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Mary Porter Gamewell

UNDER MARCHING ORDERS

A Story of Mary Porter Gamewell

ETHEL DANIELS HUBBARD

NEW YORK
MISSIONARY EDUCATION MOVEMENT
OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
1911

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT
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TO THE CHINESE GIRLS
STUDENTS IN
THE MARY PORTER GAMEWELL SCHOOL
IN PEKING
WHO LEARN THERE THE IDEAL OF
CHRISTIAN WOMANHOOD
AND WHO PURPOSE TO WORK IT OUT
IN DAILY LIVING
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

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PREFACE

To Girls and Boys Who Honor Their Flag

This morning there was a patriotic service in the town where I live, at which hundreds of children sang and waved their flags. As they were singing a flag song, I wished that they would cheer the old dragon flag of China, and more than all the flags of all the nations, would I have them cheer the Church flag, which bears the sign of the cross.

If, as a good citizen, you would follow your country's flag to the ends of the earth, if honor called you, would you not just as promptly follow the Christian flag anywhere it might lead? If you follow a flag, you put yourself "under marching orders," and where the commander says go, the soldier directs his steps.

There is in this book the story of a girl who loved the stars and stripes and loved them as long as she lived, even though she spent more than half her days under the national standard of China, and came to re-

spect the coils of the dragon on its yellow field. But the flag of the cross was hoisted above the stars and stripes on the battleship of her life. Do you care to know how she followed the flag, and what adventures she met on the way? If so, you may like to read this narrative and become acquainted with a fellow soldier. Because she was an honorable soldier, who came through the fight with her colors flying, I have written her life for you to read.

But before you pass beyond this page, will you help me pay respects to some of the men and women without whom I could not have written this book? By and by, as you read the last chapters, you yourselves will feel like saluting the man who, as much as any other, helped to save the lives of hundreds of foreigners and thousands of Chinese in the siege of Peking. He was the husband of Mary Porter Gamewell, and it is because he was willing to answer questions and lend diaries and scrap-books, that the material for this story could be gathered. A sister of Mary Porter Gamewell, Mrs. Charles D. Glass, told me stories for a whole day, and some of these stories you will find as you

read. Then there were three people, two of whom were in China with Mary Porter Gamewell, and they drew from their memories and gave me incidents which are woven into the text of the book. The names of these are: Miss Clara M. Cushman, Mrs. Miranda Croucher Packard, and Miss Elizabeth C. Northup. I am also grateful to a former teacher of mine in Wellesley College, Miss Sophie Jewett, who kindly gave some suggestions relating to the language of my manuscript. And there is yet another, Mr. Ralph E. Diffendorfer, whom I am especially glad to have you know, because it was he who helped me to realize the interest that boys and girls have in tales of adventure and heroism.

There are two books which were nearly always on my desk as I wrote. Later on, if you should care to read again about Mary Porter Gamewell, or to learn all about the siege of Peking, I advise you to hunt up Dr. Tuttle's *Life of Mary Porter Gamewell* and two bulky red volumes called *China in Convulsion,* written by Dr. Arthur H. Smith.

And now turn the leaves and read, if you

will, the story of a girl who lived under three flags, and did honor to them all, because above her own life waved triumphantly the red, white, and blue flag of the Christian Church.

Ethel Daniels Hubbard.

Wellesley, Mass., May 31, 1909.

INTO A WALLED CITY

I

INTO A WALLED CITY

"Too low they build
Who build beneath the stars."

It was a twelve-mile ride and the donkeys' moods and legs were uncertain. In the mind of the donkey there is no room for sympathy, but rather the grim humor which loves the practical joke for its own sake without mercy for the victim. The perverse animal stands by in mocking silence when his pranks have tortured his rider into despair. There is no sense of responsibility in his mental make-up.

Thus at the outset of the ride, knowing the distance and the donkey, one knew not whether to laugh or cry. Then again there were memories that haunted, brought out by the contrast between the United States of America and China of the Far East. Consequently the five riders looked into one another's eyes, whenever there was equilibrium sufficient to look into anything, and questioned.

Meanwhile, the donkeys boldly demanded

an undue share of attention, and their demand was met without hesitation. Riding astride one cantankerous little beast was an American girl. She was slender and wiry, and her blue eyes fairly shone with determination to stick to the back of her donkey at all hazards. She had ridden frisky horses before this, and had never known fear. Should a humble Chinese donkey bring her to terms? But despite her intention and her skill in horsemanship, the donkey had his way, as he always will, and many times she was compelled to alight hastily and ingloriously on the ground.

Her saddle was anything but American, Mexican, or comfortable. It was simply a stuffed pack of uncertain shape, with stirrups which were hung on ropes across the pack, and which usually dangled just out of reach at the sides. It was a task worthy a professional acrobat to keep one's balance on a Chinese saddle while riding over Chinese roads. These roads were paved with huge stones worn into ruts nearly a foot deep by the heavy wheelbarrows which had bumped and thumped over them for years—yes, for centuries.

Typical Chinese Donkey with Driver

The face of the girl was alive with fun in the rare moments when the donkey gave her a chance to appreciate the experiences of her companions. A sudden exclamation from behind called her attention to a moving picture of dramatic interest. The rider was trying to maintain a precarious position on the sloping back of his donkey, which was kicking out vigorously. Just then the driver, who walked by the side, threw himself over the flying heels of the beast and cast both arms about his body in the effort to hold him down to earth. By way of climax, the dignified escort was presently seen sailing out over the head of his donkey, umbrella in hand and opened wide, the donkey for the instant standing head down and heels in the air.

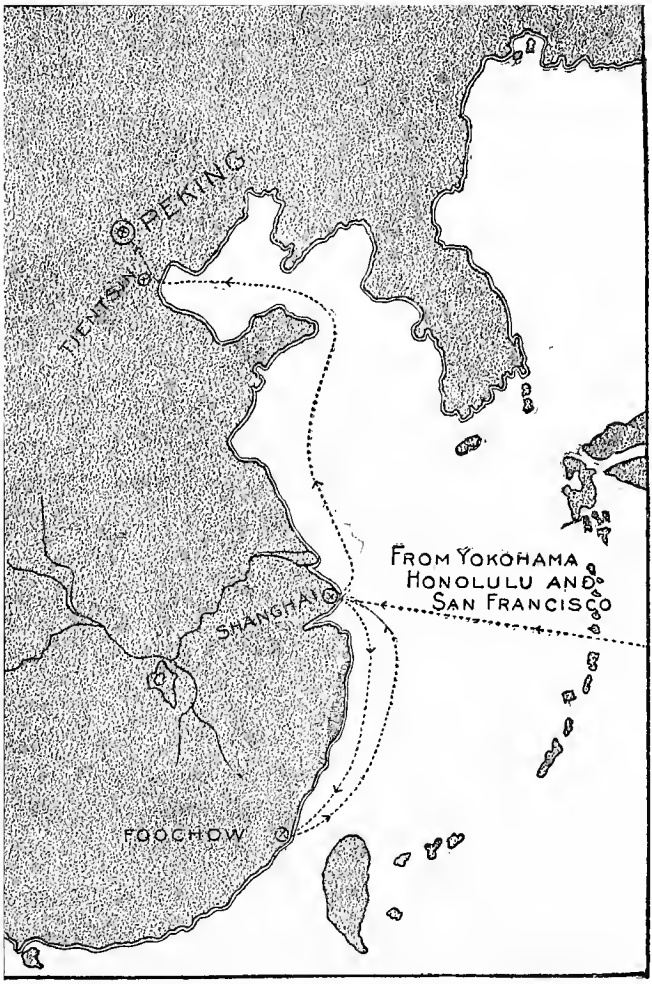
Throughout, it was a close struggle between will of beast and will of man, and the girl had her full share of battle. In the end, the little gray beasts of China bore their unwonted burdens from the West, all, or nearly all, the twelve miles from T'ung-chou to Peking. At last, in the dusty shadows of the dusty wall of dusty Peking, the travelers dismounted the donkeys and mounted—the Peking carts!

The girl with the undaunted look in her

eyes had traveled many a Chinese li,[1] many an ocean league, and many a good American mile since she left her home in Iowa six months before. In the country, in childhood, haven't you often climbed the near-by hill eager to see what is just beyond? And haven't you found that there is always another "just beyond"? You would fain press on and on until you come to the very end of the earth, to that mysterious "jumping-off place" which, like the North Pole, seems very difficult of discovery. So it was with the girl. There was a voice in her ears which said, "Come," and there was something deep down in her soul which said, "Go." The soul of man must be made for movement, for exploration, because it is sure to answer that summons to climb yet another hill and get the broader view. Thus the girl was lured out from the home town and out from the homeland across the sea to China.

All told, it had been a wonderful journey. The girl's bright eyes and quick sense of fun had helped her to see and enjoy, as well as to make the best of trying situations. She was alive with interest when the ship an-

[1] A li is about three eighths of a mile.



MARY PORTER'S JOURNEY FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO PEKING

chored in Yokohama Bay. She had read the papers and kept pace with the times, and she knew that little Japan was making history fast. When they sailed through the lovely Inland Sea, she realized that Japan had beauty of nature on her side to help her men and women become true and strong and loyal to the empire. Eleven days later she landed in China, after the six solid weeks on shipboard. Even in those days Shanghai, the port, was a bustling city threatening to become a rival on the other side of the world to New York. The girl, however, could not and cared not to linger in Shanghai, for she was bound for the capital city of the empire—mighty, mysterious Peking. With characteristic eagerness she longed to be off and away on the journey north.

In 1871 America did not know as much about China as she knows to-day, and there had been no one in the home country to tell the girl traveler that the last vessel sailed north from Shanghai before the cold of winter began. Peking is a good one hundred miles from the coast, and Tientsin is its port. But Tientsin lies on the west bank of the muddy Pei Ho (North River), some twenty-

MAP SHOWING LOCATION OF TIENTSIN AND PEKING

Distance, Taku to Tientsin, 27 Miles
Distance, Tientsin to Peking, 79 Miles

five miles from the sea, and the river freezes in cold weather. So, in the days before the railroad reached China, Peking was a goal not easily reached from the coast during the winter season. The girl learned cheerfully to accept the unexpected, and sailed away in the coast steamer to another city, Foochow, where she remained until the spring thaw opened navigation.

There are some rough, tumbling waters between Shanghai and Tientsin, and the stoutest of travelers is usually brought low. Even nature in China has its streaks of perversity. The ship anchors on the ocean side of the sandbar which blocks the entrance to the crooked Pei Ho. The wind is then likely to blow the water off the bar, until there is scarcely enough left to float an Indian canoe. The poor people at the mercy of the short, choppy waves think appreciatively of the "man who was so seasick that he feared he would die, and afterward was only afraid he would not die." By and by, the captain, who is a man of action, can brook delay no longer, and over the bar the steamer goes, scraping and grinding through the sands like a plow through the stubborn soil of New England.

In all these ways the girl was gathering experience for her storehouse of wisdom.

From Tientsin up to T'ung-chou, the end of navigation, the girl had her first experience in a Chinese house-boat. She had often wondered what these strange craft were like, but she had never dreamed that there could be anywhere in one spot such a jam of boats and such a swarm of people. What yelling and pushing and shouting there was before they escaped from the wedge of boats! At last the wind filled the sails and they were off. At night they tied to the bank, and sailed away in the gray light of morning.

The river bed is in some places higher than the surrounding country, and when the floods come of course the water breaks through the banks, which are not firm and strong and high like the Holland dikes. It gives the house-boats a fine chance to keep to a straight course instead of following the twisting curves of the river. Any sensible captain would choose to send his ship in a straight line when possible. Sometimes they were carried over whole fields of *kaoliang,* or broom-corn, which stood at least ten feet

high. Little villages built on slightly higher land were veritable islands. It was a mirage experience, and the girl could hardly credit her senses. Chinese facts are often stranger than fairy tales, and nature seems to do her full part.

Another Chinese puzzle was the famous pontoon bridge, or Bridge of Boats. How should they find a way through? It was easy, however, for a clumsy barge dropped out of its place in the line, and the waiting boats filed through this opening. The girl watched with interest the workings of this strange type of drawbridge and compared it with the government bridge which connected her own home town with the opposite shore of the broad Mississippi. The two bridges were another instance of the difference between slow-moving, bulky China and wide-awake, alert America.

She was just beginning to learn another lesson—a lesson taught by painful degrees in the days and years to come in China. To be willing to become a source of unfailing amusement to her fellow men was not such an easy task as one might think. Along the edges of the break in the bridge hovered a

motley throng of foot-passengers. They objected not at all to the delay in their journey, for what a rare chance to stare at the queer-looking foreigners in the house-boat! The girl decided that they looked upon the group of Americans in much the same mood as they would view a monkey show or an exhibition of performing bears.

So, through experiences, some as new as the daylight, and others as old as the human race, the girl came toward the end of her journey. Out on the plains, on the back of the donkey, she had her first view of the wall of Peking. It seemed literally to reach to the sky, and to shut out everything—everything except the dust. She had read of the walled cities of the ancient world, but only seeing is believing and understanding. There it stood, fifty feet above the plains, grim and forbidding as only a wall can be. The sun was already hidden by the wall, and the world was left in gloom before its time.

It was just that funny donkey ride which saved the girl from an awful attack of homesickness. "The long, long thoughts" of home were vigorously pushed out by the performances of the donkey, which compelled atten-

Outer Wall of Peking

Hata Gate

tion. Thus for once the contrary little beast served as a benefactor, though of course he knew it not. Had he known, he would have changed his tactics.

Everywhere and always "discretion is the better part of valor," and on this principle it is wise for the foreigner to enter a Chinese city as quietly as possible. Thus, outside the east gate of Peking the travelers exchanged the donkeys for the Peking carts. It seemed to the girl as if she were climbing into a dog kennel on wheels as she mounted for the first time one of these carts. Presently they were off, each cart swaying from side to side like a plunging boat in the surf. First one wheel, then the other made a sharp descent into the ruts worn in the stones, so that it took some mental equilibrium to keep one's head from violent contact with the sides of the cart.

It was almost dusk, and the great iron-bound gate was soon to close. Along the street the Chinese rushed and scrambled to escape from the city while yet there was time. Others lined up on either side to watch the exciting dash for the gate. It was like running for the last train home. Like the safe

with the time-lock, the gate is not opened until sunrise when once it is closed and locked. Those who are out can in no wise get in, and those who are in cannot by hook or crook get out. The traveler who approaches the city on horseback, leaving his baggage and bedding to follow in the tardy cart, passes through the gate himself, but the chances are the cart is left outside. In this case there is no remedy for a sleepless night, since in China the traveler usually supplies his own bedding or does without.

Meanwhile the carts turned from the stone road into a narrow, unpaved street. The thumping and bumping ceased for a time and the girl looked out of the opening at the stretch of street ahead. As far as she could see were dusty, gray brick walls on either side, with not a tree growing anywhere in sight. The street was probably not much wider than her own room at home. Here and there in the walls were heavy doors, all tightly closed. Evidently there were houses behind the walls, though not even a scrap of roof was visible from the street. Walls, walls everywhere, and walls within walls! A walled empire, walled cities, and walled

houses! Perhaps a walled people? the girl questioned. Just then the carts came to a sudden, jerky stop. A door swung open, and the girl's journey was at an end. This was home.

There had been a star in her heavens, which, like the guiding star of old, had lured her from her home in the West to the walled house in Peking. Why had she come? The Chinese wondered—some of her friends at home wondered—but she herself never wondered. She knew.

A GIRL IN THE MAKING

II

A GIRL IN THE MAKING

"What man has dreamed, that man must do."

In the woods which bordered upon the clearing, two fearless children roamed at will. The younger of the two was a slight, wiry little figure with a mass of golden curls and big blue eyes. They had read in their fairy books that sometimes real babies lived in the hollow trunks of great forest trees. So every day they searched in every hollow trunk, peering deep down to find the hidden treasure. Their mother had often to leave the house in the clearing and hunt anxiously for the little girls, who, before she had time to miss them, were off on their tour of discovery. There were wild beasts not far away, and dangerous snakes, but of these the children took no heed. Their fearlessness was their protection, and they played in safety under the shiny hemlock trees on the slopes of the Alleghanies.

But the years hastened on, and the happy hunting-ground of the children was changed.

It was no longer the mysterious forest, but a big, gray house in the center of a busy, western town. The good times continued just the same, for the house was large and roomy, and the family large-hearted and hospitable. The house faced directly upon an open common, and not far away was the Court-house Square. Tall trees marked their shadows upon the green grass of the common opposite. There was life and stir in the streets of the town, and on the great river sturdy steamboats towed the heavy barges, which carried flour, grain, and other freight. As to a magnet were drawn to this town on the Mississippi grain from the fields, ores from the mines, and timber from the forests, while from it manufactured products of many kinds were sent to all parts of the nation.

Across the broad river to its eastern shore, the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad had built a huge drawbridge, the first bridge across the Mississippi. By and by, as war became inevitable, Davenport, because it was in the center of things north and south and east and west, was chosen as a mustering-in place for Iowa soldiers. North and east of

Mary Porter at Twelve Years of Age

the town there sprang up as in a night the tents and barracks of "Camp McClellan," "Camp Roberts," "Camp Hendershott," and others. On Rock Island, where the government arsenal now stands, were built the large wooden buildings in which at one time twelve or fifteen thousand Confederate soldiers were imprisoned. Exciting tales drifted through the town, tales of how the prisoners plotted to escape, planning to walk across the river on the ice to the mainland and thus away to freedom, or perchance back again to battle.

So it came to pass that things happened in the gray house in the square; things funny, sad, and eventful, and the heart of them all was the same merry dreamer of a girl who followed fearlessly into the woods, the girl who always followed fearlessly wherever there was the call to go. Her hair was still curly and golden, though in the sunlight it had a tinge of red. Sometimes her eyes positively danced with mischief, and sometimes they had a quiet, far-away look, as if she were seeing into the future. She was known as the girl who could always find a way out of every difficulty, believing with all

her might the old proverb, "Where there is a will, there is a way."

From the day when the Southern guns fired upon Fort Sumter until the day when the flags hung at half-mast because Abraham Lincoln was dead, Mary Porter lived in the great deeds of the war. With her mother and the other children she drove out to camp and watched the military drill, listening eagerly to the beat of the drum, and learning the bugle calls by heart. There she heard those songs which made the Southern soldiers say, after the war was over, that it was the songs of the men in blue that won the war. She knew how "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching" and "Rally round the flag" could fire the soul so that one would dare anything and fear nothing. Later on, when the broken ranks of the regiments came marching back to Davenport, her clear, soprano voice sang the brave, sad songs, "Tenting to-night on the old camp ground," "The vacant chair," and others like these born out of the experience of war.

Oftentimes the gray house opened its doors to the womenfolk who came from a distance to be near their husbands, sons, and brothers

who were soon to be ordered out of camp to the front. Then again the busy mother of the family welcomed other active women of the town, and together they planned diet kitchens and hospital supplies for the soldiers. A vast deal of wisdom was stored in those heads which wore the big scoop bonnets, and bright were the eyes which looked out from under the broad brims. As the war drew near its close, these same women planned a home for orphaned children of the soldiers who had died for their country, and located this home in Davenport.

But there were yet other doings in the house in the square. Many a night a bevy of schoolgirls sought refuge there when their pranks had kept them so late after school that it was too dark for them to go to their own homes. Mary Porter, Mattie Scott, Cora Parkhurst, and Mary Sully were boon companions, sharing alike in glory and disgrace. They had entered into a solemn compact whereby if one missed all would miss, and if one had to stay after school all would stay. So well known was their confederacy, that whenever there was sign of disturbance in the schoolroom, without looking up, the

teacher would call the names of the four girls.

It was one night around the fire in the Porter house that the famous high school escapade was recounted in glowing terms. The high school had outgrown its quarters in the building with the graded schools, and the town had purchased for its use a large, half-built church. The rooms down-stairs were used for the school, while overhead, the unfinished auditorium served as gymnasium, recess-hall, and general rallying-place of the boys and girls between sessions. Ropes with rings attached hung from the ceiling, a suggestion of gymnastic apparatus. On the wall, a makeshift ladder, made of strips of board nailed across between the studding, had been left by the workmen. It was the particular joy of the upper-class girls to climb this ladder and perch on the beams above to eat their luncheons.

One day a brilliant idea entered the heads of the younger girls and was acted upon at once. Beginning, of course, at the top, they pulled off the thin strips of board until not a splinter of the ladder was left. Then they returned to the schoolroom with as much un-

concern as they could assume. Naturally the teacher inquired for the missing girls. "They were up there when we came down," replied one of the four. The adventure ended merrily as it began. The helpless girls on the beams did not want the principal to know of their ignominious plight, and the teacher must put her wits to work to devise a way of getting them down. By dint of repeated effort she threw the gymnastic ropes within their reach. Grasping these, and swinging out into the air, one by one they reached the floor.

Mary Porter finished her sophomore year in high school when the armies of the North and South had disbanded and the tired men had scattered to their homes. The nation's war was over, but the fighting days of her life had just begun. The bugle-call sounded in her ears, and like a soldier she fell in line. In the deserted barracks of Camp Roberts the orphan children had been assembled in school. Teachers were urgently in demand, and there was a girl in Davenport ready to go wherever she was sure she was needed. This girl found out something during the year with the children, something which she

had hitherto suspected, that you really have the best kind of a time when you are doing things for other people. The notes of the bugle were growing clearer, and by and by she would know exactly their meaning.

Something else had taken place in her life, even before that merry freshman year in high school. It was a real thing, though she did not talk much about it at the time or afterwards. Those were great days for boys and girls to be alive; days when heroes were on every side, even where one did not dream of finding them. Deeds of daring and sacrifice in war were told daily by the fireside. Men like Abraham Lincoln, Robert E. Lee, Ulysses S. Grant, and William T. Sherman stirred the blood and put iron in the will. And yet the girl knew that there was a Hero greater than these, even he whose courage was back of the war generals, and whose love was in her very own soul. He should be her Commander General, and his marching orders she would gladly and instantly obey. During that same year, when she was fifteen years of age, she joined the church in her town, a willing recruit for service in a world-wide army.

After teaching one year, Mary Porter went back to high school, and doing two years' work in one, graduated with her own class. It was a hard, forced march, and the girl-soldier almost fell by the way. Then she learned what it meant to pray to God, and to depend upon his help. Long years after, her letters told of the battle fought in this senior year. "I used to ask God to help me with geometry, Latin, chemistry, and everything in which I was likely to stagger from overwork. I have sat down at my desk so weary and discouraged with everything that I could have almost cried! But in my need I would remember God, and I felt his help! And so the puzzles disappeared, and I wondered where I had found them."

The principal of the high school was proud of his star pupil, and asked her to go as teacher to Grandview Academy, where he had accepted a position. So it came to pass that the girl of twenty taught classes of young men and women, and many of them were older than herself. Brain and hand were taxed to the utmost in those busy days at Grandview. There were singing-lessons to be practised daily, besides her regular sched-

ule of teaching. Furthermore, the people in the little church in the town had chosen the resourceful girl as superintendent of the Sunday-school. Finally, in every odd moment she was studying persistently in order to enter college with advanced standing.

But a dream of another sort came all unbidden and came to stay, and by and by this new dream absorbed the ambition for college. There was a huge, old-world country, with five times as many people as the Republic and nearly sixty times as many as the Dominion of Canada, where teachers were very scarce, and where pupils were as the sand of the sea for number. Might not she be needed there? From what she had heard, she was sure those pupils were in need of lessons. They did not know the simplest things about geography or history or science, and the girls among them didn't even know how to read. At that time girls weren't considered worth teaching in that ancient land. Moreover, the people did not know about God, and heaven, and Jesus Christ. Should she not go and teach them? She was now under marching orders, and when an army regiment is ordered to the ends of the earth where is the soldier who

Women with the Scoop Bonnets

Old Prison Hospital, Arsenal Island

hesitates? The bugle-call had sounded again, and this time there was no mistaking its meaning. So it came about that Mary Porter, to the surprise of her friends, and somewhat to the surprise of herself, decided to spend her life in China.

A strange coincidence was discovered while she was making ready to go to China. A person by the name of Mary Porter was already living in Peking, the city to which she was to be sent. Mail matter would certainly be confused, so she must put a middle letter in her name to identify herself. "What shall it be? Query?" she asked of her sister one day. "Q stands for query, let it be Q," and Mary Q. Porter it was until that day in China when she changed her name for that of another.

The gray house in the square was left behind for five years at least when the train pulled out of Davenport for the west and the girl of the house began her long journey. It had been arranged by her friends that a gentleman whom they knew should meet Miss Porter at San Francisco and take her to the steamer. He walked through the train closely scanning each passenger, but did not

find any one he thought could be the new missionary. As he came back through the car, he stopped nearly opposite her seat and said, "I am looking for Miss Porter who is going to China. Do any of you know her?" "I am Miss Porter," came a demure voice from the depths of the seat. The gentleman turned and looked at the slip of a girl with her golden curls loose in her neck, and her blue eyes shining with amusement. "You!" he exclaimed with some emphasis; "I was looking for an old maid!" It was no wonder the good man was surprised, for this girl of twenty-three was one of the youngest missionaries ever sent out of the country. In San Francisco she found Miss Maria Brown, a young woman from New England, who was also on her way to China. Together they went on board the steamer and sailed out through the Golden Gate, sailing west in order to go most directly to the Far East.

And now you know, do you not, why you found the American girl riding her donkey toward the great wall of Peking that April afternoon in 1872?

BOUND OR UNBOUND?

III

BOUND OR UNBOUND?

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

One December evening in the sitting-room of the "Long Home" in Peking, Mary Porter and Maria Brown sat on the floor in front of the stove in which a coal fire was brightly burning. The chill of a northern winter had settled upon Peking, and the clanging bells of the camel trains which brought the supply of coal from the western hills to the city were a most welcome sound in the ears of the foreigners.

Here, within the walled court of a Chinese compound, and beneath the tiled roof of a Chinese house, was a room distinctively American. A sofa of familiar pattern stood against the wall. In the center of the room was a large table covered with books, and by its side a big, friendly arm-chair. An open desk was in one corner, and a medicine-chest with its rows of labeled bottles waited in trim readiness for use. There were pictures

on the walls, and a straw matting covered the boards which had replaced the brick-paved floor. The soft light of a shaded lamp shone through the long, narrow room, and the two glowing eyes of the stove added further gleams of brightness.

This was home to the two young women from America, and here, in the quiet of Sunday evening, they faced and settled a momentous question. From the beginning, girls had been admitted to their school only on condition that the bound feet should be released from the tight bandages and allowed to grow naturally. No other girls' school in China insisted upon this rule. Should they continue to do so? Moreover it had to be acknowledged that some of the small band of pupils already gathered in school had been taken away solely because their feet had been unbound. Teachers who had been in the country years instead of months said that it would not do to break down such an old Chinese custom all at once, that parents would never allow their girl-children to go to the Christian school if so cherished a tradition must be sacrificed.

Here then was the question, and the two

young women, as they sat before the fire that Sunday evening, knew that only one answer was possible. The yards and yards of cotton bandage must be removed, and the poor, cramped toes and overgrown insteps restored to normal size and use. The hollow-eyed, sad little girls of China, hobbling about on their doll-like feet, should become, in the Christian school, rosy, healthy children, running and playing like the other small folk of God's world. The human body is God's own creation and gift, and to distort it is more than a cruel national custom; it is a sin. Thus Miss Porter and her companion reasoned together, and thus the question was settled.

That night's decision reached far into the future and touched hands with a certain edict from the throne of China proclaiming in the year 1907, that the girls of the empire should henceforth escape the torture of foot-binding. And when the girls' school of Peking became the largest school for girls in all China, there were those who remembered the Sunday night in the sitting-room of the "Long Home," and who readily believed that the mighty Master himself was present

at that conference and prompted the daring decision.

The "Long Home" had been so christened because of its peculiar dimensions. When Mary Porter stepped into the weed-grown court on her first morning in Peking, she turned to look at the little house which she had entered in the darkness of evening. There it was, peering out at her from under its overhanging eaves and heavy, tiled roof. There were three rooms in a row with a veranda across the length of the house, which, like most Peking houses, was only one story high. It was still a typical Chinese house, although the Americans who lived in the compound had exchanged the paper windows for glass, and had laid boards over the damp, brick floors.

As Miss Porter walked down the path, a great dog of western breed bounded forward and greeted his fellow American by placing both paws upon her shoulders, marking, in his descent to the ground, the front of her gown with streaks of Peking mud. She said afterwards "that the act made an impression upon her mind as well as upon her gown, whereby she remembered that it rained

that April morning in Peking." In the months and years to come in China, she grew to welcome those days of dripping rain as an oasis in an endless desert of dust.

The path straggled through the weeds to a hole in the wall of the compound. This hole was a perfect circle six feet in diameter, and was the Chinese moon-gate. Near the gate was a small building which served as chapel. In the court were two other houses, three fourths Chinese and one fourth American in appearance. These were occupied by the two families from America who had already made Peking their home. A brick-paved court led from the inside court to the great, double gate which opened on Filial Piety Lane.

Here, then, was Mary Porter's new world, the world of her dream. A gray brick wall frowned like the wall of a prison. The long-drawn, oriental houses were picturesque, but musty and cheerless compared with the open, sunny house in Davenport. There were about ten other Americans to share her work and play. And here within this stuffy compound was the girl who once was lured by the attractions of college, and of large activity in the homeland. Had she come to China

in vain? Listen! From the other side of the wall came a singsong of boyish voices shouting unintelligible sounds. The boys of the mission school were studying their lessons aloud in good old Chinese fashion. But out beyond those gray walls were hundreds of little girls, unloved and untaught. No school for girls had ever been provided by Chinese educators until the coming of the missionaries. Was there not work for the American girl to do?

The new school for girls grew slowly in its pioneer days. The first small pupil who came ran away as fast as her bound feet could carry her when she saw the queer looking foreigners. During that first year perhaps fifty girls came and went away again, while only seven came and remained. The Chinese told hideous tales one to another, tales of how the foreigners removed the eyes of Chinese children and used them for medicine. Mothers would hastily cover the eyes of their children when they met the so-called "foreign devils" in the streets of Peking, lest somehow they cast an evil spell upon them. Parents who allowed their children to go to the Christian school were mostly so

poor that they would accept any means to relieve themselves of feeding and clothing one more little body. Sometimes the girls were left in school only long enough to receive new, warm clothing, when they were taken home and their clothes sold or pawned.

Among the seven bewildered little girls who dared to stay in the school was a strange child called Hui An. She had an unusually bright mind and understood the Christian teaching more quickly than the other girls, but her faculty for memorizing was meager. Consequently she was in perpetual disgrace with the old Chinese teacher to whom the aim and end of education was to learn by heart lengthy passages, and even entire books.

In those days when the school was small, it was the habit of the girls to go each evening, one by one, into a quiet room where they knelt with Miss Porter and learned to pray to the God whom they had so recently come to know. One afternoon as soon as school was dismissed, Hui An knocked at Miss Porter's door and asked, "Please may I say my prayers now?" Miss Porter replied that she would better wait until the usual hour. But the girl was too much in earnest to be

refused, and her prayer was heard by Miss Porter, and the Father to whom she spoke. She arose from her knees with a contented face. Miss Porter again asked why she had come at that early hour. "By this time the child had gained a little more courage, and, standing upon one foot, toying nervously with her big sleeves, her face downcast, she said: 'I love so much to play that every day I just play as hard as I can from the time school is out until supper time, and after supper to prayer time, so when I come in to pray I just can think of nothing but the play, and all out of breath I want to rush through the prayer and be off to play again. And now,' she said, 'since I know that God knows about this kind of business and doesn't like it, I am afraid to do so any more.'" It was the same Hui An who, years after, was burned to death because she would not desert her post of duty. "There are others dependent upon me," she said, when asked to escape to a place of safety. The hardy spirit of the Peking school had mastered the Chinese girl and braced her to meet danger and death.

Sarah Wang was another of Miss Porter's pupils in those early, formative days of the

Mrs. Wang on Wheelbarrow

school. She it was who made the famous journey from her home in Shan-tung to Peking—on a wheelbarrow! It was a distance of four hundred miles, taking sixteen days for the jerky ride over the uneven roads. Sarah's mother and sister Clara traveled with her, and the two girls were to be left in the Christian school. Mrs. Wang belonged to an old, respected family. There was by nature a certain queenly element in her which made her an undaunted Christian. She had become convinced that foot-binding was wrong, and thus she fully expected to have her daughters' feet freed from the bandages as soon as they entered school. When the new shoes and stockings were produced and the unbinding process began, the mother at first smiled approvingly saying, "God's will be done, let the feet be unbound." Then her fine face quivered with emotion and the slow tears came. She wrung her hands and walked restlessly up and down the room. "Unbind only the feet of one, and let the other child's remain bound," she begged piteously. And then she reproached herself for her weakness. It was the conflict between the old life and the new, and it cost to give up

the old ways. The tiny foot was a sign of gentility, of high social standing, and family pride put in its claim. But the new faith triumphed over the old custom and Mrs. Wang's face became quiet and earnest. "Go on," she said, "it shall be done." Thus the victory was won in the life of that stately woman of an ancient race.

Some months later, Sarah went home to Shan-tung for her first vacation. As she rode in her cart through the country, her large feet provoked many comments. Beggars, taking her for a man, followed the cart crying out: "Venerable uncle, pity me, pity me!" If she spoke or laughed, thus betraying her sex, they said, "Venerable maiden." If she walked along the road, children would come running from the fields to see this strange freak of a human being. She overheard some one say, "This, finally, is what kind of a person? The head is that of a maiden, but the feet are like those of a man, and *it* has bound on ankle ties. What can it be?" Thus it cost Sarah as well as her mother to give up the old customs and dare the scorn of her tormentors.

She was eleven years old when she returned

to school at the end of vacation. In her native village they had ridiculed and even insulted the girl who had come home with unbound feet, the first girl ever seen in that region with feet of natural size. Sarah went to Miss Porter crying as if her heart would break, and declared that never again did she want to go home. Then it was that the young American teacher who had herself faced criticism in the home country, and open hostility here in China, put nerve and courage in the shrinking Chinese girl. "It always means suffering to be a pioneer in any work and in any land. But for the sake of those who are to follow in the way you have trod, can you not bear it?" And then she appealed to the girl Christian in the name of her Christ. "Can you not do this for his sake? Will you not help his cause by bearing this hardship? Go home every vacation and tell your villagers that it is for love of a new-found God that you remove the bandages which deform the body he claims for his temple. Keep on telling, and after a while they will understand, and you will have served your Savior and made things easier for all other girls who shall unbind their feet." The girl responded

to this challenge in the same soldier-like spirit in which Mary Porter had herself answered the bugle-call to action. Never again did Sarah complain or falter as she went her way on the unbound feet.

During these early years, experiences such as fall to the lot of the pioneer beset Mary Porter's life in China. She was more than an explorer in a new world. She had come as a settler, and therefore "what could not be cured must somehow be endured." Invariably she took the hard things in the spirit of an interesting adventure, and was true to her reputation as the girl who was bound to find a way out of every emergency. One day Chinese workmen were building the walls of the new schoolhouse in the compound. The Chinese method of construction was to lay double walls of brick quite close together, with single bricks placed across between the walls at frequent intervals to serve as supports. These connecting bricks were absolutely necessary for the stability of the wall. Mary Porter had kept strict watch of the wily Chinese, who were waiting for the chance to omit the third row of bricks if they could do so undetected. Every day, as the wall rose

higher and higher, she climbed up and peered into the space between. One morning she heard a workman say, "The wall is too high now for the girl to climb." Thereupon she determined that they should see whether or not the girl could climb. She mounted the scaffolding, and with one push sent the shaky wall crumbling to the ground. After that the builders learned to respect the American girl whose blue eyes missed little of what was going on about her, and whose ears were quick to understand even the strange words of Chinese speech.

As the months went on, novelty of life in the compound was worn threadbare. Every nook and corner, crack and crevice of the dusty old Chinese houses became familiar. Each and every object in the rooms could be located with one's eyes closed. At home in the United States, when monotony threatens, there is always the chance to go down-town and look in the shopwindows, perhaps to go to a concert of beautiful music, or better yet, walk for long distances in the open country. If Mary Porter ventured outside the double gate of the compound into the streets of Peking, the very children would cover their

eyes and run in the opposite direction. When at a safe distance they would join with others in the cry, "Foreign devil!" Then there were scenes in the streets which haunted her memory day and night. Dead cats and dogs were left unburied. Little dingy bundles wrapped in coarse matting were cast outside the gates of the houses to await the coming of the ox-cart which passed daily through the streets to bear the bodies of dead babies to burial. If a man were in mortal danger no Chinese would venture to his relief, lest he be dragged to court on charge of having caused the man's misfortune. An American bishop once said that he had discovered sixty-nine different unpleasant odors in unwholesome Peking, besides a combination of several others which he could not distinguish. In the market-places and near the city gates the dust was unspeakable. Peking dust is unique among all dusts of the earth for its blackness, its stickiness, and its actual filth.

No wonder then that Miss Porter chose to walk on the great wall of the city above the sights and sounds and odors of the street. Tall grasses sprang up unchecked between the stones. Myriads of birds flew high and

low. Even the birds of China were different from their brothers of America. The pet pigeons had whistles tied to their tails, and as they flew their buzzing shriek could be heard in all directions.

In the summer-time Miss Porter looked down from the wall into dense, green foliage through which the yellow tiles of the palace buildings gleamed like leaves of gold. There were once two travelers in Peking, one of whom said the city was treeless, and the other that it was a veritable forest; the difference being, that one traversed the city streets, and the other the city wall. The trees were all enclosed within the walls by which Chinese dwellings were surrounded, and because the walls were high and the streets narrow, not a sign of a tree was visible from the street.

There was always a sense of home-coming when Miss Porter returned from her walk on the wall to Filial Piety Lane and into the compound behind the double gate. Unquestionably there was work to do in her new world, and work that was worth doing. One day she wrote a letter which traveled across the sea to that other home in America: "No,

I have had no regular—wonder if you did not mean irregular—fits of homesickness. I have longed to see you all, thought of you until the tears come—not common with me—but there is no despondency in it. I fully believe God has kept me from such feelings, and in answer to prayer. . . . An Influence has supported me all the way that I did not feel in past days."

In the "Long Home" each noon-time, Mary Porter and Maria Brown knelt together to ask God's blessing upon the new work which had come into being through their own loving efforts. In some way one of their fellow laborers heard of the daily habit, and at his suggestion the noon hour was made a time of prayer for the entire mission.

There in the musty compound, in a corner of the huge, alien city, nearly nine thousand miles from home, Mary Porter spent the years of her young womanhood. And those days of prolonged anxiety, even of fierce excitement and bitter peril which were yet to come, cast no foreboding shadow. It was with a great, glad hope that she marched into that unknown future within which, near or far, she would find her dream come true.

IN A PEKING CART

IV

IN A PEKING CART

"Made like our own strange selves, with memory, mind, and will;
Made with a heart to love, and a soul to live forever!"

Early one October morning, two carts drawn by mules passed through the Hata gate of the city. They were just ordinary Peking carts, having none of the insignia of official rank, such as the broad band of red cloth around the wooden sides, or the pompous outriders on mules bedecked with tasseled trappings. Faded cloth of Chinese blue covered the tops of the carts. By their side rode two escorts on horseback, one a Chinese boy, and the other a foreigner. It was the presence of the Western stranger which excited the curiosity of the throng on the road outside the gate. Eager eyes gazed into the openings at the front of the carts. Sure enough there were other ridiculous foreigners inside. Moreover they were women, American women, and one had curly, light hair and blue eyes. What a laughable contrast to the

dark-eyed women of China, with their coils of glossy, black hair! Who but a Western barbarian would have curly hair!

If the inquisitive Chinese could have peered still farther into one of the carts, they would have discovered satchels and books, and the usual supply of bedding without which no traveler, native or foreign, fares forth in China. On the back of the cart was strapped a large box containing dishes, cooking utensils, the small charcoal stove, and a generous provision of food. This was the portable kitchen and pantry combined, so necessary to the comfort of him who seeks the uncertain hospitality of Chinese inns. Two mules drew the cart. One was harnessed between the shafts and attended strictly to duty. The other was attached by a long rope fastened near the axle. He described a circle through the surrounding country, unless recalled by the long whip of the carter. On the side of the shaft sat the little man who wielded the reins and brandished the whip. Only to the foreigners was the Peking cart a doubtful convenience. To the Chinese, the springless box on wheels was a simple necessity, whose possible improvement was not to be consid-

Peking Carts on Rough Roads

River Ferry

ered. Even the long nails which fastened the rims on the wheels, and which dug their bristling heads into the ground, stirred no criticism. It was only the nervous Westerner who objected.

Meanwhile the two carts and the two riders traveled steadily away from the capital city out toward the borders of the royal province of Chih-li, southeast in the direction of Shan-tung. It was a long journey these wayfarers had planned, and stout must be the nerves and courage of him who endures to the end. It was like Mary Porter, like the venturesome girl of old, to start unhesitatingly upon a trip never before attempted by a woman. Once, in the Peking compound, she wrote a letter home in which were these words: "I refuse to acknowledge that there is anything I ought to do which I cannot do." Nine hundred miles of travel in a Peking cart was a formidable prospect even to the strongest man, but with the call of duty in her ears, it could and should be done. Her fellow travelers were the gentleman on horseback and his wife who rode with her in the cart. In the other cart sat Mrs. Wang, the mother of Sarah, who was now a Bible

woman, and often Miss Porter's companion on the country trips. Another of the missionaries was to join them at Tientsin. Thus with the Chinese servant and the two carters, there were eight people to share the experiences of travel.

Each day the carts covered the allotted distance for a day's journey, thirty miles. Tientsin had been left behind, and they were now in a country new and strange to the women from the Western world. About dusk the mules and horses drew up in Hsing-chi. It was one of those excitable Chinese towns where it was easy to stir up a mob. The carts bumped through the long village from one end to the other, but every inn was stubbornly closed against the foreigners. A crowd was rapidly gathering and following close upon them. There was nothing to do but start at once for the next village. On the outskirts of Hsing-chi they found a dirty little inn huddled down by the roadside. It was too forlorn even to raise a protest against the foreigners, so a refuge for the night was found at last. Miss Porter and her companion slept in a room which had apparently been used as a stable. There was scarcely

any furniture save the usual brick kang (bed) under which the fire may be built. The walls were of grimy clay, and the floor of bare, brown earth.

In the morning, in the midst of preparations for an early start, a horse broke loose and ran down the road. One of the men of the party went in pursuit, and upon his return passed and repassed the little crouching inn before recognizing his habitation of the night. Afterward he remarked that he didn't think it possible for Christian people to have stayed in "such a hole."

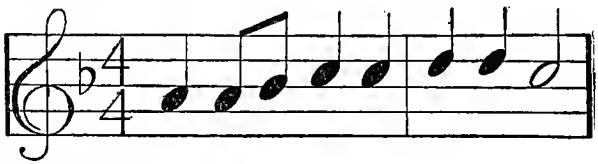
Beyond Meng-ts'un, the carts turned aside from their course to search out the site of old Ts'ang-chou. New Ts'ang-chou is fourteen miles distant on the bank of the river. Legend has it that the inhabitants moved the town by passing one brick after another along two parallel lines of people which stretched from the old town to the new. True it was that only low mounds covered with stiff grass, and the famous lion wrought of cast iron, remained to tell the story of a once populous city. That peculiar silence which haunts deserted things, hung low over the uneven grass and the fallen lion. The head

had been broken from the body of the beast and lay on the ground a few feet distant. Still farther on lay the nose, which was of such great weight that no man could lift it. The entire party sat down together inside the head, and the horses stood inside the body. The broken lion was another token of the age of that land which, though so old in years, was yet a child in wisdom. Hundreds of years ago, the lion, with a companion lion, guarded the entrance of a palace in the ancient town long since vanished.

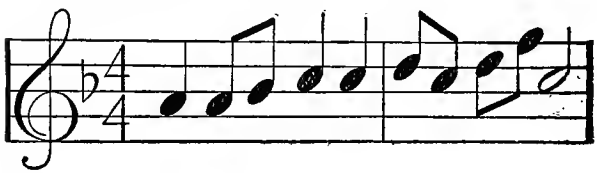
In the little chapel at Shang-chia-chai, the next stopping place, the Chinese Christians gathered for evening prayer and the singing of hymns. They had heard of the clear, soprano voice which led the singing in the compound at Peking, and Miss Porter's coming was hailed with joy. With childlike satisfaction they sang the old hymns of the Church, begging Miss Porter to correct their mistakes, as they had learned most of the songs from Chinese teachers. Frequently they stopped singing to tell her how eagerly they had hoped for good singers to come and teach them. The old tune of Greenville was their particular favorite, and they sang it

again and again with whole-hearted enthusiasm. Miss Porter listened appreciatively to their original variation in one of the measures, which was sung with keenest enjoyment.

The music is written in this way:



They sang it thus:



At best, Chinese voices are not melodious in song, yet music of angels could scarcely have been more thrilling than were those Christian hymns sung straight from the heart of men and women who had so recently learned that the love of Jesus Christ can create a perpetual song in the life of man.

During one of her vacations spent in the United States Miss Porter studied at a conservatory in New York, trying to repair the

injury done her voice by dusty China and the husky Chinese. There it was that the vocal teacher said to her: "If you had come to us ten years earlier, we would have made a first-class soprano, and spoiled a first-class missionary."

Late in October the little band of travelers came to the river which goes by the name of "China's Sorrow." Richly does it deserve its name. In its descent from the snow-covered mountains of Tibet it collects the yellow clay deposit from the loess country of northwestern China. Down in the region of the Great Plain this clay chokes the channel, until the river bed is almost as high as the surrounding country. Then in time of freshet the water bursts through the fragile dikes, overwhelming crops, adobe houses, and sometimes hundreds of thousands of people.

Crossing the Yellow River is a novel experience for the foreigner, to say the least. A crude flatboat propelled by a scull answers the purpose of a ferry. To stem the swift current the scull is kept in vigorous motion, but even so the boat is carried inevitably down stream and makes a diagonal landing on the other shore. On the return trip, the

boat crosses and makes its way up stream by hugging the bank out of reach of the central current. To transport carts, mules, horses, and people, was as much of a problem as the old conundrum about the fox, the goose, and the bag of corn. First, the mules had to be unhitched, then the carts were drawn over heavy planks and placed side by side on the boat. Shouts and lashings compelled the animals to walk across the rude gangway, and last of all the eight passengers went on board and the boat started. Meanwhile a great crowd had time to assemble on both banks of the river to see the "foreign devils" and more especially the "devil women." Miss Porter won the distinguished title of "little devil" because she was not so tall as her three companions.

In the villages and on the river banks these Chinese throngs were not disrespectful to the foreigners; they were only highly amused and took no pains to disguise the fact. Miss Porter often thought of the old chorus:

> "The elephant now goes round,
> The band begins to play."

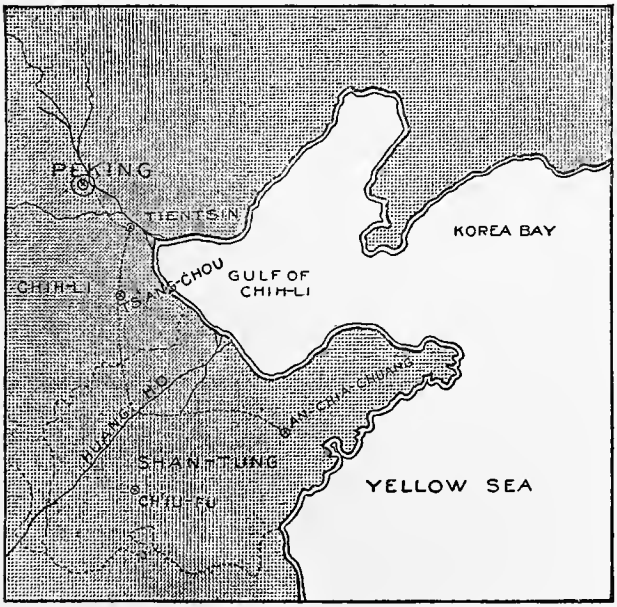
If she talked earnestly to the women gathered in a Chinese home, they watched her move-

ments as they would watch the antics of a monkey. One day a Chinese pastor was preaching to the people of a village, but his audience were so fully absorbed in gazing at Miss Porter they had no ears for his words. Without warning he said, "I know she's queer looking, with her pink hair and green eyes, but I want you to listen to me." Thereupon he resumed his discourse. Experiences of this kind had their funny side, but nevertheless Miss Porter came to the end of many a day tired and disheartened. It was a slow task to find a way into the minds of these strange people for the life-story she had come to tell. She could only pray and wait.

Down in the province of Shan-tung the carts bounced over the plowed ground in search of the road they had lost. Darkness had dropped gradually upon the land, and Mrs. Wang's village was yet unreached. A faint light flickered in the distance. The carts drove in that direction only to find a grave in the midst of a field, and a fire burning near by. Paper food and other supposed necessities were being burned for the spirits of those who had gone from the land of the living into that mysterious darkness which

Chinese religion knows not how to interpret. At length the carts recovered the road which led into An-chia-chuang, the ancestral home of the Wang family. In the rooms adjoining Mrs. Wang's court, the travelers settled themselves for the night, and for the week or more they were to spend in that neighborhood.

On this long country journey they usually stayed in some village where a pioneer



Journey from Peking to An-chia-chuang

worker had gone before and founded a little mission station. Here they unpacked the cotton mattresses and kitchen from the cart, and made themselves as comfortable as they could in the midst of Chinese surroundings. From this town as headquarters they rode each day into the outlying villages to visit and teach the women. A song was in their hearts as they went, because of the high joy of making the great Christ known to those who never before dreamed such love was possible.

It was from An-chia-chuang that Sarah Wang had set forth on her wheelbarrow. To the remote little town she returned on her unbound feet. And now her villagers were to see for themselves the foreign teacher who had given Sarah the strangely beautiful truths which had changed her life.

One day Mrs. Wang took Miss Porter into the court occupied by the family of her husband's brother. This branch of the family still clung to the beliefs and superstitions of Confucianism. Opening upon the court was a large room, grimy with smoke, whose walls were hung with seed-corn, dried herbs, and all manner of implements. In a dingy cor-

ner of the room stood a long table on which were arranged the tablets of family ancestors, beginning hundreds of years back. Chinese characters were carved on the face of each tablet, giving the date of birth and death, as well as the two names of the person; the one borne in life, and the new name bestowed upon the dead spirit. In the hollow down the center, deftly covered by a thin strip of wood, the soul was supposed to abide. According to Chinese belief man has three souls. One abides in the tablet, another is buried with the body, and the third proceeds on his lonely way to the spirit world. Before the tablet in which dwells the imprisoned spirit, the loyal Chinese must burn incense, and bow low in homage and promised obedience. When a member of the household becomes a Christian, he refuses to participate in this heathen ceremony, and is usually disinherited in consequence. The sturdy little man who drove Miss Porter's cart, told her that his name and the names of his brothers had been erased from the family records because for years they had declined to join the family in ancestral worship.

Mrs. Wang's village was not far from

a historic region. About a hundred and thirty miles to the southwest was Ch'iu-fu, the home and burial-place of Confucius. In the "Most Holy Grove" beyond the "Spirit Road" lay the body of the one who has directly influenced one fourth of all the people of the world. Confucius taught some noble principles of living, but the deepest questions of life he could not and did not try to answer. He pointed his disciples to the misty days of antiquity as the ideal for all Chinese living. Thus for more than two thousand years, thousands of millions of people have stood with "their faces toward the dead past, the future a darkness out of which no voice comes." And yet, five hundred years after Confucius died, there came to another city in Asia the Teacher whose voice has lifted the heads of his disciples to behold the glories above and beyond, and has drawn their hearts to him in love. How strange that throughout all these centuries, and on the very same continent where he lived, the Chinese should scarcely know his name! Has not that love reached also unto them?

Late in the nineteenth century the little group of the followers of Christ labored in

his name in the ancient province of Shantung. However much the holy city of the province may have interested that dauntless young traveler, Mary Porter did not go from An-chia-chuang to visit Ch'iu-fu. Women came from the surrounding villages to learn of the foreign teacher, and her hands were full of work. Moreover the day was soon to come when she must leave Mrs. Wang and the new Christians, and enter her cart for the return journey.

As the heads of the mules were turned toward the north, Yang Ssu, the carter, remarked with satisfaction: "Now we leave the mountains of the south. When we see the mountains in the north there will be hope, for they are the mountains about Peking." There were snow-storms to encounter on the homeward way, for the lovely autumn days had long since gone. Ice blocked the river near the bridge of boats; the chill of winter was in the air. All the more was the joy of home-coming in her heart, as Mary Porter drew near the great wall of Peking, and after fifty days of travel passed again behind the walls of the compound on Filial Piety Lane, where a great experience lay just ahead.

THE TURNING OF THE ROAD

V

THE TURNING OF THE ROAD

"A turn, and we stand in the heart of things."

One day in the fall of 1881, there was a stir of excitement in the compound in Peking. A young man had come from New York to join the mission, and the arrival of a new worker was always a great event.

Everywhere in the world a halo of interest rests for a time upon the newcomer. He is also more or less on trial until he has proved his mettle. In double measure were these things true in the little settlement in Peking. Twelve or fifteen Americans were living within a walled court in the midst of an Oriental city. To be sure, there were other Americans and Europeans in Peking, but each group lived within its own walled enclosure, and attended to its own work. For the most part, the people in the mission compound depended upon one another for companionship and sympathy. They were like one large family occupying one family plantation. The children of the mission had the

habit of calling all the grown-ups "uncle" and "aunt." One small lad was taken to America in his early years, and seeing the throngs of white people on the streets of New York exclaimed: "So many uncles and aunts!"

It was no wonder that a new member of the group was the center of attention until he settled into his place in the community life. Those who were the first to greet the young man, brought back the verdict that he looked like "the captain of a prize rowing crew." Every one seemed to be happily confident that he was a great addition to the mission, and that he would do a large work in the newly awakening world of China. That their predictions were fulfilled we shall see.

Mr. Frank D. Gamewell was the son of John N. Gamewell, the inventor of the Gamewell Fire Alarm and Police Telegraph. Evidently he inherited his father's scientific bent, for he chose the career of civil engineer, and for his training went to the Polytechnic Institute in Troy, New York, and also to Cornell University, Ithaca, New York. Beyond most young men, he had large dreams of activity and success along his line of work. It

was a great, busy world in which he lived, and he meant to take his place among its strong workers. Suddenly, in the senior year at college came the unexpected decision to go to China. October of the same year found him in the mission station in Peking.

The new dream had come to him very much as it had come to Mary Porter. Both the young man and the young woman had high ambitions for an active life at home. Then came to each one that clear, unmistakable summons which no true soldier dares disobey. And so the two found themselves in the walled compound in Peking. The woman had come a few years before and had entered upon her work. The man stood at the threshold of his immense opportunity, alert and purposeful.

It was not strange that they became great friends, for in some ways they were much alike. They preferred a busy life, full to the brim of work and enjoyment. They reveled in out-of-doors, in long horseback rides, and in the beauty of land and sky. They loved books and music, and everything that suggested the poetry and the wonder of life. In the moments which could be snatched from

the busy work-days of winter, they talked together before the coal fire in the sitting-room. In the spring they walked on the city wall and marveled at the strange life about them. Sometimes there were long country tours, when those who journeyed in company came into a closer knowledge of one another. There is verily no end to the interesting subjects congenial people can discuss together. Each mind brings out the best in the other, and keen is the joy of such comradeship. It was but a natural conclusion to a natural friendship that Mary Q. Porter should become the wife of Frank D. Gamewell. The "Q" which stood for the question was answered in the new name which became her own. They were married on a June evening in 1882, in the church which had been built in the compound. The Rev. George R. Davis, who had married Miss Maria Brown a few years previously, performed the wedding ceremony.

In 1884, the Mission Board in New York sent word to Mr. Gamewell that he had been appointed superintendent of the mission in Chung-ch'ing, sixteen hundred miles from the seacoast, out toward the borderland of

Frank D. Gamewell — Mary Porter

At the Time of Marriage

Tibet. This was an unexpected marching-order, but once again like soldiers under command, the man and woman arose and obeyed.

Only three years old was this mission in the frontier city in the midst of a restless, untamed people. For the second time in her life Mrs. Gamewell would become the pioneer in a work newly started. For the second time also would she have to leave home and venture into the unknown surroundings. To go out from the compound in Filial Piety Lane was almost as heroic a move as it had been to leave the gray house in Davenport. Since her marriage she had had her own home in one of the houses which had been built inside the enlarged court. It was an original and artistic home in its arrangements, like the woman who always had her own individual way of doing things. Then again there was the girls' school which she had mothered from its birth. The Bible women, too, she had sought herself in the villages and brought to Peking to study. It was her own work, a part of her very self, and it rent her heart to give it up. Yet out in West China was the little struggling mission calling for her ready resource and for Mr.

Gamewell's energy to plan and do. Evidently their hour of opportunity had come.

Down in the vast, swarming city of Shanghai they paused to prepare for the long inland journey up the Yang-tzŭ River to Chung-ch'ing. The first one thousand miles could be traveled in a comfortable river steamer, but for the last six hundred miles they would have to depend upon native boats, upon which the passenger provides his own food and bedding. To meet this emergency they purchased fruit, meat, fish, vegetables, butter and milk in sealed tins, and the other necessities of Oriental travel, all of which the foreign stores in Shanghai abundantly supplied.

The river, which is called "China's Girdle," is to China what the Mississippi is to the United States, the St. Lawrence to Canada, and the Amazon to South America. For years beyond count the Yang-tzŭ River has been a highway of traffic for half the empire of China. From the mountains of Tibet it winds its way three thousand miles to the ocean. Even thirty miles out to sea its yellow waters conquer the blue of the Pacific. Time was when only native junks plied their

busy way over this mighty river. Then came the bold mariner from the Western world, who pushed his ocean vessel two hundred miles up the Yang-tzŭ to Nanking, China's famous city of learning. River steamers soon connected Nanking with Hankow, four hundred miles beyond, and finally, small steamboats sailed triumphantly up stream to I-ch'ang. Beyond I-ch'ang were the fierce rapids of the upper Yang-tzŭ, where foreign enterprise gave way before simple Chinese ingenuity. It was not wholly strange that the Chinese should look with suspicion upon the intruder from across the seas. Native vessels had been thrust out of business and lay useless on the river banks. Their owners thought they had good reason for throwing missiles at steamboats, and joining the ranks which shouted death to the foreigner.

At I-ch'ang Mr. Gamewell chartered a native boat for the trip to Chung-ch'ing. It was eighty feet long, and boasted four passenger cabins, and a crew of forty-two men. At the stern of the boat a huge oar forty feet long, served as a rudder. Nearby were the drum, the pilot's signal, and the coils of bamboo rope for the mysterious "trackers."

There was a great hubbub when the junk pulled away from its moorings. Loud orders were shouted by the captain; angry voices of sailors contested right of passage with the crews of other junks. Emerging at last from the jam of boats, the men at the oars fell into a rhythmic tread to the tune of a native boat-song.

They were a picturesque lot of men, these boatmen of the upper Yang-tzŭ. Mrs. Gamewell called them the only picturesque Chinese she had ever seen. The detested cue had been wound around the head and covered by a turban. The cue is a symbol of the subjection of the Chinese, forced upon them by the haughty Manchus when they took possession of the Chinese government nearly three hundred years ago. The bold men of the western provinces scorned this sign of their humiliation, and since they dared not cut it off, took this means of concealing it. Long bandages bound their legs from ankle to knee to protect from the strain of climbing. Their trousers ended at the top of the bandages, and a short jacket belted with a sash completed the costume.

The first day beyond I-ch'ang brought Mr.

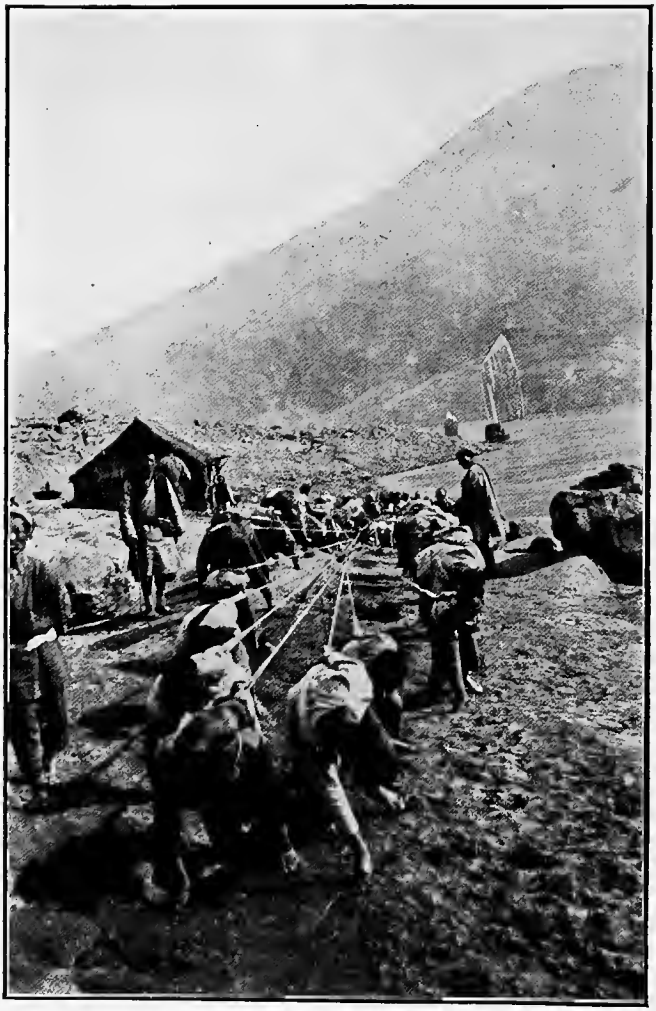


Photo by Elliott

TRACKERS ON THE YANG-TZU

and Mrs. Gamewell into the solemn presence of the great gorges of the Yang-tzŭ. Perpendicular walls rose a thousand feet above the dark stream, shutting out the sky and daylight. The wind shrieked like a demon through the narrow passageway. The travelers looked with interest for the little tow-paths which twisted along the ragged edge of rocky cliffs hundreds of feet above their heads. Mrs. Gamewell thought there was scarcely foothold for a mountain goat. Near each rapid dwelt a band of trackers whose task it was to aid the crews. Sometimes the water rushed so swiftly that one hundred extra men were needed for each boat. It was a breathless moment when the tow-lines were thrown to the "trackers," the drum signaled, and the boat dashed into the current. The men bent almost to the ground as they tugged at the long ropes, and the boat began slowly, inch by inch, to mount the rushing torrent. For a full half hour the trackers pulled, the waters roared, the drum beat and the pilot shouted, until at last the boat plunged in safety through the three hundred yards of rapids and passed into calmer water. Mrs. Gamewell had traveled

in an assortment of conveyances, but for sheer excitement there was nothing to compare with the Chinese boat on the upper Yang-tzŭ.

For two weeks the boat clung to its winding course through narrow gorges, under tall, black cliffs and rugged mountains. The majesty and the loneliness of it all was almost too much to endure. At last the river widened, the mountains ceased to press so close, and a gentle hill country gave heart to the strangers in a strange land. One day, a month after leaving I-ch'ang, following a bend in the river they came all at once in sight of the "city built on a hill." It was Chung-ch'ing, the goal of their journey. "The vast and solemn solitudes out of which we had come left us with an impression of having arrived at the end of the world, with the habitations of men left far behind. The great city with its frowning wall encircling the rocky spur on which the city lay, seemed an unreal thing—a vision."

Thus Mrs. Gamewell wrote in a home letter describing her sensations at the end of the wonderful journey. The phantom city became abruptly real as they climbed the long

flight of stone steps from the river edge three hundred feet to the city wall, and proceeded through the gate to their new home.

Inside four plastered mud walls were the Chinese buildings belonging to the new mission. Unlike Peking houses they were two stories in height. They were built a few feet from the wall, facing upon a small inside court dismally darkened by the overhanging roofs of the houses. Ceaselessly did the clinging mists drip, drip upon the stones below. It was late in the morning before the sun's rays cast a gleam upon the pavement, and sometimes at three o'clock in the afternoon the evening lamps must be lighted. Mrs. Gamewell said it was like living in a well.

Furthermore the houses were so close together they almost formed one continuous structure. For a sensitive nature the lack of privacy was a constant irritation. Mrs. Gamewell once shut herself into a small closet for two hours in the desperate need to be alone.

Before experience taught its weary lesson she used sometimes to go to the northern gate in the vain hope of a breath of fresh air from the hills. Occasionally, as she opened

the door, a baby tumbled in. Usually it was a girl, sickly or deformed, cast off by her parents. Sometimes it was a dead child whose burial would thus be avoided by the wretched parents, for Chinese law requires that those on whose premises a dead body is found shall give it burial.

Verily a sublime faith in God and in each other was demanded of the man and woman who had come to work among these deluded people. At times a thought of the awful distance from home swept in and caught them unawares. Down through the tremendous gorges of the Yang-tzŭ, two months to Shanghai, across the long, blue waters of the Pacific, another month of travel before they could reach the friends at home! But for the man and his wife there was never a doubt or regret. Mrs. Gamewell reveals the secret. "I truly rejoiced to believe that the Master controls each event as it comes. I am so glad that *he* is in it all, that nothing seems severe so far as I am concerned."

A CHINESE MOB

VI

A CHINESE MOB

"By faith he went out, not knowing whither he went."

More than three miles outside the city on the great road leading to the capital of the province, and high on the bank of the river, lay the property recently purchased by the Chung-ch'ing mission. The Chinese tenants had vacated, and two of the mission families had taken possession. It was like freedom from prison to escape from the damp, doleful quarters of the old compound into the sunlight of the open country. Often in the morning Mrs. Gamewell walked into the city, returning in the evening when the day's work was done.

New vigor and hope quickened body and mind. The girls' school seemed to be gaining favor among the suspicious Chinese. The hospital was winning the gratitude of a people for much of whose pain there had been no remedy until the coming of the Western physician. On every side was encouragement. Out on the highway which passed the new

home of the mission, multitudes of Chinese surged to and fro, and with characteristic curiosity and disregard of time, lingered at the premises of the foreigner to see and hear. Meanwhile, Chinese workmen slowly raised the walls of the hospital and school buildings which were to meet the demands of the enlarging work. Mrs. Gamewell's letters were full of enthusiasm. Whenever there was work to do and she was needed to do it, this little woman of indomitable spirit made good her opportunity.

Gradually into her hopefulness crept a dreary foreboding. For some reason the Chinese became more openly hostile to the foreigners. There had always been a smothered resentment against the stranger from the Western world, a misunderstanding of his motive and his doings, but now the smoldering fire seemed likely to burst into flame. The walls of the mission were splashed with mud. Proclamations issued by the officials in approval of the missionaries were ruthlessly torn down. "Foreign dog" and "foreign devil" were shouted with stinging emphasis. One day three men tried to assault Mr. Gamewell as he walked alone in the city.

One of them deliberately flung himself in his way meaning to throw him down, but the trap failed, and the three joined in a jeering pursuit along the street.

The 6th of June was a feast-day in China, the 5th of the Fifth Moon, when the Chinese Dragon Festival was celebrated. It was Sunday, according to Christian reckoning, but for the Chinese it was a day of revelry. In holiday mood they thronged the highways of the city. Yet out on the great road there was comparative orderliness and quiet, and a long line of pedestrians moved steadily toward the city gate. Mrs. Gamewell had been left at home this June Sunday, while her colaborers, Mr. Gamewell included, went into the city to conduct Church services. She was tired and in need of rest, and moreover it was not safe on a feast-day to leave the compound in sole charge of the Chinese servants. The people were especially meddlesome those days and it would be necessary to keep the gate rigorously closed.

The morning passed uneventfully, but soon after the noon hour a babel of loud voices was heard on the road outside. Presently there was a vigorous pounding on the gate, and a

rain of stones fell upon the tiled roof of a building near the wall. Mrs. Gamewell took a stout oak stick in her hand, and went to the gate which a servant opened at her bidding. There they were, a close-pressing, seething mob of Chinese! Standing calmly by the gate-post she looked into the dark, shifting faces and began to speak. She told them it was contrary to all their *li* (customs) to seek to visit a house when the men were absent. This is a sensitive point of Chinese etiquette recognized alike by all classes, so at first her appeal had its effect. A few of the more respectable sort moved shamefacedly away, but a rough, noisy group took their places until some two hundred people clamored loudly for admission into the new compound. "Wait until the place is finished and we will invite you in," said one of the servants. "We are working people," was the reply; "we cannot come any other day. We intend to come in to-day."

Just then the cook slipped away unobserved, and called the chief of police to the scene. But the people paid no attention to him; they even laughed at him. So boisterous did they become that the gate-keeper was

alarmed for Mrs. Gamewell's safety and begged her to go inside. As she turned, a stone was thrown at her and the crowd shouted approval. By combined efforts the official and the cook held the mob back until she had escaped beyond their reach.

To Mrs. Gamewell's surprise she found a little girl by her side as she crossed the court. The child had been drawn to the woman who dared face the angry crowd, and followed her as she returned to the house. In an eager, quivering voice she asked if she might stay in the mission, and if sometime she might learn to read. The childish tones were a soothing contrast to the harsh, shrieking voices outside, and her cheery little presence was like "a sunbeam shining through a dark cloud."

Scarcely had the door closed upon Mrs. Gamewell and the child when the pounding at the gate was renewed with added energy. What should she do? At all hazards the place must be held until the men returned from the city. As her mind sought here and there for means of resistance, she thought of the new gun recently sent as a gift to her husband. There was no ammunition, to be sure, but a

Chinese mob is cowardly at heart and the mere sight of a gun might frighten them away. "They are in, they are coming," cried the little girl who was watching at the door. They had battered down the heavy gate, and were pushing roughly within. Mrs. Gamewell seized her gun and went forth. As soon as they saw it there was a general rush for the street. Mrs. Gamewell followed as far as the gate and stood on guard there while one half of the great door was closed and barricaded with heavy stones. But the crowd quickly perceived that the gun was not loaded, and collecting again about Mrs. Gamewell, protested against the closing of the other half of the gate.

Again the cook set forth for help, this time going for the magistrate. As the mob swayed back and forth, moved by varying impulses, a man came forward leading a child by the hand. Under pretense of being a friend whom she failed to recognize, he skilfully diverted Mrs. Gamewell's attention. In a flash, some one glided from the crowd and seized the barrel of the gun, but Mrs. Gamewell's steady grip was not relaxed. The two servants sprang to her aid and with

all their might pulled on the butt end, while as many as could get hold of the barrel tugged in the opposite direction. They pounded her hands and arms, while the onlookers pelted her with mud. Of course there could be but one end to the unequal struggle, and the gun was borne away in dastardly triumph by the mob.

After the stampede was over Mrs. Gamewell turned to find the servants looking at her in real anxiety. The old gatekeeper had some fine tobacco in his hand which he offered to tie about her finger. Then for the first time the courageous little sentinel became conscious of the blood that was flowing from her right hand, and which had already stained the pavement a dull red. Her forefinger had been cut almost to the bone. Mud plastered her face and neck, and just below her temple a big lump was rising. As soon as the crowd saw the blood on her hands and face they fled in terror, for to draw blood is a crime.

Just then the cook returned and said the official (*P'u-kuan*) refused to concern himself with the matter. This was the last straw. Mrs. Gamewell sat down alone in the gate and for a minute the hot tears came, though in

truth her grief was more for the lost gun than for her own condition.

After she had bandaged her finger and washed off the mud, the magistrate unexpectedly walked in. The disturbance proved to be large enough to warrant his attention; indeed he might even "lose face" unless some action were taken. "Face" is that expressive word constantly heard in China, easy to understand but hard to define. The Chinese are a very ceremonious people, desiring above all things to be regarded as "proper," thus so long as the outward appearance is correct it makes no difference whether the heart of the man be true or false. For a Chinese to "lose face" is worse than death itself. One way to avoid this calamity is to show two faces at once, at which difficult art he is an adept. The official had the manner of one ridiculing the foreigners, as at the same time he dispersed the crowd which was entering the court.

Soon after the magistrate had departed in complacent importance, Mr. Gamewell entered the house. A man had gone to town to summon him, and he hastened home in intense anxiety. In silence he looked at his wife; his admiration for her pluck and daring exceeded

only by his keen relief at finding that she was not seriously hurt. By and by the doctor returned from church and dressed the wounded hand. One and all united in doing honor to the brave little woman whose nerve had saved the premises from being looted. Once again she had played the soldier and in a very real battle.

With the help of the British consul in Chung-ch'ing, Mr. Gamewell gained access to the district magistrate and reported the disturbance at the mission compound. The official received him courteously, and agreed to station a guard temporarily at the gate. He would not promise, however, to have the ringleaders of the mob punished, and such a course was necessary to prevent a second outbreak.

Late in the month of June a large number of military students from the western provinces assembled at Chung-ch'ing for examinations. They were wild, reckless men, ready for anything which promised excitement. At the same time thousands of people in the neighborhood were suffering hunger on account of the high price of rice, and were easily stirred to riot, impelled by the hope

of plunder. From the western states of America came reports which stung like a nettle and goaded to revenge. Chinese immigrants were being maltreated and even killed in the United States. Treaty rights were recklessly violated. Why, in the name of the Confucian religion, which at least demands justice, should Americans be tolerated on Chinese soil! Thus in the remote inland province of China the little group of Americans paid dear for the injustice of their fellow countrymen on the other side of the world.

Like a tidal wave of destruction the mob bore down upon the foreigners in Chung-ch'ing. Nearer and nearer it came, laying waste the property of the British consul and the Roman Catholic cathedral, in its resistless approach toward the compound in the city, where the missionaries had now assembled. As a last extremity Mr. Gamewell tried to plan an escape by way of the river which flowed far below, preferring its precarious current to the merciless freaks of the mob. But this chance of flight was cut off, for already the crowd was at the gate pounding and shrieking with a determination far ex-

ceeding the Sunday of the Dragon Festival. Yet the little company of men and women within the walls were calm and trustful. Mrs. Gamewell said they felt the iron strength of the promise: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

At the very instant when the frenzied Chinese broke through the barricades at the front, an excited messenger came to the rear gate bidding the missionaries make haste and escape while yet there was time. The magistrate had sent sedan-chairs to bear them to his yamen, but they must speed away into the darkness before their flight was detected. Even as the mob was entering the court they slipped out at the rear, and were swiftly borne along the precipice overhanging the river.

The weird, silent journey came to a sudden pause as the bearers made a quick turn through a gate and dropped the chairs before a house close by the wall. Into the small, stuffy room which the fugitives were commanded to enter, crowded a rabble of Chinese who remained to scoff. Trying beyond measure was the situation of the foreigners, until their guide reappeared and helped them

force their way through the struggling crowd to their chairs at the door. As Mrs. Gamewell's turn came, and she took her seat, it was discovered that there were no more chairs, so Mr. Gamewell must be left behind while she was spirited away into the city streets. Her last look revealed him in the midst of an excited throng which shouted boisterously for him to wait, that he could not in safety walk across the city to the yamen.

For Mrs. Gamewell and her companions there was another rapid rush along dark edges of the street, and a stealthy turn into a court where lights were forbidden. They were taken into a house and told to ascend a ladder which they found led to a windowless garret, totally dark and breathlessly hot. Silence was charged upon them, and there on the floor they sat for two or three hours. It seemed endless to Mrs. Gamewell, tortured as she was by fears for her husband. But she prayed to the God of her strength, and seemed to feel the assurance of Mr. Gamewell's safety.

At last the door was cautiously opened and a messenger brought the official summons of the magistrate to his yamen. There was an-

other hasty ride and the chairs came to a halt in a court where Mrs. Gamewell found her husband watching anxiously for her coming. He had been carried directly to the yamen, and was alarmed at not finding her there. They met only to be separated at once, for Chinese custom demanded that the men occupy one court and the women another.

Mrs. Gamewell and her companions were conducted through a series of dimly lighted apartments into the room which was to be their shelter for the night. Here they spent several uneasy hours, sleeping but little and not daring to remove their clothes. The morning light brought the haunting thought that they were homeless, and well-nigh friendless, in a city sixteen hundred miles from the coast. The mob had demolished every foreign house in Chung-ch'ing, having first seized as booty the cherished possessions of those who were strangers among them and who would so gladly have been their friends.

During two weeks of suspense, not knowing what an hour might bring forth, the foreigners were kept in the yamen of the chief magistrate. From one day to the next they

knew not whether they would be dispatched on the swift currents of the Yang-tzŭ to the coast, or detained as prisoners to await an uncertain fate. The magistrate insulted and threatened, and with paradoxical insistence declared that he was taking care of them. "In America they kill Chinese," was his constant taunt. They were at the mercy of a fickle government, but they were also in the care of a steadfast God.

In the night of this racking anxiety Mrs. Gamewell's faith shone forth like a star. In her diary of July 13th she wrote: "I have been reading the book of Daniel. God is good. He has drawn us very close to himself during these days of trial. Can we wander far again? I shall know how his love went before us each day and wonder that my eyes ever turned away!"

Two days later, passports for the Americans to leave the city were received. The magistrate bade his wife supply them with black cloth to cover their heads, and Chinese clothes to complete their disguise. They were to leave the city in the third watch of the night. On July 16, these entries were made in Mrs. Gamewell's diary: "5.45 A. M.

Up all night. Feast at 1.00. To boats about 2.00. Weighed anchor about 5.45. Left in darkness. Lanterns swinging in the fog. Soldiers seen in the dim streets guarding our way down to the boat, soldiers and yamen runners guarding and pointing the way. Magistrate came down and sat in his chair and exhorted the boat captains. So in the darkness we steal out of the city whose people have torn up every vestige of our home, and left us with none of the treasures we brought with us two years ago."

In exactly four days the two boats rushed down the mad currents of the river to I-ch'ang, whereas the trip up stream had taken four weeks. The difference in time tells a story of wild mountain torrents, high winds, and daring skill of valiant oarsmen.

Upon reaching Shanghai Mrs. Gamewell went on board the ocean steamer to return to the United States. Life in China had made heavy inroads upon her splendid health, and a rest in the air and freedom of home was a necessity. Mr. Gamewell turned his face toward Peking, to arrange a settlement with the imperial government to pay for the loss of property in the Chung-ch'ing riot.

A CHINESE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND A CHINESE CHURCH

VII

A CHINESE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND A CHINESE CHURCH

"Faith is nothing else but the soul's venture."

One year and then another slipped back into history until some twenty years had passed since Mary Porter had her first vision of the gray walls of Peking. Inside those walls and out on the plains beyond, she had wrought with all her soul and strength for the victory which, though yet invisible, was surely to be made real. The joy of mastering the difficult and seemingly impossible task had possessed her with its charm. There in the heart of dusty, crowded Peking she had found the one who joined her in her quest of the ideal. Far away inland, in high-built Chung-ch'ing, the two laborers in the name of their great Chief had laid firm strokes of honest effort which survived in triumph the wreck and disaster of a day's defeat. Beyond the ocean in wide-awake America they spent months of enthusiastic interest, profit-

ing in full measure by the stir of life, and rejoicing in the reunion with old friends. Yet persistently their thoughts had turned to that other unforgotten home across the seas in ancient China. The old call to service in the place where the need is greatest, the call which had dominated these two since childhood, had again sounded its irresistible note.

To the utter joy of the man and woman, their mission board sent them back to their original post of duty in the compound in Peking. Mr. Gamewell was assigned his task in the university which had grown out of the boys' school of pioneer days. Around Mrs. Gamewell gathered the women from the scattered communities outside Peking, to be taught the Bible lessons which she could make so vivid and throbbing with life. Her command of the Chinese language was so complete that they often said, "She talks just like one of us." From the spell of her personality, women of the type of Mrs. Wang went forth into the country districts to carry light and joy into hundreds of hopeless Chinese homes. Thus the influence of one shining character reached far and wide in northeastern China.

Mrs. Gamewell and Chinese Bible Women

As the years went on, another work, new and promising, was laid in her willing hands. It was the wonderful Peking Sunday-school. In the beginning the Christian students and the servants of the compound were the only pupils, but in course of time a few children from the neighborhood strayed in. They were familiar with the tale that "foreign devils" used children's hearts and eyes to make medicine; so, naturally, their approach was cautious. About this time a young woman from New England joined the mission, bringing with her a love for children and a quantity of picture cards. To the children from the streets of Peking these cards were like leaves from a fairy book.

Each Sunday groups of small folk assembled, until the class became too large to meet with the main Sunday-school. It was given a room of its own, and speedily that room was filled to overflowing. Children sat on seats and on the backs of seats; they sat on each other's laps; they sat on the floor; they sat on the table and under the table. The teacher was obliged to take her place before the children came in, and when all had pressed inside she had just standing-

room and no more. If visitors called she could not move an inch to receive them, nor could they go beyond the half-open door. They exclaimed, "Wonderful! Wonderful!"

It was not long before a whole Sunday-school was formed of this one class. In the morning the Christians of the mission met in classes taught by the missionaries. In the afternoon the children of the city and any adults who cared to come formed a second Sunday-school, the pupils of the forenoon becoming the teachers of the afternoon. Just here a catastrophe loomed up before them. The supply of cards would soon be exhausted! An urgent letter was sent to America asking that small packages of cards be dispatched at once by mail, and boxes sent by freight later.

From Maine to Maryland, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi this letter was read and answered. Packages of all shapes and sizes were received by the missionary in Tientsin whose duty it was to forward the mail to Peking. Usually he employed a courier and one donkey for the purpose, but when the cards began to crowd the bags, he had to hire three donkeys for the enlarged

postal service. In the spring the boxes arrived, and before summer there was a room in the mission solidly packed with boxes, bags and barrels of cards.

The new Sunday-school grew as the class had grown. The mission chapel seated four hundred, but often five hundred children were present. A group sat on the altar steps, others were held on the knees of their companions, and still there were those who had to stand throughout the session. Many of them came shivering in grimy rags of clothing. Among them were some "pinched-faced little folks" who sometimes bartered the cherished cards for food. One cold day Mrs. Gamewell saw a child not more than six years old give her card to a pedler while he put in her hands a cup of hot soup. Most of the children came from homes in comparison with which the chapel was "a paradise of warmth and cheer." For them the Sunday-school hour was the one bit of color in seven gloomy days. At noon on Sunday groups of children began to gather in Filial Piety Lane, until at three o'clock, when the bell rang, a small multitude pressed through the gate. And these were the same children who had once scam-

pered away in fright whenever the queer foreigner came toward them.

A second trouble threatened, and at the same time a great hope dawned in Mrs. Gamewell's boundless horizon of purpose. The mission chapel was unmistakably on the verge of collapse. The walls had already cracked, and now they were bulging as if ready to crumble. The heavy tiled roof leaned dangerously. Stays were put against the walls and extra supports under the roof. The days of the old chapel were numbered with fatal certainty. Thereupon Mrs. Gamewell dreamed a dream and set herself to work out its achievement. Her first move was to send a letter to the mission board in New York. This is what she wrote:

"We are in trouble. Let me tell you our trouble, and please help us. The mission chapel is giving way. We began to prop and mend it a year ago, but now the walls lean worse, the cracks are wider, and the timbers bend more threateningly. If you could stand by the old weather-beaten chapel and hear its history, so interwoven with all the mission's joys and sorrows, and its hopes past and future, and realize how much depends upon

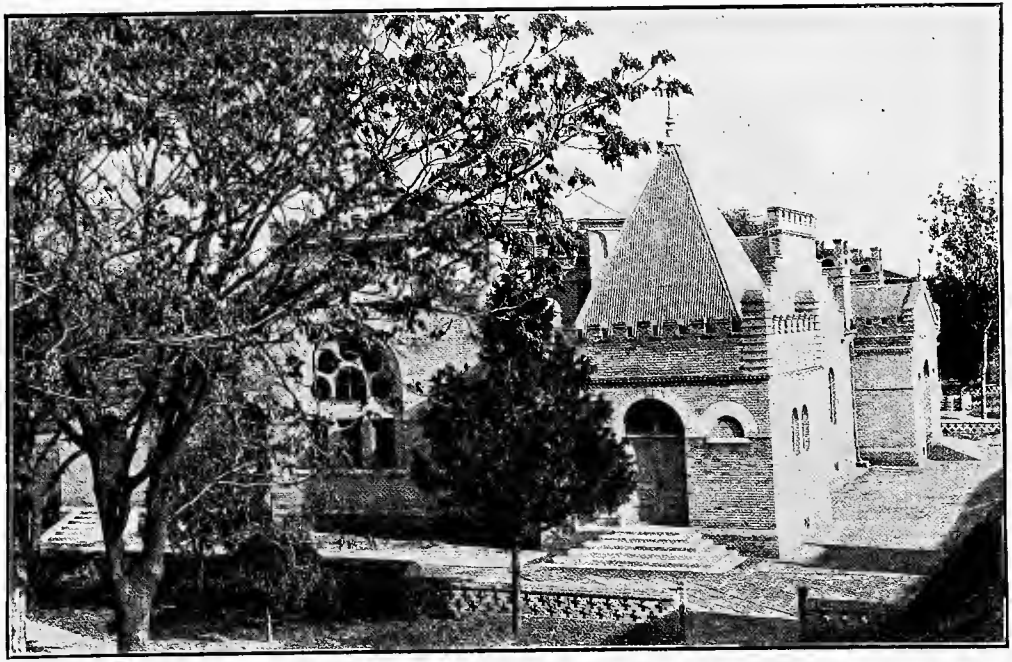
our mission chapel, your voice would ring out with energy of speech and song that would win for us the help we need. It is no shame for the chapel to fall. It has stood nearly twenty years and cost only two thousand dollars when it was built. We knew it could not be long-lived because there was not money enough to build substantially. It is now the oldest building in the mission."

The letter further told of the Sunday-school, unique in all China for its size and character. If the church should fall in ruins, what would become of the hundreds of children who gathered within its tottering walls each Sabbath afternoon?

"Do you understand what it would mean to shut our gates for weeks and months with no promise as to the near future? Suspicion would follow disappointment, and the Chinese would think we had ceased to want them in our chapel, reasoning in the same way as when, believing all missionaries to be doctors, they think we do not cure their diseases because we do not want to. Work so slowly built up would fall to pieces before our eyes and we would be powerless to help.

"Besides the Sunday-school, every other

department of our Peking work depends in a measure upon the chapel. The university students meet there for morning prayers. Preaching services and prayer-meetings depend upon it. The chapel is the only assembly-room for funerals and weddings. Christmas is celebrated there. There is no place for commencement exercises but in the chapel. What will become of these interests if the chapel falls? When it was built its size seemed so out of proportion to the numbers assembled, and the work then under way, that our friends remarked: 'You must have great faith to build so large a house with any hope of filling it.' The faith has been rewarded. The work has so outgrown the chapel accommodations that for several years we have felt the need of a large church, but schools and country work have been in such urgent straits, and we need such a big church next time one is built, that we have delayed asking for an appropriation, hoping that the time might come when we could ask, with a hope of receiving it, about ten thousand dollars to build a church that would answer mission purposes for the next twenty years. If you find it in your power to help us to a new



Asbury Church, Peking, before the Boxer Uprising

church, you will be sending a broad beam of cheer into the shadows, that will lift us up and strengthen us to a degree that perhaps you little imagine."

Mrs. Gamewell's letter was a challenge which some large-hearted people in America could not refuse to accept. By return mail the first instalment of a large sum of money was forwarded to Peking, and later, while on a furlough in America, Mr. Gamewell secured the help of a competent architect to prepare plans for the new church. They were building, as they thought, for twenty years at least, and the workmanship must be substantial. A structure made of brick and wood, with seating capacity for fifteen hundred, was designed, and Mr. Gamewell returned to Peking to superintend its erection.

In course of time the wonderful new building was completed and christened Asbury Church. It was the architectural pride of the compound, and also the largest Protestant church in the whole empire. Almost immediately the Sunday-school sent its regiments of children down the aisles and into the seats of the auditorium. By this time the school had become so famous that travelers

visited it as one of the sights of Peking. Invariably their comment was: "There is nothing like it in China."

In place of the old mocking cry, "foreign devil," which Mrs. Gamewell had learned to expect every time she ventured beyond the gate of the compound, children on every side wistfully inquired: "Teacher, teacher, how many days to next Sunday?" On the streets could be heard childish voices singing in the walled courts of Chinese houses, "Jesus loves me," "There's a land that is fairer than day," and other songs which Mrs. Gamewell had taught them. Do you wonder that her hands and brain and heart were full of eager work and abundant joy in these golden years in the mission in Peking?

THE CENTER OF THE CHINESE PUZZLE

VIII

THE CENTER OF THE CHINESE PUZZLE

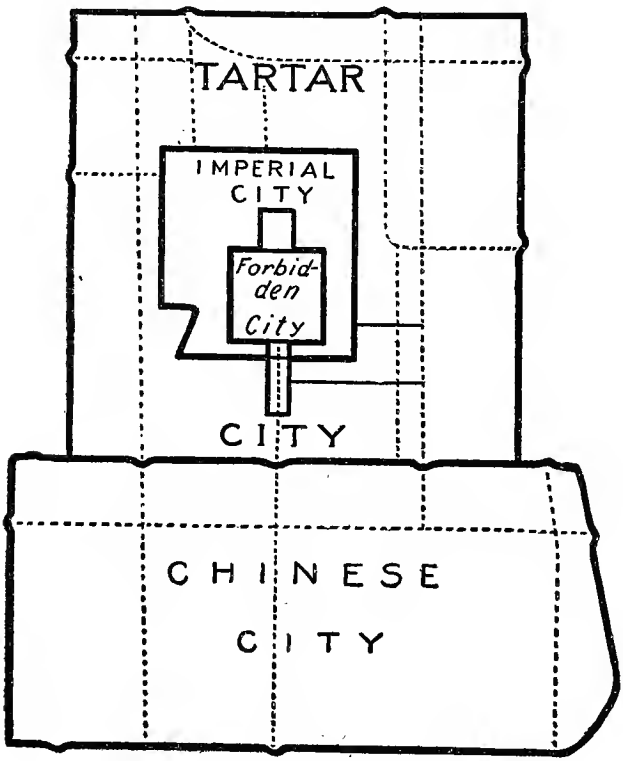
"O, East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat;
But there is neither East nor West, border nor breed nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth."

It is likely that you have seen one of those stolid, wooden Dutch dolls, and that you have taken it apart only to find another within, and so on down to the last doll of the series. Or surely you have handled those soft, pliable baskets, each one of which in succession fits like magic into the next larger in size. If you have experimented with any of these objects within objects, you will understand the construction of the northern city of Peking. It is a city within a city, within a third city; each enclosed by its own wall; the outside wall being sixteen miles in circumference. Within the Tartar city is the Imperial City and within the Imperial is the Forbidden

City. These three cities were built in the thirteenth century by that famous Mongol invader, who lives anew in the imagination of him who reads the poem of Coleridge which bears the hero's name, "Kublai Khan." Just south of the Tartar city is the Chinese city, the original Peking, which came into being some three thousand years ago. Like a pedestal to a statue, it serves as a base to the more imposing structure of the Tartar city.

Thus Peking entire consists of four cities in one. About twenty-five miles of grim, gray wall surround the whole. At intervals of two or three miles are the massive iron-bound gates, each gate surmounted by a three-storied tower, rectangular in shape. Around and through the city runs an ancient canal with water-gates. Trains of camels from the deserts of the north carry their Mongol riders through the streets. Mule litters, slung between poles, the red sedan-chair of the bride and the white chair in the procession of the dead, the approach of each heralded by music, carts and wheelbarrows, horses ridden by foreigners, and "darting, dodging pedestrians" vie with one another for passage

through the crowded thoroughfares. Green-tiled temples, with their gray-gowned priests,



PEKING, A CITY WITHIN A CITY

stand at ease and in musty splendor. And in the center of all this strange life rise the pink walls of the Forbidden City, shielding from

ruthless eyes the royal palace buildings. For its myriad forms of life, its ancient magnificence, its brooding mystery, Peking becomes indeed the "goal which beckons to every one."

In 1644, when the early settlers were breaking soil in America, the long line of Chinese monarchs gave way before the oldtime foe from the north, and the Manchu Tartars claimed the Dragon throne. Unto this day they have been the royal family of China, calling their reign the Ch'in or Great Pure Dynasty.

During the years when Mr. and Mrs. Gamewell lived in the southeastern corner of the Tartar city, where most of the foreigners had their dwellings, the greatest of the Manchu rulers was secluded behind the vermilion pillars and underneath the green and gold ceilings of the royal palace. It was the empress dowager, or as she might be called, the Chinese sphinx. A perplexing puzzle has she been to the thousands of Westerners who have lived in her realm, and to those who, across the seas, have read of her strange deeds. It is a question if the Chinese themselves have understood her perverse freaks

or have been prepared for her sudden, mad whims. People have held the most curiously diverse opinions regarding her. Some have called her the "grand old woman" of China, while others have likened her to heartless, brutal Catherine of Russia. She might have been a composite of Queen Jezebel and Queen Elizabeth, this capricious and yet far-sighted woman, who held sway over one fourth of the human race.

The empress dowager was the daughter of a Manchu soldier of high rank, though not of royal descent. Since she was a Tartar maiden, her feet were not bound. Her hair and eyes were black, and her skin a rich olive. A kind of fiery intelligence shone in her face.

As she grew into womanhood, the emperor, Hsien Feng, chose her for one of his wives. When a son was born in the West Palace where Tzŭ Hsi lived, the emperor, contrary to all custom, advanced the mother to the position of empress, by the side of the reigning empress. At the death of the emperor, the boy T'ung Chih succeeded his father, and the two empresses were appointed joint regents. In 1875 T'ung Chih died, and his

cousin Kuang Hsü was selected by the council of princes as the new ruler of China. When four years old he climbed with true imperial dignity into the "chair of state." His subjects bowed low before him, knocking their heads on the ground in token of loyalty. In 1881 the empress of the East Palace died, and empress dowager Tzŭ Hsi became sole regent.

When Kuang Hsü reached the age of nineteen, according to the Chinese reckoning which counts a child a year old at birth, a decree was issued to the effect that her majesty the empress dowager considered him fit to rule. Upon this not wholly flattering declaration, he said (or was made to say) that "the announcement caused him to tremble as if in mid-ocean, with no knowledge of the land." After uttering these sentiments befitting a modest young emperor, Kuang Hsü mounted the throne, and the empress dowager withdrew behind the scenes, to await the cue for her reappearance on the stage of action.

Now it afterwards appeared that Kuang Hsü had a mind of his own, and for some years he had his way in the ancient em-

pire, in spite of his contriving aunt. It was due to the presence of the wide-awake Westerner in the sleepy Eastern world, that he became the youthful and hot-headed reformer, who for a brief time was a striking figure in Chinese affairs. When he was a small boy, humored and indulged by the palace attendants, a store was opened on Legation Street in the foreign quarter of Peking, which actually had something to do with the life story of the emperor and his empire. The royal boy loved toys, and the more complex they were the more delighted was he, particularly if he could take them to pieces to see what made "the wheels go wound." His rooms were filled with watches which could strike the hour, eccentric clocks which would strike to music, or from which a bird would emerge and announce the time in his own characteristic call.

As the boy grew older, tales of unending wonder reached his ever-open ears; tales of the telegraph and telephone, the electric and steam cars of the Western world. Naught would content the imperious lad until a small railroad was built along the shore of the beautiful Lotus Lake in the palace grounds.

Official messengers were sent to Peking University, refusing to return to the palace without the coveted "talk-box" (phonograph) of which the emperor had heard. Graphophones, X-ray apparatus, and everything known to modern inventive genius were sought by the curious young ruler.

Soon he began to grant permission to foreign companies to build railroads, to establish telephone and telegraph systems, and to operate steamship lines. Slow-going officials in distant parts of the empire were shocked beyond recovery to receive imperial edicts in the form of telegrams. Formerly, stately documents written with the vermilion pencil on yellow paper were delivered by courtly couriers who spent a month on the journey. Ignorant peasants believed that the rusty rain-water dripping from the wires was the blood of outraged spirits who would take speedy revenge. In the province of Hunan they sawed down the poles and cut the wires. The "fire-wheel cart" (steam engine) was rudely disturbing the earth dragon and would bring sure disaster upon the land. When the railway from Tientsin to Peking was built in 1897, peasants and coolies firmly

believed that the piers of the bridge over the Pei Ho, as well as the sleepers for the entire eighty miles of track, were laid on the bodies of Chinese infants. Verily the enterprising Kuang Hsü was upsetting the peace of mind of his subjects, and his day of reckoning was drawing nigh.

When the empress dowager reached her sixtieth year of age, the Christian women of China, about eleven thousand in number, sent an edition of the New Testament, printed in large type, and bound in silver and gold, as a birthday gift to her majesty. Soon after the casket containing the present had been delivered at the palace, Kuang Hsü sent messengers to the American Bible Society to procure copies of the Bible for himself. In the compound in Filial Piety Lane the welcome news was heard that yonder in the Forbidden City the emperor was studying the Bible daily, that he was learning to pray, and that he was willing to have Christianity taught in his wide domains. The missionaries hoped that the openmindedness of the young ruler would infuse new sap and life into the old, withered empire of China.

Kuang Hsü's next move was to reach out

for all the foreign books which had been translated into the Chinese language. He collected every book on education, science, and religion, published in the land. For three years he pored over his books, and as a result, issued his edicts of reform—those edicts which made the people sit up and rub their eyes and finally start forth in vigorous protest.

The first decree established a great, central university in Peking, of which one of the missionaries was invited to become president. In all the colleges and universities founded by Kuang Hsü, the presidents were men who went to China as missionaries. They were the keenest scholars among the foreigners, and also knew China and her people most closely. Throughout the spring and summer of 1898, edict after edict proceeded in sharp succession from the throne. One proclaimed that schools should be founded in every important city, another, that Buddhist temples should be turned into schoolhouses.

Kuang Hsü became impatient if his commands were not carried out at once. In his enthusiasm he forgot that great reforms do not come in a day, even in a lifetime, no

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EMPRESS DOWAGER

matter if the heart of the reformer breaks in the delay. If only he could have possessed that sure vision of the future, together with a mighty patience such as dominated Mrs. Gamewell and her associates, he might have been the prophet soul who led his people out of darkness into light. But that type of leadership belongs to the Christian faith, and Kuang Hsü was just emerging out of heathenism. In a tumultuous time he stood for what he believed, and that is the beginning of heroism. The trouble was he had attempted to do what Mr. Kipling calls "hustling the East." It was as if he had sought to make the slow-moving camels of the desert travel with the speed of a Western mail train.

At this dramatic moment the empress dowager appeared again on the scene of action. In sullen resentment at being set aside, she had been amusing herself with her flowers and boats in I Ho park. But now she would once more play her part in the exciting events of her country's history. A number of dissatisfied officials and imperial clansmen rallied round her, and plotted the overthrow of Kuang Hsü. Hearing of the con-

spiracy, he tried to outwit them, but a trusted official betrayed him into the hands of his enemies, and the new day for China came to a sudden, stormy close. Kuang Hsü was dethroned and practically made a prisoner in an island palace. The empress dowager became the ruler of the nation. Upon the downfall of Kuang Hsü trouble for the foreigners began.

With the spitefulness of the old Greek Furies, the empress Tzŭ Hsi set herself to undo all that Kuang Hsü had done. The official newspaper, *Peking Gazette,* fairly "bristled" with her angry edicts. She crushed every reform measure which had come into existence. The young man who was the chief adviser of Kuang Hsü barely escaped to Tientsin and then by steamer south. For more than a year the empress offered large rewards for his capture, alive or dead. Because her wrath failed to reach this leading offender, she seized his younger brother and ordered his execution. On September 28, 1898, he, with five other young men, was beheaded; six martyrs who gave their lives for the future liberty of their country. As they went to their death, they

declared that multitudes of others would some day arise to take their places.

It was not long before the eagle eye of the empress dowager was turned toward the foreigners, the cause of all this upheaval in the old, placid empire. Who had ever desired their presence in the celestial kingdom? They had come to trade, and the Chinese, though born traders, scorned the practise as far below their scholarly dignity. They had also come to entice China into that bond which exists between all civilized countries, the "sisterhood of nations." But China, like a blind, foolish child, preferred to be let alone. She hated the very word "treaty," for it meant that she had been forced into relations with people whose manner of life she spurned. "When a thing is as good as it can be, you cannot make it any better." This was exactly what nearly all the people of China thought concerning their country.

Moreover the foreigner was responsible for these detested reforms. And worse yet, some of the European nations, particularly Germany, were trying to seize Chinese territory and call it their own. From a Chinese point of view, the foreigners were bent on

devouring China piecemeal. What could the Dragon do but turn upon his enemies?

Thus the dowager empress let her wild fury run away with her reason. Down deep in her heart she knew that her country owed a vast deal to outside nations, but her intelligence went down before her childish peevishness and her lust for power. The only way to keep the Manchus on the throne was to side with the conservatives against the foreigner. And so the explosion, which this woman by a single stroke of the vermilion pencil could have prevented, burst in a whirl of frenzy about the foreigners and Chinese Christians.

In the neighboring province of Shan-tung, a famous secret society, of which there are many in China, was drilling its troops, thus making ready to rout all foreigners out of China, perhaps even the Manchu rulers themselves. Buddhist temples were turned into camps, and excited men were practising strange rites in every village. The organization was known as the I Ho Ch'üan (Fists of Righteous Harmony), or the Great Sword Society. As the Chinese word for "fists" signifies wrestling or boxing, they became known as Boxers.

A Boxer

Boxer Placard Used to Incite Feeling against Foreigners

They claimed that supernatural power was granted them and that neither swords nor bullets could inflict injury. In the temples of the gods they went into spasms and trances, in order to become possessed with the spirit of some hero long since dead. Sundry charms were repeated to protect them against gun, cannon, and sword. "Face to the southeast, with left hand perform the Three Mountain charm, with the right perform the Twisted Dragon, mark on ground two crosses, tread with two feet—read the charm once, follow with one knocking of head—at least read seven times, at most ten times. The gods will then take possession of your body." This and similar exercises were supposed to make the charm take effect. Then it was that "the gods and the 8,000,000 spirits" would come to their aid "to sweep the empire clean of all foreigners."

"Until the foreigner is exterminated, the rain can never visit us."

"Within three years all will be accomplished."

"The Volunteer Associated Fists will burn down the foreign buildings. Foreign goods of every variety they will destroy. They will extirpate the evil demons, and establish right teaching,—the honor of the spirits and the sages."

"Scholars and gentlemen must by no means esteem this a light and idle curse, and so disregard its warning."

These were phrases on some of the Boxer posters, circulated freely in northeastern China. The Boxer flag contained four dread characters: "Pao Ch'ing Mieh Yang" ("Protect the empire: exterminate foreigners"). Red cloth was at a premium, since it was the sign of revolt, and was in great demand as a Boxer emblem.

Close upon the capital city the Boxer hosts pressed. The whole region between Pao-ting fu and Peking was covered with Boxer camps. About the city of Cho-chou, thirty thousand Boxers were assembled, practising their magic rites by day, and by night eating the farmers of the neighborhood out of house and home. They burned railroad stations and tore up the tracks, burned and looted property, and even killed Chinese Christians. And at last Boxer troops were drilling within the walls of Peking, even on the official drill-grounds, and in the palaces of the nobles. In a few short weeks, the Boxers had become the "men of the hour."

Were the foreigners sleeping, that they did not realize danger was so close? Or did they lean upon the word of that two-faced empress who assured them that the Boxer

movement was naught but the work of boys and peasants? Count no more upon that fickle ruler who promises but does not fulfil! Her mind was now made up, and the die was cast for the doom of the foreigner. The Boxer uprising was viewed as a dangerous force to be reckoned with, and unless it was directed against the foreigner it might turn against the Manchu dynasty, and the dowager empress would lose both "face" and power. Between these alternatives it did not take long to choose, and she hesitated not a moment.

Meanwhile, what has become of Mrs. Gamewell in the midst of all this furor and excitement? Let us brave the taunts of "foreign devil" which will bear down upon us like a chorus of curses, and walk boldly through the streets of Peking to the compound in Filial Piety Lane.

BOXERS AND BARRICADES

IX

BOXERS AND BARRICADES

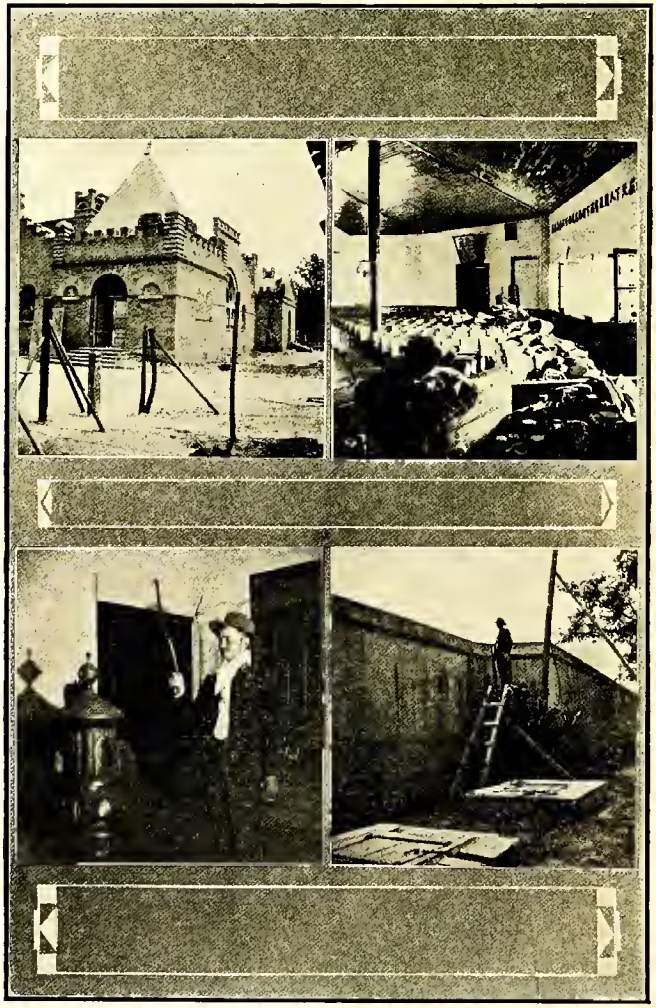
"A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time."

On the peak of the dome of Asbury Church, in the compound of the Methodist mission, a solitary figure was outlined against the sky. The Boxers in the streets below gazed warily up at the unwonted presence. In their camps the story was told and believed, that a strange being had come from America and alighted upon the tower of the church. Further drill in magic would be necessary to give them power to cope with this mysterious guardian of the foreigners.

What they saw was in reality the sentinel, who, in the heat of day and the dew of night, kept unbroken watch of the enemies' movements. In the space of a few days, the beautiful church which Mrs. Gamewell had conceived had been converted into a citadel of war. Bricks had been piled upon the iron roof to be hurled upon the foe in case of direct

attack. The doors had been strengthened by galvanized iron plates. Panes of glass had been removed from the windows, and the space barricaded with bricks, and loop-holed. Since it was possible that the dwelling-houses might be burned, trunks were borne to the church for safe-keeping. Some one said that the "grand trunk" line ran everywhere, from the vestibule through every aisle even to the platform itself. On the floor in front of the pulpit stood a row of jars large as barrels, and filled to the brim with water. The water had been purified by boiling in huge caldrons on furnaces built in the court. On two memorable Sundays, the preacher was surrounded by cans of butter, hundreds of boiled eggs, stacks of Chinese biscuits, cases of condensed milk, as well as baby cradles and mattresses innumerable. All these preparations had been made against the day when the people should have to take refuge within the church, and there join in one last desperate fight for their lives.

Across the streets in front and at the rear of the church, barricades had been constructed. Bricks for all these hasty fortifica-



SCENES IN THE METHODIST COMPOUNO

Barbed Wire in Front of Asbury Church
Captain Hall and the Key
The Auditorium as a Storehouse
On Guard

tions had been taken from walls and partitions, and sometimes had to be transported from one end of the mission area to the other. Boys and women carried piles of bricks on their clasped hands, or in baskets swung on poles over their shoulders. Wee children toddled along, each carrying one, two, three bricks according to his size. All the flag tiles from the court pavements had been uprooted and used for cross barricades. Deep ditches had been dug, and first and second lines of defense marked out. Barbed-wire fences bristled behind walls likely to be scaled. The gates, except the one needed for entrance and exit, had been solidly covered with brickwork.

These means of protection had been planned and directed by Mr. Gamewell, who was a general by instinct as well as a civil engineer by training. Twenty marines, under command of Captain Hall, had been sent by Mr. Conger, the United States minister in Peking, as a military guard for the compound, which had become a refuge for scores of missionaries and native Christians. Mrs. Gamewell said that "their hearts beat high with patriotic pride when they saw the boys in blue march through the gates."

At dusk of the day previous to the arrival of the marines, the 8th of June, the other mission compounds in Peking had been abandoned, and the missionaries with their Chinese adherents had sought the shelter of the Methodist compound. In the darkness of night, a long line of carts bore the fugitives from the Congregational mission at T'ung-chou to Peking. Within three days their deserted buildings were looted and burned by the very soldiers sent to protect them. Hundreds of Christians and servants of foreigners were massacred within two miles of the palace buildings. Heartbreaking stories were told by the refugees who staggered each day into the courts of the Methodist mission. Homes had been burned, families separated in the desperate flight for life, and a cruel death had overtaken many. In all, seventy British and American missionaries, and nearly seven hundred Chinese Christians, filled every inch of space in the compound in Filial Piety Lane. Boxer mobs blew their horns and uttered their demoniacal howls outside the gates, while within, twenty American marines constituted the entire military protection.

One great hope colored all these unquiet days. On the 10th of June, in response to a telegram from Peking asking for more troops, several hundred foreign soldiers, led by Captain McCalla, had fought their way to the railway train, and had left Tientsin for Peking. The arrival of this relief army was daily, hourly expected. In the center of the compound, a large tree, the play-house of the children in days of peace, was used as a bulletin board. Every scrap of news from the outside world was posted on the trunk of the "giant tree." But the "outside world" was rapidly drifting beyond reach. Telegraph lines had been cut in all directions, save the single wire to Kalgan on the Great Wall. When that last thread of connection was broken, Peking was isolated indeed.

On the 13th of June, the following letter from the United States minister, Mr. Conger, was read from the tree bulletin: "My dear Mr. Gamewell: A note just received from Captain McCalla, written at four P. M., yesterday, reports him with sixteen hundred men of all nationalities at Lang-fang [thirty miles from Peking], pushing on as fast as they can repair the road." That was the last

message received from the advancing army for many a weary day.

On the afternoon of the same day, the Methodist street chapel, a few hundred yards away, outside the compound, was demolished by the mob. The usual Boxer method was to tear down a part of the framework, pour thereon quart after quart of kerosene, and then apply the torch. Throughout the night, Mrs. Gamewell, with a group of anxious watchers, looked out upon the flaming, fearful sky. It was red with the reflection of burning buildings. Two old historic cathedrals belonging to the Roman Catholic Church were utterly destroyed, many Christians dying in the fire. All the property in Peking which belonged to the foreigners, except that defended by foreign troops, was burned to ashes, either during that night of destruction, or within the next few days. A veritable fire demon seemed to possess the Boxers, and to spur them to madness.

On the 16th, the climax of the great burning was reached. Wild flames leaped up from the other side of the southern wall, near the Ch'ien, the gate through which, twice each year, the emperor rides forth in his

elephant cart on his way to worship in the temple of Heaven in the southern city. In this locality were the huge banking establishments, fur stores, and the wealthiest business houses in Peking. The Boxer mob had set fire to a mill in the neighborhood, and the high wind drove the flames beyond their control. In terror they cried to the fire god to intercede and spare the great tower on the wall above the city gate. The tower rose more than one hundred feet above the ground, and was speedily a tall pillar of fire, piercing the sky with its shaft of flame. The loss from this one fire was computed to be at least $5,000,000.

Close to the wall in the southern city, wild hordes of Boxers made the night hideous with their fiendish noise: "Kill the foreign devil! Kill! Kill! Kill!" Only a handful of unreliable Manchu guards and the iron gate intervened between the murderous mob and the foreigners a few rods away in the northern city. Realizing this, the committee in charge of the compound went at nightfall to the gate, interviewed the official, and won his promise to close the gate early, and refuse to open it to the mob. To make doubly sure,

this daring committee actually requested that after the gate was locked the key should be brought to the mission compound and left there until morning. The gate-keeper consented to the amazing proposition, and the bar of iron two feet long was in Captain Hall's keeping each night as long as the mission premises were occupied!

During these first feverish nights, sleep wandered far from Mrs. Gamewell's eyes. Every instant of the daylight was tense with hard work, and the darkness should naturally have brought exhaustion and rest. Instead, an excitement which she said was like calmness, drove weariness and sleep to the winds. In the depths of the night and in the heart of the moonlight, she watched the stars and stripes float in easy grace from the roof of the church. She walked with the sentinel on his beat and led him on to talk of home, or of his life in the Philippines. In these wakeful hours began that staunch comradeship with the soldiers which made her their friend and heroine through all the dark days to come.

After two or three nights of such vigil, sleep claimed its own, and Mrs. Gamewell was led by a friend into a quiet corner for

her sorely needed rest. The deep sleep of utter exhaustion conquered, and it was some hours before she awoke in the midst of an ominous stillness. She hastened to a window and accosted a soldier who was passing that way. He told her that the alarm had been given, and all the people except the guards were shut inside the church. A stout barricade with a closed gate was between her and the church. There she was, alone with the fighting men in the exposed front of battle, if battle there should be. But the threatening mob drifted gradually away from the gates of the compound, and that danger was past.

After this forlorn experience of Mrs. Gamewell's, a more thorough organization was completed in the mission camp. Originally the bell in the tower had rung out the alarms. Soon it was found expedient to have a quieter signal, such as would give no inkling to the foe outside of the preparations within. Consequently, women sentinels were stationed on the verandas, each for a watch of two hours' duration. If an attack seemed imminent, a soldier was to warn one of these sentinels, who would spread the word throughout the compound, until each and all

had taken their places in the silent, swiftly moving line to the church. This was the plan in operation on the night when Mrs. Gamewell was sleeping her first long sleep since the siege began. When it was discovered that a person could be overlooked in the orderly confusion, a new kind of guard was appointed. In each house some one was designated, whose duty it was to make sure that no one was left behind in the general exodus to the church.

As the heat of those summer days grew more stifling, Mrs. Gamewell looked sympathetically at the marines clad in their heavy winter uniforms. The order for shore duty had come suddenly one day while they were at dinner on board the war-ships. There was not a moment for change of clothing, as the call to Peking was imperative. In this emergency Mrs. Gamewell's ready brain conceived a scheme whereby the sweltering soldiers should be relieved. With money solicited from the missionaries, an armed group of Chinese and foreigners was dispatched into the nearby street to purchase light-weight material from the stores which had not yet been abandoned. Yards and

yards of navy blue drilling, and dozens and dozens of brass buttons were procured, and the women set busily to work. A suit of Mr. Gamewell's was ripped to pieces for a pattern. Two women did the cutting, while several basted. Mrs. Gamewell acted as fitter, taking the garments to the soldiers' headquarters, and pinning and fitting until each suit was adjusted to its prospective owner. For Mrs. Gamewell, as she said, "there was patriotic fervor in the pinning of every pin that pinned the seams of those garments of blue, fervor born of the fires kindled during the war that raged in girlhood days, when our town on the Mississippi was always a-flutter with flags, and full of arriving and departing troops."

At first the soldiers were so eager to don their new uniforms, that suits delivered at headquarters were instantly appropriated, regardless of fit. Such genuine appreciation was gratifying to be sure, but the results were not wholly to the credit of the fitter. Thereafter a piece of white cloth was sewed upon each suit, indicating the man for whom it was intended. The finished suit was of regulation type; a close fitting jacket with

four pockets, a row of brass buttons and a standing collar. When the cartridge belt was added, the effect was quite the same as if a tailor had done the work.

On the 19th of June a startling letter was delivered to Mr. Gamewell by a swift runner from the United States Legation. The letter read as follows:

"My dear Mr. Gamewell:

The Chinese Government has notified us that the admirals at Taku have notified the viceroy that they will take possession of all the Taku forts to-morrow. This they consider a declaration of war by all the powers, and hence tender the ministers their passports, and ask us to leave Peking in twenty-four hours. We have replied that we know nothing of this, but if the Chinese desire to act upon such information, and declare war themselves, that of course, we will go as soon as they will furnish us the necessary transportation, and send reliable escorts to take us all to Tientsin. Sincerely yours,

E. H. CONGER."

For weeks an impressive fleet of foreign warships had been anchored at the mouth of

the Pei Ho, or North River, where the Taku forts commanded entrance to the river. It had been impossible for the admirals to decide what the next move should be, since it could not be determined whether the Chinese government meant war or not. At last, when word came that Peking was utterly cut off, that Boxers and the imperial troops were uniting, that an unknown Chinese army was contending the advance of Captain McCalla and the relief column, and that the Pei Ho was being mined with torpedoes, then it was that the Allied Forces swung into action. Early in the morning of June 17th they stormed the Taku forts, and after six hours of hard fighting the last gun was silenced, and flags of Europe, the United States, and Japan, waved over the forts. Long weeks afterward it was found that the attack had been made not an hour too soon. The deed had been done before the letter of June 19th was sent to the foreign ambassadors, and thence to the Methodist compound. Chinese government officials thought best to keep the real truth to themselves, as well as the fact that Captain McCalla's army had been met by Chinese troops and repulsed. The assault

upon the forts had something the same effect upon the Chinese people as the firing upon Fort Sumter had upon the Northerners at the outbreak of the Civil War. At any rate it gave that wily empress dowager a chance to throw off her mask, and enter freely upon her desperate attempt to drive all foreigners out of China.

The next morning after the order to leave the city had been received in the Methodist mission, the women gathered about their open trunks in the church. Instructions had come from the legations that all within the compound should be ready to leave at a moment's notice, and that they could take with them only what could be borne in their hands. Mrs. Gamewell, tired almost beyond the power of thought, questioned with the others: "What shall I take, and what shall I leave? Which of these our possessions is more essential than the others?" "Things" were of small account on that weary, care-laden day.

The real concern was for the Chinese Christians, all of whom must be left behind. The treachery of the Chinese government had already been proved, and there was little or

no hope that the foreigners would escape with their lives. In all likelihood they were being beguiled into a trap of death somewhere beyond the walls of Peking. Safety for the Chinese Christians meant that they must be separated at once from the missionaries.

In the Girls' High School the pupils came together at the call of their teachers. They were told that each one would be given money sufficient to support her for two or three months, and that they must go forth in search of shelter in some friendly Chinese home. With set, white faces girls and teachers knelt and prayed. "If life be given, then it shall be a life of service; if death, then God's will be done." This was the prayer with which each life was consecrated to God. Then they stood and sang those words of soldierly obedience: "Where he leads me I will follow." Again, in anguish of heart the teacher prayed, and even as she prayed the answer came. "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." Some one lightly touched the kneeling figure, but so absorbed was she that the summons was thrice repeated before she gave heed. Then it was that swift joy took the place of

sorrow. There was to be no separation of pupils and teachers, for all within the mission were to take what belongings they could carry, and hasten to the legations about a mile away where all foreigners were to be assembled.

Out in the streets of China's capital, Baron von Ketteler, the German ambassador, had been killed by an officer of the Chinese imperial army. The first shot had been fired upon the foreigner, and China stood in battle array against the nations of the world. The German ambassador had actually given his life in sacrifice for the entire foreign settlement, for it was his death which revealed beyond a doubt China's dastardly intention. The foreigners were to have been lured out of Peking only to be massacred by Boxers before they reached Tientsin. Minister Conger sent his last letter to the Methodist compound: "Come at once within the legation lines and bring your Chinese with you." Dr. Morrison, the correspondent of the *London Times,* a true man and valorous, had stood up in the midst of the legation council and boldly declared: "I should be ashamed to call myself a white man if I could not make

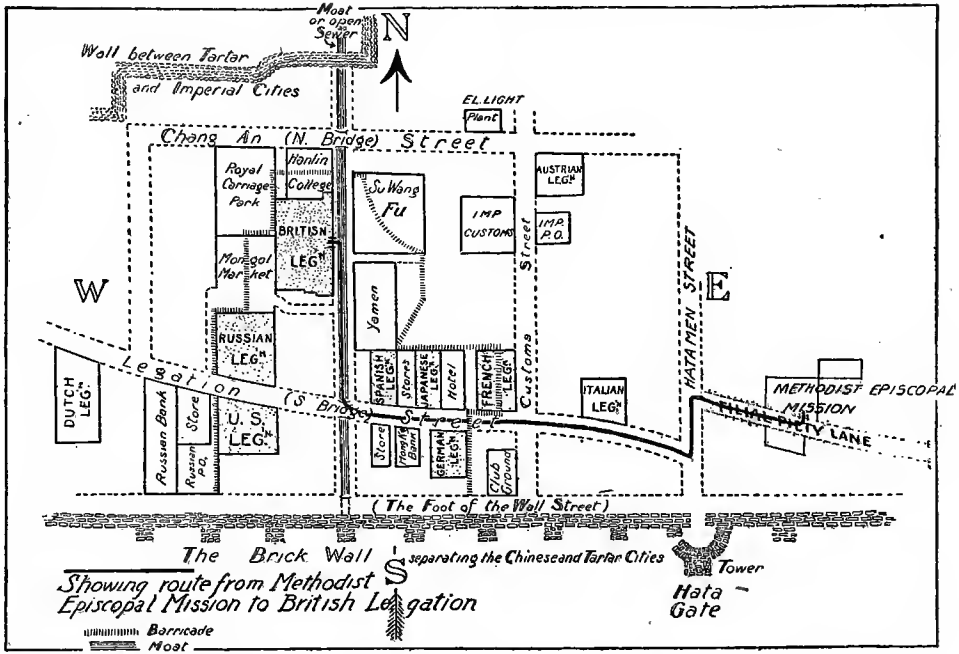
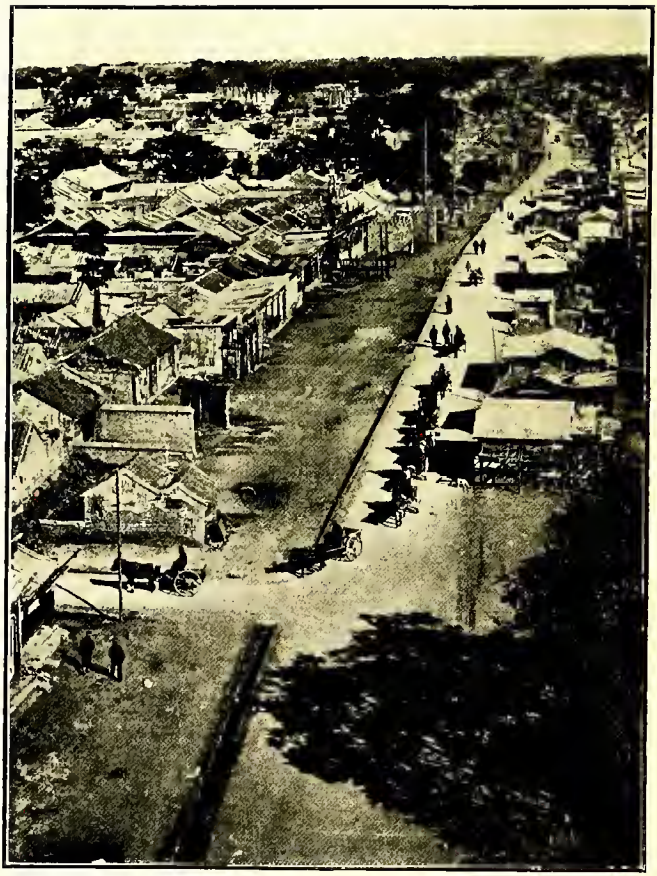


Diagram of that Section of Peking which Shows the Line of March from the Methodist Compound to the British Legation

a place of refuge for these Chinese Christians."

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the long procession passed through the mission gate into Filial Piety Lane, thence across the great thoroughfare which led southward to the Hata gate, and turned westward into Legation Street. First in the ranks marched the twenty marines, led by Captain Hall, and followed by the missionary women and children. Behind them a detachment of German soldiers bore upon a stretcher the wounded man who had been the interpreter for Baron von Ketteler, and who had almost miraculously escaped death in his flight to the Methodist compound. Then came the one hundred and twenty-six school girls marching in simple, quiet dignity as if they were on their way to a religious service or a school exercise. Hundreds of Chinese women and little children, followed by a large company of men and boys, were next in order. The handful of missionary men, armed with rifles or revolvers, closed the line of march.

It was a brave, sad caravan proceeding on its way from danger into danger, and the longest, hardest test of endurance was yet to



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TURNING INTO LEGATION STREET FROM HATA MEN STREET

come. A steady confidence, born of the habit of living in the presence of God, dominated these men and women, foreign and Chinese alike. An American marine watched with keen admiration the conduct of the Chinese Christians and remarked: "The missionary society that appointed those ladies to take care of these Chinese, knew what they were about for certain." As the last of the Christian refugees passed within the barricades on Legation Street, the semi-siege was over and the real Siege of Peking speedily began.

BESIEGED BY FRENZIED CHINESE

X

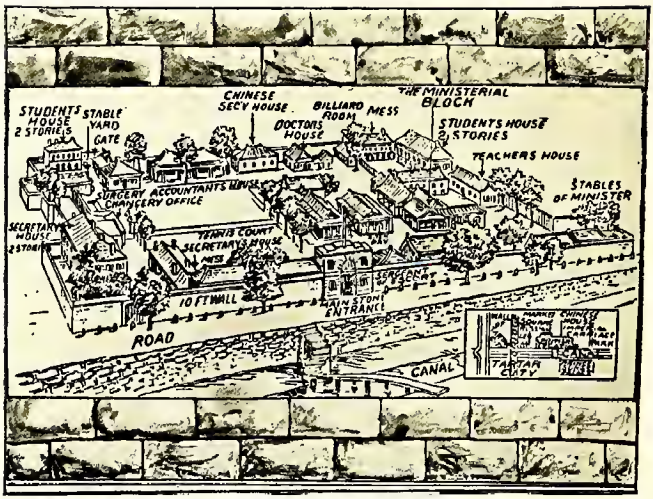
BESIEGED BY FRENZIED CHINESE

"One equal temper of heroic hearts
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Of all the great cities of the world, Peking in the old days was the most inaccessible both by land and water. Other cities renowned in history—Carthage, Rome, Athens, Bombay—have owed their prestige largely to their easy approach from the sea. It was characteristic, however, of the exclusive Chinese to locate their capital away from the coast and the rivers, and to surround it, as well as a portion of the empire itself, with a great wall. Within these city walls the foreigners were caught, as in a trap, in the month of June, 1900. Release must come by means of the men on the war vessels at Taku, who would have to pass blockaded Tientsin and march the eighty miles to Peking. The railroad was destroyed: Boxers and imperial troops in combined strength would oppose their advance. All means of communication, postal,

telephone, and telegraph, were cut off, and where was the daring messenger who would run the gauntlet of Boxer fury and carry news of the foreigners' plight to the armies? Such was the forlorn situation that glaring noonday when the homeless folk from the Methodist compound were received within the legation lines of defense. Human help was remote and unlikely; destruction by the Boxers near and threatening. God alone was the real bulwark of protection from the first to the last day of the long strife.

East of the British Legation, separated by a street and a moat, was the palace of a Chinese nobleman, named Prince Su. His stately residence was known as the Su Wang Fu, briefly called the Fu. Persuaded by the tact of Dr. Morrison and Prof. James, Prince Su had granted permission for the Chinese Christians to be sheltered within his courts. Two thousand Catholic Chinese had already been housed there, and now several hundred Protestants were waiting for a place of refuge. Later in the day the prince fled into the Imperial City, thus making room in his empty house for this new multitude of dependent Chinese. Fires were still burning in



British Legation, Peking

Gate to British Legation, Showing Fortification and Dry Canal

the ranges within the buildings. Stores of coal and grain, and deep wells, were promises of future provision. It seemed as if God himself had prepared this fold for his Chinese flock.

Meanwhile the American missionaries halted within the shade of the United States Legation, where Mrs. Squiers, wife of the First Secretary, served an informal luncheon for the entire company. After two hours' parley, it was decided that the American Legation was too close to the wall to be a safe place for women and children, and that the British Legation was the least exposed area. Consequently the weary wanderers filed into the courts already crowded with a motley throng of people and their belongings. There were Jesuit priests, French Catholic sisters, Legation students, merchants, tourists, and missionaries—as diverse a gathering as ever before in history inhabited six acres of earth. Boxes, bundles, trunks, baby carriages, and mattresses had been dropped anywhere and everywhere. Carts and coolies deposited odds and ends of furniture, and raced back for another load while yet there was time. Through all this chaos the mis-

sionaries pressed their way to the Legation Chapel which was reserved for their use. On the seats and in the corners bundles of all shapes and sizes were hastily thrown, while aisles and vestibule became literally choked with mattresses and bedding.

Within the legation quadrangle there were now assembled nearly four thousand people, representing seventeen different nations. Nearly one thousand were foreigners, four hundred and fifty of whom were the soldiers who constituted the entire military guard. All but one of the eleven legations were to be garrisoned and held until their resources failed, when a last united stand was to be made at the British Legation. Each national detachment of soldiers guarded its own legation, except the Japanese and Italians. The legation of the latter was destroyed early in the siege, and that of the former was wholly within the firing lines, and needed no further protection. Therefore these two bands of soldiers were stationed in the park which surrounded the Su Wang Fu to shield the Chinese Christians from attack. All other foreigners were harbored within the British Legation, although the ministers of the dif-

ferent countries abode with the soldiers at their respective headquarters.

While the women missionaries tried to bring order out of chaos in the British Chapel, a number of the men, accompanied by a squad of Chinese, went back to the Methodist compound to rescue some of the provisions stored in Asbury Church. It was a sad experience, this return to the deserted compound. The homes, the schools, and the church were still standing, but at any moment they might be reduced to a heap of broken bricks. A foreboding told the missionaries that they were looking for the last time upon these buildings which their toil had made possible, and which they loved as a sculptor loves the figure he carves out of the rough marble. But upon these thoughts there was no time to brood, for their work must be done with utmost speed, if they would return before the attack began. Food supplies in large quantities were gathered into sheets and quilts, and borne by the Chinese to the church within the legation lines. A few carts were found which transported bedding, clothing, and other property. Yet when all was done, possessions worth thousands of dollars had

to be left behind for the ruthless hands of the looters, who were even then at work.

Precisely at four o'clock in the afternoon, twenty-four hours after the command to leave Peking had been received, Chinese imperial troops opened fire upon the legations. Mr. Gamewell with Mrs. Jewell, one of the teachers, started forth from the Fu just as the first bullets whizzed through the street. Voices from across the way cried, "Go back! Go back!" After waiting a few minutes, they crouched low and ran across the perilous street to be received within the legation gate. Thereafter all women were forbidden to cross this dangerous thoroughfare which lay between them and their Chinese Christians in Prince Su's palace.

While rifle shots were hissing through the air, the evening meal was being served in Legation Chapel. Men, women, and children sat on benches and bundles, on the altar steps, and on the floor, while odd bits of food were distributed to them. Porcelain-lined plates had been secured that afternoon from the stores on Legation Street, and stood the test of constant use through the many days to come. After the meal was over, the dishes

were handed through a window to Chinese servants outside, who washed and returned them, after which they were stacked on the altar close by the tall candlesticks, and in front of a beautiful painting. The pulpit, too, soon became a cupboard for cups and saucers, knives and forks and spoons.

The darkness of the first night settled gradually upon the tired camp, and strange preparations for sleeping were everywhere in order. Mattresses were laid on the chapel floor, and families and other groups of people divided the floor space into as small fractions as possible. Others utilized the church benches, placing them face to face, and spreading thereon such fragments of bedding as they chanced to possess. Many of the people had no pillows, sheets, mattresses, or blankets, but in siege days he who has two of anything, promptly shares with him who has none. Dr. Arthur H. Smith, the historian of the siege, said that the sleeping arrangements in the chapel resembled the "ground plan of a box of sardines." Yet there was not room for all the seventy. Several of the men sought the uncertain shelter of pavilions, verandas, and benches under trees—any place

where a faint measure of safety might be found. A message was brought to the chapel from Lady MacDonald, wife of the British ambassador, to the effect that four or five women could find refuge in a room in the students' quarter. Mrs. Gamewell and others responded at once to this summons. Through a labyrinth of Peking carts and boxes, they found their way to the long, two-story building which Mrs. Gamewell said seemed to be an "eruption of people and things." The first floor was solidly packed with people, but to their surprise they found unoccupied rooms on the floor above, in which they spread their bedding and lay down without removing their clothes. The veranda outside was congested with people who preferred the protection of the front wall to the room indoors. At the rear of the building a volley of rifle-shot poured over the north wall of the legation. Mrs. Gamewell lay quietly on the floor of the unfamiliar room, conscious of the wakefulness of the people all about her, her mind asking questions to which the darkness gave no answer: "What would the night bring forth? Was death really near? Would the relief column come with the morning? If

not, how near and what the end?" Even yet the thoughts of the people turned wistfully to Captain McCalla and his troops, not knowing, as did the Chinese, that they had been defeated and driven back to Tientsin.

As the night deepened, the rifle-fire intensified. A fierce attack was in progress at the north, and the Chinese soldiers had the range of the rear windows of the building. Mrs. Gamewell and her companions were almost on the firing line of battle. By and by she heard the guard come in, and realized that Mr. Gamewell had been stationed at a window at the end of the hall. Presently there was a hurrying to and fro. Armed men hastened through the room, stepping over the women as they lay on the floor on the direct route of the soldiers from post to post.

Finally, out of the horror of the night another day dawned, bringing its blasting heat and its pressing work. In the morning an invitation came to the little group of women to spend the next night in Lady MacDonald's ballroom. Other women had already gathered there, but on its broad floor there was sleeping space for all. There Mrs. Gamewell spent the remaining nights of the

siege. Some one gave her a piece of a mattress, while a laundry bag, enclosing shoes and sundry personal possessions, served as a pillow.

It was on the second day of the siege that Sir Claude MacDonald rallied about him the missionaries who had already proved their ingenuity and perseverance in the work accomplished in the Methodist compound. Mr. Gamewell was immediately appointed Chief of the Fortification Staff, and was given entire charge of the work of fortifying the British Legation. It was a delicate matter for a civilian to have authority beyond the military officers, but later events showed that in nothing did Sir Claude MacDonald manifest his wisdom so clearly as in giving Mr. Gamewell full liberty to build the fortifications according to his own ideas and his alone. Other committees were created at the same time. There were a General Committee of Public Comfort; a committee on Sanitation, made up of missionary physicians and others; a Food Supply committee; a committee to enlist the labor of the Chinese, as well as committees to watch against fires, and to provide fuel for fires of another sort.

Promptly after its appointment, the Food Supply Committee started on a foraging tour in Legation Street. In this street were located a number of native and foreign stores, whose proprietors had either fled outside the area occupied by the foreigners, or had sought the protection of the British Legation. An incredible amount of foodstuffs had been left in these shops. If the provisions were not given voluntarily by the owners, a careful record was kept by the committee of all goods appropriated, in order that future payment might be made. In one store several tons of rice were discovered, most of it being the musty, yellow variety which is hard eating for the foreigner. A native shop close by the canal was stacked high with cylindrical baskets containing fresh, new wheat just brought in from Hu-nan. There were found to be at least eight thousand bushels of this wheat. Eleven stone mills were a part of the outfit of the grain-shop. In the days to come, early and late, in sunshine and rain, and under the incessant fire of rifles, these mills were made to grind meal and flour for foreigners and Chinese. In other shops was an abundance of white and yellow Indian corn

and pulse, as well as bags of coffee, sugar, beans, and an assortment of canned goods. There were many horses and mules in and about the legations, and the time came when they also were a welcome addition to the daily diet. Within the British compound were eight wells, which furnished an inexhaustible supply of clear, cold water—a wonderful blessing in the city of Peking.

When more than three thousand people gathered at noon on the 20th of June, within the legation lines, there was not food enough at hand for one meal. Within a day, sufficient provision had been found to sustain life for two months. To some, it seemed a miracle as great as any recorded in the Book itself. This indication of God's loving care gave heart to the hard-pressed people during every day of the long struggle.

From the moment when Mr. Gamewell was given charge of the fortifications until the end of the siege, he worked day and night to make the British Legation as nearly like an impregnable fortress as was possible under the conditions. Often four hours out of the twenty-four were his allowance for sleep. By means of a much-used bicycle he seemed

to be everywhere at once, superintending the building of barricades, seeking reinforcements of Chinese laborers, and always watching for weak points in the defenses which were immediately to be strengthened. One day when Mrs. Gamewell was inquiring for her husband, some one replied: "If you stand right where you are for five minutes, he will be likely to go past." And the prediction proved true. Often after the furious attacks which came in the midnight hours, he would go to the threshold of the ballroom where the group of women were trying in vain to sleep, and would give them an account of what had happened, telling them that it was never as bad as it had seemed to be from the sounds. His reassuring words comforted them so that they could relax for a few hours' sleep before the morning sun summoned to the tasks of a new day.

When the refugees entered the legations, there were no fortifications except a barricade at each end of Legation Street, and the natural protection afforded by the walls. One of Mr. Gamewell's first moves was to fortify the great gate. The stable gate was also most important. A wall eight feet thick

was built inside this heavy, double gate. The enemy set fire to the posts of the gate, and posts and gate were totally consumed. If this gate had not been strengthened Chinese rifles would have had clean sweep of the legation court, and Chinese troops could have rushed inside the lines.

In the region of the Mongol Market, in the southwestern corner of the legation, solid barricades five feet in thickness were constructed. In exactly five hours after these defenses were finished, the Chinese had loopholed every house opposite, thus showing how necessary it was to have this remote corner protected.

The director of the fortifications gave endless time and thought to the eastern side of the compound, which was the strategic section. The Su Wang Fu was separated only by the narrow canal road. If the Fu should have to be abandoned, as had already seemed likely, the enemy could mount their guns on the mounds of the flower garden, only fifty yards away from the residence of Sir Claude MacDonald. To prepare for such an emergency, thick, high walls were built of earth and braced by heavy timbers. Countermines

Dr. Gamewell and Fortification Staff

Sand-bag Fortification

were dug in order to stop mines projected by the enemy. This elaborate barricading was a herculean task, and literally could not have been accomplished without the patient, uncomplaining labor of the Chinese Christians, whose presence was at first deemed by some to be a menace and a nuisance.

As soon as Mr. Gamewell began to plan the fortifications, he foresaw the need of sandbags, an endless succession of them, to repair breaches, to surround the sentinel at his post on the outer wall, to barricade the hospital and other buildings, and to shield the men as they worked on the defenses. The chapel became the headquarters of the bag-making industry and the women the incessant laborers. There was never a day when some one was not making bags. A number of sewing-machines appeared as suddenly as if a magic wand had called them into being, and spools of thread multiplied in the same enchanted fashion. Deserted shops and Chinese houses were ransacked, revealing untold lengths of silks, satins, and brocades, priceless stuffs, which were speedily turned into bags. Lady MacDonald sent exquisite portieres, while soldiers contributed their army blankets.

Fabrics worth tens of thousands of dollars were cut and stitched into shape, to be packed with earth taken from holes dug in the yard.

In the chapel, the whirr of sewing-machines added to the general confusion. In this one room, forty-three feet long by twenty-five feet wide, nine meals were served daily, breakfast, dinner, and supper being provided in relays. Flies, in sticky, black swarms covered ceiling, walls, people, and food. In this room babies and children slept and played. Here it was that the choking heat was increased by piles of sand-bags on the window-ledges, which kept out light and air as well as shot and shell. In this little English chapel, men and women, with worn, haggard faces sang and prayed together each day. And here the women, Mrs. Gamewell in the midst, worked every minute of the daylight. The food must be cooked and served, the chapel floor must be mopped, bedding for the hospital must be supplied, and always and ever there was a cry for "bags, bags, bags!"

So expert did the bag-makers become, that they could produce an average of one bag in four minutes, several hundred in two hours, and two thousand in a day. Between forty

and fifty thousand were made in all. If the demand for bags was urgent, the women would leave their sewing and resort to the ditches where they held the bags and men shoveled in earth. One day Mrs. Conger was seen standing in a deep, dusty hole, holding bags open while a long-robed priest of the Greek Church filled them; a little Chinese boy tied the strings, and the English chaplain bore away the finished products. Sometimes Chinese and foreign children trotted jinrikishas full of bags to the gate or wall where eager men received them. A large part of the history of the siege is the story of these bags of many colors, made and filled by many hands, and saving from cannon-shot and bullets, many hundreds of people.

In the stifling chapel, through the courts where bullets dropped unceasingly, in the ballroom during nights of terror, Mrs. Gamewell lived her cheery, buoyant life as of old. Her ready smile and quick appreciation gave courage to the dispirited soldiers. The unfailing twinkle shone in her eyes when the funny things happened, and funny things there were in the very heart of the sad. And the look of triumphant vision crowned it all

as if she "endured as seeing him who is invisible." For all this fiery trial she had been preparing in the old war days in Davenport, in the pioneer years in the Peking compound, in the disturbed months at Chung-ch'ing, and throughout her varied, eventful life. In it all she had been tried and had not been found wanting. But the great struggle was telling with fatal certainty upon mind and body. That glad energy which had always been given without stint to those who had need was spending itself to the utmost, those summer days in the siege of Peking.

THE COMING OF THE ALLIES

XI

THE COMING OF THE ALLIES

"Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope."

From the palace courts within the Forbidden City, tall rockets sent lines of fire into the air and dropped in tiny balls of brightly colored flame. The empress dowager was flinging aloft her daily signal to imperial troops and "loyal Boxers" for a fresh, furious attack upon the foreigners. A deluge of shot and shell regularly obeyed the royal command. By fire, shot, explosion, or starvation she would annihilate the official representatives of the great nations of the world and their people who had rallied around them for defense. What consternation would ensue if the President of the United States should order the national army to shoot bullets and cannon-balls into the legations where the foreign ambassadors live in Washington! Yet this was exactly the treatment Americans, Europeans, and Japanese were receiving in China at the hands of the government pledged by treaty to protect them.

For national treachery, the act was beyond parallel.

On the second and third days of the siege, Chinese troops made the most fiendish attempts to destroy the British Legation by fire. They poured kerosene upon their own buildings which were close to the legation walls, and burned them in the mad hope that the quick, fierce flames would consume the foreigners. At the same time they kept up a perpetual fusillade of rifle-shots, thinking thus to damage the defenses.

Reckless beyond belief, they set fire to the Hanlin Yüan, their library of rare old books and ancient records. So sacred had this national museum been considered that none but Chinese had ever passed beyond its doors. But now, in the frantic desire to expel the foreigner, they would willingly sacrifice the empire's treasures. The library was located at the north of the British Legation, not far from the dwelling of Sir Claude MacDonald. A gale of wind was blowing from the north and would vastly aid their efforts to bear the flames to the ambassador's house. Over in the legation courts, men of all ages and races carried water-buckets, manipulated the small

Ruins of the Hanlin Library

Chinese Watching a Fire in the British Legation

fire-engines, and cut down trees to prevent their dry branches from spreading the fire. It was a tragic scene; men fighting for their lives and for the lives of women and children against fire and wind and hosts of frenzied Chinese. No power on earth could possibly save them, and it was no human power which made the wind suddenly shift to the northwest and quickly die away just when the danger was keenest, carrying smoke and flame away from the imperiled legation. For the remainder of the day and throughout the night, soldiers and civilians worked incessantly, checking every vestige of fire, and removing all inflammable material. In the early morning they came in, spent, dirty, hungry, but triumphant.

A week or more after these first savage onslaughts of the Chinese, a handful of American soldiers made the most remarkable charge of the whole siege, which for sheer daring was almost unparalleled in military history. The United States Legation lay in the shadow of the city wall which separated the Tartar and Chinese cities. From the Ch'ien gate Chinese soldiers crept warily along the top of the wall and sent an ava-

lanche of shot into the legation below. It was evident that the wall must be captured and held, else Chinese sharpshooters would soon have the range of the entire legation area. The next day, under constant fire from the enemy, Captain Myers led his band of hardy American soldiers up the ramp (inclined ascent) to the summit of the wall, where by painful degrees they built two barricades somewhat resembling a rough fort. Day by day these marines guarded their post. Some of them had already learned the meaning of war in Cuba and the Philippines. There, after the battle was over they could return to camp for a snatch of rest, but on the Peking wall was no respite in sun or rain, darkness or light. Captain Myers stayed on the wall seven days in continuous succession.

In the hours of the night the Chinese soldiers wrought a twisting line of barricade from the gate toward the American position, ending with a tower only a few feet distant, from which they threw bricks and stones at Captain Myers and the marines. A return charge must be made at once if the wall would be held, and the Chinese repulsed. Captain Myers rallied his men with a few

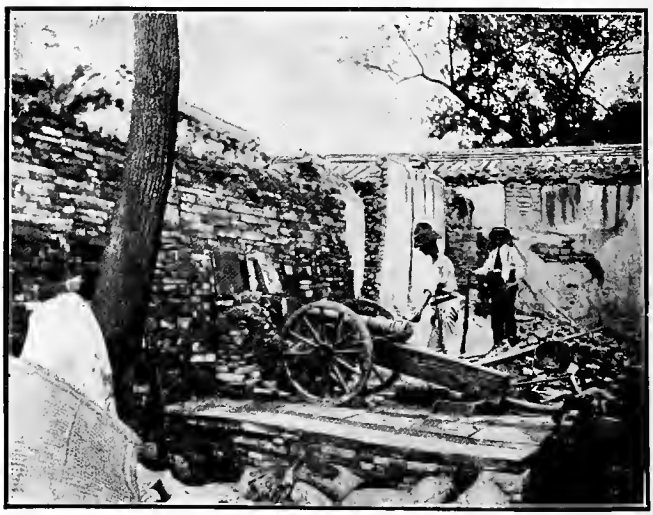
direct words of challenge, telling them that the obstacles were great but that the lives of women and children depended upon their valor. He then leaped boldly over the barricades followed by the Americans aided by a group of British and Russians. In the dark, desperate struggle about seventy-five foreign soldiers fought unknown thousands of Chinese and drove them back in confusion. Their barricades were captured, and were held for seven heroic weeks, although Captain Myers was so seriously wounded in that night's sortie that he could not resume his post on the wall throughout the siege. He and his dauntless marines were likened to the band of three hundred Spartans who fought against the entire Persian host at Thermopylæ more than two thousand years before.

Not only in the hearts of American marines must bravery dominate, but all alike must learn a new code of courage for these days of sharp peril. In the legation courts rifle-shots fell like hail upon the trees, severing leaves and branches and scattering them upon the ground as if a hurricane had passed that way. Children filled hats with bullets which they picked up under the trees. Forty can-

non-balls of different size were stacked in front of Sir Claude MacDonald's dwelling. The firing of hundreds of shells and rifle-shots at the rate of one hundred and twenty a minute proved that the Chinese possessed modern equipment and plenty of it. Minister Conger said that nothing in the Civil War could compare with the fury of these onsets.

Chinese sharpshooters hid like birds in the branches of trees outside the legation walls, and chose their deadly aim, their smokeless rifles giving little clue to their whereabouts. One day Mrs. Gamewell was hastening across the court, when a bullet whizzed so close that she thought it must have passed through her dress. She turned and saw a soldier fall. He had received the shot which she had escaped only by a fraction of a second. One hot evening she was going with another woman to the well, and as they stepped into a patch of light cast by a lantern, a bullet bored into the ground at their heels. Every day told its tale of startling, hairbreadth escapes. Bullets passed through the open fingers of a hand, through a fan held in the hand, through the hair of a man who leaned incautiously out of a window, through the

House in British Legation, Peking, Showing Bombardment by Chinese



International Gun, "Betsey"

cuff of a sleeve, and one smashed a bottle which Dr. Ament carried, leaving him unscathed.

To return what Dr. Smith called these "incessant attentions," large guns were sorely needed. There was only one cannon within the legation lines, an Italian one-pounder, which was frequently moved from one post to another, to give the impression of five or six guns. It was at this juncture that a Chinese carpenter, foraging for tools in a blacksmith shop, unearthed a battered Chinese cannon, which was borne in triumph to the British Legation. The Italians hunted up an old gun-carriage, the Russians contributed the shells, which belonged to their machine gun left at Tientsin, and Mitchell, the fearless American gunner, applied a Japanese fuse to Chinese powder, and the first shot was fired! No wonder the gun was christened the "International," though the soldiers found this name too bulky for practical use, and called it "Betsey." It did valiant work for such a rusty, ancient weapon, on one occasion sending a shell through three walls into the Imperial City.

Hardest of all the trials of these desolating

days, was the sight of wounded soldiers as they were borne from the outer barricades to the hospital. Within three weeks, fifty of the four hundred and fifty marines had been killed, and sixty injured; the gritty little Japanese having lost the largest number of men, as well as having won the most constant praise. With the diminishing garrison, the murderous efforts of untold thousands of Chinese, the total silence of the outside world, there was large need of faith in God. Each morning in the Legation Chapel men and women prayed together for strength to outlast the day. There were countless distractions, children crying, sewing-machines buzzing, people coming and going incessantly, and yet withal a reverent worship which was a comfort and support. Bibles opened almost of their own accord to the Psalms which seemed exactly to describe the daily distress and peril, and the utter dependence upon God for deliverance. "If it had not been Jehovah who was on our side, when men rose up against us; then they had swallowed us up alive, when their wrath was kindled against us." "The angel of Jehovah encampeth round about them that fear him,

and delivereth them." The two hymns most frequently sung at these morning services were, "The Son of God goes forth to war," and "Peace, perfect peace."

Late in the afternoon of July 17 Minister Conger came to the door of the chapel, holding in his hand a slip of paper. Intense interest answered his appearance. Could it be that a message from the relief column had been received at last? Eager people rallied about him to hear the coveted news. It was a cablegram from the Chinese minister at Washington and read thus: "Conger, send tidings, bearer." Hardly did it seem possible that the communication could be genuine, so mysterious had been its coming. Major Conger wrote the following reply in cypher, to be forwarded to the government in Washington: "Surrounded and fired upon by Chinese troops for a month. If not relieved soon, massacre will follow." Thus it was that the first word from the besieged people in Peking reached the waiting world and was scarcely credited, so bewildering was its meaning. The Chinese ambassador in Washington had steadily declared that Boxers alone were responsible for the excitement,

and that the legations were safe. The State Department of the government demanded proof of his statement, and the cablegrams received and sent by Minister Conger were the result. The dispatch which said Chinese troops were attacking the legations was a puzzle they could not solve.

On the next day, a Chinese Christian who had been sent by the Japanese from Peking to Tientsin, June 30, stumbled into the legation lines, worn from hardship and danger, but triumphantly bearing a letter from the Japanese consul at Tientsin to the Japanese minister in Peking. Excitement ran high as the people gathered about the bulletin-board in the pavilion of the bell-tower, and read this thrilling message from those who were planning their relief: "A mixed division consisting of 2,400 Japanese, 4,000 Russians, 1,200 British, 1,500 Americans, 1,500 French, and 300 Germans leaves Tientsin on or about the 20th of July, for the relief of Peking." Nobody knew how many days would yet have to be lived through before the troops could fight their way to Peking, but they were coming, coming, and that assurance was enough to give new zest to life.

Form No. 5

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95	3 12	K	12	Peking Cable

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Missions Ny

(Summary Society Methodist Episcopal Church 150 Fifth Ave)

Massacre native christians situation foreigners critical press Washington

Davis Gamewell

LAST MESSAGE FROM DR. GAMEWELL BEFORE THE SIEGE

Form No. 49

TRANS-ATLANTIC CABLEGRAM.

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MISSIONS NY

PEKING RELIEVED ALL MEMBERS MISSION SAFE WELL DAVIS GAMEWELL

FIRST NEWS OF THE RELIEF

It was more than a week before a second communication from Tientsin was posted on the bulletin. On the 4th of July a Chinese boy, disguised as a beggar, and carrying a bowl of porridge in which was hidden a letter wrapped in oil paper, had slipped stealthily through the Boxer lines and started forth on his hazardous journey to Tientsin. He had now returned, bringing a letter from the British consul at Tientsin to Sir Claude MacDonald. "Tientsin, July 22: There are 24,000 troops landed, and 19,000 here. There are plenty of troops on the way if you can keep yourself in food." The vagueness of this message was disheartening to those who had longed so desperately for definite tidings, but at last there was proof that the outside world had not totally forgotten, and that the armies of the nations were sometime coming to their relief. This very contact with the "great, living, throbbing world was felt by the beleaguered garrison, and it braced itself for the days of holding on that must elapse before the allies should arrive at the gates of Peking."

As the sun went down, and the work of the day slackened, a group of people gathered

about the bell-tower, and almost unconsciously broke forth into singing. Mrs. Gamewell drew near, her thoughts traveling far beyond the walls of Peking to the country across the sea. "As the strains of America floated out upon the night air, in what solemn radiance dawned visions of the homeland! Facing death every moment of the day, the heart had so certainly turned to the home beyond, that the home of this life had faded, until it was as unreal as the future life usually is. Now, with a bound the sweet possibilities of home and friends were brought near." Her rich voice sang with them the "Star Spangled Banner," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Marching through Georgia," and "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,"—those vibrant old war-songs which she had sung in the gray house in Davenport. The singers then tried "The Marseillaise," and the French from their pavilion across the way applauded gratefully. With the British soldiers they sang "God Save the Queen," with the Germans, "Die Wacht am Rhein," and finally the Russians sang their sadly beautiful national hymn. The music of that night would long haunt the memory of

those who realized that a common danger united all hearts, erasing the national enmities of the past.

A new song of hope gladdened each man and woman in the besieged legation. Every morning brought expectancy, and every night the disappointment of the day was lost in the thought that even while they slept, the troops might be drawing near the city walls. Ears were strained to catch the first boom of guns which might herald their approach. "Will they come to-day? Under cover of this night's darkness will they enter the city?"

Knowing too well that foreign armies were on the march, Chinese soldiers made the most of these last days of opportunity. Attacks were made with a sharpness and persistency such as belong to the final extremity of warfare. New Mannlicher bullets, shot with a low aim, cut through the air in hot succession, and because of their penetrating quality riddled barricades as never before in the siege. Mr. Gamewell was kept on the alert every instant, repairing breaches in the defenses, digging countermine ditches, and everywhere inspecting and strengthening the fortifications. In the chapel, the daily labor

of preparing food, making hospital supplies, and stitching bags innumerable, continued without respite.

On one never-to-be-forgotten night, August 13, excitement ran riot. Sleep was far removed from the people, and there were many who did not even seek their beds throughout the night. Shells crashed through walls with a resounding explosion. Bullets dislodged bricks and tiles from roofs, sending them with a deadly thud into the courts below. But hearken! What is that strange, new sound away in the distance? The "rat-tat-tat" of a machine-gun somewhere beyond the east wall of Peking! The foreign troops! Must it not be true, or have the Chinese armies added this modern gun to their equipment? The courts were thronged with people, listening and questioning. At three o'clock in the morning, Mr. Gamewell went to the ball-room door to tell his wife and her companions the news which hardly seemed real, so long had the waiting been. The troops were surely coming! Immediately Mrs. Gamewell arose and went outside to join the rejoicing people.

As daylight broke over Peking, the boom of cannon was heard to the east. Nearer and

Joy at the Coming of the Allies

Troops Arrive in Front of the Bell Tower

nearer sounded the roar of heavy guns. Soon after two o'clock in the afternoon, an American marine on the wall sighted the approaching troops, and word was swiftly borne to Sir Claude MacDonald. With a little group of Europeans, he went in haste to the bank of the canal, where already a throng of Chinese Christians had gathered to greet the foreign armies. There they come, British troops, almost running in their eagerness! Through the watergate which leads into the Tartar City under the American barricade on the wall, they press their way, until they are inside the legation walls. Sir Claude MacDonald and the handful of Europeans try their best to raise a cheer, but in vain. Their voices are not equal to the strain of such great joy.

Under the British flag, Sikh soldiers from India, wearing their white turbans, led the glad march into the British Legation. Then came the British soldiers, with their helmets, and finally the American Fourteenth Infantry, "our boys," Mrs. Gamewell called them, "with their slouch hats and pitifully haggard faces." There followed "such a riot of joy as is seldom seen in Asia, and such

as was never seen in the capital of the Chinese empire." Mrs. Gamewell stood with the throng of rescued people, waving, cheering, weeping, but there was "a cold clutch on the thrilling gladness" when she was reminded of those who were absent from this great rejoicing, but whose lives had been given in sacrifice to make it possible.

The allied forces of seven of the great nations of the world marched into China's capital city, August 14, 1900, and the siege of Peking was ended. Never in history had there been a siege so unique! It was computed that nearly two million bullets, and 2,900 shells and solid shot had been fired at the legations. Yet within the British Compound only one woman received injury, and that on the day of the relief. None of the children suffered harm, although they played freely about the grounds. Cases of measles, typhoid and scarlet fevers, and even smallpox developed here and there in the congested quarters, but there was never a suggestion of an epidemic. Often the temperature was 100 degrees Fahrenheit, but none succumbed to the heat. The Chinese Christians, whose presence was not wholly welcome at first,

proved by their unremitting labor that without them the defenses could not have been built, and the legations held for seven long weeks. To Mr. Gamewell more than to any other man was due the preservation of the lives of the foreigners. This was the feeling expressed in a letter of appreciation sent him by Minister Conger. Some one inquired of General Gaselee, the commander of the allied troops, his opinion of the fortifications, and he replied that they were "beyond praise!" But back of all the brave, unflinching work done by men and women, foreign and Chinese, was the God who had responded to their trust, and had led them through tribulation to victory.

August 22, a caravan of army wagons, each drawn by four army mules, stopped at the legation gate. Mr. and Mrs. Gamewell climbed into one of these wagons, sat upon their trunks, and proceeded thus into the streets of the devastated city, on through the Ch'ien gate, into the southern city, and thence through the east gate out into the great world beyond the walls of Peking. As Mrs. Gamewell turned for a last look at the dusty old walled city, she thought with joy of the new

days to come, for with her sure look ahead she knew that out of the darkness of these troubled nights, a daylight, white and glorious, would dawn for ancient China. That she had had the chance to help in hastening its coming would be cause for eternal gratitude. At T'ung-chou the travelers went on board a rice-boat which made its slow way through the shallow water of the river to Tientsin. From Tientsin they went to Nagasaki, Japan, and thence across the Pacific to the United States. Through the shining waters of the Golden Gate the great steamer brought to her native shores the woman who, twenty-nine years before, had sailed away into the new, untried life in China. Experiences so rich and varied had filled those years that she had almost lived two lives in one; and, as she came again to her girlhood home, there was an undying song of joy in her heart, that to the bugle-call of duty she had risen up right early and obeyed.

A NEW WORLD

XII

A NEW WORLD

"The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you."

The church was brightly lighted and, except for a reserved section in the center, filled with people. A sense of expectancy was in the air and a thrill of enthusiasm touched every responsive person. Flags of different nations, with their varied colors and designs, suggested a patriotism of world-wide scope. Elaborately wrought Chinese banners gave richness and tone to the unusual decorations, and at the same time spoke of valued services rendered by Americans to that Far Eastern land. In the midst of flags and banners hung the pennant which had fluttered from the masthead of Admiral Dewey's flagship as it sailed into Manila Bay. The impulse of the place was outgoing, unselfish, broad as the bounds of the earth. In the audience were people who had come from all parts of the United States to counsel together concerning the great "unfinished task" of the Christian

Church. On the platform were assembled those men and women who had gone forth under marching orders to the utmost borders of the world.

Gradually the organ music seemed to weave all these influences into one, and to express in sound the mighty motive of service. Singing one of the martial hymns of the Church, a long procession of girls, dressed in white, marched down the aisle and filled the central seats. Then, as the audience settled itself, and through the opening hymns and prayers became a unit of attention, a woman, intense, alive in every inch of her being, came to the front of the platform and began to speak. Entering, as was her wont, into the spirit of the gathering, she said with girlish delight: "I am having a good time here to-night," and then, with no thought of herself, swung into the story she had come to tell. It was the story of an old-world country in which dwell one fourth of all the peoples of the earth; a country torn between the customs of vast ages and the vision of the twentieth century; but where, out of the fury of the conflict, an enlightenment, calm and sure, is rising into life; a country where the followers of the

great Christ met death by Boxer torture rather than betray their trust, and whose lives laid down have proved the most wonderful testimony to the power of their Leader.

Step by step she led her hearers until they stood with her in the presence of that "cloud of Chinese witnesses" and of the Lord they had died to honor. It was the glory of the work, the golden opportunity for usefulness among a people ready and waiting, which possessed this slender woman, and conveyed itself to her audience. Her voice carried to the farthest corner of the church, and her vivid words made distant places and people near and real. But beyond all was the impression of a life glowing like a white fire with the intense joy of self-forgetting service.

Since her return to the United States, Mrs. Gamewell had traveled from one city to another addressing large assemblages of people. Often a series of gatherings was held at which she was the only woman speaker, taking her place on the platform by the side of bishops, United States Minister Conger, and other well-known men. Rare among women was her gift of swaying an audience by the power of speech. An enthusiasm like that of

a political meeting was usually produced by her message and her own animated self. On one occasion, when she was expected to speak and word was brought to the assembled people that she was sick and unable to be present, they received the announcement with tears of regret. There were those who were willing to go one hundred miles to hear her story, which always possessed variety and freshness of appeal. On one of her trips she was accompanied by her sister, who, at each of nine conventions, listened to incidents she had never heard before.

Thus, in the United States as in China, Mrs. Gamewell was disclosing a vision of high, noble living to thousands of people. In the home of a man and woman newly married, was fastened on the wall a newspaper print, whose black lines indistinctly portrayed a woman's face. Some one entered the home who recognized the face and inquired of the bride if she too knew Mrs. Gamewell. "No," was the reply, "I have simply heard her speak, but I have felt the power of her personality; and I want her ideals to dominate my home. That I may not forget, I keep her picture before me."

Still another tribute was paid Mrs. Gamewell in the midst of equally unexpected surroundings. It was one winter evening in 1902, at a wedding where many of the guests were naval officers. Their full-dress uniforms, lustrous with gold lace, made a striking picture as they moved in and out among the throng. A young officer, having been presented at his own request to a certain lady, began at once an eager conversation to which she responded with interest. "I am delighted to meet you here," he said, "for your husband tells me that you are a friend of Mrs. Gamewell, the missionary who was in Peking during the Boxer uprising." As she replied affirmatively he continued: "I was there also in command of the marines who were ordered up from the Asiatic squadron to guard the American Legation until the allies arrived. I have no words at my disposal which can convey to you just what Mrs. Gamewell meant to our boys at that time. From morning until night and from night until morning, confronting a fate beside which death itself assumed the guise of a friend, that white-faced little heroine never wavered. It seemed as if she were omnipresent, and her bright, ready

smile and cheery words helped us more than she ever knew. I know fourteen of us men in the service who will salute all the missionaries with respect as long as we live, in memory of that one frail woman with a hero's heart." It was Captain Hall, now advanced to the rank of Major, who could not miss this opportunity of doing honor to the soldiers' friend.

Even as he spoke his appreciation of Mrs. Gamewell, she herself was beginning to pay the price exacted by those weeks of hardship. It was not alone the siege, but the sum of the years in China, which was gradually conquering her once splendid health. The girl who rode through the gates of Peking in 1872 had possessed abounding vigor, but the dust and general pollution of a wholly insanitary city had poisoned her system through and through. The wonder was that she had endured so long and worked so hard.

As she felt the grip of physical weakness, the old zest of battle was upon her. With burning energy she set herself to work in all the ways her varied resources made possible. In the home in New Jersey which was ever ready to welcome her and her husband on

their return from conferences and travel, she spent day after day at her desk, writing. The *Chautauquan* and other magazines published her lucid accounts of life in China. Letters by the score went forth to people, near and far, young and old, who had a claim upon her interest, and many were inspired to more earnest living because of the messages which came from that desk and that writer. In one letter was found this characteristic bit of description: "On the whole, a tree is the most sympathetic object in nature, not so awfully set as the mountains, not so fickle and treacherous as the sea, more substantial than the clouds, not so perishable as the grass and flowers—always there, steadfast and strong, with its shifting lights and shadows, soft sighing or brisk tossing, or drenched brightness, seeming to enter into every mood of its friends. It sighs sympathy, whispers peace, murmurs comfort, waves refreshment, or shouts exhilaratingly, according to whether the breeze be gentle or high, whether the day be bright or dripping."

Another letter carried this ringing challenge: "To young people amid careless life, happy life, times of unrest and aspiration,

longings and yearnings unutterable stir within. Trust the stirring within. It is the voice of God. You may not interpret into action just as God intends, but trust and go ahead. God will see that you go right. You may hear a voice saying, 'Come up higher, higher, to the heights,' and you see looming before you magnificent heights, and it seems to you all glorious. You seek the way up and find that you only go down. A voice says, 'Come up.' Your footsteps seem forced downward. It seems as if the voice were of the imagination, and that God mocks. Trust, if for no other reason than because for you there is no other better than that same voice. Trust, even though the way seem down. Trust, and God will take you over what will prove to be a valley between you and the real upward way—perhaps the valley of humiliation which skirts the mountains of God. Trust, and you shall stand upon heights glorious with the glory of God, so high above your own interpretation of God's will and ways that your own interpretation has sunk out of sight in the prospect that spreads below, as the hills are hidden and are lost from the mountain-top."

Constantly Mrs. Gamewell's thoughts reached out to those whom she had left behind in China and she made eager plans to go back as soon as her health would allow. Letters, rich with her unfailing optimism, traveled to the compound in Peking, where at the end of the siege the "giant tree" alone survived the ravage of the Boxers, but where now the work of rebuilding was going on with quickened zeal. In distant villages in the provinces of Chih-li and Shan-tung, Bible women and girl graduates of the Peking school knew that the woman who had spoken to their very souls still remembered and cared. It was for them, these Chinese women and girls, that her life had been poured out in service.

In the fall of 1906, Mrs. Gamewell came again to the home in New Jersey, and with the same courage with which she had taken up her work years before, she now laid it down. For as many weeks as she had lived behind the walls of the British Legation, she lay helpless in the room where sickness, instead of shot and shell, held her captive. And just as she had gone out from Peking into the freedom of the country she called home,

her real self, her shining, unconquerable spirit, passed on to that country of perfect freedom, where new work, new joy, and eternal vigor awaited her in the visible presence of her Christ; into that new world which lies outside the range of our sight but not beyond the reach of our love.

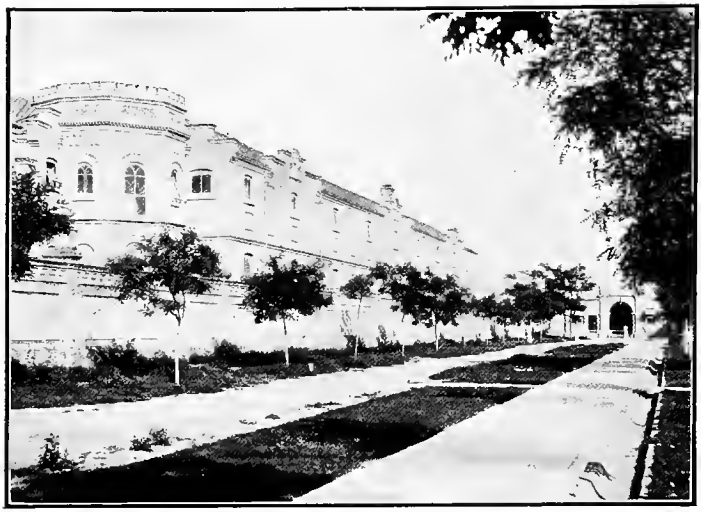
In a little Chinese village in the province of Shan-tung, within a family courtyard, an outdoor school has already begun its morning session. Adobe houses enclose the court on three sides, but the sunshine streams in unhindered through the opening at the south. Twelve girls, ranging in age from five to ten years, form an irregular semicircle about the teacher, sitting on broad, flat stones, on inverted tubs and baskets, upon any of the familiar household objects which can be made to serve as a school bench. Twelve little wadded figures sway back and forth, or from side to side, keeping time to the rhythm of the Chinese characters which they are studying aloud, each in a voice keyed to a different pitch. One girl has practised her lesson to her satisfaction, and comes forward to recite. With her back turned upon the

teacher, she races through the lesson like a swift runner to a goal. Notwithstanding the speed of delivery, the teacher is quick to follow and detect the accuracy, and to commend the pupil for her perfect recitation. With beaming face the child returns to her seat, and applies herself to the newly-assigned task. A wee girl, scarcely more than a baby, leans against the teacher's knee, and timidly recites her lesson, while her older sister stands by her side, listening with intent face, as if the small sister's success were of greater moment than her own. By and by two mothers, mere girls in years, but old with care, come to visit school, finding the tidy court a restful change from their crowded, disorderly homes. As they enter, the twelve pupils rise, and one by one give the guests a *ch'ing-an* (courtesy). An older girl strays in from the street, and half-bewildered, half-wistful, watches the exercises of the school, which are so entirely strange to her. The shoe upon which she is supposed to work lies forgotten in her hands, as she thinks new, unfamiliar thoughts. She had not heard early enough of the religion which brings enlightenment to the despised

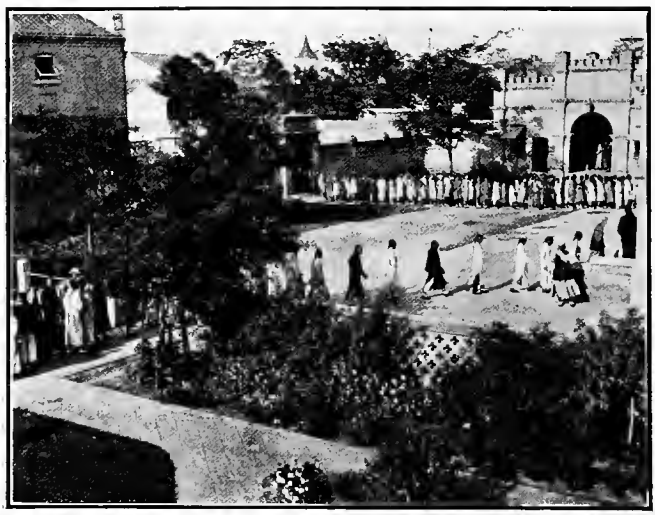
girl, and thus her childhood chance of study had gone.

But how did this Christian school find its existence in the distant pagan village, and who is the dignified, intelligent-faced teacher? Its history traces directly back through the years to the little struggling school for girls which Mary Porter opened in the compound in Peking, in 1872. In the life of Clara Wang, one of the first pupils in that school, there was born a great purpose because of contact with the young American teacher. After her marriage she went back to her home in An-chia-chuang, determined to live out her Christian ideals of womanhood at whatever cost. Upon Mrs. Gamewell's suggestion, she taught a girls' boarding school, and later the day-school on her own door-steps. Already some of her pupils, even her daughter, have become teachers, and many others have married and are creating real Christian homes in the midst of ignorant heathen villages. Thus scores, hundreds of lives have been made strong and useful, because one woman dared be true to her dream of duty, giving up home and ease to work for these Chinese girls.

Even in the remote inland city of Chung-



THE MARY PORTER GAMEWELL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, PEKING



GIRLS OF THE MARY PORTER GAMEWELL SCHOOL (UPPER ROW)

ch'ing, reached by the long, perilous trail of the Yang-tzŭ, this one life has left its impress. The work which was shattered and broken that July night in 1886, was reestablished a year or two later and has grown in power and beauty from year to year. The property on the great road, destroyed by the mob, is now replaced by a splendid hospital building, scarcely surpassed in China for size and equipment, by a boys' school, a Bible training school, a church, and the homes in which dwell the seventeen missionaries from America. The girls' boarding-school in which Mrs. Gamewell taught has been removed to Ch'eng-tu, the capital city, because it has larger opportunity there for reaching the girls of the province. There are over one thousand Christians in the district of which Chung-ch'ing is the center, and everywhere the people welcome the foreigner whom once they scorned and derided.

But what of Peking, the mysterious old walled city, still dusty and dirty, but yet alive, alert, progressive, and just as attractive as ever? It was in the heart of its varied activity, within the compound in Filial Piety Lane, that Mrs. Gamewell spent almost half the

years of her life. What is the harvest of those years of toil, the ingathering from that life of radiant purpose? On the train from Tientsin a group of Chinese girls are journeying toward Peking, laughing and chatting together exactly like boarding-school girls in America returning for the fall term. These are the girls of New China on their way to the Peking Girls' School, traveling by a western railway instead of the Oriental wheelbarrow of the days of Sarah Wang, and in companies of fifty, sixty, or one hundred, instead of the shy, solitary girl who ventured in from the streets, in 1872. At the Peking station in the Southern City, they leave the train, and step into jinrikishas, or possibly Peking carts, to be borne with careless ease through the Hata gate, along the broad street to the compound of the Methodist mission. Passing through the great gate and hastening along the central highway in sight of the homes of the missionaries, the new Asbury Church, the hospital and the boys' school, they pause in front of a three-storied brick building—the Mary Porter Gamewell School. Two hundred and forty-four girl students are reassembling for

the new year of school and they include in their number all classes of society, even the great-great-niece of Li Hung-chang, the most renowned statesman China has yet produced. The school has recently been made a part of the North China Educational Union, which means that it has a recognized academic standing, and its graduates can go straight on to college and medical school.

The school which Mary Porter Gamewell founded in those pioneer years, has been the forerunner of a great educational movement for girls, promoted by the Chinese government itself. After the empress dowager returned to the Dragon Throne, in the fall of 1900, and entered upon her career of reform, schools for girls were established in all parts of the royal province, in each of which the unbinding of the feet was the condition of entrance. Thus that daring decision of the two young women in the sitting-room of the "Long Home" thirty-seven years ago has led directly to an effort among the Chinese themselves for the freedom of women. Schools, schools, everywhere, proclaim the new day in China. In a single province the viceroy founded over five thou-

sand schools for boys and girls within the space of a few years! Teachers! Who shall say teachers are not needed for this awakening multitude of pupils? In one year fifteen thousand young men were studying in Japan, and four or five thousand more were students in the universities of Europe and America.

The dowager empress is no longer the dominant figure in Chinese affairs. In the fall of 1908 there were two sudden and inexplicable deaths in the palace within the Forbidden City, and the empress dowager and the deposed emperor, Kuang Hsü, lay in royal state, while their nation donned the white garb of mourning. To-day, Prince Chün, the new regent and older brother of Kuang Hsü, leads along the broad road of progress and enlightenment.

When ten thousand Chinese Christians laid down their lives rather than deny their Lord, the people wonderingly asked: "What is this religion for which men are ready to die?" Thus hosts of Chinese faces are turned inquiringly and even wistfully toward the faith which has made men ready to die for the sake of the love they bear their Leader. No wonder that those who know China and who

know the power of Jesus Christ declare that the opportunity to-day is the greatest which has been offered to the Christian Church since the days of Martin Luther, if not since the lifetime of the Apostle Paul.

The China of this first decade of the twentieth century is literally a new world; "old things are passed away: behold, all things are become new." And Mary Porter Gamewell stands in the front rank of those men and women who have helped bring about this resurrection day in the most ancient empire of the world.

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