

**Virgil C. Hart; missionary statesman, founder of the American and Canadian missions in central and west China, by E. I. Hart, D.D.**

Hart, Evanston Ives, 1866-  
New York, Hodder & Stoughton, G. H. Doran company [c1917]

<https://hdl.handle.net/2027/loc.ark:/13960/t8v999475>

# HathiTrust



[www.hathitrust.org](http://www.hathitrust.org)

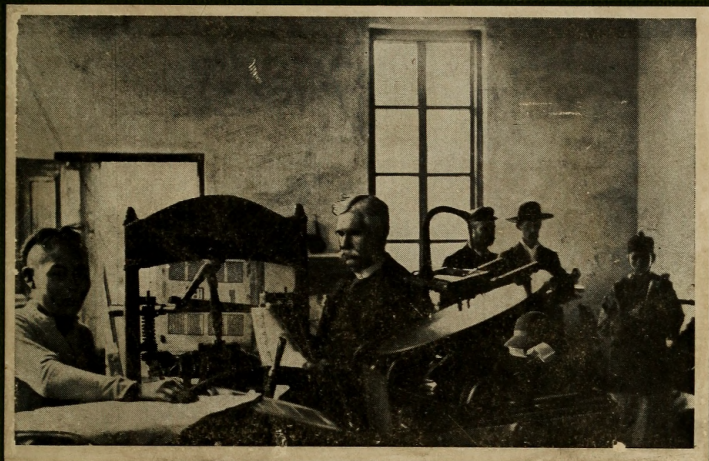
**Public Domain**

[http://www.hathitrust.org/access\\_use#pd](http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd)

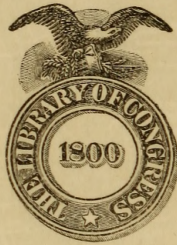
We have determined this work to be in the public domain, meaning that it is not subject to copyright. Users are free to copy, use, and redistribute the work in part or in whole. It is possible that current copyright holders, heirs or the estate of the authors of individual portions of the work, such as illustrations or photographs, assert copyrights over these portions. Depending on the nature of subsequent use that is made, additional rights may need to be obtained independently of anything we can address.

# VIRGIL · C · HART

## MISSIONARY · STATESMAN



E · I · HART · D · D .



Class F 13421

Book H 132

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> \_\_\_\_\_

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT





**VIRGIL C. HART:  
MISSIONARY STATESMAN**

---

**E. I. HART, D.D.**









DR. HART AND THE ABBOT OF MT. OMEI

# VIRGIL C. HART: MISSIONARY STATESMAN

FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN AND CANADIAN  
MISSIONS IN CENTRAL AND WEST CHINA

BY

E. I. HART, D.D.



HODDER & STOUGHTON  
NEW YORK  
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

BV 3427  
H25H3

COPYRIGHT, 1917,  
BY GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

APR 24 1917

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

© Cl. A 460569

no. 1.

#150

---

---

## FOREWORD

---

Two great missions in China, of which Dr. V. C. Hart was the founder, testify to the comprehensive insight he had of China's needs, his recognition of her potential powers, and his appreciation of the forces which would free her from her age-long stagnation and lift her into new life and influence.

With the vision of a seer, the power of practical achievement and the faith of a man of God, Dr. Hart planned not only for the work of pioneer days but for the expansion of the work which is now so great a factor in influencing China to establish new standards and ideals in this her day of adjustment.

In founding these missions Dr. Hart served three nations and two great Methodist Churches, for he went first as the representative of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, and twenty-five years later as the pioneer and founder of the mission of the Methodist Church, Canada, in West China, one of the best organised missions in the

[v]

world, for in founding it Dr. Hart brought his intimate knowledge of the Chinese and his ripe experience as a successful superintendent of the great work carried on by the sister Church of the United States.

The reflex influence of Dr. Hart's work upon the missionary life of the home Church has done much in establishing an adequate home base, providing for the expansion of the work in China.

We are indebted to his son, Dr. E. I. Hart, Superintendent of City Missions, Montreal, Canada, for this life of his father whose achievements place him among the world's missionary statesmen.

To the Canadian Methodists, who this year are celebrating the Silver Jubilee of the founding of the West China Mission, the book brings a special and timely message. One cannot read its pages without being impressed by the life of the man who won many friends among the Chinese and the love and esteem of his fellow-workers. This story of long missionary service begun in 1866 and extending into the twentieth century, takes us through the years of China's awakening and tells of the part a great man had in bringing in China's new day.

F. C. STEPHENSON.

Wesley Buildings, Toronto,  
April, 1917.

In the preparation of this biography the writer wishes to acknowledge his special indebtedness to Miss Addie Hart of Watertown, N. Y., and to the Rev. G. W. Woodall, D.D., of Schenectady, N. Y., for several years a co-worker beloved of Dr. Hart in Central China. Their assistance has been invaluable and greatly appreciated.



---

---

## CONTENTS

---

CHAPTER	PAGE
I THE CALL . . . . .	13
II "FELLOW-FARERS TRUE" . . . . .	23
III OUTWARD BOUND . . . . .	31
IV THE FIRST FIELD . . . . .	43
V CENTRAL CHINA . . . . .	53
VI ON FURLOUGH . . . . .	67
VII BY RIVER AND LAKE . . . . .	79
VIII A FORWARD MOVEMENT . . . . .	91
IX I CHI SAN . . . . .	103
X THE PORCELAIN CITY . . . . .	111
XI A CHANGE BUT NO REST . . . . .	123
XII THE PRIDE OF THE YANGTSE . . . . .	135
XIII TURNED BACK . . . . .	149
XIV THE CHINESE TARTARUS . . . . .	163
XV "THE SEDUCTIVE VIPER!" . . . . .	173

[ix]



---

C O N T E N T S

---

CHAPTER	PAGE
XVI THE RE-ESTABLISHED MISSION . . .	181
XVII "ONE STEP FROM HEAVEN" . . .	199
XVIII "FOR CANADA!" . . . . .	215
XIX THE FIRST CONTINGENT . . . . .	227
XX BEGINNINGS . . . . .	245
XXI THE WORK EXPANDING . . . . .	255
XXII A BOLT FROM THE BLUE . . . . .	273
XXIII AN APPEAL UNTO CÆSAR . . . . .	287
XXIV THE WORK RESUMED . . . . .	305
XXV A VISIT TO AN OUTSTATION . . . . .	319
XXVI TWO EVENTFUL YEARS . . . . .	331
XXVII "WORN OUT" . . . . .	341

[ x ]

---



---

## ILLUSTRATIONS

---

	PAGE
Dr. Hart and the Abbot of Mt. Omei . . . . . <i>Frontispiece</i> ✓	
The Old School House Near Watertown Where Virgil C. Hart Was Converted . . . . .	14 ✓
The <i>Stella</i> , in which Dr. Hart and His Family Made Many Trips on the Yangtse and Through the Waterways of Central China . . . . .	82 ✓
The Hospital Compound from the Yangtse River	106 ✓
Methodist Hospital, Nanking . . . . .	106 ✓
The University of Nanking . . . . .	140 ✓
The Gorges of the Upper Yangtse . . . . .	156 ✓
Canadian Methodist Hospital at Chengtu . . . . .	258 ✓
Great East Street, Chengtu . . . . .	266 ✓
The Mission Property at Kiating . . . . .	280 ✓
Dr. and Mrs. Hart and Their Daughter . . . . .	290 ✓
Dr. Hart Operating His Printing-Press—The First To Be Used in China West of Hankow	314 ✓
The Press Building at Kiating . . . . .	314 ✓
Market Day . . . . .	322 ✓

[ xi ]



I  
THE CALL

“It is decided with me. The Church calls me to go and I think my Heavenly Father also. I must go. You ask me how long. I go for life.”

*Letter to Addie Gilliland, May 26th, 1865.*

---

---

# I

## THE CALL

---

IT was a cold and stormy night in the winter of 1854. The wind was piling high the snow drifts in the fence corners and quickly filling in the foot-tracks along the road, while a man and a boy, with heads bent low to meet the cutting blast, made their way to the "Jeffers' School House," just a few miles from Watertown in New York State. The man had called at the home of the boy to take him to one of a series of "protracted meetings," as they were then called, which he and a neighbouring farmer were conducting.

Upon arriving at the school house they lit the candles, put on a roaring fire in the old box-stove and placed a few hymn books upon the knife disfigured desks. While they were engaged in these preparations for the service, the door would open and admit some faithful soul whom the storm could not keep away. A loud stamping of the feet at the

[13]

entrance, a shaking of the great coat or shawl, a vigorous use of the broom, a few minutes by the red hot stove to warm the numb fingers, and then the newcomer took a seat upon the nearest available form by the fire.

The attendance was small that night. Scarcely a score were present, but what the meeting lacked in numbers was more than made up in fervour. The hymns went with a swing, the prayers were earnest and importunate, the appeal of Alvin Hart—for he was the leader, came as the voice of God. So impressed was the boy with the message that at the close, when the opportunity was offered, he stood up and asked for the prayers of those present. Late that night when the congregation had been dismissed, surrounded by a few anxious friends who had remained for further prayer, he came out clearly into the light and gave his first testimony for Christ.

It is said that Virgil Hart was the only convert brought in by the meetings. The meetings were considered a failure by the people. "*Only one little boy saved!*" exclaimed the critics. Little did those critics realise what the conversion of that one little boy would mean to thousands of his race. Not one in that community ever dreamed that he would some day become a great missionary and the founder of large and important missions in far off China.

Virgil Chittenden Hart was the third son and fifth



**THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE NEAR WATERTOWN  
WHERE VIRGIL C. HART WAS CONVERTED**





child of Augustus Hart and his wife, Joanna Horr—a sister of the well-known Methodist minister, Elijah Horr. He was born in Lorraine, New York State, January 2, 1840. In 1847 his father moved to Pinckney in Lewis County and from there he removed seven years later to a farm near Watertown. How the little lad loved this farm! Frequently, in his letters home in after years from that strange land beyond the Pacific, he expressed his longings for a fish in the old brook, or a hunt in the woods for squirrels, or a pocketful of rosy apples from the orchard. No boy was ever more fond of country life than he and until the day of his death the country with its fresh-turned sod, its green fields and waving harvests, had a peculiar charm for his nature-loving soul.

That stormy night in the old school house was more than a spiritual awakening to young Virgil Hart, it was an intellectual awakening as well. He became seized with a passion for study and was determined to secure a good education. Even when following the plough or in the midst of haying he would take an occasional glimpse of his grammar or his Testament, which he kept secreted in one of his pockets. Reading the story of David Livingstone led him to think seriously of a missionary career. He decided to prepare himself for the Christian ministry and much to the disgust of his Unitarian

father he chose to become a Methodist minister. Years passed before his father became fully reconciled to his son's choice, and though it was hard to bear his father's displeasure, yet never for a moment did he doubt that he was in the path of duty. His conscience was clear, his mind was made up, and he went forward though to go forward meant a heroism seldom required of a boy-candidate for the ministry. It was his habit as he went about his chores on the farm to commit to memory passages of Scripture or to take a text and outline a sermon. His brother Volney used to point to a stump in the woods on the old homestead where he would stand and preach to the trees for an audience. By picking and selling bechnuts for ten cents a quart he earned enough money to buy his first Greek grammar; by chopping one hundred and eighty cords of wood for a neighbouring farmer, he secured sufficient funds to begin a four years' course in the Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary, and by renting an acre of land in Evanston, Illinois, and selling the vegetables which he grew upon it, in addition to taking supply work in churches near the college town, he was enabled to meet all his expenses while attending the Northwestern University and later the Garrett Biblical Institute, where he took his theological course, graduating in 1865 with the degree of Bachelor of Divinity.

During his struggle to acquire an education Vir-

[16]

gil became acquainted with the Honourable Willard Ives of Watertown, for some years a Congressman and a Judge: and a friendship, strong and affectionate, began which lasted till the end of life. No father ever took a keener interest in his son or followed his career with a greater sense of satisfaction than did Judge Ives the career of his ambitious young protégé. More than once did this generous-hearted man help the young student over the hard places that lay between him and the accomplishment of his purpose.

In the summer of 1864, while the American Civil War was in progress Virgil went down south and served with the Christian Commission. Many an interesting story he could tell of his experiences with the army and with the coloured folks in their religious meetings. Often these meetings among the Blacks would get beyond his control. Hardly had he announced his text, sometimes, before the ebony faces upturned towards his would shine with an unnatural light, the eyes would begin to roll and the forms sway like the trees in a forest before the approaching storm. Great sobs would shake their frames to be succeeded by great laughter, then a familiar hymn would be started, accompanied by the clapping of hands and the pounding of feet, until the preacher's voice was completely lost in the raging storm of emotion. So ludicrous were some of the scenes wit-

[17]

nessed by the young white preacher when the coloured people "got happy" that he was compelled more than once to get down behind the pulpit and give vent to his long-suppressed sense of the ridiculous.

Towards the close of his theological course, one morning in May, a note from Professor Kidder was handed to him stating that he had received an earnest appeal from one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church asking for two young men from the Institute to go that year as missionaries to China. After a conversation with Professor Kidder that day he decided to offer himself as a candidate. India had been in his thoughts for several years, but now the needs of China with its teeming millions seemed more urgent. Just after graduation in June, 1865, he received word from the Missionary Secretaries in New York of his appointment to Foochow, China, and on July the sixteenth following, in Jamestown, N. Y., at the annual meeting of the Erie Conference, he was ordained both Deacon and Elder, under the Missionary Rule, by Bishop Baker.

Before his appointment to the foreign field efforts were made by some of his friends to keep him in the home work. They urged that it was a great pity to have a man of such parts go and *bury* himself in a heathen land like China. A little charge in Brickton, near Evanston, to whom he had ministered with much acceptance for a year and a half,

pressed him to reconsider his decision to become a missionary and promised to raise his salary to a thousand dollars if he would remain with them. A distinguished committee from his Alma Mater waited upon him and offered him a lectureship in Hebrew and Greek—subjects in which he had coached a number of the students during his college course as well as taught in the classes during the absence of the professor. But tempting and flattering though these calls were to remain in the Occident the call of the Orient was stronger. To the Orient he went and never once did the shadow of a doubt cross his mind in regard to the wisdom of his decision. In China he found an opportunity and a reward more ample and more satisfying than anything he would ever have found in the United States. He chose well and God's blessing which maketh rich followed the choice.

What a specious plea was that which his well-meaning friends advanced that if he went to China his talents would be wasted; that he was too good a man to send to the foreign field. There are many in our churches to-day who cherish a similar opinion; who imagine that anybody will do for mission work in non-Christian lands, and so scores of men who have been or would be failures in the work at home have been sent abroad to minister to the "heathen." Never was there a more fatal mistake. Our work

[19]

in foreign lands has too often been handicapped and crippled by weak and inefficient men—men who could never acquire a knowledge of the native tongue so as to compel the respect of the people, and whose mental dullness and incapacity often made them the laughing stock of the subtle and philosophical literati, whom every missionary meets and must reckon with in China, Japan and India.

Our best and most gifted men are none too good for the awakening East, where everything depends upon the character of present Christian leadership. If we give of our best the "*Yellow Peril*" will become the world's "*Golden Hope*."

II

“FELLOW-FARERS TRUE”



“Teacher, tender, comrade, wife,  
A fellow-farer true through life,  
Heart-whole and soul-free,  
The august father gave to me.”

*R. L. Stevenson.*

---

---

## II

### “FELLOW-FARERS TRUE”

---

“**M**OTHER” BARNES, for many years, was one of the most interesting and picturesque characters in the County of Leeds, Ontario. She lived in a little log house a few miles from the village of Athens. By many she was held in superstitious awe, for she possessed in a very uncanny degree the gift of prescience. She had the reputation throughout the Eastern Counties of being the most reliable of that most unreliable class of people—fortune tellers. So great an impression did she make upon the neighbourhood in which she lived that when she died a few years ago one of the large dailies of Toronto gave a column-long story of her life.

One day in the early “Sixties,” two merry-hearted girls still in their ’teens, just for a little fun and in the spirit of bravado, turned in at Mother Barnes’ gate and asked to have their fortunes told. The

[23]

old lady took them, in turn, into a little room and, having closed the door, an act which by no means helped to put them at ease, began to brew some tea, and from the leaves clinging to their emptied cups, read the future. To the girl with hazel eyes and roguish face she said: "Within a few years you will meet your future husband. He is tall, with dark brown hair and blue eyes. At the present moment he is studying at a table painted blue and about him are many books. You will travel very far and have five children, four of whom will be sons." Incredible though it seems, every detail of that remarkable fortune was later verified and fulfilled.

Two summers after, while on a visit to her cousin in Watertown, N. Y., Adeline Gilliland, the girl with the hazel eyes—the second daughter of John Gilliland and his wife, Charlotte Mansell, of Athens—met Virgil Hart, just home from college to spend a few days with his sick mother. The meeting of these two young people was a case of love at first sight. It was not many months before they were engaged to be married, and on August 31, 1865, just after Mr. Hart's ordination, the marriage was celebrated in the town of Brockville, the Rev. William Henry Poole, D.D., a well-known Wesleyan divine, being the officiating minister. Never was there a happier union than that of this young Ameri-

can missionary and his Canadian girl-bride. Their married life was a perpetual honeymoon. No love was more cruelly tried than theirs by the frequent and sometimes long separations inevitable in the lives of foreign missionaries. No husband was ever more indebted to his wife than was he—and he did not fail to tell her, repeatedly, of his indebtedness. She was an helpmeet, indeed, and many of the institutions which he was instrumental in establishing, such as the famous hospital and college in Nankin, owe their first inspiration to her.

Hard though the lot of the foreign missionary may have been fifty years ago, the lot of the foreign missionary's wife was decidedly harder. Imagine the isolation, the terrible loneliness of a solitary white woman, dwelling for years at a stretch among the multitudes of a large heathen city, and rarely looking upon the face of a woman of the same colour and race. Such was the experience of Mrs. Hart during the early years of their missionary career. Is it any wonder that her parents, when they thought of such a life awaiting their daughter in China, were loath to surrender her to it and almost until the last moment pleaded with her determined husband to change his mind and remain in the work at home! Is it any wonder that this young girl, herself, bright and full of life, happy in her home and with many admirers and friends, hesitated for some days before

[25]

giving a definite answer to her ardent lover when he asked her to accompany him to China! Their letters at this anxious time form one of the most precious bits of Christian romance, revealing on the one hand the absolute candour of the young missionary and the heroic stuff of which he was made, and on the other hand the spirit of self-sacrifice required to give an affirmative answer. "Addie," he writes, as he awaits the belated letter of his betrothed, "I asked if you were willing to go to China. I would take no step of such importance without consulting you. It is decided with me. The Church calls me to go—and I think my Heavenly Father also—I must go. You asked me how long. I go for life. Addie! you know I love you, but if Christ calls I sacrifice all for Him. You did not give me any decided answer. I suppose if you were to go you must be qualified to a certain extent. First and above all, do you love Christ and His cause, and are you willing to fit yourself as far as possible for the missionary work—a life-work? Can you make up your mind to leave your family and willingly sacrifice all for Christ? These are serious questions. Weigh them and give me a speedy answer if possible. If you do not feel that you can devote yourself to this work let me know. I shall never urge you to go. I know how great a trial it will be for you, much more than for me. I had rather go and labour alone than take you . . .

contrary to choice. I guess you think I am plain. I know, Addie, that it is a life business and that it is of as much importance to you as it is to me. I do not wish to take you away from your friends and civilisation. It is hard enough for me to go, I can assure you. If you conclude to accept, this fall will probably be the time to go. Now, I have written a long letter, and stated plainly all I have to say. Decide not in regard to me merely, but in regard to Christ, duty and life-work. Write soon, for I must render an answer soon to the Missionary Board.”

A few days after this letter he wrote Miss Gilliland, “How glad I am that you are willing to devote your life, not only to me, but to such a glorious work as is before us. Do not entertain for a moment the thought that it will be a work without its joys—for in many respects it is far beyond the appointments of this country. I had rather have the appointment to China as far as honour is concerned than a first-class appointment in New York City.”

The home-leaving of this nineteen-year-old bride was an unspeakably sad one. The last glimpse the departing daughter had of her darling mother was that of a tearful face and a frail, delicate form standing in the doorway. A wave of the hand—and they never saw each other again.



III  
OUTWARD BOUND





---

---

### III

#### OUTWARD BOUND

---

**A**N unexpected postponement of the date of their vessel's departure for China enabled the newly-wedded pair to spend a few weeks in New York City—the guests of Dr. David Terry, one of the Missionary Secretaries. An opportunity was thus afforded them of becoming acquainted with many of the leading Methodists of the city and of interesting some of the larger churches in the field to which they had been assigned. Dr. Durbin, another of the Missionary Secretaries and one of the most eloquent of missionary advocates, arranged for a farewell reception to Mr. and Mrs. Hart and to Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Wheeler, who were accompanying them to Foochow. Among those present at that reception were Bishops Janes, Harris and Foss, and Dr. Kidder, an old friend and teacher.

On the morning of December 20, 1865, the little missionary party sailed from New York on the

[31]

*N. B. Palmer*—a fast clipper ship captained by a jolly but profane old tar by the name of Steele. A large company of friends and well-wishers gathered at the wharf to see them off. With waving handkerchiefs and many a fervent prayer, the good ship, with its precious freight, passed out of the harbour, through the Narrows and out upon the broad and swelling bosom of old Father Ocean.

It was a long voyage—apart from three or four storms, it was a pleasant voyage. The first land that they saw after leaving New York was Brazil. So near to the coast did they come that they were able to watch the natives in their little fishing smacks lowering and raising their nets. Then they struck across the Atlantic, crossing the Equator with the thermometer ranging in the neighbourhood of one hundred degrees. The long, hot days in these southern waters were passed in reading and study in some shady spot upon deck or in an occasional game of shuffle-board or quoits. On Sundays the passengers and crew were gathered together and religious services were conducted by the missionaries. Spouting whales and tumbling porpoises and flying fish became everyday sights. Now and then they would see a lonely vessel, sometimes they would race with one. Mr. Hart tells in his journal of one exciting race in which a large ship was beaten by fifteen miles in seven hours. Enthusiastically

he adds, "We pass anything that comes in sight."

Delayed by long and aggravating calms in which the ship would make scarcely a mile a day, the food supplies became very low and the fresh water so scarce that each passenger and member of the crew were put upon an allowance of a pint a day. Glad were they all to round the Cape of Good Hope and to drop anchor in the harbour of Cape Town, South Africa, February 22, 1866, where fresh supplies were procured for the ship and all were given the chance to touch old Mother Earth again and stretch their sea-weary limbs.

Their otherwise very pleasant stay in Cape Town was marred by an unfortunate mutiny. The day after their arrival, while the captain and most of the passengers were ashore, several of the crew returned to the ship very much the worse for liquor. So crazed and unmanageable did they become that they attacked and seriously injured the second mate, who had, by his martinet methods of discipline on the voyage across the Atlantic, incurred the intense hatred of all of the sailors. The mutineers forced their way into the gun-room and having armed themselves with various weapons proceeded to take possession of the ship. Mr. Hart, as quickly as he could, hid his wife in her stateroom and warned her to be as quiet as possible, then hurrying away he went to the assistance of the first mate, who was

[33]

making heroic efforts to restore order. Mrs. Hart, in a letter describing this occurrence, says: "I remained in my stateroom as I was told, but you can imagine I was not very quiet in spirit, for I did not know what moment they might burst my door open and kill me. And then the thought of my husband trying to quiet such a mob made the few hours seem like an age." Mr. Hart and the first mate, who were popular with the sailors, were finally successful in persuading the mutineers to give up their weapons and retire to their quarters. They then dressed the wounds of the second mate and put him to bed. Upon the return of the captain the ring-leaders were placed in irons and the next day they and all who figured in the mutiny were taken ashore under a strong guard and put in prison. New men took their places and the voyage was resumed.

Seven thousand miles of unbroken ocean lay between them and Java Head, where they would obtain their next sight of land. After six weeks' constant sailing, one glorious day in April, they entered the port of Anger, Java. The spice-laden breezes that came from the island, the rich tropical foliage, the picturesque natives in their queer little boats, urging them to buy fruit, or monkeys, or beautifully-plumaged birds and curios of every description—all were of fascinating interest to these newcomers from the West. Many of the passengers went ashore at

Anger to take in the sights. Some of them, alas, took in more than the sights. A few days after leaving Anger the ship had become a floating hospital; several of the passengers and crew were down with fever which they had contracted while in port. One of the officers, the second mate, still weak from the injuries received in the Cape Town mutiny, quickly succumbed to the plague and was buried at sea.

Thousands of islands, little and big, with most luxuriant vegetation, dotted the China Sea, through which the ship took her course. Some of these islands were surrounded by extensive coral reefs or beds. One day when the ship lay becalmed, Mr. Hart, with a few venturesome spirits, rowed nine miles and back to see one of these coral islands—the St. Barbe. Never had they seen such a sight as that which met their eyes as they looked down many fathoms deep into the clear water. Like an enchanted land they could see the coral beds spread out beneath them, with gorgeous-coloured fish darting hither and thither as though they were playing hide-and-go-seek with one another among the wonderful formations. Mr. Hart, by entering the water, managed to secure some fine specimens, but at the price of a pair of good boots and a badly blistered body, due to the action of the sun and the salt water.

In sailing through the East India Archipelago and off the coast of Southern China, the officers of the

*N. B. Palmer* kept a sharp lookout for pirates, who in those days infested these waters and were likely at any time to make an attack. The little cannon at the bow and the guns in the armory were kept ready for immediate use, but a kind Providence watched over the ship and brought it in safety to the desired haven. It was May 17, 1866, when our missionaries arrived in Hongkong and bade good-bye to the ship that had been their home for nearly six months. They were not sorry to leave it. The day of their landing at Hongkong, however, was a day never to be forgotten by one of their passenger friends, Miss Adele Field. She had taken the long voyage to marry a Baptist missionary in Siam. He was to meet her at Hongkong, and there the wedding ceremony was to be performed upon the arrival of the ship. She was in her stateroom happy as a girl can be in anticipation of the glad event; her bridal dress was ready to be put on, when just as the vessel came to anchor the startling message was brought to her that her lover was dead. He had died of fever in Siam a few days after she had left New York, months before. The tidings nearly broke the poor girl's heart, but with God-given strength she went on to Siam and for several years engaged in mission work. Later she went to China, where she became an accomplished student of the Chinese language, publishing a dictionary for the

use of foreigners. In 1892 she returned to the United States, where she won fame through her gifts as a platform speaker and a writer upon many subjects.

Mr. and Mrs. Hart remained in Hongkong five days waiting for a vessel that would take them north to their field of labour. At last the *Azaf*, a little English steamer, appeared and embarking upon her they proceeded up the coast towards Foochow. Before reaching their destination they spent a day at Amoy, one of the largest and most important sea-ports in China, where several American missionaries were residing and who, always glad to see somebody just from home, invited them to come ashore and spend a few hours with them. In Amoy, they experienced for the first time the sensations of a ride in a sedan chair through Chinese streets. Never had they witnessed such filth nor inhaled such odours as they did that day. So ill did Mrs. Hart become that she was unable to partake of the dainty lunch which had been prepared for them at the home of one of the missionaries. At Amoy they had the pleasure of meeting Dr. J. V. N. Talmage, a brother of the celebrated Brooklyn divine, who for nearly a half century devoted his life to the uplift of China.

It was Sunday morning, May 27, when the *Azaf* arrived at Pagoda Anchorage in the Min River. Rev. Nathan Sites, one of the members of the Methodist

[37]



Mission at Foochow, was there to meet them with a houseboat and to conduct them a few miles further up the river to a landing place where sedans were waiting to take them to Foochow. Upon reaching Foochow they were warmly greeted by Dr. R. S. Maclay, the Superintendent of the Mission, and by all the resident missionaries. As they were helpless without some knowledge of the native language they found a home for a few months with Mr. and Mrs. Sites, who generously initiated them into the mysteries of house-keeping in China. The trials of house-keeping were strikingly illustrated on the first anniversary of their marriage. Mrs. Hart thought that she would like to have a ride in the afternoon upon the city walls as one way of celebrating the day. An early lunch was ordered. When the time came for lunch none was in evidence. The cook was found fast asleep in a corner of the kitchen. He was reprimanded and instructed to have the meal ready upon their return at three o'clock. At the hour they returned with ravenous appetites and with high expectations. They entered the dining room, but no cloth was upon the table and no savoury odours greeted them from the direction of the kitchen. They entered the kitchen and to their amazement the cook was discovered again in his corner sweetly and peacefully oblivious to all his surroundings—he had been asleep ever since they had left. This was too much for

flesh and blood—especially of the American variety. What followed was sufficient to keep the drowsy knight of the range awake and busy, at least for the rest of the day.

Mr. Sites' house was a large half-foreign and half-Chinese building, situated on a hill just outside the walls of the native city. On one side, stretching as far as eye could see, was a cheerful view of thousands of Chinese graves. While occupying this temporary residence that famous Stork, which is at home in all lands, paid our young missionaries a passing visit, bringing to them their first-born—a son.



IV

**THE FIRST FIELD**

“Well may the missionary be a miser, so far as time is concerned. The immensity of the work and the meagreness of human agency! But all is of God-time, work and all! How to rightly improve the same is always a question. O, for wisdom! Direct me, Father!”

*Journal, Foochow, August 7, 1867.*

---

---

## IV

### THE FIRST FIELD

---

**F**OOCHOW, the capital of the Province of Fukien, is one of the largest cities in China, having a population of nearly a million. Like all large cities in that land it is walled. The walls rise thirty feet in height, twelve feet in width and have a circuit of over six miles. This city was one of the five treaty ports to be opened by the Chinese after the "Opium War" of 1842 for purposes of foreign residence and trade.

No better location could have been selected for the first Methodist mission in China than this old and important commercial centre by the sea. The mission was organised in the year 1847 and had as its founder the Rev. Judson Dwight Collins, that man who upon hearing that the Methodist Church had no mission in China, asked one of the bishops to secure a passage for him before the mast on the first vessel sailing, adding, "my own strong arm can pull

[43]

me to China and support me after I get there." Associated with the Methodist work at Foochow have been such eminent and representative men as Dr. Isaac W. Wiley, afterwards made a bishop; Dr. R. S. Maclay, the founder of Methodist missions in Japan; Dr. Stephen L. Baldwin, who became a Missionary Secretary, and Dr. H. H. Lowrey, the founder of the North China Methodist Mission.

It is an interesting fact that the Methodist pioneers in Foochow were the first to introduce white, or "Irish" potatoes, tomatoes and many other vegetables and fruits, thus permanently enriching the agricultural resources of almost every province in the nation and proving to the world that the missionary is a commercial as well as a religious asset.

Foochow, at first, was a most difficult field for missionary effort. It required ten years to bring in the first Christian convert, and the six following years to increase the number to one hundred. When Mr. Hart arrived the mission had been established nineteen years and was making gratifying progress with its day and boarding schools, its admirably situated street chapels, its substantial city churches and its multiplying outside appointments. At the annual meeting of the mission, held in 1867, Dr. Maclay, the Superintendent, reported that the total membership at that time was four hundred and fifty-four, being an increase of one hundred and eighty-

two over the previous year. To-day the Foochow mission has become the Foochow Conference, and the membership is no longer reckoned in the hundreds, but in the thousands.

Just as soon as Mr. Hart was settled in his new home he began the study of the Chinese language. Every morning at six o'clock found him with his native teacher deeply engrossed in those mysterious characters which have been the despair of many a foreigner. Probably there is no language so hard to master as the Chinese language. It has broken the heart of more than one missionary. A slight change in inflection will make a different word and many a foreign beginner has been put to the blush by his ignorance of these tricks of pronunciation.

The story is told of a missionary who one day came out into his courtyard and wanted a flag, so he called to his "boy" at the upstairs window, "Throw down my flag." The boy made some answer, which he did not understand and did not move. Again came the command, "Throw down my flag," and again the boy hesitated. "Do you hear me?" the man roared. Then the boy in despair turned to the man's wife, who was also in the room, "He tells me to throw you down into the courtyard." The missionary was using the word for wife instead of that for flag.

To add to its difficulties the Chinese language



has neither alphabet nor grammar. The only thing that corresponds to an alphabet as a foundation to build upon or a system to work by is the Table of Radicals consisting of two hundred and fourteen strokes or combinations of strokes of the pen. One or more of these radicals enters into every character or word of the language and facilitates their arrangement into dictionary form. While the letters of our alphabet are the symbols of sounds, the Chinese characters are the symbols of ideas. The language is supposed to contain about fifty thousand characters, but the knowledge of from five to ten thousand constitutes a good working vocabulary. The memory is the chief faculty that is brought into play in the acquirement of the language. The better memory one has, the better success he will usually have as a student. It is astonishing what memories some of the Chinese literati possess. It is said that if the Classics of Confucius or Mencius were destroyed there are a million men in the land who can reproduce them from memory.

Mr. Hart was a born linguist. He applied himself with such assiduity to the study of the language and made such progress in it that in less than nine months after his arrival in Foochow he was able to conduct the prayers in the Boys' School, and in one year he was able to preach to the people without making many, if any, very serious breaks. In fact,

he had become so proficient in the use of the native tongue that the Superintendent of the mission put him in charge of a small suburban church. In his diary of September 5, 1867, he writes, "Chinese is becoming a great pleasure to me."

Like all foreign missionaries who are ambitious to become scholars in the Chinese language and thus exert a greater influence among the educated classes, Mr. Hart, for many years—indeed even to his last year in China, never dispensed with the aid of the most able teacher that he could procure. A certain part of each day when at home, and sometimes when on a long journey by boat, was religiously reserved for study with his teacher. In this way he was enabled in his long missionary career to accomplish much in translating English works into Chinese. For more than ten years a cultured Chinaman by the name of Tai was his tutor, a man whom the missionary had the satisfaction of leading to Christ and baptising. Perhaps no native was better loved by Mr. Hart than this tall, courteous, dignified scholar. The regard was mutual, and between the two there existed the tenderest ties of friendship. In after years when the venerable Tai was dying, it was his old missionary friend that he longed to see. His wish, though it meant many miles of travel, was gratified, and Mr. Hart was able to afford the lonely

[47]

old man comfort and strength as he went down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

But to return again to those early days in Foochow. Little did the young missionary realise that during his short residence of a little over a year in that place when he was applying himself so industriously to the study of the language, he was preparing himself, in the providence of God, for a larger field of service.

For some time the Missionary authorities in America had been contemplating opening up work in Central China, particularly in the great and wealthy Province of Kiangsi, and though Mr. Hart was only twenty-seven years of age and one of the more recent arrivals, yet he was considered by the Mission as the right man to superintend this responsible undertaking. On the twelfth of November, 1867, we find these words in his journal, "A few days change one's plans and prospects considerably. We expect to leave shortly for Shanghai on our way to KiuKiang. A new era in our life! New responsibilities! New hopes! New avenues for thought! New objects for prayer! Oh, for faith, unyielding faith! My soul longs for close alliance with God!"

The story of the Central China Mission is the story of the answer to this fervent outburst. God gave His servant faith and wisdom. Each step in the new undertaking was made cautiously; each bit

of work was done thoroughly; prayer breathed through it all. So well were the foundations of the new mission laid that Dr. Daniel Curry, at the annual meeting of the Missionary Board in New York, in 1882, when the appropriations for Central China were under consideration, and some members of the Board had demurred at granting such a large sum, declared that the whole appropriation should be granted because he believed that the work was the best founded of any of our China missions.



V

CENTRAL CHINA



---

---

V

CENTRAL CHINA

---

**C**ENTRAL CHINA, which Mr. Hart was asked to open for the Methodist Episcopal Church, to use his own words, was "the greatest, most populous and richest field ever offered to a church."

It was a field two hundred and fifty miles wide and seven hundred miles long, situated in the most fertile valley to be found on the globe and supporting a population of nearly a hundred millions. From west to east it is intersected by the mighty Yangtse River and from north to south by the Grand Imperial Canal, the longest canal in the world. It embraces the whole Province of Kiangsi and large portions of the Provinces of Kiangsu, Ngan Hwei and Hupeh. Three great provincial capitals and hundreds of cities, large and small, invite the consecrated effort of the Christian missionary. The language of the whole district is Mandarin—the official language of China, which is no unimportant

[53]



consideration to the missionary, for he can go from one extremity of the field to the other and be equally well understood. Six large cities in Central China present themselves to the Christian statesman as possessing exceptional strategic value as centres for missionary operations. They are Chinkiang, Nanking, Wuhu, KiuKiang, Nan Chang Foo and Hankow. All of these cities, save one, it was Mr. Hart's good fortune to see opened under his superintendency, with a strong mission established in each.

KiuKiang was the first of these strategic points to be entered. It is a city of over one hundred thousand people, five hundred miles up the Yangtze from Shanghai, near the mouth of the Poyang Lake, one of the largest lakes in the country. It has been a treaty port ever since the last war with England in 1860.

Some are of the opinion that it would have been better had Mr. Hart gone one hundred and fifty miles further up the river and commenced work at Hankow, which is to-day, with its more than a million of population and its great and multiplying industries, fast becoming the Chicago of the East. But Mr. Hart could not foresee fifty years ago the future growth and importance of Hankow, besides KiuKiang is undoubtedly more convenient than Hankow as a mission centre, for it commands a better access to the vast interior districts of China.

In coming to KiuKiang the young superintendent found a small community of about thirty English and Americans, chiefly connected with the Consular and Customs service, who were occupying a concession of land facing the river, just outside the western walls of the city. These foreigners had built a beautiful little church which they called "St. Paul's." They were quite proud of their church, but they were not quite so proud of their rector, who was a young Englishman more interested in spirits than in souls. Of late he had disappointed his congregation several times on Sundays by reason of his excesses on Saturdays. Much to the surprise of the newly arrived Methodist missionary, he was invited to conduct the services in St. Paul's, a duty which he discharged with great acceptance for nearly twenty years. He was glad of the opportunity afforded him, not only to serve the foreign community in spiritual things, but to keep up his pulpit work in English.

Mr. Hart was the first Protestant missionary to reside in KiuKiang. He found upon his arrival three Christian Chinese whom he requested to meet him in his room the next Sunday afternoon when he read the Scriptures with them and had prayer. These three men constituted the nucleus of his new mission. Shortly after, a place was rented where

their growing numbers could worship and where a Sunday School could be conducted.

Our missionary ever realised the necessity of emphasising the educational work in the evangelisation of the Chinese, and particularly in those neighbourhoods where the anti-foreign sentiment was strong. One of the first things that he did in coming to the new field was to organise a day school. He had seven pupils at the opening, which number was increased in a few days to fourteen. This he considered a very fair beginning. But the school was not allowed to proceed without opposition. "Some evil men," he writes, "tried hard to break up the school; told the parents that we would whip the children, cut out their eyes, etc. Then the people raised objections to my visiting the school so often, and the native teacher, himself, proposed to me that I leave off going there for at least a week. My reply was, 'I will go the more. You shall see me and know me, then I trust you will not fear me.' And this I have done with good effect. The idea of a missionary hiring a house and employing a teacher and not being permitted to visit the place! A missionary is obliged to contest every foot of ground in China. Not an advance without a contest."

One day an intelligent-looking young Chinaman, dusty and footsore with travel, appeared at the missionary's door. Upon being invited to enter he told

a most interesting story. He said that he had just come from a large city in the neighbouring Province of Hupeh, the city of Kwangtsi, many miles away. Yonder in that city were a hundred men who were anxious to learn the Christian doctrine. A year or so before, two copies of the New Testament and four or five other Christian books had come into their hands. Some of their number journeyed to Hankow on business and while there heard about "the doctrines." So interested were they in what they had heard that they were anxious to have a missionary come and teach their people. They had heard of the foreign teacher in KiuKiang, so he was sent to ask him to come. Would he come? Would he come? No man with the love of souls in his breast could refuse such a request, however long and hard the journey might be. As it was near the end of the week the young messenger was asked to stay in the missionary's home until Monday, when he would return with him to his people. In the meantime the visitor profited by the Sabbath services. Early on Monday morning Mr. Hart, with the young man as a guide, started on his first country trip in China. At every stopping place on the way he improved the time by conversations, preaching and distributing books and tracts. It was sundown on the third day before they reached their destination. They passed the night in a large Buddhist temple,

and what a night it was! As they entered the sacred precincts of the temple, a number of the priests advanced to meet them and falling upon their knees proceeded to worship the missionary. He rebuked them for their idolatry and told them to worship the God of all men. While partaking of his supper in the temple, large crowds, who had heard of his arrival, gathered to see him. They spoke of him to one another with the greatest respect and addressed him as "Mu Si" or Great Foreign Teacher! After the supper he held a sort of religious levee and to all who wished to hear he explained the cardinal truths of Christianity. Mr. Hart discovered that the head priest of the temple had given up the worship of idols and was trying in weakness and in much darkness to worship the true God. It was a memorable night. His heart was full of joy at what he had seen and heard, and promising to return within a few weeks and rent a place in the city for Christian services, the next day he said good-bye and started for home. He was accompanied by three men who thirsted to know more of the truth. They spent the Sabbath in the mission at KiuKiang and returned to their homes the following Monday, eager to bring their fellow-citizens into the larger light that had dawned upon them.

During his first year in Central China Mr. Hart made five long journeys from KiuKiang into the

farther interior, preaching and disposing of religious books, exploring the territory, opening up little chapels or preaching places. Sometimes in these journeys he was accompanied by Rev. E. S. Todd, who had recently arrived from the United States to become his associate—a reënforcement which he gladly welcomed, for the work of the mission was already beyond the strength of one man. These trips into the interior were by no means holiday jaunts, for travelling in China and travelling in America or Europe are two different propositions. Sometimes the missionary goes by sedan chair, which soon becomes tiresome to an active man; sometimes by native boat, which is more comfortable, and sometimes—when he cannot help it—by wheel-barrow, which is the quintessence of discomfort. Often the missionary prefers to walk to any of the already described modes of transportation. Accompanying him is a coolie or two to carry his stock of food and bedding and supplies of books. No hotel worthy of the name awaits him when night approaches. If he be doomed to such a resort as a Chinese inn he prays that his sleep may be deep and sound so that he may be completely oblivious to the filth, the vermin, the restless rodents, the street noises, the incessant chatter of the people in the inn and the inquisitive crowd who peek through the cracks in the door or in the partition to catch a glimpse of the “foreign devil.”

In writing of one of his experiences in a Chinese hotel, Mr. Hart says: "It is bad enough to have the front of a room border upon the drains and the coolies' restaurant while the sides open into opium dens filled with naked smokers, but to have a huge pig-sty at the back and be separated from a score of pigs merely by a gaping board partition of half an inch thickness, and then have one's bed close against aforesaid partition, is enough to make a strong-minded man quail at the nocturnal prospect. Even the best rooms in the first-class hotel are often none the worse for a little cleansing. In one of these the proprietor was sent for in haste. He came, bowed and placed himself in an attitude to receive our commands. You may imagine his consternation when asked to bring a load of mud, and plaster up the star-shaped holes all around the reception hall, and a load of lime to sprinkle over the floors and central courtyard. A young man came and filled up the holes; the lime was brought and we made it the serious business of an hour to see that every inch of the courtyard was sprinkled. The mud floor of the great hall was so damp that it readily absorbed several siftings. As a last resort mats were secured for the worst spots that remained—mats new and old, inhabited with colonies of living and dead fleas and unmentionable vermin—and feeling uncertain

[60]

about their sanitary condition we liberally saturated them with lime."

But the trials of an itinerant missionary are not confined to a native inn at night. He has his troubles in the daytime as he passes through the various towns and cities, particularly those in which there is no love for the foreigner. Boys and men will shout insulting epithets; roughs will jostle him upon the street or try to pick a quarrel with his coolies. Now and then when he is addressing a crowd on the highway or seeking to distribute some literature in the market place, some one will raise the cry, "Whip the foreigner!" or "Kill the foreign devil!" The cry acts upon the crowd like tinder upon matchwood and soon the whole throng is transformed into a wild, shrieking, gesticulating mob; stones and sticks begin to fly, and the missionary and his helpers are truly thankful if they come out of it all with only a few bruises or hard knocks. Only once did Mr. Hart suffer very seriously from a mob and that was one day, when on horse-back, he was leaving a village where he had been trying to interest the people, and was about to cross a long bridge when men on either side, who had been hidden, suddenly rose up and let fly a shower of stones. Some of these stones so injured his leg and ankle that he was obliged to seek the first inn and remain there for several days before he could resume his



journey. He seldom, if ever, ran away from a mob. More than once he faced it and endeavoured to reason with the leaders or to turn the laugh upon them, which is a most effective weapon with a Chinese crowd, for a Chinaman, though many may doubt it, has really a sense of humour. He has been known with his cane to keep an excited mob at bay, while he backed down a narrow side street and by piecemeal retreats reached the safety of his boat. Often when the excitement has subsided and the crowd has scattered he has returned to the spot where the trouble began just to show the people that he was not afraid of them and that he could not be easily driven from the field. Courage is admired in every land and many a city in China has been won by the display of that Apostolic spirit of boldness which our missionary possessed in no small degree.

As a result of Mr. Hart's trips into the outlying districts near KiuKiang, several stations were established, such as Kwangtsi, Tsau Kia Ho, Sin Ki Cheng, Kung Lung, Ta Ku Tang and Wu Hsie, where David Hill, the great Wesleyan missionary, afterwards laboured with such marked success. In all these places during the early years of the Central China mission, though the number of church members received was not large, the number of inquirers mounted up into the hundreds. Mr. Hart was very careful about baptising and receiving into mem-

bership every one who professed to be converted and applied for membership. He insisted upon a strict probation, extending for six months or a year and, in some cases, still longer. Even then with this close watch at the door of the church, men would slip in who afterwards brought discredit upon the cause. In his journal of February 21, 1873, he writes: "Yesterday it became my painful duty to expel Tsai Sin Tou for committing so many offences that it would endanger our society to keep him longer."

As the work in KiuKiang was growing and the number of outlying stations increasing, the need of a larger staff of missionaries was imperative. In response to an earnest appeal by the Superintendent to the Home Church, the Rev. John Ing and the Rev. H. H. Hall were sent in 1870. The mission was further strengthened a little later by the coming of the Rev. Andrew Stritmatter, Rev. Albert J. Cook and the Rev. John R. Hykes. Messrs. Stritmatter and Cook did not stay long in China. After a few years' service ill-health compelled them to return to America. Mr. Hykes, however, continued at his post for many years and proved a most resourceful companion of Mr. Hart in many an important missionary tour. Few men possess greater presence of mind than does Dr. Hykes, as he is now called. The story is told that on one occasion when passing through a strange city he was attacked by a

[63]

mob. There seemed no way of escape. As a last resort to save his life, he decided to try and play upon the fears and superstitions of his persecutors—most, if not all of whom, had never seen a foreigner until that day. “You call me devil,” he said to them; “I will show you that I am a devil.” Coolly he stood before them and proceeded to take out his false teeth, and lifting them up, he exhibited them to the astonished multitude. Scores fell back aghast at the act. Some terribly frightened ran away screaming. “Now,” he continued, “I will put the teeth which I have taken out in your presence back again into my head.” More people took to their heels. “I see,” said he, “that some of you still need further proof of my peculiar powers. I will proceed now to unscrew my head.” That was enough. Not a single soul waited to witness the third act. And while the mob was vanishing in every direction, the missionary went on his way in peace.

VI

ON FURLOUGH



---

---

## VI

### ON FURLOUGH

---

**T**HERE is no climate in the world that apparently is more trying to foreign women than the climate of China. "It either kills or cures" is a common saying among foreign communities in that land. For more than a year the health of Mrs. Hart had been very much impaired, and a change of climate and scene was deemed absolutely necessary by her medical advisers or her illness would prove fatal. In June, 1871, Mr. Hart left for America with his wife and three little sons, Evans-ton, Edgerton and Ross. For a few months the family occupied a house in Watertown, N. Y., but later they went to Ingersoll, Ontario, where Mrs. Hart could be near her relatives, who had recently removed from Athens.

The year of furlough was largely devoted by Mr. Hart to addressing missionary gatherings in different parts of the United States. He was in great de-

[67]

mand and met with large and interested audiences wherever he went. In a letter to his wife, he says, "The people are carried away with China." In one city in the West, on the day after his address, he was kept busy from morning until night at the parsonage, entertaining callers who were anxious to hear more about the wonderful country of which they had been told the night previous. At one place, where a returned missionary was a sight of sights, he was obliged to sit three times for his picture. The photos were to be sold among the citizens by the enterprising church which had brought him and thus help to swell the missionary treasury. At Evans-ton, his old college town, he met with a magnificent reception from the faculty and the students and had the opportunity of addressing them at two different gatherings. It was his privilege to attend the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held in Brooklyn in May, 1872. Here he met missionaries from the far-flung battle lines in India, Japan, Africa, as well as from China. He was particularly impressed with the delegation from the Canadian Methodist Church, composed of such notable worthies as Doctors Punshon, Sanderson and Sutherland—all princes of the pulpit and platform. This was his first glimpse of Dr. Alexander Sutherland, the great Missionary Secretary with whom in

[68]

after years he was to have such long and intimate relations in the opening of West China.

As Mrs. Hart's health had been fully restored, Mr. Hart returned to China in the fall of 1872. Six years had made marvellous changes in the problem of transportation. In 1865, the American traveller, bound for China or Japan, had no railroad to take him across the continent. There was then no Suez or Panama Canal. It meant a long and dangerous voyage of nearly six months around the Cape of Good Hope. During Mr. Hart's absence in the Orient a long line of steel had been laid connecting New York and Chicago with San Francisco. Over this new line he travelled on his second journey to China, reaching his destination with a saving of sixteen weeks over his first journey.

Before taking steamer at San Francisco he had time to take a side trip into Southern California to visit an uncle who had come West during the old gold-fever days. His account of this little excursion is quite interesting and gives one a glimpse of life in the Far West in those early pioneer days. One hundred and thirty miles by train brought him to Oaklands. From Oaklands he was obliged to "stage it" for forty miles. The fare asked was four dollars. The stage was an antiquated and dilapidated affair drawn by four horses. There were four passengers besides himself. Number *One* was an old

[69]



Northerner, who had come West in 1849 and was now a comfortable vine-grower with five thousand vines in his vineyard besides possessing large orchard lands. He was a "Greeley" in politics and did not care who knew it. Number *Two* was a Southerner—a Kentuckian by birth, and Deputy Sheriff of the County. He could drink any amount of raw whiskey and always kept a sufficient supply concealed about his person. He danced three nights out of every seven and was ever ready to take a hand in any friendly game of cards, and still look after the important interests of the county. Almost every sentence was punctuated with an oath. "Good day!" with him was "So long!" A "short time" was "quicker than you can say God with your mouth open." He was a most edifying companion. Number *Three* was a dark, half-breed Mexican with a red woollen shirt, top-boots and a cigarette. Number *Four* was the Mexican's wife, a full-blooded "Digger"—said to be the lowest type of Indian in the West. A Dolly Varden shawl covered her head and shoulders, a dirty linen duster her body, and many rings her fingers. In such company as this our missionary found himself on that September afternoon. Never did he ride over so rough a road. It became worse as they ascended the Sierra Nevadas. "We went," he says, "to the side of the coach and back again. First the forepiece of my cap would be

in front, then behind, one side up and then nearly off. The squaw would go plump against the Mexican and scowl, and off would come the Dolly Varden shawl. I braced myself by putting my foot against the Indian woman's seat, which brought from her another angry scowl. Fine white dust rose in clouds and almost suffocated us. The driver showed no mercy, but drove at a furious rate, especially down hills. I have ridden upon cars and carts; upon wheelbarrows and in bad sedans, but never did I get such a jolting as I got that day. By the time the forty miles had been "staged"—and it took seven hours to do it—the motley little party of five were completely done out, with feelings as sore and as bruised as their poor bodies. Hardly able to crawl they got out at Sonora, that notorious mining camp of which Mark Twain speaks in his stories of Western life.

On the last day of October, in company with several new missionaries for China, Mr. Hart sailed from San Francisco on the steamship *The Great Republic*. Twenty-five days were taken in making the voyage to Japan, a voyage that now can be made in half that time. Three days were pleasantly passed in sight-seeing in Yokohama and its vicinity. The sight which most impressed Mr. Hart was the great bronze image of Dibutz, twenty miles from Yokohama, seated upon its huge pedestal under the

shadow of the majestic, snow-crowned Fuji, the sacred mountain of Japan. As one approaches the image, almost hidden by beautiful foliage, a solemnity seems to pervade the whole place, for this famous old idol, the largest and grandest in the world, has stood there an object of veneration and worship for over six hundred years to myriads of faithful Buddhists. The image is fifty feet high and thirty-six feet broad. Inside of it is a miniature temple with altar and incense urns. Climbing up the folds of the god's garments which were worn smooth as glass by the constant stream of devotees, Mr. Hart and his party reached one of the great thumbs and each took their turn in sitting upon the thumb nail.

On the sixth of November, after a delightful sail through the enchanting Japan Inland Sea, whose islands in beauty and number rival those of our own St. Lawrence, Mr. Hart arrived in Shanghai. "Today," he writes, "my heart has been greatly drawn out in prayer that God will fit me for the work and grant me a blessing as my feet again touch these shores." One week later he was in KiuKiang sitting by his lonely fireside. The old home was very desolate. "It is not like home," he says in a letter to his wife that night, "because you, dear one, are not here to share it with me and I miss the little ones so much. Oh, that I could hear their little feet and kiss their roguish faces!" This was the first

of many such separations in his long missionary career, every one of which entered like a dagger into his home-loving soul. It was a year before Mrs. Hart was able to join him. When she came she brought with her another son, who had been born in Canada and who was named Maynard Mansell.

In the little missionary party which accompanied Mr. Hart back to China were two representatives of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society—Misses Gertrude Howe and Lucy Hoag. These two elect ladies inaugurated an educational work in KiuKiang, which has resulted in untold good to the women of Central China. Miss Hoag has since gone to her heavenly reward, but Miss Howe still toils on in the Yangtse valley, the best known and the best loved of all missionary ladies in the land. By many of her admirers she has been called "The Princess Missionary of the Yangtse."

Shortly after the arrival of these ladies in Kiu-Kiang they adopted two little Chinese girls, whom they named Ida Kahn and Mary Stone. Mary Stone was the daughter of one of Mr. Hart's first converts. These two girls received a most careful mothering by the missionaries and later were sent to the University of Michigan, where they in due time graduated in medicine after a most successful course. Upon their return to their native land they opened up medical work in KiuKiang and Nan

Chang Foo, the capital city of the Province of Kiangsi. These two young ladies, through their great work at these important centres, have become the two most famous Chinese ladies in the world. Their skilful and consecrated hands have opened doors long closed to the foreign missionary.

We cannot speak of Doctor Mary Stone without associating with her name that of her sister, Anna, from whom she received the greatest spiritual impulse of her life. Anna was one of the most beautiful of Christian girls. God gave her the gift of song and faithfully and well did she use that gift in His service. There are thousands of people in the United States and Canada who can recall the spell that this little Chinese maid cast over them at some missionary gathering. She was one of the most interesting figures at the Student Volunteer Convention in Toronto in 1902, and attracted marked attention. On Sunday night during the convention week, she accompanied Dr. Hart to the Dunn Avenue Methodist Church and sang a solo during the service. She sang that hymn which then was new, the refrain of which is:

“And I shall see Him face to face,  
And tell the story—saved by grace.”

So sweetly and so sympathetically did she sing this hymn that there was hardly a dry eye in the

great congregation. A prominent member of the church turned to a friend in the next seat when she had concluded, and with emotion said: "That one song has repaid me for all that I have done for foreign missions,"—and he had done much. Here before him was a concrete example of what the grace of God could do for heathen womanhood. Three years later Anna Stone graduated from an American College and returned to China as an evangelist, but her term of active service was very short. She overtaxed her strength and God called her to Himself. She now sees Him of whom she sang so sweetly that night in the Toronto church, "face to face."

Bishop Bashford, in his little book, "China and Methodism," says, "How little Dr. Hart, when winning the Hupeh Chinaman, and Miss Howe, when putting her money and influence into the training of these Chinese girls, dreamed of the outreaching influence of that family in the second generation! How little men and women at home whose sacrifices are supporting workers in this great empire to-day foresee the splendid results which coming generations will witness as the outcome of their heroism and self-sacrifice."



VII  
BY RIVER AND LAKE





---

---

## VII

### BY RIVER AND LAKE

---

THE missionary in Central China is obliged to travel much by boat, for the country is one vast network of rivers and lakes. To travel by native junks is both tedious and unsanitary, so Mr. Hart was early impressed with the idea of having a mission boat of foreign build. He seized the first opportunity of securing such a craft. One day in the middle "Seventies" he learned that an unlucky sportsman in Shanghai was anxious to liquidate his debts by the sale of his racing yacht, "The Mad Cap." Upon receipt of the news Mr. Hart at once went to Shanghai and, satisfied with the appearance of the boat, purchased it. The yacht was forty feet long with a beam of nine feet and could accommodate comfortably about six passengers besides a crew of four. It was rechristened the *Stella*, after his youngest child and only daughter. For several years this swift and beautiful little vessel did vali-

[79]

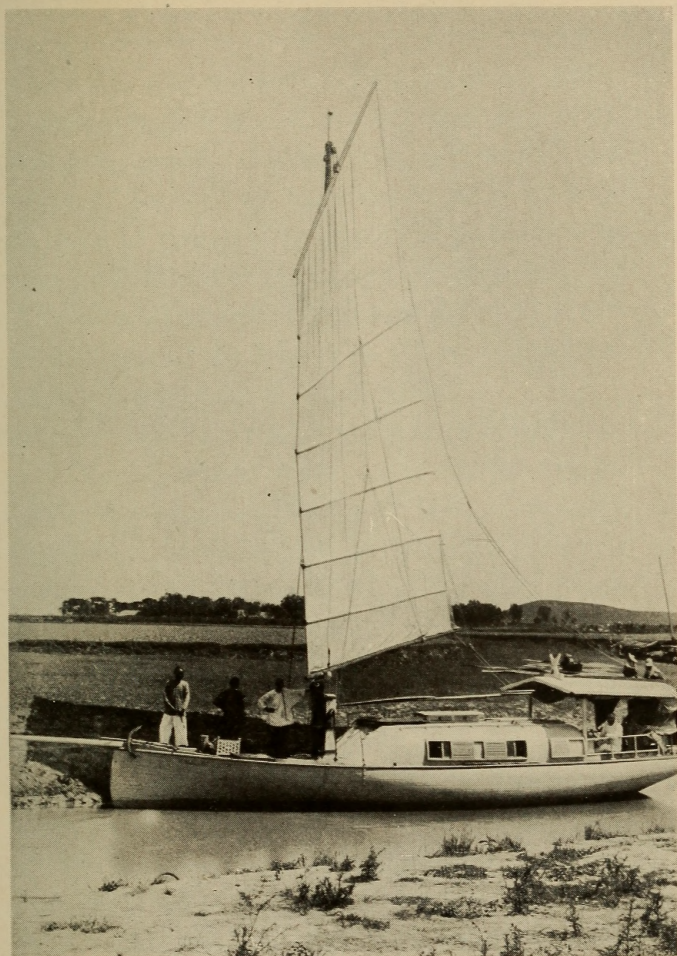
ant service, materially augmenting the usefulness of the missionary.

Many a long and interesting trip was made in the *Stella* by our missionary, on the Yangtse, up the Poyang and other lakes and upon their navigable tributaries. Sometimes he was accompanied by his wife and family, to whom such a trip usually was a most welcome break to the humdrum life at a river port. Perhaps the longest and most memorable of all of these trips was the one to the first Missionary Conference held in Shanghai in May, 1877. Every missionary in the empire was anxious to attend this great union gathering, for all felt that it was to be the beginning of a great forward movement in the evangelisation of China. Every Protestant denomination in the land was to be represented. There would be present some of the most notable missionaries in the world. Men of such experience and ability as Dr. J. Edkins, Dr. A. Williamson, Dr. Nelson, Dr. Griffith John, Dr. W. A. P. Martin, Dr. Yates, J. Hudson Taylor, Dr. S. L. Baldwin, Dr. Lambuth and David Hill were to contribute to the programme. With such an array of consecrated talent it is no wonder that there was a strong pull at the heart strings in the direction of Shanghai. The Hart family in KiuKiang felt the pull and all wanted to go, but how? To go by steamer would be too great a strain upon the family

purse. A bright idea came to one of the members—"take the *Stella!*" It was five hundred miles down and five hundred miles back on a wide and rushing river, and the trip would consume many weeks, but all voted to run the risk, and at noon on the second of May every member was snugly stowed away on board, the larder was filled with sufficient provisions, the anchor was lifted, the sail was hoisted and down the river the little ship sped. For two days the weather was fine and the wind propitious, but the morning of the third day broke dark and ominous with a strong head wind—but let Mr. Hart describe that day.

"At eight o'clock in the morning we sought shelter in a snug little creek for breakfast, hoping that the wind would cease or change to some more welcome quarter. When at anchor in a harbour one is apt to be greatly deceived as to the strength of the wind without. It was so with us at this time, for no sooner were we well out in the river when we wished ourselves back again. We had gained the centre of the river, which is two or three miles wide at this point, and were turning our boat for the north bank, when to our horror the tall mast of Oregon pine broke near the base and fell crashing towards the stern. In a moment the huge sail, already thoroughly saturated with the rain, which was coming down in torrents, fell to the right into the river,

pulling the mast in that direction and consequently turning our boat upon its side. What was to be done? No other boats in sight—in the centre of a swift and treacherous current—and the wind fast assuming the proportions of a gale! We tried to make use of awnings to give the boat direction, but to no purpose. The crew, Chinese-like, lay prone upon the deck, moaning and clinging to what they could, paralysed with fear. My children were in the cabin—the older ones praying; my brave wife stood by the tiller, while I, leaping upon the cabin roof, ordered the crew to loose the sail from the mast and make it secure. We found that this helped to right the boat. As the storm increased the rudder became unmanageable and we were driven at the mercy of wind and wave. Imagine our delight to espy far down the river, approaching us, foreign cut sails and a black hull. We now knew that help would soon be within reach for those foreign-cut sails meant a foreign captain aboard. On she came up the river. We waved the Stars and Stripes and shouted, but there was no indication that she saw us. She came opposite us, sailed past us, and just as our hopes of attracting her attention were about gone we saw her prow turn and her sails drop. Now we knew that we were safe. Once she encircled us, but not near enough to throw a rope. Again she tried, this time with success. In a few minutes the rope



THE *Stella* IN WHICH DR. HART AND HIS FAMILY MADE MANY TRIPS ON  
THE YANGTSE AND THROUGH THE WATERWAYS OF CENTRAL CHINA



was made fast and we were following in her wake. Our rescuer dropped us at the mouth of a little creek into which we poled. Our first duty was to ascertain the extent of our injuries and then to see if we were within reach of means with which the boat could be put into sailing condition again. Fortunately we found a cargo of camphor logs near by with a carpenter in charge. In two days we were ready to resume our journey down the river."

Many great cities, some of which we shall describe in succeeding chapters, were passed in this trip to the Conference—such as Wuhu, Nanking, Chinkiang and Soochow. At all important points and at every stopping place for shelter or supplies, when at all possible, the missionary went ashore and preached to the people who would gather to hear him, or disposed of religious literature. His method of distributing the Word in the small towns and villages that he might stop at is thus described: "I started for the street with a bundle of Commandments with comments—a sheet that I prepared some time ago. I commenced work at the first house giving each family a tract and a little talk with the request that they should paste up the tract in the house. The following day I took the main street and with the aid of a helper visited about two hundred shops and had considerable success. Only one man refused to



receive a tract and he finally took it after much talk."

Owing to the accident to their boat Mr. Hart and his family were late in arriving at the Conference. Upon reaching Shanghai a furnished house, overlooking the Soochow Creek, was secured for a few weeks. As there were no such things as water-works or wells in private yards in those days, the foreigners as well as the natives were obliged to depend upon water being brought to them at regular intervals from some distant well, outside the city limits. The water was carried by coolies in buckets which were suspended from poles placed upon their shoulders and was emptied into large jars or tanks at the back of the house or in the courtyard. Mr. Hart stipulated with some coolies to bring the supply for his family from the famous Bubbling Well, a mile or so away, a most popular spring with the foreign community of Shanghai. But these water-carriers were not as honest as they tried to look when the bargain was being made, and it was discovered after some days that in order to save themselves a few steps on those hot days in May, they were getting no inconsiderable amount of water from the Soochow Creek, into which flowed the drainage of thousands of houses and hundreds of filthy streets and alleyways, and the refuse from miles of shipping. The thought of it all makes one weak! As

a result of drinking this polluted water Mr. Hart and two members of his family were smitten with malaria. For weeks and weeks they suffered, alternately shaking with chills and burning with fever. Though Mr. Hart for a time seemed to be cured of the dread disease it returned to him in later years and in more virulent form, to sap his vitality and to shorten his days.

About five or six years after the purchase of the *Stella*, a movement was inaugurated by friends in the Rock River Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, led by Mr. W. E. Blackstone of Oak Park, Illinois, to provide the Central China mission with a steam yacht, the cost of which would be about six thousand dollars. The appeal met with such general favour that subscriptions came pouring in from all quarters, and in a few weeks the purchase price of the yacht was secured. The yacht was built in England and sent out to Shanghai on the deck of an ocean liner. With such a vessel as the *Glad Tidings*—for that was the name given her—the missionaries were looking forward with happy expectations to greatly extend their work. But alas! diplomatic difficulties arose and the Chinese Government notified the American Consul that the little steamer would not be permitted to navigate the inland waters. The reason advanced was that if permission were given to the

missionaries to use steam yachts, the foreign merchants, and then later the native merchants—so much given to smuggling and cheating the customs—would press their claims. With multiplying steamboats in different parts of the country the Government then would be compelled to replace their antiquated police junks by vessels equally as good as those in the service of the missionaries and the merchants. This would naturally involve great expense. It was an argument, however, that did not convince nor satisfy the missionaries and they commenced to protest. For four years the *Glad Tidings* lay interned at the port of Chinkiang, only allowed to be used on official occasions by the American Consul.

Hopeless of ever changing the mind of the Chinese authorities and realising that the little boat was gradually depreciating in value, Mr. Hart advised her sale and with the proceeds build three comfortable sailboats, each fifty feet long with a twelve-foot beam, fully rigged and with saloon and cabin accommodation for two missionaries and their wives. The suggestion appealed to the mission and was as soon as possible carried out. The *Glad Tidings* was sold and her name was given to each of three new vessels coupled with the names of the ports at which they were stationed. For more than a score of years these three sailing boats have been plying the waters of the Yangtse and its larger

tributaries. Can one imagine any more interesting story than that which their logs could tell in the thousands of miles that have been traversed in carrying the Gospel message to the teeming millions of Central China.



VIII

A FORWARD MOVEMENT



---

---

## VIII

### A FORWARD MOVEMENT

---

IN an article in the *Northern Christian Advocate* of 1874, Mr. Hart says, "I frequently ascend hills and mountains for inspiration and to get a wide sweep of the broad, rich fields God in His providence has given us to cultivate. I go back to the dirty, noisy streets refreshed and encouraged to plod along at our daily preaching and instructing the dark, sin-fallen sons of Japheth. I ask, 'When shall our blessed work spread over these fair fields and humble chapels take the place of dark, loathsome temples, and bright, smiling messengers of Christ greet us where now long, grey-robed, opium-smoking, licentious priests drag their lazy forms to ask us to drink tea? When shall railroads and carriage roads wind through these broad valleys carrying the riches of this great State to and from its metropolis? Will it be in my day?' My judgment says no, but my faith pierces to a higher flight and

[91]



says it shall be and then my heart beats quicker and tears stand in my eyes for China. God can do great things for us. Prayer, the mighty instrument given to us by our Divine Master sends its electric influences before our feet and prepares our way."

Before many years had passed our missionary was permitted to see the deep longing of his heart, as expressed in that passage, for a great work of expansion in Central China was in some measure realised.

Mr. Hart was peculiarly a man of prayer. Every day, when at home, it was his custom to rise early and spend an hour in his study, alone, in communion with God. The door was locked, there must be no interruption. There could be heard, if one were anxious enough to stop and listen at the door, an earnest voice within, pleading for China's salvation, for the Divine blessing upon the workers in the field and upon the Home Church that it might feel more deeply the obligation to provide more men and money for foreign missions. Every week it was the custom of the missionaries in KiuKiang to meet with the Superintendent in his study-sanctuary and repeat the same petitions. These prayers, made in the secret-place and in concert, were supplemented by burning appeals to the Missionary Secretaries in New York and through the larger organs of the church to the great body of Methodists in the United States, for evangelists, teachers, physicians and

nurses; for dispensaries, hospitals, schools and colleges. Especially did Mr. Hart plead for medical missionaries. In one of his appeals he exclaims, "Experience has taught us some valuable lessons, and one is that to open new stations in China and prosecute vigorous work there is no influence so powerful as that of the healing art. Who has not while preaching and teaching longed for the gift to heal diseases that the message might be more effectual? The missionary doctor is welcomed where the preacher and teacher are scarcely tolerated. To allay prejudice, to inspire confidence, to produce gratitude, there is nothing to compare with the healing art. No wonder the great Moffat said, 'The medical missionary is a missionary and a half.'"

In time—a long, long time it seemed to the anxious workers in KiuKiang, the ear of the Church in America was gained, and one day the message came from the Mission Rooms in New York that a large appropriation had been granted for Central China, reinforcements would soon be on the way, and the long-desired and long-prayed-for forward movement might at once begin.

The first place to be occupied in connection with the proposed plan of expansion was Chinkiang, a city of four hundred thousand at the junction of the Yangtse and the Grand Imperial Canal. This city holds a most strategic position which gives it direct

communication with the principal cities of most of the provinces of China. Fifteen miles to the north is the wealthy city of Yangchow, with a population of more than half a million. Chinkiang is one hundred and fifty miles west of Shanghai and is the first port at which the up-river steamers touch. Once it was the most strongly fortified city in the empire, but a few hours of shelling by some British gunboats in the war of 1842 levelled its forts—an act which the Chinese have been very slow to forget and which has militated for many years against successful missionary work. Not long after the British bombardment the city suffered severely from the Taiping Rebellion, so severely that its population was reduced from half a million to twenty-five thousand. But, Phoenix-like, Chinkiang speedily rose from its ashes to become one of the most important commercial centres in the land. It is a treaty port and has a foreign concession with about a hundred resident foreigners. Two beautiful islands—Golden and Silver Islands—lie off the city covered with ancient temples and monasteries. One of the most interesting antiquities of the place is an iron pagoda of unique workmanship which was cast and erected over nineteen hundred years ago. A stick or a twig placed against the sides of the pagoda, it is believed by the credulous, will insure complete immunity from the back-ache—a form of affliction to which

the Chinkiangnese are peculiarly subject if one is to judge by the number of sticks to be found around the pagoda.

When Mr. Hart visited Chinkiang in 1880 with a view to opening a mission, he found the field occupied by a lone medical missionary and his wife by the name of White. Dr. Robert White had been labouring here at his own expense for five years and was at this time upon the point of leaving for Europe better to fit himself for further work in China. This devoted man had established a little dispensary, and his wife a day school. These were transferred later to the care of the Methodist Mission. Rev. Marcus L. Taft was the first Methodist missionary to be stationed at Chinkiang. He was followed shortly afterwards by the Rev. G. W. Woodall and the Rev. W. C. Longden.

Two very fine properties were purchased by the Superintendent for the new mission. One was upon Taku Hill, overlooking the city and the broad river, on which were erected two bungalows and later a three-storied building which has been used as an orphanage with accommodation for nearly one hundred boys. This orphanage was made possible by the generosity of the *Christian Herald* of New York and from year to year it has provided the necessary means for its maintenance. The second property purchased was located on the main street in the very

[95]

heart of the native city. It had been used as an opium hong "dispensing stupour, misery and death to the people. Now it was transformed into a chapel, a dispenser of joy, happiness and life." In this converted building services were conducted both for the English and the Chinese. One of the first to occupy the pulpit was the celebrated George Müller, the founder of the great orphanage in Bristol, England; the man who during his lifetime raised six millions of dollars for benevolences without asking a single person for a dollar. "All our monies," he used to say, "come through prayer." Mr. and Mrs. Müller visited Chinkiang and other cities on the Yangtse in connection with their tour of the world. It was Mr. Hart's privilege to entertain them and to show them something of the work that was being done by our missionaries. In his journal he makes this reference to this remarkable man of God: "He is a happy old man. While together he related some of his wonderful experiences in Russia and India. When he went to St. Petersburg as he was alighting from the railway carriage with his wife, a person called out, 'Is Mr. Müller here?' A lady came up and invited them to her home, but they declined as they always stop at hotels when travelling so as to secure quiet which they cannot have at private houses. The next day the lady visited them and again made known her wish and at

the same time told who she was—the Princess Leven—but again they declined. After preaching that evening, the pastor of the church in which he was speaking told him that the Princess was in great distress because he would not go to her palace, and felt that she had grieved the Lord in some way because he would not accept her invitation. He said that she had gone to considerable expense to fit up apartments for them. Upon hearing this they concluded to go. Mr. Müller held seventy meetings in her palace for the nobility and stayed eleven weeks. The short visit of Mr. Müller to the Central China Mission was a time of great refreshing to foreign and native workers and remains until this day a green spot in the memories of the surviving veterans.”

The story of the founding of the Chinkiang Mission would be incomplete if no reference were made to the important part which Superintendent Hart had in establishing the work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. The purchasing of property from the Chinese was always a difficult matter in those days but particularly was it so if the negotiations were to be carried on by foreign ladies which was contrary to Chinese etiquette. Mr. Hart was therefore called upon by the representatives of the Woman's Missionary Society for help and was able to render them invaluable services in protecting them

against extortion and fraud and in negotiating for land and in making contracts for buildings. In Chinkingiang the splendid site upon which to-day stands the Girls' Boarding School and the Women's Hospital is an eloquent witness of his foresight and good judgment.

Miss M. C. Robinson, who has won a lasting place among the educators of her sex in the East, through her work in Chinkingiang, in a letter of reminiscences written just before her death, thus speaks of Mr. Hart: "Never could one have taken a more lively interest than he did in the setting up of our school housekeeping. It was his unselfish promptness that secured for us the present site of the W. F. M. S. When the opportunity came to buy 'Pine Tree Hollow Hill' the purchase was made in the nick of time—the Roman Catholics have regretted to this day that they were not awake enough to secure it as soon as it came into the market. At the call of the telegram he came at once and bargained for this site of all sites for a Girls' School. Our beautiful property is a memorial of his efficiency as a superintendent and of the whole-hearted interest he ever took in the W. F. M. S. part of his work. At the opening dedicatory exercises of the school a year later, Dr. Hart was again on hand to conduct them in his own happy way. The old Tartar general was asked to make a speech. Overcome with

the honour, the war veteran threw himself upon Dr. Hart's neck and whispered in his ear what he wished to say to us. An awkward predicament for most persons to be in before foreign and native dignitaries, but the Doctor knew how to turn it to good account. Returning the embrace in true Eastern style, the scene, though amusing, was yet a prophecy of the time when the Occident and the Orient will be as united in heart as were those two representatives in person. Our Chinese school girls whom he never failed to visit when in Chinkiang were always delighted to see him and were more responsive in his presence than they usually were with other visitors, for he seemed to know how to make them forget themselves. He loved to impart information. It was he who called their attention to the boot-like shape of Italy and its apparent attempt to give poor little Sicily a 'toeing off'—a fancy which has so fixed itself in the school-mind as to be used to this day by the girls of that time to their pupils of this time."





IX

*I CHI SAN*—"PHEASANT HILL"



---

---

## IX

### I CHI SAN—"PHEASANT HILL"

---

**T**HREE hundred miles from the sea coast, just where the Yangtse Kiang bends westward in a broad, graceful curve, nestling in a fertile valley of farm lands, lies the city of Wuhu, one of the chief rice exporting centres of China. The massive walls which surround it and the weather-worn pagoda facing the anchorage were erected some fifteen centuries ago. For many years this now peaceful city was distinguished as the home of a notorious band of assassins called the "Koo Soo Whai" whose crimes have plunged more than one English and American home into mourning. Until recently there were few places in China where the anti-foreign sentiment was as pronounced and bitter as it was in Wuhu. So hostile was the attitude of the citizens, it is said, that life insurance companies refused to accept risks on foreigners who resided there.

Though Wuhu was made an open port in 1877

[103]

it was not until 1881 that any missionary society seriously considered it as a field for aggressive work. In company with the Rev. M. L. Taft of Chinking Mr. Hart visited the city that year and made a careful investigation of conditions. He was very much impressed with the possibilities of the place and decided to recommend its immediate opening as a mission and the appointment of a man. A Chinese house on one of the principal thoroughfares was rented and the Rev. James Jackson and his wife were sent to occupy it. Mr. Hart in his letters often refers to the faithful work of this devoted couple in their lonely and most difficult field. "Brother Jackson," he writes, "is a steam engine to work. I wish we had more men like him."

Two years after the opening of the mission at Wuhu an exceptionally choice site was secured just one mile below the steamer-landing on a high, wooded hill, jutting boldly out into the water, locally known as "*I Chi San*," which being translated means "Pheasant Hill." This name was given to the hill because of the abundance of this particular variety of game in its vicinity. The country for miles surrounding Wuhu is known far and wide in the Yangtse valley as a sportsman's paradise. Foreigners, in the season, gather from different parts of the river and explore the hills and streams about the city for fowl and deer and wild boar. Mr.

Hart, in speaking of his first visit to Wuhu, says, "This plain is a perfect paradise for pheasant. We counted nine at once and have seen during this afternoon too many to enumerate. I could have shot them from the boat if I had had a gun with me."

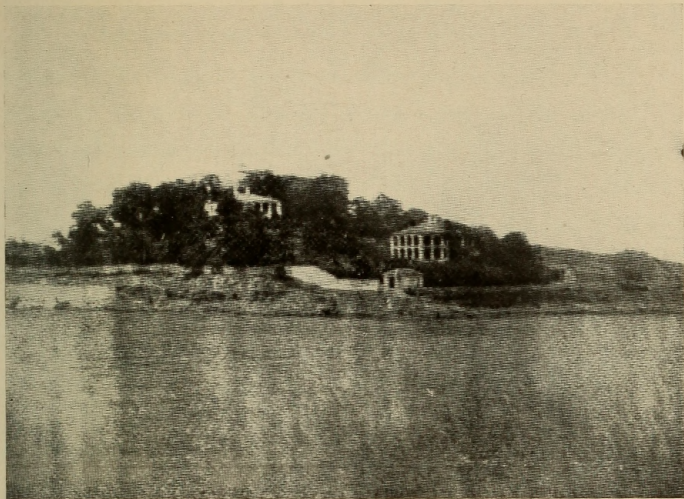
I Chi San is a landmark to be seen for many miles. For beauty and healthfulness of situation it is not to be surpassed on the Yangtse. "Pure breezes cool its heights in the summer and porpoises play in sportive gambol at its rocky feet," is the poetic description given of it by an enthusiastic visiting journalist. After the negotiations for the site had been closed it became known that the British consul had had his eye upon it for a long time and had been working through Chinese officials to secure it for the British Government as a consulate—but he was too late. The quick movements of our alert superintendent, though he was entirely ignorant of the consul's intentions, were too much for the red tape of officialism. Occupying the crest of the hill is now a large hospital and below it are grouped a Girls' Boarding School and the homes of the staff. Travellers, as they pass up and down the river when they look upon I Chi San, exclaim, "What a magnificent property! Who lives there?" And when told that it belongs to the American missionaries usually reply in tones of surprise, "Why! these missionaries live like princes." And yet not one of these critical

globe-trotters could be persuaded to break his journey and take the place of one of these "princely-living" missionaries and spend twenty days, let alone twenty years, upon that solitary rock working for the physical and spiritual weal of the surrounding heathen.

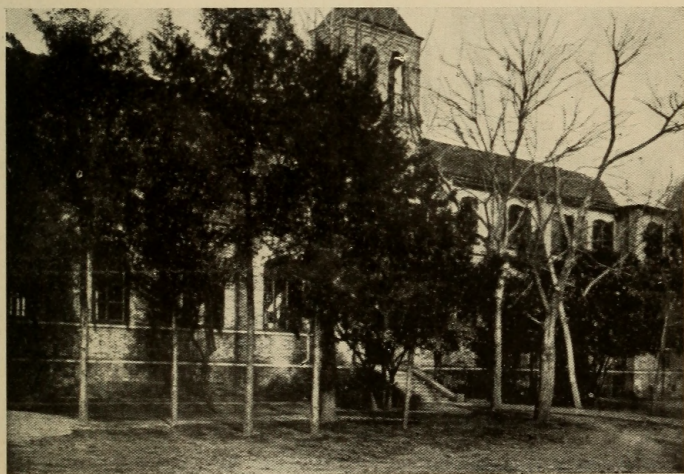
The hospital at I Chi San was the first one to be established in the whole of the Province of Anhui and it ministers to-day to a constituency of at least ten millions of souls.

The names of three physicians, beloved by the people of Wuhu, will forever be associated with the hospital at I Chi San. The first is the name of Dr. George A. Stuart, who was in charge of the medical work of the mission when the hospital was built and who afterwards became the successful head of the now great university at Nanking. The second is the name of Dr. Chung, a native physician, who though he was offered by the Chinese Government a salary five times as large as that which he was receiving from the mission, to go elsewhere, refused that he might continue to serve the church that had saved him from paganism and made him what he was. The third is the name of Edgerton Haskell Hart, the second son of the Superintendent of the Central China Mission.

When Mr. Hart and his family were on their way to the first Missionary Conference at Shanghai, in  
[106]



THE HOSPITAL COMPOUND FROM THE YANGTSE RIVER



METHODIST HOSPITAL, NANKING





the yacht *Stella*, in 1877, the boat stopped for a short time at the Wuhu landing. Mr. Hart went ashore and began to talk to the people that gathered about him and sold them some religious books. His two eldest sons felt that they too would like to do a little missionary work. They stood at the bow of the *Stella*, as it touched the bank, and soon attracted a larger and more curious crowd than their father. The little fellows talked to the people in their boyish way and disposed of quite a quantity of literature. It is interesting to think that in less than twenty years after this little incident by the water-side at Wuhu, the younger of those two boys came to this city as a medical missionary, and that within a few minutes' walk of the spot where the *Stella* was anchored that day, he carried on a hospital work that made his name known throughout the empire as one of China's most successful and best-loved surgeons.

A correspondent of the *China Gazette* thus speaks of him: "The work this man does is marvellous, yet he is the picture of health. He is up with the lark at sunrise, attends to a large Chinese hospital at I Chi San, going his rounds with a kind word for each man or woman who is sick, attends a number of out patients, and away to the various mission stations scattered over hills near by; then down into Wuhu where he has the whole Customs' staff, be-

[107]

sides the hongs and all the various ocean steamers' crews to attend, then a look in at the library or off on an errand of mercy somewhere else, perhaps miles away, then back again to his hospital and out to more homes. No one knows where he gets his meals as no one has ever seen him eat any food."

Here at I Chi San Dr. Hart laboured for seventeen years and here he died in 1913 of typhus fever contracted while administering relief to the thousands of famine and flood sufferers in the province. The little foreign cemetery by the river's edge holds the precious body over which has been placed a beautiful memorial stone, the gift of his many friends in Central China. On the stone are inscribed these words: "A Lover of Mankind."

Father and son were very dear to each other in life. They had much in common—in disposition, in vision, and in service. Together now, we believe, they are serving their Lord in still more fruitful fields of toil.

X

“THE PORCELAIN CITY”



---

---

## X

### “THE PORCELAIN CITY”

---

**T**HE Province of Kiangsi ranks fifth in population among the provinces of China and second, if not first, in point of wealth and natural resources. It is said that it is so independent of the rest of China that it could be entirely cut off from it with little resultant suffering to the people. Five times as much rice is raised as is necessary to feed its population. It is the largest lumber mart in the country; grows and exports more tea than any other province, and is the only province in all China that manufactures porcelain.

In the very centre of this central province, one hundred miles to the south of the Yangtse, lies the capital city of Nanchang, with more than a million inhabitants. For more than a thousand years it has been famous for its porcelain ware. Those who have travelled widely in China declare that it is its finest city. The streets are wider and better kept;

[111]

the houses are more substantial and comfortable—chiefly made of brick—the shops are bigger and more attractive than those which are found in other cities of the land. No city in the Orient has as many splendid residences. The houses of the gentry are fascinating with their sunlit rooms gathered around courts made beautiful with magnolias, chrysanthemums, rockeries and tiny lakes.

It is not to be wondered at that Superintendent Hart early cast covetous eyes towards this great capital city. In the yacht *Stella* he paid it several visits, preached in its streets and market-places and had conferences with some of the resident provincial mandarins. Not always did he receive a gracious welcome in coming to this city. Once a huge cable was placed across the little river which flows through the place to prevent his further progress, and while the boat was halted in mid-stream the people on either bank stoned the missionary, crying, "Kill the foreign devil!" Mr. Hart was probably the first Protestant missionary to enter Nanchang and to speak to its citizens. The Franciscans attempted, some years before, to establish a cause but were driven out by an angry crowd. Though our Superintendent received more or less gentle hints to stay away from Nanchang he boldly continued to come until the people came to the conclusion that the best way to deal with such a persistent soul was

to let him have his own way. One day in 1881, he sent this message to the Mission Rooms in New York: “We have been able to rent a building at Nanchang Foo. This we look upon as the great victory of the year. We have reached a centre from which we can operate in every direction throughout the province. This proud city now has a Methodist house and a faithful native preacher.”

In making the estimates for the Central China Mission for the year 1882, the Superintendent and his co-workers petitioned the Missionary Society for several men to be sent to this point. “Would to God,” exclaims the Superintendent, “we had four good men for Nanchang—and one a doctor.” It was many years before the Methodist Church could send such a force as the Superintendent plead for—and the first doctor who did come was not a man, as had been desired, but that gentle, little Chinese lady from KiuKiang, Dr. Ida Kahn, the adopted daughter of Miss Gertrude Howe and one of the first children whom Mr. Hart baptised in Central China. To-day, after a decade of phenomenal service among the people of Nanchang, this missionary lady has become the pervading, dominating personality of this great city.

Mr. Fletcher S. Brockman, the General Secretary of the National Young Men’s Christian Association of China, in speaking of a recent visit to Nanchang



says: "I was walking through the city with a Chinese friend who had been educated in America. We were pressing past the crowd—such a crowd! Coolies carrying bales of paper and tea, wheelbarrows crowded with passengers, jinrikishas jolting over the uneven flag-stones, sedan chairs, for which way must be made because an important person within lent authority to the insolent bearers, members of the literati walking leisurely in the midst of the common rush, modern students from the nearby government colleges with books and pens, beggars repellent with filth and disease, cooks hastening on with chickens and vegetables under their arms—what a medley of high and low, an impression of infinite numbers! 'There is not one of this crowd,' said my friend as the conversation reverted to Dr. Kahn, 'who does not know her name.'"

The story of Dr. Kahn's life and of her coming to Nanchang reads like a romance. Miss Howe, who now makes her home with her, thus tells the story: "Dr. Hoag, another young woman, and I started a school for girls at KiuKiang forty years ago. The Chinese misunderstood our purpose. They supposed that we were trying to get children into the school to take their eyes out for telescope lenses, and their hearts out for medicine. We could get a few girls for the day school, but none for the boarding school. As Dr. Hoag and I used to go out on

[114]

the street and see little children playing, my heart would go out to them and I would long to break down this cruel prejudice and get some of the little girls into our school. A foreigner living in the city was anxious to put a girl into our school, and actually sent a servant out on the street to buy a girl. There were at that time plenty of girls for sale, but no one was mean enough to sell a girl to have her heart and eyes taken out.”

“After some months one of us jokingly inquired of our language teacher whether he could not give us a girl. He replied, ‘My next door neighbour has a little girl two months old. This is the sixth girl. She has never had a son, and the five girls have been sent out to mothers-in-law. She says she cannot bear to send this one to a mother-in-law. I succeeded in getting her a betrothal in a good home, but when I took the cards to a fortune teller he said that the stars clashed, the children were not born favourably, and the mother must not proceed.’ That day he saw the mother, who decided to risk us rather than the cruel treatment of a mother-in-law for her daughter. The family was a good one, named *Con*, or, as it is pronounced in this dialect, Kahn, direct descendants of Confucius. One must appreciate what are the conditions of life for a little girl in China to understand how the mother would

be willing in this way to turn over her daughter so completely to a stranger.”

The girlhood and youth of Dr. Kahn is replete with heroism and devotion of both adopted mother and daughter. Ida Kahn and her adopted sister, Mary Shi (Stone), were prepared to enter the Medical Department of the University of Michigan by Miss Howe, who snatched the time from her busy life as the head of a mission school to give the special training to them in everything but physics and chemistry. This was supplied by a friend in Kiu-Kiang. After graduating from the University Dr. Kahn went to Chicago for post-graduate work and later to the Tropical School of Medicine in London. Not satisfied with her medical degree alone, Dr. Kahn later returned to America for her Arts Course. The sacrifice, the efforts to make ends meet, the poverty suffered by mother and daughters, make a story of thrilling interest.

In speaking of the coming of Dr. Kahn to Nanchang, Miss Howe says: “It dates back to the visit of two reformers to my school in KiuKiang. Mr. Wen, a Nanchang man, who was formerly a tutor in the Imperial family but was dismissed by the Dowager Empress because of his strong sympathy with reform measures, and Mr. Tseo, another member of the Nanchang gentry. They called at my school to say that they wished to see my daughters

[116]

who had then just returned from America, young girls about twenty-three years of age. They were not accustomed to meeting Chinese men and declined to see them, but I finally induced them to see these reformers. When my daughters came in Mr. Wen was greatly astonished, and said it could not be true that such young girls had graduated in America and done all the wonderful things that he had heard of. I took the University Calendar and showed him their pictures and their names and finally convinced him. Mr. Wen and Mr. Tseo were then on their way to Nanking to a meeting of reformers. They asked that I let them have my daughters' diplomas, as they wanted to show them to the other reformers and prove what it was possible for the Chinese women to accomplish. The diplomas were hung in the meeting-hall and through the inspiration of these diplomas an anti-foot-binding society was organised, in which all the members agreed that they would not bind the feet of their daughters and would marry their sons only to women with unbound feet. When Mr. Tseo reached Shanghai he had word that his wife was ill in Nanchang, and telegraphed asking Dr. Kahn to go to Nanchang to see his wife. She found Mrs. Tseo to be suffering with a nervous collapse and supposed to be insane. She brought Mrs. Tseo to KiuKiang. We had no hospital, but treated her in our home.

[117]

She recovered. This was the beginning of Dr. Kahn's reputation in Nanchang, and nothing would satisfy the gentry of the city but to have her move to Nanchang."

The spacious compound in which Dr. Kahn's hospital is situated is the gift of the Nanchang gentry. It is a beautiful spot not far from the government colleges, from which comes the fragrance of thousands of roses and chrysanthemums, for Dr. Kahn is a florist and a farmer as well as a physician. The grounds are filled with trees which she has collected from America, Australia, Europe and all parts of China. Shortly after her arrival in Nanchang a deputation from the gentry and literati waited upon her, stating that they wished to support her work entirely, and asking for her to withdraw from any connection with the church. "It is really no credit to you," they said, "to belong to the church. The people who belong to the church are rather of the lower class and their object in joining the church is to get some pecuniary good." She answered, "You have the impression that the Chinese who believe in Christ are not in earnest. I would like to tell you a story or two." Then she told them the story of one girl after another in Northern China who had suffered in the Boxer Uprising to the point of death for the sake of her faith, finally ending with one who had been burned alive. These recitals made such a

[118]

deep impression upon these men that never again did they repeat their request for her to disassociate herself from those who had made her beautiful and useful womanhood a possibility.

It is many years since Mr. Hart first visited Nanchang. He was not permitted to see the fruitage of his seed-sowing. The development of the work which he started is one of the marvels of Christian missions in China. The one little rented chapel in the heart of Kiangsi has become a hundred with an enrollment of thousands of members and inquirers.



XI

A CHANGE—BUT NO REST





---

---

## XI

### A CHANGE—BUT NO REST

---

**I**N the winter of 1881 Mr. Hart, whose health had been considerably broken by frequent attacks of malaria, decided to return to America and join his wife and family, who had preceded him earlier in the year and who at this time were residing in Ingersoll, Ontario. Nine very busy years had passed since he had pressed his native soil, and he was anxious not only to secure the physical benefit that might accrue to him by the change, but to use the opportunity to deepen the interest of the somewhat apathetic church at home in his great mission field.

He returned to America by way of Europe, visiting en route his old field in Foochow where he spent several pleasant days at the annual meeting, renewing the friendships formed fifteen years before. While in London, through the good offices of Dr. Grattan Guinness, he got into touch with a number of ship-building firms and obtained estimates from

[123]

them for the new steam yacht, the *Glad Tidings*, the cost of which was to be defrayed by his generous friends of the Rock River Conference. Two weeks later he was with his family in Canada. As it was decided that his wife should not return with him to China, in the interests of the children, a home was purchased in Parkdale, a suburb of Toronto, where they could enjoy the best of educational advantages.

During his furlough he took little or no rest though no one was ever more in need of it. He possessed a nature that chafed at inactivity and though at times he was scarcely able even to stagger because of malaria, yet he persisted in his attempts to speak and solicit funds for his work. Engagements were made for Sundays and almost every week night to preach and to lecture. On some Sundays he spoke four times. After one such full day he wrote his wife, "My strength held out remarkably. The iron is doing me good. Last Thursday I had a slight chill but took quinine regularly. I feel well to-day and not as much fatigued as usual after such a hard day. To-night I speak on the women of China."

His chief anxiety while in America was to provide for the opening of a fourth mission upon the Yangtse. Nanking, the greatest of all the cities on the river, a city that had lifted its proud head in defiance to

the missionary for many years, must be entered. In an article descriptive of Nanking which he wrote for the *Missionary Advocate* of New York, he says, "It is strange that so important a city should have been neglected by the great missionary bodies of China. Chinese officials employ several foreigners in Nanking to manufacture arms and ammunition, but missionary societies have erected no arsenal of truth to send pure doctrines to the homes and hearts of the people. Shall our church be represented in this city? It is midway from KiuKiang to the sea, easy of access, as all river steamers receive and land passengers there. It is a city that at times has controlled the interests of the vast Empire of China; that has led in literature; that has sent its satin to all parts of the land; that has produced the only silk velvet of the country; that in its better days kept nearly one hundred thousand of its population weaving at twenty thousand looms; whose merchants have journeyed far and near to dispose of its industries; a city that may become by its geographical position the future capital of a rejuvenated people. Shall this city which has risen so many times from its ashes be left to grope in pagan darkness?"

In referring to a conversation which he had with Mr. W. E. Blackstone of Oak Park, Illinois, and who was largely responsible for the gift of the new steam yacht, he says, "I told him I should not rest

[125]

until Nanking is open. My trust is in God. The way will open and the work will be done." He went to New York and addressed the Missionary Committee at its annual meeting, and nearly took their breath away by the audacious proposal that the Methodist Church enter Nanking with a great hospital and university. Ten thousand dollars, he told them, would build and equip the hospital. His earnest and impassioned appeal, while it did not result in a special grant for either the hospital or the university, resulted in a very marked increase in the appropriation that year for the general work of the mission. But faith and works finally had their reward, and just as his furlough was coming to an end, he received the following cheering message from Mr. Blackstone anent the Nanking Hospital:

"I have forwarded to Dr. Fowler (then Missionary Secretary) the proposition to furnish the \$10,000 for the medical mission, and have requested him to write you at San Francisco. It is now in the hands of the Lord. May He direct for the best results to the Chinese and for His glory. The Lord bless you, my dear brother."

The Nanking Hospital was now assured and a great burden was lifted from the Superintendent's heart.

[126]

About the middle of August in 1883 Mr. Hart said good-bye to his family in Toronto and commenced his return journey to China. In crossing the continent he stopped off at such important points as Chicago, Omaha and Salt Lake City to preach and lecture. He never forgot his experience in the Mormon City, for within a stone's throw of his hotel a double tragedy occurred and for several hours the city was seething with excitement. Marshall Burt, the Chief of Police, who also was a bishop of the Mormon Church, was shot dead while attempting to arrest a negro, and another officer was seriously wounded. In less than ten minutes the negro was lynched and his dead body dragged through the streets of the city, being kicked and pounded by the angry mob. It was a swift and gruesome dispensation of Western justice. Mr. Hart spent several days in Salt Lake City and between addresses was enabled to see something of Mormon institutions. "No transient visitor," he writes, "can measure the effects of an evil upon the lives of a people. There must be some redeeming quality in the institution or it would die. I said to a Gentile citizen, 'It is strange women will be content to live under such conditions!' 'Not at all,' he replied, 'they are mostly young women from Norway and Sweden, soft as squash, and are led like calves to the slaughter. The young girls and women born in Mormon

families don't like it at all.' ” Mr. Hart attended a service in the old tabernacle which was crowded to the doors, and witnessed the ceremony of the breaking of bread to the faithful, and heard a loud-voiced elder preach upon the fundamentals of Mormonism. “The sermon,” he says, “from beginning to end, was a piece of bombast and little sense. He said one good thing, however, that it was certain that all people were the descendants of the generations before and those to come after us would be our descendants. Bread and water were passed while the sermon was being preached. Even the preacher was stopped in the midst of his discourse to eat and drink.”

On the morning of September the fourth, Mr. Hart embarked at San Francisco, upon the steamer, *The City of Peking*. There were over six hundred Chinamen at the wharf pressing aboard with their beds and baggage. Like sheep they were driven into the steerage quarters. The accommodations were so taxed that at least a hundred of the poor fellows could not find sleeping places on the voyage. Every man had not only to show his steamship ticket as he came on board, but his poll-tax ticket. Although the people of California were apparently very anxious to get rid of the Chinese in those days, yet when he wished to return to his native land they taxed him for going—an inconsistency that is hard

to explain. Poor, long-suffering John Chinaman! Some day he may be in a position to retaliate and get his revenge for the indignities that have been heaped upon him by the political and commercial representatives of our much-vaunted Western civilizations. What a hue and cry would be raised in Canada and the United States if our citizens were subjected upon their entrance into China to the same humiliations that we impose upon the incoming Chinese! In the day of his power may John Chinaman remember us in mercy.

As Mr. Hart entered his stateroom on *The City of Peking* he found it decorated with roses and other flowers—the gifts of Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Davenport, Iowa, who had been his travelling companions across the continent. It is interesting to note that Mr. Smith was the son of the author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and the brother of the author of "The Morning Light Is Breaking." Before parting with these delightful friends he was introduced by them to Mr. E. P. Waters, the proprietor and publisher of the *Boston Advertiser*, who with his talented wife, well-known in art circles as Clara Erskine Clement, were making a tour of the world. Mr. and Mrs. Waters were fine Christian people, and though they did not belong to the same denomination as the missionary, became deeply interested in him and his plans for Central China. Some weeks

[129]



later they visited him at Chinkiang and spent a number of days in the study of missions at this and other points on the Yangtse. This friendship, begun upon shipboard, and renewed again on the mission field, lasted until death, and resulted not only in large personal contributions to the work, but in a fruitful appeal upon their return to America to the New England public.

Some very amusing incidents occur on every long voyage at sea, and this trip across the Pacific was by no means one of the exceptions. There were twenty missionaries on board, two of whom—a physician and his wife—had such a horror of seasickness that a day or two before the ship sailed they took large doses of sodium bromide. The effect was something more than they ever anticipated. For twenty hours out of the twenty-four they were fast asleep and during the remaining four they went about in a dazed condition, subject to double sight and all kinds of delusions. Poor couple! they looked, after they had been on the ship a day or two, as though they had been drinking for a week, and naturally excited considerable attention. They appeared at the chief officer's table in the saloon with matted hair, swollen lips, eyes almost closed and clothes half put on. Hardly had they sat down when they began to nod. The husband made a brave effort to keep awake and tried to feed his help-

less wife. The scene became so ridiculous that the officer ordered that a special table should be provided for them in the corner of the saloon, where, out of the limelight, they might nod to and feed each other as much as they liked without disturbing the equilibrium of the other passengers. It would have made a dog laugh to see the attentive husband lead his wife up on deck to one of those long chairs, seat her upon the foot-rest, wrap her around with a rug and then in all seriousness ask, "Are you comfortable, now, dear?" One day this good doctor staggered up to one of the passengers and said, "I tell you bromide is good for sea-sickness. I haven't been a bit home-sick yet." Mr. Hart closes his description of this sodium bromide fiasco with these words: "I conclude a man can afford to be sea-sick a month rather than be an idiot for a week."

After a few days in Japan, visiting the American and Canadian Methodist Missions at Yokohama and Tokio, Mr. Hart took steamer to Shanghai and from thence immediately to KiuKiang where the annual meeting of the Central China Mission was being held, with Bishop Merrill, that presiding officer par excellence, in the chair. He met with a warm welcome from his brother missionaries, foreign and native, but no one was more glad to see him than his old friend and tutor, Tai Sien Sen, who gave a feast in his honour. It was a memorable affair. To most

[131]

foreigners a Chinese feast is a dreaded ordeal for it has anywhere from fifteen to fifty courses and the guest must taste of everything placed before him for fear of offending the host. On this particular occasion there was a duck apiece, then chicken soup, fish and mushrooms, boiled eggs, rice, chickens and mushrooms, bread, rock candy, dates, oranges, persimmons, tea, etc., etc. The honoured guest of the evening says that before he got halfway through he was almost in a state of collapse. The feast lasted several hours and when he and the other foreigners present returned homewards they were as stiff as anacondas after a gorge of buffalo—but who could refuse dear old Tai who had gone to so much expense and trouble to show his affection and respect for his missionary friend?

The months that followed his return to the mission were very busy months to the Superintendent. He made his home upon the *Stella*, and later upon the *Glad Tidings*, going up and down the river, now at Wuhu, now at Chinkiang, now at Yangchau, examining possible sites, purchasing land, making contracts and superintending the erection of new buildings. It was the most critical and the most fruitful period of his life in Central China.

XII

THE PRIDE OF THE YANGTSE



---

---

## XII

### THE PRIDE OF THE YANGTSE

---

“**H**ERE, Virgil! You should establish a hospital.” To these words the great Methodist Episcopal Mission in Nanking, with its hospital and university and theological college and other important institutions, owes its first inspiration. These words were addressed by Mrs. Hart to her husband as they were standing upon the deck of a down-river steamer at the Nanking landing one spring day in 1881. The more Mr. Hart thought upon the suggestion of his wife the more convinced he became of the fact that Nanking possessed possibilities for Christian work which no other city in China could offer. So strongly did it appeal to him that it finally became the crowning ambition and work of his superintendency in Central China. The realisation of his ambition, however, was not accomplished without much travail of soul. His journals and letters for two years abound with references to

[135]

the difficulties which he experienced in dealing with the wily Chinese officials who had declared that not a single foot of land in their city should be sold to a foreigner.

Nanking was in those days the most conservative of Chinese cities—and the proudest—for was not Nanking once the largest and most cultured city in the empire and for eight generations the national capital? Was it not the site of numerous magnificent temples and palaces and, above all, the site of the famous “Porcelain Pagoda”—the pride of the Yangtse and the glory of the nation, with its nine shining stories, four hundred and more feet high and costing three millions and a half dollars—the world’s first skyscraper? What could the citizens of Nanking learn from the representatives of nations that were born but yesterday? What right had these people with no great past to come and meddle with their affairs and stir up the motionless pool of hoary customs and traditions? A curse upon the impudent and unsettling foreigner! No, he must not be allowed to get a foothold in their city. Let the citizen who for personal gain would part with his property to the “foreign devil” be considered a traitor and a criminal. Such was the attitude of Nanking’s little world of officials and literati when Mr. Hart sought to buy a piece of land for his mission within the sacred precincts of their city. He

[136]

knew that he was within treaty rights to buy land anywhere in Nanking and upon those rights he determined to stand and fight it out if it took the rest of his natural life.

He suggested to his teacher—a native of Nanking—one morning when they were at study in the cabin of the *Stella* that he act as a go-between in the purchase of some property near the South Gate. The teacher became terrified at the proposition and said that to undertake such a task would be as much as his life was worth. Two native Christians came to him secretly by night and told him of land that might be purchased. Two nights later he looked over the property and concluded to send for his friend Tai in KiuKiang and put him upon the track of the owners. After four months of quiet negotiation Tai handed the Superintendent the deeds of a small but valuable property on the road between the Arsenal and the Powder Mills. As soon as Tai finished his work he hurried back to KiuKiang as fast as he could for reasons of personal safety. Some months later a second and larger piece of land was bought near the North Gate. But the battle had only begun. The purchase of the land and the transfer of the deeds were not alone sufficient. These deeds must be registered and stamped by the Viceroy of the province and they must be presented to the Viceroy by the proper official. Who that

[137]



proper official was required months to determine. Some said it was the Taotai of Chinkiang; others said it was the Taotai of Nanking. When this matter was cleared up then it took months to get the Taotai to act. A long contest of wits followed. There were conferences innumerable and delays, intimidations and arrest of the poor fellows who sold the property and their incarceration in jail; officials feigned illness sometimes when Mr. Hart called, or deliberately refused to see him. But every time the missionary was thus insulted he demanded and secured through the Viceroy an apology, until finally it began to dawn upon these mulish officials that they were dealing with a man who could not be deceived by their tricks, and who would not be turned aside from his purpose. At last they surrendered and were ready for serious business. At the suggestion of the Viceroy a compromise site was agreed upon which was more than acceptable to the Superintendent.

In a letter to Mrs. Smith—the mother-in-law of Mr. Blackstone and the widow of Philander Smith of whom the hospital was to be a memorial—he writes under date of June 1, 1885:

“Praise God! To-day the magistrates came as per appointment and the land boundaries were determined and all matters connected therewith amicably settled. We get more than twice as much land

[138]

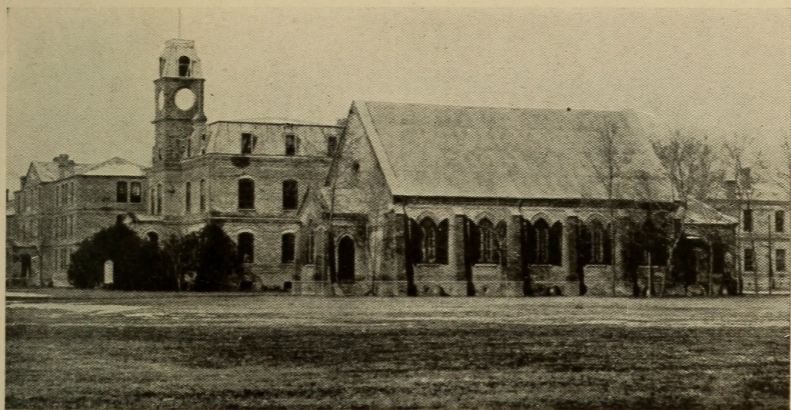
by the exchange. It is three hundred and fifty feet long and from one hundred and thirty to two hundred feet deep; roads on three sides and not one-fourth of a mile from a Confucian temple—the finest structure of its kind in China. The place is central and well adapted to our work. I have contracted for bricks, tiles, lime, stone, etc., have engaged two boss carpenters and masons and commence work this week. I hope, if all goes well, to turn over for the use of Dr. Beebe and associate by November first the finest hospital in China. I cannot begin to tell you what a load has fallen from my shoulders. You cannot put yourself in my place and realise as I do the conflict endured to accomplish this much. I feel grateful to God that no bitterness has been the result. Officials and people speak well of me personally and now praise the work. . . . I am going to give my summer to the building of the hospital, if God gives me health, and thereby save two thousand dollars, which, if an inexperienced missionary had to superintend the work, would have to be given to a contractor. I am giving out tenders and by so doing save all that would go into the pockets of the contractor and of middlemen. By my knowledge of the language and by my experience in building I can save in every direction. By the drawing I send you, you will see what a fine, substantial building we propose to have. The architect

[139]

said that such a building could not be built in Shanghai for less than ten thousand taels—equivalent to thirteen thousand five hundred dollars. I propose to see it built in Nanking for nine thousand dollars. I sent Dr. Beebe a telegram to-night stating that the matter was settled and for him to come next week and help me lay out the foundation. The whole mission will be joyful at the victory. Old Nanking, the devil's stronghold, shall yield; Christ's kingdom shall march on."

But Mr. Hart's difficulties were by no means over when the hospital site was secured and the deeds stamped by the Viceroy. If ever a man was harried and tried in the erection of a building he was. First there was trouble with the workmen—nearly a hundred in all. Some of them were natives of another province and to the employment of these aliens the jealous artisans of Nanking strenuously objected. A fight started one day and for two or three hours bedlam was let loose in the vicinity of the hospital. Each man seized the other by the hair of the head; pig-tails were pulled and twisted; faces were badly disfigured and everybody was screaming at the top of his voice to everybody else, and at the same time. Hearing the uproar one of the missionaries ran among them and endeavoured to restore order but he himself was set upon by some of the local carpenters, badly beaten and then dragged

[140]



THE UNIVERSITY OF NANKING



through the streets of the city. Soldiers finally came to his rescue and quelled the riot. Mr. Hart, who at the time was at Chinkiang, was sent for and upon reaching the scene of the troubles immediately began an investigation. He visited the officials of the city and asked for the instant punishment of the ringleaders of the affair and for the payment of damages to the injured missionary. A day or so later he again visited the Yamen to ascertain if his demands had been carried out. The official in charge solemnly assured him that they had been. He said that the head-carpenter and one or two others had been punished; in fact he himself had sat up nearly the whole night before and watched his soldiers administer two hundred stripes to each man. Upon hearing this Mr. Hart asked the official to send the head-carpenter to his place as soon as possible and he would pay him whatever wages were due him. That night, at seven o'clock, the man was brought to the Superintendent's residence, borne on a stretcher by several soldiers with a petty officer in charge. The man's head was bandaged and he was groaning as though in great agony. The soldiers tenderly lifted him from the stretcher and tried to seat him—but he could not sit down. He fell helplessly upon his knees and then lay limp over a chair emitting the most pitiful cries and groans. After reckoning up the man's account and paying him, Mr. Hart said

[141]

to the petty officer: "This man, you tell me, has received two hundred blows. He must be dreadfully hurt." "Oh, yes," replied the officer, "he is terribly hurt." "I am a merciful man," continued Mr. Hart. "I cannot see him suffer like this without doing something for his relief. Now here with me is a foreign physician. I shall ask him to examine this poor fellow." But the doctor hesitated. He was new to China and its ways, and feared further trouble if he interfered in any way. "Come," said Mr. Hart, "I know something of medicine myself. I will examine him." "But," protested the officer, "this man is very badly injured. He is so sore and bruised that he can scarcely be touched." "I shall be very careful not to hurt him," answered the missionary. He ordered the carpenter to untie his girdle. "Oh, I cannot," he cried, "I cannot; I am so hurt!" "I will untie it for you," said Mr. Hart. In a moment the girdle was off and then the man's clothes—not a scar—not a scratch—not a bruise—not the slightest indication of a blow was found upon his body. It was a masterly piece of stage-acting and official humbug.

But Mr. Hart's trials in connection with the supervision of the hospital building did not end with the workmen. Men higher up gave trouble, and graft in a subtle and most aggravating form appeared. Even his native teacher whom he had so implicitly trusted

was discovered in a conspiracy and had to be dismissed. The teacher had taken advantage of his position to systematically "squeeze" every one who had anything to do in supplying materials for the building. The man who furnished the brick had to pay him eighty dollars; the man who supplied the timber, twenty dollars; the mason eleven dollars; the plasterer seven dollars; the carpenter two dollars; the man who sold the land five dollars and even the tattered beggar who asked alms at the entrance to the compound had to pay for the privilege to this Chinese Shylock. The Tammany Braves of New York in their halcyon days were but children in comparison with these Nanking grafters.

Friday, May 28, 1886, was the red-letter day in the early history of the Nanking Methodist Mission. On that day the hospital was opened. Thirteen high Chinese Mandarins graced the occasion by their august presence. Other notable guests were the Honourable Colonel Charles Denby, the United States Minister to China; Mr. E. S. Smithers, the Consular-General of the United States at Shanghai and the Commander and officers of the *Marion*, an American warship. All these dignitaries came in uniform and were attended by the *Marion's* brass band. The opening exercises were very simple. An address was given by the Superintendent in Chinese and in English, followed by addresses from the



American Minister and the Consular-General. Then came the banquet. It was probably the first time that any of these Chinese mandarins had ever been seated at a foreign table and their attempts to conform to Western customs—especially in the use of knives and forks—were most amusing. Imagine their surprise when, contrary to Chinese etiquette, they were placed at the table with ladies—educated and accomplished American ladies, on either side of them. It was an object lesson that could not fail to leave its impression, revealing the possible attainments of which their own wives and daughters were being deprived as well as displaying the benefits which their young womanhood might receive by attending the mission schools.

The banquet was followed by a general inspection of the building and grounds. When all was over Colonel Denby said to the Superintendent, "You must be a happy man to have accomplished so much." The Superintendent modestly replied, "I am glad to see what I had undertaken brought to a close."

Two days after the opening of the hospital, Dr. Beebe, the physician in charge, was called to the home of one of the mandarins who had been present at the ceremony. Two of his wives, after a bitter quarrel, had attempted suicide by taking large quan-

tities of opium. Without the medical missionary's aid they certainly would have died. Thus the new hospital early began to fulfill its great and holy mission, and those who most opposed it at first were the first to benefit by its gentle ministries.



XIII

“TURNED BACK”

“Oft when of God we ask  
For fuller, happier life  
He gives us some new task  
Involving care and strife.”

---

---

### XIII

#### “TURNED BACK”

---

**I**N the spring of 1887, after four years' absence from his wife and family, Mr. Hart was granted a well-earned furlough by the Missionary Board. In twenty-one years he had only been in America twice. After a farewell dinner and a generous testimonial given by his fellow-missionaries in Chinkiang, which greatly touched him, he proceeded to Shanghai. He purchased a ticket for San Francisco, had his baggage put on board, when just as the vessel was about to leave and he was looking forward with boyish glee to seeing his dear ones soon, a message came from Bishop C. H. Fowler informing him of his appointment to the superintendency of the West China Mission, and asking him to go at once to Chungking and re-establish the work which had been so tragically brought to a close recently by anti-foreign riots. For awhile a hard struggle went on within him between his longing to go home and his

[149]

sense of duty to the Church, but after a few moments upon his knees the matter was settled, his baggage was taken ashore, his passage-ticket was cancelled, and he immediately began to make preparations for the tedious and perilous journey to Chungking.

Mr. Hart was accompanied in his journey up the river by three congenial fellow-travellers, the Rev. Ernest Faber, F. R. A. S., an eminent scholar and naturalist and for many years a member of the Rhenish Mission of Canton; Dr. Arthur Morley, a young English physician, and Rev. H. Olin Cady, a newly-appointed Methodist missionary to West China.

At Hankow, six hundred and fifty miles from the sea, the travellers changed steamers and were enabled to spend a day or two with those distinguished missionary veterans, Dr. Griffith John and David Hill.

The steamer on which they embarked at Hankow was the *Kiangtung*, an antiquated craft that was at great disadvantage in contending with the swift current of the Upper Yangtse. It was very much like the decrepit Mississippi steamer of which Mark Twain used to speak that stopped every time it blew its whistle. The old boat was a source of considerable amusement or irritation according to the changing moods of the passengers. The distance from Hankow to Ichang—the last port of call for

[150]

steamers on the Yangtse—is one hundred and sixty miles as the crow flies, but on account of the great bends in the river it is three hundred and sixty miles. “The captain told us,” says Mr. Hart, “that the trip would take from five to ten days—all depending upon the quantity of water and the frequency of the fogs. Never a word about the good or bad qualities of his worn-out tub. After breakfast I noticed that although the engine wheezed and the hull quaked as if the boat were doing its best, the peasants walking on the bank easily outstripped us; and I began to doubt if ten days could bring us to Ichang. At this moment the engineer came on the front deck and I asked him our present rate of speed and if we had the prospect of continuing it. In my innocence I had fired a bomb and was somewhat startled by the pyrotechnic explosion which followed. He gave me a cynical look, and turned his eyes to the shore as if to see which way we might be going, and trying to smile, he said: ‘She is doing well,—quite four knots. Why, last year, when the water was high and I had crowded her all I could I found her falling astern when I came on deck.’ As the engineer was a frank man, I could but believe him, and soon went to my room in disgust, drew the curtains, shut the door, and tried to lose myself in sleep. There is a story that on one occasion when the water was high and the *Kiangtung* was hugging the shore, she was

[151]



found to be falling astern. All hands were called and ordered to grasp the long grass which fringed the shore, and thus pull the boat along; by this means a point was rounded."

The scenery above Hankow for many miles is most uninteresting. Here and there a green hill to the south rises above the plain to break the dead monotony. Cities and market-towns follow in quick succession, indicating the denseness of the population and the wonderful fertility of the rich alluvial lands behind. Fleets of heavily laden junks, in motion and at anchor, give an appearance of thrift rarely to be seen anywhere else upon the river. Especially is this noticeable near the mouth of the Tungting Lake, the largest lake in China and the centre of a most extensive timber traffic. Four-wheeled wagons drawn by water buffaloes, with wheels made of heavy planks, pegged together and bound by rough circles of iron, creak and groan dismally over roads that no English word can sufficiently describe.

Forty miles below Ichang the scenery begins to change. Beautiful wooded hills slope to the river while lofty mountains tower in the dim distance. A little further on the hills altogether disappear and give place to the mountains. Not another large valley can be seen until the Chentu plain is reached, seven hundred miles to the west. It is nothing but mountains, mountains, small and large, with now

and then a white temple or pagoda or a mud farmhouse in a narrow ravine to relieve the eye.

Mr. Hart and his friends arrived in Ichang on a feast night. The shore was alive with shouting people, firing off loud-reporting fire-crackers. The river for miles was studded with red lights. Illuminated sanpans swept past the little steamer, bobbing up and down with the waves and circling round and round in the current in their efforts to light some poor drowned soul out of the darkness of Tartarus.

Ichang since 1877 has been an open port. It is a small city of less than an hundred thousand, having a foreign settlement of about fifty of which number a dozen at least are missionaries, representing three or four different societies.

Several days were passed in Ichang by Mr. Hart in the nerve-racking business of searching for a suitable native boat to take the party up the river to Chungking. After much haggling as to price a fairly good boat was secured. It was about seventy feet long, eleven feet wide, flat-bottomed with four feet draught and thirty tons capacity, low and flat at the bow, high and most grotesquely carved at the stern. The aft half of the boat was enclosed and divided into two compartments, one of which was occupied by the "Loubon" or captain and his family, and the other by the foreign passengers. The bow half of the boat was entirely open through the day

but at night it was covered by bamboo matting under which the crew of some thirty sailors slept, wrapped in their cotton quilts. At the bow was a huge coil of bamboo rope to be used in pulling the boat over the rapids. On each side of the boat was an immense oar or yiulo, requiring from six to eight men to operate it. Then projecting over the bow about twenty-five feet or more was a round piece of timber, the purpose of which was to give direction to the boat in negotiating the treacherous rapids—a sort of front rudder.

In this strange craft our missionaries were to be cooped up for at least a month. When passengers and baggage were aboard the captain went carefully over the boat, examining the mast, the sails, the ropes, the oars and the rice-bins. Everything being in readiness, a chicken was killed as an offering to the river gods and its blood and feathers were smeared upon the bow, sticks of incense were burned, gongs were beaten, the sail was hoisted and the little boat moved out from the anchorage to face the uncertainties of eighty-five rapids.

The glories of the Upper Yangtse are its gorges. The perils are its rapids. There are at least seven notable gorges ranging in length from four to twenty miles, with walls rising from fifteen hundred to three thousand feet and fashioned by Nature's great Architect into all kinds of fantastic shapes at the top.

The grandeur of these Yangtse gorges cannot be depicted with word or brush. Their precipitous heights are filled with geologic wonders, while from their thin covering of soil a myriad species of trees, shrubs and plants spring forth.

The upper end of Bellow's Gorge is noted for the remains of works of defence and offence, made eighteen hundred years ago in the war between the Provinces of Szechwan and Hupeh. The people of the latter province invaded the territory of the former but their progress was arrested by huge iron cables stretched across the gorge. The iron posts to which they were fixed may be seen to-day. Nothing daunted by this obstruction, Menliang, the Hupeh commander, drilled holes zigzag up the perpendicular height seven hundred feet, in which he inserted wooden beams and thus made a ladder by which his men scaled the precipice and surprised and routed their enemies. These holes remain exactly as when drilled, six inches square and fourteen inches deep. Thus Wolfe at Quebec was anticipated and surpassed long centuries before.

The ascent of the rapids is an experience never to be forgotten. It is more or less invested with risk and is therefore always exciting. The boat veers from side to side, and pitches back and forward, while a man sits by the cabin door beating a small drum as though his very life depended upon it. An-

[155]

other man stands at the bow and by signs and shouts gives directions to those on board and ashore. Half-naked men along the shore pull like mules on a rope, sometimes a thousand feet in length. They jump from rock to rock with the agility of squirrels. They creep along narrow ledges hundreds of feet above the water with all the skill of mountain goats. A man called the "whipper" follows the team of trackers. It is his duty at all difficult places to urge the men on. He carries a split bamboo stick and applies it to the rope at the proper time, never or seldom striking a man. He sometimes rushes ahead, kneels down and "kotows" to the team, beats the ground with his stick, runs back and flies along the line like a howling Dervisher as though he would flog every man, but his frantic movements end only in a few blows upon the taut rope and several shrill yells which are caught up by the team. Some of our college football coaches might take lessons from these Chinese whippers.

There is no labour that is more arduous than tracking and there is no labourer in all the world that is worse paid than the Chinese tracker. From dawn to dusk these poor fellows row or pull, receiving as their reward enough rice to eat, a place upon the hard boat-floor to sleep and two dollars at the end of the trip—and yet they are the happiest of men, ever singing as they work. Rudyard Kipling was

[156]



THE GORGES OF THE UPPER YANGTSE



right when he said that “the yellow clay out of which God made the Chinaman has much iron in it.”

A wreck on the Upper Yangtse is almost an everyday occurrence. Accidents are continually happening among the long lines of slowly ascending and swiftly descending junks. Hundreds of lives is the annual toll of these treacherous waters. It is no uncommon thing to see a boat hanging for an hour in a most perilous position in the rapids. The trackers with swelling veins and set faces tug with every ounce of strength that they possess upon the rope to which the boat is suspended—and yet apparently in vain. Let the rope break, or a seam in the boat open, or a sharp, hidden rock pierce the bottom—and another disaster would be added to the long record. It is no wonder that the ignorant, superstitious boatman imagines that these turbulent waters are infested with demons, eager to drag him and his boat down into the deep dark abysses of the river. Believing this it is not surprising then to see him either endeavouring to frighten away these demons of the deep with unearthly yells, the beating of gongs and the firing of guns and crackers, or attempting to propitiate them with offerings of rice and paper cash.

At dangerous points along the Yangtse the Chinese Government has placed agents of the “Life Saving Association.” Their boats patrol the waters

[157]



and at their stations are to be found all such necessaries as clothing, bedding, medicines and coffins.

Only once in the long ascent of the river did Mr. Hart's party come near having an accident. On nearing Tungling Point, the skipper made a blunder. The swift current caught the vessel and turned it broadside, almost keel over, to the most dangerous part of the rapid. The water came pouring in through doors and windows. The shock was so severe that the cargo shifted to one side and everythings was thrown into confusion. Over went tables, chairs, boxes, trunks, crockery and provisions. Doors were broken and bottles smashed. Mr. Hart's teacher and some of the Chinese aboard were partaking of their breakfast at the time, and when extricated from dishes of rice and cabbage and hot tea they were a sight to remember. The cook-house was the despair of the worthy individual who presided over it. The oven was shattered beyond all repair, ashes, charcoal and flour were hopelessly mixed. The rudder-room was nearly demolished and the old gilded god belonging to the captain was cast from his shelf of honour and was now dangling in a most undignified manner from the side of the boat. Apart from a few sprains and cuts the passengers and crew escaped most marvellously.

Every three or four miles along the river our missionaries were surprised to see white towers erected

in conspicuous places, called “yien-tong,” which means “smoke towers.” They were signal stations built six centuries before Christ. In those long ago days these little buildings were used for the transmission of news. In times of war signals were made by kindling fires in them of wolf ordure, the smoke of which, according to tradition, rose straight into the heavens. These ancient towers are religiously kept in repair and strange to stay still serve the Szechwanese as transmitters of news, for attached to them is the modern telegraph wire.

Almost every day on this long river trip when their boat was waiting its turn to ascend a rapid, Mr. Hart and some of his friends would take walks along the shore or climb the steep paths of the overhanging mountains. Occasionally they would depart from the beaten path to botanise or study the geological formations. Many an interesting experience did they have on these little excursions.

One day they spied a lonely house on a distant ridge and decided to pay it a visit. Upon reaching the place they found two men and a boy scratching about among a handful of stunted vegetables and buckwheat. “They were so much startled at sight of us,” says Mr. Hart, “as though beings from the moon had fallen before them; but a word in Chinese allayed their fear, and they gradually came near to us. My silver watch chain excited their curiosity

and they inquired as to its use. When they caught sight of the watch their wonder exceeded all bounds and they decided that by its aid I could see one thousand li—three hundred miles. When I explained to them that it was a watch, and in motion, they were most incredulous, and gave me a look that plainly said, ‘You cannot fool us so easily.’ After some persuasion the younger man allowed me to place it at his ear. It was well worth our climb to see the broad grin that broke over his sunburnt face when he heard the tick. Then the old man of seventy came up, and finally the small grandson who naturally listened more than once. They followed us as we descended the opposite side of the mountain and directed us to a cold spring flowing from a rock. When the lad observed our awkward mode of drinking, he ran to an oil tree and plucked a couple of large leaves from which he deftly fashioned cups. I then tried to shape some cups myself but with no success. At this the little fellow laughed and no doubt congratulated himself that in some things he could excel the man with the ‘living clock.’ ”

XIV

THE CHINESE TARTARUS



---

---

## XIV

### THE CHINESE TARTARUS

---

**W**HERE the Upper Yangtse widens, and the perilous rapids are past, and the mountains begin to recede from the shore, is situated one of China's most interesting cities—the City of Fungteu, a place of great historical romance. The picturesque little mount just outside the city walls is literally covered with large and venerable temples, and next to Mount Omei in central Szechwan, is perhaps the greatest religious retreat in the land. A broad, foot-worn, sandstone road, built over a thousand years ago, leads by easy stages from temple to temple. In one temple Mr. Hart saw nine huge serpents, coiled to beams and dangling their heads over the worshippers. These serpents were objects of special homage and veneration. But the chief object of worship in Fungteu is Yen lo Wang, the king of the infernal regions, who holds in his power the destiny of every mortal. Before his image all kinds of offer-

[163]

ings are placed, such as eyes and arms and feet—all thank offerings for miraculous cures upon such as had besought his aid. In the temple which crowns the brow of this sacred mount is to be found something the like of which is to be seen nowhere else in the world, the permanent incarnation of a goddess—the wife of Yen lo Wang. Accompanied by a ragged troop of Taoist priests, Mr. Hart visited this unique shrine and heard from the lips of his garrulous guides the wonderful story of the goddess.

Twelve hundred years ago in the glorious days of the Tang, when Buddhism was at its zenith, a fair maiden came to the city of Fungteu from Chungking, to pay her vows to the King of Tartarus. While in the act of worship she lost one of her beautiful earrings, exquisitely wrought in fine gold with pearls, emblematic at once of the maiden's purity and of the wealth which could purchase such ornaments. Her distress at this loss was great. Aided by the aged priest who was in attendance at the temple, she carefully searched for the earring but without success. After the maiden had left the sacred mount the priest found the jewel in the hand of Yen lo Wang, and also received a mysterious revelation to the effect that henceforth the fate of this lovely girl would be bound up with the life of the god. A revelation was made also to the maiden, who told her parents upon reaching home of her loss and of

how she was to become the spiritual bride of the god. The time of her death had been announced and was now near at hand. When the day approached she was prepared by her friends for her death as for a wedding. She gradually became weaker and weaker as if passing away from disease, when suddenly a tempest arose, so terrific in fury, that the family, overcome with fright, fled from the house, forgetting the dying girl. When the storm was over imagine their surprise upon returning to the house to find that the maiden's body had disappeared. Then they remembered her words that she was to be the bride of the great god at Fungteu, and they went immediately to his temple to see if that had come true. They found her body in the temple in the possession of the priests, who had recognised it by the earring in their keeping. They declared the body to be spiritualised flesh, which must be enshrined in the temple as the wife of the god in the spirit world. Her friends then brought beautiful silk and satin robes for the goddess, and gilded her face to preserve it from contamination; and every year since that long-ago time the descendants of the Chens have made pilgrimages to this shrine, bringing richly coloured robes for the goddess, and taking away those of the previous year.

The wily priests were ready to draw aside the curtain and show the missionary the fair creature—

[165]



somewhat in the manner of the priests at Rome who exhibit the portrait of St. Luke painted by himself. Mr. Hart's teacher was particularly curious to see her face and called for a light but the priests at that time became suddenly busy in looking over an illustrated Gospel which the missionary had given them, and when the teacher continued to persist, they cut the exhibition short and invited their guests to visit the tea and wine saloons in an upper story of the temple.

In this same interesting temple they entered a room which contained the images of two Taoist genii, who flourished two thousand years ago. The genii are seated at a rustic table, playing chess. One is in the act of making an important move, holding his hand waveringly over the board. An image of a ragged boy stands near with his elbow resting on a tree, supporting his chin with his hand, and watching the game most intently. The story goes that this boy, a wood-chopper, went up into a certain mountain near by to cut wood, and found these two genii sitting in a grotto playing chess. One of them gave the boy something in the form of a date-stone. He became oblivious of time and is said to have watched the game for two hundred years or more. At last one of the genii suggested that it was time for him to return to his home; coming to himself he discovered that his clothes had rotted away, and his

[166]

hatchet was consumed with rust. When he made his advent into his native village, like Rip Van Winkle, he found that the world had not been asleep in his absence; and seeing himself a stranger, lost in such surroundings, he hurried back to the mountain and became a famous Taoist recluse, and is now honoured by the Chinese as a god.

For many centuries the superstitious Chinese have believed that Hades or Purgatory is under or near this famous mount at Fungteu. The West Gate of the city, Mr. Hart was told, was once sealed to keep out the prowling evil spirits who came forth from their subterranean caverns to inflict injuries upon any who might venture to travel the roads in this neighbourhood.

A legend relates that during the fifteenth century an official from Chungking was appointed magistrate of Fungteu. He came down the river with his flag flying, and went into port, but was amazed to find anchored near by, a boat similar to his own, with a flag of the same grade, thus announcing that the official on board was magistrate of Fungteu. "How can this be?" thought he. "Am I relieved before reaching my post, or has some one imposed upon me?" He sent his card to the other boat and requested an interview, that he might understand the reason of what he saw. He was politely received and informed that the occupant was indeed the mag-

[167]

istrate of Fungteu, but of the invisible city below! He was invited to visit Tartarus and promised to do so on a certain date. At the appointed time for the visit, the West Gate was unsealed by order of the magistrate, which brought forth many protests from the citizens; but his commands were enforced, and his chair-bearers and escort started upon what they considered a most perilous undertaking. They had not proceeded far beyond the gate when the heavens became lurid. Unseen beings pressed upon them and became so furious that the chair-bearers dropped their load and ran away in terror. On foot, the courageous magistrate marched to the cavern alone, presented his card, which was received by the magistrate of the nether regions. He was taken by the spirit-guards, blind-folded, and conducted through the dark prisons where untried spirits waited for punishment or release. He was led into the presence of the magistrate and his eyes unbandaged. But how changed the magistrate was now! How august and terrible! As he was leaving, to return to the upper city, the King of Tartarus made the reasonable request that any surplus chains he might have should be sent below, as his were badly rusted and insufficient for present uses.

In concluding his account of his intensely interesting stay at Fungteu, our missionary says that

[168]

the only evidence he had had of the proximity of Tartarus was that when he was returning to his boat, after distributing large quantities of religious literature among the people, he was followed by a crowd of vagabonds, hooting and throwing mud and gravel.



XV

“THE SEDUCTIVE VIPER”

“On every hand are waving fields of poppy-white, pink, and dark-purple flowers. Beautiful sight! But so sad to reflect that every head will help to kill some poor Chinaman!”

*Letter to Mrs. Hart.*

---

---

## XV

### “THE SEDUCTIVE VIPER”

---

IN ascending the Yangtse from Ichang to Fung-teu, while Mr. Hart was deeply impressed with the wonders and beauties of Nature, he was more deeply impressed with the physical condition of the people. It was a revelation to him.

“The sallow complexion of the people,” he writes, “their emaciated forms and languid movements, attract our attention everywhere along the river. I do not see a beautiful face or figure, nor a rosy cheek; a dead leaden colour is in all faces, old and young, male and female. Upon the mountain sides are hundreds of labourers; approach these busy men and you will see this death-like pallor upon their faces. The climate seems the acme of perfection—a long, pleasant summer with a cool, agreeable autumn and bracing winter. There is plenty of food, and of excellent quality for China—rice, millet, wheat, peas, beans, corn, oils and fruits of many varieties

[173]



—all within the reach of the humblest. Yet there is a want of energy and life among the people. I enter a large field near a hamlet, by the side of a luxuriant growth of ripening wheat. The field is clean, not a weed visible; but close together and four feet high stand stalks with large dry heads, brown and decaying now, for their bright flowers faded a month ago. These decaying stalks speak. They tell me why the death pallor is upon all faces, from the shrivelled form of age to the misshapen child sitting in the cottage door. Oh, seductive viper! Curse of millions! Who shall dare to stand up in the presence of this fast fading, degenerating people and say the evil is not wide-spread and fatal?"

Mr. Hart had seen the terrible effects of the opium traffic in the provinces of the lower Yangtse, but never had he seen anything to equal what he saw in the Province of Szechwan. He saw the best and most fertile lands in the valleys and on the hillsides withdrawn from the cultivation of cereals and vegetables and given to the exclusive cultivation of the gorgeous, but poisonous, poppy. So increasingly great was the acreage devoted to this purpose that the prices of foodstuffs were rapidly rising; in fact, in some parts they had already reached the prohibitive stage. It is said that one-third of the opium produced in China, previous to the famous edict of 1906, restricting its culture, was grown in Szechwan

and that more than one-half of the men and about one-third of the women in this province were habitués of the deadly pipe.

We speak of the evils of the Liquor Traffic in Great Britain, Canada and the United States, but the Opium Traffic has proved a greater curse to China than strong drink ever has to the countries mentioned.

The opium pipe has a peculiar fascination for the Chinese because their lives are so bare of interest. To millions it is a relief from the dullness and weariness which prevail everywhere in all classes of society. “A month’s travel by sedan chair,” says Dr. E. A. Ross, “gave me some light on why the coolie hankers for his pipe. Our chair and baggage coolies took with them no wrap, nor change of clothing, and eight successive days of rain brought them to a state of utter misery. After twelve hours of splashing and slipping up and down the mountain roads and fording swollen torrents in a cold drizzle under a weight of from seventy to ninety pounds they would come at evening utterly exhausted to a cheerless, comfortless Chinese inn. No fire, no clothing save two soaked cotton garments; no bed save a brick kang with a ragged mat on it; no blankets. For supper nothing but rice and bean curd or macaroni. What wonder that after eating, the poor fellow curled up on the mat with the tiny lamp be-

[175]

side him, rolled the black bead and sucked the thick smoke till he passed beyond the reach of cold, discomfort and weariness!"

One of the saddest features in connection with the opium curse in China is the conspicuous part which professedly Christian countries have taken in its encouragement. There is nothing to show in history that the juice of the poppy was valued in China for anything but its medicinal properties until the empire began to have trade relations, first with the Portuguese and then with the English in the eighteenth century. For half a century, in spite of the protests of the Chinese Government and the havoc that it was creating in the land, the British East India Company continued to smuggle its Bengal opium into various parts of China. In 1840 the Chinese Emperor became so alarmed at the prevalence of the habit that he appointed a man by the name of Lin as a special Imperial Commissioner to take what steps he could to put an end to the nefarious traffic. Lin's efforts in Canton brought him into collision with the English traders, and his confiscation of twenty thousand chests of opium precipitated the first Opium War. British gunboats went up China's rivers and along her coasts, burning junks, destroying fortifications and slaughtering soldiers, until helpless to resist any longer the Chinese were compelled to yield and make all the con-

[176]

cessions that the victors demanded. In 1857 came the second Opium War, which resulted in the Treaty of Tientsin, when China was forced to legalise the accursed traffic and guarantee protection to the hated foreign trafficker. Until this time the Chinese Government had not tolerated the cultivation of the poppy plant, but now rather than see the country drained of silver to buy of India a narcotic that can easily be produced on the soil of China, the Government removed its restriction, and the poppy spread with such great rapidity that by the beginning of the twentieth century six-sevenths of the drug consumed by the Chinese was native grown and the quantity used was seventy times as much as was used one hundred years before.

In her dealings with other nations Great Britain has won the enviable reputation of being most fair and honourable, but the opium trade with China stands out as a hideous exception. It is a deep, dark, damnable blot upon her name, where the good of the weak was deliberately and cruelly sacrificed to the commercial interests of the strong. It is a matter of satisfaction now to know that in the titanic struggle upon which China has recently entered to free herself from the slavery of opium she has been assured of the sympathetic co-operation and support of the nation that inflicted upon her her greatest wrong.

[177]

What a brave and successful fight China has been waging against opium! It is without question the most extensive and the most relentless warfare on a vicious personal habit that the world has ever known. By 1917 she hopes to see the end of the growth, sale and consumption of the evil. To this purpose much blood has been shed and property destroyed. So loyally and thoroughly have some viceroys entered into this patriotic movement that in their provinces to-day there scarcely remains a poppy leaf. China has awakened to the fact that there is no hope for her among the nations of the world, unless she wins the victory. May that victory be complete and permanent!

While China is in a life and death struggle for national existence, for the moral and physical regeneration of her people; what shall we say of those American and British business firms who can take advantage of such a crisis to push in every city and hamlet throughout the land the sale of cigarettes and intoxicating liquors, and even in foreign concessions like Shanghai, where the foreigner is beyond Chinese control, to traffic in the forbidden drug! What a sad commentary upon our boasted Western civilisation when the Chinese reformer is compelled for purposes of self-preservation not only to form anti-opium, but anti-cigarette and anti-alcoholic leagues!

[178]

XVI

THE RE-ESTABLISHED MISSION



---

---

## XVI

### THE RE-ESTABLISHED MISSION

---

**T**HROUGH the generosity of the Rev. J. F. Goucher, D.D., the well-known educationist of Baltimore, the Methodist Episcopal Church was enabled to open a mission in West China in the year 1882, and the Rev. L. N. Wheeler, D.D., formerly Superintendent of the North China Methodist Mission, was asked to lead the new undertaking. The City of Chungking, in the Province of Szechwan, with its seven hundred thousand inhabitants, was selected as the headquarters of the new mission. Chungking stands in the same relation to West China as Hankow does to the Central Provinces. It is the great distributing point for the upper river, and through it passes the traffic of sixty millions of people with the outside world.

After many months of property-hunting, Dr. Wheeler succeeded in purchasing within the city a favourable site. The old Chinese buildings which

[181]



stood upon it were repaired and used for chapel, school and residential purposes. From the opening of the work the interest was widespread and crowds attended the Sunday services. In 1886 a fine new property was purchased three miles from the city upon the main road leading to Chentu. Here they intended to build residences, a hospital, a chapel and boys' and girls' schools. Shortly after the buildings had been commenced, the military students came up to Chungking for their triennial examinations, and as they were anti-foreign in spirit, soon set afloat all sorts of absurd rumours about the newly acquired mission property. The new houses, they declared, were to be forts from which cannon would be turned upon the city to destroy it. They pretended to have found a book which told of a dragon whose head was in one river and whose tail was in another, a mile away. The mission buildings, they stated, were located exactly upon the dragon's neck and were crushing him, and if building operations did not cease, dire calamities would follow, such as drought, famine and pestilence. The result of such inflammatory statements was a fierce riot lasting for several days, in which all mission buildings—Protestant and Roman Catholic—were looted and destroyed, and all the foreign missionaries, after suffering many indignities, were driven out. To secure indemnity from the Chinese Government for

all the losses sustained by the Methodist missionaries and to re-establish the work, was the task assigned to Mr. Hart by Bishop Fowler.

Early one May morning in 1887 the junk containing the missionary and his party entered the anchorage of Chungking. They had hoped that their arrival had not been observed, for it was the Sabbath and they wished to be quiet, but the Chungking small boy is as ubiquitous and inquisitive as is his brother anywhere else, and it was not long before a crowd of gaping, little fellows had collected on the bank and had tried all manner of means to gratify their curiosity by getting a good, square look at the foreigners. In a short while nearly everybody in the city had learned of their coming and the small boys on the bank were strongly reinforced by equally curious men and women of all classes and descriptions. The thought plainly written upon their countenances was, "These foreigners are queer beings. We mob and drive them away, as we did a few months ago. We burn their houses and destroy their goods only to see others come and take their places."

Elbowing their way through the crowd came the secretaries of the Taotai of the city, who demanded their passports and inquired as to their future movements. A native preacher who had given the former missionaries no little trouble, and who had feathered his nest during and after the riots by selling the

[183]

property of the mission which had escaped destruction, came aboard and meekly sought an interview. His story was a long and pathetic one of how he had been persecuted and punished by the officials for his loyalty to the cause and his desire to protect the property of the unfortunate missionaries. So overcome was he with emotion in telling his story that he burst into almost uncontrollable weeping. Mr. Hart quickly closed the interview and bade the lying, thieving rascal depart and compose himself.

The first business of the new Superintendent was to rent a suitable dwelling. His native teacher scoured the city for several days and finally reported some houses near the old mission property that had been destroyed. Mr. Hart writes, "Being anxious to keep in advance of reports and head off any schemes that the officials might have, I went immediately to inspect them. Rambling over damp, mouldy and decaying residences to find one fit to live in is not agreeable, but at last a bargain was struck with the degenerate scion of the Loh family for three hundred dollars a year, including heavy furniture." This ancient mansion, though it was the best available, had not a single bright room in it—every room was dark, badly ventilated, damp and sepulchral. It had to do, however, until more comfortable foreign-built houses were erected. Upon renting the house, the Taotai was duly notified and politely

[184]

requested to issue a proclamation stating to the good people of the city that the missionaries were among them again. The Taotai graciously complied with the request and shortly a proclamation reading something like this was pasted on a large board and placed at the front gate of the missionaries' residence:

“This Edict is published to make you acquainted that Rev. Mr. Hart, of America, and others are sojourning in Chungking. Wherever they may have their dwelling, it is reasonable and just that they should be respected. Having issued this Edict I expect that soldiers and civilians—all classes—will make its acquaintance. If after its issue there shall be any loafers at the place, sitting or lying around, using uproarious language, or should there be idlers and drunkards making trouble, they shall be punished severely and not pardoned. Let each one tremblingly obey and by no means dare to rebel against this special Edict. Thirteenth year of Kwang Su, Fourth Moon, Sixth Day.

“Be certain to paste this upon the dwelling of the American teachers that all may be notified.”

This was not a bad proclamation after all to come from the hand of one who with one or two other local officials had really inspired the rioting and the looting done by the populace a few months before in the anti-foreign disturbances. Such is the irony of fate!

Two weeks after their arrival in Chungking, Mr.  
[185]

Faber engaged a native boat to take him to the City of Kiating, on the river Min, a tributary of the Yangtse, three hundred miles distant. From thence he was to proceed to the cool shades of Mount Omei for a few weeks of study and rest. It was decided that Mr. Hart and Dr. Morley, a month later, should go overland in sedan chairs to Chengtu, the capital of the province, and from Chengtu, by water and chair, to Mount Omei and there join Mr. Faber.

The journey was undertaken for several reasons, the chief of which were to mingle among the people throughout the populous districts and test their present temper and attitude towards foreigners; to obtain as much knowledge as possible of the country and of those centres, particularly, that might likely be occupied by Methodist and other denominations as mission stations; to disseminate religious literature; and to satisfy a longing to see the provincial capital and the far-famed "Glory of Buddha" on the top of Omei.

On the morning of June 27, after bidding farewell to Mr. Cady, who was left to hold the fort at all cost, Mr. Hart and Dr. Morley began their overland journey. Besides their chair-bearers were coolies carrying large baskets crammed with choice tracts and Gospels for distribution along the way, and an escort of soldiers which the Taotai insisted

[186]

they must have to afford them protection. It was quite an imposing little procession that passed out of Chungking Westward into the country—the escort at the head, screaming and swaggering and clearing the way, greatly puffed up with the importance of their new mission. The highway that they traversed was one of the best in China—wide, well-paved and busy. They rode through groves of pine and past orange and mulberry orchards; through endless fields of millet and rice; through large market towns at intervals of ten miles with scores of hamlets and villages between. Spanning the road at conspicuous points were massive stone arches erected to the memory of virtuous widows who had died honoured and beloved by their families and neighbours.

At a place called Lung Chang the travellers left the main road to visit the brine wells at Tzeliutsing, two days' journey distant. As this new road was considered unsafe the escort was materially strengthened. Strong gaseous odours emitted from the streams that they crossed indicated their proximity to Tzeliutsing, a city that eclipses Rome in the number of hills upon which it is built. Some of the hills were so steep that the streets seemed almost perpendicular. There are few busier cities in China than this city. The streets are thronged at all hours of the day with pushing, bustling, wide-awake people, all intent after the making of money. Squad

[187]

after squad of salt carriers are met at every turn in the narrow streets, made still more narrow by piles of bamboo poles intended to be used as brine and gas conductors.

“I had sent my teacher ahead to secure lodgings for the night,” writes Mr. Hart, “and as we reached the centre of the city he made his appearance much excited because the hotels had refused to receive foreigners, fearing that the rush of people who would gather to see them would injure their business. A halt was made in the square, where several streets converged and a council held. While we debated the measures to be adopted, the crowd momentarily increased and became somewhat excited. Just then the bright idea of marching our exhausted coolies half a mile up the steep hill to the branch magisterial office, flashed through the head of our Honan teacher. The order was given, and with many groans and curses our jaded men lifted their heavy burdens to their shoulders, and with the aid of our escort a path was made through the dense crowd. The street was closely packed with sight-seers all the way to the Yamen, and when the outer court was reached an unruly mob took full possession of it, leaving little space for our chairs. We sent our cards to the magistrate and when a proper time had elapsed and we received no answer, our teacher and the escort threw open the great doors to the guest

hall, conducted us in with much ceremony, and bolted the doors behind us in the faces of the mob. The menials about the Yamen were no less surprised than the clamouring crowd outside by this sudden and successful manœuvre. As usual, on such occasions, the official was 'not in town,' though probably not twenty paces from us. Meanwhile we occupied seats in the cool guest-hall as composedly as if in a way-side tea-shop, laughing inwardly at the turn affairs had taken through the stubbornness of the inn-keepers and the unnecessary fright of our teacher and the escort. The din of many voices resounded from the outer court, while the secretary and underlings rushed in and out receiving instructions from the *absent* official. Tea was brought and we sipped it leisurely while keeping up a running conversation with the secretary and the teacher. The latter was determined to carry things with a high hand, and insisted that the guest-hall should be turned into a bed and dining-room for the distinguished guests. The secretary pleaded that it was impossible and that they were greatly alarmed for our safety. As the officials had volunteered to give us protection on the journey, and were rather jealous of the prerogative, my mind was very easy, knowing full well that having possession of the Yamen a hotel would be secured in due time. Finally a messenger was despatched by the secretary to the largest tea-shop to

[189]



have the best room put at our disposal. There was a sudden parade of soldiers through the crowded streets, and in their wake we followed—triumphant. When we reached the inn the proprietor, now in his right mind, met us at the door with all his blandishments of manner.” Thus that exciting first night in Tzeliuting happily closed.

The next day Mr. Hart and Dr. Morley visited the salt wells for which this place is deservedly famous. For nearly two thousand years many of these wells have been in operation and not a few of them have remained in the control of the same family during all that time. The owner of one of the large salt establishments was asked how long he had been in the business. He laughed heartily, and replied with dignity, “For twenty generations, sir!” Several of the wells are from three to five thousand feet in depth. Mr. Hart stood at the mouth of one well and measured the rope that was attached to a descending bamboo tube and found that it measured, exactly, three thousand, three hundred and sixty-six feet. It seems incredible that these native Szechwanese, with their clumsy bamboo drills, can bore to such great depths—depths that have as yet baffled the more scientific Westerner.

It is an interesting sight to watch the water-buffaloes—some half-dozen—each with his shouting driver, pull the long bamboo tubes or buckets up

[190]

from the depths of the well. The rope is wound about a huge drum-like wheel or cylinder, located a few yards from the derrick from which the tube is suspended. At first the buffaloes strain and tug at the rope; then they walk and finally break into a trot, stopping as the tube appears at the top. While the brine is being emptied into a large vat, the buffaloes are detached and perhaps exchanged for fresh ones. In a few minutes the tube is ready for another descent. Down it goes as fast as the rope can unwind itself from the flying cylinder. Hardly does it reach the bottom when the buffaloes are again hitched to the rope and another tubeful of frothy brine is on its way up to the vat. Though the buffaloes are given a rest after each second or third pull, the men employed at the well are compelled to labour often twenty-four hours at a stretch before they are relieved.

Side by side with these marvellous brine-wells, and reaching to similar depths, are what the natives call "fire-wells." The gas which they supply is confined in great reservoirs and is distributed to the various factories as needed by means of very rude appliances. It is utilised in large quantities for boiling the salt and providing light.

Four days of further journeying from Tzeliut-sing, over a lofty mountain range and down into the fertile valley that skirts the beautiful river Min,

brought our missionary and his friend to the city of Chengtu, the greatest of all the cities in Western China. As far back as the thirteenth century, Marco Polo, the famous Venetian traveller, visited it and found it "very great and exceeding rich."

Commercially and educationally Chengtu has few rivals in China. It possesses many ancient and beautiful temples and monasteries; is the burial place of one of the early emperors and the birth place of one of the three greatest Chinese philosophers—Lao tsz, the founder of Taoism, one of China's popular religions. Within the city walls are two other walled enclosures, the Imperial City and the Manchu City. Outside its gates there stretches for a hundred miles or more one of the most fertile spots on the earth and one of the most thickly populated. A system of irrigation, two hundred years older than the Christian Era, keeps the plain from all danger of drouth and ensures a succession of vast crops of rice and other valuable cereals.

Mr. Hart's first impressions of Chengtu were rather disappointing, probably due to the fact that he arrived late in the afternoon of an exceedingly hot day and that he proceeded along a most malodorous street to an equally malodorous inn, though it bore the reputation of being the best in the city. So foul were his apartments that he sent for a load of lime to sprinkle over the floors, and a load of

[192]

mud to plaster over the rat holes. This may have been the very same inn at which Mr. Hosie, the British Consular General, stayed some years before, and in which he found these appropriate lines scribbled upon the walls:

“Within this room you’ll find the rats  
 At least a goodly score;  
 Three catties each they’re bound to weigh,  
 Or e’en a little more.

“At night you’ll find a myriad bugs  
 That smell and crawl and bite;  
 If doubtful of the truth of this,  
 Get up and strike a light.”

Mr. Hosie, thinking that this description of a Szechwanese inn erred on the side of leniency, added a verse of his own:

“Within, without, vile odours dense  
 Assail the unwary nose;  
 Behind the grunter squeaks and squeals  
 And baffles all repose.  
 Add clouds of tiny, buzzing things,  
 Mosquitoes—if you please,  
 Why, bless me! there are fleas.”

The next city included in Mr. Hart’s itinerary was Kiating, one hundred and twenty miles to the south of Chengtu. This city was reached by a small native boat borne upon the swift-flowing waters of

the Min. Kiating, in Chinese, means the "City of Delights." It is a name well bestowed. Those who have travelled in many lands declare that the view obtained from the hill on which the city is built is as fine as any to be seen in any city of the world.

Across the river from Kiating are lofty sandstone bluffs honeycombed with curious and spacious caves, carved out of the solid rock by the Mantzs—the original inhabitants of this part of China. Here also in a deep rock-recess is to be seen the most gigantic piece of sculpture in the world, the famous carved Mileh Buddha. The statue is in a sitting posture and is three hundred and sixty feet high. The circumference of the head is a hundred feet and the length of the face is sixty feet. It was designed by a Buddhist priest in the early part of the eighth century and took nineteen years to carve. On either side of the god are guards of colossal size and finely chiselled. To those not versed in Buddhist lore a brief explanation as to whom Mileh Buddha is may not be amiss. Mileh occupies one of the seats of the mighty in the Buddhist Pantheon. He was the most important personage among the disciples of the great Gautama, and was appointed by the princely Sage to be his successor and to appear as Buddha after five thousand years. He is, therefore, the expected Messiah of the Buddhists, residing at

[194]

present in Fuchita from which exalted place he directs the propagation of the Buddhist faith. He is the personification of charity and from the broad smile which appears upon his imaged face he has often been called the "Laughing Buddha."



XVII

“ONE STEP FROM HEAVEN”





---

---

## XVII

### “ONE STEP FROM HEAVEN”

---

WHAT Mecca is to the Mohammedan, Mount Omei is to the Chinese Buddhist. It is the resort, annually, of millions of pilgrims who come from all parts of China and its outlying divisions, particularly Thibet. To the devout Buddhist its seventy monasteries, its hundreds of temples and shrines, its numerous marvels and sacred relics, its cloud-enveloped summit, towering eleven thousand feet above the sea and from which may be seen the “Glory of Buddha,” make it the most precious spot upon earth—to use the words of the Buddhist, it is but “*one step from Heaven.*”

For many years Mr. Hart, who was steeped in Chinese religious lore, had been anxious to see this holy mountain which had figured so largely for centuries in fable and story. While at Kiating the coveted opportunity was afforded him of gratifying his desire.

[199]

With chair-coolies and baggage men, he and Dr. Morley started early on the fifteenth of July. On the evening of the same day they reached Omei Hsien, a superbly romantic little city, nestling at the foot of the mountain. They found all the public houses in the place crowded with pilgrims. So taxed were the accommodations that they were only able, after much persuasion, to get sufficient room in one inn to spread their beds upon the floor. Some of the pilgrims whom they met had walked a thousand miles and more to Mount Omei. One man, a dignified old priest, footsore and weary, had come all the way from Peking. He had been months on the journey and had carried all his earthly treasures neatly packed in two bundles suspended from the ends of a long "carrying-pole." Mr. Hart's teacher—something of a wag—noticing that every pilgrim carried a yellow incense bag, the contents of which would be burned reverently in some temple or shrine, purchased one, too, but alas! he devoted it to a less holy purpose. To the astonishment of his foreign friends as well as to the natives he irreverently used it to hold his pipe and tobacco.

With high expectations, at sunrise the next day, Mr. Hart and Dr. Morley joined the stream of pilgrims who were to begin the long and difficult ascent of Mount Omei. The pilgrims were of all ages and classes in society. Many of them were

[200]

women. Each pilgrim was provided with a stout staff for climbing. These staves were quaintly carved at the top with a figure of a dragon or a tiger. It is the correct thing after the pilgrimage is performed to have the staff painted red and black and gold and preserved as a sacred souvenir. Beggars, young and old, were out in force this hot summer morning, and posted at their accustomed places along the road told their piteous tales to the passers-by. The scenery was simply grand, becoming more and more beautiful as they left the plain. Charming crystal streams, shaded by arching willows, were crossed on long, narrow bridges over which only one person could safely pass at a time. Some of these bridges were ornamented at the centre with huge dragons, the heads of which would face up stream while the tails would project from the other side of the bridge. These dragons were there for more than decorative purposes. They were guards to ward off evil spirits. The dragon and the tiger in China are popular symbols of power—and both of these symbols are much in evidence on Mount Omei. There are at least a dozen shrines where fierce-looking images of tigers stand half way out of the doors as though they were weary of the rôle that they were playing as protectors and were contemplating a raid upon the worshippers.

The ascent of the mountain is by continuous

[201]

flights of steps, cut into the solid rock. In one flight alone there are twelve hundred steps. Here and there huge Banyan trees stretch their giant arms across the steep, rocky paths to give grateful shade and rest to the poor chair-coolies as they toil up the interminable steps with their human freight. What marvels of strength and endurance these chair-men are! What nerves of iron some of them possess! The usual method of carriage on Mount Omei is to sit on a wooden perch attached to the shoulders of a coolie. The story is told of how an American traveller had been carried up to the summit in this way. At one point the coolie stopped on the edge of a precipice to take a little rest and suddenly stooped down, so that the American hung over the abyss. On his uttering a remonstrance, the coolie remarked quite unconcernedly, "Have no fear! I am only picking up a pebble with my toes." He was standing on one leg!

Ten miles from Omei Hsien our travellers entered a wild ravine, down which plunged a mad torrent, cutting deeper and deeper, now wider, now narrower, into the limestone ledges, bending this way and that through one of the most romantic gorges imaginable. Not far from the head of this gorge surrounded by dense groves, alive with singing birds, and approached by three hundred broad stone steps, stood the "Shen-Wan-Men-Sz,"—the Holy Monas-

[202]

tery of a Myriad Years. Here in this beautiful retreat they were welcomed by Mr. Faber from whom they had parted at Chungking six weeks before. Some young priests hospitably supplied them with cups of hot tea and later conducted them to comfortable apartments which they were to occupy during their stay on the mountain.

Long before daylight of the next day, sounds of sonorous bells and the beating of drums, calling the monks to their morning orisons, awakened the foreign guests of the monastery. They arose and before breakfast made a circuit of the venerable pile rendered sacred by eight centuries of worship and famous by the visits and the costly gifts of emperors, kings and feudal princes. What Mr. Hart saw that glorious July morning from the monastery height left an indelible impress upon his mind. “It would seem,” he writes, “that the Creator could have added nothing more to bring all the surroundings into harmonious beauty. The towering mountains, the gently sloping spurs, the ledges and palisades, the cool streams, the myriads of songsters, the long line of ascending pilgrims, looking like ants in the distance, bewilder the imagination. Like the Queen of Sheba, we feel that there is no more spirit in us. ‘It was a true report that I heard in mine own land . . . Howbeit I believed not the

[203]

words until I came, and mine eyes had seen it; and behold the half was not told me.' ”

Among the many curious objects that attract the interest of the visitor at Mount Omei is a fifteen-storied pagoda, well-executed in bronze and about thirty feet in height. Each story displays a large number of images of different and intricate designs. There are four thousand seven hundred images of Buddha alone in this pagoda, in all sizes and attitudes and every one of them is exquisitely wrought. The pagoda is of great age and is considered to be one of the finest monuments in the country. Near the pagoda, over a gateway, hangs an immense bronze ball weighing twenty thousand pounds and covered with finely engraved characters recounting many incidents connected with the early history of the place. On a little tray before a scarred image in the monastery, a red rag hides one of the most venerated relics in the world—a tooth of Buddha. It was brought from India a thousand years ago and measures fourteen inches in length, eleven inches in width and three inches in thickness. It is of beautiful yellow ivory as smooth as glass from the ceaseless handling of countless pilgrims and weighs about eighteen pounds. Of course it is nothing more than a very large elephant's molar, but the poor credulous pilgrim does not know it and never asks any embarrassing questions. When Mr. Hart remarked

[204]

to the priest in charge of the relic that Buddha must have had an enormous mouth to accommodate such a tooth, he meekly replied, “Yes, it is a matter I do not fully comprehend.”

The most interesting feature of the monastery to our missionary was an elephant, made of the purest and most costly bronze, of uncommonly good workmanship and standing nine feet high. On the back of the elephant is a magnificent bronze image of the god, Pu-hsien, who as a sage came to Omei from India in the third century before Christ, riding on a white elephant. These two bronze images were cast at Chengtu in the tenth century and are enclosed in a brick building, the walls of which are square and the roof a revolving dome. The square walls symbolise the earth and the dome the heavens. On each side of this unique building are seven shelves representing the seven stories of the Buddhist heaven, filled with thousands of little bronze idols.

In close proximity to the elephant, lying upon a high couch and covered by two cotton spreads lies Wo-fuh, the “Sleeping Buddha.” For ten centuries Wo-fuh is supposed to have been asleep. How reverently the simple pilgrims gaze upon what they believe to be the actual body of their unconscious deity.

Eight thousand feet above the monastery rises

[205]



the crowning peak of Mount Omei. At its topmost point, when conditions are favourable, may be seen the "Glory of Buddha." This is a feature of the sacred mount that no pilgrim, with strength to climb or nerve to ride, omits. With Dr. Morley, Mr. Hart on a cloudless morning, late in July, began the dizzy ascent. At intervals of two or three miles they found commodious buildings which served the double purpose of temples and inns. Here they were cordially received by the resident priests and furnished with refreshing bowls of tea. After a weary climb of ten miles they reached the famous temple of Si Siang when they were overtaken by a dense fog, which prevented further progress that day. Mr. Hart thus describes the scenery through which they had passed in their ascent. "The ten miles we have made to ascend six thousand feet were through a veritable park. No spot on the globe can boast a greater variety of vegetation, or scenes more beautiful. There is not a barren acre nor a peak bereft of verdure. I estimate we have seen fifty varieties of trees in the ascent; flowers without number and of every hue; ferns everywhere; black currant bushes of immense size growing from steep declivities—their trunks covered with green moss, and their branches laden with well-flavoured berries. The insect life is marvellous. Butterflies and moths fly

[206]

recklessly around and above us, as if inviting capture.”

At the foot of the temple at Si Siang our travelers were shown the pool where tradition says the god Pu-hsien bathed his white elephant during his sojourn in the mountain. At this high altitude they felt the cold so keenly that a large charcoal fire was kindled for them that night in the temple. Before daylight the next morning, fortified with a good cup of coffee, they started upon the last stage of their mountain climb. Resting upon a narrow ridge they caught a glorious glimpse of the river Min, winding through a valley, forty miles away. Farther to the south, piercing through heavy clouds, shone in majestic splendor the snow-crowned peaks bordering Thibet. Seeing the foreigners standing with rapt gaze upon the scene, a priest drew near and exclaimed, “Those mountains that you are looking upon yonder are thirty days’ journey distant.” “When shall another such morning,” asks Mr. Hart, “with such views, greet my eyes?” After several hours of further hard climbing they came to a stone tunnel over the archway of which they read these words: *“One step from Heaven.”* Pilgrims in large numbers were ascending and descending, all excited by what they had seen or hoped to see. At the close of the second day they reached the temple at the summit, tired yet exultant and ready for rest.

[207]

But little rest was secured that memorable night. The temple was crowded with sleepless guests who passed the time either in loud conversation or smoking opium. All were eager for the coming of the dawn. The next day Mr. Hart and Dr. Morley explored the summit. They discovered that the temple in which they had spent the night was but a few rods from a precipice that had a perpendicular fall of one mile. The weather was most uncertain. At one moment the sky was a cloudless blue and the sun's rays beat fierce and strong; the next moment a dense mist would sweep up from the mountain gulfs below and envelop heaven and earth. Thunder storms were quite frequent—the lightning playing below instead of above them.

From the head-rock at the verge of the precipice the pilgrims beheld the "Glory of Buddha." "Into these depths come daily," writes Mr. Hart, "white feathery clouds, floating from north to south, and passing the out-jutting points until the broad expanse directly below us is completely filled; not a peak remains unveiled; then the gauze-like clouds float higher and higher, until early in the afternoon—from two to four o'clock—the cliffs are mirrored upon these bright, white walls. Then if the observer stands upon the edge of the precipice, and the sun shines brightly upon him, he will see his dark shadow away off upon the white clouds, with an exceedingly

bright and sometimes large halo around it, which changes in size and brilliancy every moment as the mists rise, or recede, or advance. Stretch forth your hands, and the giant shadow does likewise. Now the mist rises and dances about your feet, and finally obscures the sun's rays, and the '*glory*' is gone."

"It is while thus gazing that many pilgrims in their ecstatic frenzy, either intentionally or not, throw themselves over into the abyss. One monk tells us that there are 'many tens' of pilgrims who annually throw themselves over to Buddha. Another monk says that the act is not intentional; that they are dazed, and leaning too far over fall down. My own experience was that as the gulf filled up with clouds swaying to and fro, and rising almost to the level of the rock on which I stood, the giddiness which follows looking into the open gulf left me, and I could stand within a foot of the edge of the precipice as easily as by the sea shore. I also found myself when the aureola was brightest making insensible advances towards the image in it. This natural phenomenon which is peculiar to some other mountains—such as Adam's Peak in Ceylon and the Spectre of the Brocken in the Hartz Mountains—is considered by the devout Chinaman, the manifestation of Buddha's spiritual presence, and an object of worship."

[209]

Mr. Hart and his young medical friend spent ten days amid the wonders of this highest point on Mount Omei. One day, full of the spirit of adventure, they resolved to follow a lumberman's trail which they discovered "zig-zagging" down the south side of the crag. In describing their excursion, Mr. Hart says, "We scarcely had a foothold on the rocks; sometimes the loose earth was partially banked up with half-decayed sticks and spruce boughs; below us were only yawning chasms. We reached one ledge where a ladder rested, the other end being on another ledge, which descended several hundred feet; we passed over and reached the outjutting wall of solid rock on the opposite side of this chasm. It now became a subject of serious debate whether a thousand feet of such climbing, done principally on all fours, or by hanging to twigs and roots above us, would pay for the ferns we might get. The coolie we had picked up at the temple advised us to return. However, we went on, led by Dr. Morley. The path grew worse and worse, until the descent was made upon two logs placed together, with holes chopped in them for the feet. I felt quite ashamed of my nervousness upon meeting two brawny lumbermen, carrying heavy planks up this almost perpendicular road. Each man carried three planks fourteen feet long, one foot wide, and one to

[210]

two inches thick. The planks were lashed to a yoke three feet long, which rested upon the shoulders. On our way back we found it almost impossible to pull ourselves up over places which they scaled with seeming ease. Reaching the lumbermen's forest, we had an hour of unalloyed bliss searching for flowers and rare ferns, and were rewarded by finding some beautiful specimens." It is of interest to note that two or three of the specimens procured by our travelers that day in their climb were not known to the scientific world, and they were later awarded the honour of being the first discoverers.

The room which Mr. Hart occupied in the temple at the summit opened out into the sanctuary, where the gods were enthroned. One morning as he emerged from his room two pilgrims who were prostrating themselves before the idols caught sight of him. Never had they seen a being like this in their lives. Surely he must be a god, too—perhaps Buddha, himself! They turned quickly from their worship of the idols and fell at his feet, knocking their heads upon the floor and crying, repeatedly, "Omito-foo! Omito-foo! Amita Buddha! Amita Buddha!" Poor, benighted souls! how our missionary's heart went out to them that morning, as they in their darkness, were eagerly but vainly groping after that peace and comfort which alone can come through

[211]

the revelation of God in Christ Jesus, His Son. Pathetic were those words once addressed to one of our missionaries by an Omei pilgrim as he lamented his failure in his search for truth: "I feel for the door, but I cannot find it."

XVIII

“FOR CANADA!”





---

---

## XVIII

### “FOR CANADA”

---

IT was past the middle of August, 1887, when Mr. Hart and his friends left Mount Omei on their return journey to Chungking. A few days by boat brought them to their destination. They found Mr. Cady, who had been left in charge of the re-established mission, tactfully winning his way among the officials and people of the city, allaying suspicions and gradually restoring confidence in the foreign missionary.

As Mr. Hart's old enemy, malaria, had reappeared—and in a most aggravated form—it was thought advisable that he should return to his home in Canada as speedily as possible. The down-river trip was exceedingly difficult and dangerous, owing to the unusually high water caused by recent heavy rains. Wreck after wreck went floating by as they descended, and it was only through a kind providence that their own boat did not come to grief.

[215]

As they were passing through the Wind-box Gorge the current sent their boat flying into the middle of the stream; it went round and round like a top. At a speed of ten miles an hour it was driven towards some sharp up-rising rocks, which it just barely grazed. "I cannot conceive of anything more exciting," says Mr. Hart, "than making the gorges of the Yangtse at high water. One ascent and descent of this river is enough for a life time."

While on shore in this same gorge Dr. Morley had an experience which almost cost him his life. He had been disposing of some religious literature to a crowd of natives, when a ruffian, bent upon making trouble, appeared upon the scene. This man was naked downwards to his loins, brawny and powerful, with a most fiend-like countenance. His first act was to snatch the books from the doctor's arms. When the doctor attempted to recover them, the man seized him by the hair, put his arm about his neck and pulled him headlong into the river, where it was swift and deep. A struggle ensued, much to the disadvantage of the foreigner, as the man still had a firm hold upon his hair and neck. The doctor, being a good swimmer, resorted to every trick that he could think of to shake off his assailant, but he found that the man could endure submersion quite as well as himself. Finally, when almost exhausted, by a supreme effort, he compelled the fellow to re-

[216]

linquish his hold, and swimming to the shore, reached it more dead than alive. The ruffian was promptly arrested by the local officials and subsequently punished. In addition to punishing the man the officials very generously sent on board the foreigners' boat a large supply of fowl and vegetables. It was a peace-offering that came in most acceptably and did much to mollify the feelings of the injured doctor.

Dr. Hart reached KiuKiang in time for the annual meeting of the Central China Mission, which was presided over by Bishop Henry W. Warren. On December 17, 1887, he sailed from Shanghai for San Francisco. Five weeks later he was with his family in Parkdale, Toronto.

The first few months of his furlough were passed largely in preparing his first book for publication. During his long journey to Szechwan he had taken copious notes of all that he had seen, which he thought might prove of general interest. The result was a book which, to quote the words of a reviewer in the *New York Tribune*, was "graphic, picturesque and extremely interesting; a fresh, bright and really quite fascinating book of travels." This book, though written many years ago, is still an authority on West China. A little later appeared his second book—a popular treatment of the salient features

[217]

of Confucianism—to which was given the title, “The Temple and the Sage.”

For his literary work and Chinese scholarship Mr. Hart was honoured in 1888 by being elected a fellow of the Royal Asiatic Society, a distinction which afforded him much satisfaction. In 1888 his Alma Mater—the Garrett Biblical Institute of Evanston—conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

The severe nervous strain of the past five years of unceasing toil and responsibility and the many hardships endured in connection with his travels in different parts of China, had played such havoc with his constitution that it became evident to Dr. Hart and his friends that the usual furlough of one year granted by the Missionary Society to its agents would not suffice to restore to him his health. Acting upon the advice of his physician in 1889, and much to the regret of the Missionary Board and his colleagues in the field, he resigned the superintendency of the missions in Central and West China.

Receiving a good offer for his property in Parkdale, he sold it and moved his family to Fordham, New York, where for a year he gave himself assiduously to the work of Missionary Secretary in connection with the Christian Alliance. But his work in the office and in the pulpit proved too exhausting

[218]

and he was compelled to abandon it and think only of his health, if he were ever to go back to China.

About this time an opportunity presented itself of purchasing a small fruit farm in Burlington, Ontario. Years before his longing for such a place to recuperate during his visits home were expressed in these words: "I should like, if it is God's will, to have about ten acres of orchard and small fruits to cultivate. I am sure the occupation would afford me great pleasure, peace and rest." A year at "The Pines," as he named his retreat, brought a complete return of health. Life loomed up again with great possibilities. Though he did not realise it at the time, his work for missions was but half done. God had in reserve for him a great undertaking, in which his experience of a quarter of a century in China would be a factor of supreme value and importance. In a most providential way the opportunity was brought to his attention.

The Methodist Church of Canada, at this time, had but one foreign mission and that was in Japan. There had been a feeling for some years among many of the prominent ministers and laymen that the Church should extend its missionary interests abroad. The West Indies, India, Palestine and China were all thought of as suitable fields. When the Executive of the Missionary Board met in December of 1889, two letters which Dr. Sutherland, the Mis-

sionary Secretary, had received were read. One of the letters was from David W. Stevenson, a student at Rush Medical College, Chicago, who had previously volunteered for the foreign field when in Toronto. He stated that he expected to be ready for service the next spring. The other letter was from Dr. O. L. Kilborn, a tutor in chemistry at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario. Dr. Kilborn said that he and another young man, George E. Hartwell, B.A., who was then studying in Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey, were anxious to go as foreign missionaries. Before applying to the Missionary Boards of other denominations, they desired first to offer their services to their own church. They expected to be through their studies and ready to go in two years. "Will the Society send us together to China in 1891?" asks the earnest young doctor. "We would work together—Mr. Hartwell as preacher, and myself as doctor—in pushing forward the cause of Christ in some of the as yet untouched provinces of China. I am well aware that I need not now urge upon you the importance of medical mission work, and most especially as a pioneer agency in a land like China. And I trust that the recent agitation in favour of planting a new mission in China will be decided in the affirmative. If no one goes before, I believe we two would gladly lead the way—if our church will accept of us."

[220]

Though the Missionary Executive could not give any definite assurance to these young volunteers, yet their names were kept before them in the hope that the way might open for their employment when their studies were completed.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Missions in October, 1890, the following resolution was enthusiastically carried:

“Whereas during several years past evidences have been accumulating, showing that the Head of the Church is calling us to enter some new field of heathenism and thus far the leadings seem to be in the direction of China.

“And whereas, several educated and devoted young men have offered themselves for this service, and will be ready to proceed to any designated field in the spring or autumn of 1891, therefore, resolved, that we respond to what seems to be a clear providential call, and appeal to the whole church to sustain the Board in this forward movement, and that the Committee of Consultation and Finance be empowered to take definite action in regard to the selection of a field and the appointment of the young men who have volunteered.”

A similar resolution was subsequently passed by the Woman’s Missionary Society and a call was made for two volunteers.

The decision of the Missionary Board, as expressed in the resolution just given, met with almost uni-

[221]



versal favour throughout the church, and special contributions for the new mission came pouring in. Though China had been selected as the new field, no particular part of the empire had been definitely chosen in which to begin the work. The Rev. Dr. Wakefield, the Methodist minister at Burlington, who also was a member of the Missionary Board, had frequent conversations with Dr. Hart about the proposed new mission in China, and one day sought his advice as to the best location for it. Dr. Hart at once replied, "Szechwan!" Upon invitation he met the Committee of Consultation and Finance in Toronto, February 17, 1891. In glowing words he described the needs and the opportunities of Szechwan—an empire in itself, with its teeming millions to whom only two Protestant societies were ministering. He strongly recommended Szechwan to the Committee as the most inviting and promising field in all China for missionary operations. At the close of his address the Committee unanimously concluded to open work in Chengtu, the capital city of Szechwan, and the veteran missionary was requested to assume the leadership. After a few days for consideration he accepted the invitation, subject to the approval of the Missionary authorities of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. This approval was given with the expectation that within a short time he would

[222]

return to his old field on the lower Yangtse, but though he was twice importuned by the missionaries in Central China to come back and lead them, the work in West China was too important and too critical to admit of his return.

Dr. Hart looked upon his Canadian appointment as a magnificent opportunity. In a letter written at this time, he says, “Well, it does seem that God is to take me out into a large place; I feel so insufficient for this undertaking, but God knows how to use His children. Only think of the opportunity God has given me to establish another Mission—and for Canada! First He permitted me to establish a mission for the United States in Central China, and to grow up with it. Then He sent me on a perilous mission to West China, to re-establish the work there, which, though I knew it not, paved the way for my present undertaking. Then, after much urging to come back to China and take up my old post, I resigned, but was permitted to do other work in the home land. Then, in broken health, laid aside for a time, I indulged in my old love for farming, which restored my health. Now I am to lead forth a contingent to the very place where God seemed to direct me to get the experience which will now be so valuable. Who knows the future? Let us pray for a gracious one!”

[223]



XIX

THE FIRST CONTINGENT



---

---

## XIX

### THE FIRST CONTINGENT

---

**T**HE pioneer band of Canadian Methodist missionaries for West China consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Hart and their daughter, Estelle, Dr. and Mrs. O. L. Kilborn, Rev. and Mrs. G. E. Hartwell, Dr. D. W. Stevenson and Miss Amelia Brown, the representative of the Woman's Missionary Society. Dr. W. J. Hall had been appointed by the Missionary Board to accompany the party, but he resigned upon learning that his intended wife, who was then a medical missionary in Corea, could not secure a release for a year or so from the American society which she served. Instead of going to China Dr. Hall went to Corea, where he did heroic service until his premature death in 1895.

Several months elapsed between the time of the appointment of the Canadian missionaries and their departure for China; an interval that was well employed by them in visiting the various conferences

[227]

and many of the larger churches in the Connexion. Everywhere they met with warm welcomes and unbounded enthusiasm. Dr. Lathern, Editor of *The Wesleyan*, in moving a resolution of appreciation in the Nova Scotia Conference, said that in fifty years he had not seen a conference so mightily moved as had been theirs by the presence and message of the leader of the new mission. Wherever Dr. Hart spoke he made a strong appeal for the hospital which he desired to see erected in Chengtu. Before he left for China he had the satisfaction of knowing that sufficient funds had been subscribed to warrant the carrying out of the project.

On the night of September 1, 1891, a farewell service was held in Elm Street Church, Toronto, for the departing missionaries. Rev. Dr. Carman, the General Superintendent, presided and gave a brief but telling address. After each of the missionaries had spoken, Dr. Sutherland followed, and in a few tender and impressive words bade them God-speed in the name of the church. During the succeeding four weeks, as they journeyed across the continent, similar meetings were held in London, Winnipeg, Brandon, New Westminster, Vancouver and Victoria.

From Toronto to London the little party were accompanied by the Rev. David Hill, the great Wesleyan missionary at Hankow, China, who was on  
[228]

his way to the Ecumenical Conference at Washington. It was an inspiration to the missionaries and to the large congregations that filled Queen's Avenue Church in London to see and to hear this sweet-spirited man of God—the St. John of modern Christian missions. Months afterwards in Chengtu, Dr. Hart thus writes of the London visit: "Our reception and meetings in Queen's Avenue Church on Sunday and Monday eclipsed anything of the kind in our whole missionary experience. The money raised for our work, though considerable, was not the important feature of the meetings—it was the spirit manifested by the good people of the city. We carried the precious influence of those hours of fellowship and prayer across the continent, across the Pacific and across the Chinese Empire."

Three never-to-be-forgotten days were passed by the missionaries in Victoria. On the Sabbath, early in the morning, they addressed a large gathering of Chinese, after which they spoke in the different Methodist pulpits of the city. As a result of the day's services, twenty volunteered for mission work in China. The Chinese residents of the city were particularly interested in the visit of the missionaries and vied with one another in manifesting their good will and generosity. They gave a reception in their honour, which was followed by a sumptuous repast. "Such a happy lot I never saw," writes Mrs.



Hart in a letter to one of her sons, "they took up a collection among themselves for our work, and afterwards escorted us to the steamer to see us off."

On the afternoon of the fourth of October, the beautiful new liner of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, *The Empress of China*, left her moorings at Vancouver and steamed out upon the broad waters of the Pacific, bearing with her the tearful yet happy members of the first Canadian Methodist Contingent—bound for the holy war in China.

The first point touched at in Japan was Hakodate, where the coal supply of the ship was augmented and the passengers were given the opportunity of going ashore and taking in the sights. Two days later *The Empress* entered the commodious harbour of Yokohama, from which could be seen the smoke of a living volcano. Here the missionaries were met and warmly welcomed by Dr. and Mrs. Meacham. It was a genuine pleasure to Dr. Hart and his wife to see these old friends—for Dr. Meacham had been for three years Mrs. Hart's pastor in Toronto. Now the venerable doctor was in charge of the Union English Church in Yokohama and seemed very happy in his work, looking "as sunny as the fair land in which his lot was cast." Short trips were made to Tokio, Shidzuoka and Nagoya, where the Superintendent and his young associates had the privilege of speaking in some of

the native churches and schools connected with the Canadian Methodist Mission. Three years after his visit to Shidzuoka, Dr. Hart received a letter from one of the missionaries stating that a young Japanese student who heard him speak when he was there was so impressed with the message that he was anxious to go to Chentu as a missionary.

While our missionaries were in the old, historic city of Kyoto, studying the splendid educational work of the American Board of Foreign Missions, a most disastrous earthquake occurred, the effects of which were felt throughout Japan. Dr. and Mrs. Hart and their daughter were the guests of Professor Learned of the *Doshisha*. In his journal the doctor makes this reference to his experience on that eventful day: "While we were at early breakfast, without warning, the house began to sway and a rumbling sound was heard above our heads, the timbers of the building creaked as though they would come apart. The ladies ran into the yard and in a few moments the Professor and I followed. Just then a chimney burst through the roof and emptied clouds of soot over the breakfast table, the hall and the parlour. When we reached the open yard the earth seemed to be swimming around, which produced in us giddiness and nausea. After the shock we returned to the house and to what was left of the breakfast. Then we went to the college chapel

[231]

for prayers. Just after the reading of the lesson a tremor was felt through the building. Five hundred students leaped upon the benches and began to rush for the doors; but order was soon restored and we listened to a short address to the students." Later Dr. Hart and his host walked through different parts of the city and saw something of the havoc that had been wrought by the earthquake. Hundreds of houses and shops had been demolished or badly damaged and thousands had been rendered homeless. Outside of the city railroad bridges had collapsed and deep gaps had been made in the earth which in some places were miles in length. Though much damage had been done in Kioto it was trifling compared with what some other cities had suffered. Nagoya, which they had only left the day before, was almost wiped out. Ten thousand people had lost their lives and from fifteen to twenty thousand were injured. A writer has said: "Because earthquakes and volcanoes have played such a prominent part in the making of Japan it is a land of wondrous beauty." What a price to pay for a little scenery!

At Nagasaki our missionaries, after two interesting and somewhat exciting weeks in Japan, took ship for Shanghai, where they landed on the third of November. While in Japan ugly rumours had come to them of the unsettled state of Central China. They heard of the destruction of several

[232]

missions and the martyrdom of a number of foreign and native workers. These rumours were confirmed upon reaching Shanghai. A wave of virulent hatred of the foreigner had formed in the interior Province of Hunan and broken with force all along the lower Yangtse. They found Shanghai a veritable city of refuge. Missionaries from all parts of the empire had gathered there to wait until the violence had spent itself and they would be permitted to return to their respective fields.

For three months the Canadian contingent were compelled to remain in Shanghai, but they were not three wasted months. Chinese teachers were at once procured and the study of the language was earnestly prosecuted. Besides the contact with so many experienced missionaries for so long a time could not help but be inspiring and profitable. An interesting incident occurred during the quiet life at Shanghai that changed the domestic affairs of two of the members of the party—Dr. Stevenson had won the heart of Miss Amelia Brown, and the two were happily married by Dr. Hart. Thus early in the history of the Canadian Mission did the Woman's Missionary Society come to the aid of the General Society in matters matrimonial—a precedent that was more than once followed in after years.

On the sixteenth of February, 1892, the Canadian missionaries, with the exception of Mrs. Hart

[233]

and her daughter—the former of whom had not quite recovered from a serious fall—left Shanghai on their long, up-river journey to Chengtu. As the steamer ascended the Yangtse it was hard for the veteran Superintendent to pass by the different missions that he had founded, dear to him as his own children and to which he had given the best years of his life. Old memories like a flood pressed upon him. Now and then as the vessel stopped for a few minutes at some familiar landing place, an old colleague or native Christian who had heard of his coming would cross the gangway plank and give him a hearty shake of the hand and a fervent God-speed.

From Hankow Dr. Hart proceeded alone to Ichang to engage native boats for the remainder of the journey. The old boat upon which he travelled steamed up the river in a most leisurely way, anchoring always at night. The officers were as leisurely in their ways as was the boat. The captain was visible but once or twice during the day and had his meals brought to his cabin. The chief officer was only seen at the table in the saloon—and then retired to the restfulness of his room. “The chief engineer,” remarks this missionary critic, “rises at nine, takes his toast and coffee at ten, lunches heartily at twelve, has toast and coffee again at three and dines at seven. The rest of the time he sits in his

room and reads." If it had not been for the faithful subordinate officers and crew, who were Chinese, the company and the passengers would have been in a bad way.

At Ichang Dr. Hart, with very little trouble, which was most unexpected, managed to secure two fairly good boats for the trip to Chungking, but his patience as well as that of the native captains was severely tried by the long delayed coming of the rest of the party. The trip from Hankow to Ichang is generally made in four days, but this time, owing to an exasperating stay for a week upon a sand-bar in mid-river, it took eleven days. It was the sixteenth day of March when the passenger junks hoisted their huge sails and left Ichang, the last visible link that reminded them of home and the comforts of civilisation.

All through the long series of gorges and up the rapids the young missionaries were kept on the *qui vive*. Each day brought its own quota of thrills. One morning those on Mr. Hartwell's junk heard a terrible clamour on the forward deck. An enterprising captain, contrary to river etiquette, was taking advantage of a strong wind, to sail past the long line of boats waiting for their turn at the rapids. This naturally aroused the ire of every other captain and his crew. Steering into the eddy the first boat that the unscrupulous captain encountered was

[235]

Mr. Hartwell's. Then the war began. The men on the missionary's boat, armed with long bamboo poles, began thrashing their rivals with all their might. Crash! crash! crash! went the poles—fortunately missing more often than hitting the poor sailors. The crew of the other boat were unable to fight back as only by hanging on to their poles could they keep their advantage. This they did with great pluck. As the excitement increased, one man seizing a heavy hand-axe leaped upon the offending boat and dealt the foremost man a terrible blow in the small of the back. All the while a crowd of men on the shore were shouting and jumping in a most frantic manner. Which party they were encouraging it was hard to tell; but this was soon made apparent, for no sooner had the boat of the unscrupulous captain passed the bow of Mr. Hartwell's boat, then the mob on shore began hurling stones. For a time it looked as though boat and crew would be destroyed, when suddenly Dr. Hart appeared, and after some parleying, induced the ambitious skipper to go back and resume his proper place in the line.

On the eighth day from Ichang an incident occurred which cast a deep gloom over the party for several days. Shortly after anchoring for the night one of the crew who had been taken ill was carried ashore and laid on an overhanging rock and left to die. As the poor fellow was being borne to this

[236]

cold and desolate resting place, the men on the boat kept up a continuous beating of gongs and firing of crackers. Images were brought out and placed at the bow, while candles were lit and incense was burned before them. This was done to keep the evil spirits that might be attracted in the event of the man's death from doing harm to the boat and its crew. When the missionaries heard of the fate of the sick man they hurried to his side, but nothing could be done for him. He had been a confirmed opium smoker; the deadly pipe had done its work, and now he was paying insulted Nature's last toll. While he was dying on the rock above, his old comrades in the boat below, unheeding the warning of his example, were courting a similar death as they curled themselves up about their tiny lamps upon the deck. Since the superstitious crew had succeeded in getting the man off from the boat before he died and had performed a few religious rites in self-protection, what cared they now what happened to him! Not one of them offered to stay with him and attend to his last wants. That dark night by the banks of the Yangtse marked the vital difference between heathenism and Christianity. The cruel heartlessness of the one stood out in sharp contrast to the tender pitifulness of the other. Until the sailor died the missionaries did what they could to relieve his suffering and comfort his soul. Dr. Hart, the next

[237]



day, bought a small plot of ground and paid a local Chinaman sufficient to give the body a decent burial.

After nearly a month in a cramped and crowded native boat, the Canadians hailed with delight the sight of Chungking—the half-way place between Ichang and Chengtu, where they could have a few days' rest and the opportunity of meeting the brethren of the Methodist Episcopal Mission—the mission which Dr. Hart refounded five years before.

Two more weeks of travel brought the party to the beautiful and swiftly-flowing Min River, which like a blue thread runs through the heart of Szechwan and connects with the Yangtse at the city of Soochow. The scenery along the Min is most romantic and furnishes an uninterrupted succession of natural pictures. The missionaries had many opportunities of studying at close range the people in this most thickly populated part of the province, no small number of whom live in boats and subsist by fishing. In speaking of this last stage of the journey Dr. Hart says: "While taking a little exercise upon the bank above our boats, I was attracted by twenty or more cormorants sitting upon small skiffs which the men row about after the birds, while they dive into the river and bring up fish. Two or three men were going the rounds of the birds with dishes filled with water and to each one they gave a generous dash or two of the contents. The tired

[238]

birds seemed to enjoy their bath immensely. They would stretch out their long necks to the full and flap their great wings and then give themselves a glorious shake. I had never seen this process of cleansing the fishing-birds before, and I judge it was a bit of petting as a hunter would pat his dog after a good day's hunting. It is no uncommon thing to see fishermen carrying their skiffs upon their backs from point to point, while the birds sit on top. The cormorant is a clumsy, unattractive-looking bird, most stupid when on land, but an expert swimmer in the water and able to bring up fish weighing two pounds or more. While I stood watching the birds quite a crowd of men and boys gathered about me and curiously inspected my face, hat and clothes. They had never seen a foreigner before and were amazed when I spoke to them in their own tongue. Then came volleys of the queerest questions you ever heard. What do you suppose a middle-aged man asked me? I am almost ashamed to tell you, but it is too good to be kept a secret. He examined me pretty thoroughly, except my teeth, and said, 'Are you a hundred years old?' You can imagine my emotions at such an absurd question, for I am straight and fat, can walk thirty miles a day, jump and hop with any of the young missionaries, and to be taken for a centenarian was a little too much. He quite wilted when I gave him my age, and he

[239]

found himself five years my senior. 'Well,' he said, 'your beard is white.' The people take me for a genuine patriarch and would not be very much surprised if I were to tell them that I am two hundred years old. Buddha is said to have received into the priesthood one man two hundred years old.

"One fellow with a black skin, big mouth and small tail tied about his head, with barely a pair of loose pants on, came closer than the others—if that were at all possible—and asked, 'How far is it to your country and how do you go?' When I told him the distance to Shanghai, which is like a foreign city to the people of Szechwan, he began to look a little sceptical, but when I said that from Shanghai to my country was three myriads of li and that the great steamer which takes one to it travels twelve hundred li a day, the man's astonishment knew no bounds. The ignorance of the masses is something appalling, and the indifference is more so. What is done in Eastern or North China will be known to but few out here. No political questions trouble them; no questions except the chop sticks and rice bowl, and how to fill the bowl, are considered important."

On the ninth of May, Kiating—the beautiful—was reached. Scarcely had Dr. Hart's boat come to anchor when the Rev. Olin Cady boarded it and gave a hearty welcome to his old friend and superintendent and to his young associates from Canada.

[240]

Mr. Cady, whom Dr. Hart had left at Chungking five years before, was now residing in Chengtu, in connection with the newly-established mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He accompanied the party to Chengtu and most generously offered them the use of his house until they had obtained satisfactory quarters for themselves. On the evening of the twenty-first of May, 1892—three months from the time they left Shanghai—they landed in Chengtu. Their arrival attracted a large and curious crowd. Especially were the people interested in the wives of the missionaries, for this was the first time in the history of the city that ladies, dressed in foreign style, had passed through its streets.

Dr. Hart pays the following tribute to the young men and women whom he had conducted twelve thousand miles, by rail, steamer and Chinese junk, safely to the field of their life-work: "They are all good men and women and have one common aim—the glory of God. It has never been my lot before to be connected with so many persons so considerate, so loving and kind to one another, and withal so charitable. I pray that this spirit may abide and grow. It was no small thing to bring out a band of new recruits and take them across the Empire of China at this time."



**XX**

**BEGINNINGS**



---

---

## XX

### BEGINNINGS

---

UNTIL they could secure homes of their own the Canadian missionaries gratefully accepted the kind offer of Mr. Cady to occupy his house, which was a large and roomy one. They arrived in Chengtu on Saturday night. On Sunday they attended the services in the little chapel of the American Mission. On Monday their goods—and they were no small number—were transferred from the boats to Mr. Cady's house a mile or so away. Never had the city seen such a moving day and hundreds of interested citizens stood along the line of march and watched the novel proceedings. For vans and horses there were coolies with their long carrying-poles. What marvellous strength these coolies possess! One of them carried upon his back a box weighing four hundred and fifty pounds; another trotted off with an organ that could not have been less than two hundred and fifty pounds.

[245]



For nearly two weeks Dr. Hart hunted for a house to rent. At last he found a commodious one in the northeast part of the city, with a large open space in the rear, which he thought, with a good deal of water and soap and a number of necessary repairs, might answer for a time. In two days a room was made ready in the old mansion for his occupation so that he might better supervise the work of renovation. By the end of June all the party had moved in except Dr. and Mrs. Stevenson. The house contained not only accommodations for the five missionaries but also room for a dispensary, wards for eight or ten patients, a reading room and chapel combined and quarters for servants.

On the twenty-fourth of June Dr. Hart opened the reading-room, which faced upon the public highway. He carefully arranged upon tables different kinds of books and periodicals; placed pictures and charts about the walls and engaged one of the literati of the city to look after them and the sale of whatever literature they had in stock the people might want. That first night the Book Steward, as we shall call him, reported that at least a thousand persons had dropped in during the day and had manifested considerable interest in the new book concern. It was an auspicious beginning, this first venture on the part of the Canadian Mission to touch

[246]

and influence the mind of this great Western metropolis.

On the following Sunday the first religious service was held. It was of a semi-private character and was conducted in the reading-room. Apart from Dr. Hart's teacher, the Book Steward, and the "boy" or servant, there were four or five men who had been employed about the place and one stranger. Not one in the little gathering except the boy had ever been in a Christian service before. How ignorant and awkward they were, but oh so willing to learn! "None of them could sing," says Dr. Hart. "I had to take all the parts myself. I found the Scripture lessons for them and tried to teach them how to pray. When we came to prayer my teacher who is quite a swell and very portly exclaimed, 'And you kneel do you?' With a mighty effort he followed the example of the others. Such was the nucleus of the Canadian Methodist Church in West China!"

One of the first friendships that Dr. Hart formed in Chengtu was with a little boy, seven years of age, the son of his next door neighbour. The little fellow came in every day and followed his foreign friend around like a pet dog, keeping up an incessant fire of questions. He was a handsome boy and the most precocious native child the doctor had ever seen—a veritable Chinese Macaulay. He had a knowledge of hundreds of characters. One day he

[247]

brought to the missionary a couple of Chinese classical works and recited long passages from them. This boy later was christened "Lucas," after the Rev. J. V. Lucas, D.D., a Methodist minister in Canada, who contributed fifty dollars annually for some years towards his education.

On the fourth day of July Dr. Hart, having done what he could to make the young missionaries comfortable in their new homes, started for Shanghai to escort his wife and daughter up the river. The water was so high and the current so swift that his little craft made the five hundred miles to Chungking in four days—a distance that took four or more weeks when travelling in the opposite direction. In five days the Yangtse had risen fifty feet and still it was rising. One night they tied up at a little village. They could see the farmers in feverish haste pulling up their corn which was planted along the river bank twenty or thirty feet above the level of the water. They wondered at their fears—but in forty-eight hours the seething floods of the Yangtse had not only reached the top of the bank but forty feet higher. Under such perilous conditions the boatmen could not be persuaded to travel further. For four days the little boat and its occupants took shelter under a big banyan tree, "while the floods rushed and thundered past, boiled over, whirled sidewise

[248]

and backwards, filling every nook and crevice, uprooting trees, carrying away hillsides, houses and the suburbs of a dozen cities, besides wrecking scores of junks and smaller craft." Gradually the waters subsided and the impatient foreigner was permitted to continue his journey. With great caution and remarkable success the captain piloted the boat down the rapids, until after two weeks of one of the most thrilling voyages on record, it anchored in the calmer waters before Ichang. On the last day of July Shanghai was reached and husband and wife and daughter were again united. After a few weeks in Shanghai and in visiting some of the Central China Missions, they turned their faces towards Chengtu, reaching their destination about the first of the new year.

During Dr. Hart's absence, just a few days after he left Chengtu, the first dark shadow fell upon the little mission. The following pathetic letter from Dr. Kilborn, dated the eleventh of July, is self-explanatory:

"My heart is well nigh crushed with its load of grief as I write. My darling wife was taken from me last night, Sunday the tenth, about eleven o'clock. The disease was cholera. She was sick only eighteen hours. On the Saturday previous she was apparently as well as any member of the party, and  
[249]

looking forward to many years of service here for the Master. All my plans for the dispensary and the hospital were invariably made in consultation with her. The interests of all our future work were hers as well as mine, and in losing her I feel that I am crippled one-half. Her faith was simple, but bright. Oh, I did think that the Lord would spare her for the work's sake, if not for mine. It is hard, so hard to bear, but yet we must say, 'Thy will be done, O Lord!'

"My darling wife and I invariably studied the language together, and we had made exactly equal progress up to the day of her death, in both reading the characters and speaking. We were both planning and looking anxiously forward to the time when I should be able to begin dispensary work and she would assist me in compounding and dispensing drugs. Now all this is altered, for the Lord has taken her."

Five miles from Chengtu, by the banks of a little river, rises a beautiful hill crowned at its summit with a grove of waving bamboos. Here amid the evergreens is the "God's Acre" of the Canadian Methodist Mission. To this hallowed spot one day late in January, 1893, the remains of Mrs. Kilborn were borne from their temporary resting place. In the presence of a few foreigners and many Chinese, Dr. Hart explained the comforting doctrines of the resurrection and immortality. At the close of the

[250]

service two Buddhist priests who had been impressed with what they had seen and heard, lingered behind to talk with the Christian missionaries and to receive from them that Book which taught such precious truths.



XXI

THE WORK EXPANDING





---

---

## XXI

### THE WORK EXPANDING

---

NO country in the world needs a physician more than does China, for there is no country that is more ignorant of the commonest principles of hygiene. On every hand as one passes along the countryside, or through the crowded streets of the city, he is confronted by suffering and disease in their saddest, most aggravated and repulsive forms. Fevers, cholera, tuberculosis, diphtheria, leprosy, and smallpox are frightfully frequent. Half the population, it has been declared, are troubled with skin, eye and ear diseases. It is true that native doctors are in abundance, and drugs and drug-stores—Heaven save the mark! Anybody can be a doctor in China. It requires no course of study, no diploma, only a fondness for tinkering with the bodies of others and mixing up concoctions—and what concoctions! The prescribed remedy is often worse than the disease. Here are some samples: For a *fever*,

[255]

the skins of snakes or frogs caught at high noon on the fifth day of the fifth moon, dried and powdered and administered alone or in combination with other ingredients. For *broken bones*, a poultice of greens or powdered drugs and some internal medicine to makes the bones knit. For a *tonic*, take a mixture of tiger claws or bones—for the tiger is the strongest beast in China and the bones are the strongest parts of his anatomy, or if that remedy is not available take the pure tincture of monkey which is so efficacious that in a few days it can make a man who is weak in the legs as active and as sinewy as his simian brother. These few examples of native prescriptions are sufficient to indicate the crying need in China for the introduction of modern methods in surgery and *materia medica*. What unlimited opportunities this poor quack-ridden country offers to the scientific medical man who is anxious to make the most of his life and accomplish the most in helping to reduce the sum total of human pain and suffering.

From the beginning in connection with its work in West China, the Canadian Methodist Church has realised the need of placing special emphasis upon medical evangelism. In the pioneer party there were two clergymen and two physicians—an equal proportion of physicians to clergymen which the Missionary Society has ever since endeavoured to main-

[256]

tain. "The thought was," writes Dr. Kilborn, "that the direct preaching of the Word should always be accompanied, if possible, by the practical benevolence of the medical missionary."

On the morning of the third of November, 1892—one year from the date that our missionaries landed in Shanghai—the first dispensary in Chengtu was opened. In the forenoon of the first day eighteen patients received treatment, and they kept coming in such increasing numbers each dispensary day, that soon fifty and sixty persons were being daily treated. Cases appeared which could not be satisfactorily dealt with in the dispensary, and so the doctors were obliged to press into service two additional rooms, in one of which they placed men and in the other women. It was not long before they had half a dozen patients in each ward and several successful operations had been performed.

Among the dispensary patients there appeared one day an old man of sixty, totally blind in both eyes. For some years he had suffered from cataract. He was put into the little, improvised hospital and operated upon. After a few days the bandages were removed. He began to gaze at his hands and then at the windows. Then he looked at his bed and at the beds of the other patients in the ward. When Dr. Kilborn approached him he exclaimed, "Stand back, doctor, I can see you there, back a little fur-

[257]

ther, there! I can see you plainly now!" His joy knew no bounds. With physical light came spiritual light. It was the custom to hold services in the wards, to distribute tracts and when possible to speak daily to each patient about the Great Physician. On being dismissed from the hospital, the old man that "once was blind" put down his name as an inquirer. He attended church regularly and frequently brought a friend with him. Up and down the streets of Chengtu he went entering a tea-house here and a home there—everywhere telling all who cared to listen the story of his wonderful cure.

But the work of the foreign medical missionary is not confined to the dispensary and the hospital ward. He has many calls to visit people in their homes. If the patient be a man there is usually little or no difficulty in treating him, but if the patient be a woman and the physician a man, sometimes the most unreasonable—and amusing—obstacles are put in the way of an intelligent diagnosis of the case.

A very urgent call came to one of our physicians in Central China to visit the home of an important and wealthy official living several miles in the country. A sedan chair with six bearers and a petty officer in charge, were sent to bring him. The doctor was told that the wife of the official was very ill, that her life was despaired of, and that they must hurry. Away the chair-bearers started at a dog-trot

[258]



CANADIAN METHODIST HOSPITAL AT CHENG TU



which they kept up to the end of the journey, so anxious were they to bring relief to their mistress. Upon arriving at the residence the doctor quickly alighted and entered the guest hall. He at once asked to see the patient. In great surprise they told him that it was contrary to Chinese etiquette for any man outside the family to enter a lady's chamber; the "Honorable Foreign Doctor" must prescribe for her without seeing her. This the doctor said he could not do. After a long and unsuccessful parley in attempting to overcome established custom and prejudice, the doctor ordered his chair and without giving any treatment, returned home. The next day a still more urgent call was sent by the official to the doctor to come and save his wife's life. The doctor at first declined but finally consented to go upon the assurance being given him that he would be allowed to see the patient. When he reached the house the women of the establishment could not be persuaded to give up their prejudices and he was flatly refused admission to the sick-chamber. Again he was on the point of leaving when it occurred to him that by a little diplomacy he might be able to make a diagnosis. He suggested to the female attendants that since he could not see the sick lady that they make a hole in the partition of her room and that through this hole she might be permitted to stick out her tongue and extend her hand that her



pulse might be counted. To this arrangement the women finally agreed and the doctor succeeded in getting the symptoms of the case. Thus the rigid Chinese law of sex was scrupulously observed and the Chinese "face" was saved.

While the new Canadian Mission placed a strong emphasis upon the medical side of their work they by no means minimised the importance of the educational side. As the physicians in the field had dreams of a great central hospital some day in Chengtu, so the teachers had dreams of a great central college or university. The first step in the educational programme of the mission was taken early in 1893, at the time of the Chinese new year, when a day school—the first day school in Chengtu—was opened. At the end of the first week twenty scholars were enrolled and at the end of the first month the number had risen to forty. Dr. Hart, Miss Hart, and a native teacher undertook the work of instruction to which they devoted two or three hours each day. How eagerly and quickly these bright Szechwan children mastered the text books that were prescribed for their study and the Christian hymns and passages of Scripture that were given them to memorise! They took special delight in the singing exercises and some really fine voices were discovered among them. From the new school the first choir

[260]

of the chapel was formed and from its classes recruits from time to time were found.

But all the pupils attending the school were by no means children. There was no small sprinkling of men—and, wonder of wonders, some of these men were of the proud literati class who were anxious to learn English—men, with long, sedate faces, set off with huge tortoise-shell goggles, who, though they may have had a profound knowledge of the books of Confucius and Mencius, were so ignorant of geography that they did not know even the names of the provinces of China. The growing work of the Mission in the chapel, the dispensary and the school, was greatly hindered for the lack of accommodation. So crowded were the Sunday services that the gates of the compound often had to be locked to keep the people out. Dr. Hart, after some weeks' search, managed to lease a property which he thought might prove suitable for the needs of the Mission for some years. It surrounded a large temple—and this fact gave rise to trouble later on. A dwelling was commenced at once. No new building ever attracted more attention from the people of a city than did this one. Everybody who heard of it wanted to see it and the white-haired foreigner who was in charge of its construction. It was estimated that an average of three thousand persons came each day into the compound to gratify their curiosity. Old men ac-

accompanied by their toddling grandsons would come and stand for hours awaiting recognition from the doctor and the chance of a word with him. Ladies dressed in silks and satins, sparkling like June butterflies, brought their radiant daughters and chattered away about the wonderful house. So friendly was the chief priest of the temple towards the foreigner that he invited the carpenters employed on the building to use the large room containing the gods for a workshop.

But the Mission was not permitted long to remain in the quiet possession of this new site. One day a mob, jealous for the prestige of the temple and its gods, gathered and destroyed all the building material on the ground. Dr. Hart was advised by the city authorities to surrender the property and buy elsewhere. In the spring of 1893 a much larger and finer property, by the city wall and adjacent to the East Military Parade Ground, was purchased. As the officials, at that time, would not allow houses of foreign style to be constructed, the old Chinese buildings that came with the land were remodelled into dwellings for the missionaries and a large school for boys and girls. The next year two smaller compounds were added to the property. Upon this new site were erected a charming little chapel with a seating capacity of three hundred—the gift of Mr. Jairus Hart of Halifax, Nova Scotia—a book room

[262]

and a hospital. The chapel was dedicated by the Superintendent in February, 1894. So interested were the people in the erection of the building and so anxious for preaching services to begin that when they heard that it was completed, they gathered in large numbers upon the street before it and pounded upon the outer gates for admission. It was not until Dr. Hart went out to them and promised that it would be opened to the public on the following Sunday that quiet was restored.

In 1892 an appeal had been sent by the missionaries on the field to the Missionary Board for twenty-five more men by 1900. In response to this appeal the Rev. James Endicott, B.A., and Dr. H. Mather Hare were appointed. They arrived in Shanghai in September, 1893, where they were met by Dr. Kilborn, who had come to take them up the river. Accompanying the new reinforcements from Shanghai were Dr. Retta Gifford and Miss Sara Brackbill of the Woman's Missionary Society. The trip through the Yangtse gorges was an unusually long and trying one. The party had more than its share of accidents. Several times their boats ran on the rocks or the ropes broke and they drifted helplessly down stream; finally one boat became a wreck. In writing of the wreck, Dr. Kilborn says, "The larger of the two boats—the one we are all living in—struck a rock, filled in about fifteen min-

utes, and sank; not, however, before we were able to get near a sloping, sandy bank, and get ashore ourselves, along with all easily movable articles and furniture from our rooms. Darkness closed in, and we realised that we were shipwrecked. Providentially, our small houseboat was right at hand, so we were able to have a sheltered sleeping-place. Next day, our cargo of boxes was slowly fished out of the sunken boat, and in forty-eight hours after the accident, the old craft again stood upright on the water, looking not much the worse for the dip, though inside she was the picture of desolation. In the meantime we had purchased a quantity of coal, built fires on the sand, set up drying poles and commenced drying bedding, clothing and books." Everything in the boxes were soaked with water, and much of the stores was a total loss, while nearly the whole stock of books was ruined.

Upon the arrival of the new missionaries it was decided to open work in Kiating, a city second in importance only to the provincial capital. Kiating is one hundred and twenty miles to the south of Chengtu with a population of something over sixty thousand. It is a great centre of the silk and white-wax industries and only a few miles from a large salt-well district. Its close proximity to Mount Omei makes it a stopping place each year for hundreds of thousands of pilgrims, giving the Christian

missionary unique opportunities for sowing the Gospel seed. Dr. Kilborn, who was soon to be married to Dr. Retta Gifford, was placed in charge of the new mission in March, 1894. A house was rented and an adjoining compound was secured for a hospital and dispensary. The doctor preached on Sundays and carried on his medical work during the week.

In the autumn of this year Mrs. Hart and her daughter returned to Canada. Dr. Hart accompanied them as far as Shanghai. Keenly though he had felt other separations from his wife and family none was so trying as this one. It was a very lonely man that made his way back again up the river.

Shortly after Dr. Hart's return to Chengtu a very exciting incident occurred which illustrates the peculiar difficulties under which our medical missionaries laboured in West China in those early days and the personal danger that they incurred in the event of a failure to cure. Dr. Hare, who had taken up his abode with Dr. Hart in the compound, was called, early one evening, to visit a woman who was in a very critical condition. The call came too late to save her life; however, he went and did what he could for her. Towards midnight a messenger came to the Mission saying that the woman had not spoken for quite a while and her husband was very anxious. Hurrying on his clothes, with a stout stick under

[265]

his arm for the dogs on the street, accompanied by his dispenser and teacher, he started for the home of the sick woman. Upon arriving at the house he examined her and found that she was dead and had been dead for some time. Up to this moment the husband of the woman—Chwang by name—had been very polite and had expressed regret for putting the doctor to so much trouble. "But," says the doctor, "as soon as I told the dispenser that the woman was dead, the man's whole demeanour changed. At once he sprang and double-barred the only door by which I could go out. At first I paid no attention and went on making preparations to leave. On asking the man to open the door, he placed himself squarely before it in a defiant attitude. Three times I asked him to open the door, but there was no effort to do so. I then got cross and took hold of him with the intention of giving him a good shaking, but on the dispenser saying something to him which I did not catch, he opened the door. We walked out of the courtyard and on to the street leisurely, not thinking that there was such a surprise party in store for us. We had not gone far before the husband of the dead woman ran after us, calling out loudly. Catching up with us, he at once took hold of me. I told him I did not want to talk then, but for him to come to the hospital the following day and I would discuss the matter with him.

[266]



GREAT EAST STREET, CHENG TU





He paid no attention to this whatever, but continued to hold me. A number of men, hearing his cries, came to his assistance. I shook myself clear of them and attempted to walk on, but they would not allow it. At one time there were three men clinging to me. The little teacher did his best to keep the peace, but all his efforts were unavailing. At this point two men snatched at my stick and though I kept hold of it for awhile I could not struggle with them and keep my eye upon the others also, so let the stick go. Chwang then caught me by the collar of my shirt and refused to let me go, so I had to chuck him under the chin pretty solidly to make him do so. Just then another one of the men hit me behind the head, knocking my cap off, and as he passed me I struck him, about three-quarter reach, and knocked him across the street. All this time the crowd was increasing fast and cries of 'Strike the foreigner!' 'Kill the foreigner!' were frequent. Seeing that the crowd was ready for anything, and I was single-handed and weaponless, I concluded to make a break for the hospital and put my conclusion into practice at once. The whole mob, numbering at this time over a hundred, I should think, yelling, ran as hard as they could after me. But I soon saw that I had the best of them at that game. Getting near to the man carrying my instruments, I called to him to run hard and get the gate on the

[267]

street open. But the old gateman was slow—and our urgency seemed to make him slower still. By the time the last bar was drawn, I threw myself against the gate, bursting it in and almost falling upon the gateman. I had not time to turn round and close the gate before several of the foremost pursuers threw themselves against it, and unaided I could not shut it. I caught Chwang and half-dragged, half-carried him through the side-gate, intending to keep him until the morning, but more and more men coming in, I thought it best to let him go and set to work to get the others out. Making a rush at them they broke and ran, and I at once slammed the gates together. I came up to the house and washed the blood out of my eye that had been cut, got a drink, then went back and opened the gate and went out on the street, but I could not see any one. I found the gateman had retired to his room and was almost frightened to death.”

Dr. Hart heard Dr. Hare go out of the house on that memorable night and come back later, but he did not learn of the doctor’s adventure until the next morning. He at once sent his card to the Yamen and Chwang was arrested, but not until he had done untold mischief to the Mission. All through the city there circulated the story that the foreign doctor had been the cause of his wife’s death, and for some time her dead and naked body was exposed in front of

[268]

his house, for all the curious to gaze upon, as evidence that the foreign doctor had poisoned her, for some horrible purpose of his own. The object of Chwang was very apparent—it was to extort blackmail.

A few days after Dr. Hart's return from Shanghai the annual meeting of the Mission was held. It was arranged that Dr. and Mrs. Kilborn, who had been but a year at Kiating, be stationed at Chengtu, while Dr. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Endicott and Dr. Hare should go to Kiating. On the twenty-ninth day of May, 1895, Dr. Hart and his party reached Kiating, but their occupation of the new mission was of brief duration. While they were engaged in moving their goods from the boat to the new home little did they dream of what was transpiring in the city which they had just left; but they soon learned.



XXII

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE

“We are sorry and almost dazed at the sudden blow that has come upon us, but our permanent victories often spring from temporary defeats.”

*Letter to Dr. Sutherland, June 2, 1895.*

---

---

## XXII

### A BOLT FROM THE BLUE

---

ON the evening of the thirty-first of May, two days after Dr. Hart's arrival in Kiating, a little cripple boy who had been a patient of Dr. Kilborn in the hospital at Chengtu, knocked at the missionary's door and told him a most startling tale. He said that he had just come from Chengtu and that every mission house in the city had been destroyed, but that all the missionaries, as far as he knew, were safe; that the rioting had commenced late in the afternoon two days before. He had escaped from the burning hospital, made his way by friendly aid to the Chengtu anchorage, found a boat bound for Kiating and had come to tell him the news and warn him and the other missionaries in the city of possible danger. Next morning messengers came from the scene of the riots with further details and with a letter from Mr. Hartwell, written in pencil upon a long, narrow strip of brown Chinese

[273]



paper. The letter was dated the thirtieth of May, and read as follows:

“You may have heard of the great misfortune that has befallen the mission property. It is not confined to our mission, although it began there. Eleven places, at least, have been utterly destroyed. But for details. The fifth of this Chinese month was a feast day. The parade ground was crowded. Everything was quiet until the time to go home had arrived. About half past four I went across the street to get Geraldine, who was playing with Dr. Stevenson’s children, and brought her home. When I went over there were twenty or thirty people trying to look through the gates. They ran after me to our place. When I got inside some one kicked the gate and two or three stones were thrown over it. A crowd kept gathering on the street and the shouting increased. Men were sent to the Yamen, and after awhile Yamen runners came, but did nothing. Soon the gates (of the compound opposite) were broken down, and the crowd began to enter, but Dr. Kilborn and Dr. Stevenson rushed forward, shot their guns into the air and the crowd rushed pell-mell in both directions. They then stood on the street and kept things quiet, expecting every moment the official would come with more runners. As the darkness was coming on, the runners persuaded them to go in while they would disperse the people. But the crowd returned and were entering in again. Upon the two doctors appearing they fled. By this time a few men had gathered on the other side of

[274]

the premises and were entering the hospital gates. The doctors found themselves between two fires and their families unprotected. They now sought a way of escape. After a time of great distraction they decided to make a bolt through the gates of the hospital compound. The rioters had made a hole in one of the gates, through which they crawled. The mob seemed so surprised when they came out that it did not at first take in the situation, and so the doctors and their families got away safely though the mob began to cry almost immediately, 'beat' and 'kill.' They tried to enter several places in the neighbourhood, but were repulsed. They went to the soldiers' barracks, but were sent away with curses—one of the soldiers kicking Mrs. Stevenson as she was leaving. Crossing the parade ground they reached the city wall and from there could see the flames of the buildings. After wandering about until nearly midnight, they finally made their way to the China Inland Mission.

"In the meantime the mob was making quick work of the dwellings and hospital opposite. The crashing of glass, the smashing of partitions, the crackling of the fire, and above all the inhuman din of human voices was something indescribable. You can imagine our feelings for we expected a visit from the mob every moment. Then the officials came—oh! what a relief it was—the Fu and the Hsien, with about two dozen runners. They slowly walked along our street and entered the place. The din stopped and the Yamen runners seized a few people. Shortly the Fu came out, walked a little

[275]

distance, got into his chair, and he and his retinue departed. Scarcely had he gone when the work of destruction began with renewed energy. As soon as the Fu departed I began to think of a refuge. We finally were taken into Mr. Fan's house—over the wall at the back. This was about ten o'clock. At midnight the crowd dispersed. At four in the morning we arose and went back to our house. At five the rioting began again over the way. I sent for chairs and Mrs. Hartwell and the children started for the 'Pearly Sand' street (where the property of the Woman's Missionary Society was). Mrs. Hartwell had but just gone when bang! bang! went the stones at our gate. I had only time to get some silver and run. Fortunately I got into Mr. Fan's house without any one seeing me. The mob, a minute later, entered and before noon everything was levelled. The destruction was complete. I remained like a prisoner until evening and then started for the Magistrate's Yamen, where I found all the missionaries except those of the Methodist Episcopal Mission.

"About ten o'clock in the morning the mob came to 'Pearly Sand' street and gutted the buildings. Mrs. Hartwell and the two ladies of the Woman's Missionary Society escaped over the side wall and secured chairs for the China Inland Mission. They had scarcely arrived at the Mission when the mob appeared. Mr. and Mrs. Cormack, Mrs. Hartwell and Bertha, Dr. and Mrs. Stevenson got away in chairs, but before the others could start the mob rushed in. Dr. and Mrs. Kilborn, the two ladies

[276]

of the Woman's Missionary Society, Geraldine and Mr. Vale escaped by climbing the back wall. They entered a neighbour's house and gave him thirty ounces of silver for a small room. (Here behind the thick curtains of a bed they hid for three hours, not daring to look nor even speak.) At evening our party arrived at the Yamen. Shortly after I came the Methodist Episcopal friends arrived. Their place had also been levelled; even the back wall was carried away.

"Things are suspicious around the Yamen, so we do not know what will happen next. There is no doubt but that the officials have given full license to burn and plunder. So far no lives lost.

"All the Roman Catholic property is destroyed. Two priests arrived late last night. Wild rumours are afloat. There is no certainty when we can leave. There is a rumour that no foreigner will be allowed to leave the city—soldiers have been stationed outside. There may be no truth in it. We are all well at present. We imagine this is a provincial matter, and trust that you will not meet with any mishaps. All we have is on our backs. I saved over two hundred taels of silver, and have the draft, so we are all right. Dr. Kilborn and Dr. Stevenson had no time to save anything."

Though the missionaries in Chengtu had escaped the fury of the mob they were now at the mercy of the officials. For ten days eighteen persons—six of them babes—lived in a few small rooms, not

[277]

knowing what was to be done with them. In the Yamen courtyard were encamped sixty soldiers. The magistrate pretended that if their whereabouts were known to the people he would be unable any longer to protect them. They had one great comfort—the native Christians. They secretly visited them, ministered to their wants as best they could and kept them informed as to what was going on. The fidelity of these native Christians was beautiful and completely disproved the frequent charge that Chinese only become members of Christian churches for the living they can get out of them. Some of the little party became seriously ill in the Yamen. There were no medicines and the heat was intense, but a kind providence brought them through.

During their imprisonment Dr. Kilborn and Dr. Stevenson were brought to trial before the magistrate. They were charged with having drugged and murdered Chinese children in order that they might use their hearts and eyes and other parts of their bodies as medicine. A glass jar of stewed cherries, looted from some missionary's store-room, was exhibited, accompanied by the loud announcement of one of the accusers that they were babies' eyes. A boy, stupid and dazed, was brought into court. It was said that he had been found in a tin-lined box under the chapel floor, where he had been placed after being drugged by the foreign doctors. Human

[278]

bones were produced as evidences of the horrible practices of the missionaries. These bones were afterwards discovered to be parts of the skeleton of a Roman Catholic bishop who had been martyred by the Chinese seventy years before. The leaders of the mob had taken them from their resting place in the cathedral and carried them through the streets of Chengtu, crying, "See! here are the bones of some of the people the missionaries have murdered. We have just taken them from under the houses of the foreign devils."

Dr. Kilborn and Dr. Stevenson listened patiently to all these ridiculous charges, boldly affirmed their innocence and demanded a safe passage for themselves and all the foreign missionaries down the river. On the tenth day, the magistrate stealthily came into their quarters and in a whisper announced that arrangements had been made for their journey to Chungking. "Be prepared," he said, "to go to the boats at twelve o'clock to-night. Don't tell even your servants!" At midnight precisely, sedan chairs were brought quietly into the courtyard and the worn-out little band of foreigners were hurried into them and out of the Yamen, through the deserted streets of the city, through the great East Gate, and on for a mile to where they found a fleet of ten small boats waiting by the river's edge. The soldier-escort occupied seven of the boats; the official in

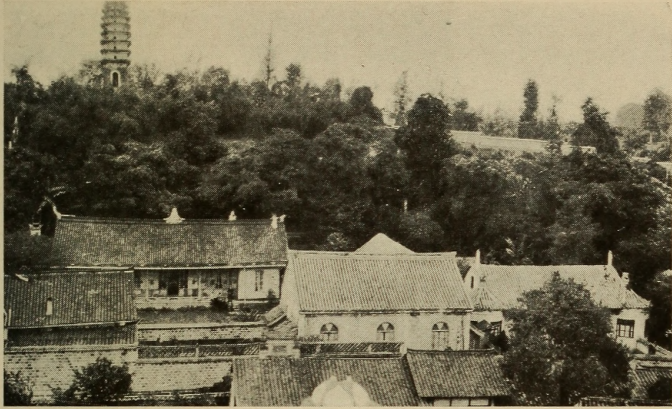
[279]

charge occupied one; into the remaining two boats were huddled seventeen foreign adults with their eleven children, besides the native crew, six servants and two soldiers. No tin of sardines was ever more closely packed than these two Chinese boats. For ten days, under the most barbarous and unsanitary conditions, the refugees lived and suffered until Chungking was reached. Here they were joyfully received by the missionaries and other foreign residents, clothed and cared for until boats were hired to take them to Ichang. On the fourth of July—five weeks after the riots—they reached Shanghai.

Upon hearing of the troubles in Chengtu, Dr. Hart sent a messenger with a letter to Mr. Hartwell and with some comforts such as condensed milk for the babies and a few medicines. He advised Mr. and Mrs. Endicott to leave Kiating immediately for Chungking. To them were entrusted most of the money of the mission treasury, leases of property and other valuable documents.

For two or three days Dr. Hart and Dr. Hare pursued the Wilson policy of "watchful waiting." Rumours came to them of the destruction of a dozen different missions in the province—Protestant and Roman Catholic—and of marvellous escapes not only from angry mobs in the cities, but from prowling gangs of robbers along the line of flight. They hoped against hope that Kiating might escape, but

[280]



THE MISSION PROPERTY AT KIATING





on the morning of the fourth of June, placards were discovered posted all over the city stating that all foreign places would be attacked on the morrow. "About eleven o'clock to-day," writes Dr. Hart in his journal, "suspicious crowds found their way into our courts. I got them out twice and had the gate bolted. We threw together a quantity of things and about two o'clock sent them to a boat at the West Gate. We soon after left by the back way and got to the boat with little trouble—few seeing us."

That night the mission houses in Kiating were looted, but the two missionaries were safe in their boat and on their way to a place of safety.

Like a bolt from the blue came these riots of 1895—and yet they were but the culmination of a spirit of hostility to foreigners that had been growing through the years in West China, and which had been more or less manifest at times, particularly in the larger cities.

For some months previous to the disturbances rudeness had been displayed by many of the Chinese in Chengtu towards the missionaries, and scurrilous remarks had been heard by them as they passed through the streets. So frequent and pronounced were these manifestations of hostility latterly that the ladies of the mission were afraid to walk upon the streets alone and when obliged to leave their compounds always took closed chairs. More than  
[281]

once had the authorities of the city been appealed to to issue a proclamation, forbidding the use of abusive language towards foreigners and announcing the fact that the missionaries were not in China for any hostile purpose, but for the good of the people. The officials not only ignored these appeals, but openly incited the people against the foreigners. On the second day of the riots in Chengtu, one of the officials—a taotai in rank—issued the following statement:

“At the present time we have ample evidence that foreigners deceive and kidnap small children. You soldiers and people must not be disturbed and flurried. When the cases are brought before us, we certainly will not be lenient with them.”

A day or two before the riots there appeared the following placard:

“Notice is hereby given that at the present time foreign barbarians are hiring evil characters to steal small children that they may extract oil from them for their use. I have a female servant named Li who has personally seen this done. I therefore exhort you good people not to allow your children to go out. I hope that you will act in accordance with this.”

No wonder there followed a riot. Here is a placard that was posted all over the city the day after the riots in Chengtu:

[282]

“At the present time when Japan has usurped Chinese territory, you English, French and Americans have looked on with your hands in your sleeves. If in the future you wish to preach your doctrines in China, you must drive the Japanese back to their own country, then you will be allowed to preach your holy Gospel throughout the country without let or hindrance.”

The war which China at that time was waging with Japan no doubt helped to intensify the bitterness of the people towards foreigners, but the responsibility for the troubles in West China must largely be placed at the door of the Viceroy—a pronounced anti-foreigner—and some of the officials.



XXIII

THE APPEAL UNTO CÆSAR



---

---

## XXIII

### THE APPEAL UNTO CÆSAR

---

**C**HUNGKING was full of excitement when Dr. Hart and Dr. Hare arrived from Kiating. Every day brought news of further uprisings not only in Szechwan, but in other provinces; fugitive missionaries were continually coming in from the unsettled districts and hurrying on by native boat to Shanghai. The officials of the city appeared greatly worried at the outlook. They declared that it would be impossible for them to maintain order when the students—always a troublesome lot—would gather for the annual examinations in a few days. The British consul had telegraphed Peking to see if the examinations might not be dropped for that year; but as the telegraph lines had been tampered with no reply had as yet been received. The consul with half a dozen foreigners belonging to the Imperial Customs went about armed. They had arranged among themselves, in the event of an attack,

[287]



to assemble at one of the compounds and fight it out. An invitation had been extended to any of the missionaries who were in fighting mood to make their way to the appointed place.

For two weeks Dr. Hart and Dr. Hare took up their quarters in a large passenger boat, moored near the pontoon of the Customs. Here from day to day they closely watched developments in the hope that the situation might clear sufficiently for them to return to their work. But the situation did not clear and they were urged by the British consul to follow the other missionaries to Shanghai. Before leaving Chungking there was a conference of the missionaries and other foreigners and a paper was drawn up to be presented to both the British and American Ministers at Peking, stating their grievances and demanding immediate redress. Dr. Hart was commissioned to go to Peking and represent the petitioners. At Ichang, Hankow and Shanghai there were similar conferences and similar papers were drawn up.

In a letter to Dr. Sutherland, dated at Ichang, July 4, 1895, Dr. Hart says:

“Our party, except Dr. Hare and myself, are in Shanghai, and we hope to join them within a week, when all our claims will be made out and presented for payment. We shall include the original cost of

[288]

building, repairs and oversight in construction, and time to rebuild, also all our enforced travelling expenses, furniture, etc.

“Mrs. Stevenson was rather ill when she went down the river, so was Mrs. Hartwell. No ladies will go back to Szechwan for a year at least.

“We hope to return by November next, and begin the work of reconstruction. Our claims will not be much under twenty thousand taels (eighteen thousand dollars). Of course our plan is to rebuild at once.

“I am going from Shanghai to Peking, not only to press a full settlement of our claims before the ministers, but to present a petition to their Excellencies for the purpose of having radical changes made, and punishment meted out to the guilty officials, as well as to the ringleaders of the riots.

“We need our treaty rights stated so clearly that both officials and people cannot err. We want a Commission of Inquiry to sit at Chengtu, and there see the guilty brought to justice. My petition covers all this ground and has the English consul’s (of Chungking) approval. I have just held a conference with the English consul and the Commissioner of Customs of this place, and they both heartily approve of such a course; and would go further, that a Consular Agent reside at Chengtu, and that trade be opened to Sui Foo, Kiating and even Chengtu, if warranted. I shall urge especially these latter points upon the attention of Minister Denby, of Peking, who is a personal friend of mine.

“It is imperative that something be done at once

[289]

to secure our position in Szechwan, or we may be subjected again to all sorts of indignities. Now is the time to strike. The riots may work out for us great and lasting good. I shall keep you well informed of all steps taken. We may be obliged to do things more independently of the Society than we could wish, but we cannot delay without jeopardising great interests. In going to Peking I am speaking for the whole body of missionaries in Szechwan, and, if successful, for all China.

“I hope that you will keep me well advised as to the wishes of the Board. Don't take any back track. Pray for us, and as sure as our cause is just and for the good of this people, it must win.”

In a second letter to Dr. Sutherland, written from Shanghai, Dr. Hart says:

“I hope that you will urge the Canadian Government to stir in the matter. It is not in a vindictive spirit that we are acting, but to rescue China from the greater perils in store for her if such proceedings are not stopped. Mob violence has been chronic with her for forty years; it is growing and becoming one of the chief features of her action towards all foreigners. The officials are our enemies and have been directly or indirectly responsible for most of our troubles. We are anxious to bring them to time while this grave affair is pending. A money settlement only will not help us for future work. We must be respected and be treated as men if we are to be successful.”

[290]



DR. AND MRS. HART AND THEIR DAUGHTER



On the evening of the eighteenth of July—fifty days from the outbreak at Chengtu, Dr. Hart and Dr. Hare put out to sea on the little steamer *Wuchang* bound for Peking. At noon on the second day they sighted the Shangtung Promontory, which like a great index finger points towards Korea. Off the port bow they saw the low island of Liu-Kong-Tao, the scene of the great naval fight between Japan and China six months before. Here the Chinese Admiral Ting made a gallant stand against the Japanese Admiral Ito. Day after day the battle waged, when Ito, who had been a friend and great admirer of Ting and knew his courage, saw that the Chinese could not hold out much longer, he wrote a letter to Ting beseeching him to come over to the Japanese until the close of the war. But Ting, although in terrible straits, declined the well-meant invitation and continued the contest. A few days later he took poison, as did his second and third officers in command and thus perished the naval hopes of China.

Chefoo, with its commodious harbour, numerous shipping and interesting foreign settlement, was the first port of call. Long before the steamer came to anchor a fleet of clumsy-looking rowboats put off from the shore and just as a boat reached the middle of the steamer a brawny man would throw up a long pole with an iron hook at the end and swing

[291]

himself clear of his little craft to the steamer's deck. This feat was done by a dozen or more enterprising as well as athletic fellows who had come aboard to secure guests for certain native hotels which they represented.

On the fourth day from Shanghai they entered the narrow and tortuous Peiho River and dropped anchor off Taku with its historic fortifications. Here from the deck of the steamer Dr. Hart got his first glimpse of a Chinese railroad. He says, "We could actually see a railroad depot, and engines and cars coming and going, and hear the bells and an occasional toot. Can it be that I have lived to see such a thing as a railroad in China!" The following morning he and his young companion went ashore with their traps to the station and boarded a train for Tientsin, the port of Peking, forty miles up the river.

During their short stay in Tientsin they visited the London Mission Hospital, the scene of Dr. Kenneth Mackenzie's earnest and heroic labours. The wards were full of sick and wounded soldiers gathered from the battlefields of Port Arthur and Wei Hai Wei. The travellers were deeply impressed with the memorials that they saw of the terrible massacre of foreigners in 1870. "I could not leave Tientsin," writes Dr. Hart, "without a sight of those places where such cruel deeds were done. A

[292]

small and severely plain chapel stands on part of the site of the Orphanage (Roman Catholic) and where the ten heroic sisters fell, defending as only loving hearts can their sacred trusts. Each consecrated spot is marked by a single round marble pillar about four feet high, with the sister's baptismal name carved in Roman letters upon it. Two of the pillars are in the body of the chapel and eight outside in front and around the building where they are claimed to have fallen. This sacred place, removed but a stone's throw from a noisy street and entirely shut in from view by walls, was the scene of more brutal violence than ever disgraced Chinese annals. As I went from pillar to pillar and stood reading the names of the martyred sisters, my heart was strangely touched, and I could not but feel that these small white monuments would be eloquent sermons to unborn generations and an everlasting testimony against heathen barbarity and the strange ingratitude of the Chinese people."

Through the kindness of Mr. Pethick, the private secretary of Li Hung Chang, whom Dr. Hart knew in Foochow many years before, the two missionaries had the rare opportunity while in Tientsin of an informal interview with that greatest of modern Chinamen. While they were in the secretary's office in the Viceroy's Yamen, Li was announced. He came forward and shook hands with each of the



gentlemen in true Western fashion, and after inviting them to sit down, entered into an hour's conversation with them. The conversation naturally turned to the riots in Chengtu and Dr. Hart's mission to Peking. "He was anxious to settle the matter upon the spot," states the doctor, "and said that he could do it by telegraph. He assured me that the Hunan man—Chen—who issued the famous proclamation on the second day of the riots, should be punished and we should go back in safety, provided we would waive our indemnity. He spoke most bitterly of the Roman Catholics and charged them with having made money out of the riots. 'Admitting it to be so,' I replied, 'the Chinese are to blame for the rioting.' 'Well,' he said, 'don't take any indemnity and I will guarantee you shall never be mobbed and looted again; hereafter there shall not be any more destruction of property.' I said to him, 'These riots have been going on for thirty or forty years and you do not stop them. We ask nothing but a righteous reparation, and do not want more than will reconstruct our property.' He still charged us, but more particularly the Roman Catholics, with demanding more than a full compensation. I asked His Excellency what he would do if bad people destroyed his house and property, would he ask compensation? He answered, 'No!' Of course he need not, for he could get his compensation

without asking. *He would seize it!* He urged me to tell him all I knew about Liu, the Viceroy of Szechwan. Did I know anything bad about him? I answered, 'Not personally.' He then pressed me so hard that I said, 'He has the reputation of being a very avaricious man.' The Viceroy denied this, and said, 'No, he is not.' Then I stated that Liu had the reputation of being a hater of foreigners, but he answered, 'No, but you may say that he does not like them.' I could have told more, but I knew well that he was better acquainted with his villainy than I. We had to examine his face, or rather Dr. Hare did, and give him some assurance that he would not suffer from the encased bullet (which he had received from a would-be assassin in Japan). Poor old man! walking in darkness, tottering to the grave, a prejudiced heathen!

"We were shown over the vice-regal palace and looked upon the fine gifts of the Emperor and Empress Dowager which have come to him from time to time. I had seen and talked face to face with the hero of Taiping days, the queller of riots in Szechwan a score of years ago, the most eminent general, the wiliest diplomat China has ever produced, a viceroy that in peace and war, in calm and temp-est, in honour and dishonour, has played his cards for all they were worth. Hateful foes are now hounding him to the grave and but few friends rise

[295]

to bolster the tottering giant. The Empress Dowager, however, through thick and thin, swears by him and longs with itching palms for the substantial proofs of his gratitude, which have been lavished upon her as seldom from subject to ruler."

From Tientsin to Peking is anywhere from seventy-five to one hundred and thirty-five miles—all depends upon which route one selects, the water or the land! There are three popular modes of transportation in vogue—house-boat, cart and saddle. Though Dr. Hart's inclinations were to select a cart, as a new experience, he was wisely persuaded by his missionary friends in Tientsin to take a boat. The scenery along the river he found most uninteresting and monotonous. The country was flat and almost leafless. Mud was everywhere—mud-houses, mud-shops, muddy roads, muddy clothes. Never did he see so much *mud*. And yet this little Peiho River, the muddiest and crookedest stream on the planet, is one of greatest historic interest. The Thames, the Spree, the Seine, the Tagus, even the Tiber, are but of yesterday compared with it. Dr. Hart thought of this as he sat in his stifling cabin and looked out of the windows upon the cheerless landscape. "Think of the pleasure barges that have gone up and down this river; of emperors and empresses, princes and dukes, away back—no one knows how far. Think of the armies that have been marshalled

[296]

upon its banks, of battles fought, of the tragic events of plottings and conspiracies to overthrow hated rulers. Think of the numberless scholars who have come to compete at Peking for academic honours and the few who have returned bearing chaplets! While I muse upon the great past my heart grows strangely tender towards this little stream."

At Tung Chao, fourteen miles from the Capital, our missionaries left the house-boat and proceeded upon donkeys, their baggage following in a cart, which travelled at the rate of a mile and a half an hour. Such roads! They had heard that they were bad, but the half had never been told. Both riders and baggage suffered severely from the concussions—jolts is too mild a word—which they received by dropping into the myriads of holes and ruts which marked the way to Peking. The ride was a memorable, but most undignified one. Dr. Hart did not feel like a special Commissioner to the Imperial City as he sat upon his little, lean, razor-back, stubborn beast, with his knees half-drawn up to his chin. The donkey had a mind of its own and at times on the journey was uncontrollable. In entering the city where the streets were at all good he would rush along at a fearful speed, keeping his rider busy dodging sign boards, meat hooks and other menacing things that hung suspended from the shops; he would plunge straight into a crowd, upsetting any one

[297]

and anything that came in his way. His venerable rider remarks, "I could no more guide that diminutive beast than Perseus could the winged Pegasus when he took the bit and flew towards the haunts of the Gorgons."

Dr. Hart's visit to Peking was a short one. He was there for only one week and as he had to confer with several important dignitaries, he could give but little time to sight-seeing.

At eleven o'clock on the day following his arrival, by special appointment, he called upon the most influential foreigner in China, Sir Robert Hart, the Inspector General of the Imperial Maritime Customs. For forty-one years this Irishman had been in the confidence of the Chinese Government and had won a world-wide reputation for the services which he had rendered the Empire. No man could have held a trust of such magnitude so long, and satisfied a government so whimsical as the Chinese, unless he possessed extraordinary powers. It must have been very galling to capable and ambitious Chinamen to have one of the hated and despised foreign race employed by their government in the organisation and control of so important a branch of the public service as the Customs. There are no better financiers in the world, as individuals, than the Chinese, but they have seldom proved themselves adept in managing great public affairs. They may

[298]

have the ability, but they as a rule succumb too readily to the tempter.

Dr. Hart was quick to notice in his interview with Sir Robert how a long sojourn in China and a close identification with the people had practically denationalised him. He had become in reality a Chinaman in thought and feeling. After discussing the matter of opening a few new ports in West China, the conversation drifted to Christian missions. Sir Robert strongly hinted that the presence of missionaries was most undesirable on the part of the Chinese; that they were disturbing elements, and that in the Confucian classics the people had all they needed. Dr. Hart referred him to the gross ignorance and deplorable degradation of all classes, and the corruption of the official class in particular, and that while they had a good system of ethics, its hold upon the people was gone; that the Roman Empire at its worst was no worse than China at present. Sir Robert finally and frankly admitted the truth of the statement.

In the afternoon of the same day Dr. Hart presented his card at the imposing gateway of the British Legation. In a few minutes he had met Sir Nicholas O'Connor, the British Minister, and had handed him the document prepared by the missionaries at Chungking. The minister agreed most fully

[299]

with the demands made, but felt that some of the points should not be pressed at that time.

After the interview Sir Nicholas showed Dr. Hart and Dr. Hare over the extensive legation grounds. The residence is one of those old ducal palaces for which Peking is famous, and is a magnificent specimen of Chinese art. The reception and dining rooms with their frescoes and wood carvings are by far the finest in all China. Indeed few palaces in Europe can boast of more sumptuous apartments.

Before returning to Shanghai, Dr. Hart must see his old friend, the popular American Minister, the Honourable Colonel Charles Denby. He discovered that the Colonel was holidaying in his summer home among the hills some miles west of the Capital, but an invitation had been left for him to come out and stay as long as he could make it convenient. The generous invitation was accepted, though it meant another long and distressing ride upon a Peking donkey. Two days were pleasantly passed in the Minister's retreat, reviving old memories, when the two had travelled many a mile together in Central China, and in canvassing the vexed situation in Szechwan. Colonel Denby did not seem very hopeful of securing much beyond a money indemnity, but assured his missionary friend that he would leave no stone unturned to bring China to her senses and

[300]

secure prompt and adequate measures of redress and reform.

Sir Harry Parkes, who for many years was the British Minister to Peking, used to say that when he came back to the Capital it was returning to the three D's—"Dirt! Dust! and Disdain!" Dr. Hart, after a week's residence, fully accepted Sir Harry's characterisation of the city, but felt that he could have added a few more D's to the list. This was his parting shot: "My opinion is that Peking, while the capital of a mighty empire and possessing many objects of interest, is the most corrupt, most filthy and most unenlightened city in the world. It is destitute of any claims to represent a civilised people. Its streets, houses, shops and general conveniences are no better than ten centuries ago. It is without waterworks, without sewers, without proper lighting, without police, without a properly paved street and without shame."

The result of the demands of the missionaries and other foreign residents of China, the consuls and the various foreign Ministers at Peking, was the degradation of Liu-Ping-Chang, the notorious Viceroy of Szechwan; the degradation and dismissal of all the other guilty officials; the full recognition of the status of the missionaries in the province, and the payment of a sufficient money indemnity for all



losses—no small proportion of which the ex-vice-roy was compelled to pay out of his own pocket.

At the time the Imperial Edict was issued announcing the compensations which the missionaries were to receive and fixing the responsibility for all the troubles upon the officials of Szechwan, Dr. Hart wrote these words to the Canadian Methodist Missionary authorities:

“I believe the very pillars of iniquity which have held up this tottering fabric which we call, ‘The Imperial Government’ are about to be pulled down. We must and are to have a new China. I feel thankful to live to see this day and somehow feel that we have done our best year’s work in 1895.”

XXIV

THE WORK RESUMED



---

---

## XXIV

### THE WORK RESUMED

---

FOR several months following the riots the provinces bordering upon the Yangtse, as well as one or two by the sea, were in a more or less disturbed state. In some provinces rebellions had broken out and Imperial troops were busy in trying to put them down. At Kucheng, near Foochow, ten missionaries had been massacred and a commission had been appointed to investigate the matter. A British fleet of warships was lying off Wusung, a few miles from Shanghai, ready for emergencies. British and other gunboats had gone up the Yangtse and were now anchored off the various treaty ports prepared to shell the native cities if the foreign residents were molested. The outlook for missionary work was far from promising.

Our West China missionaries were, like the country, most unsettled too. One or two went to Japan; Dr. and Mrs. Stevenson and Mrs. Hartwell, whose

[305]

nerves had been badly shaken by the experiences through which they had passed, decided to return to Canada; the others remained in Shanghai.

Early in November, tired of inaction and anxious to test the feeling of the people, Dr. Hart and Mr. Hartwell set out for Szechwan. They were preceded by a commission of three gentlemen sent by the American Government to Chengtu to settle the amount of indemnity to be paid American citizens for their losses and to insist upon the punishment of all guilty officials.

When the missionaries reached Chungking, a petty officer boarded the boat and presented Dr. Hart with the card of the Chief Magistrate of the city. Accompanying the card was a present of two chickens, two doves and two plates of cakes. This was the conventional intimation that a personal visit would soon follow. The next morning the magistrate called and had a long conference with the doctor. He was a jolly old fellow and every time the doctor said anything that pleased him he would jump up from his chair and in a most animated way shake him by the hand. But the magistrate was as wily as he was jolly. He was particularly anxious that Dr. Hart should not go to Chengtu until the American Commission had left. But the experienced missionary quickly saw through his plea. He was afraid that his presence there and his intimate knowledge

[306]

of affairs might strengthen the hands of the commission and be very embarrassing to the officials.

In leaving Chungking Dr. Hart notified the Chief Magistrate of Chengtu that he was coming overland and asked that suitable accommodation be provided for him and Mr. Hartwell. The magistrate was exceedingly obliging. He ordered an escort of six soldiers to meet the missionaries and to accompany them to the city, and rented a commodious dwelling near their old property, where they might reside until their own houses had been rebuilt. When they arrived in Chengtu they found the magistrate awaiting them in their temporary quarters "all wreathed in smiles," having made every provision for their comfort.

In visiting the ruins of their old buildings they discovered some very interesting and significant drawings upon what remained of the walls of the chapel. One of the drawings depicted a ferocious man with a very long arm thrashing a sad-looking Chinese boy. Under it were these words: "This is the way foreigners beat their children." Another drawing was entitled, "The boy and the box in the blood room." On one of the walls, in large characters, appeared the sentence, "Here is the hall that met a righteous retribution from Heaven's wrath."

But though these drawings very clearly indicated the conceptions and feelings of the populace towards

the missionaries at the time of the riots, they by no means indicated their attitude towards them when they returned. Seven months had wrought a great change. In a letter to the Editor of the *Christian Guardian*, Dr. Hart says:

“We have mingled freely with the people on the streets and on the parade ground and have received the best of treatment. This morning Mr. Hartwell and I walked back and forth upon the parade ground while about two thousand soldiers were going through their evolutions. The onlookers were many. We stopped and conversed with the soldiers and people and did not hear an offensive word or observe an act that indicated anything but goodwill. The degradation of the Viceroy and the punishment of the other officials have worked wonders for our cause. The simple fact that we can secure property for our missions, using the words ‘buy’ and ‘sell’—which has never been the custom before and that we are not limited to certain districts for purposes of residence, gives us a far different standing in the eyes of the people. Our hearts are full of praise to God who has done by the wrath and cunning of our enemies more for His cause than our preaching, schools and hospitals could have done for decades.”

One of the local causes contributing to this happy result was the loyalty and the testimony of the scholars of the mission day schools. The scholars were living witnesses to the falsity of the cruel

rumours that had been circulated by the Chengtu officials. When the excitement of the riots had subsided, these boys and girls were visited by many of the better disposed citizens and they were closely questioned about the life, methods and teachings of the missionaries. Without a single exception these scholars stood faithfully by their teachers and helped to open the eyes of the people to the deceptions that had been practised upon them by their unscrupulous officials. Joined by their parents many of these scholars walked miles out of the city to welcome the returning missionaries, their faces aglow with the joy of seeing them again.

After a few busy weeks in Chengtu in settling claims, buying a new property and starting the work of rebuilding, Dr. Hart left for Kiating, where he spent several days in repairing the damaged mission premises and in notifying the authorities and the people that the missionaries were about to return and resume their work.

But the strain of the past few years—especially the last one—had been too much for the veteran missionary and broken in health through malaria he left for home in February, 1896. A year's rest did him a world of good and he was again ready for his field in China. On the thirteenth day of February, 1897, he, with his wife and daughter, sailed from San Francisco. Upon their arrival in Yoko-



hama they were met by Dr. Hare, to whom Miss Hart was married on the following day. Three delightful and altogether too short days were passed in the home of Dr. Edgerton Hart at Wuhu, when the party proceeded up the Yangtse, reaching Kiating on the twenty-seventh day of May.

As Dr. Hart's house had suffered considerably at the hands of the rioters it was some time before it could be made habitable. Not a door nor a window had been left in the place. For several days, until new doors and windows could be made, blankets were hung up. "We were like people living in a bird cage," writes Mrs. Hart to one of her sons. If this good lady was not charmed with her house she was with the grounds that surrounded it. At the back of the place rose a high rock covered with small shrubs, ferns and banana plants. "I never tire," she continues, "of looking at this lovely view about twenty feet from our dining-room window. We have steps up this rock and at the top one gets a view of the river and two large islands; rafts and boats of all sizes are going and coming. We reach the wall of the city—only a short distance away—by this same flight of steps. The outlook from the wall is charming. Hill after hill appears, covered with shrubs and flowers and vegetation of all kinds—and then beyond is Omei with its lofty range of mountains."

There is nothing that the foreigner, living in the hot cities of China, longs for more than a good drink of cold water. Good drinking water is hard to obtain—hence the universal tea habit. Dr. Hart endeavoured to solve the problem in his compound at Kiating by attempting to dig a well just at the foot of the big, red sand-stone cliff or rock, already referred to, at the back of the property. The workmen had not gone down more than seven feet when they came upon a cave, entering the perpendicular cliff at right angles—made by the Mantzs, the original inhabitants of the country. “As soon as we could get into it,” says Dr. Hart, “we took torches and penetrated the long lost cave where human beings dwelt probably two thousand years ago. The cave is eight feet high, about the same in width, and sixty feet deep, straight into the solid rock. It is beautifully chiselled and at the farther end is a fireplace with two furnace holes for cooking food. Along the sides of the cave are old stone cisterns for water and a niche or two for sleepers. We found the cave very cold and rather damp. We are going to make use of it as a dry well for cooling drinks and food. There are thousands of these ancient caves in and around the city, but I have never seen one quite so deep as this one.”

On returning to West China Dr. Hart found all the missionaries back at their posts with the excep-

[311]

tion of Dr. and Mrs. Stevenson, who had resigned from the mission. During his absence seven or eight new buildings had risen from the ruins of the old, among which were a fine brick church in Chengtu seating over four hundred people and a neat little chapel in Kiating. One of his first duties upon his return was to dedicate the Kiating chapel and baptise the first convert of the mission.

In founding the West China Mission Dr. Hart soon felt the need of the printing press. In an address at a missionary conference in Victoria College, Toronto, some years after, he said, "I felt the necessity of it to meet the wants of both missionaries and Chinese. It is quite a serious undertaking to bring literature up from Shanghai. Nearly one-third of the books sent westward have been lost on the way. And we need books. From the time when Morrison and others laid hold on the press to convey their thoughts to the Chinese, what a world of good has been done! The Chinese are a literary people, and it seems to me that when they read and gather and love books, that there can be no better way of influencing them than through the medium of the printed page." In one of his first communications home after opening the work in Chengtu, he says, "I am very much convinced that the best religious work that can be done for Szechwan for a few years to come is that of a good weekly paper to be sold say for two or three

cash a copy, giving the people some knowledge of our purposes and of the world in general. Light is what they need. Their ignorance is so dense that they cannot comprehend our motives.”

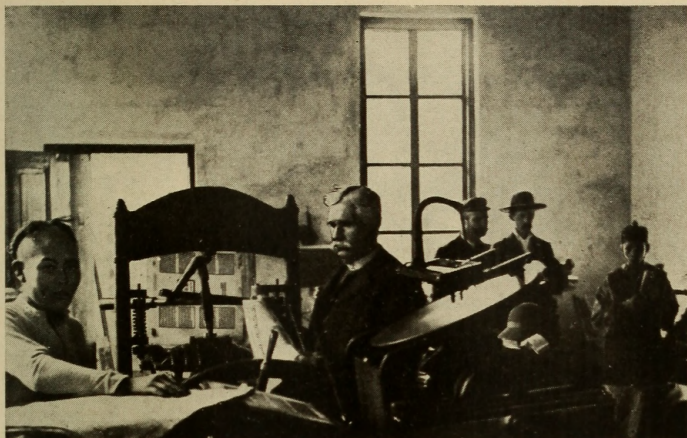
Before leaving Canada in 1897, Dr. Hart made a tour of the churches and in his addresses he always put in a special plea for a mission press. Through private subscriptions he collected fifteen hundred dollars by which he was enabled to take back with him two presses, a Gordon treadle, and a lever hand-press, together with a limited quantity of Chinese type, which he purchased in Shanghai. What a time he had in Ichang in packing these presses into a junk for transportation up the river! They were as the apple of his eye and the cause of much solicitude as they passed through the perils of the rapids. These two little presses were the first to be used in China west of Hankow. They were put into commission in Kiating where a new brick building was erected to house them. Dr. Hart says, “We began our work with one man to print all our books for fifty millions of people—and this man was a foreigner. We went on slowly and the day we printed our first tract I saw his eyes sparkle with joy. This tract was entitled, ‘Words Exhorting the World to Good Deeds,’ and we sold it for one cash. From this beginning we went on to larger work, such as the printing of the Gospels. After one year, when

[313]

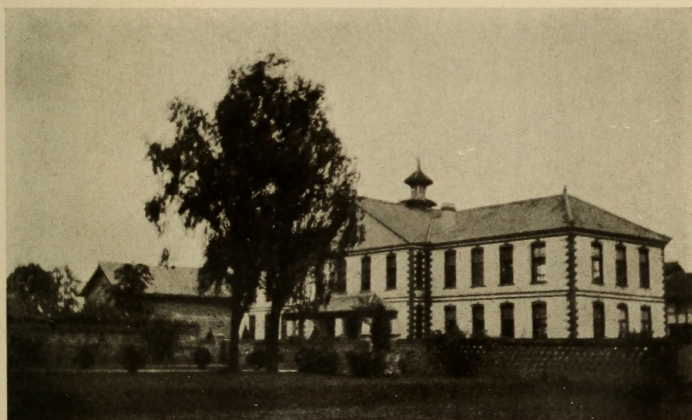
we had printed one hundred and fifty thousand copies of books, I put on two more men. The next year we put on six or seven more men. We now have sixteen young men in our employ, and in one year we printed three millions one hundred thousand pages of literature.

“A short time ago our General Secretary said to me that he hoped I would live long enough to make this press work in China self-supporting. So far as paying its own way is concerned, it is that now. From the time that we collected our first money and paid for our press this enterprise has been entirely self-supporting. Not only so, but we have made money. And we can make more. I fully expect that when we have five or six presses at work we shall not only pay the missionary in charge, but establish a fund for the carrying on of mission work in China. Last year we could not begin to fill our orders. The American Bible Society alone demanded one press all the time to print Gospels and the Acts and we ran off seventy-five thousand volumes for them. The British and Foreign Bible Society are anxious to have us print a large edition for them, but we are unable to do so with the presses we have. It costs from twenty to thirty per cent. less to print these books in Chengtu than it does to have them sent in. The price of paper is reasonable and labour is cheap. We have adopted the following scale of

[314]



DR. HART OPERATING HIS PRINTING PRESS  
THE FIRST TO BE USED IN CHINA WEST OF HANKOW



THE PRESS BUILDING AT KIATING



wages for our printers and the allowance is a generous one for Chinese labour. First year, one dollar and twenty-five cents per month; second year, two dollars per month; third year, two dollars and a half per month. The highest amount they will ever get is three dollars and twenty-five cents per month, and they are happy men when they receive that—and they all feed themselves out of the wages they receive!

“There are no newspapers in Chengtu and even a small bi-monthly paper would be a good thing. It would need a foreigner at its head, but if he were the right man it could be made a great success. The news supply could be furnished by telegraph (which now comes into Chengtu), and by extracts from daily and weekly papers which reach us from the coast. News even three months old would seem fresh to people who could not get anything fresher. And the Chinese are not the only ones behind the times. There are people in Toronto who did not appear to know that we had a press in West China until to-day.

“I have great faith in this work of the press—more faith than I have in any other kind of work I ever undertook. By means of it we can spread God’s Word everywhere. It is reaching far out now, and the time is coming when we shall be printing literature for Thibet and sending the Word of Life up



into those dark provinces where for so long the Empress Dowager has been sowing the seeds of death."

Dr. Hart's faith in the power of the printed page among the millions of West China has been more than justified. The two little presses that he took up the river in 1897 are now a dozen; the little brick building in Kiating has become a fine large plant with modern equipment, having a total output each year of over thirty-five million pages, printed in four or more languages, employing four or five foreign heads of departments and a native staff of over sixty. There is no branch of the work of the Canadian Methodist Church that is so successful and far-reaching in its influence as the presswork.

XXV

A VISIT TO AN OUTSTATION



---

---

## XXV

### A VISIT TO AN OUTSTATION

---

**D**URING the growing years that followed the return of the Canadian missionaries in Szechwan several new outstations were established in the neighbourhood of Chengtu and Kiating. One of the first to be opened was Omei Hsien, a day's journey from Kiating. Dr. Hart, in a breezy article, tells of a short trip which he and his wife made to this new outstation and to an ancient monastery a few miles beyond, among the mountains.

“Come with me to our new outstation at Omei, a quiet city nestling in a fertile plain near the foothills of the great Mount Omei. The mountain now wears her winter robes, and streams of snow water rush along the deep street gutters, to find the paddy fields far beyond the city walls.

“There are not many lands where the people would make more use of such tiny streams. The ducks and geese swim in them; the little urchins

[319]

wade in them and sail their toy boats; turnips and cabbages are washed in them; buckets of filth are emptied into them; clothes are washed in them; and, lastly, coolies every hour dip their pails in them and carry the refreshing contents to the tea shops and homes to brew fragrant tea and steam rice.

“Mrs. Hart and I, after a twenty-five miles’ ride in sedan chairs, entered the East Gate just before nightfall and took lodgings in our newly rented house upon the main street, in the rear of a fashionable tea shop. Our courtyard was not the pink of neatness, nor as sweet-smelling as a clover patch. A cold wind circulated freely through the roof and walls of our house. It is wonderful what white-wash and red paint will do for an old, tumble-down Chinese dwelling! We had the evidence before us and were happy. A charcoal fire was quickly made, a good meal was soon spread out upon our own washed table, and two happy people feasted in the heart of the city, unknown by the thousands about them.

“The next day was ‘market day’—always a gay day in West China. Every city and town is supposed to have a public market from ten to fifteen times each month, and as the cities and towns are not far apart, the people have exceptional opportunities to dispose of everything the earth grows and the hand of man manufactures. About nine o’clock

[320]

the peasants from hills and vales and mountain heights come in groups toward the city gates, and by eleven o'clock nearly every important street has become a veritable bazaar. The din of myriad voices rises over the city and is heard half a mile beyond the city gates. Every commodity known to this district, and some new and fantastic articles from beyond the seas, are arranged on either side of the street. Here an old woman sits by a basket of fresh eggs, brought with much pride from her home in the hills, five miles away. Yonder a sturdy lass holds a squeaking black pig with a straw rope and finds her charge a lively one until a purchaser drags the squealing nuisance away, pulled, punched and kicked out of half a month's growth.

"This is just the time to sell books and rub shoulders with the people, and no one has enjoyed the delights of missionary work unless he has pushed his way through a large town or city with his hands full of books and tracts, and run over half a dozen pigs, chickens and waddling babies, and received a hundred inward imprecations from old women, as the cause of unseemly hubbubs.

"The day was cold and misty, but the cold and the mist did not interfere with business. About ten o'clock the hum of voices was heard, and a little later I sallied forth with our cook for a canvass of the city. With illustrated calendars, in two colours,

[321]

and tracts in abundance, we walked leisurely through the crowds, holding up our precious merchandise and calling to every one near and far to purchase. Talking here to a group of farmers, much to their amusement, and there explaining calendars and tracts to shopmen. Some one purchases and then a dozen conclude to venture, and my hands are all thumbs as the buyers multiply. One hand is filled to the uttermost with tracts, the other must select and give out the ones sold and receive the brass coins, and deposit them in my coat pocket and defend my calendars from assaults in the rear and sides, for well-behaved Chinamen are not above taking considerable liberties with things which do not exactly belong to them. After two hours of this kind of work, with one side of my person weighted down with brass, I struggle back to my lodgings hungry and weary.

“The following day there was a market at Tsin Lung Chang, ten miles away, and both Mrs. Hart and I went. I cannot attempt anything like a description of the lovely views we caught of the wonderful mountain as we wended our way over streams, by mighty banyans, through villages and past ancient temples, ever looking up to the snowy peaks and rugged gorges. We had a good reception by the multitudes, and books were in great demand, and notwithstanding the streets were wet, and my feet damp and cold, my part of the market was so lively

[322]



MARKET DAY





that such small troubles were soon forgotten. Everybody was happy, and when I stood between the sedan poles, and ate my lunch as it was handed to me by my faithful partner, the enthusiasm manifested was something extraordinary. Lunch over, I left Mrs. Hart again, and did a big business before it was time to retrace our steps.

“The next day we journeyed forty li, or thirteen miles, to Ta-Ngo-Sz, an ancient monastery, twenty-five hundred feet up the side of the mountain. My wife had a sedan chair, but she had to walk so much of the way up that she declared she would make the whole journey next time on foot, and take two days for the ascent. I half surmise the coolies will be just as well pleased, for I might as well say it now as some other time, they declared she weighed three hundred catties, which in plain English weight is three hundred and seventy-five pounds. It was a libel, of course, but then she is pretty heavy.

“We took the old abbot—whom I had met before—by surprise, but his beaming face declared plainly enough, ‘You are welcome!’ We made ourselves at home by taking the whole west end of the great temple. The old gentleman, who boasts the mature age of sixty-nine years, prostrated himself before us both, first to myself and then to my wife. With thumbs spread wide and outstretched arms, he fell upon his knees, his silk robes, lined with fur, all in

[323]

a heap, and bowed his mitred head at our feet. I found it rather hard on my part to be so humble for both of us. However, I bowed pretty low.

“This ceremony over, the abbot ordered the humbler fraternity to bring in the great brazier, for it was cold, and make up the bed, insisting that we should have mosquito curtains. Of mosquitos there had not one hummed to the smoking incense for half a year. Hot water, in a tiny brass pitcher, just enough for one cup of tea, was brought by the serving abbot. After wiping the cups with his sleeve, he pulled out a package from his bosom, from which, when unrolled, dropped two wads of Yun Nan coarse tea. With one wad he made me a cup of yellow liquid, then he proceeded to do the hospitable thing for Mrs. Hart. Her wad, by accident, fell into the ashes, but the old man was courtesy itself and wiped it well with his withered hand and an old rag which had seen much service. I sipped my cup with great gusto and with sufficient noise that both he and Mrs. Hart could hear, giving a side glance to her to see how she liked the mixture he was now preparing for her. Hers was well brewed, and with great politeness handed to her by the grand old man. He went out just then, and to my chagrin Mrs. Hart deliberately poured out that choice cup of tea into the ashes. Women are so queer and finical!

“We stopped for two days and enjoyed the ab-

[324]

bot's hospitality. He lives a very quiet life, surrounded by a few young priests and novitiates. In addition to serving the gods and waiting upon the worshippers, who come from all parts of the empire and even from Japan and Korea, the abbot is a doctor. At the temple door he has a cupboard with ten drawers all filled with different herbs, barks, roots, clays and curious mixtures. One morning while we were there a mountain woman brought her daughter for treatment. 'What's the matter with you?' he asked the girl. 'I have a pain,' she replied. 'Yes, I know, but where is it?' 'In my head and stomach, sir.' 'How long?' he asked. And when the mother told him, he quickly said, 'Ah, ague!' In a few minutes he had prepared for the sick girl a huge package of ginger, a dozen different herbs, with a big lump of white clay thrown in.

"The old man seemed very anxious for us to make our home with him during the hot months, and as an inducement he said he would have plenty of vegetables in the garden and good corn meal for porridge. Once or twice he referred to the wonderful efficacy of the waters of the bubbling spring near the temple, which the priests call spiritual water or water of the gods. He claimed that it could prolong life and make marvellous cures. He said that if I would come every year during the hot season he believed that I would live to be a hundred years old,

[325]

and that he expected to live to be ninety years old himself. 'How fine it would be to return to your own country at the age of a hundred,' he said. I have no doubt the Missionary Society would look favourably upon any simple measure that would preclude the necessity of a furlough for forty or fifty years. It might be worth trying.

"We had a splendid visit and enjoyed communion with nature—the mountains and streams and mammoth trees—and from the temple front one of the grandest outlooks to be found in West China. I often thought of the Scotchman who spent a few minutes of each day before the mountains, unhooded, in adoration of nature.

"By the way, what wonderful memories blind men have! As we took lunch in a temple court on our ascent, a blind man came in and stood by a pillar. Hearing me talk to the waiting priest, he quickly asked my name. 'Ah!' he said, 'you were at Wan-Nien monastery eleven years ago, were you not?' It was so, and the then blind boy now hears my voice after such a lapse of time and knows me."

The old abbot of Mount Omei is still living. His face is fearfully wrinkled, his form is bent—but his heart is as large and as warm as it ever was. Dear old soul! what a good friend he has been to the missionaries! After this first stay at the monastery Dr. and Mrs. Hart visited it several times, once or

twice for many weeks when the doctor was suffering from prolonged attacks of malaria. The abbot has built additional rooms for the accommodation of the missionaries who now make it a regular resort during the extreme heat of the summer.



XXVI

TWO EVENTFUL YEARS





---

---

## XXVI

### TWO EVENTFUL YEARS

---

THE closing year of the nineteenth century and the opening one of the twentieth were very eventful years in the history of Christian missions in West China. In the early part of 1899 each of the seven Protestant missionary societies at work in the Province of Szechwan sent representatives to a conference held in Chungking to consider the possibilities of closer federation and co-operation. The conference was an unqualified success. It was well attended, most enthusiastic and deeply spiritual in tone. One of the native Christians who was present, in describing the gathering to Dr. Hart, said: "The '*Big Washees*'—the Baptists—were there; the '*Little Washees*'—the Episcopalians and Methodists—were there, and the '*No Washees at all*'—the Quakers—were there. Me no understand why different and yet worship same Jesus." This poor, confused Chinaman, in those pidgin-English terms,

[331]

placed his finger upon the weak spot in the Christian propaganda, both in the Orient and the Occident—the lack of visible unity.

The most practical result of the conference was the organisation of a standing committee called The Advisory Board—a committee whose influence has so increased through the years that it has come more and more to be recognised as voicing the public opinion of the body of West China missionaries. The Advisory Board seeks to be a medium for exchange of opinion and consultation upon all matters of common interest to the missionaries, so that unnecessary over-lapping and duplication of work may be avoided and the greatest harmony promoted in the relations of the different operating societies.

One of the first tasks imposed upon the Advisory Board was the division of the Province of Szechwan into missionary “spheres of influence.” The sphere assigned to the Canadian Methodist Church was a strip of territory running from the centre of the province south to the Yangtse and including such important centres as Chengtu, Kiating, Tzeliutsing, Jenshow and Luchow—the very heart of this empire province, and comprising about eight million souls.

This co-operative missionary effort in Szechwan was the first step in a series of union movements which has led recently to the adoption by the great

[332]

majority of the foreign and native workers of the slogan, "One Protestant Church for West China!"

In speaking of the inspiration received at the Mission Conference held in Chengtu in 1908, when one hundred and seventy delegates from the various missionary societies met, Dr. George J. Bond says, "The keynote of that great meeting was *union*. Already the Advisory Board and the Educational Union had brought all the missions together, while four of them had come into the plan of even closer union in higher educational work. And to-day that ideal dominates the thought and markedly influences the relationships of the missionaries of West China. It has found practical shape in the Union Christian University; it has led to proposals for the saving of men and money and the provision of better plants and equipment and maintenance in hospital work by co-operation and concentration where possible among all missions specially interested therein. Indeed West China has set the pace for all the rest of China in the sincerity, the sanity and the scope of its union in missionary work."

While in West China the work of the missionary was making encouraging and peaceful progress, there sprang up in North China a secret native movement called, "Ho-Chuan"—the Righteous-Harmony-Fists, popularly known as the "Boxers." The avowed purpose of this organisation was the exter-

[333]

mination of the foreigner and the exaltation of the then existing Manchu Dynasty. The recent disastrous and humiliating war with Japan; the appropriation by foreign powers, such as Great Britain, Germany, France and Russia, of important and strategic points along the coast; the frequent references in the foreign press of the possible partition of China; the granting of official status to Roman Catholic priests and their intervention in matters of law when their converts were concerned; the sweeping reforms already carried out or contemplated by the progressive young Emperor Kwang Su—all these had greatly alarmed and incensed the conservative classes of the empire and made it easy for the ambitious and unscrupulous Empress Dowager, by a clever *coup d'état*, to seize the reins of government and institute a reign of terror against the reform party. Under the new régime reaction became the order of the day and things reverted to their former condition.

In such an atmosphere it was not hard for the Boxer movement to thrive. Receiving the sympathy of the Empress Dowager, encouraged and even aided by several northern viceroys, the Boxers' numbers increased by leaps and bounds until in 1900, in a wild outburst of bigotry and frenzy, they sought by the sword the accomplishment of their purposes. Over two hundred foreigners—mostly missionaries

—were massacred, and twelve thousand native Christians died as martyrs for their faith.

Though the Boxer movement was largely confined to the northern parts of China, yet its influence was more or less felt throughout the Empire. Here and there were little sympathetic uprisings and isolated cases of persecution which, but for the prompt and energetic action of local officials, would have involved the whole nation.

Szechwan did not escape the Boxer influence. At different times Dr. Hart reported to the Mission Rooms at Toronto that while the officials were most active in their efforts to maintain order, yet the people were unmistakably restless. Once or twice they had gathered in large numbers in the streets of Kiating and made anti-foreign demonstrations, but no harm had come save to the nerves of the missionaries. The mission work was being affected somewhat seriously by the spreading of evil reports. Patients were becoming afraid to stay in the hospitals and teachers and servants in the schools and homes of the missionaries. The officials requested the missionaries to confine their activities to a few cities, promising no protection if they went beyond these restricted areas. For several months the uncertainty was so great that Mrs. Hart had baskets packed with food and clothing ready to beat a hasty retreat if the necessity arose, and ropes were at

hand to let them down over the city wall to the river. Several missions to the south—mostly Roman Catholic—had been pillaged and two priests were kidnapped by roving bandits and hidden in a mine for weeks until ransom was forthcoming. Soldiers were stationed for awhile in all the mission compounds at Chengtu and sentinels watched by the gates at Kiating for suspicious characters. The gates of the cities were ordered to be closed at dusk instead of at ten o'clock as formerly. Large numbers of wealthy country people were moving into the cities for greater security in case a rebellion should break out, and the problem of housing these refugees was becoming quite acute. The Prefect of Kiating issued a proclamation offering forty taels for the capture of any person guilty of spreading evil reports about the city. "I was just notified," writes Dr. Hart in a letter to Dr. Sutherland, "that a literary man near our school premises had been caught by the magistrate for speaking inadvisedly about foreigners and threatening our employés with starvation on account of their connection with us. As soon as I heard the man was making seditious statements to excited crowds, I sent my card to the magistrate asking for his apprehension. He was apprehended yesterday. Several literary men of high standing are interceding for his release. They purpose to

[336]

bring him to me, escorted by Yamen runners; that he shall ask our forgiveness and knock his head upon the ground. He promises to keep his mouth shut in the future and the literary men will become his bondsmen. Forgiveness in this case may be more efficacious than punishment."

In the face of such discouraging and, at times, alarming conditions, our missionaries for many months prosecuted their work, not knowing the moment when the order might come from the British consul for them to leave their fields and proceed down the river to a place of greater safety. At last one Sunday night in July, 1900, the consular order came by special messenger to Dr. Hart, who immediately sent it on to Chengtu in charge of a trusty Chinaman. A few days later, after a tearful farewell with the native Christians, the Kiating missionaries joined those from Chengtu and hurried down the river, under military escort to the coast. The journey, during the intense heat of summer, when the thermometer registered one hundred and fifteen degrees in the cabin, was a most trying one to all the foreigners, but especially was it to the veteran Superintendent. For days he lay in his sweltering boat prostrated with fever, with wet cloths constantly being applied to his head, while his faithful wife sat by his side fanning him.

[337]



As there was no prospect of the missionaries being able to resume their work for many months, the majority of them stayed in Shanghai, some visited Japan, while Dr. Hart, whose health was most precarious, returned with his wife to Canada.

XXVII

“WORN OUT”



---

---

## XXVII

### “WORN OUT”

---

**W**RAPPED in a shawl, with deep lines of suffering marked upon his thin face—yellow with the ravages of fever; his voice weak; his form bent and fearfully aged—such was Dr. Hart as he sat by the study fire in his home at Burlington one spring night in 1901, the poor, frail shadow of his former self. At the sight tears sprang into the eyes of his eldest son, who had journeyed far to greet his returned parents. The contrast to the strong, rugged and ruddy man who left Canada five years before was startlingly, tragically pathetic.

His physician in far-off Szechwan had pronounced him “China-worn out,” and said that he would never respond to any treatment given there. His only hope was across the sea, in the homeland. The winter months had been passed amid the flowers and fruits of Southern California, but they had brought no change for the better, and now he was back

[341]

upon his beloved farm. Three times the old place had retuned his nerves and renewed his strength and sent him back to China a different man. Would it—could it do it again? He never ceased to pray that it might. Not once did he give up the hope of returning—but his intimate friends knew that his missionary career was ended, that his powers of recuperation which had served him so well in the past, were now spent, his health was shattered beyond all possibility of repair.

For nearly three years he lingered close to the border line. Once or twice he was able to take a journey to see a loved one. Several times he spoke briefly at missionary gatherings, where his presence as well as his message was a benediction. During those long months of waiting nothing so cheered him as the letters which he received from his old comrades in the mission field. One letter he called his "love letter." It read thus:

"I am sorry to learn of your ill health and your delayed return to China. There has been no one in China whom we have so longed to entertain and have with us as we have longed for you. The love and intimate acquaintance of you that was Mrs. B.'s and my pleasure to acquire during our formative period of missionary life we shall ever cherish. It is no flattery to say that we have never met another missionary that came up to the idea we found in you. None who has so warm a place in our hearts.

[342]

We often speak of you and more often do you come into our minds as we pursue our work in this city. Praise the Lord we will reach the same place at last even if our paths must be so far apart here. We seek the same city !”

Deeply was he touched by a cablegram from Bishop Moore of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, and by an affectionate letter from the Central China missionaries urging him to come out and spend his remaining days with them. “Ah!” he remarked to his wife as the tears coursed down his cheeks, “I am not worthy of so much regard and affection !”

The last public address that Dr. Hart made was to the students of Victoria University, a few weeks before his translation. All present felt that his words were a parting trust. The frail, wasted form was more eloquent than his speech in its appeal to the heroic, and several young men that day were led to think of the foreign field as their life’s task. On the evening of February the twenty-fourth, 1904, he was not for God took him. His body rests in beautiful Mount Pleasant in Toronto, but his spirit—it never rests. It is in China and in every one who seeks to live and labour for China’s redemption.

Since this memoir was commenced Mrs. Hart, the wife of the missionary, has passed within the gates

[343]

and joined her "fellow-farer true," in that land where long years of cruel separations are not known and love is made perfect. She died April the fifth, 1915, at Clifton Springs in New York State, where she had been taking treatment for some months. A memorial service was held in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, on the afternoon of April the seventh, at which the Rev. Dr. Aikins, the pastor, and Rev. Dr. Endicott, for many years an associate of Dr. Hart in West China, paid beautiful and touching tributes to her memory.









Generated on 2022-08-30 09:17 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/loc.ark:/13960/t8v099475  
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access\_use#pd

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Oct. 2005

**PreservationTechnologies**  
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 16066  
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 060 720 8