and Mrs. Walter Taylor and son to Paoning, travelling up river in the rear of Mr. Horsburgh's party in case any of their boats should be shipwrecked. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Taylor were Church of England workers. The false rumour, however, called forth a highly instructive letter.

designated for our field. Such an action seemed to me to be hardly necessary. A Bishop at home never exercises any control or has anything to do with the choice of the lay workers in a parish unless they apply for any special lay licence, that matter rests solely with the Vicar of the parish.

But since at the request and by the desire of the Authorities of our Mission he is kindly giving us time and trouble, the least that can be done to meet the Bishop's wishes is that only Churchmen and Churchwomen should be associated with the Clergy whom he has been asked to license and oversee Episcopally, and, of course, that all ordained men, or those who intend to apply for any kind of licence, should have the interview, or if that is difficult, correspond with himself or his representative before being sent into the district.

I have not suggested the formation of a Church district or even asked to be put into such a district, it was a carrying out of a principle of the Mission, and it was dear Mr. Taylor who very kindly suggested that I should come to such a district.

Now the districts having been formed I know that you, dear Mr. Stevenson, are above all people anxious that it should be made a bona-fide thing, so I write these few letters to you feeling these matters will commend themselves to you, or to whomsoever is at this time in charge in Shanghai.

PAONING, *July 15th*, 1892. The information given me at Chengtu was incorrect. I was told that Broomhall was escorting brother — to Paoning, and our friends there knew him as a Plymouth Brother, and asked how it was. This led to my letter, and gave a convenient opportunity for referring to my conversation with Bishop Moule, of which I had already told Mr. Hudson Taylor.

The matter of reinforcements I have always gladly preferred to leave wholly in the Lord's hands, and unless there has been special leading have refused to hinder his direct working, so much so that in one or two cases I have preferred to let Church people be sent elsewhere rather than interfere by asking for them. Should there not be some very special leading to cause any but Church people being sent to this district?

December 30th, 1892. I am thankful to hear from you of the reinforcements. I shall be glad to have them all, and I shall heartily welcome one and all. My only fear is that Bishop Moule will feel we are not quite keeping faith with him, and I do not quite know how to explain the matter to him. He is now asking the Church Missionary Society to relieve him of all responsibility connected with Horsburgh's

party, owing to Horsburgh's disregard for Church principles,¹ etc., and I should grieve very much if he lost confidence in us.

It is very kind of you, dear Mr. Stevenson, to express confidence in any arrangements which devolve on me here. But I am always most thankful to feel that I am a man under authority, and I would not lightly give up the strength and support which it is to have someone over me in the Lord in all matters.

I was noticing on one page of my Bible the other day :

Submission in the State, 1 Peter ii. 13, etc.

Submission in the Household, 1 Peter ii. 18, etc.

Submission in the Family, 1 Peter iii. 1.

Submission in the Church, 1 Peter v. 5, see vv. 1 to 4. }

R.V.

and this is enforced by the "pattern of the Heavenly", the angels being subject to Christ (ch. iii. 22) without going to other passages which speak of Christ being subject to God, etc., etc.

These observations on Scripture are a revelation of the man's mind, for people are only impressed by that which interests them. The artist sees beauty, the musician hears melody, and the scientist observes laws that others do not note. With Cassels his eyes and other faculties were open for light on principles of government.

In order to study this aspect of our subject we have advanced ahead of our narrative. But the motives which move a man are more important and more illuminating for the understanding of character than the man's actual movements. We must now, however, pick up the threads of our story, and the first in importance relates to the coming of workers connected with the Church Missionary Society to West China under the guidance of the Rev. J. H. Horsburgh.

¹ Mr. Horsburgh, under date of December 10, 1925, writes : "When Mr. Cassels returned to Szechwan as Bishop I found his Church of England views were strengthening, whereas mine, as regards work in China, already at a low ebb, were fading away! But this never interfered with our brotherly love."

MR. HORSBURGH'S ENTERPRISE

So with the Lord : He takes and He refuses,
Finds Him ambassadors whom men deny,
Wise ones nor mighty for His saints He chooses,
No, such as John or Gideon or I.

F. W. H. MYERS.

FOR long years the work of the Church Missionary Society in China had been confined to three coast provinces, with additional stations at Shanghai and Hongkong. But in the spring of 1888 the Rev. J. Heywood Horsburgh, having obtained permission from his Society, visited Szechwan, travelling west with Arthur Polhill-Turner and Albert Phelps, who were returning to their posts after ordination at Ningpo by Bishop Moule. To Mr. Horsburgh's arrival at Pao-ning suffering from sunstroke reference has already been made. The story of this visit west was described by Mr. Horsburgh in such graphic letters that the greatest interest was awakened at home. "Rarely, if ever," wrote Dr. Eugene Stock, "have we received so many letters about a missionary narrative." The needs of the new field, the possibilities and promises of a fresh venture of faith, were set forth with such persuasive earnestness that when in 1890, during his furlough, Mr. Horsburgh urged the Church Missionary Society to undertake a new Mission to Szechwan on lines of unusual simplicity, he obtained his Society's qualified approval after long and careful consideration on their

part. Thereupon he issued an appeal, the first two paragraphs of which were as follows :

The Committee of the Church Missionary Society have sanctioned a scheme under which a little band of missionaries will, God willing, go to the province of Szechwan. This province alone has a population of probably thirty-five millions, and has an area more than three times the size of England. The little handful of missionaries (chiefly China Inland Mission) who are working so faithfully there have long been praying that God will send others into the vast needy districts of that province, which they are quite unable to touch. Szechwan is a healthy province, and the people are, of course, quite as intelligent and civilised as they are near the coast.

We hope to work on simple Native lines, as do the China Inland Mission. We shall have no foreign buildings, nor big institutions of any kind, but live in Native houses, wear the Native dress, conform as far as may be to Native customs, and eat (those who will) the wholesome Native food. We shall be emphatically an evangelistic and itinerant Mission.

In the course of this appeal Mr. Horsburgh introduced, in answer to some supposed objections, that now familiar phrase "Do not Say"¹ and then closed his article with these moving words :

The world is dying "without God". And we might go to them. We might, but we don't! Oh, why are we not heart-broken? Why are we not on our faces before God! Why do not these things move us? Why do we not do something? My brothers and sisters, what will you do? Will you not do something? Will you go and settle this with God?

Concerning this appeal the Church Missionary Society, which published it in their official organ, appended the following comment :

It will be seen at once that Mr. Horsburgh's plan is for a purely evangelistic and itinerant mission, entirely "on simple

¹ Mr. Horsburgh's booklet published at this time under the title of "Do Not Say", "has perhaps", to quote Dr. Eugene Stock, "been used of God to touch more hearts and to send more men and women into the Mission Field both from England and from the Colonies than any modern publication".

Native lines". In so far as this plan has been proved to be a good one, let us not for a moment forget that the example has been nobly set by the China Inland Mission: and let us humbly thank God for teaching us lessons through another Society. Perhaps we of the Church Missionary Society have been too ready to worship our own drag and net, and imagine ourselves perfect. At the same time, Mr. Horsburgh's methods are not entirely those of the China Inland Mission. He is, in fact, far more revolutionary. He will employ no Native agents; the China Inland Mission, like all other Missions, does employ them. He will have "no foreign buildings nor big institutions"; the China Inland Mission has one of the finest houses in the foreign settlement at Shanghai (as it deserves to have, and indeed is obliged to have), and its English School at Chefoo is in every sense a great institution. He says that two missionaries may, "in ordinary circumstances", live on £50 a year; the China Inland Mission does not say so, and its most devoted members find that with all economy they need more. Now the Church Missionary Society Committee have felt that God was calling on them to give Mr. Horsburgh full liberty to try his own plans, in his own way, and with helpers of the same mind. But they are not going to call on other brethren to work on the same lines. . . .

We do not say all this from any lack of sympathy with our dear brother and his plans. On the contrary, we rejoice that he is to make his interesting experiment in his own way. . . .

The latter part of Mr. Horsburgh's appeal is most forcible, and we wish it could be circulated everywhere. May God write its fervid words on many hearts.

In response to this appeal a band of volunteers speedily offered themselves, and in the autumn of 1891 they set forth for China. This party of fifteen consisted of the Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Horsburgh, with two children, the Rev. O. M. Jackson, seven laymen, four of whom were not enrolled as Church Missionary Society missionaries but were independently supported, and five single ladies.¹ Shanghai was reached in

¹ Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Horsburgh, Rev. O. M. Jackson, Messrs. D. A. Callum, E. B. Vardon, A. A. Phillips, W. L. Knipe, J. A. Hickman, Simmonds, J. G. Beach; Misses E. D. Mertens, E. Garnett, Gertrude Wells, Alice Entwistle, and Rose Lloyd.

December 1891, and Szechwan in the spring or early summer of the following year.

The settlement of this party proved more difficult than had been anticipated, for shortly before their arrival in the west Messrs. Beauchamp and Parsons had been forcibly ejected from Shunking, and official opposition to foreign residence was in consequence stiffened generally. They were therefore obliged to scatter temporarily to China Inland Mission centres, and await an opening into their new territory, which lay to the west of the China Inland Mission sphere.

A glimpse of Cassels preparing for the welcome of Mr. and Mrs. Horsburgh is given in the following extracts from one of Mrs. Cassels' letters :

Just now we are away from home staying in the country at a house we have taken for resting and recruiting in the very hot weather. It is two thousand feet higher than Paoning and so much cooler. We are now getting it repaired and in order for Mr. and Mrs. Horsburgh and some of their party. I daresay you have heard of them. They are coming to live here for a time, as we can take them in. This is a nice large house, and quite in the country, a splendid place for study. We also hope to keep some rooms for the use of tired, weary workers from Paoning. And we hope each in turn will get a time up here. The house was in great need of repairs, so my husband had to come to see after it, and I accompanied him with little Jessie. It is a great treat to be alone together. We have very rarely lived alone for a week since our marriage, so this is a real honeymoon.

The next twelve to eighteen months were by no means easy for these pioneers. Though the people were friendly, no new doors were opened to them, mainly because of official opposition. Extensive journeys, however, were made, especially by the men of the party, while some of the ladies endured the hardships of living for months in Chinese inns.

But the year 1894 at length brought its reward,

which year became known as "the year of openings", for within little more than twelve months entrance into six walled cities was secured. In January Mr. and Mrs. Jackson occupied Chungpa, a few months later Mr. and Mrs. Callum and Miss Mertens entered Sintuhsien, at the end of May Mr. and Mrs. Phillips obtained a home in Mienchuhsien, in June Mr. and Mrs. Knipe gained entry into Mienchow, and some months later into Anhsien, while in January 1895 Messrs. Hickman and Simmonds secured an opening in Shihchüan, a city among the mountains.

Of those early days Mr. A. A. Phillips¹ wrote in the autumn of 1898 :

On these journeys we took no native helpers, and we had to find out for ourselves very generally the customs obtaining in the inns, shops, markets, and everyday life of the people. This was about the best thing that could befall us. Although we sometimes paid expensively for experience, it became our own. It was a dreary prospect for the opening of Mission stations, especially after the rebuffs at Maochow and Kienchow in the spring and summer of 1893. But then, just when we were ready with a sufficient command of the language and general experience, just before the war with Japan, followed by the Chengtu riots, just in God's time, six cities were opened in succession in less than eighteen months. And these six stations, no more, no less, we hold to the present time.

The district in which these cities were located was approximately as large as England south of York, and the stations mentioned may be said roughly to correspond geographically with Ventnor, London, Oxford, Cambridge, and Nottingham. On the west it touched the borders of Tibet, and on the east was contiguous with the China Inland Mission district.

Though Cassels during those early years had no official responsibility toward this new venture, he rendered it invaluable help as a personal friend and

¹ Now the Rev. A. A. Phillips of Norwich.

wise counsellor. Concerning those times Mr. Horsburgh has recently written :

Our Church Missionary Society West China Mission owes a great debt to the China Inland Mission, beginning at Shanghai and at all their stations up the river and at Chengtu, for invaluable help and manifold kindnesses. And especially is it indebted to Messrs. Cassels and Beauchamp, for it is due to the encouragement, advice, and help given both from the very first and afterwards that the Mission in Szechwan came into being.

The bond of love and mutual esteem which from the first was established between the workers of these two Missions was to be more closely cemented and officially recognised in days to come.

IN LABOURS MORE ABUNDANT

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.—MILTON.

IN recalling Mr. Horsburgh's venture in which Cassels was so deeply and sympathetically interested, and with which he soon became officially related, we have ceased for a moment to follow the main stream of our story in order to trace the rise of another river with which it was to be united. It is therefore now necessary to retrace our steps a little lest some important landmarks be overlooked.

During 1890 Mr. and Mrs. Cassels were absent from West China for nearly nine months, and of this period, when the regular correspondence with Shanghai ceased, little beyond the main outlines can now be recovered. At the end of March they, with little Jessie, left Paoning to attend the great Missionary Conference which met during May of that year at Shanghai. Much as we covet some knowledge of Cassels' impressions of those important gatherings, which cannot but have been of profound interest and value to him, unhappily no written record of his views has come to light. Without question he would enter heart and soul into the spirit of Mr. Hudson Taylor's Conference sermon, and into the Conference appeal for a thousand new workers. Few would echo more fervently those words :

We make this appeal [the Conference wrote] on behalf of three hundred millions of unevangelised heathen ; we make it with the earnestness of our whole hearts, as men overwhelmed with the magnitude and responsibility of the work before us ; we make it with unwavering faith in the power of the risen Saviour to call men into His vineyard, and to open the hearts of those who are His stewards to send out and support them, and we shall not cease to cry mightily to Him that He will do this thing, and that our eyes may see it.

We can imagine, too, the joy and thankfulness with which he would welcome at Shanghai the Rev. C. H. Parsons, first of Australasia's contingent to the China Inland Mission, and one who was to be his faithful and loyal colleague in Paoning until his (Cassels) death thirty-five years later. And not least among his rich experiences would be the personal fellowship with Hudson Taylor. Four years had elapsed since he had met him in Shansi, years full of problems and trials, which would enable him to profit more highly from the mature wisdom of the experienced Founder of the Mission. And Hudson Taylor, too, had learned something of the gifts and graces of his young friend, and it was on this occasion that he appointed him Assistant Superintendent of the Mission's work in East Szechwan, an appointment which gave him a seat on the China Council of the Mission, which for three weeks after the Conference was closely engaged on important problems of organisation. All this was to him of real educational value, both for his own immediate sphere, and for a fuller knowledge of the general work of the Mission.

By the time these meetings were over any immediate return to West China was impossible, for the Yangtze was in flood, as it always is in summer. Traffic up the rapids and through the gorges was perforce suspended. Mr. and Mrs. Cassels and Jessie, therefore, proceeded

for some months to Anking, the Mission's Language School for men, where a period of helpful study was secured, while his ministrations of the Word proved of lasting value to the younger students.

One little incident during this stay in Anking is worth recording, for though we call it little in relation to the evangelisation of China, it was by no means of small import to the father and mother concerned. It is one of those incidents which throws a brilliant side-light upon the trials of parenthood in the Mission field, of which comparatively little is heard.

It is never an easy or light task to nurture a young child through the trying heat of a Central China summer, and to assist in this Mr. and Mrs. Cassels had, through their good friend, Miss Hanbury, ordered from England a supply of Allen & Hanbury's food for little Jessie. After months of waiting this had safely reached Shanghai, and was there entrusted to the care of a young worker who was going up river. The river steamers are notorious for thieves, and these found a ready prey in this most hapless of all travellers, whom they fleeced of everything, the infant's food included. No comment on such a loss is necessary for parents, and especially for any mother. But one needs to be months away from the sources of supply to fully appreciate it.

Late in the autumn, when the waters of the river had fallen, Mr. and Mrs. Cassels returned to Shanghai in preparation for their journey west, and in order that they might be present at the ordination as Priests of Arthur Polhill and Albert Phelps, which took place in the cathedral on October 24. Three days later they started west, being joined at various centres by new workers who needed their escort, and a goodly party they made. In addition to Mr. and Mrs. Cassels, there

were the Rev. C. H. Parsons, the Rev. A. Phelps, Miss Kolkenbeck, and Messrs. Evans, Grainger, Hardman, and Willett.

In the course of the boat journey west Cassels wrote :

I was never more conscious of my own insufficiency, but surely I must say I know the Master's mighty power better than ever, and have more reason than ever to be confident that He will not fail me nor forsake me.

Our boat made slow progress from Ichang until past Kweichow, but two nights ago letters reached me showing that it was important that we should get on as quickly as possible, so we asked the Lord for a favourable breeze, and yesterday and to-day we have been flying along grandly before the wind He has sent us. . . . Oh that it may be an anticipation of the spiritual breeze He is going to send us !

It has been the greatest cheer to me to receive such a number of kind and sympathetic letters from the various stations in my district.

Again in 1891 Cassels was called to Shanghai for the Mission's Council Meetings, Mr. Taylor having returned from Australasia. This call came at a time of considerable perplexity and strain in China. Questions of far-reaching importance concerning the Mission's arrangements and organisation were under discussion, while the work in the whole of China was being threatened by a series of organised riots, especially in the region of the Yangtze valley. At the river station Wusüeh, east of Hankow, a young Wesleyan missionary and a European Customs official had been killed, and many Mission premises, especially Roman Catholic, had been destroyed. What all this meant to Mr. and Mrs. Cassels, who were separated for two and a half months at this time, the following portion of one of her letters will suggest :

SINTIENTSI, *June 14th*, 1892. So many thanks for your kind letters written during the time the riots were going on in this

land. The Lord kept us in perfect peace trusting in Him. Just after they began my dear husband was called to Shanghai to attend the annual Council Meetings of the China Inland Mission, which meant nearly three months' absence from home. It was hard to part with him just then, the more so as he had to pass right through the places where the riots had been and were still going on. But the Lord enabled us to commit each other to His keeping, and he went to do his duty in Shanghai, and little Jessie and I were left at home.

"God is our Refuge and Strength, a very *present* help in time of trouble", and He *did* keep me "quiet from fear of evil".

Every mail brought fresh news of the disturbances, and before long I had a letter from my husband written in an inn at Ichang, where he arrived some few days after the riot. He told of the heap of ruins that was all to be seen where once handsome houses stood, one in particular, belonging to a missionary with whom we had stayed, and from whom we had received much kindness on the way back from the Conference to Szechwan.

The Lord *is* faithful, and He brought back my dear husband in peace and safety, after an absence of two months and a half.

During the time the rioting was going on I went on to the street daily, visiting throughout the city. I often took my little Jessie with me (she is now nearly three years old), and the people were always very friendly, and often I had particularly good times. . . .

Reports of the riots were soon circulated, with all kinds of wild stories about the foreigners, but none of those who knew anything of us believed them. Others did, and talked to our Christians and enquirers of the kind of people they had joined themselves to! Really we were made out to be perfect monsters of wickedness by these stories, and I am not surprised that the Chinese who did not know us and believed these awful tales to be true, should think we were unfit to live.

However, we mixed with the people as much as we possibly could, feeling it was the best way to disarm suspicion, and gradually we lived down the wild reports, and the people were soon as friendly as ever. We were able to help many who were sick by simple remedies, and this, too, had a good effect. During that time of which I have been writing the Lord gave us very special blessing, first ourselves, and then it flowed out to the Chinese, and we had quite a time of revival. Early in this year we had fifteen baptisms at Paoning, and also some at Pachow and Kwangyuan, other stations in our districts.

Among the incidents of this journey to Shanghai and back was the being wrecked in the gorges on the return journey, when he was escorting the Misses Hanbury and F. M. Williams, who had been to the coast for a needed change. Happily the wreck was not of a serious nature. Paoning was safely reached on the 1st of December 1891.

The year 1892 was a time of mingled trial and rejoicing. Among the causes for rejoicing was the coming of Mr. Horsburgh's party, of which some account has already been given. Another cause was a number of baptisms, and of those baptised reference must be made to two, Mr. Ku Ho-lin and Mr. Wang Tsong-ih.

Ku Ho-lin was the grandson of the Mohammedan woman from whom the Mission premises at Paoning had been secured. At that time, 1887, he had been but a small lad who evidenced much curiosity—sometimes embarrassing—about the foreigners and their belongings. Although of Mohammedan parents he soon joined the Mission School, and early became a youthful convert. Of fifteen converts received into the Church by baptism on the 16th of the first month of the Chinese year, Ku Ho-lin was one, and of that occasion Mrs. Cassels wrote :

One of the scholars from our Boys' School was also baptised, named Ku Ho-lin, the grandson of our landlady, a Mohammedan. We praise God for His workings in this family. Ever since we came to Paoning to live this boy has been interested in the truth, and has been gradually growing in the knowledge of Jesus. Until within the last year his grandmother seemed untouched by the Gospel and inclined to oppose her grandson's being baptised. Now, thank God, she is entirely changed, and it is very evident that the Holy Spirit is working in her heart. She comes regularly to the Sunday services and the enquirers' classes, and it was with her entire consent that the boy was baptised into the Christian Church. Of course, it

means opposition and perhaps persecution from other Moham-medans and members of the family, but praise God that He has made them willing for it. The boy is so bright, and just now has taken up the work of starting a branch of the " Young People's Scripture Union " as a work for Jesus.

Little did Mrs. Cassels or any other at that time realise what the future had in store for this lad, who subsequently became Archdeacon, and of whom more will be heard.

The other candidate for baptism of whom we must speak was a very different character. His life story has been briefly told in a booklet written by Cassels himself, in which he speaks of him as " one of the most remarkable Christians connected with the little Paoning church ". An adopted son of the family Wang, he lived a wild and reckless life, being ultimately dismissed from his regiment for opium smoking, which was then a breach of military discipline. He returned to his home at Peh-miao-ch'ang (The Hundred Temples Market) and sought peace by every Buddhist and Confucian precept. After years of spiritual dissatisfaction with these and with Roman Catholic instruction also, he found his way to the newly opened Mission station at Paoning, coming out finally on the Lord's side at Christmas, 1891.

Just before Christmas Cecil Polhill, who was seeking to open Sungpan as a base for Tibetan work, came to Paoning in quest of a Chinese companion.

He mentioned the matter to me [wrote Cassels]. My difficulty was that it was contrary to our practice to employ our Christians or catechumens, if it could possibly be avoided, for the reason, so well understood in China, that the witness of Christians (especially in small and young Churches) who have been taken into employ is so much less powerful than that of those who are entirely independent. I felt, however, that if our brother's prayer was of the Lord, He would find a way to answer it without causing any hurt to our little Church.

So we prayed for guidance, and took no further step at that moment.

On Christmas Day the Holy Spirit was manifestly working in our midst, and the service, instead of closing as usual, took the form of a sort of consecration meeting at which our Christians and catechumens were found ready to yield up to the Lord, out of love to Him, various things which might prove a hindrance to them. One, for instance, brought up his tobacco-pipe ; others resolved to give up their wine ; and so on. Witnessing this spirit with great joy, it occurred to me afterwards that possibly someone might offer to go with Mr. Polhill-Turner as a volunteer.

A day or two afterwards our brother had an opportunity of addressing our people and of stating his needs. At the close of that service, in answer to a very guarded sort of appeal, Wang stood up and declared his readiness to go.

Now, it had already occurred to us that Wang would be a very suitable man in many ways. He had been in the neighbourhood of Sungpan ; he could write and read well, and would thus be a help in drawing up a deed of rental ; he would not be above doing rough and menial work and acting as a servant on the road. But I felt it to be very important that he should not undertake this service lightly or with any misapprehension of its condition. So I pointed out in detail the hardships that would be incurred ; he would have to look after the horse, and carry the baggage, and was to receive only his food.

Being still resolved to go, his offer was accepted, and he set off with Mr. Turner.

At Sungpan a house was taken and Wang left in charge, whilst Mr. Turner went off into the Kansu province to fetch his wife and children. They returned in May, and for two or three months Wang remained helping in the work.

After this, however, there ensued a period of drought, which was attributed to the foreigners, it being reported that Mr. Turner was seen to go outside the city gate and wave a brush across the sky, thus sweeping away the gathering clouds.

At last on 29th July the threats of vengeance broke out into open violence so terrible that we can hardly bear to tell of it even in a passing word. A crowd, which had been gathering all the morning, rushed into the courtyard, and with murderous violence and terrible curses and cruel blows, our friends were all seized and bound, and dragged out into the street. And then, stripped and wounded, they were led outside the city gates, where the rabble, divided in mind, cried out : " Throw

them into the river ", " Stone them ", " Tie them up in the sun till the rain comes " .

But before any course of action was decided on a military official appeared, and with some difficulty persuaded the crowd to take the party up to the magistrate's residence for trial. Here they were kept for some hours in a small room, their arms still tightly bound, while the howling mob raged without.

At length the magistrate called for Wang, along with the cook who was in attendance on the Turners, and assuring them that he could not otherwise disperse the crowd, required them to be punished to appease the mob. Uncomplainingly they assented, and were taken out and beaten in the usual way across the legs till the flesh was terribly raw, and then heavy wooden collars were placed upon their necks, and at last the crowd dispersed.

When asked at the beginning of the magistrate's examination who he was, Wang simply answered that he was a Christian, though if he had been fainthearted he might easily have disclaimed being anything but an outsider, not having received baptism at that time.

And when his master and mistress afterwards expressed their horror and indignation at his treatment, Wang only said, " Oh, it is nothing ; it was for JESUS' sake ". When the suffering missionaries had been escorted safely to a neighbouring Mission station, Wang returned to Paoning.

I was immensely struck with his behaviour. There was no word of complaint against the magistrate who had beaten him so terribly ; on the contrary, he praised him, saying that he had done his best to allay the riot. There was no boasting spirit because he had suffered so nobly ; on the contrary, he never mentioned the matter, until, when I found out from my letters what had happened, I questioned him to get at the details. He said that his heart was full of peace as he stood upon the bank of the river, bound hand and foot, and expecting every moment to be thrown in. He had just one regret. He regretted that he had not yet confessed Christ in baptism, fearing that perhaps Christ would not confess him as His disciple. I assured him that he had passed through a baptism of fire.

On 25th September 1892 he was duly admitted into the Church along with five others, one being the native teacher from whom he had first heard the Gospel.

Some three months before this riot at Sungpan Messrs. Beauchamp and Parsons had been cast out of

Shunking, as already mentioned in connection with the coming of Mr. Horsburgh's party. Some further details may here be added, for Cassels, though spared the final scene, was a sufferer in what preceded it. Of these happenings Mrs. Cassels wrote to a friend :

We have only four stations as yet. Another we lately opened has just been taken from us by the hatred of the officials, and Mr. Beauchamp and Parsons were forcibly dragged from their house and through the streets out of the nearest gate by some military students hired for the purpose. They were prevented from entering the city again, being kept on a bridge until all their things were brought to them. These were put on a boat and the gentlemen were forced to follow them, after enduring all kinds of insults and indignities. Thus the officials got their way, and we lost our house at Shunking, a place we have prayed for for years, and longed to take possession of in the Name of Jesus. The people are so nice, too, and so glad to listen to the Gospel.

Many plans had been tried before this last one to get the friends to leave the house, but without success. When my husband was there about a week before the final turnout a number of men came in while he was out for a short time, and took off the roof of the house. But he quietly stuck to the house, much to their surprise, and slept for a few nights under an umbrella with a waterproof sheet over his bed, for the rain was coming down in torrents.

He had to leave a few days after to go to Chengtu for a marriage, and so Mr. Beauchamp (and Mr. Parsons) came in for the final, and also only too successful plan of getting them out.

Concerning these experiences Mr. Parsons, one of the sufferers, writes :

In 1892, just before Mr. Beauchamp and I were turned out of Shunking, Mr. Cassels came down to help us, and we had a little fellowship in persecution together. Tiles were removed from the house, and the rain coming on we had rather a bad time. Messrs. Cassels and Beauchamp slept on a table and I under an umbrella. Mr. Cassels always did his best to inspire us with courage.

Had it not been that William Cassels was due at

Chengtū for a wedding he might have been with his companions in the trouble which followed.

Writing from Paoning on April 21, he said :

I started for Chengtū on Monday (18th), but that night a message from Beauchamp intercepted me, telling me of their forcible ejection from Shunking—dragged outside the city by a number of military scholars, hired for the purpose, and their furniture and other effects carried out by hired coolies—and suggesting that I should return and marry him and Miss F. Barclay at once.

I felt there was a great deal in favour of an immediate marriage : the uncertainty and protraction of it was hindering work, etc., so I returned on Tuesday (19th) and they were married yesterday, and started off to spend some time at Sintientsi until the answer to the telegram *re* their going to Wanhsien arrives.

With regard to Shunking, humanly speaking we have suffered a great reverse. But “when they cast thee down thou shalt say ‘there is a lifting up’”, and so we trust to the Lord to make it turn out rather for the furtherance of the Gospel.

The people, even the military students, continued friendly to the end, but the magistrate stirred up the gentry, and they were able to influence a certain number of people. People were forbidden to come to us, or to sell to us, etc.

We had no message from the official at all, all through, nor would he see us, and had to deal with a mob hounded on by him.

I am starting again for Chengtū this morning, so you will excuse this hasty line.

But riots and unrest were not the only trials Cassels experienced at this time. He was perhaps as much distressed by the loss of workers, some for needed furlough, some for important posts elsewhere, and some—and this was to him the most painful of all—by what appeared like looking back after having put their hand to the plough.

When busy at Sintientsi preparing for the coming of Mr. and Mrs. Horsburgh, Cassels wrote :

May I point out that we feel that we need much sympathy in our losses. The Phelps have left us, the Polhills have left us, the Haywards are leaving, and it is now rumoured that the Beauchamps are to leave us.

But soon a further request came from Shanghai for another worker. Mr. Hudson Taylor had already asked that Mr. Hayward be freed for the important work of the Treasurer's department, but now an experienced head was needed temporarily for the Women's Language School at Yangchow, and Mr. Stevenson wrote to Mr. Cassels asking if he would agree to Miss Hanbury being approached for this influential post. The general work of the Mission by which all benefited had to be carried on, and sacrifices to this end had to be made by any section of the work. None the less those who bore the burdens of local churches could hardly do other than regard such calls with a measure of jealousy. In reply to this new demand Cassels wrote :

Re Miss Hanbury going to Yangchow. I am gladly cutting off my right hand in giving up Hayward, though for half a dozen years he has been preparing to come and work with me, and if it be for the good of the work I will equally joyfully cut off my left hand in Miss Hanbury, and give her up to you. The Lord will repay one hundred fold all given to Him.

That our workers should be wanted to fill important posts is also a sign of confidence in us which a little soothes the sore of cutting them off from us.

Here we too are crying for a revival, for the work has got into a slack state this last six months. We mean to go on till we get the showers by the grace of God. Hayward starts by boat on Tuesday, the 19th inst.

Consent having been obtained, a letter was forwarded to Miss Hanbury, by favour of Cassels, asking her to undertake the work at Yangchow. In acknowledging the receipt of this communication Cassels wrote the following reply which, though couched in a humorous strain, was written out of a pained heart.

Though Cassels was not lacking in a sense of humour he seldom indulged in it. Indeed, he took life so seriously and felt things so acutely that humour had small chance to raise its head, and the pleasantry of this letter was only an imperfect veil to hide his poignant feelings.

Let me now thank you [he wrote] for yours of September 22nd, enclosing one for Miss Hanbury.

We Eastern Szechwan people are far too loyal to regard lightly such a call as that which your letter contains, and so in obedience to your request I spent the morning "facilitating" the further dismemberment of my limbs, and now I believe it only remains to get the surgical operation completed in the specified time!

The sores are getting so bad that I fear nothing but a professional medical man will be able to cure them. Perhaps you could send say George Cox up by return to heal some of the breaches.

Can I do any more little jobs in this way for you?

Not being satisfied with my limbs I hear that there are designs upon my life itself! Where do they come from?

Beauchamp suggests that I am to be turned out and sent home, and he is kind enough to offer to take my place for me! As if there were not room for us both in this vast province!

My dear wife and I are both very conscious of our weakness and feebleness. But our God has been pleased to use such instruments, and if the definite destruction of idols may be taken to be any sign, the Lord has been most graciously blessing His work during the last four or five months, and so perhaps we might plead for some little grace before the decapitation is completed!

Writing a week later he adds:

Miss Hanbury is preparing to leave here the beginning of the year. We accept the arrangement as from the Lord Who doeth all things well. He will bless us in giving her up.

During the last months since the Lord "has weakened our strength" in the matter of workers He has also strengthened our weakness and especially blessed our work.

And it was true that for some months special blessing was vouchsafed at this time of special trial. This

is alluded to in several letters, of which the following is from one :

The Lord is blessing and teaching us something more as to how to obey the command "Receive ye the Holy Ghost". The channels are being cleared out and the faith valves got into order, and we are learning to obey and receive the promised Holy Spirit by faith. . . .

The matter of reinforcements I safely leave with the Lord, as I have always done. We do not want any here of man's sending nor of man's arranging. I only ask the Lord for workers, and am not anxious about the matter.

We shall so miss dear, ever reliable, ever kind, ever unselfish Miss Hanbury.

But as time progressed it became necessary to contemplate the furloughs of Miss F. M. Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Cassels. This only served to emphasise the way in which the district was being depleted of workers, and called forth the following review and summary :

As regards myself, if we have to go home before next summer I suppose I shall be enabled to tear myself away, and to submit to the will of the Lord, but it will not be at all easy.

I am truly sorry that not even a temporary stop-gap can be found to go to Wanhsien for a while.

Does the fault lie with ourselves (or with myself) that so far from being able to do any extension work in this district our forces have rather been ebbing away from us, leaving us weaker and weaker ?

Hughesdon gone and Phelps, A. P. Turner on furlough, Beauchamps, Haywards, Miss Hanbury, and Miss Barclay all removed elsewhere.

This was nothing less than the loss of eleven workers if wives were included, six of these being either on furlough or employed temporarily elsewhere, but two had resigned from the Mission, and two had been permanently appointed to Shanghai. It was no small wonder that, faced with such a loss and with his own

furlough in prospect, he should view the situation with grave concern, despite the arrival of some new but inexperienced workers.

We do thank God [he wrote] for the reinforcements sent us, but we have indeed cause to stir ourselves up to prayer when, as regards brethren at any rate, they have not filled up the gaps made by those who have left us.

A SORROWFUL HOMEGOING

Thy Mother's treasure wert thou ; alas ! no longer
To visit her heart with a wondrous joy ; to be
Thy father's pride ;—ah, he
Must gather his faith together, and his strength make stronger.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

IN the spring of 1893 Cassels began seriously to consider the necessity of taking furlough. He had already spent eight strenuous years in China and was feeling the need of refreshment. Mrs. Cassels' health was also giving him increasing anxiety, while his mother at home and his fellow-workers in the field were urging him not to delay. But his presence in China in some ways seemed necessary. Bishop G. E. Moule had just appointed him as his Commissary, and in response to Cassels' request, the Bishop also had granted Lay Reader's licences to three workers. To leave just when the work was demanding substantial organisation, and when some serious persecutions had broken out, seemed regrettable. How carefully he weighed the pros and cons of the situation, and how slow he was to take the easy path for himself, the following letters make evident :

PAONING, *April 17th*, 1893.—I feel that you [Mr. Stevenson] may be expecting me to write you on the subject of our furlough, so I must briefly trespass on your time.

(1) The subject was frequently mentioned last year, but, as you are aware, I strenuously opposed the idea. But whilst opposing it I often felt that I must beware of opposing it in a fleshly way when the thing might be of God.

(2) The Minutes of our Provincial District Council meeting held in December will have shown you what their feeling was. And, of course, I felt that their opinion ought to have the fullest consideration.

(3) Soon after that my dear Mother, quite independently, began the attack, pleading with me to take a rest, and after two or three letters I began to feel vulnerable. I did, however, make some objections, and said, amongst other things, that possibly if funds were supplied in an independent way, we might discern the Lord's will better.

(4) And now, before that letter has reached home, I hear that £40 has been sent to Shanghai towards our travelling expenses, and from quite an independent source, and thus my challenge has been met, and I feel I may no longer withstand God.

(5) In addition to this, I think it is evident that the state of my wife's health for the last year or more has been such as would have sent home a less plucky lady, and one who had less recuperative power, several times over. . . .

(6) I feel I must begin to confess that I have lost a good deal of the vigour which I had, and that my work frequently hangs fire somehow.

Having then written so decidedly against taking furlough on several occasions, I feel bound to lay these facts before you that you may do what seems right in the matter.

I would add, however, that, whilst it might be wrong to endeavour to face another summer after this, we are anxious to remain at our posts as many months as we can, and still to take whatever share the Lord may allow us in this work, especially that younger workers may be gaining experience and knowledge of the language.

I earnestly hope, too, that if we are to go it may not be until Stanley Smith has paid us his promised visit, and a special effort of some kind has been made at his coming.

Two or three months later, in an undated letter, Cassels, when writing to Shanghai about the need of a chapel, reported the birth of his first son, Francis, an occasion of rejoicing not only to themselves but to their Chinese friends, to whom a son and heir is a cause for special congratulations.

As the year wore on the necessity of furlough became increasingly apparent. In the summer he reports :

“ Our little Jessie has been very ill with remittent fever (complicated) ”, but Mrs. Cassels’ health gave more serious grounds for anxiety. Letter after letter reveals increasing urgency. In the early part of September he states that “ she has been very ill with remittent fever ”. A fortnight later he writes again in a letter headed with the words “ After that ye have suffered awhile ” :

My dear wife has been very ill with remittent fever, and we have had a very anxious time for some days. . . . Dr. Parry has been most unceasing in his kindness and attention.

Again in October :

Who is to come here ? . . . There must be a clergyman in full orders, or else one must visit constantly.

It will be a great wrench to go, but I fear my wife cannot stand another summer.

It was now abundantly clear that the work must be left for a time. Authority, therefore, was sought from Shanghai for some definite arrangements in view of his prospective absence, and he also began systematically to visit the country Christians, hoping to be ready to leave shortly after the Chinese New Year in 1894. But before we proceed to speak of their departure, special reference must be made to the opening of the first chapel in Paoning, which took place on Christmas Day, 1893, seven years to the day from the time when he first set foot in Paoning city.

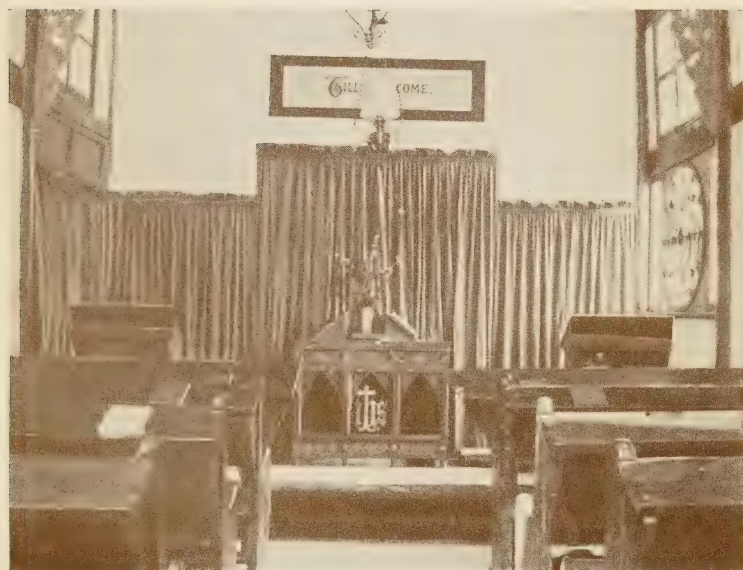
PAONING, *December 28th*, 1893.—Never was the work round this centre so hopeful as it is just now.

Our new chapel was sufficiently completed to be used last Sunday and Monday (*i.e.* Christmas Day), and on both days a congregation of nearly two hundred people fairly well filled the building, and gave us cause for devout thankfulness.

Early on Sunday morning I was round in the new chapel spending a quiet half hour in prayer for the new building



THE FIRST NEW CHAPEL.
Opened on Christmas Day, 1893.



THE BISHOP'S PRIVATE CHAPEL.

To face page 166.

before the day began. While kneeling there at the top end a man came in with a "*pei-lan-tsi*" (basket) on his back. He too knelt for a moment in prayer and then took a seat. I soon got up to speak to him. I knew him as a man who had been a few times, and found that he had brought a basket full of his idols and tablets which he wished to destroy publicly.

So the first outsider to enter the chapel on the morning of its opening was one who was turning from idols to God.

On Christmas Day I baptised ten of our catechumens, four of them men and six of them women. Nearly all were advanced in age.

In the afternoon we had a most interesting testimony meeting. Then the idols were burnt, and the most joyful climax of the day was that our Mohammedan landlady, whose daughter-in-law and son are already baptised, and for whom we have prayed much that she might have courage to come right out, offered herself for baptism, either then and there or at any other time. The Lord be praised!

And now the day of departure drew near. "It will be a sort of funeral to me", he wrote on February 15, 1894. On the following Sunday he bade farewell to the country Christians, and had the joy of baptising at the same time twelve catechumens. On this occasion the Chinese, in token of their regard, presented him with eight scrolls on which were written their farewell wishes. At length on Monday, March 5, after trials of faith which he thought "not wonderful at all in the midst of the encouragements the Lord has given"—for he had baptised just one hundred people in the district since his arrival—he bade farewell for a time to his adopted home and people.

It was a touching parting [he wrote on his journey down river]. Crowds escorted us to the boat, where we sang a hymn of praise, and commended our friends to the Lord in prayer. Truly the Lord has done great things for us whereof we are glad. To Him be all the glory for His work, to us all the shame for our feebleness and mistakes.

But a great and lasting sorrow was to befall them ere they left the shores of China, for in Shanghai their

beloved boy Francis was suddenly taken seriously ill and died. In a letter to his mother, dated from the Mediterranean Sea, he wrote as follows :

How delightful after this long journey will it be to see the shores of Old England again and to be once more on "terra firma"! and how much more delightful to be with you once more, dearest Mother, and once again to lay my head upon your shoulder as of old!

But I must go back to the beginning and describe our journey a little.

You will, I hope, have got my letters and postcards from Shanghai. You will have heard how our dear little boy—such a bright, happy, cheerful little fellow, always full of smiles for every one—was taken from us, his poor weakened little body breathing its last in my arms, as his soul fled away to the brighter Land. That was on the Friday, and as the home mail left early the next morning, I think, I have not been able to tell you any more.

On the Saturday afternoon we laid the dear little one to rest in the plot belonging to the China Inland Mission in the pretty Shanghai cemetery, Mr. Hodges, the Chaplain (who, by the way, always asks after you) taking the service, Mr. Stevenson and several other members of our China Council, along with Mr. Hayward, bearing the little coffin, which was all covered with wreaths and flowers, the gifts of sympathising friends of our Mission.

I cannot tell you how touching all the sympathy was that we got from our friends. It made one realise more than ever what a family feeling there is in the China Inland Mission, and the privilege of belonging to it.

For instance, Mrs. Hudson Taylor came in at once to see us when she heard our little one had gone, and soon after Mr. Taylor himself came in, mingling his tears with ours as he kissed the cold but ever sweet little face, and both then, and again and again afterwards, his prayers for us were most wonderful, and his allusions to our loss in our Bible readings most touching. Kind letters of sympathy (some enclosing sums to help towards the general expenses) came in from many friends, and kind acts melted our hearts again and again. It was particularly nice being with the Haywards at that time, and they did so much for us.

We were able to visit the cemetery once more and see the turf nicely laid on it, as well as arrange for a little headstone to be made.

It was with sad and chastened hearts Mr. and Mrs. Cassels set sail for the old country on April 26, their affections being inseparably attached to China through their children in the faith in far Szechwan, and through the precious remains of their son, according to the flesh, laid to rest in Shanghai. That sacred spot in Shanghai cemetery set a lasting seal upon the bond which bound them to the land of their adoption.

O God, to Thee I yield
The gift Thou givest most precious, most divine !
Yet to what field
I must resign
His little feet
That wont to be so fleet,
I muse. O, joy to think
On what soft brink
Of flood he plucks the daffodils,
On what empurpled hills
He stands, Thy kiss all fresh upon his brow,
And wonders, if his father sees him now !¹

¹ T. E. Brown.

PART V
FIRST BISHOP IN WESTERN CHINA
(BEFORE THE REVOLUTION)

Paul served first as a private missionary pioneer in his native land, then as a junior colleague and assistant to Barnabas, until the summons came to take a higher place, when "the signs of an Apostle" had been fully "wrought in him". Not in a day, nor by the effect of a single revelation did he become the fully armed and all-accomplished Apostle of the Gentiles. "After the space of fourteen years" it was time for him to stand forth the approved witness and minister of Jesus Christ, whom Peter and John publicly embraced as their equal.

G. G. FINDLAY.

“ LOVE’S HIGHWAY OF HUMILITY ”

For thus saith the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, Whose name is Holy ; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite.—ISAIAH lvii. 15.

WITH glad yet chastened spirits, Mr. and Mrs. Cassels landed in England early in June 1894, to find the homeland in all the glory of its early summer, and only those who have lived abroad can appreciate what this means. It was Carey in India who wrote, “ I know not that I ever enjoyed, since leaving Europe, a simple pleasure so exquisite as the sight of this English daisy afforded me—not having seen one for upwards of thirty years, and never expecting to see one again ”. And an English meadow golden with buttercups, when seen afresh after years of absence, can move the heart to tears.

But better than all these things they found the mother’s heart and home ready to welcome them at Vanbrugh Park Road West, Blackheath. Amid the sacred joys of such reunions—for Mrs. Cassels also visited her mother at Worthing—that hallowed spot in God’s acre in China was not forgotten.

We have one great sorrow in this home-coming [wrote Mrs. Cassels to a friend]. We left behind us a little grave in Shanghai. The Lord called upon us to part with our little Frank, a lovely babe of eight months. He was such a bright, happy little pet, the very joy and delight of his father’s heart—a perfect little sunbeam.

But no sooner had they landed in England than the perennial problem of the missionary on furlough con-

fronted them, namely, how to reconcile the task of fulfilling numerous pressing engagements, and the duty of obtaining the rest they so much needed. Within a week of landing Mr. Cassels spoke at the Annual Meetings of the Mission, and a few personal extracts from his address must not be omitted from these pages.

God has blessed us as a Mission [he said]. You were hearing of it this afternoon. He has blessed our leaders ; He has blessed our organisation ; and I should be robbing God of His glory if I did not testify that He has been blessing me as an individual. . . .

You have heard how help has been given in the matter of funds. You have heard of the increase in the number baptised. In all these matters the Lord has helped us. And if I spoke of myself, should I have a different tale to tell ? Very far from it. During these nine odd years I cannot remember that I have been confined to bed for one single day. I have travelled thousands of miles, and not one hair of my head has been hurt. And if you ask about the matter of provision, here again God has done exceeding abundantly, not one good thing has failed.

I wonder if I may stop to draw back the curtain for a moment that God may be glorified. Take one instance. Suppose you were just about to be married, and suddenly you were robbed of your silver and the greater part of your clothing. You would consider yourself in rather an uncomfortable predicament. But supposing that very night you received a cheque in a most unusual and exceptional manner, sent off weeks before, would you not say that God was taking care of you and perhaps wanting to provide for you that new outfit on such an occasion which you had denied yourself ? That, at any rate, was what we said.

Or again, suppose that your funds had come to an end, and from day to day you cast yourself upon the Lord with prayer and fasting, with a God-given confidence and holy joy, no one but He knowing your circumstances ; and suppose that the day before some special amount had to be met you received the exact sum put into your hands in a most exceptional manner, would not a thrill of gratitude go through you as you recognised God's hand ? That, at any rate, was the case with me.

A few days after these Annual Meetings we find him present at the Mildmay Conference, and in July

at Keswick, distressed not a little by the sad news that war had broken out between China and Japan since his arrival home. August was spent as *locum tenens* in a small country parish in Wiltshire, where the population was only three hundred souls, that rest might be secured ere the plunge was taken into the exacting engagements of the autumn, which need not be detailed here.

Towards the close of November Mr. Cassels, with his little daughter Jessie, then aged five, visited Oporto, the place of his birth, where three brothers and one sister still resided, and during the seven or eight weeks spent there he awakened and fostered not a little interest in the work in China, as was proved by the generous gifts of money and jewellery. Mrs. Cassels, owing to the birth of their second son, William Cecil, on October 14, did not venture on this visit overseas, but spent the Christmas with her mother at Worthing.

All through these months, with war waging between China and Japan, news and mails from the Far East were anxiously awaited, and high hopes were entertained by not a few that the issue of this strife would be the opening of China more fully to the Gospel. It was in this expectation that Cassels engaged in his deputation work.

I am glad to have your view [he wrote to Mr. Stevenson] that the war will lead to more wide-open doors than ever in China. This solemn prospect is just what I had been endeavouring to lay upon God’s people at home in many of my meetings.

In my various meetings I have not felt led to plead specially for my own district. On the contrary I have felt it my duty and pleasure to regard the work as a whole, and to speak of it generally and as a unit.

It is interesting to note, in the correspondence of this period, a reference to the transfer of the China

Inland Mission headquarters from Pyrland Road to Newington Green. Writing on April 5, 1895, he says :

As to Bishop Moule (of Mid China), I have not seen him since I have been in England. I have had a busy time lately. Early in March I started for Derby where I had a number of meetings and sermons. Then I went to Wakefield, Leeds, Nottingham, Barnsley, Dewsbury, Nottingham again, Bradford, etc., and returned to London in time for the Council Meeting on 26th [March], the last in the old premises. . . . The new house is now in use, and the first prayer meeting will be held in it to-morrow.

But the hopes about China were to be rudely shattered—at least for a time. The open doors were only to be reached by way of the Cross. The war, it is true, had been brought to a close by the fall of Wei-hai-wei in February, after the total destruction of the Chinese fleet and the capture of Port Arthur. Such a conclusion was deeply mortifying to Chinese pride. That China the giant should be humiliated by Japan, the land of “dwarfs”, was, indeed, a bitter pill, especially to those who had been intoxicated with the wine of false success. And as the truth slowly disillusioned the Chinese people, there was, as might have been expected, a disastrous reaction.

The first of the anti-foreign outbursts took place in Szechwan on May 28, when the Canadian Methodist Mission premises in Chengtu were destroyed. Next day the remaining Protestant and Roman Catholic Missions in the same city shared a like fate. This was as a spark to gunpowder, and rioting of a more or less serious nature followed in Kwanhsien, Kiating, Suifu, Luchow, Paoning, and other centres. Rumours of the most harrowing description spread abroad, and the keenest anxiety was awakened at home.

As telegraphic communication has been stopped between Chengtu and Shanghai by order of the Viceroy [wrote Mrs.

Cassels to a friend], it is believed by British officials at Shanghai that a fearful massacre of all the missionaries has taken place. . . . The China Inland Mission premises at Paoning are said to be destroyed and its members hunted about like wild beasts. . . . You can imagine our feelings.

It was with anxious hearts and dread forebodings that Mr. and Mrs. Cassels went in June to Cromer for a period of rest and change. The situation in China was such that an opportunity for uninterrupted waiting upon God was welcome, but there were other questions now deeply exercising their hearts and minds. Bishop G. E. Moule of Mid China, having recognised for some time his inability to visit the Church of England work in West China, which was nearly two thousand miles away from his station, Hangchow—“ He used to tell me ”, said Bishop Cassels once, “ that his episcopal crook would not reach to a distance of eighteen hundred miles ”—had been in consultation with the ecclesiastical authorities at home about the formation of a separate diocese for Western China. This the Archbishop of Canterbury was prepared to do, and in the negotiations which followed between Lambeth Palace, the Church Missionary Society, and the China Inland Mission, the name of the Rev. W. W. Cassels was suggested as the possible future Bishop. To Cassels this was an altogether undreamed-of proposal, and he therefore gladly welcomed the retirement Cromer afforded for earnest meditation and prayer.

In a letter to Mr. Stevenson, dated June 12, he wrote :

As we are leaving home to-morrow for a little rest and sea air (the first I have really had yet) I must leave a note for you to give you a cordial welcome home. May the Lord grant you much refreshment and blessing, and prosper you in all you do !

We are going to Cromer for three or four weeks or so, but it will be a great pleasure to meet you some time or other.

There is a matter which is quite private at present, but which I want you to know about that you may help me with your prayers and advice. Mr. Sloan will be able to tell you details which I cannot enter into in a letter :

(1) It appears that it has been proposed to establish a new diocese for the West of China, and the Archbishop has expressed his approval.

(2) To my intense astonishment my name has been mentioned to the Archbishop by the C.M.S. at the suggestion of Bishop Moule and others, and the C.M.S. have made a proposal to me on the matter.

At first it seemed impossible for me with all my insufficiency and incapacity to entertain the idea. But Webb-Peploe and others, whom I was advised to consult privately, have said with one voice that I must consider it as a call from God and cast myself upon His enabling grace. . . .

I am intensely cast upon the Lord, seeking His guidance and overruling that His Will may be done. . . .

If we get you a room at Cromer could you not come and see us there ? It would be so nice.

Turning from the personal aspect of the question, we are able, through the kindness of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, who has supplied the necessary correspondence, to print the following letters interchanged between Archbishop Benson and the Rev. B. Baring-Gould, who was at that time a Secretary of the Church Missionary Society. Writing to the Archbishop under date of June 11, 1895, Mr. Baring-Gould said :

. . . The question regarding the proposed Bishopric in Western China is the only one which is somewhat urgent inasmuch as the Rev. W. W. Cassels contemplates returning, as at present advised, to Szechwan early in September. Hence I venture to trouble Your Grace with this further letter. We have had considerable correspondence with the China Inland Mission on this subject, and we have every reason to believe that no difficulty will arise on their side regarding the proposed Bishopric scheme for Western China. We are therefore quite prepared to bring it before our Committee, and officially to nominate the Rev. W. W. Cassels for the appointment to Your Grace if you see your way very kindly to approve the scheme.

On this letter Archbishop Benson made the following marginal note, “To employ only C. of E. men”.

On July 10, 1895, there is a memorandum by the Archbishop of a conversation between himself and Mr. Baring-Gould with regard to Western China. He notes :

A *missionary* Bishop (Mr. Cassels) to superintend C.M.S. and C.I.M. work. (In his case guarantee fund need not be provided for—purely missionary.)

But while a guarantee fund was not made essential a guaranteed episcopal stipend was. This the China Inland Mission could not promise, it being contrary to its *Principles and Practice* to guarantee any income to any of its missionaries, but the Church Missionary Society gladly pledged itself to be responsible in this matter. Thus the future Bishop, when consecrated, would also be enrolled among that Society’s missionaries, while still retaining his position in the China Inland Mission.

On July 18, eight days after the conversation referred to above, Mr. Baring-Gould wrote to the Archbishop as follows :

It is with much thankfulness that I write to inform Your Grace that our Committee on Tuesday last approved the scheme for promoting a missionary Bishopric for Western China. Recognising the comparative large share of Church of England work carried on in Szechwan by missionaries connected with the China Inland Mission and being aware of the prominent position in that sphere occupied by the Rev. W. W. Cassels, who, as one of their missionaries, has laboured there for some eight years, the Committee direct me to approach Your Grace with the respectful request that you will accept their nomination of the Rev. W. W. Cassels, M.A., now on furlough at 9 Vanbrugh Park Road West, Blackheath, S.E., formerly Curate of All Saints, South Lambeth, to be consecrated as first Bishop of Western China. They gratefully recognise your considerate kindness in waiving in this instance your claim to receive a second name.

The Archbishop who, "with all his usual graciousness", to quote Dr. Eugene Stock, had taken a warm interest in these proposals, wrote in reply on July 20, 1895 :

Will you be so good as to inform your Committee that it will give me satisfaction to nominate as a missionary Bishop in Szechwan for Western China ¹ the Rev. W. W. Cassels as they suggest, and that, God willing, I hope to summon him to receive consecration on St. Matthew's Day or Michaelmas Day, as may seem most convenient hereafter. EDWARD CANTUAR.²

And now we turn from these negotiations to get a glimpse of the man himself and the spirit in which he faced the honourable yet onerous responsibilities laid upon him. On July 17 he wrote :

MY DEAR MR. STEVENSON—Many thanks for your very kind letter. I will not write much for I hope, D.V., to see you at Keswick on Saturday or on Monday.

Baring-Gould writes that the Committee gave their "cordial and entirely unanimous approval" yesterday.

We now await another telegram from Mr. Taylor. There are many difficulties ahead, but the Lord is sufficient, and the sympathy of such friends as yourself is most cheering.

Meanwhile I keep in the dust before the Lord. More at Keswick. I believe we are to be in the same house with you.

With warm love, Your affectionate brother,

WM. W. CASSELS.

The first public announcement of this appointment was made at the great Saturday missionary meeting at Keswick, and called forth much prayerful interest.

¹ The Queen's warrant to the Archbishop of Canterbury assigned the limits of this diocese as "those parts of the provinces of Szechwan and Kweichow in the Empire of China as lie to the north of the 28th parallel of latitude."

² General Bramwell Booth, in *Echoes and Memories*, speaking of Archbishop Benson, says : "His naturally sanguine temperament helped him to see not only what presented itself at the moment ; but what was likely to come to pass in the future. There was a prophetic vein in him." This was certainly true in his choice of the Rev. W. W. Cassels as first Bishop in Western China.

Meantime news from China was being anxiously looked for. The troubles in Szechwan proved to be less serious than had been feared. Though the Viceroy was personally implicated no lives had been lost, but the destruction of property and the nervous strain upon the missionary community had been great. Formidable persecution had also broken out in Chekiang, as well as a Mohammedan rebellion in the far north-west. But all these troubles, serious as they were, were suddenly eclipsed by the terrible news, which came as a thunderbolt, that on August 1 no fewer than twelve persons, including two children and an English nurse, all connected with the Church Missionary Society and the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, had been brutally massacred at Kucheng in Fukien, while others had been seriously and almost mortally wounded.

Such news at such a time was to William Cassels a fresh baptism into the sufferings of Christ, and brought a fuller realisation of what it might mean to be a shepherd of Christ’s sheep.

I believe the mail is in again to-day [he wrote on August 4th], but it brings us no news from Szechwan.

We are also anxiously looking for further news from Fukien. Saturday’s evening papers reported a massacre of Christians there [at Kucheng, Mr. Stewart’s station]. Poor China! Was there ever more need to be in prayer for her. . . .

P.S.—Alas! Alas!! What terrible news from China this morning. Mrs. Marshall, who lives near us, has a private telegram confirming her daughter’s death, and the details given prevent a possibility of mistake.

All this was a solemn inauguration for William Cassels into his new fellowship with the Church Missionary Society, and he was immediately called upon to speak at a public meeting arranged in Exeter Hall by the two Societies affected.

At less than a week's notice [wrote Dr. Stock] in the midst of the holiday season, a great throng of praying and sympathising friends crowded the Hall (Exeter Hall). Friends of other Societies, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the China Inland Mission, London, Baptist and Presbyterian Societies, took part by reading passages of Scripture or offering prayer.

The speakers were the President (Sir J. E. Kennaway) and Mr. Lloyd of Fuchow (then in England), Mr. Cassels (just appointed Bishop for Western China), and Mr. Fox (who had that very day been appointed Honorary Secretary). Not one bitter word was uttered; nothing but sympathy with the bereaved, pity for the misguided murderers, thanksgiving for the holy lives of the martyrs, fervent desires for the evangelisation of China. The presence of the Lord was marvellously manifested. Several hymns of faith and hope were sung, and the meeting closed with the singing of "When I survey the wondrous Cross" in the attitude of prayer.

On Friday, St. Luke's Day, October 18, of the same year, the consecration of Bishop Cassels took place, together with that of Bishop Talbot to the See of Rochester in succession to Bishop Randall Davidson, in Westminster Abbey, in the presence of a crowded congregation. Archbishop Benson officiated, assisted by the Bishops of Winchester, Lichfield, St. Albans, Salisbury, Southwell, Truro, Southwark, Richmond and Mid China, and the preacher was the Rev. J. G. Simpson, Rector of St. Paul's, Dundee, who took for his text Psalm cxix. 96: "Thy commandment is exceeding broad."

Exactly a week later Bishop and Mrs. Cassels, with two children and a German nurse, sailed for China. And the day after landing in Shanghai the new Bishop sent the following letter to all the missionaries in his newly formed Diocese:

CHINA INLAND MISSION, SHANGHAI,
December 5, 1895.

"I am but a little child."

"Jesus called a little child unto Him and set him in the midst."

"A little child shall lead them."

To the Missionary Clergy and Others in the Diocese of Western China :

BELOVED BRETHREN—I think you will have understood my not having written to you before.

In the first place, I felt that the announcement that had to be made should come from others, and especially from your former Bishop, and from the Societies with which you are connected, rather than from myself.

And, beyond this, the great strain and many engagements of the last weeks at home would have made it almost impossible for me to have written you a suitable letter, for there was more to be attended to than you can realise, and previous engagements for meetings had also to be kept up to the last.

Now, however, I must no longer delay to address you a preliminary letter, and I shall offer no excuse for writing something about myself and the call which has come to me, and how it is that I—so full of unworthiness and so lacking in capacity—should have been obliged to accept that call as from God.

It was with great surprise that I first heard the proposal, for the rumours which I had heard had not prepared my mind for it, and it seemed, at first, impossible for me to accept it. But a proposal, made in such a way, after earnest deliberation and much prayer—a proposal which had already received the preliminary sanction of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, and which was made after consultation with the Home Council of the China Inland Mission, and was warmly backed by Bishop (George) Moule—was not, of course, to be rejected off-hand, and I was advised to take time and consult with others. I laid the matter before Prebendary Webb-Peploe and some other leading men, and to my surprise, in each case, my advisers declared decidedly that I must regard the matter as a call from God. How, then, could I do otherwise ?

If any one I consulted had spoken with hesitation there might have been a loophole. If a second name had been proposed to the Archbishop, in accordance with his usual rule, I might have found an escape there. But in neither case was it so.

There was one thing, however, I felt might hinder the carrying out of the proposal. I could not see my way to separate myself in the least from the Mission with which I had been connected so long, and the maintenance of my connection with the China Inland Mission seemed to be a *sine qua non*. But this apparent obstacle disappeared as soon as it was mentioned, and even those whom I expected to regard it as insuperable, found it no obstacle at all ; so I was obliged to lay myself at the Lord’s feet for the service to which I began to

feel very clearly He must have called me. Just at this time it was that I had the only time of rest and cessation from work that had opened out for me at all in England, so that, day by day, I was enabled to lay the whole matter before the Lord, asking Him most sincerely to hinder it, if it was not His plan, or to re-anoint me, if it was His call. But I suppose never in my life had I been brought down so low before the Lord, or so completely realised my own absolute unworthiness, and this is the only position I can ever take. I am, in myself, and ever shall be, the weakest and simplest child; but, if He calls a little child and sets him in the midst, He will carry out His own purposes even through a little child.

And, indeed, there has been already very much to encourage.

1. The first public announcement of the appointment was made at the Missionary Meeting at Keswick, and drew forth much prayerful sympathy and interest.

2. My interviews with the Archbishop were very helpful and strengthening.

3. The very kind sympathy of both the Church Missionary Society and China Inland Mission friends has most cheered me.

4. It was a great source of encouragement to me to get such a hearty assent to the proposal from the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, with whom I had correspondence both by wire and by letter.

5. Nor must I forget to mention the help of the solemn Consecration Service at Westminster Abbey, at which praying friends were gathered together from all parts of England. Mr. Luce, for instance, came from Gloucester, and others from the north and south, to show their interest, and to join in prayer with us; and I suppose never before has there been a Consecration Service at which so many of God's people belonging to various denominations were gathered together.

6. I may mention, too, as an interesting thing, that on the Sunday previous to the Consecration, special prayer was offered not only in a number of our own churches, but also in several Nonconformist Churches.

7. The most kind and sympathetic advice of my friend, the Rev. A. E. Barnes-Lawrence, who is now also my Commissary, is a matter for which I specially thank God.

So you see that the Lord, in His goodness, has given much to encourage, and you will, no doubt, have heard from other sources how much prayerful interest has been drawn out on behalf of the new diocese in Western China.

A few more weeks at home would have been very valuable in helping to deepen this interest, but I felt that I ought to return to the field as soon as possible, so I left at the very

earliest possible date, and I am eagerly, and yet—as you can imagine—somewhat tremblingly, looking forward to being amongst you once more ; and I am sure I need not plead for your earnest and constant prayers. May I suggest that you will find some of the prayers in the Consecration Service very suggestive in making intercession for me.

I must not now address you on matters which must come before us in the course of time. With regard to those brethren who are already applicants for Holy Orders, I will write to them individually. The question of confirmation can, perhaps, stand over until my arrival.

But there is one thing that I do want to say. My great, earnest desire is that we may all be drawn together as one in the service of the Lord. A great work lies before us, and any lack of unity will hamper and hinder us most terribly. Perhaps no word has been more on my mind in this connection than the touching exhortation in 1 Peter iii. 8 (R.V.), “ Be ye all like-minded, compassionate, loving as brethren, tender-hearted, humble-minded ”. There is, indeed, a great deal which should bind us together. Our modes and operations are all on the same lines. We are the only workers in the vast and needy field of Northern and Eastern Szechwan. The state of China, just now, urgently calls us to join hands and to knit our hearts together for the advancement of God’s Kingdom. I pray God that the Devil may be hindered in his certain endeavours to sow seeds of disunion amongst us. In any matter of difference of opinion let us take the inspired injunction of the Apostle for our guide : “ Let the peace of God be umpire.”

I will not write more now. We only arrived here yesterday, and I am most anxious to get this letter off at the earliest possible date. I am hoping that we may be able to start up the River by the end of next week. But I had much wanted to see Mr. Taylor and he is away just now.

My earnest prayers are for you all—I am, Yours affectionately in Christ,

W. W. CASSELS,
Bishop in Western China.

It was in this spirit that the Bishop, accompanied by a party of workers, once more set his face toward the west of China, being by no means ignorant of the difficulties which confronted him, but determined by God’s grace to follow his Master along “ Love’s Highway of Humility ”.

THE BISHOP AT WORK

Remember now and always that life is no idle dream, but a solemn reality based upon eternity, and encompassed by eternity. Find out your task ; stand to it ; “ the night cometh when no man can work.”—CARLYLE.

AFTER a journey of some eighteen hundred miles up the Yangtze, and then another three hundred and thirty miles of overland travelling, not without its anxieties, Paoning was safely reached on February 3, 1896. Just six weeks later, on March 17, Mrs. Cassels gave birth to twin daughters, Frances Grace and Dorothy Hope.

It happened that Mrs. Bird Bishop, the well-known traveller, was visiting Paoning at this time, and she was deeply impressed with all she saw, and especially with the need of medical help. “ She said frequently ”, wrote the Bishop, “ how much we needed a medical man in this neighbourhood, and is anxious to interest herself in our getting a Hospital here.”

To secure for this purpose some available Chinese premises Mrs. Bishop gave as an initial gift £100, which led to the founding of what is now known as the Henrietta Bird Memorial Hospital. We are happily able, from Mrs. Bishop's book, *The Yangtze Valley and Beyond*, to gain to-day a vivid picture of the Bishop and his surroundings at this time. Of her entry and welcome into Paoning she wrote :

After the treelessness of much of the region I had traversed, and the comparatively poor soil and inferior dwellings, the

view of Paoning and its surroundings was most charming in the soft afternoon sunshine. Built on rich alluvium, surrounded on three sides by a bend of the river, with temple roofs and gate towers rising out of dense greenery and a pink mist of peach blossom, with fair and fertile country rolling up to mountains in the north, dissolving in a blue haze, and with the peacock-green water of the Kia-ling for a foreground, the first view of this important city was truly attractive.

In the distance appeared two Chinese gentlemen, one stout, the other tall and slender, whose walk as they approached gave me a suspicion that they were foreigners, and they proved to be Bishop Cassels, our youngest and one of our latest consecrated Bishops, and his coadjutor, Mr Williams, formerly vicar of St. Stephen's, Leeds, who had come to welcome me. We ferried the Kia-ling, and passing through attractive suburbs, either green lanes with hedges, trees, and vegetable gardens, or narrow flagged roads, very clean, bounded by roofed walls and handsome gateways of private houses, we reached the China Inland Mission buildings, consisting of a neat Church, very humble Chinese houses for the married and bachelor missionaries, guest-rooms, and servants' quarters, all cheerful, but greatly lacking privacy. This was a pleasant halt after a journey of three hundred miles without a really untoward incident, except the riot at Liangshan.

After some detailed descriptions of the city a closer portrait of the Bishop and of the work is given in the following words :

Dr. Cassels¹ who was one of the pioneers, and formerly well known as an athlete at Cambridge, had recently been consecrated Bishop and came from the splendours of his consecration in Westminster Abbey to take up the old, simple, hard-working life, to wear a queue and Chinese dress, and be simply the "chief pastor". The native Christians gave him a cordial reception on his return, and presented him with the hat of a Master of Arts and high boots, which make a very seemly addition to the English episcopal dress, giving it the propriety which is necessary in Chinese eyes and in mine the picturesque aspect of one of the marauding prelates of the Middle Ages, the good bishop having a burly, athletic physique! Since his return, several of the lay missionaries have been ordained deacons.

¹ Bishop Cassels did not receive the Degree of D.D. until many years later—October 31, 1913, from his own University, Cambridge.

The Church was built almost entirely with Chinese money and gifts. It is Chinese in style, the chancel windows are "glazed" with coloured paper to simulate stained glass, and it is seated for two hundred. . . .

I witnessed a Chinese service at which nineteen persons of both sexes who had been confirmed on the previous Sunday received the Holy Communion. At matins, which followed, the Church was crammed, and crowds stood outside, where they could both see and hear, this publicity contrasting with the Roman practice. The understanding that all should be silent during worship was adhered to. A Christian, formerly a Mohammedan of some means, and another, who had been a Taoist, read the lessons. The Bible, an Oriental Book both in imagery and thought, is enjoyed and understood by Orientals, but I doubt much if it will be possible or even desirable to perpetuate the Prayer Book as it stands. . . .

The China Inland Mission has some very humble Chinese houses built round two compounds, in which two married couples, three bachelors, and, in the Bishop's house, two ladies were living, and at some distance off there is a ladies' house occupied by five ladies. There are several guest-halls for Chinese visitors, class and school-rooms, porters' and servants' rooms. The furniture is all Chinese, and the whitewashed walls are decorated with Chinese scrolls chiefly.

I never saw houses so destitute of privacy, or with such ceaseless coming and going. Life there simply means work, and work spells happiness apparently, for the workers were all cheerful, and even jolly. Studying Chinese, preaching, teaching, advising, helping, guiding, arranging, receiving, sending forth, doctoring, nursing and befriending make the Mission compounds absolute hives of industry. It was a great drawback that medical help was nearly three hundred miles off, and that the one trained nurse in the two Missions was not ubiquitous. Much needless suffering and risk to life were the results. Happily in one of the beautiful suburbs, a noble Chinese mansion, a palace in size and solidity, was for sale for an old song, the half of which was purchased, and after undergoing alterations, was opened a few months after my visit with a mandarin's procession and great ceremony as the "Henrietta Bird Memorial Hospital"—the men's department under Dr. Pruen, a physician of ten years' Chinese experience, and the women's under Miss Gowers, who also had considerable experience. The other half and a separate courtyard adjoining have been bought for a dwelling for the Bishop, where he may carry on his work with fewer interruptions.

But the Bishop's work was by no means confined to his station, but entailed almost ceaseless travelling. Indeed, if it were necessary to summarise his activities in two phrases they would be "in journeyings oft" and "in constant correspondence". A third phrase, however, would be essential, namely, "in prayer without ceasing". Three brief paragraphs from the report of his first six months in the Diocese as Bishop will illustrate this point.

Our constant prayer [he wrote] is now based upon the promise "Thou shalt see greater things than these", and we do not forget that the promise was made to one who was :

- (1) Willing to learn.
- (2) An Israelite who had power with God.
- (3) And yet, unlike Israel, was free from guile, and lastly was a man of ready faith, quick to own the Lord as King.

We are seeking to observe the conditions that we may inherit the promise. . . .

About my own work I need not say much. I have spent sixty-five days (besides Sundays resting) in travelling during this half year covering no less than six thousand li¹ in the province itself. My journeyings have taken me to Wanhsien twice, nine hundred li to the south-east ; to Sintu, six hundred and fifty li to the west ; Chungpa, four hundred li north-west ; and Kwangyuan, three hundred and fifty li north, etc. etc.

I have been in constant correspondence with the workers in all the stations, which has involved my writing [with his own hand] some four hundred letters during the half year, and often having two or three messengers out in different directions.

This report is not exceptional but characteristic of many. It is practically impossible to convey to the reader that sense of strenuous living which Bishop Cassels' correspondence for forty years reveals. For many years all his letters were written with his own hand, written frequently late at night when weary and half asleep. Sometimes he actually found himself nodding, and apologised for words omitted in con-

¹ Chinese mile or the third of an English mile.

sequence. And as for travelling, probably few missionaries have for so long a period continued such arduous journeys as he did right up to the end. One or two brief illustrations from letters of this period must suffice to show the man as Bishop of the Diocese, Superintendent of the China Inland Mission work, Examiner in the Chinese language, arranging for furloughs, caring for the churches and stations, struggling with business details, engaged in purchase of property, and in the examination of Chinese Deeds, with many other details of almost infinite variety.

As to myself [he writes Mr. Stevenson] I think I must say something. I had intended to tell Mr. Taylor when I saw him that I did not see how I could keep on my superintendent's work, but I failed to do so.

However, since returning from Chungking I have felt the strain more than ever. During this fortnight I have had to write over eighty letters, besides look over examination papers, puzzle over Mission accounts, spend hours in interviewing missionaries and arranging the work of Chinese helpers, to say nothing of preaching several times in Chinese, and giving a number of English addresses, etc. etc. Now my programme for the next month is as follows :

- Feb. 22. Leave Paoning.
 - „ 23. T'ang-ch'ing-pa, baptisms, etc.
 - „ 26. } Pachow, confirmations, etc.
 - „ 27. }
 - Mar. 2. Peh-miao-ch'ang. Confirmations, etc.
 - „ 4. } Sintientsi. Confirmations, etc.
 - „ 5. }
 - „ 7. Back at Paoning for one day only.
 - „ 12. } Chungpa. C.M.S.
 - „ 13. }
 - „ 14. } Mienchow. C.M.S. Committee, etc.
 - „ 17. }
- Further movements not fixed.

On this tour I shall have to walk about two thousand li, travelling generally at the rate of over one hundred li a day and the work awaiting me on my return is already staring me

in the face. Meanwhile I am very conscious that I am failing to do justice to my episcopal work. The question then is, What would the Lord have me to do.

A few months later he wrote again :

Your very kind letters of May 24th and June 10th are now before me.

They reached me while I was visiting the C.M.S. stations, from which visitation I have only just returned here.

Now I am applying myself to attend to over a hundred letters, which have accumulated during this journey.

In all this correspondence and in his personal interviews there were inevitable elements which called for not a little circumspection, and at times entailed a heavy strain upon his energies. As a Bishop his responsibilities were over ecclesiastical matters, and not necessarily over Mission affairs, though in the case of the China Inland Mission he was also the Mission's Superintendent for the East Szechwan area, subject, of course, to the General Director. In the case of the Church Missionary Society there was a secretary on the field for Mission matters. With so much border territory an unintentional clash of authority would have been easy enough. The spirit in which he sought to avoid any possibility of this is revealed in the opening sentences of his first letter to Mr. Hudson Taylor after his arrival at Paoning as Bishop.

PAONING, *February 11th*, 1896.—I constantly feel how much I lost by not seeing you at the coast. But there seemed no alternative ; unless, indeed, we had delayed some months, which would hardly have been right.

I feel very anxious that the devil should not be allowed to use my not having met you to stir up any misunderstandings or want of confidence.¹ So often a little face to face talk will

¹ Bishop Cassels knew that one honoured member of the Mission had resigned in consequence of his Consecration as Bishop, believing that the Mission was departing from its original simplicity.

do a great deal towards removing mists that hang about when nothing else will do so.

It is nothing actual, but only a vague indefinite fear that makes me write thus. I will, however, rest in the Lord about it that He will take all into His own loving hands and anticipate the "accuser of the brethren". The love of my fellow-workers here is very cheering, and my dear brother, Mr. Williams, has been everything to me during this week. I don't know what it would have been without him.

In the same letter, when referring to a serious difficulty which he knew confronted him in Szechwan, he wrote :

But this was to be expected, and when I yielded myself—not without a long hesitation—to what I could not but regard as the call of God, I knew what I had to face. . . .

Oh to be made a help and a blessing and be enabled to draw together God's people.

Incidentally it is instructive to note that he thinks the two most useful qualifications in a missionary are to be "sturdy and sensible", and nothing moved him more than to see grace triumph when human nature had been tried. "Tears ran down my cheeks", he wrote, "as I heard — pray."

Life to him was a serious business, but occasionally a little pleasantry or gentle sarcasm relieved the gravity of his correspondence.

Thanks for your kind hint to go slowly [he wrote Mr. Stevenson] with regard to Shunking. We certainly have not been going very fast during the last eight or ten years !!

Some did think that to buy [a house] might accelerate the pace, and there were some offers to sell, but Mr. Cooper warned us against this last year. So we will keep jogging on at the old pace for the present !!! Of course, it is not quite so pleasant for married people to live in an inn as for single brethren, but then it certainly would be a pity to go *too fast*, especially in China !!

These glimpses of the Bishop at work cannot be better supplemented than by quoting part of his first

annual letter to the Church Missionary Society, in which he not only summarises his various activities but explains why he continued to make the China Inland Mission station of Paoning the centre of the diocese.

PAONING, *December 7th*, 1896.—The record I have to give is only that of an incomplete year of ten months. For though it is just a year since our party landed in Shanghai, it was two months later before I reached this distant field of labour.

It seems right to make this place my centre, for apart from my connection with the China Inland Mission, and apart from the fact that I had already lived and worked here for some years, there were the following considerations before me :

(1) This is at present the natural centre of the work which is growing up in this new diocese, speaking both from a geographical and also from a work point of view. No other station can compare with it in this respect. The other stations all circle round Paoning, most of them being at a distance of from four to seven days' journey away in various directions, N.S.E. or W.—only one is really nearer, and only one a good deal further off.

(2) There is, comparatively speaking, a sufficiently strong staff of local workers here to carry on the work without my help—which would not be the case in any other station—so that I am free for the work of visiting the stations, which has up till now occupied nearly all my time, and which is likely to do so still.

(3) There are also other advantages in making this my centre. It is the oldest and largest station in the diocese, there is more house accommodation, and almost the only Mission Church yet erected in the diocese, and thus it is the best place for gathering together on special occasions either the missionary workers or the Chinese helpers.

In taking up the work of this newly formed diocese there has naturally been much work which cannot be easily or conveniently recorded in such a letter as this, and it has been necessary, and will be necessary, to spend much time at the Master's feet seeking for needed (and for promised—ah ! there is the blessed thing !) spiritual power, wisdom, and a right judgment in all things.

Neither is it altogether easy to separate off the work done directly for the C.M.S. stations, which should be recorded here, from the general work of the whole diocese. I might, indeed, recount in detail, as I have already done in previous letters, my two visitations of the C.M.S. stations, which occupied the

months of April and October. I might describe my journeys—sometimes hindered by drenching rain, sometimes prospered by cheering sunshine. I might tell of meetings and services held at each station with the missionaries, and blessed gatherings with the Lord at the Holy Table ; of instruction given to the Christians already gathered at two of the stations, or of examination of catechumens coming forward at several of them. But as the work in this part of the diocese is yet quite in its elementary stages, of direct episcopal acts I have little to record. . . .

It would have been interesting to turn aside from my own individual work to trace the progress of the whole work and describe its present position ; but this duty falls rather upon the Secretary of the Mission, who has already undertaken it in past years.

I have held sixteen confirmations, confirming altogether 156 Christians. To do this I have had to travel 3262 miles, spending in my journeys 103 days, not including a number of Sundays when I rested.

In conclusion I would say that, while I have found increasing encouragement in the work as the months have gone past, and whilst I have been very conscious of the presence of my Master all through the year ; yet it must be evident that in this new and distant diocese there are many special difficulties of a peculiar nature to contend against ; so I would earnestly beg for the continued prayers of God's people that the great Pilot would Himself steer us safely through the rocks and reefs which abound on all sides, and thus enable us to apply ourselves unhindered to the great work before us in this vast, dark region, and that thus souls may be saved, our Master's Name glorified, and many true witnesses raised up for the further extension of His Kingdom.

In addition to all the local details that of necessity devolved upon the Bishop there were the claims of the Church's larger outlook. Although he had travelled over three thousand miles in Szechwan during 1896 he recognised the duty of attending the United Conference of Bishops which was to meet in Shanghai in the spring of 1897, though this involved another journey of some four thousand miles. Happily his presence in Shanghai would also allow him to attend the April Council Meetings of the China Inland Mission.

My wife [he writes towards the close of February 1897], goes down with me as we are to take our little Jessie.¹ We are travelling with Miss Lloyd and Miss Kolkenbeck, and expect to pick up two or three C.M.S. sisters at Chungking who are going on furlough. May all our meetings be for the glory of God.

Not only did this long river journey afford a welcome relief from the strenuous routine of his normal activities—a welcome change also to Mrs. Cassels after nursing her infant daughter Dorothy through small-pox—but it brought Bishop Cassels for the first time into happy and helpful fellowship with Bishops G. E. Moule, C. P. Scott, C. J. Corfe, and F. R. Graves, in important discussions on the following subjects: The subdivision of existing dioceses of the Anglican Church in China, Manchuria, and Korea; the relation of the American and English branches of the Church in China; the best Chinese term to use for Christianity; a common Chinese formula for Holy Baptism, and common terms for the three orders of the Holy Ministry; Church discipline and the sanctity of the Lord's Day.

¹ Jessie Cassels was going in all probability to the C.I.M. school for missionaries' children at Chefoo.

THE CRUCIBLE OF CRITICISM

O, what owe I to the file, to the hammer, to the furnace of my Lord Jesus! Why should I start at the plough of my Lord, that maketh deep furrows on my soul? I know He is no idle husbandman. He purposeth a crop.—SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

THE journey up the higher reaches of the Yangtze is always arduous; it consists of one prolonged contest against strong currents and dangerous rapids. Bishop Cassels, returning from the Bishops' Conference, found it specially slow and trying, for famine having gripped Szechwan, trackers were only allowed to haul rice junks westwards. And the journey was typical of what was to follow. In more ways than one stream and tide were against him, and fortitude and patience were to be severely tested.

Right at the outset two young workers died, Messrs. Otley and Wrigley, "the latter being", the Bishop said, "the strongest, the brightest, the most even-minded and promising of all our workers". Then persecution broke out in one of the stations, and a zealous leader named Hu, who had opened his home for Gospel work, became a real martyr for the faith, for he was cruelly strangled to death. Rioting also occurred at Shunking more than once, and Paoning was also seriously threatened. The sickness of valued workers was another added trial, for the Bishop gave unfailing thought to any thus afflicted.

Miss F. M. Williams [he writes] is dangerously ill. Owing partly to a sort of intuition that she was worse I got the

Doctor to write some instructions and sent medicines yesterday morning. Then came worse news, and I arranged for Miss Arnott to go. She started at 4 o'clock this morning. Later on more alarming news came to hand, and I felt it would not be right to spare any effort, and so now Dr. Pruen has gone. I had already started out on my way to the C.M.S. stations, but the bad news brought me back.

Then came painful criticisms from one of the stations, a station which had been more upon his heart than most, and to help which he had made special efforts. He was still "in journeyings oft", travelling, on an average, over a thousand miles every quarter, by foot, chair, or pony, and was always snowed under with correspondence when he returned home.

In the midst of these labours, when on one of his journeys, he met the courier with the mails, among which were letters and papers from home. "As cold water to a thirsty soul so is good news from a far country", says the proverb, but what shall be said of news from a far country which is not good! for this mail brought tidings, affecting him personally, of public criticism in Church papers at home. As he opened *The Record* for December 17, 1897, he read :

Statements are current in England in regard to the relations of the China Inland Mission to the Church of England and her principles, which ought no longer to be made merely in private.

The Record, believing that rumours unchallenged were injurious, then proceeded to set forth five separate charges made against the China Inland Mission, of which those that mainly concerned the Bishop were that the China Inland Mission, though undenominational in principle, was distinctly denominational in practice; that pressure was brought to bear upon its missionaries and converts to accept teaching directly antagonistic to the doctrines and practices of the

Church of England ; and further, that Holy Orders were ignored.

These charges and others were answered in the next issue of *The Record* by the Rev. E. O. Williams, who happened to be on furlough, but in the issue of the same paper for January 7, 1898, appeared a far more serious letter from the Rev. J. C. Hoare, subsequently Bishop of Victoria, in which the following astounding assertion was made :

My own deliberate conviction, based both upon information and personal observation, is that, as a general rule, membership of the China Inland Mission and loyalty to the Church of England are incompatible.

In making such an indictment Mr. Hoare did not say he had never visited the Western China Diocese, nor did he appear to recognise that his statement was a direct condemnation of Bishop Moule and others for having nominated a China Inland missionary to the Archbishop for consecration. But we are here mainly concerned with Bishop Cassels' reply.

At this great distance [he wrote to a friend] one is at a great disadvantage in attempting to answer a correspondence going on in England. But I did write a hurried note from a wayside inn when I met the mail messenger to challenge the former statement [the sentence quoted above], which is an imputation on one half of my diocese.

In *The Record* for May 27, 1898, the following letter from Bishop Cassels appeared :

SIR—Your issue of January 7th containing some correspondence with reference to the China Inland Mission in its relation to the Church of England has just reached me.

Though I am in the midst of engrossing visitation work, and now starting out on an eight days' journey to the next station, I must find time to protest against one statement in the letter of the Rev. J. C. Hoare.

I recognise the kind tone of that letter, and some of his suggestions are well worthy of consideration. But on behalf

of over a score of loyal members of the Church of England who are working in my diocese in connection with the C.I.M. I must earnestly protest against the statement that "as a general rule membership of the C.I.M. and loyalty to the Church of England are incompatible".

Mr. Hoare's "personal observations" extend to some quondam members of the Church of England who are scattered over the stations of the C.I.M., and who probably never had any attachment to the Church.

But I very much fear that the statement will be understood to refer to that larger number of *bona fide* members of our Church who are working in the diocese of Western China.

Mr. Hoare seems to support his statement with two arguments.

First, the missionary is for a time placed in circumstances where "he has neither Church services nor ordained clergy".

Surely I need hardly stop to ask if it is surprising that, in a vast field like this, lay Churchmen cannot always secure the privileges they would desire. Did Mackay always have his Church services and ordained clergy ready to hand in Uganda? Has no lay missionary in N.W. America ever been left without properly administered Sacraments?

Certainly, when the work of this new diocese was committed to me, I found lay missionaries of the C.M.S. who had been for a full year without the Holy Communion.

Second, the missionary is open to the attacks of pugnacious Baptists. Well, I have yet to learn that freedom from attack is a test of loyalty to a cause.

Twelve years ago, the late Archbishop declared that the steady consistent work which the Churchmen in the C.I.M. would do would commend their principles to others.

I believe that time has proved the justice of his remark. Our Church has a place in the C.I.M. just as it has in those other organisations which are composed of Churchmen and Nonconformists, and if time permitted I could show it has already offered an important testimony to certain truths which we regard as vital. I should deeply regret if the correspondence in *The Record* should hinder Churchmen from the privilege of having a share in one of the most remarkable missionary movements of the day.

The cure for some of the evils which Mr. Hoare indicates is, that the clergy of our Evangelical Churches at home should be more careful that those young men and women of their flocks who are filled with missionary zeal, should be instructed in the Scriptural doctrines of the Ministry and Sacraments.

There are many Churchmen, who for various reasons would not be accepted by the C.M.S., or, preferring the principles of the C.I.M. would not apply to it [the C.M.S.]. If this correspondence should hinder such from coming out in a Mission like the C.I.M. upon which God has so manifestly set His seal, then the source of supply for more than half the stations in my diocese would cease, and the work carried on in loyal adherence to the Church of England in a vast and populous district would languish for want of workers.

May I not rather hope that as a result of this correspondence fresh interest will be aroused in the work of our Church in the far west of China, whether in connection with the C.M.S. or C.I.M.

W. W. CASSELS,
Bishop in Western China.

C.M.S., SINTU,
March 28, 1898.

In *The Record* for July 15, 1898, appeared another lengthy letter from Bishop Cassels which must be quoted.

To the Editor of *The Record*.

SIR—I see from the papers which are just reaching me that you are publishing further correspondence on the above subject.

Now it must be evident that the matter is one which touches me very closely—perhaps more closely than any other individual.

1. I have been for more than twelve years a member of the C.I.M., and for half that time have acted as one of its Superintendents with a seat on the Council of the Mission.
2. Six of my clergy are also members of the C.I.M.
3. More than half the stations in my diocese are manned with C.I.M. missionaries to the number of over thirty workers in all.
4. The C.I.M. has as regards its own work, which is now covering the whole of the interior of China, set apart a district, nearly as large as England itself, which is only to be worked by members of the Church of England. This district is not only under my Episcopal control as being part of my diocese, but is also, as regards Mission matters, under my superintendence.

It will not then be surprising if I wish to add something to this correspondence.

1. It is an undeniable and most regrettable fact that Churchmen connected with the C.I.M. have been re-baptized, but this is to be accounted for by the strong reactionary tide which is clearly marked in England (witness, for instance, the number of tracts recently published in defence of infant baptism) against the careless way in which this Sacrament is sometimes administered. The force of this tide is also felt in the C.I.M., but it is unfair to charge that Mission with being the origin of it.

2. It is an undeniable fact that Churchmen connected with the C.I.M. may for a time be placed in circumstances where, as Mr. Hoare says, "they have neither Church services nor ordained clergy". Surely it must be unnecessary to point out that this must be the case in all pioneer missionary work. . .

3. It is an undeniable fact that in many parts of China there are mission stations connected with the C.I.M. in which unordained men administer the Sacrament. This is simply to say that the C.I.M. is, as is well-known, an interdenominational Mission, and that there are Plymouth Brethren connected with it who are allowed to follow their own lines in their own stations.

4. The charge that "as a general rule membership of the C.I.M. and loyalty to the Church of England are incompatible" is a most serious one to make. It may be that this charge refers to some so-called members of the Church of England who, coming out to China, refuse to join the Church work and connect themselves with some Nonconformist station. It is perfectly evident that these cannot be loyal to the Church for they do not belong to it. For I can hardly believe that such a charge as this should have been directed against those who have joined the Church of England district of the C.I.M. and are workers in my diocese, holding my licence, and under my observation and control. . . .

This is not the time to hinder Churchmen (who would not perhaps be accepted by the C.M.S. or who do not apply to it) from joining a work which is now extending widely over the whole of the interior of China. . . . The prospect is most stimulating. But I ask, is this work to be left entirely for others, and is our Church to have no share in it? Are Churchmen to hold off because they fear that they may somewhere or other encounter a dear Baptist brother who is a little indiscreet or narrow-minded, or because before they can reach that diocese in the Far West to which they will be designated (unless they beg to go elsewhere) they may have to forego some of their Church privileges, and to join in prayer meetings led

by good Wesleyans or Plymouth Brothers? If so, the time will surely come (if the Lord tarry) when we shall see more and more what we already see so largely—to our shame be it said—strong and flourishing Nonconformist Churches all over the inland provinces of China, alongside of the numerous Roman Catholic Churches which already exist, but as regards all these provinces the representatives of our own Church nowhere to be seen.

W. W. CASSELS,
Bishop in Western China.

CHUNGKING, W. CHINA,
May 6, 1898.

It was not unnatural that this correspondence in *The Record* should be taken up by *The Guardian*. In *The Guardian* for July 20, 1898, Bishop Cassels' second letter given above was reproduced, and in the next issue appeared a leading article on the China Inland Mission, from which the following sentences are taken :

If we may judge from the controversy which has been going on for some time concerning the C.I.M. and from the very remarkable letter of the Bishop in West China, which we reprinted last week from *The Record*, it would seem as though English Churchmen, when they find themselves at a distance from the law-abiding association of the mother country, were accustomed to disregard altogether some of the most fundamental laws and customs of the Church.

The C.I.M. is described by Bishop Cassels, in the same letter as that in which he calls himself one of its "Superintendents", as an "interdenominational Mission". This appalling designation has, we presume, some shade of meaning to distinguish it from our familiar acquaintance "undenominational", though we are not subtle enough to detect it; at all events, Dr. Cassels' position seems to be rather a strange one for an Anglican Bishop. He draws a distinction—which perhaps may throw some light on the situation—between the "Episcopal control" which he exercises over a district, as being a part of his diocese, and his "superintendence" of the same district as part of the sphere entrusted to the C.I.M. or, more accurately, appropriated by that remarkable organisation. . . .

We hope that some more satisfactory explanation than Bishop Cassels has given will be forthcoming from the C.M.S., which reckons Western China as part of its sphere of action, and the Bishop as one of its missionaries.

Owing to Bishop Cassels' distance from the scene of this controversy and the challenge to the Church Missionary Society made in the closing lines of *The Guardian's* leader, Dr. Eugene Stock replied, feeling it a duty to an absent friend to endeavour to remove some evident misconceptions.

SIR—I hold no brief for the China Inland Mission, or for Bishop Cassels ; and as for the C.M.S. it is not quite like the *Guardian's* usual line to suggest that a society is responsible for a Bishop's sayings or doings !

But Bishop Cassels is a very long way off, and it does not seem quite fair to leave him to be misunderstood for lack of a few words of explanation. Suffer, therefore, a few lines.

1. The China Inland Mission is an "interdenominational" body. This "appalling designation", as you call it, has a definite and perfectly intelligible meaning. "Undenominational" is a word which has now unfortunate associations with school board controversies, and suggests that (say) the doctrine of the Trinity is to be suppressed. But "interdenominational" is quite different. It means that a Churchman may join the Mission and work on Church lines, and that a Wesleyan or Baptist may do the like.

2. Whether a Mission based on such lines is desirable or commendable is another question. Probably most of your readers would say it is not. I certainly am not disposed to enter the lists on the other side. In point of fact it is an obvious disadvantage to the C.M.S. that there should be Missions of the kind attracting the services of Evangelical Church people, who, if there were no such Missions, might very probably join our ranks ; in which case we should try and make them better Churchmen before sending them out. At the same time we feel that the whole missionary cause in England, and not least in the Church of England, owes so much to the zeal and devotion of Mr. Hudson Taylor and his associates in spreading a missionary spirit, that we can only regard the C.I.M., in this respect at least, with thankful appreciation. I do not hesitate to say that the recent widespread awakening regarding Missions, even in sections of Churchmen quite outside the direct influence of Mr. Taylor, is in no small degree due to his indirect influence and that of the C.I.M., though it would take too much space to adduce evidence of this.

3. Now Bishop Cassels was one of those Churchmen who originally went to China in connection with the C.I.M. He

was one of the famous "Cambridge Seven" who went out in 1885, and whose going out was one of the starting points of the increased missionary interest of the last ten or twelve years. In China he was stationed in an immense and populous district in the furthest interior. That district has been allotted by the C.I.M. to its Church of England members. In that district the C.I.M. is as truly a Church of England Mission as the Missions in Uganda or Japan. The Sacraments are duly administered by the clerical members; the baptized converts and children are prepared for confirmation; the Church services are those of the Prayer-book. That this is so is largely due to Mr. Cassels, who became, in due course, the appointed leader of this branch of the C.I.M. He and the other clergy were duly licensed by Bishop Moule, in whose nominal jurisdiction that remote province lay.

4. Circumstances led the C.M.S., a few years later, to start a Mission in another part of the same province. This also was nominally under the episcopal supervision of Bishop Moule, but the distance was too great for him to leave his work in the coast provinces to visit it. We therefore sought means of providing more episcopal supervision. Mr. Cassels, though not our missionary, was obviously the best man; and we suggested to Archbishop Benson a plan for appointing him Bishop over both the C.M.S. Mission and the Church of England section of the C.I.M. in that province. Archbishop Benson took a warm interest in the scheme, thoroughly understood and approved it, and expressed himself specially pleased with Mr. Cassels when he saw him personally. In due course Mr. Cassels was consecrated, the C.M.S. guaranteeing the stipend.

5. You speak of "Bishop Cassels' diocese or district, or whatever he likes to call it". All the arrangements were made by Archbishop Benson's legal secretaries, and the "diocese" is on exactly the same footing as (say) Bishop Scott's in North China.

6. When Bishop Cassels distinguishes between his functions as Bishop and his functions as superintendent of the C.I.M. in his province, he refers to the detailed administration of the Mission, which in the case of Church Missions in other parts of the world is not necessarily, nor usually, in the hands of a Bishop. Thus, the Bishop of Calcutta exercises "Episcopal control" over the Oxford Mission, but he does not conduct the details of administration. Your comments on this point, allow me to say, reveal some lack of acquaintance with the details of missionary work.

7. The irregularities you refer to do not occur in Bishop Cassels' diocese. That was the whole point of his letter. Complaints were made of Churchmen in the C.I.M. not acting loyally. His reply was and is, "I take care these things do not occur in my diocese. Do not let them prevent loyal Churchmen coming to me." It is quite true that there are Churchpeople with little knowledge of Church principles in the C.I.M. as there are in several other interdenominational Missions at home and abroad. But it is hard to blame Bishop Cassels for this, when he is acting as a strict and loyal Churchman in not at all easy circumstances. Of course I am not suggesting blame for the other Bishops in China. A good many of the irregular Church laymen are in the area comprised in Bishop Scott's diocese, but he, I need not say, has no cognisance of them.

8. Of course you may fairly object to any intelligent Churchmen joining the C.I.M. at all. That is an intelligible position. I repeat that the C.M.S. has no special interest in their doing so—rather the contrary. But the fact is that they do; and if they do, Churchmen ought to be glad that so true and loyal a man, as Bishop Cassels, is there, at least in one province, to guide and superintend them.

EUGENE STOCK.

Church Missionary Society,
Salisbury Square, London, E.C.
July 28, 1898.

That Bishop Cassels, like every Bishop, had his local difficulties goes without saying, but they were not limited to one side of his diocese only. To put the interdenominational principles of the China Inland Mission—a young and growing organisation—into practice needed and received most watchful care and oversight. And it was with not a little sorrow and pain to him as Bishop that the Rev. J. H. Horsburgh of the Church Missionary Society, who, to quote the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* of January 1899, had "for some years felt a conscientious difficulty in accepting an episcopal licence . . . retired from his connection with that Society".

The spirit in which the Bishop sought to exercise

his Church and Mission responsibilities in this and other matters is perhaps best revealed by the following words from a private letter written in the midst of these criticisms.

God knows how earnestly I try to be a help and a blessing . . . and in some letters written recently I have been down before the Lord on my knees at every page I have written.

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee ; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned ; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.—ISAIAH xliii. 2.

As the nineteenth century drew towards its close the anti-foreign spirit in China rapidly headed up to the climax of the Boxer tragedy. The *coup d'état* of 1898, the occupation of Port Arthur by the Russians, Kiaochow by the Germans, and Wei-hai-wei by the British, with other factors, inflamed the passions of the people generally, and Szechwan was not exempt from the growing fury. During 1898 at least three Mission stations in the province were destroyed by riots, and in the West China Diocese two missionaries only saved their lives by taking refuge in the Yamen, while one Chinese worker was brutally killed, and others seriously injured. These were, however, isolated and independent acts of violence like passing summer storms.

To these outbursts [wrote the Bishop], terrible as they sometimes are, we have been getting more accustomed ; but whilst I am now writing there rests upon us the dark shadow of an unparalleled and fully organised anti-Christian outbreak, which has set before it no less an aim than the sweeping of Christianity out of the province, and which seems, humanly speaking, armed with sufficient power to accomplish its purpose. I say humanly speaking, for we have a restful assurance that this cloud is big with blessings, and that God will work out His purposes for the evangelisation of this region even through this threatened evil.

The leader of this movement was an old offender named Yü, who speedily gained for himself the title of "Man-tze", or the fierce one. Having been worsted in an encounter with the French Roman Catholics he gathered together a well-drilled, armed and uniformed band of followers, and entered upon a campaign against the Christians, the Roman Catholics at first being his objective. Many of their chapels were destroyed, the homes of their followers burned, their lands and possessions confiscated, and thousands rendered destitute.

It was in the midst of these anxious conditions that the Bishop's third son Harold was born on November 4, 1898, but neither the attractions and claims of home nor the perils of the road deterred the Bishop from his visitation of the stations, from the Ordination of workers, or from being present at the first West China Conference held at Chungking in January 1899, when Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Inwood were present. Dark as the outlook appeared, it was in the midst of these adverse circumstances that the Bishop contemplated extension and wrote home to the Church Missionary Society :

If one of the main original ideas of this Western China Mission is to be carried out, our great need now is a band of men who would set evangelistic and itinerating work before themselves in a prominent way to the exclusion of other forms of work. . . .

Before concluding I would venture once more to draw the attention of the Committee to that neglected part of this diocese which lies south of the Yangtze River and north of the twenty-eighth parallel of latitude.

Has not the time come to make an effort to propagate the Gospel in that part of China ?

Of the Conference it must suffice to say that some of its main results were the establishment of the West China Tract Society and of the *West China Missionary*



BISHOP AND MRS. CASSELS WITH TWO CHILDREN.

The children are Jessie and Cecil, the two eldest living.

News, and the founding of the West China Advisory Board of Reference and Co-operation, on which the Bishop served for many years.

The Conference being concluded the Bishop delayed his departure hoping that Mr. Taylor might accompany him on a visit to Paoning, a hope not fulfilled owing to the illness of Mr. Taylor, but this delay probably spared the Bishop a painful experience suffered by Mr. Parsons, whose life was only saved on his journey by his jumping into deep water to escape the spear thrusts of some of Yü Man-tze's men.

None the less, the Bishop only succeeded in reaching home by travelling disguised in Chinese dress, by advice of the Chinese authorities, his face being concealed by a hood or cowl—such as the Chinese wear as a protection from wind—and with his eyes covered by large horned spectacles. Even his coolies did not know who he was when they ventured into the danger zone, and no one guessed that this traveller, who spent the night in the Yamen in a room put at his disposal by the official, was a foreigner. Thus it was that he safely reached his home in Paoning.

The pressure of work, which at this time burdened the Bishop's life, became almost overwhelming. He was still without stenographic help, though in this matter Mr. Aldis, who wrote shorthand, gave him occasional assistance.¹ A few extracts from the letters of this period will help to illustrate the strain under which he was labouring.

My chief strain is the mass of correspondence which always awaits me on my return from more distant stations, preventing me giving my time to anything else. I believe a secretary of some kind would be a very great help.

I have a new plan now before me which I intend to bring

¹ So concerned was Mrs. Cassels that in February 1899 she wrote to Shanghai expressing her fears of the Bishop's breakdown.

in as an experiment if I go to the coast to the Bishops' Conference, by which the district will be divided into three prefectural deaneries for ecclesiastical purposes, and by which part of my responsibilities will fall upon E. O. Williams for the Paoning prefecture ; A. E. Evans for Shunking ; and A. P. Turner for the Suiting prefecture, including Wanhsien.

Wanhsien has been upon my heart day and night. Please turn up the map and reconsider its position, that you may afresh realise its importance. We must make a new effort for this place and district. . . . The devil knows its value, and has made a special attack upon our work there, causing quite a number of our missionaries who work there to leave, and so on. Is it not time we made a special effort to strengthen our forces here. I must not write more, but I believe that God's time has come for Wanhsien.

It was at this time that his beloved friend, the Rev. E. O. Williams, died only six weeks after his arrival in his station after furlough.

It is an unspeakable loss to us [wrote the Bishop] short-handed as we are. We feel most deeply for dear Mrs. Williams and her six fatherless children.

A little later he wrote, " W. C. Taylor and family have left for the coast. I am surprised to find how ill he has been. I am now missionary-in-charge of this station !!! "

I am to have a clerical meeting here [he writes from Paoning] on March 31st and following days. At the end of 1898 I had nine clerical missionaries on the field, now I have three in the whole diocese. Of course, this means that all the more work falls on me. Then, too, I had no station work, now, I have to take charge of Paoning. Then, Aldis was helping in correspondence, now I have rather to help him, but the Lord does give help and rest in the midst of constant labours.

Two months later he writes again :

Now I have a number of Chinese helpers meeting here for classes, no one but myself to teach them, and yet letters, etc., keep coming and other work goes on.

Nearly a year later, when evidently depressed and tried, he wrote :

For some time now I have been seeking to develop the Chinese Christian talent to a much larger degree. . . . As to

the question of superintendents, the difficulties are greater. Personally I feel the difficulties of my work more and more, and feel little able to continue the responsibilities, especially as I have few tokens from any source that my work is acceptable, and not a little on the other side.

There may be undiscovered talents and grace and spiritual power among the younger men for this work. If so it should be sought for and appointments made, and I for one should be most thankful to be allowed to become an assistant to such an one, or to take a still more subordinate post anywhere.

Meanwhile the unoccupied stations give me much work . . . Famine stares us in the face here and northward.

In the midst of all this pressure he and Mrs. Cassels, with some of the children, visited Shanghai, that he might be present at the second Bishops' Conference, where questions connected with the Roman Catholics having claimed and obtained official status in China were under discussion. It was during this visit that he was detained in Shanghai through his eldest daughter's illness with typhoid fever. In a letter dated November 29, 1899, he wrote to Bishop Talbot :¹

Your kind letter finds me here at the coast this time. The long journey from the interior was undertaken that I might attend the second Episcopal Conference of the China Bishops.

St. Luke's Day came in the middle of the session, and I was able to get a special Celebration in the Cathedral arranged for on that day. . . .

Lately, at the instigation of a French Bishop at Peking, and owing to the support of the minister of the French Government, a definite and carefully graded status has been granted to the Bishops and Priests of the Roman Church by the French Government, so that the Bishop is placed on an equality with the Viceroy of a Province, and so on. . . .

It was open to us to demand for ourselves the same political status, and, indeed, some of the Chinese higher officials take it for granted that it is ours by right. But we decided not to complicate our spiritual functions by the assertion of any such

¹ Having been consecrated together on St. Luke's Day, 1895, at Westminster the two Bishops continued to exchange occasional letters, generally on the anniversary of their consecration.

claim, and I lately had an opportunity, at the request of our presiding Bishop, of explaining this to the British Minister on his return to China. . .

The chief difficulty I have to contend against just now is the fewness of my clerical missionaries. I have a large number of laymen—some in minor orders—and lady workers, but I am almost paralysed for lack of men in Holy Orders. The C.M.S. has been unable to help me, and other sources of supply have not produced anything. . . .

I was trying to get some help at our Conference on the subject of the appointment and duties of Rural Deans, but strange to say I could get none! I do not know where to turn for it.

It would be quite unfair to presume on the kindness of such a busy man as your Lordship for help. But if you should have any printed rules or blank forms that are used in connection with your Rural Deans, they would be a help to me if you would slip them into the post.

I must close, but I would like to ask whether it is at all realised how small a proportion of the missionary work in China is being done by our Church? Several of the Non-conformist Societies are individually doing a far larger work than the whole of the work done by all the Anglican Societies put together. Out of sixty thousand (Protestant) converts in full communion a few years ago not a tenth of them were in connection with the Anglican Church, and of all the non-Roman missionaries at work here certainly very far from a tenth of them belong to our Church.

Is it not time that we began to wake up to our responsibilities with regard to a country like China?

It was early in the ever memorable year 1900 when Bishop Cassels again reached Paoning, and the perils of the Yü Man-tze's rebellion and other troubles were soon to be swallowed up in the cataclysm of the Boxer outbreak. But before we enter upon this heart-breaking story reference must be made to a great personal sorrow which befell the Bishop. Only a few weeks before the martyrdoms of that terrible year began he received the sad news of the death of his mother, who was nearly eighty years of age, and all through the agonising months that followed he was sorely to miss

the prayers and sympathy with which she had for so long surrounded him.

The blow [he writes] is heavier than I could have imagined. It leaves such a gap. I shall no longer get those frequent letters so full of love and interest in all that concerned me. I can no longer count upon those prayers that were offered so unfailingly for me and mine, and the pivot which linked together the scattered members of the family has been removed.

But all this lifts one more heavenward to the place where she now is, with the Lord Whom she trusted so fully and on Whom she had long learned to cast every care.

Yes, you have hit her character off when you say her thoughts were for others, not for herself. Her mission field was a wide one extending half round the world wherever her children and grandchildren were found. And her love and sympathy and prayers have saved many in this her parish from a fall, and cheered many under their burdens.

The first mutterings of the Boxer storm began before the close of 1899, but it was not until the spring of 1900 that serious concern was felt by the Legations at Peking. In the middle of May the threatening clouds burst, and outrage soon followed outrage with staggering rapidity. The full fury of this human tempest fell upon the north and east of China, and Szechwan was less seriously affected owing to the Viceroy having agreed with other viceroys of the lower Yangtze to disregard the orders from Peking. None the less in July after many of the missionaries and Chinese Christians had been massacred elsewhere, Bishop Cassels received a dispatch from the British Consul at Chungking calling upon those in his diocese to proceed with all possible speed to places of safety.

For himself the Bishop was fearless, yet he fully realised his responsibilities both toward his fellow-missionaries and the Chinese Church, as well as his

obligations to the civil authorities. He therefore courteously told the Consul that he was communicating with the missionaries "that they might be ready for any emergency", but he emphasised "the extreme seriousness of our leaving our posts of duty". He urged the workers "not to be alarmed", but to be prepared to "face the risks and dangers inseparable from our work". "We have no wish", he added, "that the Consul should be responsible for our safety."

Meanwhile West China was largely cut off from news. "We are in the happy position", he wrote to Shanghai on July 31, "of having no news almost. Our last mail went to the bottom of the river with five hundred taels."

But to the missionaries in the diocese he wrote a long letter dated July 30, which we print in full as a revelation of the man in time of peril.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—Whether the present storm will pass over us quickly or not let us avail ourselves of its presence to drive home the lessons which it has to teach our dear converts.

1. Let us continue to urge them increasingly to put more trust in the Lord and less in us, and to lean more entirely on Him especially in times of poverty and persecution. Such passages as Jeremiah xvii. 5-8 may well form the basis of our teaching on this matter.

2. Let us not fail to point out the blessedness of suffering persecution for the Lord's sake. And here besides our Lord's own teaching 1 Peter will, no doubt, be the Book we shall turn to most frequently.

3. I earnestly desire that we should use the present opportunity to urge upon the Christians the duty of giving to the support of their own people who are entrusted with the Ministry of the Word, whether as Catechists or Evangelists. Let not the Diocesan Fund be forgotten at this time, rather let it be supported with fresh enthusiasm. Sufficient money is not yet coming in to support the one man whom it has pledged to support, and we ought to aim to support one extra man each year.

May I ask for more constant offertories for this fund, and that the amounts collected should be sent to the Local Secretary

here, or to the Treasurer of the Fund, Mr. Lawrence of Chungpa. It is Chinese money we want.

As to ourselves up till now my conviction deepens that "our strength is to sit still".

Here is a *precept* for us, "Take heed and be quiet, fear not, neither be faint-hearted" (Isaiah vii. 4).

Here is a *promise*. "Whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely and shall be quiet from fear of evil" (Proverbs i. 33).

And here a subject for *prayer*. "For all that are in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life" (1 Timothy ii).

A storm is bursting around us. We hear of it in the north and to some extent in the west, and now it is said that the clouds are gathering in the south. May we not agree to ask the Lord to keep us in peace in the centre of the storm taking such a word as Isaiah xxxii. 17-19 to justify our prayer: "My people shall dwell in quiet resting places when it shall hail."

We are not called upon to criticise the action of others. Their circumstances are different, they have had other leadings, pressure has been brought to bear upon them, from which, I rejoice to say, we have been quite free up till now.

Some of us may yet be called upon, for various reasons which are already apparent to me, to withdraw ourselves even as the Lord withdrew Himself of old. But for the majority of us there are, it seems to me, urgent reasons for remaining where we are. It is not merely our work that is at stake, but it is our testimony, our example, our consciences that may be affected by our leaving.

It is not merely that we should be leaving our Christians unpastored at a time of persecution and danger (that might have its good side as well as its bad side), but this year there are nearly eighty little lambs only just admitted to the fold, besides a number seeking admittance, whose faith would be sorely tried were they to be left alone.

Let us then bear in mind that our own safety is by no means the first thing to be considered at this time.

One other word. Should the Lord allow any local disturbances our very best weapon under the Lord will be a calm spirit. Here too (all experience of Chinese crowds shows it) our "strength will be to sit still". The Lord has much to teach us all this time. May our hearts be opened unto Him, and may we all be more than ever drawn to one another, so that we may with an undivided front face a common danger.

Commending you to the Lord's care and guidance, Believe me, Yours very faithfully in Christ,

W. W. CASSELS,
Bishop.

On the 11th of August he wrote again to Shanghai :

The local officials have been putting great pressure on us to get away as fast as possible. This pressure, along with that of Dr. Parry, it has been impossible to resist.

All the ladies left to-day by boat. Aldis and Hannah escort them in a separate boat. We remain for the present.

Chungking sends us no news ; several mails with no letter and no news. This is very perplexing. All missionaries to the west of us seem to have left. We hang on the Lord for guidance.

It was not long, however, before he was compelled most reluctantly to leave himself with his family.

After great pressure from Consuls and native officials [he wrote to Bishop Talbot] I was at last compelled to leave the diocese in August last. But I was glad to be able to see all the missionaries safely off before I started with my family on that sad and anxious journey to the coast. We did not know whether we should see our converts or our Churches again, and would have much preferred to remain and face all danger with them.

He does not mention that he suffered severely from high fever on his journey to Shanghai, but so he did, and during his three months at the coast his heart was always with his people in Szechwan.

The months at Shanghai [he wrote to Bishop Talbot] were trying in many ways. I was, however (having obtained the kind assent of the Bishop of Mid China to perform this episcopal act within his jurisdiction) able to proceed with an ordination.

The ordinations to which he refers were of the Revs. W. H. Aldis, A. A. Phillips, and W. Kitley, which took place in the Shanghai Cathedral on November 30, and a few days after this he took steamer for Ichang on his way back to his diocese, having engaged passages for a number of his fellow-workers in a small steamer built by a German company, which intended to attempt

the trip up the Yangtze rapids. His purpose was to proceed ahead, the others following.

I was expecting a wire at Ichang [he wrote to Mr. Stevenson when *en route* up river] *re* the Chungking steamer. You, dear friend, will be often in my prayers at this time. The Lord will, I believe, give abundant grace to you as well as to dear Hoste. . . . I propose to take two brethren with me and the others can go to Chungking by the steamer.

From Ichang he wrote :

Arrived here Saturday afternoon. Prepared to go on at once. But Captain of gunboat very pressing that I should conduct services and administer Holy Communion on Christmas Day, and I felt this a duty and privilege that I could not refuse.

The steamer arrived during the service amid crackers, etc., much to our disturbance. I find it is cheaper to go by steamer to Wanhsien than by boat. For this and other reasons it seems best now to go on by steamer. We go on board to-night : Boxing day.

The trying experience which followed was one of those events which mark another Christmas season in the Bishop's life. Early on December 27 the powerful-engined, but ill-fated steamer, *Suihsiang*, started on her novel and experimental passage, and to all on board it was a new experience to attempt to navigate the Yangtze rapids by steam. By mid-day a distance usually demanding from three to five days by Chinese house-boat had been covered, the first serious rapid had been successfully negotiated, but when attempting to ascend the second rapid the vessel struck a rock while going full steam ahead. Immediately the vessel began to sink by the bows, and a panic breaking out among the Chinese the two lifeboats attached to the steamer were capsized and many drowned.

Most of the foreign passengers remained upon the upper deck until foothold became impossible. The Bishop stood in the midst of a group of some twelve

missionaries at the stern of the vessel, long after the rudder was far out of water, without any sign of anxiety or excitement, commending all on board to God's safe keeping. Some then jumped into the river, while others were saved by Chinese lifeboats which came to the rescue.

When the various parties had reached the bank and had gathered together after not a little searching for one another—for the ship had rapidly drifted before finally sinking—they all stood together to render thanks to God for His mercies, and then in true apostolic fashion the Bishop began to gather sticks to make a fire, for being Christmas week it was cold, and nearly all had discarded most of their garments before taking the plunge into the water. After some delay a passing junk was hailed and a passage back to Ichang arranged, which port was reached at 3 o'clock next morning.

At this point we may take up the Bishop's own description written from Ichang to Mr. Stevenson on New Year's Day, 1901 :

May this New Year bring to you many new blessings and much joy in the Lord, even though they be wrapped up in coverings of gloom and sorrow, as they sometimes are. " Behind the frowning Providence He hides a smiling face. . . ."

I cannot help being full of gratitude for my preservation. I did not realise the gravity of the situation, and remained on board when others were crowding to the life-boats. At length the boats had all gone off and Hannah, Wupperfeld, Mr. Wigham and I with a few others remained astern with the Captain and First Officer. Then the Captain urged us to jump in off the sinking vessel, and Mr. Wigham and I did so, leaping from the upper deck which was now very high out of the water, as the bows went down. The Captain himself followed us soon after. We were picked up, but the Captain, though a strong swimmer, was seen to throw up his hands in the water and disappear.

Everything, of course, was lost, some of us arrived here with barely a single garment of our own, and the first day we had to buy, at any price, to get coverings for our bodies.



THE YANGTZE GORGES.

Showing native craft and a company of trackers engaged in pulling boats, not visible, up the rapids.



ASCENDING A RAPID.

The picture shows one of the small steamers, specially built for the purpose, going at full steam ahead up one of the rapids with the water pouring up over the bows of the vessel. This picture illustrates the force of water which has to be overcome.

To face page 218.

The Bishop proposed starting again as soon as possible, but as all monies and goods had been lost some delay was inevitable. Then came a wire from Shanghai :

Peace terms accepted : we suggest you return here at once.

It was a painful moment to the Bishop, he being in a strait betwixt two, the desire to be among the first to re-enter the diocese, and, on the other hand, the duty of going back to fetch his family and other workers. Mr. Aldis, who was with him, relates how, when the Bishop rose to read the telegram, his voice choked with emotion, and how, later, with deep feeling he said, " I feel I must return to Shanghai and bring up the rest of the party, and you will go on alone and have the privilege of being the first to get back to the diocese."

Writing to Shanghai the Bishop said :

I must confess that I fear being turned back from any path of duty and I am sorry not to lead the brethren back, so I do not altogether welcome the idea of being turned back just on the point of starting.

But if there is, indeed, a good prospect of being able to bring my family back with me, and of making arrangements for others to return, then it is far better to go back from here than to have to go back all the way in a few months' time. The early spring is the best season to go up the river, and that time is approaching. The *Changho* leaves to-day, but I will, at any rate, wait for the *Kwaili* which leaves to-morrow or Saturday, that will give me time to see if there is any other guidance, and also to make arrangements with the brethren as to their movements. The Lord guide me and us all.

The brethren went forward, the Bishop returned to Shanghai, but finally with his family safely reached Paoning early in April 1901, and was greatly rejoiced to be there in time for Easter and Holy Week, and to find how stable and true the Christians had been.

On May 18 Ethelinda, his youngest child, was born.

A SPACIOUS PLACE

Thus saith the Lord of hosts : It shall yet come to pass, that there shall come peoples, and the inhabitants of many cities : and the inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, Let us go speedily to intreat the favour of the Lord, and to seek the Lord of hosts : I will go also.

Yea, many peoples and strong nations shall come to seek the Lord of Hosts in Jerusalem, and to intreat the favour of the Lord.

Thus saith the Lord of hosts : In those days it shall come to pass, that ten men shall take hold, out of all the languages of the nations, shall even take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you.

ZECHARIAH viii. 20-23.

WITH his return to West China Bishop Cassels entered upon one of the most strenuous periods of his strenuous career. For the next two or three years he literally spent himself night and day in labours more abundant. The Boxer crisis was followed by open doors on every hand. In the strong reaction which succeeded the days of persecution China's conservative notions gave place to progressive ideals. There was a rapid expansion in the foreign settlements at the coast, great developments in railways in the country, and at the same time a remarkable willingness on the part of the people to be taught and to hear the Gospel.

People are asking us [the Bishop wrote] to open stations in several places, and all down from here to Wanhsien there is a remarkable movement, which may almost be alluded to in the words of Zechariah viii. 20-23.

Certainly the closing words of verse 23 are true now. Many want to join us, and are willing to be taught and led.

The ground seems to have been broken up, and now our most urgent duty is to sow the seed and pray for the watering of the Holy Spirit. I tremble to think that the prepared soil may be allowed to harden, or left to bring forth rank weeds, when a glorious harvest might be reaped. . . .

In several places the people have themselves secured places for meeting, and many that come are scholars and well-to-do people. But where are the labourers? Do not misunderstand this movement. I see no conviction of sin; no crying for salvation; but only a willingness to come with us, and a sense that we are right.

Pray that I may have wisdom to direct this movement into the right channels. I must use all the Chinese help I can, but there is danger here, of course, and funds, too, are needed for this. Some hundreds of people could easily be gathered together in a dozen new centres for Sunday meetings if I had the workers to send.

It is men that are chiefly needed; unprejudiced, willing to see the good in a movement like this, but cautious not to act rashly.

Fresh openings in the Eastern half of the diocese [the C.I.M. part] presented themselves every week, and frequently strong pressure was brought to bear upon the Bishop to send help. To meet the situation he gave his own most valued helpers, his own right hand, as he expressed it. But nothing that he could do was commensurate with the opportunities. His letters throughout this period are most pathetic reading, because of their oft-repeated and apparently fruitless appeals for men.

My constant cry [he writes] is Lord, send forth labourers. I have again and again urged the intense importance of sending reinforcements. The movement is a widespread one. I am urged by letters and by deputations to send preachers to many places. Let us do all we can while these doors stand open.

People from my district are even going to Chungking to ask the London Missionary Society to come and open work. If we cannot do the work ourselves I should prefer to let the Church Missionary Society [the western part of the diocese] come and do it. They have many workers and little work.

I have been travelling for over six weeks. To-day I visit the new work at Nanpu. To-morrow, D.V., I return home. Of course, I have strained myself to the utmost on this journey, and I have much to do on my return. By reading letters in my chair and writing at night in the inns, or as now on a box in a very shaky boat, I have tried to keep up with some of my correspondence, but only some.

Help me with your prayers, also my dear wife, who, amid great weakness of body, tries to keep on with her work, her classes, teaching the five little ones at home, and keeping going our large house with all its visitors.

In the midst of all this toil and travelling his children fell sick, and Mrs. Cassels was nearly distraught with prolonged and serious anxiety.

In a letter written immediately upon his return from visiting the C.M.S. stations, where this mass movement was at that time not felt, he writes :

What does the Lord mean by this ? Are some of the C.I.M. stations to be given up to the C.M.S. ? or will workers be sent to us ?

The very day I left home for Pachow, Chuhsien, etc., little Harold came out all over with Scarlet Fever and had to be separated from the others with my wife for five weeks.

The very day I left for the C.M.S. stations Gracie (who had been seedy for ten days before) was taken very seriously ill with what we have now no doubt is post-scarlatina dropsy. It was a terrible time for my wife. . . . The enclosed letter will give you a few details. . . . Probably now the other children will take the fever as they were not separated. I write in haste for I have to leave for Sintientsi where there are baptisms and confirmations. . . . Forgive my terrible scrawls.

But the pressure of work continued. It would be possible to quote literally from more than twenty letters extending over as many months, some running to fifteen and sixteen quarto sheets, written with his own hand, giving details of this urgent situation which burdened his soul beyond measure.

He was literally eaten up with zeal for the Lord's House. He saw the opportunities, he also saw the

perils, and yet felt helpless for lack of workers. In one of these letters he wrote :

The work at Nanpu goes on very encouragingly ; seven shopkeepers in the city now shut up their shops on Sunday, and put up a board stating the reason. If only we could have taken hold of all the other places, where openings occurred, as we took hold of Nanpu, what glorious results we should have had ! Not that the people there are even yet crying out " What must we do to be saved ? " or understand the spiritual benefit of the Gospel as they should, but it is coming. It is well to remember that, even after the disciples had followed the Lord for three years, they still looked for a political Saviour in the Lord Jesus Christ (Acts i. 6). When the Lord came to the earth there was a great restless yearning in hearts for a Saviour ; but the people themselves did not understand what that yearning meant. They thought that a political Messiah, with earthly power, would satisfy that heart-craving and give them perfect peace and joy. Ah ! they failed to diagnose their own disease, and the disease of the world ; but patiently, and by leading them through many a disappointment, the Lord taught them better, and some at least learned the lesson. I believe the position is largely the same now.

In another letter full of details about the workers in lonely districts struggling with the situation, he writes :

May I again draw your attention to the urgent need for workers in this district. It is for one thing very sad to have to leave our brethren alone as they are at present. For another thing the work in their hands is far more than they can do. And for a third thing immense harm is being done by leaving so many places with no missionary to guide them.

Nothing would induce him to spare himself. In a letter of twenty-two pages dated August 7, 1902, from Sintientsi, all written with his own hand, he writes :

After visiting Pachow and the Paoning outstations in June, I returned to Paoning early in July, and brought my wife and family up here, going on myself at once to the C.M.S. stations for the half-yearly Committee meeting, etc.

It was a journey through fire and water. The heat, of

course, was extreme, but I had also to contend against floods and dangerously swollen rivers. But the Lord again protected. Now I am back here at Sintientsi, and find a mass of correspondence, etc., to attend to, as well as other matters which will take a week or two.

In another letter of sixteen quarto pages dated November of the same year, he reports on a journey eastward covering six hundred English miles and taking thirty-three days, including five Sundays, and says he was about to start again that week to the West. Here again we find the loneliness of the workers and the death of a promising young missionary named Greenaway burdening his heart.

It is a constant trial and burden to me [he says] to have to leave these brethren alone. God keep them (this is my constant prayer) from melancholy, from overstrain, and the other evils of solitariness.

In this he was thinking of Mr. Jennings at Shunking, alone, weakened by a trying summer, unnerved by constant Boxer excitement and alarm, left to face the anxious weeks of watching, and then the death-chamber of his young companion, Greenaway.

I can only repeat [he writes again of another place] what I have said before with solemn sobriety, the people there have been left to the devil, and it is no wonder if they do the devil's work. Some who have visited these places have said to me they fear there is a good deal of tares among the wheat. I have replied I did not know there was any wheat at all. When I was there I found nothing but broken-up ground and a glorious opportunity of sowing the seed. Prejudices gone, idols broken, books bought, halls rented. But you do not expect to reap wheat before you have sown seed. If the enemy has sown tares that is exactly what was to be expected. He is much more keen than we are.

I know, dear Mr. Stevenson, that you cannot manufacture missionaries at Shanghai. But you would not have me withhold from you my anxieties or fail to tell you of our needs.

The dearth of foreign workers compelled him to recognise the urgent necessity of training Chinese leaders, and one outcome of this period of pressure was the founding of a Diocesan Training Institute, the Church Missionary Society at first finding the man, Mr. Lawrence, and the China Inland Mission supplying the premises.

So far as I know [he wrote in a private letter] my appeals for more workers have had no effect upon the home Churches. My great need is some good men ; meanwhile I am trying to develop more Chinese help, but this takes time.

It was not surprising that opposition should arise against this mass movement towards Christianity. For a time a recrudescence of the Boxer persecutions seriously threatened the province, especially in the West, where over a thousand Roman Catholic adherents and a score of Protestant converts were killed. But the advent of a new Viceroy soon checked and stamped out this rising.

But after two years of strenuous work such as has been only too imperfectly outlined here, it became evident that the Bishop was becoming seriously overwrought. Writing to Mr. Stevenson on March 30, 1903, he says :

If you will relieve me from my work as Superintendent I shall be very glad indeed. In fact, it is really a question whether I can go on with it owing to my state of health. Opening letters so often gives me such trepidation and pain in the heart, and frequently results in such sleeplessness, that I am beginning to think I am in a run-down state of health.

Just a few weeks later we find him and Mrs. Cassels entertaining at Paoning from Saturday to Thursday all the members of the West China Advisory Board. Weary in body, his comfort and strength were found in God's Word.

Writing on Good Friday he says :

This is Good Friday, and I am full of the thought " He loved me and gave Himself for me ". It takes a long, long time to enter into the meaning of those words.

Or again :

There are many Goliaths to be met with in our work, but I have just been much cheered by the story of how David met with his Goliath. God help us each and all to please and glorify Him.

One touch of humour which lightens the records of these strenuous months was connected with the marriage of two workers who desired him to obtain the consent of the General Director in Shanghai, " not merely with post haste but with marriage speed ".

At length on January 18, 1904, just sixteen years to the day from the time when he and his young bride together entered Paoning he bade farewell to his fellow-workers and the Chinese Christians as he left for furlough. He and Mrs. Cassels, on January 18, 1888, had entered the city by night fearing to create alarm. Now they left it escorted by hundreds of Christians and adherents. Then there had been no Church and no congregation ; now there was a Church recently enlarged, crowded audiences ministered to not only by missionaries but also by a recently ordained Chinese deacon. Then there had been a hostile city, now there was a well-equipped station with schools, a hospital and a Diocesan Training Institute, not to speak of the five out-stations and the other twelve central stations with their thirty out-stations in other parts of the diocese.

It was upon this occasion that each section of the diocese, as a token of their personal affection, presented him with an address signed by all the workers expressing " their deep appreciation of all your un-

failing kindness and sympathetic consideration . . . in all matters connected with the work”.

“ We desire ”, they said, “ to thank and praise God for thus allowing us to work under your direction in such harmony and unbroken fellowship.” They also included in their tribute an expression of their appreciation of the unfailing kindness and hospitality received from Mrs. Cassels, and their thankfulness for the bright hours of fellowship and social intercourse spent in the home at Paoning. These testimonies were accompanied by a cheque and a sum of Chinese money.

On their journey down the river the Bishop, with his wife and family of five children, was shipwrecked on a rock in a rapid in mid-stream, the boat filling with water. No other boat was in sight, but in response to shouts for help a small ferry ultimately put off, and rescued them from their imminent danger. Few things, if any, are more perilous than to strike a rock when shooting a rapid, and such a deliverance was marvellous indeed.

POWER TO CONTINUE

We conquer by continuing. A certain radiant and quiet doggedness has been one of the marks of all the saints for whom the trumpet has sounded on the other side. In the log-book of Columbus there is one entry more common than another. It is not "To-day the wind was favourable." It is "To-day we sailed on."

GEORGE H. MORRISON.

WE must not linger over the Bishop's furlough which lasted from the early summer of 1904 to the autumn of the following year. It was not a time of much rest, for he found the demands of the study more exacting than the calls of the pulpit and platform, yet residence at Woodchester, near Stroud, made it a time of welcome change and refreshment. It was here that *The Bulletin of the West China Diocese* was launched, a periodical intended to fan and foster prayer and praise on behalf of the work.

But though Gloucestershire had many sacred associations he was, he said, "almost more at home in Oporto than in England", and a visit to Portugal at this time was a joyful and glad experience. One brother still recalls him walking down the quiet street "Vertudes" in Oporto singing to himself :

This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

And everything proved that that was his story and his song, and to teach others to sing it he continued in labours abundant.

But though at home, he was following with almost breathless interest the titanic conflict between Russia, the colossus of Europe, and Japan, the island Empire of the East, which was being fought out with all its momentous issues upon the plains of Manchuria.

And he was painfully concerned at the losses sustained in the diocese. On the C.M.S. side the number of workers had been reduced by five, and on the C.I.M. side there had been sad reductions as well.

Blow after blow has come upon the Paoning station [he writes], the Doctor removed, of course his wife gone, and now Mr. Lawrence cut off and the Training Institute bereft. The thought of those two houses—ours and the Doctor's—standing empty and no one to do the work which centres round them is a very sad thought indeed.

And then there was the death of the beloved and venerable leader, Hudson Taylor—a heavy loss whenever it came—which brought him to London to the Memorial service at Mildmay. The sense of bereavement and the insistent needs of the field burdened his heart almost beyond bearing.

I have had a busy time [he writes just before sailing], this is nobody's fault. . . . The Lord has sent us a remarkably large band of recruits for the C.M.S. work, but I much regret to say that the prospects for the C.I.M. part of my diocese are not so good. . . . A picture of the great need and the wide open doors in Eastern Szechwan are ever before my mind. It is almost agonising to think that there may be no fresh men this autumn to take advantage of the many and great openings.

And there was another pain at his heart about which he does not say much to men, though he was not silent unto God. He and Mrs. Cassels had reached that time when they had to face what is one of the most poignant sorrows of the missionary's lot, namely, separation from beloved children.

Parting with friends is never easy [he writes in *The Bulletin*], and in this case it is also parting with two beloved children and for how many years? Who can say? But I rejoice to be returning to the diocese, which I may, in a very true sense, speak of as my eldest child.

Of his arrival at Shanghai, the parting with two more children who were going to Chefoo, his journey up the river, when he and Mrs. Cassels had the terrible experience of seeing twenty-five of their trackers drowned before their eyes, and of their welcome at Wanhsien and Paoning which "fairly amazed" them, we must not write. Some reference must, however, be made to his feelings and observations on returning to the field.

The chief thing that has been impressed on my mind is that for good or ill, in the Church or out of it, the Chinese are showing a spirit of independence, and taking things into their own hands in a quite unprecedented way.

And this spirit seems to be accompanied with a fresh outburst of anti-foreign feeling; not proceeding, as of old, from the supercilious Confucian who was unacquainted with the outside world, but from the more educated and advanced party in China. . . . This spirit is, no doubt, due to the Japanese successes. . . . The state of things demands much care and prayer.

Many and varied feelings struggled for supremacy as he took up the work again. There was deep sorrow at the losses that had been sustained; great gladness in view of the blessing received—for the membership had doubled in the last three years, and there were two hundred and fifty-three adult candidates in the Paoning Deanery alone waiting for confirmation; there was also intense amazement at the opportunities presenting themselves, and there was a feeling of utter abasement as he felt his insufficiency for the work before him.

I was that night [he wrote on the night of his arrival], and have been since, deeply prostrated before God at the sense of my need.

He was impressed with the necessity of consolidating the work, of limiting the number of out-stations, of opening no more new central stations immediately, of the importance of putting the Training College for Catechists on a permanent basis and of giving a more generous place to the Chinese. And he hoped for less "clerical work" that he might give himself more to the building up of the Church.

I am increasingly convinced [he writes] of the need of taking our Chinese brethren into consultation, and of trying to look at every question in the light in which it presents itself to them. . . . We are not sent here to transplant a fully-grown exotic which has already developed its colouring and characteristics from a distant clime; such a process would ruin the vitality of any tree. Our work is to sow the seeds of Truth, and allow the tree, which is indigenous in every soil and (as St. Paul says) bears fruit in all the world, to adapt itself, as it grows, to its local surroundings whether they are favourable or unfavourable.

The fundamentals of the Truth are, of course, unalterable; but the non-essentials must be adapted to varying needs and capacities, and we have no right to impose upon a people of an utterly different temperament regulations which have grown up to suit the character of a Western nation. I seek, then, for a wise spirit of adaptation, and for grace to balance my judgment by that of the leaders in our Chinese churches.

This was his policy as he wrote to the workers, and as he travelled from place to place. During the year 1906 he travelled some thousands of miles and confirmed no fewer than four hundred and eighty-seven candidates in widely separated stations. Some little idea of his engagements can be gathered from the following extract from a letter dated September 8, 1906:

I go to Pachow early in November, and from there to Suiting, where there is a Clerical Conference from the 21st to the 23rd. On the 25th I have an Ordination followed, if possible, by a little Conference with Chinese Catechists. After that I have arranged to hold Confirmations at the following

stations : Liangshan, Tachu, Chuhsien, and Yingshan, returning to Paoning by Christmas. In January 1907 (date not yet fixed) I have a Clerical Conference at Mienchow, and then have to preside over the C.M.S. Western China Conference for Mission arrangements. The Advisory Board Meeting for Western China is to be held at Chungking some five or six weeks before the commencement of the Centenary Conference at Shanghai, and I have promised to be there. I then hope to visit Wanhsien and some of the Kweifu out-stations on my way down to the coast. There will probably be a Bishops' Conference at Hankow a week or two before the Anglican Conference, and then follows the Centenary Conference after which I ought to get back at once before the river becomes high and travelling difficult and dangerous.

We do not purpose in this chapter to follow the Bishop in those wider fellowships afforded by the many conferences to which he refers ; that will come later. We can, however, catch a glimpse of the burden which pressed upon him in the work of the diocese if we limit ourselves to some words of his on Paoning alone.

Here (in Paoning) I can be accounted for as nothing ; for when I am at home I am ceaselessly occupied with study work, but as you know, I am generally away. Since October (1906) I have had two or three weeks at home, and now I have, alas ! to leave next month with the prospect of not getting back till July or August.

We have here Mr. Large, our kind Local Secretary, who also conducts the Boys' School, but has not yet been able to do much language study ; and we have Mr. Hannah, whom I have recently admitted to Deacons orders, but who is not yet qualified to administer the sacraments. We have here this large central station with a membership of four hundred or five hundred Christians—some of the out-stations alone having double or treble the number of Christians there are in Suiting—we have also a circle of ladies' stations all round here, Sintientsi Kwangyuan, Nanpu, and Pachow, each with a membership of not far short of one hundred Christians, all needing some one to visit them from time to time to administer the sacrament and to give other assistance.

My work is such that it is impossible for me to undertake this work, and though our young brother Mr. Ku [the Rev.

Ku Ho-lin] is a great help, he has the oversight of some eight out-stations with two hundred or three hundred Christians and probably one thousand adherents ; and at present he is rather young to entrust with the pastoral oversight of such stations as Kwangyuan and Pachow, for example !

It was small wonder that he was burdened with the need for reinforcements. But suddenly and unexpectedly, when returning from the Shanghai Centenary Conference, a momentous decision affecting the whole of his future life was thrust upon him, for he received a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury asking him if he would be willing to leave his present sphere and accept appointment as Bishop of Mid-China in succession to Bishop Moule.

Some of this important correspondence may well be quoted. The Archbishop of Canterbury, writing from Lambeth Palace on April 19, 1907, said :

I write to you upon a most important matter. It seems to me, after prayerful thought, and after careful counsel with Prebendary Fox and Mr. Baring-Gould, that in the interests of the promotion of Christianity in China it is my duty to ask you to consent to succeed our revered friend, Bishop Moule, in the Diocese of Mid-China.

I think I can quite realise the thoughts which will at once be yours : the great difficulty and disadvantage of your leaving your present diocese just when it has been consolidated by your loving and fatherly care ; the disinclination you will feel to entering upon new work when the old work still needs you ; the possibility of detriment to that part of your work which has to do with the China Inland Mission—and so on.

Well, I have tried to think out these things, and to weigh the whole cause. . . . I honestly believe it to be the Will of God that you should do so. I see no other way in which, so effectively as this, the Gospel message can be set forward by our Church in China, and I pray God that you may see your way to give a favourable answer to my request, not lightly nor prayerlessly made to you.

Other letters from Prebendary H. E. Fox and the Rev. B. Baring-Gould supported this invitation.

These letters were received by Bishop Cassels when staying at the American Church Mission, Hankow, and he at once replied as follows under date of May 22, 1907 :

Your Grace's letter of 19th April reached me here yesterday. It has given me great perplexity, and I wish to ask for time for consideration, on the ground that your Grace does not press for an immediate answer, and that Bishop Moule, though nearly eighty years of age, still remains at his post with extraordinary vigour able to do all the needful work. . . .

I have already had the help of the prayers and advice of my friend, Bishop Roots of the American Church Mission here ; but I am anxious also to consult Bishop Graves and Bishop Price, and their return letters cannot reach me before July, when I shall have got back to my distant station, to which I am now returning. So I beg your Grace to allow me this amount of time.

All my own inclinations, preferences and desires are entirely on one side. . . . In view, however, of your Grace's letter and assurance of prayer, and in view of my vow of obedience, I will not any more mention difficulties or let them stand before me. But it may be permissible to speak of other things.

If I can at all judge, I have no qualifications for the work in Mid-China—I have only been a senior missionary with no scholarship or theological learning ; and any qualifications which I may have for my present work would be thrown away if I left it. The work in Western China is my own child, the child I have watched over and tended from the first ; and it is not only that I love this child as no one else can, it is that I have an influence over it which is needed at this time, but which I think it would be difficult for any one else to give. And it is accumulated influence which tells in China. . . .

I should be giving up the liberty and unfettered influence which I have in the larger (that is, the China Inland Mission) side of my diocese for what I have always regarded as the cramped position of the Bishop of a solely Church Missionary Society diocese—the Chairman of a Conference with a casting vote. (I trust I shall be pardoned if I am wrong in this estimate.)

Your Grace, in your most kind letter, has not hinted that my work has been so unsuccessful that you wish to remove me to a smaller sphere ; or that my connection with the China Inland Mission was so unsatisfactory that it ought to cease. . . .

But, on the other hand, your Grace's letter, so kind and considerate, and yet putting the call so strongly and anticipating

so many of my objections, presses on me very deeply. And I dread the thought of being disloyal or disappointing, just as I fear the possibility of refusing a call of God. . . .

But I ask for time to get advice, and that I may continue to offer the prayer of this Whitsuntide, and ask that by "the same Spirit I may have a right judgment in all things, and may evermore rejoice in His holy comfort", lest I bring loss to God's cause, disappointment to your Grace, and to myself the bitterness of disobedience to a heavenly call.

The issues involved were great from many points of view, and Bishop Cassels was deeply exercised, for a good deal of pressure also was brought to bear upon him from certain quarters to respond to the Archbishop's call. But on the other hand there were many close and intimate ties which knit him to his present sphere. In the following confidential postscript to a longer letter on other subjects he made the situation known to the missionaries in the diocese and sought their prayers.

While still desiring to regard the matter as *private*, yet I ought perhaps to tell you, my own fellow-workers in the diocese, that I have been asked by the Archbishop of Canterbury to go to Mid-China to take up the burden recently laid down by Bishop (George) Moule.

Prebendary Fox and Mr. Baring-Gould have urged me to accede to the Archbishop's request, and the Bishops whom I have consulted unhesitatingly give me the same advice.

On the other hand, some who know the needs and the opportunities, and the special conditions of Western China, as the above cannot do, urge me to remain, pointing out that the work here is more important than that in Mid-China.

For myself, while to a considerable extent I have, by the grace of God, overcome the great shrinking I had at first from the difficulties and trials of the post indicated, and am now, I believe, ready, *if the will of God so be*, to leave the work which is so entwined about my whole heart and life, and to take up my cross—a far heavier one than I have ever borne—and go forth into a strange land: yet my own judgment, as well as my whole heart (who can doubt it?) are entirely in favour of remaining here. But I must confess that I do not yet know

how to say "no" to a call which has come to me with such a weight of authority and pressure, as well as of kind consideration.

The time that I begged to be allowed for consultation and prayer has not yet quite expired, and so I write this to beg most earnestly for the help of your prayers at this solemn crisis in my life and in the history of the diocese.

After much prayer and close consideration of the question he became increasingly convinced that God's will was for him to continue where he was, and the urgent letters and petitions he received from all parts of the diocese urging him to remain came as welcome confirmations to his own judgment. His own decision being made he not only wrote the Archbishop, but also revealed to his fellow-workers some of the considerations which had governed his thinking at this time. The following are the more important paragraphs on this subject :

Amongst others the following points might be kept before us in our prayers at that time. They have all helped to influence my decision at this time.

(i) *The Realisation of our Corporate life in the Diocese.*—In writing to me some from each side of the diocese have pointed to the need for drawing together the whole diocese, as one reason for urging my staying here. None can feel so much as I do the importance of welding the two sides of the diocese together into a corporate whole ; or rather, I should say, of seeking to realise in the actual what exists in the ideal. And so thanking God for the measure in which the ideal has already been attained and for the happy spirit of harmony which has always prevailed among us, we must set this before us as a matter for earnest prayer, and seek for the removal of everything which would hinder its accomplishment.

(ii) *The Witness offered by the Diocese.*—I would remind you that this is the only organised witness which the Church of England is offering throughout all the Inland Provinces of China, and it is deeply laid upon me that we should rouse ourselves to realise the importance of making that witness a true, holy and powerful one. Let us ask ourselves what impression we are leaving upon others. Are we showing both by our lives, and also by our labours, that the Church to which

we belong is the truest manifestation of the life and spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ? In this matter we have nothing to be proud of but much to be thankful for, and a great deal more to be humbled about. Let us see to it that we are walking worthy, not only of our individual calling, but also of our ecclesiastical calling.

SOME WIDER FELLOWSHIPS

We see a body in process of incorporation, whose several organs, imperfectly developed and imperfectly co-operant, are increasingly drawn to each other and bound more firmly in one as each becomes more complete in itself. The perfect Christian and the perfect Church are taking shape at once. Each of them requires the other for its due realisation.—G. G. FINDLAY on Ephesians iv. 16.

INCIDENTAL reference has already been made to several conferences among the varied engagements of the Bishop. These were, however, so many during the years 1907, 1908, and 1909, that it seems well to group them together. They ranged from a local Clerical Conference to the great Pan-Anglican and Lambeth gatherings in London, and can obviously only be dealt with from a personal point of view. He had entered upon what he called “a season of Conferences”, an expression justified by the following table :

1907

- January.* A C.M.S. Clerical Conference at Mienchow.
March. West China Advisory Board at Chungking.
April. Anglican Conference of seven Bishops and eighteen delegated Clergy at Shanghai.
China Inland Mission Conference, one hundred present in Shanghai.
May. Great Centenary Missionary Conference in Martyrs' Memorial Hall, Shanghai.
Later. Preliminary steps towards forming West China Diocesan Synod.

1908

- January.* West China Missionary Conference at Chengtu.
June. The Pan-Anglican Congress in London.
July. Lambeth Conference.

1909

- April.* Anglican Conference at Shanghai to form Provincial Synod ; attended by the Bishops and Clerical and Lay delegates from eight Dioceses ; Bishop Cassels being Vice-President.

Such a varied programme of necessity entailed much hard travelling both in China and across Siberia and Europe, for to save time he journeyed home and back by rail. In addition, the care of the diocese was ever upon his mind whether present or absent, so that these years were a time of considerable strain, though he entered with full enjoyment into every duty and new experience.

Amid so much that clamours for recognition it is only possible in this brief survey to select a few outstanding incidents which illustrate his official and personal relationship to those great and momentous occasions. He was no merely interested spectator, but a deeply concerned partner in all that those august assemblies signified. It was only under a sense of solemn responsibility that he consented to the necessary absence from his diocese that these wider calls involved, and this aspect of the subject may perhaps best be revealed by his own words written towards the close of 1910, when a lapse of time had allowed the true proportion of events to appear.

Attendance at Missionary Conferences has for three years in succession made serious inroads upon my time. . . .

(1) In the spring of 1907 there was the China Centenary Conference, and, preceded as it was by an Anglican Conference, its claims were too strong to be resisted.

(2) Then in January 1908, there came the United West China Conference at Chengtu, and although this did not involve a long journey, yet it did involve a considerable break in my work and the expenditure of much energy.

(3) Later on in the year there was the Pan-Anglican Congress and the Lambeth Conference, which, through the kindness of the Parent Committee, I had the great privilege of attending.

(4) Lastly, in the May of 1909, there was the important Anglican Conference at Shanghai, to which Chinese delegates were invited for the first time, and at which the foundation of a General Synod for China was laid. I felt it would be unfair to the diocese if it were not represented; and so, taking with me the Chinese delegates and one of my English clergy, for the third year in succession I faced the perils of the Yangtze and journeyed down to the coast.

In every interval between these Conferences he gave himself with intense devotion to hard travelling that he might visit the many stations for which he was responsible, and meantime his correspondence never flagged. In England, more than a month after the close of the Lambeth Conference, he was so closely engaged that he wrote, "I have scarcely seen, or not seen at all, members of my own family". There were, however, some welcome occasions when he did enjoy a few hours' fellowship with his own. He arranged, for instance, for a passing glimpse of some of his children at Tientsin—who had come there from Chefoo on purpose—ere he started on the long railway journey home via Siberia. And there is a little homely touch in a letter to his sister in England which must not be omitted.

Is that old silk episcopal hat still existing! If so perhaps you would most kindly send it for me to the C.I.M., Newington Green, London, N. I shall want a hat in London. I must settle the bill for storage!

And there are some interesting sidelights and picturesque details of the solemn assemblies to be found in his letters to his children, which must, however, be

reserved for a chapter specially devoted to the sanctities of his domestic affections. One unique family event did take place after the great service in Westminster Abbey at the opening of the Pan-Anglican Congress, when no fewer than five of the brothers met for lunch at the National Club, namely, the Bishop and his brothers James, John, Walter, and Herbert.¹

At the great Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's Cathedral, when more than £333,000 was contributed as a thank-offering from all the dioceses of the Anglican Communion, Bishop Cassels was, with deep thankfulness and joy, the bearer of a gift from the Chinese Church in Western China, and it may be stated here that subsequently, when that great thank-offering was apportioned, a sum of £5000 was set aside for the founding of an Anglican Hostel for the West China Diocese, for work among the students attending Government schools in Chengtu.

The story of these weighty assemblies belongs rather to the Church historian than to the biographer. What does most concern us here is the light thrown upon the Bishop's attitude towards and his sympathies with the wider fellowships of the Christian life. It is clear not only from his actions, but also from his correspondence, that he realised the solemn importance of the Apostle Paul's words which state that the increase of the Body is dependent upon that which every joint supplieth, granted, of course, that these hold fast the Head. It was for this reason that he so earnestly desired the working in due measure of each several part.

¹ The Rev. James Cassels of the Lusitanian Church in Portugal, well known among the Portuguese as Diogo Cassels; the Rev. John W. Cassels, formerly Chaplain in India; Walter Cassels from South America, a generous supporter of his brothers' work both in Portugal and China; Herbert W. Cassels of Portugal, Treasurer of the Oporto-China fund.

Two personal letters, among others, may be selected to reveal his mind on this important topic. Writing to Bishop Roots of the American Episcopal Church in China, after one of the Anglican Conferences at Shanghai, he said :

I look back with much thankfulness to my days with you. If we could all of us, more often, open up our hearts together in prayer how it would help us. There is now a fresh link between us.

I continue to pray that "by the same spirit" I may have "a right judgment in all things", and so "evermore rejoice in His holy comfort".

May that spirit abundantly rest on you too.—I am, Ever your affectionate brother in Christ.

P.S.—I have looked over the greater part of Vol. I. of the *Life of Phillips Brooks*, and shall be tempted to ask to be allowed to take Vol. II. a little further.

Such warmth of heart from one who was by nature reserved means more than it would from many another.

The second letter is addressed to Bishop Talbot, on St. Luke's Day, 1910, the fifteenth anniversary of their Consecration together in Westminster Abbey. It was written when he was travelling on the Yangtze, and, since it gives a picture of the Bishop in his work of visiting the widely scattered stations of his diocese, we do not limit the quotation to the main point before us. That will appear at the close of the letter.

I have been writing letters all day, as far as the tossing of my little boat would allow me. They have been chiefly about the meeting of my Diocesan Council which is to come together in December.

But now the boat is stiller, though still restless on the heaving water (even here in this bay) of this immense river. My boatmen have all fallen asleep. A curtain has been put up over my little compartment of the boat. I have a box for my table and kneeling stool and my bed for a seat. So I am now better able to think about the events of St. Luke's Day, and to go more quietly through the Consecration service again, than has

been possible throughout the day. And there is also this one more letter to write to-night, before St. Luke's Day passes.

I left Paoning four weeks ago, and have ever since been visiting widely scattered stations over the eastern part of my extensive diocese. . . . I have held eight confirmations, laying hands on about ninety Christian converts ; baptizing once (ten persons) ; dedicated one new Church ; admitted one Catechist and one Lay Minister. I have adopted this expression from the Japan Church. I have, of course, preached constantly and celebrated everywhere, besides attending to all sorts of matters. . . .

I am sorry not to have been able to go down to Hankow to meet Bishop Montgomery, but it would have meant a month's absence from the diocese.

Fifteen years have run since that solemn day at Westminster Abbey. Mercies without number have been showered upon us, and we are still spared to work on yet a little while.

It is with much thankfulness that I have seen your name in connection with the Edinburgh Conference. Here in China I have gradually seen all the Bishops begin to take part in these Conferences. But further steps towards union are very difficult.

It is worth while at this point pausing for a moment to consider how large-hearted and catholic in his spirit Bishop Cassels was. He was just as simple and loyal a member of the China Inland Mission as he had ever been, and yet he was none the less faithful to his personal convictions as a Churchman, and able to have heart fellowship with many from whom he differed materially in matters of ritual and ceremony. That he could resolve to love and yet agree to differ does not lack illustration.

One of the questions discussed at the Anglican Conference in Shanghai in 1909, when Bishop Scott of North China was President and Bishop Cassels Vice-President, was the name by which the Anglican Church in China should be known. The term then " provisionally and tentatively " adopted was Chung-Hwa Sheng-Kung-Hwei, which, if literally translated, means

The Chinese Holy Catholic Church. But it is not possible here to enter into the controversial and varied aspects of this important subject ; it must suffice to say, in the words of Archdeacon W. S. Moule, that it was thought " well that one of its (the Church's) parts at least, should claim the inheritance of the name ". Another reason was that in Japan the Anglican Church had adopted a parallel title, namely, Nippon Sei-Ko-Kwai. What has been said will help to explain the significance of the following extract from a letter written by Bishop Cassels to Bishop Roots in 1912 :

I am very interested to see that you, too, feel that we must not finally have the same term for the name of the Church in China as we have for the translation of the " Holy Catholic Church " in the Creed : the question is one of considerable difficulty with a number of confused historical points bearing upon it, but, no doubt, light will be given to us in due time.

Another important letter dealing with the retranslation of the Prayer Book into Chinese shows the Bishop standing true to his own convictions, and not afraid to speak out when he differed from his brethren. It is interesting to note, by the way, that this letter was not written in the quiet of his study but from a wayside inn near Kaihsien.

I have received yours of February 15th (1915) with copy of your letter to Bishop ——, and I am sorry to have to answer it.

I have never taken a narrow or partisan line in these matters, but I am entirely opposed to the word proposed for *priest* in the Ordinal.

- (1) It has not been used in other parts of the Prayer Book.
- (2) There is no precedent for it in the English, American, Scotch, or Irish Prayer Books. (Priest is presbyter, of course).
- (3) It is unscriptural. I need say no more.

As for the term for *deacon*. What shall I say to it ? Is there any precedent in any part of the world for translating *διάκονος* by " Assistant-Sacrificer " ? If so, then we can

abandon all attempts at translating in future. To me the rendering is not only no translation, it is ridiculous. I take an early opportunity of writing this, even though I can only write briefly here. . . .

P.S.—I have recently been reading Professor Sanday's book on *The Christian Ministry*, in which he tries to reconcile the position of Bishop Lightfoot with that of Professor Moberly's *Ministerial Priesthood*. In the second edition there is an appendix with Moberly's comments and Sanday's reply.

It is very interesting. But though Sanday goes as far as he can to meet Moberly, and tries to make Romans xv. 16, "the offering up of the Gentiles", a sanction for the sacrificial aspect of the ministry, yet I cannot imagine even Moberly, much less Sanday, using "assistant-sacrificer" for deacon.

I can go some distance with the evolutionary idea of the ministry, but "assistant-sacrificer" is not *evolution* but *revolution*, and that of a most radical character, and is quite inconsistent with the Scriptures, or with the teaching of the Ordinal.

Please do not say C.M.S. men will disapprove. It is not a question of C.M.S. I refuse to be a party man. This is a question which is far wider than any party and touches all well-balanced Churchmen.

It is not the duty of a biographer to comment, but rather to allow the subject of the biography to speak for himself. These letters reveal the man and his personal convictions, as well as his wide sympathies. We may, however, close by stating, in words which are an echo of the Bishop's own, that he was fully aware that all ecclesiastical assemblies were not without their dangers.

When forming the Western China Diocesan Synod he reminded the workers that the Church's Articles state that "Councils may err and some have erred", and that in such assemblies "all are not governed with the spirit of the Word of God". He recognised that any study of Church History terribly justified these words. His desire always was not to push machinery ahead of spirituality, nor to make any organisation so stiff and formal that the liberty of the individual should

be crushed or the movement of God's Spirit fettered, and the whisperings of His voice drowned. He ever warned his fellow-workers to be on their guard against the spirit of rivalry, or partisanship, or self-assertion, which alas ! he confessed had too often marred even the most sacred assemblies.

ORGANISATION AND REVIVAL

One of the many lessons which I learned from my old Professor, Dr. Lindsay, was that the story of our Christian faith is really the story of revivals. With his unequalled knowledge and his various learning, he was fond of insisting on that. Our Christian faith, he would say, has not come down the centuries like a steady expanding river. There have been times of deadness, seasons of inertia, long ages of a weary formalism. And then always, at the appointed hour, has come the opening of heaven's windows, and an awakening to lost simplicities.—GEORGE H. MORRISON.

AFTER these three years of conferences the Bishop at length rejoiced to be free to give himself uninterruptedly to diocesan work. For years there had been a number of important matters burdening his heart. These were the organisation of the diocese on a self-governing basis, the completion of the Diocesan Theological College for the training of Chinese catechists and clergy, the starting of a Hostel in Chengtu for work among the thousands of students attending the Government schools and colleges, the building of a central Church at Paoning, and a special effort for the revival of the spiritual life of the Christians throughout the diocese. This was an ambitious programme, but he recognised that organisation and machinery came second.

A number of things had caused him to put spiritual refreshment in the first place. There had been a marked pause in the outward progress of the work, there was also a paucity of baptisms, and what had

perhaps pained him most was the necessity for the heart-rending duty of discipline. This latter fact had led him to send out a pastoral letter on the subject. His heart was, therefore, set upon spiritual revival, while he remembered all the time that the work was surrounded by and dependent upon the material also. Without entering into detail a brief summary of what had been accomplished by the close of 1910 may be given as far as possible in the Bishop's own words :

(1) *Organisation of the Diocese.*

(i.) The diocese has now [he writes] been divided into parishes each with its own parochial vestry.

(ii.) Groups of parishes have been formed into districts, corresponding as largely as possible with the Chinese prefectures ; each district having its District Council.

(iii.) A full Diocesan Synod has not yet been called together, but a Diocesan Council has been formed, elected by the District Councils, which advise and assist the Bishop, especially in the management of the Diocesan Sustentation Fund.

(2) *The Diocesan Theological College.*

I have been enabled to procure funds to purchase spacious premises. . . . I have provided a convenient residence for the Principal and Vice-Principal, as well as rooms for Chinese candidates for Holy Orders.

(3) *The Anglican Hostel in Chengtu.*

It is some five years since the idea of starting a special work among the students, who have recently been converging so largely to Chengtu, first took root in my heart. After a time it seemed clear that the work of following up our school-boys who are going up to the provincial Capital to complete their studies, as well as of getting hold of the students in connection with the Chinese Colleges, would be best accomplished by the starting of an Hostel in a central situation in Chengtu.

Year by year progress has been made, our ideas have matured, our plans have developed, our prospects have brightened. This matter has, of course, put upon me a great deal of labour with correspondence, travelling, etc. . . . Funds have been provided, workers have been sent, property has been purchased, the services of an architect have been secured,

building operations have been commenced, and students are already beginning to come round, and the prospects are hopeful. It is easy to write these words down, but it is almost a miracle how some of these things have been accomplished.

(4) *Ordinary Episcopal Work.*

During this period (the year 1910) I have visited all the stations in the diocese at least once, and several of them more than once. . . . Merely to journey across the diocese from east to west would involve a month's continuous travelling. Two hundred and sixty-three persons were presented to me (for Confirmation) and I have most earnestly striven by supplication and exhortations that with the laying on of hands they should also receive those spiritual blessings sought for in the Confirmation prayer. . . .

I have had the sad duty of issuing formal sentence of discipline against some thirty out of our two thousand communicants, as well as to excommunicate one or two who appeared to be hardened in sin. . . .

Amongst other duties which have prevented me being idle during the periods when I am in my station, I may mention the work at the retranslation of the Mandarin Prayer Book, revising the catalogue of the Diocesan Library; preparation of my little Diocesan quarterly magazine, *The Bulletin*, to say nothing of attention to a large Diocesan and general correspondence, involving writing some sixteen hundred letters during the year.

One other need which thrust itself insistently upon him was that of a new Church. Paoning, always the geographical centre of the district, had also become the ecclesiastical centre of the diocese. The original Church, although enlarged, was utterly inadequate for what was now to serve the three-fold purpose of (1) a parish Church, (2) a mother Church for the central and out-stations of Paoning in which there were six hundred and forty-nine baptized persons, and (3) a pro-Cathedral for the whole diocese. A new building was essential, but there was no desire for anything elaborate or out of harmony with the conditions of the work, only a dignified and seemly edifice which would

promote reverence, assist the spirit of worship and afford the necessary accommodation.

It was therefore with no small joy and gratitude to God that Bishop Cassels learned that his good friend, Canon Barnett of Bordighera, had on his own initiative taken up this need, and proposed to a number of friends that it would be "a fitting testimonial" to present to the Bishop a special gift for the erection of this Church.

As a beginning of the scheme [he wrote] I am enabled to say that a College friend of the Bishop, who wishes to remain anonymous, is ready to provide the £100 for the site if, by the close of 1910, the £500 required for the building has been either paid or promised; thus leaving the Chinese Christians the cost of levelling the ground, walling in the property, etc.

It was not until 1914, at another Christmas season, that this building was opened and formally dedicated to God, fuller details of which will appear later. But while all these schemes were in hand it was the crying need of spiritual revival which most heavily burdened the Bishop's heart.

Throughout the years from 1907 onward, the eyes of all concerned with the spread of the Gospel in the Far East had been watching, with deepest interest, the revival which had spread from Korea to Manchuria, and afterwards to other parts of China. Toward the close of 1909 Bishop Cassels wrote :

We greatly need the breath of revival which, we hear, is being felt in many places throughout China; and we have a very distinct expectation that ere long we shall ourselves feel that life-giving and refreshing breath; that the Spirit of God will be poured out upon us, and He will do better unto us than at the beginning, so that the wilderness shall become a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water.

That this might be so special prayer was made, and a number of missionaries gathered together in Sin-

tientsi in August 1909, for two days of continuous prayer. Tidings of what God had wrought through the ministry of Dr. Goforth and Mr. Lutley had, of course, reached the West, and by arrangements with Mr. Hoste Mr. Lutley was set free to visit Szechwan and parts of North-West China. Independently, and mutually, both he and the Bishop had been led in this matter, thus confirming the impression that the thing was of God. During February 1910, Mr. Lutley and his Chinese colleague, Mr. Wang, arrived in the diocese from the North, the first meetings being held at Kwangyuan.

The story of this time of blessing as it affected the whole diocese cannot be told here, and we must limit ourselves mainly to the Bishop's own reports of the meetings held in Paoning.

The striking feature of the Mission was that the Spirit of Conviction fell on the people from the very first. . . . After the usual morning and afternoon Sunday services, the local clergy left things in the hands of the Missioner, and an irresistible wave of prayer with confession of sin fell on the congregation. This became intensified day by day, and reached its climax on Wednesday.

The Spirit of Conviction was most deep and widespread. It fell on all classes alike, literate and illiterate, young and old, chiefly on the men, but the women (of whom there were much fewer present) did not escape.

The task of making a list of the sins acknowledged would be a sad and unprofitable one, and it is surely best to draw a veil over so solemn a matter.

I do not know whether one was most prostrate with shame at the terrible frailty of even the best Christians, or filled with wonder at the marvellous power of the Spirit of God to lead men to make such confession.

One man remarked that the most excruciating torture in a Chinese law Court would have failed to draw out such confessions. Naturally speaking, the preaching was entirely insufficient for such a work. No outward power could have done it. But men were so moved by an inward and spiritual

impulse that they were irresistibly compelled to give utterance, often with tears and groans, to what for very shame, if not for fear of consequences, they would otherwise have kept utterly secret. . . .

On one or two occasions I was among the congregation, and I noticed men praying as if quite unconscious of the presence of others, pouring out their heart and confessing their sins to God, though surrounded perhaps by others who were careless and indifferent, if not inclined to be critical.

Many promised reparation of various kinds, and not a few sums of money have been paid back.

On a later day the people were led by the Missioner to make apologies to any whom they had offended, or to make peace with any with whom they were at variance. The suggestion was at once acted upon, and men rose up from their seats in the Church to go and find those to whom they wished to make apology. This was one of the most touching features of the Mission.

At the early Communion on the second Sunday there were nearly three hundred Communicants, and one man who had been most deeply broken down before, again broke out into irresistible sobs as he received the tokens of our Lord's love.

The Thankoffering taken during that day, which is to be devoted to the New Church building, amounted in sums given or promised to nearly Taels 400. Only the Lord can see the heart, and it is well that it is so. But as He Himself made public the story of the widow's two mites, it may be permitted to us to refer to one or two cases that were noticed.

A little girl from one of the out-stations put two cash into the plate, whispering to a lady missionary sitting near, "It is all I have got, if I had more I would give it all".

Twenty taels was given by another, about one-sixth of his annual income. But it was money which he felt he ought to pay back to the Lord.

The young wife of Mr. Ku, our valued Chinese clergyman, was at first hard and unresponsive, but later on Mr. Ku told me that she had been greatly blessed. She was seen to put her hand up her arm as the plate came near and drag off her heavy silver bracelet. Putting it into the plate she bowed her head in prayer, as if it cost her not a little to part with it.

Writing on another occasion the Bishop said :

Scoffers might call the work by an evil name ; unbelievers might laugh at the unusual scenes ; hard hearts might, for a

time, resist the influence ; but those whose eyes were opened, and whose hearts were touched, felt indeed that now, if never before, they had been brought into touch with the powers of the other world, and with the mighty working of the Spirit of God. . . .

The workers had thought the Chinese stolid and unemotional, but even those who had seen most of mission or revival work at home had never before witnessed such moving scenes as during these meetings out here.

Great as were the outward manifestations the Bishop was careful to issue words of warning lest exaggerated ideas and false hopes might be raised. He acknowledged that the Christians throughout the diocese had "tasted the powers of the world to come", that they had learned the convincing power of the Holy Spirit, and that "the Word of God was quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword", that the spirit of prayer had been quickened, that in many cases sin had been put away and a new devotion to Christ made manifest, but he did not see that these meetings had resulted in any considerable extension of the Church. Writing, however, nearly a year later, after time had tested results, he was able to give the following beautiful testimony :

The results remain, thank God, but they need to be looked for. I have recently been looking for them and have found them almost everywhere. Beaming faces, peaceful hearts, purified lives, intensified prayers, quickened devotion, renewed efforts, relatives brought in, friends converted, and a higher standard of holiness in the Church, these and such things as these, of all which I could give instances, have shown me that the results remain. A blessed work has been done, or shall I rather say *begun* ; but it is left for us to carry it on. The devil still rages, perhaps he rages more ; doubt is still rampant ; hearts are still hard ; we may not rest on our oars or relax our efforts ; and we still need to entreat the friends of the diocese to labour in prayer on our behalf and on behalf of this work.

But amid all the deep causes for rejoicing, this year of revival had brought the sorrows of bereavement, for no fewer than three beloved and valued workers, the Rev. Dr. Squibbs, the Rev. Walter C. Taylor, and Miss Biggs, had been taken from them, losses the Bishop keenly felt.

LIKE AS A FATHER

And best of all, once more I paced the fields
With him whose love had made me long for God—
So good a Father that, needs-must, I sought
A better still, Father of him and me.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

HITHERTO we have followed Bishop Cassels in his relationship towards his "first child", as he once called the diocese in Western China, with the barest reference now and again to his family life. We have noted the birth of his children as God enriched his home, and we have recalled the poignant trial of separation from his loved ones inevitably imposed upon him by the exigencies of his missionary calling. Though at first he had been enabled to leave his children at the China Inland Mission schools in Chefoo, and thus occasionally see them when duty called him to the coast—he had, as they grew up, been under the necessity either of leaving them at home in England or of sending them there, as opportunity offered. This was, of course, nothing beyond the common lot of all missionaries, and of many a Government official, but that fact did not lessen the pain and trial from both sides. The problem of the home is inevitably one of the problems which cuts the human heart of the missionary in its most vital and tender spot.

In the midst of all those multitudinous labours and wider fellowships, of which we have sought to speak, there had been those tuggings of the heart-strings in

all that related to the sacred claims and insistent demands of the home, for home it still was though most of the loved inmates were scattered far away. It was still the centre whither their thoughts travelled and whence his letters and messages of love were sent forth to the ends of the earth. Open as the Bishop's home ever was to a wide and gracious hospitality, it must, like every home, have its shut door to shelter the sanctities and lovely intimacies of family affection. It has been truly said that :

Not to unveil before the gaze
Of an imperfect sympathy
In aught we are, is the sweet praise
And the main sum of modesty.

It is because certain members of the family trust to the sympathy of the readers of this *Life*, that we are able to include a number of letters addressed by the Bishop as a father to his children when they were scattered abroad. It is not our purpose to intrude any editorial comment beyond what may be essential to link the letters together, but rather to let them speak for themselves with all their parental affection.

In introducing them we cannot do better than quote part of the covering letter which accompanied them, written by the Bishop's eldest daughter, Mrs. Bruce, who, during later years, has been working with her father in the Western China Diocese.

I have [she writes] been looking through my letters from Mother and Father, and send a selection from each. . . . They give insight into Father's everyday life, and also, in spite of his concentration on his work, into his thought and care for us.

My parents' letters to me—when I was far away from them, as I have often said—were a very strong chain in keeping me near the Lord. Their trust in us, their love and prayer for us, and sympathy, bound us to them very closely. And when



THE BISHOP'S CHILDREN.

This group was taken about 1864, and shows the whole family, apart from the eldest son, Frank, who died in Shanghai in 1864.

To face page 256.

God's love seemed unreal their love was sure, and though distant one knew they would be very sad if we did anything displeasing to the Lord.

Again, their patient, self-sacrificing lives out here were always an incentive and inspiration to me. My Father was always my ideal of a *man*—physically strong and courageous and sportsmanlike—mentally not only using his whole mind for the good of his work, but interested in many things, ready to read to us in the evenings, and anxious that we should help him to keep his mind open to general literature. Spiritually, his prayers were never in ruts, but always fresh and helpful. He taught us to bring everyday things to God, and also to have broad sympathies. He truly worshipped God with deep humility and awe—as well as regarding Him as a Friend and Adviser. The words “We bow at Thy feet”, or “We cast ourselves at Thy feet”, were expressions of this.

Perhaps even more than his prayers, his real devotion to the Lord Jesus made a deep impression on me. This was the key-note of his life. All his work, his zeal and self-sacrifice were out of a burning love for the Lord. He has said to me more than once, “The test of any man's reality is, has he love for the Lord”.

The few years I spent at home after I was nineteen were very happy ones. I was able to be a companion to him, to travel with him and thus relieve the loneliness of his long and trying journeys. I helped him with a few letters, statistics and accounts, and some odd jobs in those days. This was a great joy to me, and he on his part dragged himself away from his work to take some exercise for my sake. He also took a little relaxation in the way of lighter literature to be able to criticise it with me.

My Father's care still followed me after my marriage, and his prayers for our home, and his grandchildren, every time he came over for a meal, were very wonderful, and we always felt he brought them right into the Lord's presence.

With these intimate words from his eldest daughter by way of introduction, we shall now quote from the Bishop's letters to his children.

SHANGHAI, *January 16th*, 1906.—We have studied this [their school report] with thankfulness, and are glad you did so well in geography, etc., and had a good report for conduct, which is the chief thing of all. . . .

We shall probably be starting West on Monday, February 5th, and then you will be longer again without getting any letter from us, and we shall be longer without your letters, and our hearts will be torn again by losing Gracie and Dorrie [going to Chefoo], poor little girlies !

s.s. *Ta Yuen*, above HANKOW, *February 12th*, 1906.—The last letters we had were written from Penarth, and we were sorry that you, Jessie, had not gone to Croydon in time to hear the Oratorio at the Albert Hall—a chance that you may not have again. You will now, I suppose, be well on into the new term at school, and I trust that you are both doing well.

Oh, dear children, we long that you should overcome all temptation, and be drawn to love and serve the Lord Jesus more and more truly. Do avoid all evil companions and all hurtful things, and keep close to the Saviour. Remember your prayers and try and get some daily teaching from the Bible. Respect and obey your teachers, and never deceive them. Try to help each other to do right.

The following letter is of considerable value giving, as it does, a detailed account of the Bishop's and Mrs. Cassels' daily life.

September 18th, 1906.—My dearest Children, my plan of writing to you a little each evening has been broken into. The reason is the old one—time has failed.

We have our evening meal at about 6.45; then follow English evening prayers. At about 7.30 P.M. I have to go to work with a teacher who cannot come at any other time. He is helping me with the revision of the Chinese Prayer Book. We generally work on till nearly 9.30 P.M. Then I have to reckon up the day's accounts with my servant, who pays out money for all sorts of things. This takes me over a quarter of an hour, which brings it to nearly 10 o'clock. By that time I have to clear up the work on my table and have my own evening prayers, so as to get away from my study at 10.30. So unless I work later, which in the hot weather is not easy, there is no time for writing then. So you have not had my daily letter for some time.

To-night I am writing later than usual. Would you like to know how our day is passed ?

Hot water and tea are brought to us at 6 o'clock each morning and we get up. I generally leave the bedroom at about 6.45 after reading *Daily Light* and a little prayer with Mother.

Before going to my study for quiet I often have to see what workmen or servants are doing. The gong goes for Chinese prayer at 7.20, when the servants and any others about the place go into the room which is now turned into a Chapel for their own quiet prayers until 7.30. Then I come in (or else the Catechist, Mr. Hu, who helps me, or any one else who is leading prayers). There is prayer, singing of a hymn, and a little reading and exposition of Scripture. This lasts till nearly 8, say 7.50.

The breakfast bell goes at 8 o'clock. After breakfast we have what we call "Children's Prayers". I ask Harold something about the Children's Scripture Union portion which he has been reading to Linda before breakfast. He and Linda repeat the verse they have learned, we have a children's hymn and a short prayer.

Then the Chinese barber plaits my hair, which is still so short that it has to be done every day to keep it together. [He was wearing Chinese dress.]

By 9 o'clock Miss Maclaren, who lives at the Ladies' house, is here, and I go and dictate letters to her for a time—half an hour or an hour it may be. Then I generally have work for my Chinese writer and assistant, Mr. Hu,—Chinese letters to be read and answered, documents to give him to copy, and some matters to consult him about. All sorts of other matters turn up to be attended to, and all sorts of people to be seen, and the morning soon goes—all too soon.

Our noon-prayer is at 12.10 P.M. We now have it in what we call "the Chapel", a room which used to be the dispensary when the Hospital was here, but was made into a Chapel for the Training Institute. It is a nice quarter of an hour. We often begin by singing, while kneeling :

Jesus stand among us
In Thy risen power :
Let this time of worship
Be a hallowed hour.

According to my scheme we pray each day for—

One of the China Dioceses.

One of the Rural Deaneries in this Diocese.

The Gleaners' Union subject.

The C.I.M. provinces scheme and other special and general subjects.

We also have another hymn, and sometimes a short Psalm for the day.

Dinner is at 12.30. After that—well, during the extreme heat it was necessary to rest a little, and I used to look at a paper or magazine until I dozed. Then there were my letters to be read and signed and put up, stamped, weighed, addressed, sent to the Post Office or else sent off by some special messenger. This is no small matter when you have the number of letters I have. For instance, twenty-two have been put up and sent off to-day, and in a drawer there are nineteen more (circulars) which must be stamped and sent off to-morrow.

Afternoon tea is at 3.30, and I generally try to get people who want to see me to come either then (for missionaries) or soon after (for others). For instance, yesterday I had Mr. Hannah for an hour, then Miss Barclay for another, also a visit from the new magistrate, who is just going to Pachow, and others.

Other work it is hard to record. For instance, to-day I have been arranging rooms for the Training Institute which begins early in October; drawing up a programme for a Clerical Conference which we are to have at Suiting in November; giving some work to a carpenter, arranging with a business man to cash me a cheque, preparing an address for the English service to-morrow.

Then at 6 o'clock, when it was getting dusk, I went out on my pony for a little ride down by the river, returning at 6.30 to get ready for supper at 6.45. The rest I have already told you. And now being 11.15 P.M. I must go to bed. Good-night, dear children.

P.S.—You are all now back at work again, I suppose. Work hard and do your best. Set your face against all that is wrong, untrue or unholy. Obey your teachers, and above all, fear the Lord and love Him Who has loved you so.

October 19th, 1906.—My dearest Children—It is now about time to write you a letter to reach you at Christmas. . . . It will be the second you have had in England without us. . . . There is nothing to be got here in Paoning worth sending home, and I am not able to work you an antimacassar, or paint you a text, or make you a picture frame, etc.! But I have asked Messrs. D. & S. to send you some stamps and postcards, and a little money order each, which may be useful if not ornamental! I have also asked them to send a fountain pen to Auntie Bertha for Christmas. How much we owe her for her kindness to you!

February 15th, 1907.—My dear Jessie—It is a long time since I have written to you. I was only at home for about a

fortnight at Christmas, and then away again for a month, and it was really impossible to write while I was travelling and visiting stations. . . . Our hearts go out to you very much, dear girl, and we daily pray for you. We greatly enjoy your letters and they come regularly. As to your future, I have written frequently that you would find living here very dull unless you had some definite work on which your heart was set. If anything was really laid on you by God, and you were sure of being called to it, that would be different. You must pray to God saying: "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?"

October 11th, 1907.—My dearest Jessie— . . . And now you will be back at school again, and by the time this reaches you the term will be drawing to a close. I find one has to live in three different periods—(1) The period at which your letters were written; (2) The period at which I am writing to you; (3) The period at which my letters will reach you. So just now I have to picture you, on the one hand, at Sutton-on-Sea walking about the shore, bathing or making little expeditions with Cecil and the others. On the other hand, I have to think of you as just having begun your new term and new year at school with the difficulties, which you generally find, of getting into things at the beginning of the term. And yet once again, I have to think of you as being well through the term and passing examinations, and looking forward to the holidays. Time and space are things which are largely comparative. It is said that we are annihilating them in these days, but, at any rate, we are re-arranging their proportions.

C.M.S., MIENCHOW, *February 16th, 1908.*—My dearest Jessie—Auntie Bertha will have told you that I wrote to her to say that I had received a telegram from the Church Missionary Society with the word "Come". So we have decided to go home via Siberia! Think of it!

The next few letters refer to the Bishop's visit to England to attend the Pan-Anglican Congress and the Lambeth Conference.

TIENTSIN, *May 6th, 1908.*—My dear Jessie—We arrived here from Peking to-day at noon, and found Gracie and Dorrie awaiting us. To-morrow and Friday we have with them, and on Saturday we have to start for Harbin. . . . Then there are ten days to Moscow. . . .

MOSCOW, *May 22nd*, 1908.—My dearest Jessie—We reached here late last night or rather 2.30 this morning. After our *café au lait* this morning our letters were brought to us, and we were delighted to hear from you and Cecil. . . . There is not time now to tell you much about our journey. Thank God, all has gone well and we are in good health. The scenery on the line was very interesting in many places, especially near Lake Baikal, the highest lake in the world, and crossing the Ural mountains.

FULHAM PALACE, *June 15th*, 1908.—My dear Jessie—Mother has gone to the Albert Hall to-night, but I have stayed at home to write letters. This is my eleventh.

I returned from Auckland Castle on Saturday. While there I had another attack of fever, and was confined to bed, so missing a good deal of the intercourse with the large number of Bishops who were gathered there.

On Monday we went to Westminster Abbey to the first service, and at night came here. I much enjoyed the service at the Abbey. The 51st Psalm was first sung by the Precentor and Choir very slowly in procession, and then we had the Litany, etc. It was suitable to begin with a service of humiliation and supplication.

At the Abbey door we met your Uncle Herbert, and in the afternoon Uncle James, who are both over from Portugal. To-day they both lunched with me, and Uncles John and Walter also came. Five of us together! A most unusual meeting. [See page 272.]

The following letter from Mrs. Cassels will supplement what the Bishop wrote :

FULHAM PALACE, *June 19th*, 1908.—My darling Jessie.—Every day is literally packed with engagements, and the only chance of writing is to stay at home from one of the meetings. . . . We went to Lord Strathcona's garden party last Monday. His place is at Knebworth in Hertfordshire. About seven thousand people were present. . . . Yesterday the Bishop of London had a garden party here. About six thousand were invited and came. The Bishop is so kind and good. He is greatly beloved by everybody. To-morrow we go to Windsor. I wish you could come to. We are going to the Prince and Princess of Wales' garden party, too, at Marlborough House on the 25th. We are invited to the Lord Mayor's dinner party on July 1st. I think I shall refuse as it is a full dress party.

Once again we return to the Father's letters.

NATIONAL CLUB, *Monday afternoon*.—My dear Jessie—I was going to send you ten shillings for yourself, but I now send through D. and S. thirty shillings, so that you will have £1 for your travelling expenses. Is that enough?

I am also sending you a little watch. I am sorry that there has not been time to regulate it. That must be done later. God bless you. I trust you will have a happy birthday.

We have just been presented to the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace, and now I have another meeting.

After returning to China, when travelling up the Yangtze, the Bishop wrote a rather humorous letter with reference to a relative, who, as a suffragette, came within reach of the arm of the law.

S.S. KWEILEE, *April 1909*.—My dear Jessie—Aunt Bee seems to have taken the trouble to copy out these letters for your special edification.

H—— has become a martyr whose name will go down to posterity along with that of Grace Darling and Joan of Arc, and many another heroine! It was for the sake of the suffering and sweated women of England that she did the deed which will henceforth ring out in history. Marching with a band of other maidens from Caxton Hall they persistently harassed the anxious police, who were despicably defending the slavish House of Parliament from the valiant attack of these heroines. Six times they came on. (Thermopylae, hide your diminished head! Balaclava, be never mentioned again after this!)

No helmets daunted them. No base suggestions to "move on" quenched their deathless ardour. "To win or die in the attempt" was their cry. Until at last, so I gather from the papers, two kindly police suggested that they must go with them. The magistrate "bound them over to keep the peace". To keep the peace! But that would have been to break the solemn resolve made in Caxton Hall. No, never! It is the prison that is my goal. Then will my fame be won. Then will the deed be done. Then will my name be enshrined among the immortals. And so to prison she went.

You, I suppose, are a convert to the cause. But there is this difference. H—— writes affectionate letters to her parents and longs to see them. You have forgotten all about those letters that you were to have written your Father, and his existence seems to have faded from your mind! He pines for letters,

but none come, and after ten days' silence, from March 16th to 26th, a solitary card is all you can find time for ! Alas !

The letters which follow were written during furlough necessitated by the heavy strain the Bishop had endured during the Revolution.

WARE, HERTS, *October 10th, 1912.*—Dearest Girl—So nice to get your letter. . . . My view about the passage, "My Father worketh, etc." has been that there were different aspects of the "working". In general God rested from Creation, but not from oversight and control.

Dear Girl, the chief thing is to retain strong faith and burning love to the Lord. Otherwise, I am glad for you to know the views of others. I like that passage in 1 Thessalonians v. which bids us to "test and try things that differ and select the best". It runs : "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

In October 1912, Mrs. Cassels wrote about the Bishop to her daughter :

The Doctor advises him "to retire into some obscure and unknown land to be assured of the absolute rest which is essential". Where is this place to be found ? and what will it cost to get there and live there for the appointed time ?

Part of the much-needed rest was secured through a short visit to Switzerland, when he acted as Chaplain.

LENK, BERNER-OBERLAND, *February 9th, 1913.*—I have decided to remain here over Wednesday . . . which is the day appointed for special intercession for the guidance of Government. . . . On Thursday we hope to go on to Adelboden. On Friday I did some skating, and had one or two short walks with Mother, which she enjoyed. . . . It is, indeed, a lovely day, and we feel very thankful to God for allowing us this treat. The snow soon falls off the trees, but it remains a beautiful pure carpet everywhere else. . . . How often we wish we could have you all with us here. How much you would enjoy it. Certainly it ought to do us a great deal of good. It is such a treat to have this beautiful pure air and bright sunshine.

I think it has done dear Mother good already. She walks better than I have known her to do before. As I look back over the past years I see how gracious the Lord has been to her, and how much better she is than she was.

The last of these letters to his children that we can quote is undated, but evidently relates to a later date when his daughter was in China.

AN INN, 70 LI FROM SUITING, *Friday night*.—My dear Jessie—I write specially to say that I hope you will by now be in a position to send me the complete Diocesan statistics. . . . We have done two long stages of 120 or 110 li each day. . . . The weather has been pleasant, and fine, but rain is badly needed. . . .

I have read *Mankind and the Church*, all but the last section, which is a very stiff philosophical argument as to what Hindu pantheism has to teach the Christian Church in these materialistic days. That seemed too little interesting for me, and so I did not finish it.

The section on China was thin, but the sections on the contribution the negro race and the Japanese respectively have to offer to the Church were, I thought, excellent. . . . I am now reading *Chinese Characteristics*. I was disappointed with the first chapters. They are written from a narrow point of view, and do not show a very wide knowledge of the best side of the Chinese. They greatly exaggerate certain of their faults in an unsympathetic way. But further on the writer shows more sympathy and a deeper and a wider knowledge of the better side of the people. So I have read on with more interest than I had at first.

I often remember you all in prayer as I walk by the way or sit in my chair, and shall eagerly look for news.

In closing this chapter we cannot do better than let Mrs. Bruce—the Jessie of the letters—tell of days spent with her father upon the road in China, when freedom from the routine of the station permitted him to unbend and give himself more freely to the beautiful fellowship of father and daughter.

Some of the most delightful days of my life have been spent on the road with my Father. Once away from his study and the pressure of correspondence, he threw off some of his cares and enjoyed the change into the fresh country.

How thoughtful and careful he was of one on the road, how considerate about the smallest things; and not only for me, but for our servant and coolies it was just the same. One never wanted for aught that could make one's journey easier.

In preparation no detail was forgotten. Everything at home had been so arranged that no extra burden might be laid on Mother, and no extra trouble to any one if he met with sudden accident. An itinerary of his movements had been given to Mother and others, and with his way paved by prayer we started out. Then, once on the way—all business having to be temporarily left—he was able to realise and appreciate afresh the beauty and the wonder of the land to which he had come “to give his life”.

When the coolies put down the chair for their rest, Father would suggest a walk. Sometimes he would tell of what he had been reading; sometimes would discuss the road, the people and the scenes; or would be drawn into some deeper talk, and, at my request, tell me his views on “Heaven” or “Baptism”, or any such-like thing.

Then, always feeling a strain at walking up steep hills, he would get on old Dobbin and ride up the mountain-side, while I got into his big chair for a short time.

At dinner, possibly at some market inn, when crowds of men gathered to see the foreign woman, he would ride old Dobbin round my chair, making his bells ring, or disperse the crowd with some humorous jest.

Then, after the hasty meal, on we went again until, stiff with sitting, or cold and tired, he would ask if I was ready for another walk; and gladly we tramped on, discussing all we saw and how near we were to our night’s inn. At dusk, as the weary coolies made their last effort into the friendly inn, I found that he had sent his servant on to sweep and tidy up my room, and all my wants were first supplied, regardless of his weariness.

After supper came the never-to-be-forgotten prayers, and when I had retired, prayer with the servant, his diary and any urgent letters written.

Next day, called up by him at dawn, off we went again through the silent streets and misty fields.

One day a chairman hurt his leg and vowed he could and would go no further, but when, with ointment and bandage, the wound was comfortingly dressed, and some jest made to cheer him, the man seemed strangely better, and found that he could, after all, manage to carry.

Another day the rain poured unceasingly, and as we splashed and slipped and waded on, only Father’s cheerful talk and determined will got us to our destination long after dark that night. Or when the rushing, rising river came to view and all the men agreed that no one could cross that day, somehow—

I cannot say how—the chairs were taken head-high across the torrent after all ; or somewhere a boat was found, and with the help of all, and Father's most, was brought safely to land the other side.

Another night an inquisitive and roughish crowd thronged round my room, on some small road ; they seemed to peer in on every side. But Father gathered them round him next door, and with tracts and texts preached to them until the coolies made them go, saying he needed to eat and rest.

Again, one day brigands would be on the road, and fear on the faces of all, but, nothing daunted, Father would press on. He had his work to do, he said to us, and unmolested they let us by.

Dangers by flood, when, with sudden rise of water, all the houses below him were swept away in the night ; dangers by fire, when the straw huts almost next door to the inn caught fire ; dangers of precipices, when his man and half his load were sent hurtling down the mountain-side by some landslip ; dangers of robbers, who next door planned their evil work ; dangers of sickness and accident were all met in the same undaunted way ; and because he was in the path of his work, he came unflinchingly through them all.

And so on, through the thronging villages filled with jostling crowds. "How many here have heard the Gospel?" he would say. "How few among the teeming millions in this province have seen 'The Light.' How *can* one rest?"

On nearing the arrival at a station, Father would talk of problems in that place—recent developments, recent disappointments—and his face would show his preparation for all that would meet him there.

There was always at least one friend, Chinese or foreign, to meet him, and with earnest talk and arrangements to be made for every moment of the time, we soon arrived.

The warmest greetings, the preparations, the meetings and services, the prayer, the look of "A Vision of God" that marked the times before and during the Confirmation Services are very vivid, and can never fade. The "Anointing" which he prayed for on the Confirmation candidates was the most sacred and holy time of all for him and them, but that intense fire was only obtained by prayer and fasting, and left its mark. Sometimes with gladness and sometimes with sadness he left the station, but whichever it was his face seemed to say "This one thing I do, I press toward the mark, our conversation is in Heaven".

THE HOME

Blessèd the natures shored on every side
With landmarks of hereditary thought !

Loving those roots that feed us from the past,
And prizing more than Plato things I learned
At that best academe, a mother's knee.

J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

BEFORE we continue the story of the Bishop's labours we may still linger for a while longer around the domestic hearth, and as no one can speak with the same familiarity and authority as a member of the family on these things we add here some recollections from another daughter, Miss Grace Cassels.

Children of missionaries are not privileged to experience many years of home life during childhood. Too soon demands of health and education on their part, conflicting with the claims of their parent's work, necessitate long periods of separation. Yet perhaps for this very reason the spells of home life they do enjoy stand out the more vividly in the memory because cherished and dwelt on when the reality was denied them.

One's earliest recollections chiefly centre round one's Mother. One constantly saw her then, surrounded by Chinese women, but with all their claims on her she still found time to supervise our little lessons. One remembers such things as the story books she read to us—particularly *Pilgrim's Progress*—the children's hymns she taught us, the daily verse of a Psalm we repeated to her every morning, and evening prayers at her knee. Then there were the serious illnesses she nursed us through safely, unaided by medical advice, for there was none

to be had in those days, and her only resources were prayer and the directions of some family medical book.

The eldest of the family had the privilege of seeing more of Father as a little child than the rest of us, for after his consecration his many episcopal duties kept him more tied to his study than formerly.

One's clearest early recollections of him centre round his habit of prayer, and to the last this characteristic strongly impressed us. I remember my childish wonder when he did not appear at meals one day, and I was told, on asking why, that he was using the time for prayer. Again there stands out in memory the joyful day when he returned home safely to us after being in the wreck of the steamer *Sui Hsiang*. Four of us, between the ages of six and four, lined up and repeated to him Psalm xxxiv., which we had just learnt. He quoted again, "This poor man cried and the Lord heard him and saved him out of all his troubles". "That was I", he told us, before we knelt and he gave thanks for his restoration to us.

Another picture of the family at prayer comes back to mind. The scene is the Yangtze, a few years later. The water is rushing into our wrecked house-boat which is tilted up at a sharp angle against the rock we have struck. We kneel round the table, and Father commits us all to the Heavenly Father's care. Again, "when we cried unto the Lord in our trouble, He delivered us out of our distress".

But it was not only in times of great emotion, times of danger, of parting or reunion that we knew Father was a man of prayer, but also in daily home life. Living at home, latterly, as an adult, one could appreciate his continual freshness, fervour, spontaneity and deep humility in prayer. There was no monotony about his prayers, and simplicity was coupled with dignity of language. Nothing was too unimportant to be a subject of prayer. All the details of a day's occupations would be brought to God. It was characteristic of his balanced mind that confession and petition blended in just proportion with worship and thanksgiving. When depressed by some set-back in the work or burdened by some difficult problem, Father often began prayer with the *Sursum Corda*, and one felt the rolling away of burdens in his voice with the words "Lift up your hearts. Let us give thanks unto our Lord God."

Another feature of home life was the ceaseless activity of both my parents. Mother was often on her feet from morning till night, hardly sitting down for five minutes between meals unless listening to some poor Chinese woman pouring out her troubles into her sympathetic ear, or preparing for a class.

When at last she had quiet time to herself in the evening she would sit up late writing to her absent children, often falling asleep over the letters from sheer weariness.

Father also was a very strenuous worker. He hardly left his correspondence except for a short walk in the afternoon. If he were seen out of his study at any other time it would probably be in Mother's room trying to persuade her to rest, or inquiring how she was. Though he had a splendid constitution himself, and did not know what it meant to be ill, it was beautiful to see his great considerateness and chivalrous gentleness towards Mother. No one could exceed him in thoughtfulness for her. Mother herself suffered much at times from more than one complaint, but though she endured severe pain, sometimes for weeks or months, she refused to become a chronic invalid. The compelling forces that sustained her in her work to the end were love for her Lord and His service, and love for Father and desire to keep up for his sake, as he was always much distressed when she was confined to her room. Our parents never thought of lessening their work or taking life more easily as age began to creep over them and burdens grew heavier. They simply prayed more for strength to continue, and the atmosphere of home continued to the end to be one of strenuous courageous perseverance in work.

Although Father allowed himself almost no leisure he was not inaccessible to us when we sought his advice or help, but was ever glad to lay down his pen and give his full attention to our affairs. He would always listen sympathetically to the end without interrupting before expressing his opinion. He was shy and reserved in speech about matters that lay nearest his heart, but his few words were straight and simple and to the point. His advice to his eldest daughter when she first went to school, "Be true to the Lord Jesus and be loyal to your teachers", was typical of him as an old-fashioned Christian gentleman.

Though he was not one of those who talk for the sake of talking, if we succeeded in drawing him out in reminiscences, we would be well rewarded by the stories he could tell. Father had the charity that is "Slow to expose" (Moffat's translation). When others criticised people he would be silent, and when he himself was subject to criticism he would take it silently and humbly. One realised the true dignity and big-mindedness of his attitude in these ways.

While his work obliged him to spend so many months of the year away from home (it has been reckoned that he spent ten years out of his forty in China riding in a sedan chair), yet

he was not a man to whom the excitement and change of travel appealed more than the comforts and peace and regularity of home life. It was his greatest happiness (when his work did not call him away) to be at home with his wife and with some of his children round him, and it was a great joy to him that God had called three¹ of us to come back to Szechwan to share in his work.

¹ Mrs. Bruce (Jessie), Miss Grace Cassels and Mrs. Houghton (Dorothy), and his eldest son living, Cecil, is in H.M. Consular Service in China.

[For some additional Personal letters—letters from Bishop Cassels to his wife—see Appendix.]

I much enjoyed the
service at the Abbey
The 51st Psalm was for
song by the Precentor &
choir very slowly in procession
& then we had the Litany &c.

It was scintillating to
begin with a service of
Summation & Supplication
at the Abbey door we
met your Uncle Herbert,
& in the afternoon Uncle
James, who are both
new from Coptham

with me and Uncle
John & Walter also came,
5 of us altogether! a
most unusual meeting.

I trust you are well
dear girl & getting on with
your examination work.

Our address here is
simply Fulham Palace.
London S. W.

God bless you! Much love.
Your loving Father

W. Cassels

Today they both lunch

PART VI
BISHOP IN WESTERN CHINA
(THE REVOLUTION AND AFTER)

That I may have whereof to glory in the day of Christ, that I did not run in vain, neither labour in vain.

Yea, and if I am offered upon the sacrifice and service of your faith, I joy and rejoice with you all : and in the same manner do ye also joy and rejoice with me.—ST. PAUL.

THE REVOLUTION

“ I will not leave you comfortless : I come to you.” These words have been fulfilled at each crisis in the progress of the Church, and we believe that they are being fulfilled still. . . . The history of Christendom, up to the Reformation, falls into four periods of nearly equal length. The close of each period was followed by a time of danger and progress, of suffering and new birth, and each reveals to us the presence of Christ.—BISHOP WESTCOTT.

WITH the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty and the bringing in of the Republic, China and all connected therewith entered into a new period of history. In the story of the West China Diocese we have met occasional or sporadic troubles ; these were, henceforth, so far as Bishop Cassels' régime is concerned, to be perennial. The masterful rule of the famous Empress Dowager Tsu Hsi closed with her death, and the simultaneous decease of the Emperor Kwang Hsü in November 1908. In the two following years respectively the New Provincial and National Assemblies met for the first time, but the nation was not prepared for a steady constitutional development. In October 1911 the long-planned and carefully organised revolution suddenly overthrew the Manchu rule and ushered in the new era. But the hoped-for millennium did not suddenly appear. From that time onward up to the date at which we write China's path was to be amid the whirlwind and the storm and the end is not yet.

For sixteen years Bishop Cassels had exercised his episcopal duties under the old régime, and for another

fourteen he was to know the new order or disorder as it might well be called. The period of his life's story upon which we now enter was a time of increasing peril and perplexity, and in this chapter we shall see how the revival of 1910 was followed by troubles on every hand. Long before the actual storm of revolution broke there had been many serious and ominous premonitory outbreaks, and the words which brought Bishop Cassels constant refreshment through these days of anxiety were :

The Lord sitteth upon the water-floods,
The Lord remaineth a King for ever.
The Lord shall give strength to His people ;
The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace.

For some months before the actual revolution burst, Szechwan had been in a state of unrest. The anti-dynastic spirit of the Canton province was being felt, the dispute over the delimitation of the Yunnan and Burma border was causing irritation, excessive taxation was provoking the people, and lastly there came a provincial uprising against the use of foreign loans in the building of railways. Public offices were looted, police stations attacked, prisons broken open, wealthy pawnshops robbed, until a spirit of fear seized the people and even some responsible foreigners. This was a time of overwhelming labours and heart-breaking anxiety to the Bishop, who was concerned, not for his own personal welfare, but lest panic should overtake some of the workers. With his own heart stayed upon God and his natural courage fortified by his strong sense of duty, he became as a rock in the midst of a storm.

While keeping himself informed by reports from the stations and by instructions received from the British Consul-General at Chengtu, he for a time undertook

the laborious task of sending out daily bulletins to the workers under him urging them to find their strength in quietness and confidence. Unhappily, a subordinate Government official persuaded a missionary—not in the diocese—to send out a telegram to certain stations which created locally something in the nature of a panic. This pained the Bishop beyond measure, and he laboured both in prayer and correspondence to maintain or restore calm as the case might be.

As early as September 3, 1911, five or six weeks before the real revolution broke, he said, “ I have had to write nearly four hundred letters since the outburst of the unrest ”. From a pile of correspondence before us all dealing with this period we can only select a few paragraphs from one or two of his circular letters sent out during September to illustrate his sympathetic watchful care.

PAONING, *9th September 1911*.—Though I cannot give you any fresh information, still I am anxious to write ; on the one hand, to express my deep and prayerful sympathy with you all at this time of anxiety ; and on the other hand, to utter an earnest warning against anything that would at all partake of panic.

After twenty-six years of experience of things in China, I venture to say that we have generally been too easily disturbed by rumours and unrest. Wisdom and watchfulness are needed, but our strength is in quietness and confidence, rather than in any hasty action, or in any undue efforts to provide for our own safety without considering the needs of the Church.

PAONING, *11th September 1911*.—I write once again to endeavour to express my deep sympathy with you in the anxieties through which you are passing. I also wish to thank you for kindly keeping me informed of what is going on in your station. . . .

With regard to ourselves, I am most anxious that it should be borne in mind that it is most probable that God is going to use this agitation for the extension of His Kingdom and the advancement of the Church. The Taiping rebellion and the Boxer outbreak played their part towards the breaking down

of idolatry, the shaking of old foundations and in making the preparation for the setting up of God's Kingdom. This new agitation may carry the work a great deal further. I would urge then that as far as possible we may be on the look out for the opportunities that God will be giving us for witnessing for Him at this time, in what, we cannot yet say.

Arrangements may have to be made for the sick, weak and the young to be removed from the places where they will encounter much agitation and turmoil. But I earnestly trust that for the rest of us we shall be able to remain at our posts. . . . If I do not in every case write individual letters, I trust that you will be assured that you are on my heart and are remembered in prayer. May God be with you and guide you.

PAONING, *16th September 1911.*—The weak, the sick and the young ought always, of course, to receive our earnest consideration. [The Bishop had one case much in mind, viz. the Rev. C. F. E. Davis, who was in a serious state at this time and died shortly afterwards.] But we cannot forget that the matter of the first importance is our witness for the Lord in this land, and we must consider how best we can help the converts, and build up the Church at this time. The walls of Jerusalem were built in troublous times. That is prophetic of the work of the Church in all days and is not to be regarded as strange.

The value of such letters to isolated workers cannot be over-estimated. Confidence in a leader inspires confidence in the follower, and many a worker in lonely and less-informed stations was helped by the strong, sympathetic and sane counsel continually received.

But worse was yet to come. The storm of the Railway League with their train-bands of armed men seemed to be passing away when suddenly the news of the revolution, precipitated in Mid-China before all plans were fully matured, came like a clap of thunder upon Szechwan in common with many other parts of China. Almost immediately the Central Government ceased to function and general anarchy threatened. In Szechwan most of the smaller cities fell into the hands of brigand chiefs, many of the officials were killed,

including the Viceroy Chao and the High Commissioner for Railways, H. E. Tuan Fang, who had saved the lives of many missionaries in 1900.

It at once became evident to the Bishop that a more dangerous situation had arisen, and in his circular letters which were recommenced he wrote accordingly. Whilst strenuously opposed to retreat he recognised from the first the heavy responsibility of leaving ladies alone in their stations, and these were gradually withdrawn into the central stations, and as the situation became worse and consular instructions more insistent he began to make preparations for some to retire to the coast. It is interesting in the midst of this time of stress to get a glimpse of the Bishop himself, and this is afforded us by one of his personal letters to Bishop Talbot written on the anniversary of their Consecration.

PAONING, *St. Luke's Day*, 1911.—I have not written to you since your translation to Winchester, but I followed with much interest what I saw in the papers about it. Hitherto my chief interests have all been in Southwark, but the diocese will be a colder place for me now, and I, with others, shall miss you there.

For once I am at home on *St. Luke's Day*. The unrest has made it necessary for me to remain at my centre. I shut myself in this morning from distractions and letters, and took the opportunity of seeking for stimulus and teaching, as well as fellowship with you, by reading a sermon from "Aspects of Christian Truth".

As the state of anarchy became more serious the Consul-General at length insisted on the missionaries leaving their stations. This was the last thing the Bishop had purposed for himself, and that he might remain he had laid in stores and silver, but at length the strain became too great and the responsibility more than he felt able to bear, and so by New Year's Day, 1912, the Bishop and a company of missionaries—there

being thirty ladies and a number of children—set off down river in half a dozen boats which had to run the gauntlet of brigand bands infesting the banks.

When on the river he wrote :

I had been writing round to the deserted stations saying that I hoped to visit them ere long, and had up till then done all I could to prevent others leaving, and now I am leaving myself! It was a terrible trial, but I had endeavoured to follow what leading I had, and earnestly and insistently prayed up to the last that God would allow me to remain if it was not against His blessed Will.

Somewhat later, when nearing Ichang, he wrote again :

It was almost heart-breaking to go away, and all the way down I have regretted deeply having to leave.

A few of the men missionaries had been able to remain, and at Suiting practically the whole staff were able to continue undisturbed.

Upon arrival in Shanghai, Mrs. Cassels with a number of other missionaries left for England, but Bishop Cassels remained behind hoping to return to Szechwan shortly after the Anglican Conference which was held in April. It was at this Conference that the Constitution and Canons of the General Synod of the Anglican Church in China were adopted, and the first meeting of that General Synod fixed for April 1915.

But much as the Bishop yearned to be back in Szechwan, and had made all necessary purchases in preparation for his journey, this was not to be. At first the British Minister and the Consuls were opposed to any missionaries returning West. Then came a cable from the Church Missionary Society in London urging his return to England, and lastly his own health demanded change, for after the long months of responsibility and strain there had followed a painful state of

depression with even temporary periods of melancholy. Acting, therefore, on medical advice he, with his eldest daughter, left Shanghai for England by the Siberian route, the home country being reached on June 1.

It was during this enforced visit to England that the Bishop and Mrs. Cassels had the great joy of a little united family life, their children being with them not only in Gloucestershire, but also at Balmacara, as the guests of Lord Blythwood. And it was during this furlough that the Bishop and Mrs. Cassels visited Switzerland for a brief holiday, as already mentioned in the letters to his children. It may also be recorded that prior to leaving Shanghai the Bishop's eldest daughter had applied to and been accepted by the China Inland Mission, and during this furlough she went for special preparation to St. Christopher's College, Blackheath, her hope being to take charge of the Girls' School in Paoning, which had recently suffered the loss of its Principal by the death of Miss Aldis from typhoid fever.

The strained condition of the Bishop's health made it imperative that this furlough should be prolonged, much to his regret.

For myself [he wrote on the last day of 1912] I have to say with a big lump in my throat that I have at last yielded to the pressure which has been brought to bear upon me, and have postponed my departure for China. Mr. Hoste was one of the first to press this upon me, but since then many others have also taken the same line, and so I have been turned from my purpose, which was to return at once.

The delay, however, enabled him to meet many friends of the work and to further some of the undertakings he had much at heart, such as the Hostel in Chengtu, the Theological College at Paoning, and the formation of a Committee of Help with Canon Barnes-

Lawrence as Chairman. It was also during this time that the Chinese Government made its sensational appeal for prayer, about which the Bishop wrote an article for the *Church Missionary Review*.

It was not until the late autumn of 1913 that the Bishop and Mrs. Cassels with their eldest daughter were able to return to China, Shanghai being reached on December 9.

THE NEW CHURCH

Then said Christian to the Porter :

“ Sir, what House is this ? ”

The Porter answered :

“ This House was built by the Lord of the hill,
And He built it for the relief and security of Pilgrims.”

JOHN BUNYAN.

DURING the greater part of Bishop Cassels' absence at home the building of the new Church at Paoning had been going forward, the dimensions and many other details having to be determined apart from him. All arrangements were in the hands of a Building Committee composed of Chinese and foreigners with Mr. George Rogers as superintendent of the actual work of construction. Nearly a thousand trees had been bought and transported to the site after exciting adventures amid flooded rivers ; tens of thousands of bricks had been burned and quantities of stone secured, but after operations had commenced they were for a time suspended by reason of the chaotic state of the country.

The long exposure of unprotected material to heavy rains and blazing suns entailed heavy loss, for prices for new supplies meantime soared. But as the strong man rejoices in the race so the ardent workers at Paoning found new zest with each added difficulty. No pains were spared to secure a worthy building, and no precautions were neglected to prevent accident. With his own hands Mr. Rogers secured the scaffolding, often working at perilous heights with an anxious

wife watching below. The edifice was planned on a somewhat larger scale than the Bishop had anticipated, but subsequent events fully justified this enterprise. It was a remarkable and gratifying fact, prophetic, it was hoped, of spiritual realities, that long before the building was completed it was looked upon locally as the only safe place during periods of fighting, the officials and people alike seeking refuge under the shelter of the unfinished structure. The very courage of the builders who builded in such troublous times inspired hope and confidence in others.

But we must return to Bishop and Mrs. Cassels at Shanghai, which port they reached early in December 1913. The Bishop had returned full of high hopes for the future, and had in so doing declined a tempting offer which had been made to him at home, an offer which would have enabled him to use his unique experience for the extension of God's Kingdom abroad, and yet gather his children around him at a time when they were having to face all those problems of life which come with adolescence. But as he had declined the offer to succeed Bishop Moule in Mid-China, so after mature consideration he also declined the proposal of the Church Missionary Society that he should join their home staff. West China was his "first child", his first love, and he would not be turned aside.

The Bishop's letters to the Rev. C. C. B. Bardsley, then Honorary Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, and now Bishop of Peterborough, *re* this invitation are such a revelation of his single-eyed devotion that some extracts must be given. To give careful consideration to this subject he decided, instead of going on board his vessel at London, he would join it at Marseilles, and on the eve of departure he wrote as follows :

C.I.M. HOME, NEWINGTON GREEN, N.

5th November 1913.

MY DEAR BROTHER—Instead of the long letter I had contemplated, I must write only briefly. . . .

It would be a joy and an inspiration to work with you if, as I believe, you would be long-suffering and forbearing towards a weak brother.

My own powers I do greatly distrust, but if I may accept the judgment of Canon Barnes-Lawrence and Dr. Stock, I might perhaps (casting myself wholly upon the enabling grace of God) venture to attempt the work.

But the great field of China still fills my vision—every man seems needed, even the least of us. And the work of my diocese presses heavily upon me. . . .

As you know, we were turned out hurriedly at the Revolution and everything was left in disorder. I have now had a long absence, and ordinations, confirmations, organisations, etc. all are at a standstill

The only thing I can do is to postpone a final decision until I get on board the *Malwa* at Marseilles, and, if the elements will allow it, try to get a quiet day or two for earnest prayer that I may be guided aright.

If an immediate answer is required it must be that I cannot leave my diocese without clearer light.

But I do not wish to mistake any plan that the Lord may have for me or rather for *His Work*—for it is that I am concerned about.

Continue your prayers that God may be glorified in this matter.

With love in Christ, and praying that much blessing may attend your own labours.—I am, Yours very sincerely,

W. W. CASSELS,
Bishop.

P.S.—I have just read this to my wife who quite agrees to it all. She sends her warm remembrances to you and Mrs. Bardsley.

W. W. C.

P. & O.S.N. Co., s.s. MALWA,

10th November 1913.

MY DEAR BROTHER—Your letter of November 4th was delivered to me at Charing Cross on Thursday morning as the train was leaving.

There was no possibility of writing from Marseilles, so Port Said is the first place from which I can post a letter.

I need hardly say that I have given all the thought and prayer I could to the matter during these days.

Your letter and Dr. Stock's have moved me not a little, and if I could forget my diocese the decision would be easy. . . .

As to the diocese, I have tried to face the fact that I shall have to leave it some time sooner or later. I have tried to realise that some one else might do my work better, bringing new ideas and fresh vigour and other qualifications to the work. . . .

Then again it is pressed upon me that it is a bad time to make a change just now when things are rather disorganised. The proverb warns us against "swopping horses when crossing a stream", and seems to have an application to the present position in the diocese.

You will see that I am trying to consider the matter apart from my personal preferences. I mean my love for my diocese, with which I have been linked from the first. I hope I love it too well to stay on if it would be better for me to leave it.

But the conclusion to which I come again and again is that I have not sufficient light to lead me to give up China and my diocese. . . .

I do not know how I should face my fellow-workers, and less do I know how I should face the home churches, if I should leave China without the clearest light and the loudest call.

I do pray that God will bless and sustain you in your arduous labours and in your self-sacrificing devotion at home. I trust He will give you a glorious victory over the difficulties you allude to and I trust that He will raise up some far better man for the work at home if He is keeping me still in China.—
With much love in Christ, I am, Your affectionate brother,

W. W. CASSELS,
Bishop.

In the light of this correspondence and of his whole-hearted devotion to the work in West China, it will be realised with what keen and almost bitter disappointment he found, on arrival in Shanghai, a letter awaiting him, signed by a number of the C.I.M. workers in his diocese, which suggested a lack of confidence. To draw a veil over this unhappy episode would be more pleasing than to refer to it, but we are not writing fiction but a life. More than two years had elapsed since the

workers in the diocese had been scattered by the revolution, and many thousands of miles had separated the Bishop from his flock during the long, anxious and nerve-trying months which followed. This was more than time enough for the proverbial mole-hill to become a mountain, and for substantial fears to arise that the building of a pro-Cathedral foreshadowed ecclesiastical developments foreign to the simplicity of earlier days. Unhappily, some of the Bishop's best friends were, in an unguarded moment, beguiled into signing the letter drawn up by, to put it mildly, not the most prudent of the party. When it was too late they would have given their right hand to have been able to erase their signatures, but the letter with its painful implications had been despatched to await the Bishop's arrival. From things apparently insignificant serious misconceptions were in danger of arising, as an avalanche can be displaced by a whisper, or a city set in flames by a spark.

There is no doubt that had the Bishop foreseen this letter the whole current of his life would have been changed, for he frankly told one or two personal friends that had he known it before leaving England he would have regarded it as a providential indication that he was to accept the offer of the Church Missionary Society. Instead he now took the strong and manly course of visiting without delay the stations affected, with the result that misunderstandings speedily vanished as the mists do before the rising sun. The Bishop though strong, and possibly at times masterful—and what good work has ever been accomplished by weakness—could be humble even to tears if he felt that he had grieved or wounded any one.

In his first letter to his friends at home after his arrival in the diocese, he wrote :

Our return has not been without trials and difficulties, but the anticipation was far worse than the realisation, and we are surrounded with the loving-kindness of the Lord.

Without cherishing his sorrows he was speedily immersed in the duties that awaited him. In thirteen stations visited before he reached his home he had confirmed two hundred and six persons, had dedicated some new churches, and within a few weeks of reaching Paoning he had ordained to Deacon's and Priest's orders six Chinese and foreign candidates.

Then followed some arduous weeks of travelling to visit the C.M.S. stations in the West, these journeys being made more exacting than usual because of his desire to be back in time for a special mission to be held in Paoning by Rev. Ting Li-mei, who has been called the Moody of China.

Though I have for some days [he writes] been travelling one hundred and twenty li a day in order to get back for Pastor Ting's meetings, and though I was up at 4 o'clock this morning, yet I find it necessary to endeavour to do some letter writing at night lest I should be overwhelmed at the end of my journey.

One thing that had particularly pleased him during these early visits to the stations was the fact that some of the children brought to him for Baptism were "fourth generation Christians", that is to say, their parents, grandmother, and great-grandmother were all Christians, and were present at the service. This was a pleasing indication of the way in which the Gospel was taking root. There were other indications also revealed in matters of organisation and tangible structures, such as the formation of a Diocesan Synod and the progress of the new Church. Though the spiritual was ever first and foremost, the Bishop recognised in these outward and visible things signs of inward and spiritual grace, and it was, therefore, with unfeigned

thankfulness that he saw the new Church approaching completion. To him the building was a symbol, and to one who had watched the growth of the work from its small and difficult beginnings, and like a nurse had cherished it as his own child, how could it be otherwise?

Anxious that the Church in the West should be closely knit to the Church of God in other parts of China he had urged Bishop Roots, his nearest episcopal neighbour, to come and preach a series of sermons in connection with the opening of the new building, although this entailed a journey of some fifteen hundred miles and an expenditure of two months of valuable time. To Bishop Roots this at first seemed impossible, but a fuller consideration of all the issues involved, together with the encouragement of his Council of Advice, caused him favourably to reconsider the invitation which he had at first declined. The brotherly act of Bishop Roots, an American, in coming for the consecration of the pro-Cathedral in the diocese of Bishop Cassels, an Englishman, in the early days of the Great War, was far more than a mere episcopal function. The spirit in which Bishop Roots undertook this important ministry can best be illustrated by a few lines from his letter acceding to the request :

I can hardly exaggerate the eagerness with which I anticipate this visit. I have long wanted to see Szechwan, but really I have very little interest in sight-seeing, apart from the persons and the work of the Kingdom connected with the sights. Szechwan, however, stands for so much, both in China as a nation and in the Chung Hwa Sheng Kung Hwei, that I cannot but be eager to know it at first hand. Moreover, at this present juncture in the life of the Church, which is necessarily deeply affected by the terrible war in Europe, I look forward to meeting you and your colleagues, both the Chinese and the foreign staff, and the Christians in general, as an opportunity to have our common faith and life deepened and strengthened to meet the immense tasks which lie before us. More particularly do I prize this opportunity to see you again, and to talk and pray

with you over those great matters which are constantly drawing us closer together in the work of God.

All this fills me with trembling, as well as with joy, because it would be so calamitous to miss an opportunity like this. . . .

How wonderful it is that China should be one of the most peaceful and secure places in the world just now! I pray that peace in this land may continue and that the journey to which you invite me may be made, and may be of some use in helping forward the co-operation of our two dioceses in the Chung Hwa Sheng Kung Hwei, to the advancement of the Kingdom of God.

"The Bond of Prayer," of which we have spoken so often, will be more real and stronger than ever during the coming weeks.

In reply to this Bishop Cassels wrote :

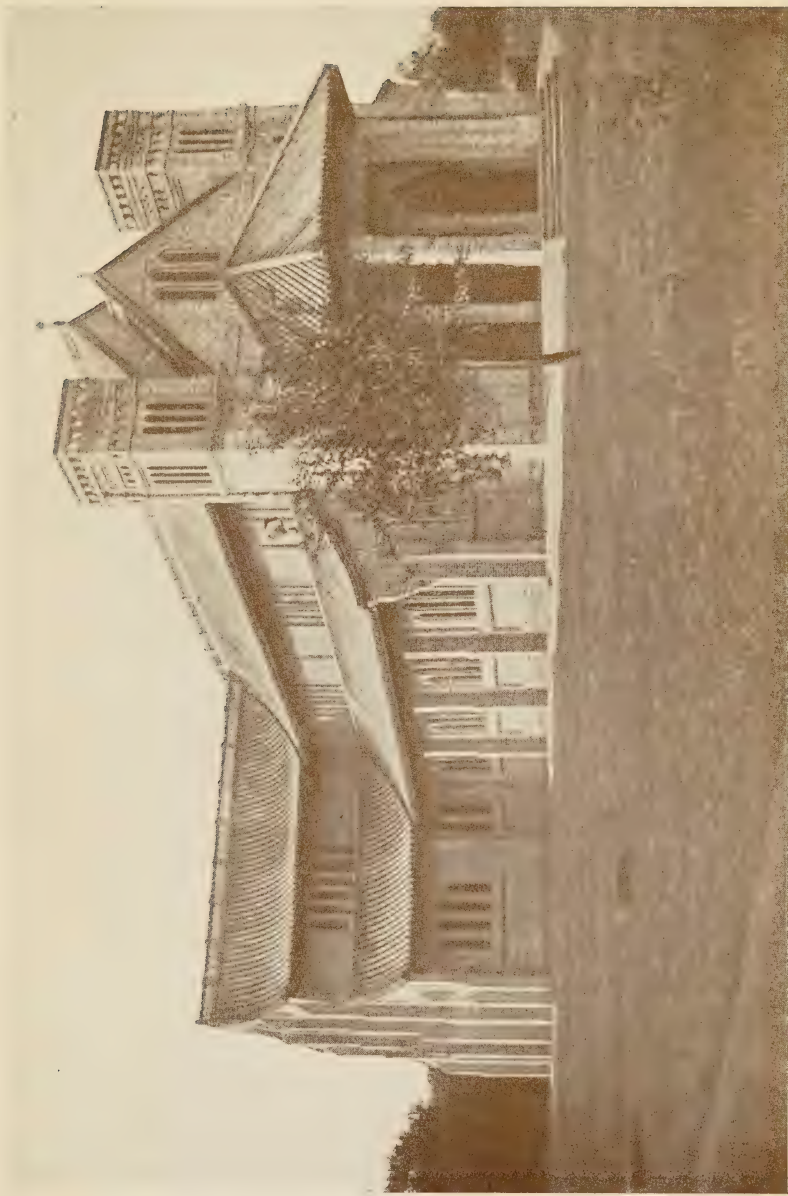
I have received your most welcome letter of November 2nd here to-day, and I have written to catch you at Wanhsien to tell you how extremely delighted and pleased and thankful I am that you can after all come. . . .

What I hope is that you will preach at the Consecration of the Church (pro-Cathedral) say on Sunday 20th, also at the Ordination which will take place on one of these days.

And if you can give a little talk to the Candidates for Ordination (once or twice) at the Quiet Day before the Ordination, I shall be most glad, and I would get our two or three other Chinese clergy to be present.

Then there will be the Christmas and other services at which we shall hope you would preach. I am rushing back to Paoning at once to push on with the Church. It will be usable at Christmas but not finished.

This visit was a memorable occasion and marked another stage in the growth of the work. The last service in the old Church was held on Sunday, December 13, 1914, within a week of the twenty-first anniversary of its opening. It was an affecting and inspiring memory to look back over those twenty-one years. Then, the Paoning Church had been the only Church with almost the only congregation in the whole region. Since then, however, it had become the centre of a diocese with over one hundred stations and out-stations, many of which had now finer churches and larger congregations than Paoning had known in those



THE PRO-CATHEDRAL IN PAONING.

early days. It was therefore appropriate that the Bishop should choose for the closing services of the old Church the following texts: "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad", and "Thou shalt see greater things than these".

Of the services conducted by Bishop Roots space will not permit us to speak in detail. A congregation of from twelve to fifteen hundred people thronged the new building for the dedication sermon, while as many as two thousand managed to gain admittance, by standing, on another occasion. The building itself was far from complete, for the floor was simply beaten down earth, most of the windows were still unglazed, and the doors had not been placed in position. But what mattered most was the presence of the Lord Himself. The only prayer of the Bishop and of others was that the glory of the latter House might be greater than the glory of the former.

I do desire [wrote the Bishop] that it may be a place for holy and reverent worship, for real spiritual prayer and intercession, for heartfelt praise and thanksgiving, for the reading of "the very pure Word of God, the Holy Scriptures", as well as for the powerful and convincing preaching of the Gospel, with all that includes.

We would that our story ended here, but few joys are unmixed with pain, and we would not suggest that there were no shadows upon this glad occasion also. The presence of two Bishops in their Convocation robes appeared to some a stately innovation in their former humble Mission station, and when the Chinese Churchwardens desired the congregation to stand at the offertory, and still more when some flowers were placed within the chancel rails, in two handsome vases which had been presented to the Bishop, the protests of one or two of the lady workers found vent.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate what this meant to Bishop Cassels, though we would not over-emphasise a passing episode. To him the dedication of this pro-Cathedral was the climax of long years of arduous toil, of much hardship and suffering, and in the consummation of many prayers and consecrated effort he was filled with joy and even with elation. That discontented voices should at that moment be heard was an anti-climax which for the moment overpowered him. If we were writing history the incident would be negligible, but in a biography it is otherwise. The Bishop was most deeply affected, from a state of exhilaration of spirit he was cast down for a time into the depths, and the following letter written under the stress of deep feeling is, as a study of his character, of more value than a score of letters written under normal conditions.

By way of explanation it may be stated that in view of the approaching Jubilee of the China Inland Mission and the publication of the Mission's Jubilee Story, the Bishop had been approached for a brief history of the Paoning station.

I wrote out some notes last week [he says] for the History as I had promised to do; and had hoped to develop them as soon as our special services in connection with the opening of the new Church were over. But now a thunderbolt has burst

So I have now neither heart nor time to go on with the History notes. I cannot write happily or hopefully about a work which—to human appearance—seems likely to end in sad cloud. . . . Here are my rough notes if they are any good.¹

¹ The author has these notes with corresponding notes from other stations in the Mission in typescript all bound in three large volumes. It is in these notes that the Bishop calls attention to the place Christmas Day had in his life. It was on Christmas Day he first set foot in Paoning, on another Christmas Day the first Church was opened, at another Christmas season he had been wrecked in the Yangtze, and at this, another Christmas season, the pro-Cathedral had been dedicated.

Of course, the devil did not like to see from one thousand to fifteen hundred people flocking in to the new Church during the special services, and he has tried hard to upset things and spoil the work that had begun.

I spent several hours this morning talking to Miss ——. It was a nice talk and I felt drawn to her. She confessed to being terribly bigoted and said she knew how foolish she was, and yet with no special call from the Lord to any other sphere she prefers to close her school and send away the girls to heathen homes rather than ever enter that Church again, because the service is not just as she likes, or the arrangements just what she has been accustomed to. . . .

I cannot allow the Church arrangements to be made by faddists who at once threaten to resign if they do not have everything their way, and I cannot narrow down the Church system beyond the recognised Evangelical lines which I have been accustomed to all my ministerial life, and promise (as I am asked to do) that never in future will the service be conducted except as some narrow-minded people wish.

Two or three days later, when matters had assumed their more reasonable proportions in his mind, he wrote in a somewhat lighter strain about it all.

Life [he said] must be a steeplechase with obstacles to be surmounted all the way. It is the very pettiness of some of these obstacles that causes the trouble. . . . I can neither stultify the past nor compromise my successors in the future by acceding to the request under threat of resignation, that never again shall God's sweet gift of flowers be allowed within the Chancel rails or even the vases in which they might be placed.

It is always easy to criticise, but the critic is frequently unaware of the full measure of difficulties faced by those he criticises. Had those who found fault with the Bishop this time known all, they would probably have felt other than they did. We have already seen Bishop Cassels writing to object to the use of certain words in the revision of the Chinese Prayer Book. Though it belongs to a somewhat later period we cannot do better here than introduce what he subsequently wrote when the revision of the Prayer Book

reached the section dealing with the Holy Communion. In a letter to Bishop Roots in November 1924, he says :

You write about a proposed alteration in the Holy Communion Service. One feels one has to move very warily in these days in all matters that bear upon changes in the present Service of Holy Communion. Take, for example, the much-debated question of Reservation.

Reservation for immediate, or what is called " concurrent ", administration to the sick or those unable to attend appears to be ancient, seemly and unobjectionable : but now that we are being plainly told that Reservation is desired, not simply for this purpose, but for the adoration of the elements in the Church, whether by individuals or in public services, we have surely to be on our guard against granting Reservation in any form.

And so with regard to the proposed change in the position of the Prayer of Humble Access. Many changes in its position have been suggested. For example, the National Assembly Revision of 1923 (which is usually called " N.A. 84 ") suggests taking the Prayer of Humble Access after the Comfortable Words and before the Sanctus, and that seems to me to be unobjectionable. Others, particularly the compilers of what is called " The Grey Book ", wish to keep the words where they are. But it is the English Church Union which is making the most drastic and, it seems to me, dangerous alterations in the Service, which wishes to put the Prayer of Humble Access in the position which you indicate. Therefore I am afraid of it without just now going carefully into my reasons.

I, too, am getting out a new edition of the Prayer Book, though one feels one is absolutely incompetent to make revision, but I must say I dare not touch the Holy Communion Service, excepting, of course, such uncontroversial matters as the occasional use of the summary of the Law and the omission of the Prayer for the King after the Decalogue.

This, I think, is all that I have to say about the particular subject of your letter.

The outburst, such as it was, passed, though two disaffected workers subsequently left for other spheres. But within a fortnight of the writing of the letters quoted overleaf the Bishop had the more happy duty of officiating in the pro-Cathedral at the

marriage of his eldest daughter to Mr. P. A. Bruce of Trinity College, Cambridge, who had, for some three years, been one of the missionary staff. As Mr. Bruce eventually took charge of the Paoning Boys' Middle School the Bishop and Mrs. Cassels did not lose their daughter from their missionary compound, and they also had the joy of looking forward to another of their daughters, Dorothy, joining them ere long to be companion to her mother.

Meanwhile the terrible war still raged in Europe, and the Bishop's two sons joined up, the one from Cambridge, and the other from school. Both in the mercy of God were brought through that terrible ordeal alive, though not without suffering, the younger one having to endure the cruel hardships of a prisoner of war in Germany for many weary months. In common with millions of his countrymen the Bishop, though so far removed from the actual seat of conflict, felt his life overshadowed by the appalling and prolonged frightfulness of such a strife. Yet never did he slacken either his prayers or his efforts in that great spiritual warfare in which he was engaged.

THE HILL DIFFICULTY

Does the road wind up-hill all the way ?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?

From morn to night, my friend.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

FROM the opening of the new Church at Christmastide, 1914, up to the Bishop's next furlough in 1919, there is no outstanding event which dominates his story. This is not that the period was devoid of great experiences, but rather because the tragic and dramatic in life were so overwhelming as to become almost commonplace. As in Europe so in China, though on a smaller scale, tragedy became the normal lot. Battles on land and torpedoed ships at sea so staggered the imagination of man in Europe that it almost ceased to function in mere self-defence. And so it was in China. Brigandage and civil strife became an everyday occurrence, so that the missionary pursued his calling amid the looting and burning of cities and the untold sufferings of his fellow-men.

Bishop Cassels on his arrival in China had, as we have seen, been compelled to go down for a time into the valley of humiliation. He was now confronted with the Hill called Difficulty, and he found the road wind up-hill to the end of his life. Happily there was, as Bunyan with his spiritual insight tells us, a spring at the foot of this hill, and of this our pilgrim Bishop drank freely. And he knew also how to drink of the

Rock by the way, "and that Rock was Christ". If we may follow Bunyan's allegory a step further we would say that Bishop Cassels did not, like Christian, leave his Roll in the Arbour, but "read therein to his comfort" and constantly "began afresh to take a review of the coat or garment that was given him as he stood by the Cross". We must remember that all through these years there was in the background of his mind the appalling war in Europe, and this is constantly referred to in his correspondence. Distance does not diminish pain when those of one's own blood are suffering; and loved kinsmen of his were killed, and his own sons' lives imperilled. Acute distress came into his home in that distant part of China when a War Office telegram reported that his younger son, who had recently gained "his wings", was missing, and for a time the mother pined beneath the agonising silence and suspense which followed. It was with a sigh of relief not unmixed with sorrow, however, that a cable from their missing boy in Germany was received, a cable which took twenty days to travel from Shanghai to Paoning, which fact alone reveals the unrest prevailing in China. It was a huge comfort to know he was alive, though a prisoner of war and one who suffered heavily.

Nor was the Bishop able to forget the war for other reasons. One of his brightest workers, the Rev. J. R. Stewart, son of the beloved martyr of Kucheng, who after seven years of work in West China had joined up as a Chaplain to the forces, was killed at the front. Another promising recruit, Mr. V. H. Donnithorne, had volunteered for the war and thus delayed his going out as one of the much-needed reinforcements. Then the Rev. and Hon. O. St. M. Forester, who had been doing valuable service at the Hostel in Chengtu, was

transferred to Japan for work among the Chinese students there. Nor was this all, for the Rev. A. Bradley fell ill and was invalided home. Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. Clarke, too, were seriously and even fatally ill, and last but not least Miss MacLaren, his indispensable stenographer, took sick shortly after her furlough and despite all that could be done she died. Bereft and weakened on every hand the Bishop was compelled to leave the Word of God and serve tables, "that is", he wrote, "the writing table, for I can seldom leave it. Is it right?"

And then to add further anxiety there came circular letters from the British Consuls urging all men of military age, even those on the mission field, to volunteer for war service, which appeals for a time seriously disturbed and disconcerted some, his son-in-law included.

To follow the story of those years of war in Europe and of civil strife in China is impossible in detail. West China was, in some respects, shut off in part from the main struggle which centred round Peking and the lower Yangtze valley. The names of the great War Lords which made themselves famed in Manchuria, North China, and in the South did not figure much in the West, secluded as Szechwan was behind the Yangtze Gorges. And the cross currents of the conflicts in those parts are so complex that any attempt to relate them would needlessly confuse the reader even if it were possible to recall them. After the overthrow of the Manchu Government, which was an understandable objective, the strife deteriorated into a sordid and bloody squabble for place and power with little rhyme or reason.

The story of *The Vicar of Bray* [he writes] has been constantly illustrated by the way in which officials and others have

abandoned their political principles, if they ever had any, to suit their convenience and their tenure of office. For example, when a city has been captured by the revolutionary party the officials have soon found that their policy was to become revolutionaries, and to let their previous views go to the wall. Or again, when a brigand chief has captured a city the Provincial Authorities, instead of sending troops to seize him and have him shot for insurrection and murder, have found that, under the present disturbed condition of things, their best policy was to recognise his position and put him in charge of the city with rewards and honours for his services to the State! . . .

In this province, for example, there have been half a dozen nominal Governors in as many months, but none of them have had any power outside the Capital, indeed some of them have had but little power even in Chengtu itself. Again, in a neighbouring city there have been five successive magistrates in the space of three months.

It is almost, if not quite impossible, as the Bishop suggests, to detect any guiding principle or settled policy behind the ceaseless fighting. Szechwan soon became filled with armed men, either local troops or invading forces from south and north. It also became impossible to distinguish between troops and brigands, or to know which the people feared most. It was estimated that no fewer than one hundred and twenty thousand men armed with modern weapons of precision were infesting the province of Szechwan alone, and these men were by violence and press-gang methods carrying off unprotected and innocent citizens and even boys to be their servants.

The burning and looting of cities, of towns and villages, became almost too common an occurrence to report, and the Bishop mentions, as though he were almost ashamed to allude to it, that Mission stores worth £100, destined for workers in his diocese, had been stolen by brigands *en route*. This loss was, in comparison with the sufferings of the people, so in-

significant that he apologises for mentioning it, and yet how much it meant to many a hard-pressed mother with her children. Even Chengtu, the Capital, was looted, burned, and almost destroyed, and the Hostel for which the Bishop had laboured so assiduously was seriously damaged. Throughout his letters of this period phrases such as " Things go from bad to worse " became almost a refrain, and yet amid it all great opportunities of service prevailed.

Never in my experience of thirty years [he writes in 1916] have missionaries had so much influence with officials, people and even with brigand chiefs, as during the past months. Again and again have they been called in to act as peace-makers and go-betweens. They have secured protection for ousted officials and for defenceless women and children ; they have obtained from brigands more moderate terms for the cities they have captured ; they have even procured safe passage for Government troops through districts held by powerful brigand bands.

And the Bishop could have related, though he does not there, that he personally had been called upon more than once to interpose between contending factions, and that all the officials of Paoning had, at one time or another, taken refuge in the Mission premises. Amid a country ravaged by contending armies he continued unceasingly to travel, moving from place to place almost as though with a charmed life.

In one of his letters he writes :

The Kwangan district is infested with robber bands ; one official was lately captured and cruelly murdered ; the heat was extreme and I suffered from fever, but Isaiah xli. 10 (" Fear thou not ; for I am with thee ", etc.) was a great comfort, and I was much helped in my work. . . .

On another of his journeys to the coast and back he was wrecked again. Concerning this experience he wrote :

I was not at all happy about booking a passage on s.s. *Sui Yü*, and I should certainly have waited for the *Shu Hen* if the C.I.M. house (at Ichang) had not been shut up, but as it was there seemed to be no other course if I was to get on at once.

A launch of 280 horse-power built for Hunan waters did not seem the most suitable thing for the rapids, and the name *Sui Yü* was rather too like that of the *Sui Hsiang* [the ship in which he had previously been wrecked] and the German built engines and the experimental trip were too suggestive, not to be remarked on. Still we got as far as the Yeh-t'an [Wild Rapid] without a smash, there the vessel nearly upset and how it righted itself when it was across the force of the stream I do not know. But it finished up by running into a rock and got half full of water. But it did not go down. . . . We came on here by Chinese boat, the best thing (and it was bad enough) that we could get hold of. I thank God for His overruling care and preserving providence.

How much time the Bishop spent upon the road during those years of disturbance may be gathered from the following facts. During one year he was away from his home engaged in travelling exactly one hundred and eighty-five days, or a little more than half a year. On a subsequent occasion he reports that during eighteen months he had travelled three thousand six hundred miles.

In the days of motors and trains [he wrote] to say nothing of aeroplanes, this would be regarded as nothing. But in view of the fact that the traveller and his baggage are carried on men's backs, and that the full stage for a day's journey is thirty miles over miserable paths and lofty mountains, it will be seen that a very large proportion of one's time is spent in travelling.

It is probable that his normal absence from home in this arduous service was seldom less than one hundred days per annum, and to those who know the hardships of the road and what Chinese inns are, the significance of this will be apparent.

There is one feature of the correspondence throughout those years, 1914 to 1919, to which reference must

be made, for there is a marked distinction between what he then wrote and what had been written before. For reasons which we do not attempt to explain his letters became much less autobiographical. For instance, in *The Bulletin* there appeared from the beginning what was at first called the Bishop's page, and subsequently the Bishop's letter. From 1904, when *The Bulletin* was launched, up to 1914 these letters contained a large personal element, being the free communications of his heart to his friends at home, but from 1914 throughout the years of which we now write, this personal note almost entirely disappears. He speaks of the work, refers to the war and to his fellow-workers, but one misses something of the former buoyant note and personal detail, and in addition to these public letters we have read through approximately one hundred other communications written during this period, and generally speaking the same feature prevails. There is no weakening of effort, no slackening of resolution, nothing but a steadfast mood which only became more resolute as difficulties and trials increased. If he could not mount up with wings as an eagle, or run and not be weary, he still continued to walk and not faint. That he felt the burden it is evident, that he was at times over-wrought and suffered from physical depression is clear, but he could say with the Apostle Paul, "We are pressed on every side yet not straitened, perplexed yet not unto despair, pursued yet not forsaken; smitten down yet not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the dying of Jesus that the life also of Jesus may be manifested in our body."

One goal he steadily kept before him, and that was to strengthen the hands of the Chinese leaders, and place larger responsibilities upon them.

To me it seems clear [he wrote in 1918] that in view of the present world position the call to us is to do all that is possible to strengthen the hands and to promote the holiness of the Chinese leaders, while withdrawing ourselves as much as possible into less prominent posts.

It is with this in view, and with the desire to make the best possible use of his particular gifts, that I have recently appointed the Rev. Ku Ho-lin, whose progress I have watched with the deepest interest for some thirty years, as the first Archdeacon in this diocese. . . .

The appointment has been warmly welcomed. From the west of the diocese one of the senior clerical missionaries writes: "I am very glad that you have taken this step, and I am very glad that the first Archdeacon is Mr. Ku." And from the east another senior writes, "I am very glad to hear of Mr. Ku's new appointment and feel sure that he will prove himself worthy of it".

In November 1918, when the Bishop wrote to say how greatly they were rejoicing in the news of an armistice in Europe, and that hostilities had ceased, he also refers to some brighter aspects of the situation in Szechwan.

Lawlessness, corruption and civil war still prevail in China [he wrote] and from a political point of view the outlook is darker than I have ever known it. . . . But as I look round upon the work in the diocese I see a light shining in the darkness, and I discern many causes of deep thanksgiving. I may mention four of these.

(1) Wide-open doors are standing before us, in almost every direction, and there is no lack of opportunities for telling out the Gospel message. . . .

(2) Special efforts, such as evangelistic campaigns, revival meetings or Bible Schools are being attended by most useful and sometimes remarkable results.

(3) The parochial vestries are being much better organised and are increasingly useful.

(4) Most of the Chinese Pastors and preachers are becoming increasingly valuable, and are doing an excellent work.

And so the Bishop held on, although outwardly there was little to inspire and much to dispirit. With a heart full of love to Christ and to his fellow-men

Bishop Cassels continued in "work done squarely and unwasted days".

The late Archbishop Temple has told us that he had been struck with a review in a French magazine of the Duke of Wellington's dispatches, in which the writer said he had not been able to find the word "glory" once, but that the word which perpetually came up until he was weary of it was the word "duty". It was in this spirit of "plain devotedness to duty" that the Bishop continued through those years marked by war at home and strife in China.

HIS LAST FURLOUGH

Oft shall that flesh imperil and outweary
Soul that would stay it in the straiter scope,
Oft shall the chill day and the even dreary
Force on my heart the frenzy of a Hope.

F. W. H. MYERS.

AFTER more than five years of strenuous work, years full of peculiar strain by reason of the war in Europe and the civil strife in China, it became clear to the Bishop that for a number of reasons he must again visit the home country, loath as he was to leave the field.

When he had left England in 1913 he had expected, in response to the Archbishop's request, to return for the Lambeth Conference fixed for 1918, but owing to the war this Conference had been postponed until 1920. The time for that gathering was, therefore, now approaching, and what made Bishop Cassels' presence of importance was the question of the future of the West China Diocese. It had become increasingly evident that it was beyond the power of any one Bishop to visit as frequently as seemed necessary the many stations of so vast a field. As a diocese it was in area about three times the size of England, and in population one of the densest in the world, while in travelling facilities there were few if any worse provided.

It is five days' journey [wrote the Bishop in May 1919] from here (Paoning) to the first station to the West. Again, the journey from Wushan to Mowchow or to Lungan would take

a month's continuous travel. I have never yet been able to get to Taiping or Chenkow. Mowchow I have not visited for four years, nor Kwangyuan for over two years. . . . And yet there are few men in China who have spent more time in travelling than I have, *e.g.* in a period of eight years, between two of my furloughs, I spent over seven hundred days (the days of two whole years) on the road, apart from the time spent in other stations.

It was no wonder that after thirty-four years in China he should begin to feel that some division of this labour was necessary. And he was further impressed with the need of developing the northern districts of both sides of the diocese.

But there were other more personal and yet hardly less urgent reasons. He and Mrs. Cassels were realising that "even missionary parents", as he wrote, "have duties to their children which before God they may not neglect". Apart from the claims of his daughters, his two sons were about to be demobilised, and he felt after all that the war had meant to them it was his duty, for a time at least, to be at home to give them counsel and guidance as to their future lives.

Our children at home [he says] are writing to know if we will not retire from the work now so as to fulfil our duties towards them. But I have not yet felt called to do this, though the strain has been great of late.

Added to all this his own and Mrs. Cassels' health demanded change. The depression which he had experienced before began again to creep over him, while there were other symptoms which he dared not ignore. Having, therefore, assuredly gathered from these combined circumstances that he ought to visit the home country once more, at the close of May 1919, after having appointed the Rev. C. H. Parsons, the senior clergyman in the diocese, to act in consultation with Archdeacon Ku as his commissary, he left for the



MRS. CASSELS IN MID LIFE.

This photograph was taken at Keswick about 1904.

To face page 306.

coast and travelled home via the Pacific and North America. Little did he or any other realise that this was to be his last visit to the old country.

As Plymouth was reached early in September the parents were able to spend the few remaining days of the summer holidays with their children in Gloucestershire, to the joy and delight of all. Then followed some sixteen months of varied engagements interspersed with short periods of refreshing rest

I am just back from the Bible Society's meetings at Sheffield [he writes to Mr. Aldis], and have to start to-morrow for Exeter where I have to speak six times.

This is but one glimpse of many of those days at home, but, of course, the Lambeth Conference was the outstanding engagement, and since no man can write about anything or any person without revealing himself, a few extracts from what the Bishop wrote about Lambeth may be quoted as being in part a mirror of his own heart.

The depth of devotion [he wrote] that was evident in the "Quiet Days" that preceded the Conference and in the daily times of prayer that accompanied it gave one the assurance that the tone of procedure would be high.

The spirit that pervaded the assembly when "The Appeal to all Christian People" was passed was remarkable. The Conference seemed moved by a powerful influence. The deep humility, the moist eyes, the trembling voices, the prayer before voting, and the doxology after were most impressive.

The testimonies offered by several Bishops to personal healing, or to answered prayer for others, when the subject of Spiritual Healing was being discussed, revealed possibilities which have been embraced by too few among us.

Undoubtedly, an outstanding feature of the Conference was the way in which the Archbishop presided. Where else could have been found such patience, endurance, sympathy, and such unrivalled knowledge of the names and dioceses of the two hundred and fifty-two Bishops present. When the discussion seemed hopelessly involved by the number of amendments put

forward, he was able to unravel it. When most Bishops' patience was tried by a prolix or persistent speaker, he was still long-suffering. What should we have done without him.

And the unbounded activity, the gracious and unsparing hospitality of Mrs. Davidson, the "Mother of the Lambeth Conference", who has had some share in all the five gatherings, was no less striking.

But happily this furlough was not all work, and we are indebted to the Bishop's brother, Mr. Francis Cassels, whose reminiscences of the early days have been quoted in the opening chapters, for some further memories of this and an earlier furlough, which we would not be without. These are best introduced here together.

It is not easy to write about the visioning or sensing of conviction, such as William was encased in, as it seems to belong to the transcendental or mystical, to be above time and circumstances, and all symbolism, even that of language, and to have little or no part in any human organisation, however sacred its end may be. Perhaps the best way of putting it is to use a paradox, and say that William's earnestness and convictions were impersonal. I think his letters to the Diocesan Bulletin evidence of this, for he used to speak in these of himself only incidentally, and that almost as if he were referring to some one else, and seldom, unless in connection with the fears, desires and thoughts of others.

The only occasion that I ever heard him speak in public was in 1912 at a meeting in Albert Hall; there was a long string of speakers, and his address was short—I have forgotten the subject-matter, if indeed I paid attention to it; but there was the same feature first and foremost in evidence—what might be called a nimbus or aura of earnestness and conviction, something bigger than his personality, the same that surrounded him in boyhood, but developed and brighter than ever.

While, on the one hand, I don't think that William had any self-awareness that he was Divinely gifted with this almost Pauline ardent earnestness, he was, on the other hand, like many great souls, sensitively conscious of what he thought was a peculiar weakness. In his youth, I remember on one occasion, with his invariable humility he referred to this as

moroseness ; and once again, some fifty years later, in the late afternoon of his life, he mentioned this imaginary weakness. When strolling together along the Devonshire by-paths, we had been struck and pleased with the never-failing and hearty "Morning, Sir" (accompanied by a quick twist of the neck that was meant for a nod) with which the folks we met greeted us, and later on in the day he mentioned that he was conscious of a certain bashfulness or reserve, with which he always had to contend in rubbing shoulders with his fellow-men, which he contrasted with the spontaneous and naïve salutations he had noticed coming from the Devonshire farmers and labourers.

Speaking for myself, and as having little knowledge of his life as a missionary, I would say that I believe that he would have done anything to escape the limelight, when he could have done so ; and that if there was anything that could have been put down as a want of expansiveness, unsympathetic reserve or brusqueness, it was only a little backwater at the edge of the great current that was carrying him with it. We were mutually inclined on this occasion to make fraternal confession, so what he said in this regard may never have called the attention of those bound together with him in the great work ; but it is mentioned for the sake of any not so intimately connected with him who may have noticed in him an attitude of apparent standoffishness or coldness. . . .

At the opening of the "eighties" our respective outlook on life and the absorbing interests of each of us more and more limited our companionship. I had visited him several times when he was at St. John's, Cambridge, and after that we used to meet at our Mother's house, but I never visited him at South Lambeth where he held his curacy.

Within a year or two the barrier of geographical distance arose between us, my affairs taking me to Buenos Aires, the most progressive city in the world, with its hurried keenness to adopt every improvement that modern civilisation could suggest, while an imperative call took him to the land of stagnation.

It was thirty years before we met again. We had heard indirectly about each other, but perhaps not half a dozen letters had passed between us. I met him on his arrival from China at Victoria Station in 1912, but only saw him and his good wife at brief times, and with others during their stay in England, although we remember with pleasure that he baptized our youngest boy. I tried to get him once or twice to join me at golf, hoping that he would be "bitten" and so make his stay something of a holiday ; but his thoughts were in his work,

and expecting calls to be made upon him in this regard, he gratefully refused my well-intentioned suggestion.

But it was in 1920, when he was at home for the last time and spent a few days twice with me in my place in Devonshire, that we mutually found our long-lost brotherhood. And it was, I am sure, a time of relaxation and rest to him; at least, I remember him saying, when I awoke him early the first morning with a cup of tea, reminiscent of doing so to come for a swim half a century before, "Thank Heaven, I have no sermon or meeting to-day". And then, "Have you any old clothes, my boy? If so, please bring me the oldest".

And so, in a pair of grey flannel trousers, and a well-seasoned golf coat—but I could not find a head-gear to fit him, so he had to retain his ecclesiastical broad-brimmed shovel-hat—we wandered together, hour after hour, over the country-side, now recalling our childhood, our schooldays, the doings of the members of our family, and exchanging views of things dear to both; now just in silent companionship, and our silence was deepened and solemnised for two minutes as we stood at a gate with the wide Exe Valley before us, and heard the Armistice Day eleven o'clock signals. But it was not a day of idleness for him, for every post brought a budget of letters to be attended to. I gathered, that, as the importance of his work extended, his having more and more sedentary desk work—to which he was not brought up—was more and more irksome to him, for constitutionally he loved physical activity.

In the evening by the fireside one of my boys, the only member of my family at home, and I persuaded him to tell us something of the adventurous side of his life, his shipwrecks, his long journeyings, his meeting with the brigands, and so on, which, indeed, he did, but always in his accustomed way, never introducing his own emotions. But I am forgetting that there was one thing he spoke of with very great personal horror, which was the vermin pest that he experienced, sometimes night after night for weeks on end during his first years in China. In the fighting of beasts at Ephesus, after the manner of men, there was at least a good sporting chance of escaping serious damage, and popular applause, such as it was worth, would have rewarded any courage or skill shown; but what a man like William must have suffered on this account must have been a constant and veritable martyrdom. He also interested us by telling us of the difficulties of adapting Christian truths to the language and psychology of the Chinese.

When I referred to the results of his work, there was a diffidence amounting to a gentle refusal to answer; and he

avoided giving me the slightest encouragement when I tried to lead him to enlighten me on a point that had often puzzled me, as it must have done other outsiders, or semi-outsiders—practical enough question, viz. how it was that he was associated with two Societies having such distinct views as the China Inland Mission and the Church Missionary Society. . . .

Had he not refrained, as he always did, with so much careful delicacy in talking with me, in anything like a pulpit utterance, he might well have quoted, as reflecting his thoughts, his predecessor in the Mission-field—"It is God that giveth the increase"; and again, "*Who* is Paul, and *who* is Apollos?" For with his whole entity and with every aspect of his entity there was always what was uppermost and foremost in his mind—China's millions—in relation to which he was as nothing.

And if in his forgetfulness of his selfhood he ever had a passing thought as to the expressions of sentiments of those he might leave behind him in his regard, I think he would have hoped that these should be not the words that so spontaneously rise to our lips, "Well done, good and faithful servant," but "Neither is he that planteth anything, neither is he that watereth".

His last words to me were a cheerful, "Old man, I shall never see you again on earth; there is plenty of room for me in my Paoning churchyard".

And those last words to his brother were prophetic. He was leaving England for the last time, and his friends at home were, on earth, to see his face no more. After another five more strenuous years he was to consecrate that God's Acre at Paoning in a fuller way than any words of his had already dedicated it.

But long ere he set sail he was like a hound straining at its leash in his eagerness to get back. The staff on the field was abnormally small in consequence of many having to take furlough now that the release of shipping after the war had made possible what had been denied for several years. And thus through lack of workers the Diocesan Theological College, as well as the Paoning Girls' School, were closed, and there was not a single medical man in any of the stations. The political conditions, too, were beyond description,

lawlessness was on every hand, and the military like locusts were eating up the country. Some of the homes of the Chinese Pastors had been looted, and one had been taken captive.

Had it not been that the General Synod of the Chinese Church was to be held in Hankow in April 1921, he would have returned earlier than he did, but it seemed a useless waste of time and money to take the long journey up country only to have to return to the coast shortly afterwards.

I am torn asunder [he writes] as to cutting the General Synod and going back at once, or else remaining longer in England and only going back to the West after the Synod.

The latter course he adopted, and in his last public letter before he sailed he wrote :

I come to you once again at what is one of the darkest hours that I have had to face, to plead once again and more earnestly than ever before for the continuance, the increase, the reduplication of your earnest intercessions, buoyed up by the assurance that "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much".

For what is the situation ?

It is not only that the horrors of civil war have been again let loose over the diocese and have been raging furiously for many months.

It is not only that the terrors of brigandage have vastly increased, and that the news of Christians being carried off and missionaries being in danger is becoming common.

Nor is it only that an awful pestilence of cholera has spread far and wide over the Province carrying off thousands and invading the homes of our own people. . . .

But the greatest blow of all is that for one reason or other the staff of workers is getting smaller as one worker after another, for reasons which no doubt seem adequate and weighty, is unable to return to the field.

The consequence is that hospitals are shut, the Theological College is shut, several schools are shut, and quite a number of stations are without a missionary, while others are being held by a single missionary who ought not to be left alone.

He was rightly jealous for the diocese with its vast and immeasurable needs, and the loss of each worker was to him a painful experience.

It is a terrible blow [he wrote to the Rev. W. H. Aldis when his return seemed improbable], not to me only, but to the work on the field.

Mr. Aldis had, as Assistant Superintendent, relieved him of many Mission details in connection with the C.I.M. side of the work, and his non-return meant that all the duties of a Superintendent fell again upon the Bishop. Yet there were many encouragements. At the C.I.M. Summer School at Swanwick he had met the Rev. Frank Houghton, B.A., Curate of Christ Church, Preston, and others who were expecting to go out to the diocese as reinforcements, and here it may be mentioned that Mr. Houghton some two or three years later married the Bishop's daughter Dorothy, who had herself joined the Mission in the autumn of 1918.

And there was another worker with whom he had been in correspondence, namely, Dr. M. R. Lawrence, brother of Colonel Lawrence of Arabian fame, who, ere long, joined the C.I.M. and went out to take charge of the Paoning Hospital which had been closed.

But burdened as he was with the need of an Assistant Bishop in his vast diocese, what perhaps of all human happenings comforted him most was the practical sympathy and support given him in this matter by His Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury, from whom he received the following letter which was read at his farewell meeting.

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.1,
7th February 1921.

DEAR BISHOP CASSELS—On the eve of your return to your wonderful Mission Field, you are endeavouring to arrange for the necessary funds in support of an Assistant Bishop who shall

relieve you of the care of some part of your overwhelming diocese.

I have always regarded your Mission Field as one of the most interesting and important which is to be found in any part of the world, and your personal devotion during these many years has been a stimulus and an example to us all.

I pray God to aid you in the endeavour you are now making, in circumstances of quite peculiar difficulty, to raise the money required. May God prosper and guide your effort.—I am,
Yours very truly,
RANDALL CANTUAR.

And for the development of the work of the diocese, and to assist in providing for the support of an Assistant Bishop, a West China Diocesan Association was formed on the eve of his departure. Concerning this he wrote during his voyage out :

I have already been much cheered by the promises of help. . . . And need I urge you to pray that the right man may be given me for this important post. . . . May He Who ascended up on high to give gifts to His Church send to us in His own time a man of His own choice for this work.

Of the voyage and the General Synod we must not write. As soon as these were over the Bishop with his wife and daughter Dorothy set forth for the West once more, though the province was in a sad state of lawlessness. In addition to the civil war and brigandage a new terror had appeared through the uprising of fanatical hordes who called themselves *Sheng Ping* or Divine soldiers, men who after mysterious incantations over a bowl of water were said to be frenzied and invulnerable for a number of hours. In the Wanhsien district alone six or eight Christians had suffered death at their hands.

The journey through the gorges had been taken by the Bishop some twenty or thirty times in Chinese boats and twice before in steamers, or rather he had started by steamer but never arrived. On this occasion, however, he and those who were with him got safely through

but not without excitement and considerable difficulty. The city of Kweifu was reached long after dark, but as Mr. Hannah had made arrangements whereby the city gates were kept open the Bishop was able to hold a Confirmation service towards midnight during the steamer's brief delay. Wanhsien, Tachu, Chühsien, Yingshan, and Nanpu were visited *en route* for Paoning, which city, though it rained nearly all the way, was reached on June 13, when the people surpassed themselves in the welcome they gave him. Many came out ten miles to meet him, others were waiting at the riverside, and to the accompaniment of a Chinese band and innumerable crackers the little cavalcade reached home to find it decorated with an ornamental arch and canvas-covered approach.

It was a welcome more befitting than the Paoning people knew, for this was the last welcome they were to give him. And it was a beautiful and noteworthy fact that the rain which had been incessant by the way now ceased and the sun shone forth for the first time since they landed. The Bishop who noticed these things, and had been inspirited when he first entered the province by a burst of sunshine thirty-five years before was filled with hope as he again faced his great responsibilities.

A PEN PICTURE

The great end of the art is to strike the imagination. . . . Even in portraits, the grace and we may add the likeness, consists more in taking the general air, than in observing the exact similitude of every feature. . . . The general idea constitutes real excellence.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

VERY soon after the Bishop's arrival it was laid upon his heart to gather together the Chinese clergy for a few quiet days. He was oppressed with the vastness of the diocese and with the impossibility of giving it adequate episcopal supervision. There were candidates waiting for Confirmation at places, six, eight, ten, and twelve days' journey away in various and opposite directions. There was also the corresponding difficulty in gathering the missionaries together from their remote stations, and although the same difficulty obtained in a less degree in regard to the Chinese clergy, he sent out invitations to the Chinese pastors and to the more accessible catechists to come to Paoning for a season of quiet waiting upon God.

At this time Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor who were visiting Szechwan, came and spent ten days with the Bishop in Paoning. Dr. Taylor was, therefore, able to speak on several occasions to the clergy during those quiet days, and Mrs. Howard Taylor, with the eye of the artist, took in details of that busy compound, and with her graphic pen depicted what she saw. That picture is too good to be buried or lost in a now out-of-print copy of *The Bulletin*, and, as a sketch of

Paoning, the Cathedral city of West China, of the Mission compound, and of some of the personnel, the greater part is reproduced here.

We have just been spending ten days in Paoning with Bishop and Mrs. Cassels, and I want to share with you some impressions that call for thankfulness and continued prayer. . .

Our first sight of Paoning was from the hills, as we came down from the little Sanatorium of Sintientsi, where we are privileged to be spending the summer. It is a beautiful journey of forty-four miles, usually accomplished in one day, but caught in a sudden storm with a deluge of rain we had to spend a night at a wayside inn, for which we were unprepared. . . .

Paoning was a great surprise. It was so different from anything we had anticipated. Imagine a quiet cathedral town in England, in a sort of Chinese dress, and you have something like the pleasant, semi-countrified surroundings of the Mission buildings. For the Cathedral, hospital, schools and mission houses stand in the less busy part of a suburb outside the city itself and back from the river. . . .

Coming from Sintientsi the approach to Paoning is beautiful—a deep, tree-clad ravine in which the stream is a torrent after rains, dashing over its stony bed. The path drops into steps as one goes down, long flights of stone steps, in some places cut into the rock itself. On either side are fine boulders and walls of rock over which the streams from above fall in silver ribbons among the trees. And there in front, far below, lies the city amid its greenery, rising on a long promontory from the river which encompasses it on three sides. All around it are hills, high hills, some crowned with temples and pagodas, running back into mountainous country on every side.

But it is not the place so much as the progress of the work in which you will be interested. We came down for a Retreat, a few Quiet Days for the Chinese clergy of the diocese, most of whom the Bishop had not seen since his return. You will well understand with what interest we looked forward to meeting these pastors, the first fully ordained clergymen of the Anglican Church in Western China, and the first we have personally met in our travels. There is, as might be expected, a stateliness and dignity about the work that centres round the Bishop's home, though without anything approaching display. Opening out of his study, for example, by a little passage, is a private chapel, a small and simply-appointed sanctuary, but beautiful with its Communion Table and rail, its subdued light

and pews arranged for convenience in kneeling. It was in this place of prayer that the daily meetings were held. It just accommodated the guests, twenty in all, who had been invited for the Retreat, seven of whom were clergy and the rest catechists from the out-stations.

Though small, it must have been a moving audience for the Bishop that first morning. After an absence of two years he had just come back into their midst, and his heart went out in the address of welcome in a special way. Most of these men he had baptized in earlier years. All of them he had confirmed and appointed to their work. Seven had received ordination at his hands, and were bearing with him the burden and heat of the day. They were certainly in the truest sense "Dearly beloved Brethren", as he reminded them, bound to him by many ties. . . .

From the quiet of the little chapel in which most of Saturday was spent, it was no small change to pass to the public services of the Cathedral on the following day. If only you could have come with us among the bright-faced men and women who thronged the entrance to the great building, could have passed into those spacious aisles, looking up as we did to the vast roof, the transepts, the beautiful chancel and the many windows through which streamed the summer light, you would understand better than words can tell of the spirit that the place evokes, so thoroughly in keeping with the simple impressive service. From the moment that the Bishop entered, preceded by the Archdeacon and eight other Chinese and foreign clergymen all robed alike, to the close of the Communion service in which a hundred and twenty participated, all was reverent and worshipful. It was worth coming far to see the large congregation filling the main part of the Cathedral and to hear the responses in which everybody present seemed to join, and the really excellent singing. But what most of all moved my heart was the way in which the service seemed to adapt itself to the needs of the people; to see the Chinese clergy so naturally taking a leading part, and to find among the communicants not only well-dressed educated men and women, but simple country people with toil-worn hands and faces. One dear old soul of over eighty had walked miles to be present, and went to the Communion rail leaning on her long staff with its quaintly carved head-piece, side by side with the young school-teacher in modernised dress and foreign spectacles. And among the men in silken gowns I caught sight of a dear old farmer wearing sandals.

A typical modern man of the best sort was the preacher at

the afternoon service, who not so long ago was a little lad here in the Cathedral school. He has recently returned from America where he graduated from Yale University, and studied theology at Princeton. He has just been appointed to an important post in the Y.M.C.A. to forward educational schemes throughout the country. . . .

I do want now, and it is the chief object of this letter, to plead for a renewal of all this living interest on behalf especially of the Chinese clergy of the diocese and their most important work. If time permitted I should like to write of the schools, the hospital, and the Bible Training Institute, of work among the women and of the far-extending out-stations. I should love to tell you, too, of the privilege we had when Mrs. Cassels took us round the old original premises, and told us about the early days when she first came there as a bride ; of the crowds of visitors, the daily preaching from morning to night, the mistrust and opposition their early efforts encountered, and the trial to health and spirits of living in the little, low, damp rooms which were all they could obtain. Even improved as they are now with ceilings and boarded floors, it was hard to believe that for years they had been the Bishop's home, shared by another family as well, not to speak of the young men (unmarried missionaries) who lived across the courtyard and came in for meals. The tiny sitting-room, the only parlour Mrs. Cassels had, was barely twelve feet square, and her bedroom opening out of it was no larger. But their joy in the work was so great that they made little of hardships. . . .

Then there was the Mohammedan family in part of whose house the missionaries were living, and who continued to occupy another part of the same courtyard. We saw the rooms, next the guest hall, and heard from Mrs. Cassels about the little lad, the only son of the family, who used to run in and out with her own children, and attended the Mission school, when they were able to open one. Who would have thought, in those days, of the future God had in store for that Mohammedan boy ? Gradually, very gradually, brought into the light, he has gone on steadily growing in grace and usefulness. Baptized among the first believers, he came to know the Lord in a deeper way through a very serious illness when he was barely twenty. . . .

He was in business then, selling the rich silks and satins for which the province is famous, but step by step he was led to give himself entirely to the Lord's work, until in the terrible Boxer year he was one of the leaders who kept the church together when the missionaries all had to leave for the coast. Amid the

dangers and sufferings of that time, he had to face as never before what it really meant to serve and follow Jesus Christ. . . .

He is now the Archdeacon of this great diocese to-day, and is exercising a spiritual ministry the value of which cannot be told. Few hours that I have spent in China, or anywhere, indeed, stand out for me as the hour in his home, when he brought a little notebook and with his sweet young daughter beside him told us something of what the Cross of Christ has come to mean in his life and work. . . .

Turning the pages of his note-book he showed me address after address worked out with diagrams on the subject of the Cross. I had been reading that morning with thankfulness *The Cross in Christian Experience* (W. M. Clow, D.D.) and could not but feel that here was a Chinese view of the same great theme equally tender and inspiring. . . .

And among the others, though the Archdeacon is certainly ahead in spiritual things, there are men whom God has greatly used. Asking one of them as to how many of his family are now Christians, we were surprised at his answer. It lies before me now, for he afterwards gave us the facts in writing.

“Sixty descendants of my father”, he states, after giving details, “are now believers in the Lord, two of whom are fully ordained Pastors and two Catechists”.

Will you not pray and seek more prayer at home for this million-peopled diocese, that all the blessings given in the past may be continued, and crowned by a new and deeper working of the Spirit of God among the churches? The Bishop longs for this; the missionaries long for this; the Chinese pastors long for this—feeling their need and the greatness of the opportunities.

On his way up from the coast a few weeks ago, the Bishop confirmed over two hundred baptized believers, and there are still more than a thousand throughout the diocese waiting for confirmation. Think what it means to shepherd all these souls, and to follow up the openings made into new homes and neighbourhoods. There are besides, as you know, some three thousand six hundred communicants throughout the diocese, but what are they among twenty to thirty millions of people? And in this vast district, it should be remembered there are *no other missionaries* save those working under the Bishop’s supervision—C.M.S. and C.I.M. We are responsible for those souls. . . .

PRESSING TOWARD THE GOAL

Forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal.

ST. PAUL.

WE have now reached the last four years of the Bishop's life, and instead of his path being easier it became more arduous and exacting. As in a race the pace quickens as the goal is approached, so it was now. The contest became more fierce, the adversaries more persistent, and the difficulties more formidable. But the Bishop was undaunted, and the spirit in which he faced life's perplexities is well illustrated by the following notable words from one of his letters :

Let not these difficulties [he wrote] discourage you. . . . The word is not found in the Bible, or if it is, it is relegated to the margin and to a secondary position there. Zech. viii. 6. To God's people difficulties are to be stepping-stones on which they can climb to greater things.

Externally, there was in China a growing tide of nationalism, the spread of brigandage, and intensified civil war. On all hands soldiers were being billeted upon the people and the spirit of dissatisfaction was, by political agitators, slowly turned against the foreigner. The prestige of foreign nations was rapidly declining, and the Bishop regarded the firing upon steamers on the Yangtze as a serious index of the Chinese anti-foreign spirit. And the fact that the foreign steamers replied with quick-firing and other guns, he felt, could only create a tense situation between the nations.

It is undoubtedly true [he wrote] that the lives of foreigners in general, which in the far interior means missionaries in particular, are held in far less esteem than they have been for the last twenty odd years. . . .

Further, whereas during this period the Church had, to some extent, been a haven of refuge for the distressed, this has now ceased to be, and the Christians are obliged to face the same perils as their neighbours, in addition to the special trials or persecutions which come upon them as those who have turned their backs on the world. The test is severe, but by the grace of God it will be healthful.

The army was ever growing larger and larger, and the people being crushed under the burden of taxation. The military authorities were demanding enormous sums of money on all hands, and insisting on the Commercial Guilds or district leaders collecting the amount under threats of imprisonment or even death.

There were other ominous signs, among which was the rising of a certain man named T'ang, who was issuing tracts predicting unprecedented calamities, and thereby terrorising the people. Some of his predictions seemed almost based on Scripture, and referred to earthquakes in divers places, etc. Considerable alarm was created by these forecasts. "For ourselves", wrote the Bishop, "we look for His *glorious* appearing."

The only possible way to enable the reader to appreciate the atmosphere of lawlessness and peril in which the Bishop and his fellow-workers laboured is by a brief series of extracts from letters giving graphic pictures of varied occasions.

Writing on November 22, 1923, he says :

Just now the city is in a state of panic owing to an attack by the troops of the first division. Firing has been going on from across the river all day. I do not know how letters will get through.

Six days later he wrote again :

Paoning is in rather a bad state just now. All shops are shut and the streets are largely deserted, the majority of people remaining crouched in their houses for fear of the bullets and shells which are being fired into the city. As to shells, I am thankful to say that the enemy seem to have but a small quantity, for those which have exploded in the city have done a good deal of havoc. One embedded itself the other day in the wall of the Cathedral grounds but did not explode. The casualties are comparatively few, but we hear every day of people being killed on the streets.

On December 3 he wrote again :

Here the bombarding has continued, and one or two nights recently it has been very severe, particularly last night ; and early this morning there was a constant fusillade, and it seems that the First Army crossed the river opposite the West gate and up at Hsia-keo-tsi, ten li up stream. There has been a great scare ever since, and continuous fighting, and we hardly know what has happened. Bullets have been falling freely, particularly round the *Fuh-ing-t'ang* (Mission compound) and Mr. Bruce's house. No one dares to go on the street, but I got across to Mr. Bruce's house and found all well there. Casualties, fatal or otherwise, are reported every day, but we have been wonderfully spared, thank God, and no harm has happened to any of us.

After being bombarded for twelve days the city fell, and the invaders proved themselves unpleasant visitors, searching the Mission house for supposed enemy officers, and asserting that the Colonel of the opposing force was being afforded refuge. One of the Bishop's daughters, Miss Grace Cassels, writing of those days, said :

I asked myself what was the chief feature of our ordeal, and wherein did the strain differ from that which many of our friends have passed through in other places ? The answer is bound up with the fact that this is the only station in the diocese that boasts five English children. They are all under eight years of age, and as they run in and out of our different houses with pattering feet and merry voices, all who love children will understand how they bring joy with them and leave gladness behind, and are a gift of God to us all.

The unexpected sound of rifle firing down by the river brought my Chinese lesson to a hurried end, on the morning of November 22nd, for my teacher was eager to be off to find out the cause. I collected my books, and was crossing the courtyard when I met my sister, Mrs. Bruce, white and breathless. She was rushing down to the river to help bring home the children who had gone together for a walk in that direction. . . .

The procession of flying figures (consisting of the parents, an aunt, a grandparent, and a string of servants !) hurrying down the lanes to the river did not stop to conjecture how the enemy had arrived ; their one thought was to retrieve the children. . . .

As we returned from this expedition the main roads were almost impassable, for the troops were pouring out of every temple, accompanied by mules and horses, loaded with all the paraphernalia of the camp. . . .

Shells were dropping on all sides of them. An unexploded shell was found in the Cathedral grounds between the two houses where the children constantly play together. It was suggested that the little ones should go over to the Bishop's and the doctor's houses to sleep, as these seemed out of the line of fire.

Anxious days followed, some of the children happily not realising the danger. On one occasion three of them just over five years of age were found walking along the top of the wall, to which they had climbed by means of a tree. " We got where the bullets could reach us ", said Mary proudly, and they repeated this feat next day in their own garden !

This siege of twelve days was succeeded by another lasting twice as long, until fuel and food became scarce.

Naturally the Bishop's anxieties were not limited to what happened in and around his own home. Tidings were continually reaching him of trouble elsewhere, and he felt an almost fatherly responsibility, especially for the ladies residing in exposed places.

Six months before the bombardment of Paoning referred to above, Chüh sien was besieged and attacked, and in January 1924, he wrote to Shanghai telling of



THE BISHOP AS GRANDFATHER.

Bishop Cassels with his first grand-daughter, Mary Bruce.

To face page 324.

the hurried visit he had paid to that city, to be with the ladies in their time of trial.

I was in the Shunking and Yochih district [he writes] when the letters telling what had happened reached Paoning. But my wife sent me a special messenger, and so as soon as I got the news I went at once to Chühsien. . . .

The ladies had really a most trying time. They were held and searched, and rings and watches and eye-glasses taken off their persons. Again and again shots were fired in their direction which narrowly missed them. (Next door and in other houses people were killed and wounded.) Bayonets were pointed at them, and their dresses progged, and they were threatened with death unless they produced silver and more silver.

The pastor, too, in the other house lost nearly everything, and though a bullet missed him he was badly wounded in the head by a bayonet and a blow from the butt end of a rifle. . . .

Now I am on my way back to Paoning, hoping to be able to get there, but I have to pass through several opposing bands or troops.

Despite these conditions it was under the rarest circumstances that the Bishop desisted from visiting the stations of his diocese. The perils of the road were not to him a sufficient deterrent, nor were the dilapidated and sometimes almost deserted inns, where food was now difficult to obtain.

It was amid conditions such as these that Bishop Cassels welcomed Bishop Howard Mowll, the new Assistant-Bishop, into the province.

He had for long felt the strain was beyond his power to bear alone, and had even written referring to the possibility of his being suddenly taken away. As early as 1915 he had urged the Archbishop of Canterbury to divide the diocese, and though the Archbishop had preferred to appoint an Assistant-Bishop and retain the diocese as one, Bishop Cassels welcomed the relief this afforded.

Bishop Howard W. K. Mowll, formerly of Cam-

bridge and subsequently Dean of Wycliffe College, Toronto, was consecrated at Westminster Abbey on St. John the Baptist's Day, June 24, 1922, though he did not enter upon his duties in Szechwan until nearly a year later, when Bishop Cassels personally introduced him to the workers in the various stations in the west of the diocese. Glad as Bishop Cassels was of the relief thus afforded, he not unnaturally felt the slackening of the bond between himself and his fellow-workers in the west. In connection with this he had previously written in a circular letter to the missionaries in the west half of the diocese :

The prospect of in any degree breaking my more direct connection with the Western side of the diocese is one that I cannot contemplate without very much sorrow. . . .

I well remember my first visit to that region just thirty-five years ago . . . and I have still clearer recollections of my first episcopal visit to the newly opened C.M.S. stations in April 1896. . . .

The twenty-six years that have passed away since then are full of happy memories and very much loyalty and kindness shown to me. Would that they had been better and more effectually used for the glory of God!

But Bishop Mowll had barely entered upon his new responsibilities ere the terrible tragedy of August 14, 1923, took place, when the Rev. F. J. Watt and Rev. R. A. Whiteside were murdered by a band of brigands among the mountains between Mienchuhsien and Mowchow. This was a staggering blow for all, and one that Bishop Cassels felt deeply.

I was dumb [he wrote], and opened not my mouth for it was Thy doing.

The funeral of Mr. Watt and Mr. Whiteside [wrote the Bishop] was a very impressive and solemn affair, and their loss is very keenly felt.

While deeply pained by the loss of these and other missionaries, he was greatly exercised about his Chinese

fellow-workers. In one way or another some of them were being adversely affected by the difficult days in which they lived, and by the growing anti-foreign spirit. He felt that a great deal was being expected from them, and that their failures were being more criticised than before. He desired to see constantly a higher standard attained, and fuller and deeper spiritual power manifest, and he continually asked prayer that they might be preserved amid the political unrest which was affecting the Church.

I have recently [he wrote] had to give a great deal of time to going carefully into the cases of all the candidates for Holy Orders, and this matter has had far more attention than ever in the past, and I have been much more careful than ever before.

When one of his Chinese clergy did go back he was pained beyond words.

This is the first time [he wrote] that one of my clergy [Chinese] has renounced his Orders, and it is a most heart-breaking thing to me that so far I have not been able to save him. And I fear that Holy Orders will now assume a different position in the diocese.

The standard he had sought to maintain, not only for foreign workers, but for Chinese ordinands, is revealed by the following quotation from one of his letters referring to the Chinese pastor mentioned above :

Bishop Lightfoot, in his addresses to Candidates for Holy Orders, constantly spoke of them taking an irrevocable step, closing the door on the past, and crossing a stream which they could never recross ; *e.g.* I write one out of many such passages :

“ To-morrow will close for you the door on the past. It will not be with you as with other men. If they make an unfortunate choice in their profession, they have power to retrieve it. If they find that they have mistaken their abilities, or that their heart is not in their work, or that they can better themselves by looking elsewhere, or that they have little success in their business, it is still open to them to repair the false step.

It cannot be so unto you. When you have put your hand to the plough, you may not look back—not even for a moment, not even in imagination. . . . You cannot undo what you have done. . . . The step is irretrievable, is absolute, is final. You devote yourselves to a lifelong work. Failure, vexation, disappointment, opposition, all these things you must be prepared to face.”

It is a remarkable fact that Bishop Cassels, who placed such great weight on the development of the Chinese ministry, did not attend the great National Christian Conference held in Shanghai in the early summer of 1922, when it may be said that the Chinese Church publicly entered into her rightful heritage, for this was the first occasion when the Chinese had an equal representation with missionaries, and when the chairman was a Chinese pastor.

There were several reasons for the Bishop not being present. There was the pressure of work locally, which at that time he felt intensely, and the disturbed conditions which made his presence seem desirable. For the same reasons he did not feel free to attend the Anglican Synod held at Canton in 1924. There was also the question of expense which somewhat burdened him, for at that time the exchange was almost overwhelmingly adverse, and the financial situation was difficult. There was another reason, however. He was a man of peace who desired to avoid any possible strife of tongues, preferring rather to engage in constructive work.

Nor am I anxious [he writes] to get into the Modernist controversy, which, letters from home say, is likely to arise at the time of the General Conference. It seems to me that I can much better occupy my time by sticking to my work. There is so much to be done, and I am asking God to make me a blessing in the work here.

It is appropriate that some fuller reference should be made here to his attitude towards controversy

generally, and towards one practical question at least which arose therefrom. Though he personally sought to avoid strife, it was not that he was indifferent to the issues involved, or lacking in strong convictions.

I have no taste for controversy [he wrote] and my tendency is to let things go rather than stir up a lot of dust, but when the voice of Truth appeals loudly to my conscience I must not fear the stirring up of dust.

On another occasion he wrote :

As to the "Bible Union," I myself have not joined it, though I do see their *Bulletin*. I have taken no part in the controversy re the B.C.M.S. [The Bible Churchmen's Missionary Society], that is not my line. But I do feel that if the Modernist position is to be accepted the ground is all knocked away from under my feet, and I have nothing to stand upon.

Again he writes :

Do you ever see *The Bulletin of the Bible Union for China*? The way in which modern views of the Bible are creeping into China is terrible. To me if our Lord is wrong as to His view of the Old Testament, I cannot be sure that He is not wrong in all His statements as to my redemption and the future life.

Personally I have become increasingly conservative in my views as the result of recent study of several books.

As one half of his diocese was manned by C.M.S. workers he could not but be deeply concerned in the controversy raging at home within the ranks of that Society on doctrinal questions, and he was in full sympathy with a resolution passed by the C.M.S. workers in West China declaring their belief in the whole Bible. It was, however, a cause of real grief to him that a division should take place in the parent Society at Salisbury Square, and that another organisation, the Bible Churchmen's Missionary Society, should be formed. At the same time, though he had abstained from participation in this controversy, he was glad to welcome to the field workers of the B.C.M.S. when

they approached him, as he had welcomed Mr. Horsburgh and his party many years before. This was made more easy by the approval of Mr. Hoste, General Director of the C.I.M., that a portion of the C.I.M. field within the diocese should be placed at their disposal.

With regard to the B.C.M.S. coming into the diocese [he wrote], I must say I am most thankful to think that there is some prospect of them taking up the work in the Kwangan, Yochih and Linshui region, which is now left without any oversight.

And in his letter to the Rev. D. H. C. Bartlett, Secretary of the B.C.M.S., he wrote :

I need hardly say how gladly I will welcome any further help in the evangelisation of this immense diocese, nor need I add that there is scope for a great many more workers of the right sort. . . .

But there are one or two things that perhaps I may say at once.

- (1) So far we have not heard that the C.M.S. expects to retire from any part of the field which it occupies at present in this diocese. . . .
- (2) It might be possible to arrange for you to take over one of the more remote districts on the North-East or South-East of this diocese for which our present staff of C.I.M. workers is insufficient.

Reserving all his strength for aggressive and constructive work the Bishop, throughout these closing years of his life, continued as arduously as ever to visit his vast diocese, only once being detained at home by a slight accident, when he broke a rib. Concerning one of these journeys he wrote :

I never before did so much preaching as I have done this time, and special strength has been given me for it.

In another letter he wrote :

On my recent journey I had quite as much roughing as almost at any time before, both as regards the poorness of the

inns and as regards the difficulty of getting food. The roads also were bad, but the weather was good, and so bad roads did not trouble us so much, except that the hills were terrible. But I slept in *yao-tien-tsi* (wayside inns) more on this journey than I have done for many years, though I think the sufferers were more my men than myself, for they kindly allowed me to have any room that was available.

One of his most trying journeys was in the late autumn of 1924, when he visited Mienchuhsien for the marriage of Bishop Mowll. This alone entailed the best part of three weeks' hard travelling, though the hardships were to him as nothing if he could rejoice with his friend.

As an illustration of the way in which he did rejoice with those who rejoiced we may quote part of his letter of congratulation to Bishop Mowll upon his engagement, as we shall have occasion later on to see how he could suffer with those who suffered, when Bishop and Mrs. Mowll subsequently fell into the hands of the brigands.

Writing on September 6 to his Assistant-Bishop, Bishop Cassels said :

I have just received yours of the 28th ult., and write at once to give you my most whole-hearted and warmest congratulations on your engagement to Miss Martin.

It is delightful news. Miss Martin is one whom we all appreciate most fully. She is one of the very best sort. I am sure that you will help each other very much, and that your marriage will be for the good of the work.

The C.M.S. debate on the allowance for an *unmarried* missionary Bishop may now come to an abrupt close !!

I wish you would allow me the privilege of marrying you, wherever the wedding is to be. It is sad that Paoning is so far, and that we cannot have the privilege of sending Miss Martin off from our home.

Of the journey for this joyful event Bishop Cassels subsequently wrote :

I thought it right to go over for the wedding, and at the time felt increasingly so, but it has been a long journey, and

the first four days were some of the worst travelling days I have had. There had been continuous small fine rain for a couple of weeks before I started, and this continued, so that the roads were deep in slippery mud even where there were stones.

In another letter written the same year he says :

My own work during the past quarter has been unusually arduous and anxious. . . . My only desire is that it may be acceptable to Him for Whom it has been done, and that it may bring forth fruit to His glory. . . .

We must all of us, you at home and we on the field, in nothing be terrified by these difficulties, but work and pray together. . . . "With the help of my God I shall leap over a wall." Let that be our cry as we face the hindrances before us.

HIS LAST JOURNEY

How keenly I have realised that strong craving which many feel for the last words, the last looks, of those they love! Such words and looks are a kind of testament. They have a solemn and sacred character which is not merely an effect of our imagination. For that which is on the brink of death already participates to some extent in eternity.—AMIEL.

MEMORY loves to linger around the last things of the departed. The last words and last deeds all have upon them something of the reflex glow of that better country to which they have gone. In the Bishop's life we have now come to a period when most things are for the last time. And his last journey, of which we shall speak in some detail, was one of the most painful and perilous he ever undertook.

His last Christmas on earth was a day of mingled joy and sorrow, sorrow because the anti-Christian party in China had chosen that day, above all days, for demonstrations of hate.

During the last few months [he wrote early in 1925] there has sprung up an anti-Christian movement which is, I think, entirely new. We hear of it in provinces as far apart as Canton, Chekiang, Hupeh and Hunan, and the fact that in all these provinces there were anti-Christian demonstrations at Christmas shows that the movement is definitely organised.

In some of these places open-air meetings have been held, Bibles have been publicly destroyed, abusive literature circulated, and a trying and provocative attitude assumed towards missionaries and Chinese Christians.

But in Paoning conditions were more quiet, and in

a letter to Bishop Mowll written on Boxing Day, 1924, he said :

We had over sixty communicants at the early celebration yesterday morning, and a good congregation at the morning service, as well as at the service the evening before.

To-day Pat's [Mr. Bruce] schoolboys are giving a meal for one hundred and sixty poor people, and on Saturday the girls are doing something similar for poor children.

In January of the New Year, the last year of his life, the West China Missionary Conference was held in Chengtu, and through some misunderstanding the Bishop's name was put down on the programme to give some devotional addresses. Meantime, however, the Bishop had sent out a circular mentioning a number of the things which he had engaged to do during January, all matters which could not be postponed. He felt he must carry through his own programme and not go to the Conference. Writing, therefore, to Bishop Mowll on Boxing Day, 1924, he said :

When you, dear brother, are over there there is far less need for me to take the long and expensive journey. . . .

I have tried to pray daily that I may be guided and that God's blessing may rest upon the Conference, and that you may be given special help in your work there. I am old and dried up ; you with your freshness and energy will be a great help.

He then proceeds to speak about various handbooks which may assist Bishop Mowll, and his remarks throw an interesting light upon his own practices.

With regard to handbooks for Chairmen, I have two, an English one by Sir Reginald Polgrave, late Clerk of the House of Commons ; and an American one, well-known as *Robert's Rules of Order*. The Rules differ in England and America, but generally speaking the American Rules carry more weight out here in China, and particularly at places like Chengtu ; but even in the C.M.S. Conference we have a good deal gone by

Robert's Rules. Therefore I am only sending you the latter. You will find that it wants some careful attention and study. I shall be glad to have the book in due course, but please keep it for the present.

Amid the growing tide of anti-foreign and anti-Christian feeling the Bishop encouraged himself in some of the brighter aspects of the work, especially in the remarkable growth of the Sunday Schools throughout the diocese, and in the work of the evangelistic bands, which especially during the Chinese New Year holidays devoted themselves to the preaching of the Gospel. While he thanked God for the work of the Hospitals, of the Training College, and of the schools, he wrote :

Yet everywhere I see the need of greater spiritual power and keener devotion to the Lord, both among ourselves and the Chinese Christians and . . . I beg for your continued and increasing prayers that God's Spirit may be poured out upon us in fuller measure.

With February came the fortieth anniversary of his first sailing for China, and he began to receive congratulatory messages from many of his friends.

Some have written to me [he wrote] *most* kindly re the fortieth anniversary of my leaving England for China. Yet in other ways it has been a very sad and trying time.

The trials to which he refers were connected with the growing spirit of nationalism within the Church, which was taking on an anti-foreign aspect.

Last Sunday [he writes], the 15th of the New Year, the Cathedral was crowded—chiefly with women who could not be seated. — preached for over an hour, his themes being such as England's exploitation of India ; socialism ; self-expression. I do not know what he could have been reading, but we all longed for a little Gospel.

It was evident that the situation was serious when one of the most trusted of the Chinese clergy could thus discourse in the Cathedral, yet despite the gathering clouds the Bishop prepared for one of the most arduous journeys he had ever undertaken. In April he sent out a circular letter giving some dates of his expected arrival at various stations in the Eastern portion of the diocese, his purpose being to travel through the rough and hilly country up to the extreme north-east of the province, and thence work his way southward and back home again. Though he knew it not, this was to be his last journey.

After he had been travelling nearly a month he wrote :

I have been visiting some out-stations which I have never been able to get to before. I have had a difficult and dangerous journey through a remote part of the diocese. The journey has been made worse by the sad famine conditions which prevail, owing to the failure of the crops last year, and which are specially serious in the region through which I have come. The famine is now being followed by an epidemic of famine fever, the poor victims of which are everywhere to be seen. I have never before, I think, been in such close contact with the dead and dying.

The flooded conditions of the mountain streams and rivers, owing to the heavy rains we encountered, added to the difficulty of the journey. For these streams had to be crossed and recrossed scores of times, and there was an almost complete absence of bridges, and only a very occasional ferry boat. So the rivers had to be forded, and they were sometimes very deep. . . .

There are a few scattered Christians with their little meeting places ten and twenty miles from Pachow. It was a pleasure to meet with these. . . . The postmaster at Tungkiang is an old Mission schoolboy, and kindly took me in for the night. But after that for some days there was no trace of any knowledge of the truth until when, getting near Taiping, a colporteur met me by arrangement. . . .

At Taiping I found Miss M. E. Fearon and Miss L. Smith fairly well, they are bravely holding this distant and isolated outpost with the help of a catechist. . . .

After this, on my way south, I found many evidences of the

work of the Rev. A. T. Polhill, to whom this region owes so much ; also to the book-selling tours of Mr. Hayman. The Rev. C. B. Hannah met me half-way down to Suiting and presented sixteen candidates for Confirmation. . . .

Leaving there we took boats for Tungsiang, but the rapids were so terrible owing to another heavy storm of rain, and our boat was nearly swallowed up by the yellow waves of the flooded stream which rose above it like the great claws of a great sea monster intent on dragging the boat under, that we seized the first opportunity of getting to land, and continuing our journey by road, praising God for our escape.

When this letter was written the Bishop still had to press on to Kaihsien, Wanhsien, and Kweifu, and thence return to Paoning, and in his letter he pleads for the constant supplications of friends for those remote regions through which he had recently passed, and especially that God would raise up more Chinese labourers.

We happily also have a number of personal letters written by the Bishop during this, his last journey, from which some quotations must be given.

Writing to Bishop Mowll from an inn on the road to Taiping on May 8, he said :

I have been reading your addresses at the Chengtu Conference with much thankfulness. They are admirable and must have been of great usefulness. And I felt at once that they ought to be given again at the meeting of the Diocesan Synod at Paoning in the autumn. So with all the authority I have as Bishop of the diocese I take the first opportunity of writing to say that you must give these addresses again.

I rejoiced again and again as I read them. The root is there—the great foundation truths, I mean—and the fruit is there—the outcome of practical Christianity. And all is so well applied to the situation in China. I want our own people to hear the addresses. . . .

As far as I can make out no missionary has travelled this route before, namely from Tungkiang to Taiping. It is not only a very bad road (made worse and actually impassable for a time by a torrent of rain on Tuesday night and all day Wednesday) but we have seen dreadful scenes as a result of the terrible

famine conditions prevailing, especially around Pachow and Tungkiang.

I have been in closer contact with the dead and dying than ever before. My chair men have had to pay 550 cash for one basin of rice and 800 cash for a meal. But often rice could not be got at all, and to-night after trying in all directions the men have at last heard of some Indian corn for supper, which when they have secured they will have to grind down before it can be cooked. Fortunately my wife supplied me with a quantity of bread which has lasted till now. I have only been away eight or nine days so far, but it seems weeks.

There are also a few precious notes written to his wife on this journey, from which we are privileged to quote.

Writing from an inn thirty miles from Pachow on May 4 he said :

Another day has passed, but it is only the sixth away from home, though it seems like several weeks. . . .

One of my coolies is giving a good deal of trouble, and this evening two of the chair men had to go back to meet him. He complains of a strained leg. I fear he will not stand the rest of the journey.

There is a great deal of sickness at Pachow, and in this direction, the result of famine conditions. . . . The Lord has been very gracious in supplying a passable inn here and in bringing the coolie in at last. . . . I am hoping to find a Post Office at Tungkiang to post this. You are much in my thoughts and prayers.

Writing from the Tungkiang Post Office the next day he continued :

We found it difficult to find an inn here, and being opposite the Post Office the Postmaster recognised me and came out and invited me to stay here. I was very thankful to have a clean and cool place, and had been praying for this. The Postmaster is the youngest son of old Liang Sien-seng of Yinglingshan, Pachow. He was at school at Nanpu and afterwards, I believe, at the Hostel at Chengtu.

Writing on May 6 when ten miles from Tungkiang, he said :

The expected storm burst last night and the rain came pouring down in torrents. But we started about 6 A.M. the rain being less, and it has taken us till now—1 P.M. nearly—to do thirty li, partly owing to the difficulty of crossing streams. The river here has risen twenty feet, they say, and it is still rising.

I fear that we shall have to remain here the night, as the rain is pouring down just now—indeed it has rained the whole way. This will, I fear, delay my reaching Taiping at the time fixed. . . . But one must cheerfully accept the situation and praise God. I long to know how you are, dearest.

Towards the end of this long journey, in an undated letter written at Nanpu late at night, he says :

I arrived at dusk this evening, and on my way up gave the letter I wrote you on the boat to the gate-keeper to take at once to the Post Office. . . . After coming up I found your parcel, and all your very kind and loving letters. How good it was of you to send the clean suits, etc. I shall be very glad of one to-morrow, for though I have been most careful with this one and only worn it in the stations, yet it is pretty dirty. Thank you very much.

I am indeed glad to be near the end of my journey, and have often wondered whether I shall ever be able to go through this strain again. I felt I must just write these few lines before turning in, to thank you very much for sending the things. But I must get to bed now for I am very tired. . . .

P.S.—Sunday morning. 5 A.M. It was a very hot night, but is a beautiful morning now at 5 o'clock.

I got up early, partly because I am now accustomed to do so, but also because I wanted to add a few lines to this letter, as the bearer says he has to start back early.

Thanks so much for the clothes so carefully done up in your own tidy and beautiful way. When I heard that a messenger had come I wondered whether you could have sent me a clean suit, and there it was !

His fear that he could not again endure such strain was more deeply founded than he knew, for he never really recovered from the fatigue and exhaustion of this journey, which possibly laid him open to the fatal disease to which he finally succumbed.

In the course of this journey, on June 10 the Bishop wrote to the Rev. W. H. Aldis as follows :

I have now visited some ten stations and a similar number of out-stations. At the stations I have usually spent two days. During that time there have probably been three meetings or services a day ; there have been interviews and consultations with missionaries and Chinese leaders ; houses new and old to be examined ; proposed sites to be considered and so on, but above all, the most exhausting Chinese feasts have to be attended. It is, I have no doubt, necessary to attend these functions, but to make them of real profit one needs to be specially full of spiritual freshness and power.

It has been a privilege to meet so many of one's fellow-workers, thirty-one so far. They are wonderfully kind and loyal. Would that I were more worthy of their loyalty. . . .

It has been very cheering to see real progress in some directions, and to meet truly converted men and women, though, of course, one longs for much greater progress, and to see far greater working of God's Holy Spirit. I was much touched at Tachu by the intensesness of the newly confirmed (especially women) who attended the Holy Communion for the first time ; and I can never stop the spontaneous prayer that breaks out from these simple Christians at these times.

Now I am on my way back and do not expect to have much to do at Yingshan or Nanpu, having visited these places earlier in the year.

But before we close this chapter on his last journey there is one other letter to his wife from which we must quote, though the full date is not given. Writing on " Sunday afternoon " from T sien-fu-ch'ang he said :

You are often in my thoughts and prayers, dear Louie, and I do hope you are getting on well and not overdoing it. Life is still a battle, and will be to the end, and so we must be content to fight on and not to faint.

Difficulties there will be to the end, but we must meet them gladly and hopefully and get good out of them.

This was ever the spirit in which the Bishop faced life. Difficulties, instead of daunting him, seemed to provoke him to still more dogged determination to win through. They fanned his zeal into a flame.

In one of his most striking addresses, entitled "He smote thrice and stayed", this resolve to conquer, come what may, is well illustrated. The address is based upon the visit of Joash, King of Israel, to the aged prophet Elisha, when the prophet told the king to take bow and arrows and with the arrows smite upon the ground. But the king smote only thrice, and stayed. "And the man of God was wroth with him and said, Thou shouldest have smitten five or six times; then hadst thou smitten Syria till thou hadst consumed it; whereas now thou shalt smite Syria but thrice." Pressing home this truth the Bishop said:

I am filled with fear that the Church is showing indications of staying just now. . . . Do I speak to-night to anyone who is beginning to stay in his efforts for this missionary cause? Are you inclined to hang up your bow and put away your arrows? Are you growing cold in praying? Are you getting slack in giving? Are you getting weary of working?

Oh, I pray you, consider what blessing you are losing, what victory you are missing, what loss you are bringing upon the Church of God if you are holding back and staying. I pray you to-night rise up again, renew your efforts; revive your zeal; go once again to your prayers and say to the Lord, "I have put my hand to the plough, I will not look back. I have begun the race; I will run to the end."

It was in this spirit he himself continued. He would never look back, but ever press towards the goal.

STEADY IN THE STORM

And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed ; and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed.

But Moses' hands were heavy ; and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon ; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side ; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun.

EXODUS xvii. 11-12.

LONG before the Bishop was back at Paoning from the journey recorded in the last chapter, the tragedy of May 30, 1925, in Shanghai, had plunged the whole country into an unprecedented ferment. The much to be regretted shooting of Chinese students by the Municipal Police during the riot in Shanghai was as a match to tinder or a spark to powder. For months past the passions of the people had been slowly aroused by an organised propaganda encouraged by Bolshevik agents, and the unfortunate incidents at Shanghai and elsewhere were all that were needed to cause an immense upheaval throughout the whole country.

One of the outstanding features felt in Szechwan was the formation in every city of a Society or Association for Foreign Affairs, which, where the officials were unfriendly, assumed the fictitious title of The Athletic Society. This organisation, composed chiefly of students and schoolboys, issued a vast quantity of literature of a scurrilous and untruthful character, chiefly directed against Great Britain and Japan. It demanded the revision of Treaties, the boycott of

foreign goods, and warned servants and other employees not to become or to be the slaves of foreigners. Every effort was made to withdraw children from Mission schools, and in some centres Mission premises were actually attacked.

At Shunking the students were exceedingly savage. Hundreds paraded the streets with banners, calling upon their fellow-countrymen to rise against the foreigners, while scurrilous placards and hand-bills were circulated everywhere. In one of the out-stations the Mission furniture was destroyed, the Christians dragged before the idols and urged to recant, and when they refused to do so they were most shamefully and cruelly treated, and even threatened with death.

Happily at Paoning the students received little encouragement, and the situation was not as acute as elsewhere. The Bishop, however, was largely in the dark as to the real facts, direct news from Shanghai being but limited, and only Chinese sources of information being available. He was constantly being asked on the streets, "When are you leaving?" What the Chinese information was like may be gathered from the following extract from one of the Bishop's letters. Writing on July 3, he said :

I have just been reading over the printed copy of a circular telegram sent from some thirty schools at Shunking to Peking and all the other chief authorities in China. It says that some hundreds of students were killed in Shanghai and several thousands wounded in the rioting, and amongst the demands it makes some are as follows : that \$280,000 should be paid as compensation for each of those who has been killed ; that the British and Japanese Consuls should be degraded ; that the Mixed Court at Shanghai and the Police Office should be abolished ; that there should be a drastic revision of the treaties and a number of alterations made in favour of China ; that England and Japan should not be allowed to open schools or reading-rooms in China ; that all debts to these countries

should be cancelled ; that the police who fired on the crowd should be sentenced to death ; that England and Japan should acknowledge their faults and give security for future good behaviour ! These are amongst the *minimum* demands which are made. Meanwhile, the telegram goes on to say that it behoves China to send all its armies to the coast, thoroughly equipped for action ; that all goods from England and Japan should be boycotted ; that no food should be sold to the members of those nations ; and that no one should be allowed to serve them ; that all the schools opened by them should be closed, and no one should be allowed to enter the Churches.

For the third time in his life the Bishop was brought face to face with a serious national crisis involving heavy responsibility upon him, so far as the missionaries were concerned. Physically he had not recovered from the exhausting effects of his recent journey. His head was weary, and he felt physically unequal to heavy strain. None the less, however, he at once set himself to encourage his fellow-workers and prevent any hasty action on their part. For himself he stayed his heart upon the first half of Isaiah vii., where the Lord bade His servant, in face of a confederacy, to " Take heed and be quiet ; fear not, neither let thine heart be faint "

What pained him most, however, was not the anti-foreign spirit of the people, but the suspicion and distrust which manifested themselves among the Christians and even among some of the clergy. One or two of these, including one in whom he had put the utmost confidence, seemed quite prepared to boycott the missionaries. One, if not more, declared that the foreigners were only there on sufferance, and another one asserted that the missionaries were emissaries of foreign Governments sent to prepare the way for trade.

We have worsted bad storms in the past [he wrote], and we shall by the grace of God weather this one, believing that it will work out for the good of God's people. Meanwhile the situation is very trying.

As had previously happened at a time of crisis, telegrams were sent from Chungking on Consular authority to certain stations urging the workers to leave. The Bishop immediately not only telegraphed to the stations exhorting the workers not to be precipitate, but also communicated with the Consular Authorities direct. He recognised that in the heat of summer long overland journeys might prove fatal; that many would not have sufficient money in hand, and the Chinese at that time would not cash cheques; that it was wiser to remain among friends than to journey into disturbed areas among strangers. Happily the Consul-General at Chengtu had recently written advising the workers to "sit tight, and avoid all kinds of friction by the exercise of patience and tact". The Bishop felt this was the best procedure, and when he obtained the Consul-General's permission to use discretion as local circumstances directed, he continued to send daily bulletins and messages to all the stations giving wise and loving counsel and advice. From these letters a few sentences may well be quoted.

July 10th.—It is pretty clear that a strict boycott is being organised against Britishers, and it may become very difficult to get provisions; also that possibly some of our servants, especially those who reside outside, may be induced to leave us. With this in view provisions should be laid in and any other possible steps taken at once to provide against the above contingencies. . . .

It is one thing for people along the Yangtze valley to leave by steamer; it is quite another thing for missionaries in the far interior to attempt the journey.

Above all, let us recall again the power of prayer, and make supplication, as we are bound to do, for the authorities; praying also that the forces of evil may be subdued under God's mighty Hand, and that the Christian leaders may not be carried away by the present agitation.

July 13th.—Let us keep our heads clear and our hearts and

minds stayed on the Lord in prayer. I need not repeat what I said in my circular of the 10th.

July 20th.—I do trust you will all be kept in peace and rest, and sheltered from the great heat. Avoid attracting attention, and keep as quiet as possible. Do nothing to cause irritation.

July 24th.—I am well aware that the circumstances on this occasion are very different, but I cannot forget that during my time here we have twice been suddenly called off to go to the coast, and in both cases the journey has proved to have been unnecessary.

It is very easy at this time to criticise the Chinese, but it is far more important for us to seek to learn what lessons we can from the present upheaval—lessons especially with regard to our attitude to the Chinese leaders, and with regard to the fact that we are not permanent institutions here.

May I seek to stir you all up to very earnest prayer at this time for all who are in authority.

All this correspondence and its attendant responsibility was a heavy burden, and sorely taxed a man already overstrained. Throughout these trying days and weeks he had scarcely moved from his desk, and when the worst of the storm was over he continued without delay to press home the need of patience in the attitude of all towards the Chinese Christians. The following extracts from a circular dated August 12 will indicate the broad, sane outlook which characterised his counsels in these matters.

Since it has become clearer that we could stay on, and since the first burst of the agitation has passed away and we have become more used to the situation, I have had a little leisure to meditate on the lessons which we ought to learn from the present upheaval. Some of them are as follows :

(1) First of all, I think we need to learn the lesson of patience. The mist hangs very heavily around us just now, and we must wait till it clears before we can deal with the many problems that have been caused by the recent agitation.

(2) I have felt that we need just now to seek to subdue the spirit of an undue criticism of the Chinese, and rather take the present opportunity of examining ourselves as to anything which we may have done to add to the present unrest.

(3) We must learn to be content to follow in the steps of our Master, Who was "despised and rejected of men". "If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more they of His household?" He was "kind to the unthankful and the evil". Let it be ours to "continue to do good, hoping for nothing again."

(4) Another lesson forced upon us in rather a violent way is that we have been somewhat slow in carrying out what we have always aimed at, namely, the handing over of authority and control in Church and other matters to our Chinese fellow-workers.

(5) And lastly, we are forcibly reminded that we are here on sufferance and for a time, and that not only Churches, but schools and mission-houses and all must, in due course, be handed over to the Chinese. . . .

These, at any rate, are some of the matters that have been laid upon me; others may have a different light on the situation. If so, perhaps they would let me share it.

But further anxiety was to follow, for in the earlier part of August a party of eight missionaries and one child, including Bishop and Mrs. Mowll, were captured by brigands when resting in a holiday resort known as "Silverdale", and carried off into the mountains. This fresh anxiety was a heavy burden and grief to the Bishop, but he found comfort and relief in the word, "David encouraged himself in the Lord his God". "This", he wrote, "has been a real thing to me." A few extracts from some of his personal letters to Bishop Mowll during his captivity will best indicate how he was exercised by this painful experience. He who had rejoiced at the time of Bishop Mowll's wedding now knew how to sorrow with those in captivity as though bound with them. In an undated letter he writes to Bishop Mowll:

I do not know when a letter may reach you, nor indeed do I know how to write to you. I can only say that we are incessantly bowed before the Lord in earnest prayer for you all. The word, "Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them, and they that suffer adversity as being yourselves

also in the body " is ever before me. And we are trying to put ourselves in your place (as far as we know anything about it) when we pray for you.

Oh, what a time of suffering and anxiety it must be to you all, and how we long and long for more and later and better news. . . . It is terrible being so much in the dark.

I have proposed to come over to see what I could do to help, but . . . I do not like to be away from the Post and Telegraph Office, as I should be when on the road ; lest I should miss the news " Know ye that our brother — is set at liberty ".

I go often and try to see the distant mountains to the south-west of this, and wonder if I can see any of the mountains where you are. No, I won't say are, but where you were when last we heard over a fortnight ago. Fancy a fortnight ago and no news since.

When the glad news did come of their liberation he wrote on September 4 :

A telegram has come from Mienchow saying " Party released ".

Praise the Lord ! Hallelujah ! How we do give thanks. We have prayed morning, noon and night ; nay, very much more than that, and we greatly rejoice. . . .

We are still praying much for you all with our thanksgivings.

But though the release of the captives brought unspeakable relief, the Bishop was still bowed down before God on account of the conduct of one of his leading clergy. For him he wrote that he was praying all day long, and so he continued to the end.

It had been proposed that the Diocesan Synod should be held in the autumn, and that on St. Luke's Day, the thirtieth anniversary of the Bishop's consecration, there should be some special celebration of the event, accompanied by a presentation. Both the workers on the field, and the Bishop's friends at home, had purposed to take action along three lines :

- (1) To make a personal presentation to the Bishop.
- (2) To build a pavilion in the Cathedral grounds to act as a Church Parish Hall and contain a memorial tablet.

- (3) To provide funds for the opening up of a new and unevangelised district to be a missionary district under the control of the Chinese Church.

The disturbed state of the country made the holding of the Diocesan Synod impossible, but St. Luke's Day, 1925, was not allowed to pass unnoticed. During the week-end the courtyards of the Bishop's house were decorated by the Chinese Christians; on Sunday appropriate services were conducted, the preacher being Pastor Yü, in the absence of the Archdeacon; and on the Monday presentations were made by the Chinese and foreigners.

While deeply touched by these tributes of love, the beautiful and Christlike spirit in which he accepted them is manifest by the following priceless words written to his friends at home :

It is deeply impressed on me that we must now remind ourselves again that it was not for praise or approval that we came out here. We came to follow in the steps of Him Who was despised and rejected of men, a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Perhaps this is one of the chief lessons we have to learn at a time when an extraordinarily bitter hatred has been stirred up against us. "If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more them of His household." He was "kind to the unthankful and the evil". May we continue "to do good, hoping for nothing again". At the end of my thirty years' episcopate it is far better to be thus following the Master's steps than receiving commendation and congratulations from men.

These words were actually written before the presentation was made. When he did receive the gift he wrote again as follows :

Since writing the above I have received an exceedingly kind and most touching letter, of which I am quite unworthy, signed by the Chairman and Secretaries of the Diocesan Association, offering congratulations on the completion of the thirty years of my Episcopate, and referring to a most kind and generous gift that friends have combined to present to me at this time.

For what has been done let not God be robbed of the glory due to Him and to Him alone. It is true that I have been allowed to be here all these years, but it is my fellow-labourers who have done the work.

I am very thankful that you have alluded to my dear wife, who has worked with me all these years. I do not think anybody quite realises what she has done for the women of this place. But "the Day will declare it".

Little did he or his friends realise that within less than three weeks the Bishop's Home-call would come. In a letter to Bishop Mowll dated October 30, in which he refers to a presentation from the Kaihsien Church, he concludes in the following words :

I must not write at length as I have an attack of fever, which makes me rather good for nothing.

In another letter addressed to Mr. Stark under date of October 31, which is the last letter we have seen, and is probably the last from his pen, after referring to many personal details and to a certain anti-Christian document, he concludes with the following words :

I am sorry to say that the last day or so she (Mrs. Houghton) has been obliged to wait on me and my wife, as some sort of fever has taken possession of us.

This sickness was, to use the imagery of Bunyan, none other than the "arrow with a point sharpened with love", which was let into the heart of the Bishop and his wife, "which by degrees wrought so effectually" that at the time appointed they must be gone.

AT THE GATES OF THE CITY

Now while they lay here, and waited for the good hour, there was a noise in the town that there was a Post come from the Celestial City, with matter of great importance. . . . So the Post presented . . . a letter, the contents whereof was, "Hail . . . I bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expecteth that thou shouldest stand in His presence, in clothes of immortality, within this ten days".—JOHN BUNYAN.

THE labourer's task was done. The pilgrim Bishop—for if ever there were a pilgrim Bishop it was he with his close and long acquaintance with Chinese roads and wayside inns—had with his wife come to the banks of that river which must needs be crossed to reach the gates of the Celestial City. In God's good providence the passing of that stream was not to be prolonged. The way down into the valley was short and steep, and the welcome on the Eternal shore not long delayed. To us death is as the setting sun, to those on the other side it is the dawn of the Eternal day.

It was on Monday, October 26, that the Bishop first began to feel unwell. On Tuesday afternoon, still feeling indisposed, he played a game of tennis with Mr. Bruce, his son-in-law, hoping thus to shake off his indisposition. On Wednesday, the day which he had for so many years devoted to special prayer for the West China Diocese, he conducted as usual the season of intercession, giving as his address a remarkable discourse on "numbering".

There is something strikingly fitting in the way the

Bishop's life was rounded off. Had he known that his own days were numbered, and that this was the last address he would deliver, he could not have chosen a more appropriate subject, or have ordered his last days better, for in this address he gathered up the Scriptural teaching on the subject of "numbering" and applied it to what God had done during his own lifetime in Western China. Fuller reference to this is reserved for the following chapter.

Later in the day he wrote a reply to the Diocesan Association in acknowledgment of their letter of congratulation and of their gifts :

You use the word congratulations [he said], and if it means as it ought to, to sympathise and to share joy with another, it is for me a welcome word ; and I desire to thank you very heartily in rejoicing with me in the Lord's goodness to us since the formation of the diocese thirty years ago. . . .

In your letter you are kind enough to allude to my dear wife, who has been spared to work with me all these years, and who is now completing her forty years of service in this land. In old days she not only lived a most strenuous life, bringing up our children largely without any medical assistance, which is generally regarded as essential, and sharing with me the hardships of those times, but both then and now she has never ceased from her work amongst the women, literally scores of whom have been brought into the light through her instrumentality.

I do not hesitate to refer to all these things, for it is meet and right that we should remember all the way that the Lord our God has led us ; but I cannot help adding that at this time I feel more deeply than ever before my own frailties and failures, and how much more might have been done with a better instrument. May the Lord pardon all my imperfections.

No one then dreamed that within ten days he was to enter into the Master's presence and receive his reward. But later in the same day he suffered a severe rigor when feverish symptoms developed.

On Thursday Mrs. Cassels began to manifest the same symptoms, a high temperature being evident,

while Friday was a trying day for both. None the less, the Bishop continued at his correspondence, the letter to Bishop Mowll already quoted being penned on this day.

On Saturday the Bishop still continued to attend to his correspondence although urged to go to bed.

Most reluctantly he felt unable to speak at some special meetings held that day in the Training College, nor was he able to fulfil his promise to preach in the Cathedral on Sunday. For this failure he was full of apologies.

It had now become evident that his illness was not, as had at first been thought, malaria, and special precautions were taken to prevent infection, for Dr. Lawrence became convinced it was the same fever as had laid low one of the College students. But the Bishop's mind was still active, and he was constantly talking and thinking of others and giving directions concerning his letters, and it was with great relief he heard that the Archdeacon, for whom he had been daily and almost hourly praying for long months past, was returning to the city. Never had the Bishop uttered one word of reproach at his long absence, and when he heard that Mr. Ku was expected on Thursday he sent the office boy across the river with his card to welcome him back, and to say how sorry he was he could not come in person.

On the same evening a messenger was sent to ask Dr. Lechler to come from Mienchuhsien for consultation with Doctors Lawrence and Hillier, who were in attendance, and a telegram to the same effect was despatched to Mienchow. That the situation was critical all realised, but no one dreamed, even as early as Friday morning, that the end was so near. On Friday, however, the Bishop asked after the welfare of

Mr. Tang, the College student who was ill, and was glad to know that he was better, and gratefully received messages of love and affection from his anxious friends. As the day progressed it was evident that the final fight for life had begun. Amid varying hopes and fears the disease ran its rapid course, and early on Saturday morning, November 7, about 5 o'clock, the Bishop passed beyond the veil into the immediate presence of his Lord.

For another eight days Mrs. Cassels lingered on, but on Sunday afternoon, the 15th of November, she also entered into life eternal.

For nearly forty years these two had laboured and toiled together, sharing life's joys and sorrows, and now in their death they were not divided. Death had become to them the entrance gate of life immortal.

But to the loved ones left behind, and to the larger company who in China and at home had long looked to the Bishop for guidance and counsel, this sudden bereavement came as an almost overwhelming sorrow indeed. To those who in Paoning had been able to follow the rapid progress of the illness from day to day, the blow had fallen with a staggering swiftness, but to those who received the news by cable or telegram the sad tidings were as a bolt from the blue. To all the feeling was of an almost incredible loss. No one had known the West China Diocese without him. He was its Father, and had become identified with it, and it seemed impossible to think of it apart from him.

But all such bereavements throw us back upon God Himself, the Source of all life and of all good. God's gifts are without repentance. What He doeth He doeth for ever. No circle He has formed can ever be broken since it must possess the security of His own nature. God's work abides whatever changes come.

And in this assurance the last loving acts were paid to Bishop and Mrs. Cassels by confident and devoted hands.

Amid the hushed and reverent devotion of friends the two coffins were placed side by side in the home, the courtyards of which had been beautifully decorated by the Chinese. A Communion Service in English was held on Monday, a memorial service on Tuesday, and the funeral took place on Wednesday morning, when all that was mortal of these two immortal lives was laid to rest side by side in a grave between the West door of the Cathedral and a path leading to the Mission compound, Bishop Mowll, Archdeacon Ku, and the Rev. C. H. Parsons officiating, with a number of Chinese and foreign clergy in attendance. Large crowds of Chinese assembled to pay their last respects, and as the procession passed through the streets a sympathetic silence was felt by all.

“ Nothing is here for tears ”, but rather for rejoicing. Our friends have passed beyond the storms and tempests of life to be at home with God. They have left behind a memory which shall not die, and a work for God which cannot be destroyed. They had fought the good fight, they had finished the course, they had kept the faith ; henceforth there is laid up for them the crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give them in that day. And the Bishop would add, could he speak, “ And not to me only, but also to all them that have loved His appearing ”.

THE MAN AND THE WORK

This is the comfort of friends, that though they may be said to die, yet their friendship and society are in the best sense ever present, because immortal.—WILLIAM PENN.

FORTY years ago, when Bishop Cassels first went to China, it would have been possible to travel throughout the length and breadth of Szechwan and yet find no Christian Church. To-day the situation is very different. A traveller on any of the main roads will now seldom make a day's stage of thirty miles without passing some market or city in which there is a little Church and a growing Christian community. If we limit our observations to the West China Diocese, by which we mean that actual area in which Bishop Cassels laboured, the following figures will indicate what has been accomplished. These figures are the same as those given by the Bishop in his last address, in which he recognised that numbering, if used for any boastful or vainglorious purpose, was a curse, but if to show forth the glory of God was then right and our bounden duty.¹

When I came here [wrote the Bishop] nearly forty years ago, there was no Mission House or Church. Now there are twenty-five central stations and one hundred and twenty out-stations, and some forty or fifty Churches have been built. Then there were no Christians nor even a catechumen of any kind. Now over 10,000 converts have been baptized, and of these 6700 odd have been confirmed; and the returns show that there are nearly 2500 baptized persons who have not yet been confirmed, as well as over 2000 catechumens, a proportion

¹ For the Bishop's notes of this address, see Appendix.



Photograph by

BISHOP CASSELS IN LATER LIFE.

Mauil & Fox.

To face page 356.

of whom will, it is hoped, be baptized before long. And as to Chinese workers, it is hardly necessary to say that there were none of any kind at all in those days. But now twelve tried men have been admitted to Holy Orders, of whom one has passed away and one has been made Archdeacon. There are also in the diocese ninety-eight licensed preachers, not including colporteurs, Bible-women and others.

I must not stay to allude in detail to the Schools for boys and girls, the Hospitals, the Hostel at Chengtu, the Training College (an institution of the greatest value), nor to the Cathedral, which have all come into being since the formation of the diocese.

For what has been done I give most humble and hearty thanks to God on high.

And it is the devoted band of my dear fellow-labourers, both missionary and Chinese, that God has used as His instruments during these forty years, and particularly during the thirty years since the formation of the diocese.

But whilst praising God for what He has done, we need to remind ourselves and you that this is but a drop in the bucket to the work which lies before us.

A well-known historian, writing on the decisive battles of the world, has speculated as to the course of history had these battles not been fought or had they been lost instead of won. It may perhaps be legitimate to surmise on the alternative course of events in West China had Bishop Cassels never devoted his life to that service. Would the China Inland Mission ever have had so well-developed a Church of England section? and if not, would Mr. Horsburgh and his devoted pioneers, who founded the C.M.S. West China Mission, ever have selected that portion of the field? Many such questions may arise, and only serve to emphasise what God has wrought through His appointed man. Looking back over the course of events one cannot but feel that Bishop Cassels was God's man for this special task, for to him had been given special gifts and graces for laying the foundations.

What has been written will suffice to show that he

possessed the gifts of an organiser in no small measure ; that by temperament, as well as by training, he was a builder, a lover of order, a believer in Government and rightful authority.

He was a humble and loving autocrat, one who ever disciplined himself and expected others to accept discipline also. While never seeking power or authority, when responsibility had been laid upon him he was prepared to fulfil his duty, not asking of others an obedience he was not prepared to render himself to those above him in the Lord.

He was a man with a message, who knew experimentally Jesus Christ as the only secure foundation for life and faith. That was the only foundation he sought to lay. He was filled with evangelistic zeal from the beginning to the end of his life, and almost one of the last things he did was to visit the street Chapel for direct evangelistic work.

He was a profound believer in prayer, establishing the custom, from his first entry into Szechwan, of special times and seasons for the task of intercession. He schooled himself in this sacred ministry, as one who for twenty years had laboured with him testified. " It was in listening to his prayers one learned how very much at home he was in the Secret Place. There was a holy intimacy in his praying, and the simplicity of a child in his faith. What I owe to the Bishop for those hours of fellowship at the Throne of Grace I can never express."

It was this feature in his life which perhaps more deeply impressed his followers than any other, as has already been indicated.

He possessed the eminent qualifications of steadfastness and tenacity, and was essentially a man of set purpose. For the work of the pioneer, for constructive

achievements in the face of opposition, such qualities are essential. Having set his hand to the plough he would not look back. When plans had been made and journeys mapped out he would go through with them no matter what lions stood in the way. What he undertook he would not leave until the task was accomplished, nor would he ever be deflected from what he conceived to be the path of duty. Having received the heavenly vision he suffered all rather than disobey.

But though a man of set purpose he ever kept an open mind. He was no bigot, no partisan, ever ready to give due weight to new ideas or fresh methods. He was one of the first to see the high importance of giving the Chinese their rightful place, of seeking that they should increase and the foreigner decrease. Though British to the core the Anglo-Saxon old Adam did not dominate him. He was too generous, too considerate, too far-seeing, to be governed by narrow and parochial views.

And perhaps one secret of his open-mindedness was his pre-eminent humility. In all conspicuous moments of his life this was manifest. Though strong, and in some senses dominating, he possessed the spirit of a little child, to which he referred in his first pastoral letter. And no man was more ready, if in the exercise of his authority he thought or others felt he had been severe, to take the humble part. He has been known openly and before his brethren to confess to impatience or harshness under provocation by the Chinese. It was because he had learned to be meek and lowly in heart that he found the Lord's yoke easy and His burden light.

As a man he knew little or no fear, as was evidenced on many occasions when in perils by water, and when confronted by national crises. He was steady in the

day of battle, calm and strong when others were alarmed.

Yet he was shy and strangely reserved, though this did not appear when work or duty demanded. He was not a ready mixer with men, but rather preoccupied with the great task. As has been well said of the late Dr. Denney, he had no small change, and showed little interest in small talk or the lighter side of life. He appeared to be, even though he might not be, somewhat bored with the ordinary social trivialities, yet no deed of kindness was too small, and as not a few tributes show, these are the things which many most remember. The mending of a sedan-chair, the carrying of a wounded Chinese boy, a tender solicitude for a puppy or a kitten, were marks of the true greatness of this somewhat preoccupied man. With him courtesy was never mere politeness, but the outward grace of a lovely and loving heart. Humour was there, though it was a deep spring which but seldom welled up.

It was not every man who got near the Bishop, but really to know him was to love him, for he had a love which inspired love in others, a love which lasted. "It was", as one who knew him intimately has said, "not love awakened so much by personal fascinations or brilliant social gifts, but rather the love born of profound respect for a life of transparent sincerity, of selfless devotion and of unreserved consecration."

But the Bishop would not desire this book to close with its last words on himself, but rather on his work, or preferably God's work entrusted to him.

His own life's story was only the opening chapter, for the task of evangelising West China is not yet accomplished, though his long day's work is done. In one of the last letters he ever wrote, only a few days before his death, he said :

You allude to the work which has been done, or shall I not rather say begun, out here.

He would have us then in conclusion

Look at the end of the work, contrast
The petty Done, the vast Undone.

This is the vision he would commend to those who follow him, both Chinese and foreign, whether in humble or high office. As a wise master-builder, he laid the foundations, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief Corner-stone. It is for those who follow to consecrate themselves to the unfinished task, and in the same spirit of love and loyalty to build the super-structure. Thus shall the Church in Szechwan, to which he devoted his long life, be builded together for a habitation of God in the Spirit.

APPENDICES

1. SOME PERSONAL LETTERS
2. NOTES OF BISHOP CASSELS' LAST SERMON

The secret of success is often enquired for and here it is. It is not in gifts or human learning, or exceptional opportunities or any earthly advantages, but in a heart consumed with the flame of ardent, holy, heavenly love.—BRAMWELL BOOTH.

I can plod. That is my only genius. I can persevere in any definite pursuit. To this I owe everything.—WILLIAM CAREY.

I

SOME PERSONAL LETTERS

AFTER the book was in type and the greater part indexed the author received from Mr. Cecil Cassels a number of personal letters written by the Bishop, his father, to Mrs. Cassels, his mother, with liberty to use the same. The great majority of these were written in Chinese inns or in his sedan-chair or hurriedly after a long day's work, and they are in the main quite personal and might even be called "love letters". As Mr. Cecil Cassels notes, "They show how much my father felt his being away from home for such long spells as he felt necessary, and how he and my mother loved and depended on each other".

Though it is too late to incorporate these in the body of the book they are too valuable to be entirely withheld from publication, for they reveal a personal aspect of the Bishop's character only imperfectly disclosed elsewhere. The following portions are all that space permits, and these are given with a minimum of editorial introduction.

The first is dated June 1896 and is addressed to Mrs. Cassels.

My inn to-day is very fair. It is very filthy and has the usual pigsty, etc., underneath, but it has the very great advantage of a window at the back, with a delightful country view behind which brings in fresh air and light, so I am very thankful. . . .

This morning, after a good time of prayer alone, I had the coolies in, and preached to them with prayer, and now I sit down for a little talk with you, my love. . . .

I seem to have little in my head these days. That week at Paoning was a strain on me, and yet I felt very much helped in taking the various meetings and the ordinations. May the Lord grant an abiding blessing to all that was done !

I do trust dear — has got settled down again. His outbreak was most unfortunate in all respects, and one of the most trying things that I have yet had. And yet, I was enabled to rejoice at it for my sake though grieved for the spirit he showed. . . .

Dear Louie, we must continue to labour and to pray that the Lord would enable us to unite our brethren and sisters in one holy bond of peace and love. You can do much in this direction by the grace of God. I want you to be looked up to as a "Mother in Israel" and to be one in whom others can feel they can confide. I want your sympathy to go out to every sad and troubled worker and every one who is in any way under the devil's power.

You remember the verse Mrs. Thwaites of Salisbury sent me :

He went in the strength of dependence
To tread where the Master trod,
To father and knit together the family of God ;
With a conscience eased from burdens
And a heart set free from care,
To minister to every one always and everywhere.

May this be true of both of us more and more. . . .

I am already looking forward to the messenger you will be sending to me in a couple of days. How nice it will be to hear of you and of the dear children ! They and you are much in my mind, and my heart goes out to each one. . . . God bless you all ! May you have a happy day to-day.

The next letter is addressed from the London Mission, Chungking, under date January 14, 1899. The Bishop was in Chungking on the occasion of the West China Conference referred to on page 208 of this book. In a personal letter to his wife the Bishop wrote :

How often I long that you were with me here, and could share with me in all the interests of the time, and try to learn something with me from other friends. One feels such a

poor, unworthy missionary by the side of many here, and long to be more fitted for one's work.

I was glad, however, you were not with me on the road, for though there was no disturbance yet the journey was not easy. The inns were worse than those I have had for years. Every night almost we got in an hour after dark, though only doing the usual stage. One night, though we travelled for an hour in the dark, we did not reach the stage, and as the coolie had gone on to get an inn I had no bedding, etc. Another night the inns were all full and we all shook down in an eating house on tables or the floor. At Hochow a crowd followed us to the river side and threw a little mud and shouted. . . .

Writing again three days later the Bishop continues :

The conference is very hard work, and gives little time for writing though I have many letters to attend to. I have had to take the chair and this has given me much extra work appointing committees, and making various arrangements, etc.

I have seen very little yet of Mr. Hudson Taylor, but I think he wants me to wait for him and escort him up. . . . The Lord guide! Of course, personally, I long to return as soon as I can. I do not get used to being absent from you, darling! God bless you.

Nine days later the Bishop writes again, still from Chungking.

Poor Mr. Parsons has had a narrow escape [see page 209]. He left here on Tuesday forenoon and got 60 li to Yueh-lai-chang. The next day he took a boat as usual up the river.

The story is a long one, but the boat was attacked on the river side. . . . The coolies and escort escaped, but the people ran at Mr. Parsons with spears and swords. He escaped over the side of the boat into the river, and was able to take hold of a sedan-chair that was upset into the water. From there he got to a gunboat where he was protected, and by which he was brought down here. The Lord providentially provided the gunboat and the chair in the water or he would have been drowned. . . .

Mr. Parsons arrived here this morning still wet. We put him to bed and gave him sweet nitre and he seems alright. . . .

I hope that I may be able to get away by Monday, so as to be able to get in before the [Chinese] New Year. I was praying for Mr. Parsons a good deal on Wednesday [the day of the

trouble]. How strange that I should have been hindered from going against my own will. Should I have met the same or a different fate? . . .

I sent you quite a packet of letters by Mr. Parsons and some papers, I am sorry you won't get them. They would have told you how much my heart is with you and how hard it is to be away. But it must have been of the Lord that I did not go.

A party of three starting for Suifu have now decided to delay their departure. But I feel I ought to go on. I have a family to return to and much work awaiting me. We are to have some special prayer to-morrow morning for guidance.

It is very hard for me, darling, to be quite reconciled to anything just now, for I am very much wanting to return home [The Bishop's third son, Harold, was only a little over two months old], but it is never safe to have one's own way, and it may be that my life has been spared owing to my being willing to wait here when it seemed right to do so. I doubt very much whether I should have jumped into the river as Mr. Parsons did. . . .

Good-night, my own love. How long the days seem and will seem till I can be back home again. . . . God bless you and all our dear little ones. Warmest kisses to them all.

In another letter, undated but addressed from a hamlet 30 li from Mienchu, the Bishop writes again to his wife :

I need not say that I pray for you, Dearest, constantly in my chair or by the way. It is while travelling that I get my best times of prayer alone. At the stations my time is so limited. "He sent me" has been a constant strength and comfort, and I have often alluded to it. . . . As I see various kinds of family life, I, more and more, long that ours should be entirely beautiful for the Lord, and that truest love and joy should be manifested in every word and look. We want to aim at a higher Christian courtesy in our intercourse with one another; and at a happy, cheerful—may I not say *merry*?—manifestation of our love.

I also desire, more than ever, to show a kind, thoughtful sympathy for my fellow-workers. I want more than ever to enter into their joys and sorrows. I learn, too, increasingly what a difference it makes to a visitor to get a warm welcome, and from little attentions to his room and so on to be made to feel that he is really welcome.

Now, Darling, excuse this scrawl written hastily in in-

convenient quarters in this inn. God, our Father, ever bless you more and more, and each of our dear little ones.

In another undated letter written from Pachow on a Saturday night the Bishop says :

I spent much time in prayer to-day in my chair asking for blessing here, and for a revival everywhere, and we realised the Lord's presence in our little prayer-meeting to-night. Now I keep believing for a good day to-morrow. The Confirmations will not be till Monday, but there will be Holy Communion and other services.

We started before light this morning and reached here at dusk, so I am now ready for bed. I have not forgotten you to-day, darling, and have often prayed for you during the day and wish I were going straight home from here or from Peh-miao-ch'ang if it might be. This being so much away from my home is not a small trial that I have to bear gladly for the Lord's sake. He knows how difficult it is, and when the longings to be at home come over me, as they do so often, I remember the words " My grace is sufficient for thee ", and cling to them.

I am not aware that I have ever yet hurried home one day before my work has been finished, but I have often been tempted to do so. Dear little Harold too—what a bonnie little fellow he has grown! But I saw so little of him this time. Is there no chance of your being able to come with me to Mienchow, I wonder. I must confess I do not see how it can be managed, but I wish it could. . . .

I have been very much stirred up to prayer to-day and last night by reading some of Andrew Murray's *Ministry of Intercession*, which Mr. Horsburgh sent me just now from Mienchow.

The next letter from which we will quote was written about eight years later, and gives a more personal and intimate insight into the Bishop's feelings when he received the Archbishop of Canterbury's request that he should succeed Bishop G. E. Moule at Hangchow, than is revealed in the correspondence which appears on pages 233-237. It is Bishop Cassels' confidential letter to his wife on this subject, dated Hankow, May 21, 1907.

I have a number of letters to write, and this great heat makes it difficult to do so. But my first letter must be to you, Love. . . .

There is a very strong letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury pretty well commanding me to take up the burdens of the diocese of Mid-China which Bishop Moule is laying down. There are also other letters from the Rev. H. E. Fox, the chief C.M.S. Secretary, and from the Rev. B. Baring Gould, both adding their weight to this matter. It may be as you can imagine, Dearest, a most terrible situation for me. . . . I never expected such letters as these, and they have come upon me like a thunderbolt.

I have had much prayer since the letters came, and have had prayer with Bishop Roots who is most kind and sympathetic. . . . I propose to ask the Archbishop to allow me to take time to consider the position. . . .

You will, of course, be praying much for me. God help us at this most solemn time. It seems impossible to give up Szechwan with the work just now beginning to develop, and all so dear to us, and so deeply woven in with our hearts, and to face the terrible difficulties of a new work in Mid-China with its new dialect, etc. etc.

But yet—but yet, Dearest, there hangs over me the awful fear of the bitterness of refusing a call, and the curse of fearing to go where one is called—if this is a call.

I refused to allow my name to stand to be elected as Chairman of the Centenary Conference in Shanghai, and all through the Conference I felt that I had thrown away a post of influence and neglected an opportunity, and all through the Conference I seemed under a cloud. It was so different at the Anglican Conference. But I must turn to other letters. . . .

I long to be back to be able to pray over it with you, Dearest. The heat is terrible, but it is now trying to thunder.

Three days later the Bishop wrote his wife again, this time from the s.s. *Kooling* on the Yangtze between Hankow and Ichang. He had sent her a draft copy of his replies to the Archbishop and others, adding :

Instead of repeating what I have written to the Archbishop, to Prebendary Fox, to Mr. Hoste and others, I send on a large packet of letters for you to read and to keep for me ; for I am weary of much writing, and my chest aches with stooping. . . .

I long to get to you, Dearest, to pray and talk it all over with you. On all the great principles you will see what I have written. Hitherto I have hardly dared to face anything else. How earnestly you will be praying, Dearest! . . . God ever bless you and watch over you. . . . Love to the dear children. I thought of dear Linda on her birthday.

In another letter written the same day he continues :

It is Ember-tide when there are special collects "for those who are to be called to any office or administration in the Church".

I received the Archbishop's letter on Whit-Tuesday and daily, almost hourly, has the collect gone up from my heart: "God, who didst teach the hearts of Thy faithful people by the sending to them the Light of Thy Holy Spirit; Grant us by the same Spirit to have a right judgement in all things and evermore to rejoice in His holy comfort."

And the Gospel for that day has spoken to me as I have read the words, "When He putteth forth His own sheep He goeth before them and the sheep follow Him". Can He be putting us forth? I write the words through my tears. Can it be?

I have been through the Consecration Service this afternoon, but I broke down at the words of the Apostle (Acts xx.), "And now behold I go bound in the Spirit unto Jerusalem not knowing the things which shall befall me there, save that the Holy Spirit testifying unto me in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, etc. etc."

Oh Dearest! Is the Lord calling us to leave all that we love to bear His Cross into a strange land? The Missionary call and renunciation was an easy delight in those days of youthful zeal. But this—this would indeed be a martyrdom—a laying ourselves down on the altar to die.

And the Archbishop calls me to it because *it is difficult*. And ah, dearest Love, how difficult it would be for you. I scarcely dare to think of it. To leave your friends and your converts, your classes, your home and all that you love. Can it be?

How little we ever dreamt of having our nest stirred up in this way, if it is to be. But which ever way it is to be I pray that God will give us the strength and joy of unity and that we may see eye to eye, whether it is "yes" or "no". Isaiah lii. 8. [The voice of Thy watchman! They lift up the voice, together do they sing; for they shall see eye to eye, when Jehovah

returns to Zion.] I shall pray specially for this. Isaiah lii. 8. Your advice and counsel have been very much to me of recent years, though I have not always followed it. You have lived more in touch with the Lord than I have ; and so have known His will better. I pray that God will guide you aright at this time. Could we, I wonder, get away quietly for a few days to pray over the matter. But it must not (of this I am clear) be decided hastily—the issues are far too solemn and important. So we must wait long if need be for certain light.

The last letter on this subject was dated June 6, 1907, and was written in one of the small Chinese life-boats which are used on the perilous waters of the Upper Yangtze. With this we must close these sacred glimpses into the Bishop's private and personal correspondence.

RED BOAT,
NEARING NEW RAPID,
Thursday, June 6, 1907.

MY DEAREST LOUIE—It is not easy to write on this boat as I have to hold the paper on my knees—and hoping to reach you soon after my letters there is less need to write at length. I have telegraphed to Wanhsien several times, so you will know my movements before this. . . .

We are now not far from the Sin-t'an [New Rapid] and hope to reach Wanhsien to-morrow . . . and Paoning June 23 [Sunday]. Ah, will not that be a joy ! . . . I do not want to wander again without you for a long long time.

Of course the matter of the Archbishop's letter is all day in my prayers and Cecil Polhill helps by prayer. You will soon now get my letters. The boat rocks so that I cannot write, and here comes Mr. Parsons along. I much look forward to getting later letters at Wanhsien.

Fondest love, dearest Louie. God's richest blessing rest on you ! Love to the dear children.—Ever your own affectionate husband,

WILLIE.

II

NOTES OF BISHOP CASSELS' LAST SERMON

NUMBERS III. 16 ; XXVI. 57 TO END.

- O. & N. Test. abound in instances of God's not only allowing but commanding numbering of people and things. A whole book of the Bible on this subject. 100 times.
- O. Test. Ch. of Israel numbered 3 times, and afterwards in Josh., Judges, Sam., Kings, Chron., constantly read of numbering. Entirely in accordance with God's purposes. Ezra again most careful and exact in numbering.

N. Test. Gospel instances, Loaves and Fishes.

Acts i. 3 times, ii. 41, v. 14, vi. 7, xi. 21, xvi. 5.

(1) *For what purposes? Why allowed or ordered?*

1. *To show forth God's power and glory, e.g. miracle of loaves.*
2. *To show how he can use weak things, or things which are not, e.g. Gideon's 300 (Judges vii.).*
3. *To cheer Preachers (Church), show labour not in vain, cf. Acts ii. 41, etc.*
4. *To stimulate to emulation (holy), not a wrong motive if in a right spirit; "tribes" and 2 Cor. ix. 2. "Your zeal hath provoked very many."*
5. *For estimating the workers and means required for God's service. O. Test. Levites, numbers and ransom. Numbers iii. numbered to do the work of the congregation. Numbers iv. 30, 35, 41.*
6. *Preparation for conflict against the foe, cf. Joshua-Saul-David, etc.*
7. *Warning, number who fell in desert, cf. Numbers 26.*

For all such purposes it is right to number.

Add up numbers and consider resources.

- (2) But on the other hand there is evidently a great danger. Terrible story of David numbering Israel is enough to show this.

Wherein lay his sin, for that it was a grievous sin the whole story shows.

Led of Satan not of God.

Whenever David failed to seek for God's leading he landed himself in a terrible retribution.

Wilful—against advice and exhortation.

Motives.

- i. *Pride-vain-glory-boasting*, cf. 2 Sam. xxiv.
- ii. *Ambition*, desire for fresh conquest, numbering in preparation for war—if of God, right; if not, wrong.
- iii. *Covetousness*, intention to impose fresh taxes on people (lust of flesh-eye and pride of life). These things written for our learning.

Led to speak on this because during last few days received a number of very kind letters of congratulation and one telegram from London referring to last 30 years.

If there is any boastful or vainglorious spirit in adding up numbers then absolutely wrong and brings a curse.

If for God's glory to show what He has done, to cheer us, to stimulate us, and to warn us, then *right* and our duty.

We are to remember all the way that He has led us.

1. *Fellow workers*.

There have been as many as 135.

2. *Chinese Staff*. 12 ordained. 98 licensed.
31 Bible Women. Total 141.

3. *Stations*, 25; outstations, 120.

4. *Churches built*, 40.

Baptized, 10,000

Communicants .. 5164

Baptized, not

Communicants 2426

Catechumen .. 2128

9718 from former statistics,
now over 10,000 adherents.

Disciplined sad, a warning—538. Heb. ii. and iii.

INDEX

- Aldis, Miss, 281
 Aldis, Rev. W. H., 209, 210, 216,
 313, 340
 Arnott, Miss, 197
- Barclay, Misses P. and F., 129,
 135, 159, 162, 260
 Bardsley, Rev. C. C. B., 284
 Baring-Gould, Rev. B., 233, 235 ;
quoted, 178, 179
 Barnes-Lawrence, Rev. A. E.,
 184, 281, 285
 Bartlett, Rev. D. H. C., 330
 Beauchamp, Rev. Sir Montagu,
 41, 42, 52, 62, 63, 65, 66, 68,
 69, 70, 71, 72, 82, 105, 135,
 146, 148, 157, 158, 159, 160,
 162 ; *quoted*, 114-15
 Benson, Archbishop, 178, 182,
 183, 184 ; *quoted*, 179, 180
 Bible Churchmen's Missionary
 Society, 329-30
 Biggs, Miss, 254
 Bishop, Mrs. Bird, 186 ; *quoted*,
 186-8
 Boxer Rising, 207, 212 *et seq.* ;
 reaction following, 220-22
 Bradley, Rev. A., 298
 Broman, Miss, 140
 Bruce, Mr. P. A., 295
*Bulletin of the Bible Union for
 China, The*, 329
*Bulletin of the West China Diocese,
 The*, 228, 302, 316
- Callum, Rev. D. A. and Mrs.,
 147
 Cambridge Seven, 25, 36, 40-44,
 72, 81, 105
 Canterbury, Archbishop of, 178,
 233-6 ; *quoted*, 233, 313-14
 Carey, William, *quoted*, 173
- Cassels, Dorothy Hope (Mrs.
 Frank Houghton), 186, 195,
 258, 295, 313, 314
 Cassels, Ethelinda, 219, 259
 Cassels, Frances Grace, 186, 222,
 258 ; *quoted*, 268-71, 323-4
 Cassels, Francis (brother), *quoted*,
 11-12, 20-23, 29, 30-31, 308-
 311
 Cassels, Francis (son), 165, 168,
 169, 173
 Cassels, Harold, 208, 222, 259,
 295, 297
 Cassels, Herbert, 26 ; Notes by, 35
 Cassels, Jessie Ida (Mrs. P. A.
 Bruce), 132-3, 151, 153, 166,
 175, 195, 211, 281, 294 ;
quoted, 256-7, 265-7
 Cassels, John (father), 3, 5, 6, 9,
 10, 12, 20
 Cassels, Mrs. John (*née* Ethelinda
 Cox), 3, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12,
 14, 30, 37, 44-5, 212
 Cassels, William Cecil, 175, 295
 Cassels, William Wharton : parent-
 age, 5-9 ; born in Oporto, 9 ;
 early childhood in Portugal,
 10-14 ; mother's influence,
 12 ; removal to England, 15 ;
 death of father, 20 ; at
 school in Stroud, 20-21 ; at
 school in Blackheath, 21-2 ;
 at Repton, 23-5 ; keenness
 in athletics, 21-2, 24-5, 26 ;
 St. John's, Cambridge, 25-6 ;
 ordination, 29 ; curacy in
 South Lambeth, 29-35 ; call
 to foreign field, 35, 36 ;
 offers to Church Missionary
 Society, 36 ; accepted by
 China Inland Mission, 37 ;
 farewell address at Exeter

Cassels, William Wharton—*cont.*
 Hall, 42-4; departure for China, 49; Shanghai reached, 50; Peking, 52-9; life in Shansi, 60 *et seq.*; Taiyuanfu, 61-2; views on "Marriage on the Mission Field", 73-4; departure for Szechwan, 79; engagement to Miss Legg, 96; commencement of work at Paoning, 90-104; marriage, 107; the home at Paoning, 112-14, 188, 268-71, 319; the man of prayer, 118-19; estimate of character, 128, 136-139, 243, 245, 265-7, 270, 302, 357-61; birth of eldest child, 132; appointed Assistant Superintendent of Mission district, 138, 150; itinerations, 139-41, 222, 231, 288, 301, 325, 336 *et seq.*; appointed Commissary to Bishop Moule, 164; birth of eldest son, 165; opening of first chapel in Paoning, 166-7; death of eldest son, 168; arrival in England, June 1894, 173; visit to Oporto, 175; birth of second son, 175; consecrated Bishop of Western China, 182; returns to China, October 1895, 182; birth of twin daughters, 186; birth of third son, 208; death of his mother, 212-13; the Boxer Rising, 207, 212 *et seq.*; birth of youngest child, 219; founding of Diocesan Training Institute, 225; leaves for furlough, 1904, 226-7; visits Portugal, 228; separation from children, 229, 230; return to Paoning, 230; policy in work, 231; invitation to become Bishop of Mid-China, 233-7; relations with children, 255 *et seq.*; the daily time-table, 258-60; revolution in China, 275 *et seq.*; in England, 281; return to China, 1913, 282; invitation to join home staff of Church Missionary Society, 284-6;

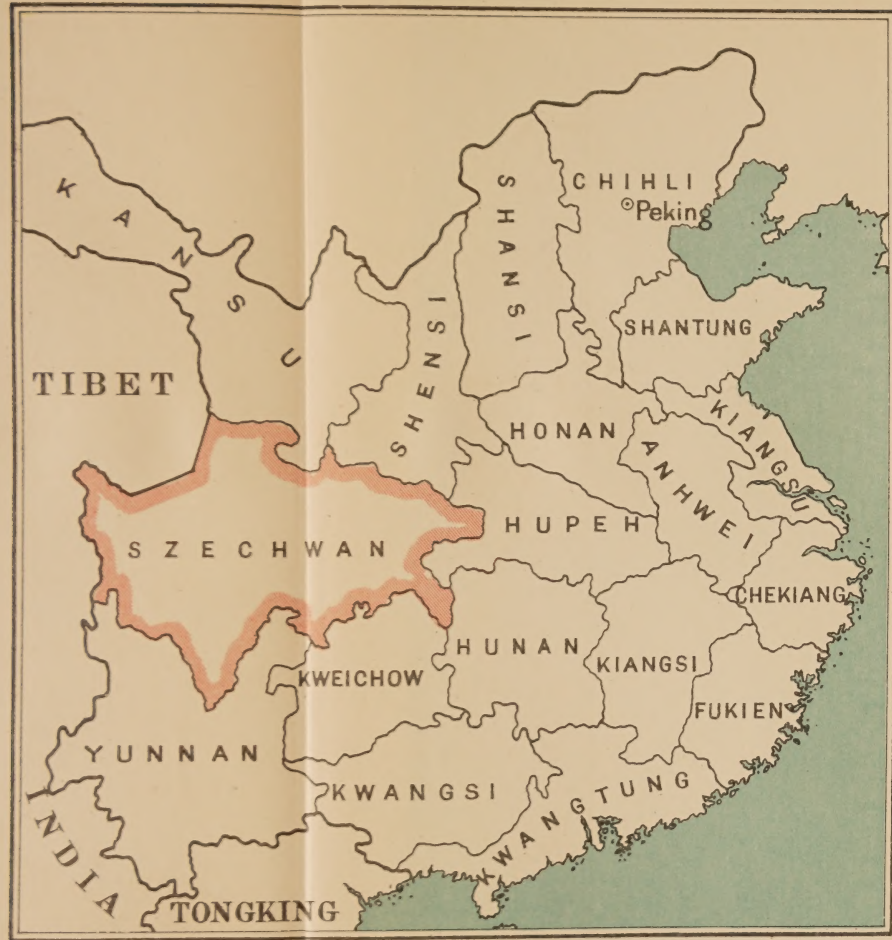
Cassels, William Wharton—*cont.*
 building and consecration of pro-Cathedral, 283, 289-93; welcome back to Paoning, 1920, 315; last travels, 333 *et seq.*; illness, 351; death, 354
 Cassels, Mrs. William Wharton (*née* Mary Louisa Legg), 39, 93-7, 101, 107, 126, 132-3, 222, 268, 270; *quoted*, 111-14, 122, 152-3, 154-5, 262, 264
 Chang, Pastor (former Buddhist Bishop), 68, 69, 71
 China:
 Anti-foreign outbursts, 89, 152-153, 156-9, 176-7, 181, 196, 207, 208, 212 *et seq.*, 225, 276 *et seq.*, 300, 303, 322, 342 *et seq.*
 Boxer Rising, 207, 212 *et seq.*
 Civil strife, 296 *et seq.*, 312, 321 *et seq.*
 Revolution of 1911, 275 *et seq.*
 War with Japan, 175, 176
 China Inland Mission:
 and Church of England, 81, 99, 136, 139-42, 197-205
 and Church Missionary Society, 145, 199-205
 Removal to Newington Green, 176
Principles and Practice, 179
China's Millions, 41
 Ch'ü, Pastor, 68-9, 73, 74
Church Missionary Review, 282
 Church Missionary Society:
 Work commenced in Szechwan, 143-8
 and China Inland Mission, 145, 148, 199-205
 and Bible Churchmen's Missionary Society, 329-30
 Conferences, 238-40
 Anglican Conference, 238, 243, 280
 Keswick, 175, 180, 184
 Lambeth Conference, 239, 240, 261, 305, 307-8
 Mildmay Conference, 174
 National Christian Conference, Shanghai, 1922, 328
 Pan-Anglican Congress, 239, 261
 Shanghai Missionary Conference, 149-50

Conferences—*continued*

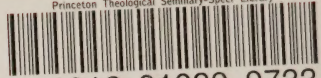
- United Conference of Bishops,
1894, 194
West China Missionary Con-
ference, 208, 334
Corfe, Bishop C. J., 195
Cox, George, 161
Culverwell, Misses E. and F.,
107, 110, 112, 129, 130,
135
- Donnithorne, Rev. V. H., 297
Do not Say, 144
- Easton, Rev. G. F., 87
Edkin, Rev. Joseph, *quoted*, 58-9
Edwards, Canon Allen T., 29, 30,
31
Evans, Rev. A. E., 152, 210;
quoted, 119
- Fearon, Miss M. E., 336
Forester, Rev. O. St. M., 297
Fox, Prebendary H. E., 182, 233,
235
- Gill, Rev. W. H., 135
Gilmour, Rev. James, 59
Grainger, Mr., 140, 152
Graves, Bishop F. R., 195
Guardian, The, *quoted*, 202, 203-5
- Hanbury, Miss B., 118, 125, 129,
135, 151, 154, 160-61, 162
Hannah, Rev. C. B., 260, 337
Hardman, Mr. M., 152
Hayman, Mr., 337
Hayward, Mr. J. H., 129, 135,
160, 162, 168
Henrietta Bird Memorial Hos-
pital, 186, 188
Hickman, Rev. J. A., 147
Hill, Rev. David, 70
Hoare, Rev. J. C. (Bishop), 198-
201
Hodges, Rev. Mr., 168
Hogg, Mr. C. F., 91, 95
Horsburgh, Rev. J. Heywood,
125, 127, 130, 142, 143-6,
159, 205, 330; *quoted*, 144,
148
Hoste, Mr. D. E., 37, 41, 42, 52,
53, 55, 61, 63, 72, 73, 281,
330
Houghton, Rev. Frank, 313
- Hsi, Pastor, 64, 72, 74
Hu, Mr., 259
Hughesdon, Rev. E., 135, 162
- In Quest of God*, 65
Inwood, Rev. and Mrs. Charles,
208
- Jackson, Rev. O. M., 145, 147
Japan: War with China, 175,
176
Jennings, Rev. W., 224
Jones, Miss S. E., 131, 134
- Kennaway, Sir J. E., 182
Keswick, 175, 180, 184
Kitley, Rev. W., 216
Knipe, Rev. W. L. L. and Mrs.,
147
Kolkenbeck, Miss, 152, 195
Ku Ho-lin, Archdeacon, 154-5,
232-3, 303, 306, 353, 354
- Larking, Captain Albert, *quoted*,
31
Lawrence, Dr. M. R., 313
Legg, Miss Mary Louisa. *See*
Mrs. William Wharton
Cassels
Lloyd, Miss, 195
Lloyd, Rev. L., 182
- MacLaren, Miss, 259, 298
Martin, Miss D., 331
Martin, Miss N., 129, 135
Mertens, Miss, 147
Missionary work :
openings following Boxer Ris-
ing, 220-21
opposition to, 88-9, 90, 91-2,
101-2, 122-3, 152-3, 156,
176-7, 181, 196, 207, 208,
225, 230, 300, 314, 323, 333,
343
Moody's Missions, 40, 42
Moule, Archdeacon A. E., 51, 99
Moule, Bishop G. E., 102, 106,
107, 139, 141, 164, 176, 177,
183, 195, 198, 233, 284
Moule, Archdeacon W. S., 244
Mowll, Bishop Howard, 325-6,
331, 334, 337, 347, 353,
354
Muir, Miss, 91, 95
Murray, Miss Mariamne, 95

- Old Reptonian Prayer Union, 25
Oporto, 6, 8-9, 10-14, 20, 175, 228
Otley, Mr., 196
- Paoning :
description of city, 84-6, 187,
317
commencement of Christian
work, 90 *et seq.*
daily plan of work, 120-21, 258-
260
Cassels' home, 112-14, 188,
268-71, 319
building and consecration of
pro-Cathedral, 283, 289-93
during civil strife, 322-4
Parry, Dr. H. L., 140, 166
Parsons, Rev. C. H., 146, 150,
152, 157, 158, 209, 306
Phelps, Rev. Albert, 88, 89, 91,
92, 102, 105, 124, 143, 151,
152, 160, 162
Phillips, Rev. A. A., 147, 216
Pingyangfu, 63-4, 65, 70, 72
Polhill-Turner (or Polhill), C. and
A., 41, 42, 52, 82, 88, 91, 99,
100, 101, 102, 105, 116, 143,
151, 155, 156, 160, 162, 210,
337
Pruen, Dr. W. L., 197
- Record, The, quoted*, 197-202
Repton, 23-5
Rogers, Mr. George, 283
Roots, Bishop L. H., 234, 242,
244, 289; *quoted*, 289-90
- Scott, Bishop C. P., 195, 243
Simmonds, Mr., 147
Simpson, Rev. J. G., 182
Sintientsi, 131-2
Smith, Miss L., 336
Smith, Mr. Stanley P., 25, 35,
37, 41, 52, 53, 55, 56, 57, 61,
62, 63; *quoted*, 25, 36
Song, Pastor, 72
Spanish and Portuguese Church
Aid Society, 33
- Squibbs, Rev. Dr., 254
Stevenson, Rev. J. W., 73, 74,
116, 138, 168
Stewart, Rev. J. R., 297
Stock, Dr. Eugene, 285; *quoted*,
41-2, 143, 180, 182, 203-5
Studd, Mr. C. T., 41, 42, 52
Student Volunteer Movement, 44
Sykes, Rev. H., *quoted*, 24-5
Szechwan, description of, 83-4
itinerating in, 114-15, 122-3,
129, 130, 133-4
- Taiyuanfu, 61-2, 72
Talbot, Bishop E., 211, 242, 279
Taning, 69-71
Taylor, Dr. Howard, 316
Taylor, Mrs. Howard, *quoted*,
317-20
Taylor, Rev. J. Hudson, 37, 41,
42, 50, 72, 73, 81, 82, 85,
95, 138, 139, 149, 150, 152,
160, 168, 184, 185, 208, 209;
quoted, 80, 81, 119; death,
229
Taylor, Mrs. Hudson, 168, 208
Taylor, Rev. W. C., 140, 210,
254
Ting Li-mei, Rev., 288
- Victoria, Bishop of. *See under*
Rev. J. C. Hoare
- Wang Tsong-ih, 154, 155-7
Watt, Rev. F. J., 326
Webb-Peploe, Prebendary, 178,
183
West China Tract Society, 208
Whiteside, Rev. R. A., 326
Willett, Rev. T. G., 152
Williams, Miss F. M., 118, 119,
130, 135, 154, 162, 196
Williams, Rev. E. O., 131, 133,
198, 210
Williams, Sir George, 42
Wrigley, Mr., 196
- Yü Man-tze, 208, 209

SKETCH MAP OF CHINA
SHOWING POSITION OF
THE PROVINCE OF SZECHWAN



Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



1 1012 01039 9733