A HEROINE OF CHINA MISSIONS.

GRACE LILLA (HOWE) ROBERTS.

TO THESE WISE AND NOBLE WOMEN,

WHO MADE, CHERRED AND INSPIRED ME,

MOTHER, GRACE AND "GLORY",

THIS VOLUME IS

MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

FOREWORD.

A monument consisting of words is often more enduring than one of marble or granite. Ever since the departure of my dear Wife, Grace, I have desired to write a brief memorial, in honor of her faithful Christian character, her beautiful family life, and her heroic missionary service. When I mentioned this plan to one of my dear ones, the reply was, "What better can you write, than what you have already written?"- referring to my songs, which were suggested by family experiences.

In accordance with such advice, I prepared this account of her brave and noble life; and included the songs, for their portrayal of the lovely Wife and Mother, the joy which she shed on all about her, and her spirit of devotion to their welfare. After the narrative and songs were written out, it occurred to me, that quotations from her letters would enliven the account, and would show more clearly her tender sympathies, practical good sense, and self-sacrificing spirit. The result has more than justified the plan. By means of these letters, most unintentionally, Grace herself tells the larger portion of her story. Consecration to a most holy cause, and resignation to the divine will, are seen in her words and deeds and sufferings. Her life, mirrored in the hearts of many Chinese beneficiaries, and continued in the lives of her children and grand-children, is itself a monument worthy of lasting recognition.

I have purposely omitted many beautiful thoughts, which she wrote about her children, as too personal and too sacred for publication.

It is my hope, that this narration may be interesting and inspiring to many.

(Signed:) James H. Roberts.

Silver Lane, Conn.; Oct. 3, 1927.

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A HEROINE OF CHINA MISSIONS.

GRACE LILLA (HOWE) ROBERTS.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

GRACE LILLA HOWE, born in Marlboro, Mass., Sept. 5, 1854, a descendant of John and Priscilla Alden, was the third of five children, the elder two of whom, with their beautiful and excellent mother, died when Grace was three years of age. This sad event made Grace the eldest of the children, and their natural leader, and may in some measure account for her marked courage and leadership among women, in her missionary career in China.

Her mother, Sarah GREENE WARREN, of Leicester, Mass., was a daughter of Joseph Warren, who was born Jan. 8, 1784, and in 1853 was photographed with his two brothers and five sisters, on the only occasion of their ever meeting together;- for the eldest left home for work before the youngest was born, and they never were all together except this one time, when all were in old age. The large photograph of these worthies is a cherished possession of several members of the family.

This Joseph Warren, born only nine years after the battle of Bunker Hill, was named for General Joseph Warren, who was slain in that battle, and who probably was his namesake's great-uncle.

Grace's father, CHARLES MARSHALL HOWE, was born Sept. 20, 1826, on Fairview Farm, in Marlboro, Mass. He was a lineal descendant of John Howe "of Sudbury", and of Abraham Howe, who came to Marlboro as one of the first settlers in 1660. The farm was bought from the Indians in 1664 by Thomas Martin, whose daughter

Dorothy became the wife of Joseph Howe, son of Abraham. The family still have the original deed of the land, on which they have resided nearly two and a half centuries.

Charles Marshall Howe was a man of fine ability, at one time edited a newspaper, and in 1862 was a member of the Massachusetts Senate. However, his great ambition for a liberal education was disappointed; for his father, being a farmer, thought as many others did in those days, that a farmer's life was good enough for his son, and that, for one not in a professional career, a college education would have no practical use. As a result, Charles turned from one occupation to another. For a good many years he was owner or manager of a large shoe-shop. In those times, the making of shoes was the chief industry of Marlboro.

His wife, SARAH GREENE WARREN, having been called to the Home above, Mr. Howe was under the necessity of finding a good housekeeper, to care for the children, and most fortunately obtained the services of a fine Christian woman, Mrs. SARAH E. WHITNEY, of Bethel, Maine. She was one who "looked well to the ways of her household". Even in darkest hours, her faith was bright. Her mind and heart were of the very best; and she was sympathetic, hard-working, and of a most lovable disposition. After a year of faithful service, she became the second mother of the three little ones, to whom she was most devoted. To these, Grace, Walter and Sarah, two others were in due time added, viz., Florence and Herbert. She constantly strove to treat her children and step-children exactly alike; and in that family no word against step-mothers was heard, nor would have been tolerated. To all the young lives, entrusted to her keeping, she was a real and splendid mother.

Grace, of an active disposition, and the leader of the children, enjoyed all the sports of boyhood as well as girlhood on their small

farm. The hillside and the chestnut trees were her delight. There was a fine slope, for sliding on sleds; and Grace often told of the joy, followed by a moment of horror, which she and the other children experienced, when, after much entreaty, their mother was persuaded to slide down over the snow, with baby Herbert in her arms. The sled, gaining momentum, bounced over a stone wall into the road, directly in front of a moving team. Fortunately the driver saw them coming, and stopped his horses just in time to avoid a crash.

Once, on the way to school, she climbed on a wagon, as the other children did, and she sat on the hind-board. Suddenly the horses started, and she was thrown backward to the ground, receiving a hard blow on the back of her head. Having a severe headache, she was excused from school that day, but apparently suffered no after effects of her fall.

When a teacher asked how many brothers and sisters she had, Grace replied: "I have one brother and one half-brother, and one sister and one half-sister." The teacher answered, "Aren't they all whole?"

To form a mental picture of her childhood, one must think of the barn and hay-loft as a play-ground on rainy days, of the trees and garden, of the beautiful large grape-vine by the wood-shed, and of the croquet court in the front yard, where Grace learned to excel in playing the game. Her sight and hearing always were acute. She enjoyed driving with horse and carriage, and became so proficient in playing on the piano, that she played it regularly in the meetings at Church. She was a member of the Church choir, which was well trained by a strict leader. When the organist was absent, she played the pipe organ. She shrank from all this publicity, but her father would not allow her to refuse, when asked to help.

In the senior year at the High School, she had an indulgent teacher, who permitted the class, in pleasant weather, to study out on the lawn, which was like a small park, sloping down to Main Street. Here,

on the grass or a bench, she enjoyed the sunlight and fresh air, the trees and birds, and the view of people and teams, as they passed on the busy street.

She graduated from the High School in 1874, at the age of twenty years, and taught in schools for the next three years. At one time she had charge of sixty little children, whom it was difficult to keep in order, to say nothing of teaching. Later, she taught in the larger school on Washington street. Both places were in her own home town.

One of her summer vacations was spent at the Profile House on Mount Washington, where, with many other teachers and college students, she served at tables, enjoying the beautiful scenery, cool air, pleasant companionships, and the opportunity of earning her own support. Often afterward, she spoke of her delightful times there with her friends, taking walks, seeing "The Old Man of the Mountain", and singing hymns on the hotel veranda on Sunday afternoons.

Her other vacations were mostly spent in the confining task of dress-making. As a result of the financial depression of 1873, her father needed her help; and Grace, as his eldest child, felt under heavy obligation, to do her best.

Three Sisters.



Sarah Howe.



Grace L. Howe, In 1875-6.



Florence Howe.

CHAPTER II.

THE WEDDING.

In personal appearance, our heroine was of medium height and fair complection,- almost pale. Her light brown hair hung in eight long curls. She was always quick on her feet, persistently cheerful, and full of sympathy for any suffering person, beast or bird.

In 1877, after three years of strenuous labors, Grace had become sadly worn in health. Her thin face and tired looks were noticeable, but there was no word of complaint, nor diminution of her sprightliness. Then came a relief and change of occupation. A young graduate of Yale College, 1873, and Yale Divinity School, 1876, appeared on her horizon, James Hudson Roberts by name. Ten years before, he had heard in his soul the call, to be a missionary to the heathen millions in China. By the help of a noble mother, the mercy of a divine Providence, and the generosity of Mr. J. Cutler Fuller, of East Orange, N. J., he had completed his preparation for the foreign field of service. After an acquaintance and correspondence of a year and a half, he requested Grace Lilla to be his bride, and she most kindly consented. The plan was, to go nearly ten thousand miles away, and reside in Peking, China, not expecting to return in less than ten years. From such a proposition many a really brave person would shrink. Her quick decision, never regretted, displayed a heroic spirit, which was one of her chief characteristics.

In those years, unlike the present time, the only good season for reaching Peking, and becoming acclimated, was the autumn. Owing to the lack of a good harbor, navigation to North China was suspended during the winter; whereas in spring and summer the climate was debilitating. The last ship, by which one could reach Peking in 1877 was

to sail from San Francisco Oct. 1st. Crossing the continent was a slower journey then than now, and Sept. 19th was the day set for the wedding and departure. Only twenty five days between the engagement and wedding were a very short period for buying an outfit, and making all preparations for so long a journey, and so extended a stay in a strange city, where many needful things could not be bought. The people of the Union Congregational Church, of which Grace was a member, were most cordial and helpful. The ladies sewed for her, as their predecessors had sewed for one of their number, Miss Lucy Goodale, over fifty years before. After an engagement of only a few days, she (Miss Goodale) sailed as the wife of Rev. Asa Thurston, in the first band of missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands, with no expectation of ever returning to their native land.

The Rev. John Willard, Grace's Pastor, was an exceptionally fine man, with practical wisdom, a gracious manner, and a delightful personality. His wife also was of sterling worth and sweetest disposition. "Way back in the Fifties", as they say, when he offered to her his heart and hand, and she consulted her mother, the latter replied: "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." Now in the Seventies, they had six children,- three boys and three girls. A look (look) from their mother was generally to them sufficient restraint, direction and inspiration. She kept the "Children's Hour" with them every Sunday without fail, about the close of the day, and led them into the Holy of Holies. Katherine, the eldest daughter, was Grace's besom friend; and her father was an uncle to Mr. Roberts, and as dear as a father.

"Uncle John and Aunt Kate" spent several days in Boston,- time which they could ill afford to give,- to aid in the necessary shopping. A supply of linens, &c., for ten years' use, and clothing, trunks and other equipment, had to be bought. While these hurried preparations

were being made, Grace's birthday was celebrated with a party in her Church, and Mr. Roberts was ordained to the Gospel ministry in his own Church, the Asylum Hill Congregational Church in Hartford, Conn. On this occasion, the prospective bride and her pastor were present, and he gave the "Charge" to the candidate. Date, Sept. 12, 1877.

The wedding, Sept. 19th, 1877, was in the Union Congregational Church in Marlboro. At the appointed hour of 11:30 A.M., a large number of people assembled; but unavoidable delays brought the ceremony at exactly twelve o'clock, high noon. The public schools were closed at 11 o'clock, so that teachers and pupils might witness the event. As the Marlboro Mirror the next day said, "This was a graceful and fitting act on the part of the School Committee, since Miss Howe, the candidate for wifely honors, had until recently been a teacher in our schools, and was alike beloved by scholars, teachers and parents." Every one seemed interested in the departure of one whom they knew so well, for such a distant shore. Doubtless the public appreciated the courage of one, who would attempt such an arduous task.

The factory whistles announced the noon hour, and the operatives crowded into the Church, already filled with friends and school children; so that the floor and the galleries were full to overflowing, with all the standing room occupied, and many persons sitting on the window-sills.

The floral decorations in the Church were very fine. Suspended from the apex of an arch of smilax and flowers in festoons, was a wedding bell, from which a white silk cord was carried to the beak of a white dove with wings extended, seemingly in mid-air. Under the arch the ceremony was performed. A profusion of exquisite flowers adorned the platform, and also the Church parlors.

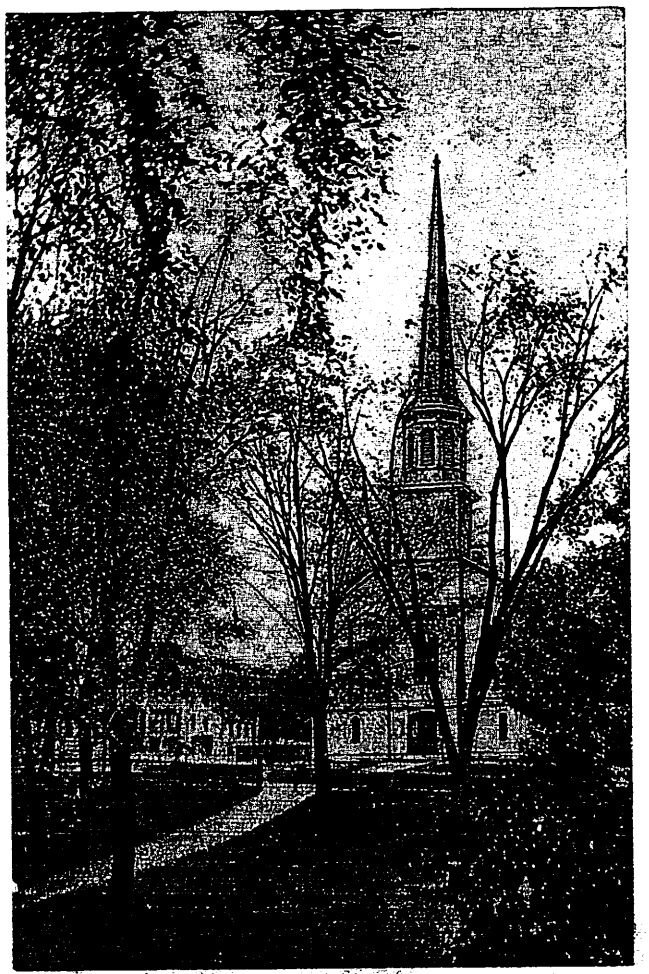
The bride entered the Sanctuary on her father's arm, and the groom was attended by his mother. The Marlboro Times, the next day, thus described the bride's attire: "The bride, a sweet and remarkably at-

tractive looking blonde, was dressed in a closely fitting suit of light grey silk, over which was worn a bridal veil, which swept the carpet as she passed; and looked altogether too lovely to go missionarying to the heathen Chinee."

After the wedding ceremony, an informal reception was held in the Church parlor, where "hundreds of young ladies, old acquaintances and friends, came to congratulate or condole, and bid a tender and affectionate farewell, which might be the last one on earth."

Later, at the luncheon in the bride's home, an astonishing number of uncles, aunts and cousins, were introduced to the groom. As the pair rode away to the railway station, to take the afternoon train, an abundance of old shoes were thrown after them, to insure their good luck. At the station, Mr. Roberts' mother parted from them in tears, as she did three other times in subsequent years, always glad that her son was a missionary, but at each departure for China feeling hopeless of ever seeing him again. Nevertheless, by the blessing of God, James and Grace were permitted to care for her in her old age.

Marlboro, at that time a town of 8,000 souls, but now a city,- is on a short branch of the "New Haven" railroad. About three miles to the south, it joins the larger road, at a place called the "Y". Here the bridal party was detained over two hours, waiting for the westward bound train, while the bride's family wept, all except young Herbert, who remained at home, wisely determining not to be seen crying in public.



Union Congregational Church,
Marlboro, Mass.
(Place of Grace's Wedding,
Sept. 19, 1877.)

N O T E .

In a newly discovered letter, written by my Mother, Mrs. Abby W. Roberts, Jan. 15, 1878, is found this interesting passage:-

"The time was drawing near, when it would be too late to go this season (autumn of 1877), when he was told that a young lady in Marlboro (Mass.), with whom he had been for some time acquainted, and whom he highly esteemed for her active interest in Christian work, after her conversion, and before her acquaintance with him, had expressed a wish, that she could be a missionary. Feeling this to be a providential indication, he went to Marlboro, and found her willing to join him in missionary life and work. But the time was short; for they must sail in the early October steamer from San Francisco, or they could not reach their destination (Peking) this winter. In so short a time as four weeks, took place the engagement, ordination, purchase and packing of outfit, marriage and departure. The whole was so sudden, that it yet seems to me but a dream."

This tells of Grace's original desire to be a missionary, and explains her willingness to go so far as to China, and her heroic endurance of all the distresses incident to such a life.

(Signed:) James H. Roberts.

Feb. 16, 1928.

CHAPTER III.

THE VOYAGE TO CHINA.

The last farewells having been said, the second train was taken, and the two young missionaries sped on their way, accompanied only by John D. Willard, a cousin beloved, who was returning to Amherst College. Alas that their parting from him was final, as regards this world; for, after completing his education, and being for three years pastor of the Congregational Church in Appleton, Wis., he died, greatly loved and lamented. For many years the young people of that Church, on the anniversary of his death, took flowers to his grave.

In crossing the Continent, Grace and her husband spent a happy Sunday at Indianapolis with his brother, Willard B. Roberts, and with Rev. and Mrs. Nathaniel A. Hyde. This minister was for many years an intimate friend of the Roberts family, and was long regarded as the Nestor of Congregationalism in Indiana.

The steamship "China", on which they were to sail, was delayed at San Francisco ten days for repairs; and the time of waiting, which they would rather have spent with their friends in the East, was passed in a hotel in Oakland, Cal., where the abundance of fleas prevented taking needed rest. On Oct. 11th, 1877, the pair embarked for the Far East, receiving a very hearty send-off by the friends of missions, who waved their farewell, as the ship sailed away.

With Grace and her husband were Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Ament, Miss Mary Q. Porter of Peking, and a Mrs. Jenkins, in poor health, who was returning to her husband at a mission station south of Shanghai. Mr. Ament and Mr. Roberts had studied together in Andover Theological Seminary. Both were going to China for the first time. Miss Porter had been there five years, and was returning from her furlough.

She at first had no middle initial, and, wanting one, just "took" the letter "Q". In later years, she was known as Mrs. Cromwell, whose husband was one of the "six fighting parsons", in the siege of Peking in 1900.

From Mid-ocean Grace wrote, by the aid of an amanuensis:-

"Oct. 22, 1877.

"My dear Folks at Home:

We are both safe, and are 1940 miles west of San Francisco. I have had a miserably forlorn time in seasickness. The only relief was in sleep. I seem unable to enjoy the rolling of the ship; yet this ship is steady, they say, for a ship. (It was an old-fashioned side-wheeler.) I have made a resolute endeavor to be on deck in the day-time. The weariness of the car-ride is still on us, and we were greatly annoyed by the fleas in Oakland, and then came the work and worry of packing. The fleas in that place kept us awake at night and busy at day, in the vain attempt to stop the intolerable itching, which they cause. (Then follow descriptions of the fellow-passengers.)

(From this point, the story will be continued by her husband in the first person.)

As I remember, Grace was seasick almost all of the twenty seven days to Yokohama. We saw no sail nor island. The odors of the ship were almost unendurable. The Captain was a rough man, unfriendly to missionaries. After suffering so much on this voyage, Grace said that she could not possibly cross the ocean again, except to return to her loved ones at home; and yet, with splendid courage, she crossed it six times in her missionary career.

One of my letters, written the day before we reached Yokohama, gives further details about the voyage:-

"We added 500 miles to the direct distance, by going south of west, till we reached the parallel of latitude 30°, which we followed sixteen days, then turning northwestward toward Yokohama. Being so far south, we had very warm weather, considering the season.

"The sea has been generally very smooth, and I think this ocean is rightly named the Pacific. Many days no white capped waves were to be seen. I have wondered and wondered that the sea could be so still, with no shore within 2000 miles, to hinder its motion. Three or four days there have been long waves called "swells", that tipped the ship from side to side.

"The ship is a 'Noah's Ark', floating on apparently shoreless waters, that cover the earth. In some respects it is luxurious, and in others uncomfortable. Most things in it are marked "P. M. S. S. Co.", (Pacific Mail Steam-Ship Co.,) and the initials suggest the thought, that the ship might be owned by a religious society, the Afternoon Sunday School Company.

"As to our food, you may judge from the enclosed Bill of Fare, which does not say that the oatmeal tastes of garlic, nor what the quality of the other breakfast dishes may be. It seems as if fats and sweets,- just what a semi-seasick wight loathes,- are thrust into almost all of the dishes cooked. Yet by diligently remembering what things were good the day before, one may find enough food that is wholesome and satisfies hunger, though not so attractive as the viands at home. The beef steak and roast beef are always good and satisfactory; likewise some of the vegetables; and crackers and bread are on hand in a dozen forms.

"You lose the best part of the fun, by not seeing the Chinese waiters march in military order, or rather as if by clock-work, in bringing on the dishes. And what a profusion of plates! One who partakes of most of the courses will use eight or nine of them at a

dinner; and the waiters are watching so eagerly, to remove your plate, when you have finished one course, that you must not lay down your knife and fork, nor lean back, and look around you, if you still want to find your plate before you. Mrs. A. did so only for a moment, while eating her fish, and lo!- when she looked down at her plate, roast turkey was before her."

Grace wrote, under date of Yokohama, Nov. 8th:-

"This morning I feel pretty well, and rejoice to be on land once more, although I feel as if it were in motion still. No one will ever need to describe seasickness to me again; and Mother, I don't think that you know anything about it. I really dread to start off on the rest of our voyage, and shall be glad when it is over.

"I am seeing sights that I never saw before, and some of them are queer enough. I wish that you might see some of them. I have had several rides in a jinrikisha, and it is fun, I can tell you. They travel almost as fast as a horse ordinarily trots; but the men try to impose on us as strangers, and we have to look out, and not pay them too much."

In the ports of Japan, we experienced much kindness from the resident missionaries. The exquisite scenery of the Japan Inland Sea, and the neat abodes and tiny utensils of these people of the "Sunrise Kingdom", were charming, and contrasted sharply with what we saw afterward in China. From Yokohama to Shanghai required a week of sailing and seasickness; and to go to Tientsin, the port of North China, took a large part of another week. On the choppy Yellow Sea, our party, struggling to be cheerful, serenaded Grace with a "round", beginning, "Man's life 's a vapor, full of woes".

Grace wrote from Shanghai, Nov. 19th:-

"I am seeing many new and wonderful sights. We are here called "foreigners", and here we find many foreign stores, which look very much like those at home. The homes of the foreigners are pleasant and comfortable, and the house where we spent last night was elegantly furnished. I am not one bit home-sick, but I would like very much to see you all."

"At anchor, 70 miles from Tientsin, Nov. 23, 1877.

"This morning we anchored, to lighten our vessel, and to wait for the tide to come in, that we might get over the bar into the Pei Ho river. Our voyage from Shanghai has been remarkably smooth, but last night the vessel rolled, so that a trunk, which was on the lounge in our room, was thrown upon the floor, the dishes rattled, doors slammed, and general confusion reigned for some hours. But before morning all was quiet again. Since we have been so quiet during the day, I have felt pretty smart, and have been rushing about the saloon and deck. Lighters and row-boats have been here during the day, taking a large portion of the freight.

"I shall be very thankful, when we arrive at and are settled in our new home. We have not heard a word from home since Oct. 11th. (Later.) We stuck on the bar from Friday morning until Sunday night, and after that we stuck in the river several times; so that we did not reach Tientsin until this morning, Nov. 29th, Thursday, Thanksgiving Day."

The hospitality of missionaries in Shanghai and Tientsin filled us with joy. The latter city is about 30 miles from Taku (Tah-koo), where we entered the Pei Ho (Bay-huh) river. The Captain said, that the ship would cross the bar and reach Tientsin in one night; instead, it took a week. Half of the time was spent in lightening the ship, amid the unrestrained yelling of the coolies. As we sailed up the

river, we saw the wretched mud hovels of the poor people, and the sight almost made us shiver.

The river freezing, we could not go to Peking by boat; and there was no railroad in those days. A mule-litter had been provided, as better than a cart, which would have no springs, and would jolt fearfully over the frozen ruts. The mule-litter is supposed to be an easy means of conveyance; but its jerking and jogging all the day are sometimes torture to an occidental passenger. One's baggage is put in, including food and bedding; for the inns furnish nothing but shelter from the weather, boiling water, and Chinese food, which most foreigners dislike, and cannot endure. Rev. Arthur H. Smith kindly went with us as an escort, for we were like dumb persons or "babes in the woods", not knowing the language. Our mule-driver was a little old man, lame, and without the usual donkey to ride;- and the mules knew it! Dr. Smith and Miss Porter rode fast on their springless carts, the former mitigating the jolts by riding on the shaft, and the latter by lying at full length in her cart,- this all day, with such rough riding! Rolls of bedding eased the jolts somewhat. We saw them only at evening and the noon lunch, when we overtook them at an inn. Between-times, the Chinese could have kidnaped us, if they so desired.

Those horrible inns! Windows of ragged paper on slats,- and this in December! Floors of damp bricks, so covered with mud and filth, that the bricks were almost invisible! Ceilings and walls black with smoke, dust and cobwebs galore, and a freezing brick bed, to sleep on! Such were Grace's room with Miss Porter, and mine with Dr. Smith. But experienced missionaries know how to provide for health, and partly for comfort; so we had hot drinks, food that was clean, even if frozen, and plenty of thick and clean bedding.

The straps, that held our mule-litter to the frames on the pack-saddles of the mules, broke repeatedly. While they were being repaired, or while we were eating lunch as we rode, our hands were ach-

ing with the cold.

Arriving in Peking on December 6th, we were taken first to the American Legation, to deposit our passports as American citizens, and then were taken to the American Board Mission premises on Lantern Market street. The massive walls of the city, the low houses, the road of pulverized black dust, and the curious shops, stores and goods for sale, interested us greatly. The journey from Worcester, Mass., had taken seventy nine days, or two and a half months,- whereas it is now (1927) made in one month.

"Peking, Dec. 7, 1877.

"Here we are at last in Peking, and I am very glad indeed to be here. We are stopping with Dr. Blodget and wife, within speaking distance of our new home. I have not yet gone into our house, but presume that I shall do so at some time during the day. Dr. Goodrich went down to Tientsin last Saturday, to escort us to Peking; but when there he was quite sick, and after waiting for him till Tuesday, it was thought best for us to start with Mr. Smith of Tientsin as escort. Mr. Smith and Miss Porter, with the baggage, had four carts, and I a litter; and these, with another cart of Chinese boys, made quite a caravan; and I just wish that you could have seen us, for it was rather picturesque. The carts have no springs, and you can imagine what the jolting would be. The litters resemble sedan-chairs, but are much larger, and instead of being carried by men, are carried by mules. The carts and litters, in order that they may be more comfortable, are packed with mattresses, pillows, blankets, &c.

On Tuesday morning I dressed in double sets of flannels, and all the extra clothing that I could get on; and at three minutes before twelve we left Tientsin. At night we reached a Chinese inn, where we were to spend the night; but we did not eat their food, as we prepared our own, which we took with us. The Chinese have no fire in their

homes, as we found the inns very cold. Their beds, or as they call them kangs, are built of brick, and are about 12 feet long, 6 wide and 1 1/2 high, and are covered over with matting. Under these they usually build a fire, and thus warm the beds. But we preferred to use our own mattresses and bedclothes, and we rested very comfortably.

"The outside doors of these inns open into what we should call a barn-yard, for it is there that all the carts are placed, and the donkeys eat and repose; though Mr. Smith says, that you cannot catch a donkey asleep, but will always find him eating.

"Early Wednesday morning we again started; at noon we stopped at an inn, and prepared and ate our dinner; and at 6:30 P.M., we again stopped at an inn for the night. Jim had walked about 25 miles of the journey thus far, though he had been riding in the litter with me all the afternoon. I was very tired when we reached the inn, but we all retired early, that we might be ready for the next day.

"At 2 1/2 A.M. Thursday, we again started. At 10 A.M. we stopped at an inn for breakfast or lunch, and at about 3 P.M. we reached Peking. The first day and a half were pleasant and comfortable, but yesterday the wind blew, and it was very dusty indeed. But we are now at our journey's end, and as we both are pretty tired, we are glad to get into such comfortable quarters."

Another episode deserves to be mentioned. After the noon lunch on Wednesday, the gates of the inn were closed, and we were told that we should not be allowed to depart, except on payment of a large extra fee. We were virtually prisoners, and helpless, but inwardly defiant. Mr. Smith talked pleasantly with the people, told stories, cracked jokes, and made every one laugh. In due time, our passive resistance won out, they opened the gates, and let us go.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LIFE IN PEKING.

After such a journey, what a delight it was, to be welcomed to a clean home and a glowing hearth-fire by Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Henry Blodget! Mrs Blodget had known me (J.H.R.) from my childhood. Dr. Blodget, who came to Shanghai in 1854, was the first Protestant missionary to enter North China, coming with the French and British soldiers in 1860. Picture to yourselves a kind lady, with hair hanging in gray ringlets; and a tall man with dark hair and heavy eyebrows, looking very pleasant and scholarly. He had been valedictorian of his class in Yale College, afterward a tutor, and might have become an honored professor; but considered his work as missionary a higher calling. Later he refused an invitation to be Secretary of the United States Legation, though the honor and salary were most attractive. His genial spirit and extensive knowledge of the Chinese language and customs made him a delightful and helpful associate.

Living near and boarding with them were two lady missionaries, the Misses Jennie E. Chapin and Mary H. Porter, in charge of Woman's Work and the Bridgman boarding school for girls. They were fine personalities, and did a most important work, of which volumes could be written. We boarded with this quartette, until our house-keeping arrangements could be completed. Many were the discussions as to Chinese words and ways. Dr. Blodget often remarked: "Breakfast is for the punctual." The "compound", or enclosure containing the buildings of this mission, was at least 300 feet square, and was kept very clean, an Eden in the vast city of filth.

The house, which was to be our first home, represented the poor grandeur of 500 years before. There lived the wicked Nien Chi (Nien Jee), steward of the more wicked Yen Sung, who, as tutor of an Emperor,

wielded great influence and power. In punishment of their crimes, the tutor was condemned to beg for his food the rest of his life, and his steward was burned alive in the street. (For the particulars of this story, see Gleanings from Chinese Folklore, by Nellie N. Russell, pages 124 ff.)

The frame of our house was of strongest fir, in good condition after five centuries! The end walls were built of large bricks, ground smooth with such fine straight edges, that a thin knife-blade could not be inserted between them. The ceiling was of paper, pasted on a wooden frame. Mice scampered around on it, and looked down at us through the holes; and in one place we could look up through the ceiling and roof to the sky. The partition walls between the rooms were made of lattice and paper. Any one room could not be warmed, because the heat was dissipated through all the house. The floor lay on joists only two inches high, below which, and very near to our feet, was a brick floor, freezing cold in winter, and reeking with dampness in summer. There was no cellar nor furnace. In these circumstances, I often sat with feet aching with cold, as near as I dared to place them to a red-hot stove. Such was our first home in China. How Grace endured it, I cannot imagine. She was always cheerful, never complained, and with finest optimism wrote to her friends, that she was "comfortable".

I have not told it all. In a separate and smaller house were our study and guestroom; and in a still smaller building, darkened by the main house, was the kitchen. O that Chinese kitchen! The brick floor was uneven, and dirt was daily tracked in. The brick stove had two or three round holes on the top, protected by small squares of iron, and tongues of flame came up through the holes, to cook the food. Bread was baked in an extemporized oven, made by turning an iron pot wrong side up over one of the flames, by the side of which a pan of

dough had been placed. Under the stove was an arched place for ashes, and another for coal-balls;- of which Dr. S. Wells Williams, in The Middle Kingdom, Vol. I, page 306, says: "Anthracite is powdered and mixed with wet clay, earth, sawdust or dung, in the proportion of about seven to one; the balls thus made are dried in the sun." Such was our fuel! Suffice it to say, that neither kitchen nor cook made any pretense of cleanliness. The other missionaries had such kitchens,- from lack of any butter,- and we had to endure it more than two years.

Grace wrote:- "Peking, Dec. 21, 1877.

"It is very dusty, and I have daily to dust with care everything in the room, and then the dust soon covers them again.

"I am happy here with Jim, happier even than I had ever hoped to be. I have not been one bit homesick, although I should be happy to see you all at any time."

"Jan. 8, 1878.

"Last Sunday was Communion at our chapel, and I tell you it was interesting, to see so many native Christians partaking of the Communion. It was a union meeting, and I think there were about 150 native converts.

"Last Friday night I went to Mrs. George F. Seward's to a dinner party. She is a very pretty and accomplished lady, and about the finest pianist I ever heard. Mrs. Seward sent her cart and out-rider for us,- so you see we went in style. Their cart differs from the street carts, in having been made to order, with springs and a well. 'What is a well?' you will say. It is a box attached to the cart underneath, with a hole in the floor above it, into which persons riding put their feet, instead of curling them up under them."

(She describes her new furniture, made in Peking; and while writ-

ing, she hears one of the finest cat concerts ever,- "more magnificent than any that you have at home". She tells of the Chinese washerman cleansing clothes, by pounding them on a stone.)

"Peking, Jan. 25, 1878.

"We had the pleasure of filling one heart with joy yesterday. Mr. Hunt, Treasurer and Printer of our Mission, living in this compound, lost his wife last spring, and a sad lonely man he has been ever since. He does not speak Chinese, and it is very hard for him to get along with servants. He is very fatherly to us. Yesterday I asked him if he would like to come and board with us, when we commence house-keeping, and he was delighted with the idea. He says that, while our house is being repaired, we can live in his, which will be very pleasant. He is exceedingly fond of music, and we go over to sing for him quite often; and he claps his hands, and laughs most heartily, when we sing Jubilee Songs, and often weeps when we sing Gospel Hymns.

"I have been out to walk for exercise. O such lovely moonlight nights as we have here, much brighter, it seems to me, than we ever have at home.

(She tells of the wedding processions, and the wailing for the dead, and the famine then raging, in which nine million persons lost their lives.)

"A week from tomorrow the Chinese New Year festivities commence, to last about two weeks. They have already begun to celebrate, and I wish you could hear the fire-crackers and rockets, that are going off this very minute. I never heard one half so many on the Fourth of July. They hang up whole bunches of fire-crackers, apply a match, and then such a whirring as you hear for a few minutes!"

"Peking, Feb. 6, 1878.

"We are at last keeping house, and I am very happy in it. Mr. Hunt boards with us, and I have his cook, and another man to wait on table, wash, sweep, and make himself generally useful."

(Note:) An untrained servant is cheap in two respects, and sometimes does enough harm, to make his services costly. A well trained and honest servant is a jewel. At wages of from five to ten cents a day, from which a poor Chinese could support his family, and provide his own food, the men were glad to get the work, and Americans could afford to hire them. It increased our efficiency, saving our time for more useful work. The cook did our marketing, because higher prices would be charged, if a foreigner should try to buy groceries or provisions. He would be thought to be in desperate need; and the Chinese are quick to coin money out of another's necessities. We had clean rooms and clean food, through the constant and strict supervision of the servants by the Lady of the house.

To show the difficulty as to keeping the servants, two incidents are given:-

Our cook told us, that his mother was starving in Shantung, and he must send her some money. So we loaned him eight dollars. Two days later, he married; and we suspected that he had misused the loan. When we asked why he had done so, he replied,- "with a smile that was childlike and bland",- "If I had asked a loan for my wedding expenses, you would not have given me the money." After repaying half of it in installments, he left us. He was so lacking as to neatness, that we were glad to be rid of him.

When coming to China, a case containing four dozen tins of condensed milk was misplaced, and was left in a storehouse in Shanghai. A year and six months later, it was sent to us in a rancid condition.

We gave it to our table-boy, to be thrown away. The next day he had left our employ, and was selling ice-cream on the street at the price of a quarter of a cent for a saucerful. Our spoiled milk was doing either good or harm, and we had lost an enterprising servant, who was better than the average.

CHAPTER V.

FURTHER EXPERIENCES IN PEKING.

We could not tell, when in America, just what we should need in China, nor what to bring with us. My shoes were out in midwinter, and three more pairs of the same, coming by freight, could not arrive before April. Chinese boots and shoes hurt the feet of occidental people, and good shoes of foreign style were not made in Peking in those days. Slippers, worn in rubbers, were the only protection for my feet in the coldest weather. Getting acclimated was a slow process in my case, taking nine months. Grace had no trouble about getting acclimated. Apart from a light attack of varioloid, she improved in health and weight during the first winter.

At New Year's Day we encountered a peculiar foreign custom. Every English or American man in Peking must call on all the ladies, who stay at home, to welcome them, and pour tea. As the Palace grounds occupy a great area in the center of the city, a circuit of several miles around it had to be made. Some went on horses, and others on springless carts. On reaching home toward night, one had a sublime sense of having done his duty, and knew that friendly relations were established for another year. A Russian in Kalgan once told me, that, if I should not call on him on New Year's Day, he would not recognize me during the coming year.

"Peking, Feb. 17, 1873.

"We have some queer times, trying to talk with the cook and the coolie. I have just been out, to tell him about making some chicken salad for supper. I used the right word for chicken, but did not give it the right tone; and he could not understand me, until I got

the proper tone. So it is with nearly everything that I try to say to him.

"Now, Mother, I suppose you will want to know how I get along with bread-making. I was told at first, that we could get no yeast here, but that we should have to use salt-rising, which is merely Chinese flour, water and a little salt. These, if allowed to stand long enough, will rise a little. I tried it, mixed the bread, and at the proper time carried it out to the cook, to mold, rise and bake. But woe to me! He knew nothing about making bread; so he molded it, and baked it without raising. J. thinks that a fall of 40 feet would not break it, and I don't think that it would even dent it. The second trial was as successful as the first; but we were able to get baker's bread, and so did not lack. Now a lady who makes hop yeast has given us some; and I hope to have good bread.

"Last Sunday night we saw the moon almost totally eclipsed. The Chinese were very much frightened. They think that a dog is eating up the moon; so they make a great noise, to scare him, and he spits it out.

"They have just been celebrating their feast of lanterns. The streets have been brilliantly lighted with lanterns (according to their idea), and they have had fire-works and kite-flying nearly every day of the five days' feast. The kites which they make beat all the kites that ever I saw. They are made in the shapes of birds, bats, worms, &c., and we saw one with a lighted lantern attached. They go up very high indeed. During these feasts, the people are dressed in their best, and the women are allowed to go out on the streets.

"We have had lunch and dinner since writing the above, and my bread was a grand success. It seemed to carry all the folks back to America. They all thought that it was splendid. I had five here to dinner.

"And about the kites,- many of them have whistles attached, which make a great deal of noise. The Chinese also fasten whistles to the tails of birds, which make a whirring sound, as they fly.

"As we walk on the street, we sometimes see as many as 360 camels, one after another. I realize that we are in an "oriental land", when I see camels, donkeys and mules, as we are constantly seeing. The men often look larger than the donkeys which they ride; and one cannot help thinking, that it would be more proper, if the man should carry the animal."

"Feb. 26th, Tuesday.

"Last Wednesday we went to T'ung-chou, about 13 miles from here, on donkeys. I am fond of riding them. There are nineteen missionaries there, including children. We had a very pleasant visit."

On the day after our arrival in Peking, Grace and I began studying the language, with the aid of a so-called teacher,- a young man, whose clear pronunciation of the Chinese words we imitated. (You must not suppose that he knew anything about teaching.) Each word must be spoken in the proper tone. There are four tones, and a wrong tone would give to any word a mistaken and absurd meaning. For instance, the word "fu", pronounced in the four tones successively, would mean a man, happiness, an axe, and rich. The criticisms and suggestions of the older missionaries were very helpful. The tones are not used in singing. We wrote the syllables beside the words in the hymn-book, and easily learned to sing, without understanding the meaning. Rev. Dr. Arthur H. Smith came, and advised us to study Wade's Forty Exercises, instead of the hymn-book. Then we made faster progress.

I was determined, if possible, to avoid speaking Chinese with an English brogue. My method was, to say only such words as I heard the natives speak, and to take great pains in imitating their voices.

Studying very hard, I was dumb for seventeen months. Then I suddenly found myself able to speak easily, and with a good degree of correctness. Grace made more rapid progress than I, and early learned enough for all common purposes.

One evening in February, we rode out on a crowded street, to see the magnificent fire-works at the feast of Lanterns; our cart became jammed in a great crowd, and in due time we both had the varioloid. Having been vaccinated from childhood, and also before leaving America, and immediately on reaching Peking, we had the disease in a light form. A good English physician called daily, but gave us little medicine. In front of the house was a large high frame for awnings, to keep off the summer heat. The crows, which are regarded by the Chinese as sacred birds, perched on this frame, peered through the window, and cawed at us. Our American friends spoke to us through the glass windows; but the Chinese came into our house as freely as ever, for they were immune, all having had it in childhood. Grace had it more lightly than I. We both were well after about a week, and glad that we should be immune in the future.

"Peking, Mar. 31, 1873.

"I must tell you about the dust-storms, which we have here instead of rain. One week ago last Monday, when we arose in the morning, the wind was blowing a little, but not violently. The sky was of a dull copper color, very trying to the eyes, and making it quite dark. All this copper-colored sky was simply clouds of dust. They moved along somewhat slowly, and when they reached a position just overhead, the air became full of dust, so that people remained in the house as much as possible during the day. It lasted until 4 or 5 P.M., when it again became quite clear.

"On Friday we had another, during which there was considerable

wind, but not so much dust as before. On Sunday we had another, during which the sky tried the eyes greatly, but which was not of long duration. During these storms, the dust pours into the house through every crack. People do not try to keep their rooms dusted, for it is useless. (Note: The dry season is in winter and spring. From May or June till September, there is usually rain, and and no dust.)

space

"It is true, Mother, that I have found very dear friends at each place where we have stopped, since leaving home."

"Peking, May 6th, Mission Meeting Time.

"There are now 24 missionaries here in this compound, and we have lively times.

"Our boxes (of supplies from Boston) came about two weeks ago. We were so delighted, that we could not sleep, and had to get up in the night, to look at them. While they were being weighed at the gate, I talked with some children on the subject of cleanliness. They examined my dress, the wonderful pockets, and finally came to examine my hands, which they considered white. They wondered at my hands and face being so white; and thereupon I commenced, with my limited knowledge of Chinese, to tell them of the necessity of washing the hands and face, and of bathing the whole body. They asked me if I used soap, and I informed them that I did. The Chinese think it very nice, to be white, and if we would only dress as they do, we should be beautiful. But we poor, benighted, ignorant mortals, are not willing to do it.

"Just before Mission Meeting, we received a letter, saying that Mrs. A. was sick; whereupon we despaired of seeing her or any of the Paotingfu folks at the meeting. But a day or two before the time, Mr. Holcombe came into our yard, and said that the Paotingfu bribe were

five minutes from here. J. and I were busy with our flower seeds, but we left them, and ran up the street about a quarter of a mile, to meet them.

Mrs. A. likes my meat, millet and barley very much. The barley is in large white grains, and eaten with milk tastes much like hulled corn. I am constantly learning of nice new dishes for my table.

"Now I want to tell you about a little girl, who is in our school. Mr. Smith of Tientsin, with some other gentlemen, went down in the country, to relieve the famine sufferers. On the way home up the river, they saw, at the edge of the water, the dead body (as they supposed) of a child. Mr. Smith determined to stop, and examine the body, although the others advised him not to do so. He took the body into the boat, pried open the mouth, and poured in some wine. After a little while, as he says, the child opened one eye! The next morning, it ate six bowls of rice! It was at first shy, and would say very little, but did say that her brother pushed her into the water. She is now in the school, and seems to be happy, and is a nice little girl.

"Oh, it does seem so nice, to have all of our things here! I can scarcely lift my eyes, without being reminded of our many loving friends there at home. You do not seem so far from us as you did at first, because now we hear from you so regularly.

"Three weeks ago today, Miss Diedrickson, governess in an English family here, called on me. The next Saturday she was taken sick, and in just one week from that time she was dead. Miss Campbell, of the M. E. Mission, called on me last week Monday, and on the following Thursday was taken sick, and is now quite ill. (There was an epidemic of typhus fever.) There are so few of us foreigners, that we feel that not one can be spared. We realize more than ever before, how helpless we are, and how powerful God is."

When Grace was ill with the varioloid, Mr. Hunt wrote to her:-

"Dear little Daughter:

I am in continual heaviness, because I know that you are ill. The good Lord make all your bed in your sickness, and bring you back to us speedily. Be of good cheer, dear Daughter, and cheer up thy husband, for he feels worse now, than when he was sick. I shall come to live with you again, as soon as it is proper; but we shall not long be so, for I shall be leaving China before many months. (Note: He was intending to go to America.) The 17th of John was very precious to me this morning. We see Jesus there, as nowhere else."

Again Grace wrote: "Peking, June 3, 1878.

"My dear Folks at Home:

We have sad news to write. Mr. Hunt was taken sick the day that he went to Miss Campbell's funeral, two weeks ago last Sunday, and on Thursday last he died of typhus fever. During the first week he suffered a great deal, but in the last few days he did not seem to be conscious of pain. His funeral took place on Friday morning. He will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends here, and by his invalid son, now preaching in Kansas. This makes seven foreigners, that have died this year of typhus fever. Jim watched with Mr. Hunt a great deal, but he seems perfectly well, and is getting rested.

"Last Saturday we received a telegram from the A. B. C. F. M., saying that Mr. W. C. Noble of New Haven, a very dear friend of Jim's, will come to take Mr. Hunt's place, when he goes home. We are very glad that Mr. Noble will come.

In another letter, she writes of the scorpions, centipedes, fleas, mosquitoes and sand-flies, and the harmless little lizards. She also mentions

the fruits, of all common kinds and some uncommon, among which are "the large water-chestnuts, as large as a big horse-chestnut, tasting a little like cocoanut, and very nice."

"Peking, June 17, 1878.

"I have begun to realise the amount of work necessary for a housekeeper to do, and I realise how much Mother has to do, and I don't see how she can do it.

"Today is a special day of fasting and prayer to God, for the deliverance of this people from sickness and famine. We had a Chinese service at the chapel this A.M., and the chapel was well filled. We fasted by having no meat nor vegetables for dinner, nothing but rice and potatoes. Mr. Ament and Mr. Pierson are out in the country, giving out food to the starving people. Sometimes not one of a family is able to come for the food, which is brought near to them."

CHAPTER VI.

THE WESTERN HILLS, &C.

"Western Hills, June 29, 1872.

"My dear Folks:

I came here last Thursday in a chair, carried by six men, two at a time. (Distance from Peking, 13 miles.) Jim came on a donkey. We are in one of the highest temples at the Hills, and have a splendid view of the vast plain below; green fields, dotted here and there with groves of trees and villages, and roads and narrow paths. It is a beautiful view. We can see, on a clear day, tall pagodas in the distance, and farther on the great coal hill of the city, and the wall and several gates. We brought our cook and teacher, and are boarding with Mr. and Mrs. Walker, of the M. E. Mission. We brought our springs and mattress, mosquito netting, two trunks of clothing, and blankets, sheets, &c. The chair in which I came is made of wicker, with arms and foot-rest, and strapped to two strong bamboo poles, which were borne on the shoulders of the men. They carry one along quite rapidly. They brought me all the way up the steep hill, climbing steep steps every now and then, and put me down at the door of the temple. You have no idea how much purer and fresher the air is out here, than it is in the city, where such an immense number of people are crowded together, with no drainage, and stagnant pools of water all along the streets.

"If the Chinese could work as our servants at home do, we could get along with a smaller number. I will show you how slowly they work. My man takes three and sometimes four days to do the washing and ironing for J. and myself. It takes generally until tea-time on Monday, to get the clothes hung out. I sometimes get almost dis-

encouraged with them, for they are so slow. The Chinese do not know what "hurry" means, and cannot do it.

"I have just finished reading with my teacher the sixth chapter of John and the first chapter of Matthew in Chinese.

"I find myself called upon to do a great many things here, which I never did at home. I have to lead the ladies' prayer-meeting every few weeks, and take a part in every meeting. Mr. Walker has called upon me to ask the blessing at the table. It is very hard for me to do such things in public, but thus far I have got along very nicely.

"O such a lovely view as I have from my front door! It reminds me a little of the White Mountains.

"Do you ask how we spent the Fourth here in China? Mr. Holcombe in Peking gave as usual a dinner party, and the few Americans there went. We at this place took a little trip out on the mountain, I on a donkey, and Mrs. Walker in a chair. I was obliged to carry Bertie, a little boy nearly three years old, in my lap, and rode the latter part of the way home with him asleep in my arms,- not an easy job, I can assure you. J. had previously bought some fire-crackers, &c., and in the evening, for the benefit of the Walker boys, we had a little display of fire-works. All day the little flags, which Father gave me, waved in the breeze. So you see that we are still a little patriotic.

"It is very, very hot here now, and the sun has a wonderful effect on people here; ~~[illegible]~~ so we remain indoors as much as possible while the sun is shining, and in that way we manage to keep quite cool."

Her husband wrote, July 16th: "The heat of the sun certainly is peculiar here, different from that of New England, and like that in Kansas. We were told so in the spring, but did not believe it. Now

we knew that it is so. We keep out of it all we can from 8 A.M. till sunset. In the city, we close our doors and windows at 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning, and so keep out the heat till it is mostly past, opening them at 4 or 5 P.M. At the Hills, they do not close the doors so at mid-day, but sit out on the shady veranda, and enjoy the breezes."

Grace again wrote as follows: "Western Hills, July 23rd.

"Jim came out from the city last night, reaching here at 9 1/2 P.M., after I had gone to bed. He roused me by singing, "Will any one then, at the beautiful gate, Be waiting and watching for me?" He was waiting at a dilapidated gate, which Mr. Walker soon opened. (Because of the finely carved bricks, we had called it "the beautiful gate".) We were glad to see him, as he had a letter for me from (Sister) Florence, one from Mother Roberts, and eight letters for Mrs. Ament. Mrs. Ament is like a dear sister to me, and I shall miss her greatly, when she goes home.

"I read and sing in Chinese every morning, and I really think that I am improving in my study of the language; but such a queer language as it is!"

"Peking, Aug. 20, 1878.

"I have done considerable studying this summer, and do not feel quite so ignorant as when I went to the Hills. I read and sing at morning prayers, all in Chinese, of course.

"We have had one very very heavy rain. It came during the night, and in the morning the court was covered with water 3 or 4 inches in depth at the foundation of the house, and about a foot deep at the gate. I enjoyed it so much, that I had to put on my rubber boots and waterproof, and go out in it. Very soon however it had all run off, and the court was again dry.

"We have not had a home mail for about a month, and are looking

for it each day.

"It has been rainy the greater part of the week. Last night our miserable ceiling, made of cornstalks and paper, broke through a large place in the diningroom, and showered a great amount of dirt upon the table, side-board and floor. As soon as the rains are over, we shall move out, to have repairs made. The rains here cause all bureau and other drawers to stick, so that my bureau drawers are partly open, and cannot be moved either one way or the other. Doors which in the winter had large cracks around them, cannot be shut tight, and of course cannot be locked. Everything is musty and moldy, especially shoes. We had a fire today, trying to dry things a little.

"I haven't told you about the mosquitoes here, have I? Well, they are very abundant, and sing a merry chorus around your bed every night. But we remedy the evil a little, by burning a fire-rope." (That is a rope made by twisting a certain kind of weeds, which give a fragrant smoke, disliked by the mosquitoes.)

"Peking, Sept. 6, 1878.

"We are still having hot weather, but not like that of summer; and we look forward to the beautiful autumn days, which are said to be delightful in this country. We are very, very happy, and love our home and friends here very much."

"Peking, Sept. 18, 1878.

"It will be a year tomorrow since our marriage and departure; a short year, full of blessings from God, and full of varied experiences, trials and afflictions. We have seen much of death, sickness and suffering; and many of our loved brothers and sisters have been laid to rest. I cannot wonder that you feel anxious about us, but thus far God has cared for us almost beyond what we could expect. I have been unusually well, and we both have great reason to be thankful. You must leave us in God's hands, and pray for us.

"Yesterday we had our p'eng uncovered. For the word "p'eng", you must give the letter "p" an explosive sound, and say the word with a rising tone. It is a large frame of timbers in front of the house, about 40 feet long and 13 feet wide, supported by eight posts like telegraph posts, higher than the eaves. On the top is a framework of wood, which divides the sky into rectangles about 3 feet long and 2 feet wide. Two layers of Chinese matting are fastened over this in the summer, covering the whole top and the east and west ends half way to the ground. So a fine shade is cast over the whole front of the house, adding to the comfort of the inhabitants. Now we want the sunlight, to dry the house and the court. The heavy rains are past, and now it rains a little only once in three or four days.

"O my dear Parents, I regret that I did not show more love to both of you, and I look back at my life at home with much sorrow, because I did so little to please you. Still you know that I did love you both, and your kind loving letters do my heart good."

In the autumn our house was repaired with a new roof and brick partition walls, which made it much more habitable. In this process we had our first experience with the peculiar local methods of building, and with Chinese workmen, who need to be constently watched, to make them do their work well. The carpenters drink tea three times in a day, and eat two meals at other times, beside their early breakfast and late supper. It takes them fifty minutes, to go and drink tea and return; and you can imagine that their work does not progress very fast.

Grace tells of our joy, in welcoming new missionaries:-

"Peking, Oct. 9, 1873.

"We returned from T'ung-chou yesterday in company with Mr. and

Mrs. Noble. On Friday last we took donkeys, and went to that place in the rain, expecting that the good friends would arrive there before us. But they had not come. Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Holcombe, with whom we thought the Nobles would come up the river, arrived, having suffered much from the cold weather, which had come upon them suddenly, and from shortage of provisions. Mr. Noble had been sick, but left Tientsin on a boat Monday. It was decided that on Saturday afternoon Mr. Sheffield, Mr. R. and myself, be sent down the river with plenty of bedding, warm clothes for the friends, and food. About 4:30 P.M. we started down the river; and after going about four miles, we found them all well. It would have done you good, to have seen the welcome between J. and Mr. Noble. A passing boat informed us, that foreigners were on the boats just behind; but it was so dark, that we could not see individuals. As the boats came within hearing distance, J. commenced whistling "In the Sweet Bye-and-bye", and Mr. N. responded. This was kept up for a moment or two, the boats all the time nearing each other, and then Mr. N. commenced whistling "Coronation". Then J. shouted "O Noble!" The response came, "O Roberts!" Then J. shouted "Hurrah for America!" The boats came together, and such a hand-shaking! Then we all went into Mr. N.'s boat, and had a social chat for a short time, after which we returned to our own boat, and ate supper. Mr. Sheffield took our boat, and returned to T'ung-chou. With Mr. and Mrs. Noble were Mrs. Sprague and Dr. Gulick, of the American Bible Society, having three boats in all. These were anchored side by side for the night. There in Mr. N.'s boat we all gathered, and had a social time, drinking tea and coffee, and eating crackers. Early the next morning (Sunday), we arrived at T'ung-chou, all well and very happy.

(This meeting on the river in the glow of dusk had a weirdness and picturesqueness, that abide in the memory. Mr. Noble, who had

been known and loved by Mr. Roberts for 8 years, came to be Treasurer of our Mission, and to be our next-door neighbor.- - J.H.R.)

"I play the organ every morning at Chinese prayers, and at three services on Sunday. The Chinese musical scale has no half steps, and is very peculiar. In singing, these people are very apt to flat during the first verse; they drop a little in the next, and keep doing so. If you sing five or six verses, they will have dropped two or three whole tones below the instrument. Wouldn't you like to hear them sing?"

"Peking, Nov. 4, 1873.

"Last Saturday forenoon, our boxes arrived; and such a time as we had, unpacking! As we got deeper and deeper into the big box, we wondered what fairies had provided so many nice things for us. My heart is running over with thanks to my loved ones at home.

"We are looking forward with great pleasure to the time when we shall be nicely settled in our new old house. It is greatly improved, and ought to be, after all the fuss with the Chinamen, who cheat in all conceivable and inconceivable ways. One has to keep his eyes and ears wide open. I never saw anything like the "heathen Chinee" for cheating. They will cheat you when you know it, and there is little else to do than to submit, and know that you are cheated.

"James went into the country last Friday with Dr. Blodget, and will be away about a week. They have gone to preach. I am very lonely without him, but I take my meals with Mr. and Mrs. Noble; and because I don't say the folks call me very brave. I have a great deal of sewing on hand, and am overseeing the work on the house. Jim wrote his mother that I said, 'Two weeks ago there was nothing to do, and they hadn't done it yet'. That is not much exaggerated, for they do drag out their work so, that it is disgusting to foreigners. Some of the workmen have been very saucy to the ladies here, particularly my-

self; but Jim made up his mind, that he would not allow it, and so put a stop to it.

(Later.) "J. came home last night, and glad indeed was I to see him,- so glad, that I fell down in the court, running to meet him. He is delighted with the trip, and with what he has seen there. Dr. Blodget preached to a group of men, on the sin of worshiping heaven and earth and their idols. He spoke on this for a long time. When he had finished, one of the men said: 'O yes, I understand; the teacher says, that we ought not to worship idols, but ought to worship heaven and earth.'"

"Peking, Dec. 9, 1878.

"Two weeks ago tomorrow, we moved into our renovated house, and how nice and pretty and comfortable it is! I am glad that we did not have our new furniture, to put into our old house last winter, but have them new new.

"Perhaps you would like to know how we celebrated Thanksgiving Day; and indeed it was a day of thanksgiving to us, for our lives had been spared, when others were taken, and we were at last in our new house. Well, in the morning a service was held in Dr. Blodget's, and Mr. Noble, Mrs. Blodget, J. and myself, sung a quartette. A few days before, Mr. Holcombe had presented Mrs. Blodget, the T'ung-chou people and myself, each with a nice turkey. Mrs. B. had a dinner party. At 4 P.M., Mr. and Mrs. Noble, J. and I, partook of soup, turkey and onions, salad, potatoes and sweet potatoes, mince pie, floating island, and then fruits and nuts. With these we had lemonade, and afterward coffee. Did you do better than that? The turkey was small and tender, and when we had finished, there was little left but bones.

"Next Sunday I am to take a class of girls in the Sunday School. Can you imagine me talking to them in Chinese?"

"Peking, Dec. 26, 1878.

"On Christmas eve I had some foreign candy, and it did taste so

goods"

The Tung-Chou Pagoda, City Wall and Moat.



Grace was among the missionaries on the boat in the moat, when this photo was taken.

SIGHT-SEEING IN THE SUBURBS OF PEKING.

Last Saturday, March 23rd, 1872, Mr. Hunt, Miss Chapin, Grace and I ran away from our regular work, to have a holiday of sport. We four, with lunch-baskets, &c., occupied two carts, and rode toward the north side of the city, (Peking,) attended by a retinue of beggars. These most degraded of human beings took turns in running by our side, holding their incense sticks, bowing to us as they do to their dumb oidols, and shouting their request for money, addressing Mr. Hunt and even me as "Lao-yeh", which means "Aged Sire". At one time seven boys came down upon us like a pack of wolves, but not to be appeased by one brass cash, flung down among them, as we rode on,- alternately fighting each other for the cash, and chasing us for more, and not satisfied until each boy had a cash.

From one beggar Mr. Hunt bought a long piece of punk (?) such as is used for lighting pipes.

Then we came to the city wall, fifty or more feet high, surrounding a vast number of people that dislike and hate us, (though we love them,) and able to become to us a dreadful prison wall, if the people should shut the gates. Now we ride through the gate, by which the foreign troops entered in 1860, after having placed their cannon in position to batter down the wall; and we remember (O with what joy!) that these bayonets, and the fear of them, brought the Bible into this citadel of heathenism, and in God's providence now protect us here.

Beyond the wall, in the suburbs, beggars swarmed about us; and when we stopped before an arched gateway, and walked some distance toward the temple behind it, we were followed by about 150 wretches, asking for cash. While Mr. Hunt walked slowly, and entertained and delayed the rabble, the rest of us went on faster, and found the temple gates closed against us. We returned to our carts at the archway, nearly a quarter of a mile away, followed by the ragamuffins.

One indescribably ugly fellow haunted Mr. Hunt with a filthy begging hand.

One sold him a turnip, and after being paid his own price, hid one cash in his sleeve, claimed that Mr. Hunt had cheated him, wanted more, and followed him. Mr. Hunt had no cane, and his only weapons were his pieces of punk, his smiles and funny pantomimes, and a jaw-bone of an ass, which he picked up. Arrived at the carts, the horde so surrounded us, as to block our way. Finding that Mr. Hunt's cart, which was in front of ours, could not start, I went forward with my "billy", and encouraged the crowd to stand back.

We rode on entirely away from them, drew a long breath of relief, and then began staggering over a springy, quicksand road. Next we crossed a corner of the level ground, where the Chinese troops drill, whose vollies we, here in the city, hear every morning soon after daybreak.

Then we stopped at a temple, and went into the court, to see a beautiful white monument, forty or more feet high, on which were portrayed, in exquisite carvings, many scenes in the life of Buddha. We saw lions, actually crying over his death, and wiping away their tears with their paws. In one of the temple buildings, which was cold as a refrigerator on this sweltering day, we saw eleven idols in human form, handsome but rather stiff, in sitting posture, from ten to twenty feet high. One had a black face, one white, and another red, while the others were all bronzelike. The priests readily admitted that the idols were made of wood. For these privileges we paid a small string of cash; and we left a copy of the Gospel of Matthew with the priests.

Riding on, we presently reached the Mongolian Wall, an earthen structure about 35 feet high, enclosing a great space north of the city. It extends northward from the northwestern corner of the city to a point two miles or more north of the north wall of the Tartar

city, then running east about seven or eight miles, and probably once running southward to the northeast corner of the Chinese city,- whether so now or not I cannot tell. This description may show you what an immense city this once was; scarcely less than six or eight miles from east to west, and nine miles from north to south. This is my impression from all that I have seen and heard, but may not be exact.

We climbed the Mongol wall, and walked a short distance to its northwest angle. The name reminds us, that in the Middle Ages, the Tartar tribes of the deserts to the northwest of us ruled almost all of Asia from the Mediterranean to the Pacific, and that a Mongol dynasty reigned in Peking.

Eight centuries, more or less, have passed since those days, and still the wall is in good condition. Here and there the wall is cut down, to make way for the roads; but it is not sunken nor washed away in spots, and the bastions have well preserved their square-cut shape. From the corner of the wall, which expands into a fine croquet ground, high and breezy, what could we see? Far off to the southeast could be seen the long low parapeted wall of the Tartar city; over its gates the watch-towers a hundred feet high; and beyond in dim distance the Coal Hill,- a high hill in the middle of the city, crowned by a palace, and built, it is said, over a vast amount of coal, reserved for use in a siege. On the northwestern horizon is a fine high range of hills, about eight miles distant. At the foot of these hills, there is a high tower on a slight elevation. Half a mile or so from us is the temple and tower, where the great bell is,- which we afterward went to see.

Just at the foot of this corner of the old wall, stood a tree of remarkably fine growth, symmetrical, strong, graceful, vigorous looking, and in full bloom. All the rest of the landscape, in every direction, was a flat brown plain of newly sown fields, intersected

by dusty roads, and dotted with houses and temples.

We walked on the wall a little way to the south, to a rickety gate-house. It had four windows open to the cardinal points of the compass, and in the interior a marble slab, covered with inscriptions in the Chinese seal character. Here we went down by a steep pathway to the road, where our carts were awaiting us; and it would have done you good, to have seen the mishap to the Chinaman, who, with thirty nine others, was looking at us, and who thought that he could run down that wall as nimbly as we, but did not notice a hole that we had jumped over, and so tripped, and fell full length in the dust, fortunately unhurt.

We went on to the temple of the great bell. This bell is said to be the largest but one in all the world. We measured it, and found it eleven feet and one inch in diameter at the rim, and about fifteen feet in height, exclusive of all its fastenings. I never expected to see so large a bell in all my life. The beam on which it hung is two or three feet thick, and equally high. The metallic fastenings of the bell, were two double hooks in the shape of a horse-shoe, passing over that beam. These are seven feet high, six or eight inches in diameter, and covered with inscriptions in the Sanskrit or some other Hindu character,- reminding us that this idolatry and doctrine of Buddhism is not native to the soil, but came from another country ages ago, when Paul was preaching another doctrine and life, which is now attacking with spiritual and mighty weapons this system of superstition.

The body of the bell is covered within and without with ordinary Chinese characters, half an inch square, very finely wrought, and easier for us to trace than to read. I stood under the bell, and could not help thinking what a dark, close and effective prison it would be, if it should drop down around me. I wondered whether it would retain its shape, or whether the shock would break it, and the massive ceiling would come down on one's head. I rapped on it with

my fist, and with that "billy", and listened to the rumbling, which seemed like distant thunder.

Mr. Hunt, standing on a balcony which is above and encircles the bell, tried to fling some brass cash down into it through a circular hole in the top, as large as a small hat. A little boy stood ready to pick up the cash for the priests. We asked where and when the bell was made. The priests replied that it wasn't made, but was discovered in a river.

This was a day specially appointed by the Emperor for prayer for rain, and it was told us that, on this account, it was hoped that our gifts to the temple would be bountiful.

We ate our tiffin in one of the priests' rooms, seated a la Turk on the stove-bed. This is a solidly built platform of brick and mortar, covered with straw matting only, and warmed by a fire beneath. The native rolls himself in a blanket or two, and lies on the matting, his temperature depending on the fire; while this burns hotly, he perspires freely, and when it dies out, he is chilled and catches cold. It is common for the Chinese to have terrible coughs and colds in the winter.

Out in the temple yard were beautiful shade trees, evergreens, with massive trunks, and with long slender horizontal branches, which were supported from the ground by props and cross-beams. At this temple, as at the other, we paid for our privileges, as we would at a hotel or an exhibition.

As we rode home through the hot sunshine and dust, we were glad to have seen such sights, but sorry to have contributed even a little financial strength to those fortresses of superstition.

J. H. Roberts.

Mar. 29, 1878.

CHAPTER VII.

SADIE, CHARLIE, &c.

"Peking, Jan. 10, 1879.

"There is a great attraction over at Mrs. Noble's for me, as on Dec. 29th she was presented with a beautiful little girl. They have named her Sarah, and call her Sadie. We all love the little one dearly, and everybody says, "She is so good!- too good to live!"

This is the Week of Prayer, and we are holding many meetings. I have attended every meeting until tonight, and as I walked, I have sometimes found the road rather long! I rode to the Presbyterian Mission to Chinese service, took tea there, then attended prayers, and after that walked home. The distance is about three miles. Didn't I do pretty well?"

"Peking, Feb. 25, 1879.

"I am now reading the life of Dr. Goodall, in which is given the history of the engagement that he made between Mr. Thurston and Miss Goodall. The book is very interesting; and while reading it, I realize more and more the very few privations that we suffer, as compared with those suffered by the early missionaries. Our greatest deprivation, really, is being so far from our loved ones.

"James had a pleasant time during his trip in the country. In one day they sold about 1500 books, beside giving away many sheet-tracts. Dr. Blodget said that he never knew of so large a sale of books in so short a time before. They were invited into and entertained in the homes of several Christians."

"Peking, Mar. 17, 1879.

"Now I want to tell you about a Mr. Crescotte, who came here from Shantung. He has overworked, and for some time past has not

been able to sleep. So his friends thought it might be best, for him to come up here for rest and change. But he continues to work too hard, and seems to be on the verge of insanity. At a Chinese prayer-meeting at the Presbyterian Mission Wednesday, he made the following remarks in substance: "All of you, who are wholly poor in spirit, please rise." Of course no one arose. He then said: "None of you are in the kingdom of heaven, and none of you will receive the blessing." He requested that a special meeting might be held at Dr. Blodget's on Thursday evening. He himself led it, and such a meeting I never before attended! He led in prayer, or rather in confession, and acknowledged himself to be worse than any of the heathen about us, and that the rest of us were just as bad. He confessed that he and the rest of us had attempted to set up ourselves as Gods before the people, and had in that committed an awful sin, and broken the first Commandment. He then took the Bible, and read various portions, remarking at each particular command given, that we had not obeyed it, and would not receive the blessing. He then took up the Beatitudes, and after each attribute declared, that none of us had it. He also said that we were such awful sinners, that not only the heathen about us call us "foreign devils", but God himself calls us so! He has since made many strange and crazy remarks."

"Peking, Apr. 1, 1879.

"Jim went away a week ago last Thursday, to escort to Shanghai Mr. Crossette, who, as I wrote, is crazy. Mr. McCoy accompanied them to Tientsin, the overland trip being the hardest part; and Mr. C. grew worse and worse all the way. They had hard work, to get him on board the steamer. He remarked, on the way to Tientsin, "It seems so ludicrous, that I should be captured, and carried away as a lunatic, by two men who are lunatics themselves." Jim writes that on the journey to Tientsin, his talk was vile, boastful and censorious. We are anxious

ly looking for J. this week, to hear how he got down to Shanghai with Mr. Crossette.

"Now what do you suppose I found in bed with me yesterday morning? You can't guess; so I'll tell you. It was a little live scorpion! I got up at about half past six, to let the servant in, and when I went back, I saw a black spot on the bed, and it proved to be, as I said, a scorpion. Fortunately I did not get stung, but was only well frightened.

"I am all alone in the house while J. is away, but am not one half as much afraid to stay alone here, as I should be in America. Dr. and Mrs. Blodget are very kind to me, and often invite me, while alone, to come over and eat with them, which I am very glad to do.

"Peking, Apr. 16, 1879.

"Although it would be almost impossible here, to get along without servants, they are, as Dr. Smith says, an "indispensable nuisance"; for they think that they know better than we ourselves, how we want our work done. It seems to me, that my servants have tried me in the last few days, in more ways than I can describe.

"I enjoy my Sunday School class more and more each Sunday, for I find that I can talk more each time, than the time previous. We are now studying of the journeyings of the children of Israel; and I have been very much struck with the lack of faith, shown by the Israelites, when God was constantly working such wonders for them.

"The weather for two or three days has been beautiful and bright, but last week, to the astonishment of all, we had quite a heavy snow-storm."

"Peking, June 3, 1879.

"Gen. Grant arrived in Peking at 1 o'clock today, and the American residents give him a small reception at 9 o'clock this evening. All have gone from our place excepting Miss Diament and myself. (Later)

The folks report a pleasant time last evening, but some of them think that Gen. Grant looks and acts as if he were tired of receptions, and I should think that he would be. Mrs. Grant was not present, as she was very tired. Another reception of a more general nature will be held soon, at which both English and American people will be present."

"Peking, June 4, 1879.

"Mew Mother, I know that you can't guess what I am doing today; so I will tell you. I have been packing away the last of our woolen goods in camphor, copying J.'s English sermon, which he is to preach next Sunday evening, and last but not least making soft soap with concentrated lye. The water here is very, very hard; and I am going to try soap of my own making, and see if my clothes cannot look better.

"Chinese servants help us a great deal, but they are at the same time a great deal of bother, breaking dishes so badly, that we have placed a fine on our cook. Besides, they seldom do as you tell them. What would you think, if your servant were to take your dish-cloth, to wash the stove? your dishwiper, to wipe his face and hands? or use your water dipper, to dip all sorts of dirty water? But such things are unavoidable, unless we can afford to spend our whole time in watching them."

"Peking, June 16, 1879.

"My dear Folks at Home:

I have almost come to the conclusion, that you have joined some party traveling around the world, and are on the way to this city, to surprise us by a visit; consequently for five months I haven't heard a word from any of you.

"Mr. Holcombe induced the Chinese Prince to allow his party to see the Temple of Heaven. The gates of this temple are carefully guarded, and foreigners are forbidden to enter; but they can with money sometimes hire the priests to admit them. For the first time, the gate

was opened freely as a compliment to a foreigner; and the Chinese have a story in circulation, that Gen. Grant went there to pray for rain!! Some of the Chinese have lost all respect for him, because he condescends to speak to missionaries and others so far below him. Their Emperor wouldn't do it. Those who saw the General and his wife said that both seemed tired of receptions, speech-making, &c. They have been traveling for more than two years, and meeting with great receptions wherever they stopped; and I should think that they would be tired.

"James has commenced preaching several times a week at his chapel, and feels that he can talk quite freely in Chinese.

"I am soon to take a woman into my employ, who is very anxious to become a Christian, but cannot read; so I hope, after she comes, to teach her to read. Doesn't it seem rather queer, to hear me talk of teaching a Chinese woman to read in her own language? I have read through once in Chinese Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, 1st, 2nd and 3rd John, and the Acts; also small portions of other books; but I must confess that I do not make very rapid progress." (Note: She had a humble opinion of her attainments, but others would say that she had done splendidly.)

J. adds to this letter: "News from Shansi state that wolves are filling up the regions depopulated by the famine. The total number of persons who died from the famine is estimated as about nine millions. The wheat crops about here are ruined, for it has not rained for over two months. Today is the first really rainy day since October."

In the summer of 1879 came the advent of our first little son, whose first name was bestowed in honor of Bruce's father, and his second one in honor of my grandfather, a truly grand old man, then 93

years old. Charlie was a beautiful baby. He smiled early, and at six months his lovely presence adorned our dining table. How much love and sunshine a little child can bring!

Grace wrote (from Peking) Oct. 20th:-

"I don't know how I ever lived without him; but I really think that, with my servants and one baby, I have to work harder than my Mother would with six children.

"Mr. Ament came in upon us rather unexpectedly yesterday. He and J. will probably start on Wednesday for some places south of Paotingfu, and J. may be gone three weeks. I am sorry that he goes away again so soon, but there is work for him there, and I will not say a word, to keep him at home. He came from Kalgan last Wednesday. (Note: He went there, to escort a new missionary over the rough road, on a journey of five days.)

"We had a Chinese wedding two weeks ago, the bridegroom once our teacher, and now Mr. Noble's, being a Christian; and the bride a girl who has heard much of the Gospel, but has shown little interest in it. Everybody in the compound went. The foreigners were invited there also in the evening to a little repast, which was a pleasant occasion. Miss Porter had given them a wedding cake (so called); and we had, beside apples, pears and oranges, tea, and one other kind of cake, served in foreign style, by borrowing dishes, &c., of us. The bride was not visible. She was in a room all alone, sitting on a stove-bed, looking very serious. She is not supposed to eat anything on her wedding day, and must cry. The latter she did not do."

"Peking, Dec. 25, 1879.

"I wish you all a 'Merry Christmas'! I received a letter from J. yesterday, and he expects to reach home this noon.

"Today Master Charles and Miss Sadie have a written invitation

from the Chinese schoolgirls, to meet at Miss Porter's room from 4 1/2 to 5 1/2 o'clock, where they have prepared a Christmas tree for the two babies. Of course, I am not supposed to know anything about it; but a bag just came from the Legation, with presents for them.

"Last Friday Miss Porter had a Christmas tree for all the schoolgirls in Peking, 118 in number, and to most of them she gave foreign dolls. They are almost too happy to contain themselves. If any of the young girls at home would like to make girls happy, there are new ones entering the school frequently, and they could send some such things."

"Peking, Jan. 5, 1880.

"If I did not know positively, that I was in China, I might think that I was in New England. It has been snowing a little every day for nearly a week; and although the snow now lies not more than half a foot deep on the average, one of my servants says that they have not had so much snow before for twenty years. I enjoy it ever so much, and am getting all the snow I can, to make snow-water, which is so much softer than the water here. But now the Chinese shoes, with their soft soles, bring in snow and mud!"

"Jan. 6th.

"Last night we tried to drew Baby's shadow profile, but did not succeed, and will have to try again. I will send you in this letter a hand, the outline taken from life. Can you guess who the owner is? Please note the fat, the deep creases in the wrist, the dimples in the knuckles, the width of the wrist, as compared with that of the hand, &c. It is not exaggerated one bit. I never knew that a baby could call forth so much love and ~~admiration~~ admiration. He has not yet had a cold this winter, for which I am thankful."

"Peking, Jan. 15, 1880.

"Charlie was baptized by Dr. Blodget in his home, Tuesday evening, Jan. 6th, at a union prayer-meeting held there. Almost every one re-

marked upon the way he watched Dr. Blodget, as though he were swallowing every word he said."

"Monday, Jan. 26, 1880.

"Baby is six months old today, but I can hardly realize it. He grows cunning every day he lives, and has many admirers, his pa and ma admiring him no less than the others.

"I have at present an old, poor, stupid woman, who tries her very best to do my work satisfactorily; but when I must needs tell her such a simple thing as "shut that door" seven times over, before she can understand me, I begin to think that she will not do. However we get along pretty well, and are happy with our beautiful boy."

"Peking, Feb. 25, 1880.

"On the second anniversary of the day we commenced housekeeping, a silver teaspoon disappeared,- the first since we came to China; and the worst of it is, that we have no idea whom to suspect. (Perhaps that was the best of it!) Some of the friends told us, that we should very quickly lose them, if we used them every day; but this is the first. It was one of those that Mother Roberts gave us. (Note: This was the only piece of silver ware which we lost, in an experience of twenty nine years in China. Much of the credit for this good record is due to the Christian servants, whom we employed in Kalgan.- J.)

"How I wish that you could see little Sadie Noble! She is walking now, and it is really pretty, to see how much she loves Charlie. She calls him "Baby", and kisses him all over his little head, and pats him on his back."

CHAPTER VIII.

MOVING FROM PEKING TO KALGAN.

By the spring of 1880, Grace and I were fairly adapted to the language and customs of our adopted country, and were willing to go to some other place, where workers were fewer. We offered to move either to Paotingfu or to Kalgan, and were advised by vote of the Mission, to go to Kalgan,- which is 140 miles northwest from Peking, and situated close to the Great Wall. As to climate, Kalgan, among the mountains, is said to be as safe a place without a physician, as Peking is with a number of them. Dr. Blodget called it the best place, as regards climate, of all the places where missionaries live in China. There were so many missionaries in Peking, that we felt that our lives would be better spent in some less favored place. Having acquired the language, we were ready to move into "the regions beyond".

"Peking, Mar. 13, 1880.

"My little girls at the North Chapel recite beautifully, and I enjoy listening to them very much. Two Sundays ago, I told them about Noah and the Flood, and last Sunday they seemed to have the story pretty well learned.

"Late last night, I heard men hawking their goods on the street. They keep at it often until after midnight. If you could only understand Chinese, I could give you a little idea of what some of them say.

"I had hoped that Sadie and Charlie would be playmates; but if we move, I fear they will not. She is the smartest baby in every respect that I ever saw, and is admired by everybody.

"We had a letter by the last mail from Mr. Crossette, whom J. escorted to Shanghai about two years ago, in a crazy condition. I judge, from his crazy letter, that he is not much better now.

"The woman whom I have now, has very small feet, and she often complains that they ache, after standing on them for some time.

"James has gone to Hsien Hsien, five days' journey (200 miles) south of here. The roads are very bad outside the city, and I do not know how he got along. At that place live the first Chinese whom he ever baptized,- three men, a woman and two children. He baptized them Dec. 21st last, in a little mud hut.

"Mission Meeting will soon be here; and then we shall know where our future residence is to be.

"It is perfectly astonishing, the ease with which the Chinese memorize. They will repeat chapter after chapter of the Bible, and you can start them on a word or two in the middle of a chapter, and they will go on."

"Peking, May 3, 1880.

"We are nearing the end of Mission Meeting, but the folks are still here, and we are very busy. We are to be located at Kalgan, and shall move as soon as possible after Mission Meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Ament will come here to live in the fall, where she can have a physician's care."

"May 20th.

"We are almost entirely packed, to start for Kalgan on Monday. You at home have no idea how hard it is for us to pack up our things, for every thing must be weighed. One mule can carry but 160 lbs. on one side; and if a box happens to weigh more, it must be carried between two mules at greater expense. So you see we have to be very careful in packing. Our crockery is all packed, and we are taking our meals with Dr. and Mrs. Noble. It is wonderful, how rich you find yourself, (and encumbered with goods,) when you pack up to move.

"Our Mission Meeting lasted two weeks, lacking one day. Mr. and Mrs. Sprague were voted a health change to Japan, as Mrs. S. is a great

sufferer."

"Peking, May 25, 1880.

"As you will see by the heading, we have not yet moved. We expected to have gone yesterday (Monday), but on Saturday last the owner of the mules and mule-litters sent off five mule-loads of goods, and just after they had gone, informed us that he had sent all of his mules, and would have none for us on Monday;- and we cannot tell when we shall get away. That is the way things are done here in China, thus making us take heed to the saying, 'In patience possess ye your souls'. We are now living in Mrs. Noble's guest-room, and boarding with her.

"Sadie loves Charlie and me very dearly, and is always calling for us both. She however loves Charlie rather too hard. She is without exception the smartest baby I ever saw. She cannot bear to have a person shut his or her eyes, and she gets very much excited, when Charlie goes to sleep. Yesterday he was sleeping quietly in the woman's arms, and Sadie, seeing him, was very much distressed, and so tried to think of some way to waken him. Finally she rushed up to him, put her face in his, and then squealed her loudest. She was successful, for Charlie awoke, very much frightened, and cried vigorously at such treatment.

"As to the mule-litter man,- we have learned today, that the part of our goods, which we started for Kalgan on mules, are at the man's shop, and the mules have probably gone off on other errands. How would you like to have things done in that way? J. has nailed up the last box today. I would like very much to know when we are going, for I dislike this waiting."

We waited a full week, for the means of conveyance. When at last the mules and drivers came, we found that the latter were extrem-

ly quarrelsome, and would yell and scold us or each other on the slightest occasion. When they did so, Rev. Dr. Arthur Smith remarked, that they were "whispering". With all our preparations made, we were sorry to have to wait so long.

On the day of moving from Peking to Kalgan, we were on the point of starting, when Mr. Sprague, for whom no mule had been ordered, arrived from Tientsin, and joined our party. He insisted on hiring one of the donkeys, owned and to be ridden by one of the drivers. The sudden demand caused a rise in the rates for donkey service, but he would not give more than the usual amount. This controversy delayed starting until about 4 P.M., when Mr. S. had to yield, and pay an exorbitant amount of silver in advance. Worst of all, the next morning said donkey was missing, and we had to stop the caravan half an hour or more, to compel the drivers to go back, and find and bring the donkey, which they had left hitched at their own home.

Saying 'Farewell' to our many friends was a painful experience, but the most pathetic of all was when Grace was seated in the mule-litter, and the mules started, and Mrs. Noble's baby daughter lifted up her voice, and wailed out the exclamation, "T'ai-t'ai!" (Lady), which was the name that she had given to Grace.

We had to ride eight hours to the first stopping-place, with no chance for food nor drink,- and Grace holding baby Charlie in her arms, while the litter jerked and jogged with every step of the mules. Dark night came on, without a moon. The litter broke down, and we halted for repairs. After midnight we arrived at the cheerless inn at Kuan Shih. After a hurried supper, we caught a brief rest in sleep, but had to waken before four o'clock, to make a good start for the next day's journey. Grace bore all these distresses serenely. Grace wrote:-

"Then we went on ten miles to the Nan-k'ou Pass, a mountain gorge fifteen miles long, where, with the exception of a few paved stretches,

there was no road but the narrow path, made by the hoofs of horses and mules, in a valley full of rocks of all sizes and shapes. To keep the mules awake, and prevent stumbling, which they often did, the drivers drove them at top speed, with no respect for the feelings of the passengers, who were unmercifully shaken for half a day. We went through a gate in the Great Wall at the top of this Pass, perhaps 3000 feet above the sea, descended to Ch'a-tao (The Dividing of the Ways), and had another night in a wretched inn.

On the fourth day of the journey, we passed by Cock-crow mountain, a high truncated cone, with coal mines beneath it; drove over a narrow road, choked and jammed with carts and pack-mules, with a steep mountain on one side and a river below on the other; and reached the large city of Hsüan Hua Fu (Conversion by Preaching),- so named, because the once barbarous people were converted to civilization by preaching the doctrines of Confucius.

On the fifth day from Peking, we crossed a low range of hills, passed by the As-You-Like-It Restaurant, and reached Kalgan by eight hours of steady travel. Three hours before we were there, Mr. Sprague exclaimed, "Now we are almost there!" An hour later, "There! don't you see it?" No, the city is in a valley. Later, "We shall soon cross the bridge into Kalgan." At each mention of the city, it seemed no nearer. The wind was cold, and our knees were stiff. Grace's arms were aching with holding the baby, and it seemed as if she could not ride on those mules another minute; and yet, after entering the city, she had to ride another full hour to our new home, near the North Temple of the Goddess of Mercy.

Let us hear about this trip in her own words:-

"Kalgan, June 14, 1880.

"My dear Folks at Home:

As you see, we are in our new home. We arrived

here, after a journey of 4 1/2 days, one week ago last Friday. We had a hard journey, and I was very tired, as I held baby in my arms nearly every hour of the way; and when he was not asleep, he was very restless. Our company consisted of Mr. Sprague, Miss Diamant, James, Charles and myself. We had three litters, Charles and myself one, Miss D. one, and Mr. Sprague and J. together one, they taking turns in riding litter and donkey. The first night, Mr. Sprague with my two canaries was tipped over; a few minutes after, J. in the same litter was suddenly landed on the ground. (There was no moonlight.) We reached our first stopping-place at 12 o'clock midnight, ate a little luncheon, made up our beds on the k'ang (brick stove-bed), and retired. We arose early the next morning, prepared breakfast, (we always take food with us,) and started again. We rode until noon over quite level land, so covered with rocks, that there was hardly room to step. At noon we prepared dinner, gave baby a bath, and at 2 o'clock started for a hard ride over the mountain, amid stones and boulders. That day the hind end of Miss D.'s litter came down, and I began to wonder if Charlie and I would go next. That noon baby hadn't a single tooth through, but that afternoon he put my finger in his mouth, and behold, a tooth! Cut a tooth, going through the Pass! Age, 10 months and 6 days. Such a road as we went over that day!- a very narrow path, with stones and boulders all about us, and the stones in the path very slippery!

The next day we rode over a high, barren, stony piece of land. Thursday morning I thought that, for a rest, I would let J. take care of the baby, and I would ride the donkey; the donkey had no saddle, but had Mr. S.'s single mattress thrown across it,- with the result, that I could not sit on it very firmly. I had been riding nearly two hours, when suddenly my donkey attempted to jump over a little stream, and I fell headlong over his head, breaking my umbrella, but not injuring myself in the least. I am very glad that you were not there,

to see me. We reached here Friday noon, June 4th, very tired and hungry. We went over (across the Upper City) to take dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Goodrich, and then came back here, to try to get a little settled before Sunday. The house was all furnished, and we had the use of anything we could find. By the way, I forget to tell you that baby cut his second under tooth Thursday afternoon, June 3rd. Didn't he do well, to cut two teeth on the journey to Kalgan?

"The scenery about us is just beautiful. On all sides of us are mountains. I am frequently reminded of the surroundings of the Profile House. The mountains here differ from those, in having no trees upon them, and consequently looking more barren. The Great Wall, between China and Mongolia, is in sight of the house."

To give the reader an appreciation of the Chinese inns, in which we lunched and lodged, there is here inserted, with thanks to the author, Rev. Jonathan Lees, of Tientsin, long deceased, his rhyming classic, "A WINTER'S RIDE IN CHIHLI". It was written before there was any railroad in China. Chihli, pronounced Jerly, is the Province in which Peking, Tientsin, Kalgan and Paotingfu, are situated. After writing these stanzas, Mr. Lees was dissatisfied with his work, and threw them into the waste paper basket. His daughter took them out, and showed them to her friends. For an accurate and humorous description of traveling in China in the Nineteenth Century, they are regarded as of great interest and value.

A WINTER'S RIDE IN CHIHLI.

Let those who vote Lake Como "slow",
Or grumble on the banks of Po,
And "wonder where they next can go",
Try the great plain of Chihli.

But it were best to leave behind
All hopes of an aesthetic kind;

less space

Eye, ear or nose, small joy will find,
Upon the plain of Chihli.

Look not for lake, or rippling rill,
Or giant tree, or wood-crowned hill,
Or sweet wild-flower, or aught to thrill
Your artist sense in Chihli.

And as to equipage, alack!
No Pullman car on even track,
Nor easy chaise with cushioned back,
Has yet been seen in Chihli.

A two-wheeled cage, four feet by three,
Holds traveler and traps, for he
Sits on them a la Turk, you see;
This is the mode in Chihli.

The carriage lacks both door and springs;
Upon its shaft Wang sits and sings,
To cheer his mules, tall bony things,
Reared on the plain of Chihli.

The leader swings his tail with grace,
Now kicks, now breaks his hempen trace;
Four miles an hour his constant pace,
Upon the road in Chihli.

Aroused from sleep ere break of day,
You crawl along the rutty way,
Resolved to see whate'er you may,
While traveling through Chihli.

Enthroned within the cart, you try
To look o'er Wang's broad back, and spy,
Perhaps, three feet of clear blue sky,
Which, after all, 's not Chihli.

Creeping outside to mend your view,
You find that earth wears her earthiest hue,
And that ere long you 're earthy too,
Like all beside in Chihli.

Fields, cattle, houses in the town,
The city scholar, village clown,
All are a dismal dirty brown,
On winter days in Chihli.

Anon the sun gets up, and then
You jolt along till half past ten,
When hunger seizes mules and men,
Upon the plain of Chihli.

An inn is reached, a yard with pens,
Choke full of carts, mules, pigs and hens;
To cleanliness there 's no pretense,
In village inns in Chihli.

"Landlord", you shout, "Come, dust this seat,
And bring me something fit to eat!"
Ai-yah! roast mutton is a treat,
Not to be had in Chihli.

If measly pork should suit your taste,
Or addled eggs, or bean-curd paste,
They 'll serve you up a meal in haste,
At any inn in Chihli.

Nay, you may chance, if such your wish,
Of tough ex-hide procure a dish,
Swimming in oil, or bony fish,
Caught in some pit in Chihli.

But leathern cakes, or bowls of rice,
With cabbage soup more hot than nice,
And boiled dough-strings must oft suffice
An epicure in Chihli.

Two hours pass by; the mules have fed;
You feel as if you 'd swallowed lead,
And thoughtfully go forth to tread
Again your way in Chihli.

Ere long a keen northeaster blows;
Dust fills your eyes, mouth, ears and nose;
Or, for a change, perhaps it snows,-
No strange event in Chihli.

As night comes on, your whiskers freeze;
You cannot speak, you fear to sneeze,
And have to walk, to save your knees
From growing stiff in Chihli.

Or it may thaw; or worse, it rains.
The ruts are deep as English drains;
And, spite of tugging at the reins,
Progress is slow in Chihli.

Dust now gives place to miles of mud;
And, though Wang drives as drivers should,
The cart goes over with a thud
Into some slough in Chihli.

Started once more, the tracks divide;
The night is dark, you have no guide;
Upon the wrong one you decide,
And so get lost in Chihli.

At last, in hungry wretched case,
Almost too tired to wash your face,
You welcome any halting-place,
That you can find in Chihli.

You find it mud,- walls, roof and floor.
One often cannot shut the door.
Of furniture there 's little store,
In such a den in Chihli.

On the black walls hang two old scrolls;
The paper window 's full of holes;
And visitors come in in shoals,
    Where'er you step in Chihli.

Two chairs, with legs whose race is run,
A greasy table minus one,
A brick bed, when your supper 's done,—
    Such is your room in Chihli.

To warm this bower, if such your thought,
Live charcoal in a pot is brought,
Whose fumes soon make your head distraught,
    And like to split in Chihli.

In summer, other joys are found;
Your couch becomes a hunting-ground,
Where rats and other game abound,
    Indigenous to Chihli.

You eat, you sleep, you dream, you wake;
A watchman's yells your slumber's break,
While dogs and asses help to make
    Your temper bad in Chihli.

Thus pass the days, and thus the nights.
Such are the sounds, and such the sights.
These are the rich and rare delights,
    Of traveling in Chihli.

I have not told you all, and yet
I fear this sketch may make you fret,
Until a cart and mules you get,
    To carry you through Chihli.



View on Main Street,
Upper City, Kalgan,
Near the Custom House.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIRST HOME IN KALGAN.

At first we occupied a house temporarily vacated by Rev. and Mrs. Mark Williams, who had gone to America. Imagine a court-yard about 35 X 30 feet in size, paved with bricks, and surrounded by old tile-roofed houses, only one story in height, of course; and another outer court even smaller, surrounded by poorer houses, and having a large gate, opening on a narrow street. The cart-ruts in the street were slowly moving streams of black filth, which might be called by a worse name. When partly dried by sun and wind, the dust was worse than the odors. About twelve feet from our well, behind a wall, was a neighbor's draught-house. Why mention such things? Because people in America do not know what their missionaries endure. Why did Mr. Williams live in such a place? He moved to it from one which was worse, of which I had both ocular and nasal evidence. In those early years, it was extremely difficult for missionaries to secure any dwelling-place at all in a Chinese city.

The simple facts are the strongest comment on the supreme courage of Grace Lilla, who dared to life in such a place with her babe of ten months, at a distance of five days' journey from the nearest physician.

Twice in each year, a theater stage was erected directly in front of our gate. We had to pass out under it with bowed heads, avoiding its numerous posts. The show was intended to please the goddess of Mercy. The musical (?) instruments and yelling actors distracted our ears for several days. The crowds climbed on our roofs, and watched everything done in our courts, in defiance of their own rules of propriety. These things always had been done, and therefore always must be permitted.

Another disturbing sound was the pounding of a flour-sifting

machine in a mill adjoining our house at the rear. Separated from our bedroom by only a wall, the machine began its work at three o'clock every morning, Sundays not excepted. How could one sleep? and how could one live and work, with her sleep so broken?

Mr. and Mrs. Williams had lived at least twelve years in such unsanitary and wearisome surroundings, and death had not entered their circle of six bright children. They at least had been benefited by the bracing mountain air of Kalgan, and by the uninterrupted sunshine of the dry winters. Let us give due praise to their fortitude, and to a merciful Providence.

Here is a letter from Grace, from her new home:-

"Kalgan, June 21, 1880.

"We have not a single servant in our employ, who is not a Christian; and we have other Christian Chinese on our place. The (preaching) helpers have been here all winter with their families. One helper left with his wife some time ago; another with his wife "Ruth" left here today. She is a very pretty woman, and has been studying under Miss Diament all winter. She lives 60 or 70 miles from here, and did not like to live here, for her feet were bound differently, and her shoes were different from those of the Kalgan women, and her hair was not done up like that of the women here; and the two things made her attract almost as much attention as a foreigner. We all think that she will make a good Bible-woman. It seems nice, to have so many (although so few) Christian men and women about us. One of the helpers is very attentive to his wife in little things, which is not common among the Chinese.

"Just now, as I write, I hear my cook sprinkling some of his clothes, by spurting water between his teeth. I don't believe that you could send the water out in such a fine spray as the Chinese do.

"My cook's little girl has her feet bound, and the bandages have been tightened recently, and I know from the poor little girl's actions that her feet ache; but I suppose that she would not consent to have them unbound. I wish that you could see these small feet.

¶ "Before leaving Peking, my woman told me, that, when she returned to her home in the country, she would have to take her little daughter out of school, and bind her feet. I said, "How old is she?" She answered, "Six years." "Why do you, a Christian, bind her feet?" She replied, "There is not a single woman or girl in our whole village with large feet. No one would marry, nor even respect her." I said, "We have some Christian boys in our schools, who will want Christian wives, and when the time comes, you could betroth her to one of them. If God wanted her to have such feet, he would have given them to her." But the last time I talked with her, she still declared her intention to bind the poor girl's feet, as she had not the courage to do a thing which would so much oppose the customs of her people,

"The pain suffered by the poor girls is intense, and many hours are spent in crying, when the bands are tightened. They tighten and tighten them, until a large swelling, or rather a sore, comes on the instep; and when that is healed, they are bound enough."

"June 23rd, 1880.

"Last night we could hear distinctly the waters of the river, rushing past Kalgan. We therefore judge that there must have been heavy rains north of us, in Mongolia. I like Kalgan very much, and am not lonesome nor homesick, as some of the friends predicted. The scenery about us is beautiful,- mountains on all sides. I climbed the lowest one the other day, and quite enjoyed it, though I was pretty tired. J. climbs the same mountain almost every day.

"The other day, my woman came in, and hurried me out to the gate, to see something. On arriving there, I found that there was a pre-

cession, carrying past our gate the gods of Rain. 'And where are they taking them?' 'To the theater.' The theaters are gotten up for the benefit of the gods, which are always taken, to see the plays. Don't you wish that you were gods, so that you could be carried to the theaters?

I must tell you about the river, that flows past the city. The most of the time, the bed is nearly dry; but after heavy rains up north, the mountain streams run down into it, and fill it up so suddenly, that it comes rushing down as a great wall of water, drowning people or animals, that happen to be in its way. (The river beds, when dry, are used as roads, as they give the best grades, for traveling among the mountains.) We saw it the other day, after a not very heavy rain. It was rushing down at a tremendous rate, a boiling muddy stream. That was at noon. The next night we went to see it again, and the water was low, running along in a small placid stream.

"What would you think, if I were to tell you, that a theater stage for five days has been built across the street, one side resting upon our big gate, making it very hard for us to go out or come in? It is so; and only a few minutes ago, I had in my room eleven women and nine children. They take the time between plays, to come in and see us. The chief attraction is my baby. This afternoon I called in one of the servants, to talk to them. He talked well, and they listened well for a few minutes, but soon tired of it, as they had come simply out of curiosity. Then they went to Miss Diament's room, and she talked with them. She is sure of only one thing that impressed them, and that was, that we do not worship the pictures on our walls, as they had remarked that we do. They are always interested in Charlie, and think him an immense boy, for a child a year old,- and he is very large compared with their children. According to Chinese reckoning, he is <u>two years old</u>, as he has lived in parts of two years.

"How would you like to see an "M. D." attached to my name? (Here she tells of a Chinese child, that had died.) Since then I have been doctoring the mother. The father and mother are devoted to each other. The Chinese have a great deal of faith in our medicines, and we might do considerable work in that line. Their doctors are but little better than nothing. (The child that died had convulsions; and a native midwife was called in, who put incense on the soft spot of its head, and lighted it.) Mr. Roberts has had several cases of men who wanted medicine for diarrhoea or dysentery. He has been thus far successful, and the men are very profuse in their thanks. How I wish that I knew more about medicines and their uses!

"We have now visiting us in Kalgan two gentlemen, Messrs. Pigott and Cameron, of the China Inland Mission. They are traveling far and wide in China, selling books and preaching, and seeking to find the best places, to locate new missionaries. They dress in Chinese clothes, and of course eat Chinese food, when traveling. Mr. Cameron got a severe drenching, during a rain; and as he had no bedding, and no change of clothes with him, he slept all night in his wet clothing, and got a fever. He is stopping with Mr. and Mrs. Goodrich, and Mr. Pigott is with us. They are pleasant guests, and the accounts of their journeys are interesting. In 20 cities, they sold 3000 and more Bibles and other books. They will probably remain here, until Mr. Cameron is well.

"We have rented a new place, where we expect to live next winter and spring, or rather, until we get money to build. There we shall have a large court, and I hope to have a garden. The rented place now looks most uninhabitable, but I can see that it is being greatly improved in looks, under J.'s jurisdiction."

Her husband wrote, under date of June 17, 1880:-

"Yesterday Mr. Goodrich and I climbed Mt. Williams. It is 1800 feet high above Kalgan, and 4500 feet above the sea, and is quite steep. Its base is within five or ten minutes' walk from where we live, separated from the city only by a river. On the mountain we found beautiful flowers and rare stones, and had a magnificent view of the city and plain.

"Last week Monday, Messrs. Cameron and Pigott and I started on a short journey into Mongolia. The first day we rode seventeen miles up a river bed between steep mountains, and at dusk went up a very long and steep hill, to a village called in Chinese "Banba", and in Mongolian "Hanoro". There we were refused admittance at the inn, because we were foreigners. By this time it was quite dark. As we had no intention to spend the night in the street, and knew that any other inn would be equally unwilling to receive us, Mr. Cameron, after pounding the gate with all the lumps of mud which he could find, (there being no stones within reach,) pulled up the threshold of the gate, and used it as a battering-ram. These thresholds are great planks a foot wide and two or three inches thick; and it would be easy to batter down a gate with one. The inn-keeper, to save his gate, opened it, and let us into the yard. He pretended that he had no room for us, and "saved his face", as they say, by going to another inn, to secure a room for us. While Mr. Cameron went with him, Mr. Pigott and I waited in the inn yard. At last, in the other inn, after much sweeping and dusting, we had a semi-decent little place, in which to eat and sleep.

"The next morning we rode on and up, and before noon were on the plateau of Mongolia, 5000 feet above the sea. The land was like a rolling prairie, and reminded me of landscapes which I had seen in Kansas. The low hills and plains were covered with grass, which was full of wild flowers of many hues, and very beautiful. There were large herds of cattle and horses grazing. When we arrived at noon at

our destination, the residence of a friendly Mongol lama (priest), who was Mr. Goodrich's landlord, the landlord probably was not at home, and the servants on the place lied to us, saying that his residence was elsewhere, and that foreigners never had come to that village. We learned afterward, that we had not mistaken the place. Several other Mongols talked to us in a similar manner; and we began to fear that we could find no place to enjoy our lunch; for, though the plain was enormously roomy, we needed shelter from the sun. At last a wealthy and kind-looking old priest consented to let us dine in one of his rooms. The room was neat, and the furniture luxurious, the stove-bed (a raised platform) being covered with elegant rugs from Tibet, and the other furnishings of the room equally fine. After luncheon, we gave him presents of sugar and lead-pencils, and rode back to Hanore. On the way, we saw three eagles, a fox, a hare, and two large water-fowl of curious and beautiful appearance. We rode quite near to these, before they took to flight; they did not seem at all shy. That day we rode 27 miles on our horses. We passed the night at the same inn and room as before, and the next morning rode down the long hill, in the winding and stony river-bed, to Kalgan."

Again Grace wrote:- "Kalgan, Aug. 27, 1880.

Mr. R. is very busy now. There are only four Americans here in the city at present, viz., Miss Diament, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts and son; but we hope ere long to welcome to this place three new missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Chapin and Miss Elsie Garrettson. J. is moving Mr. Sprague's things to the new premises, to which we shall move, as soon as repairs are finished. He also has to oversee very carefully the repairs; and all this, with his studying and preaching, keeps him busy enough. The new place is called by us "Riverside", as it is near the river. The grounds are rather large, and we expect to be

comfortable there.

"I have been having soap made from concentrated lye; yesterday pared, cored and strung apples for drying, and have also sweet corn drying. We can get good sweet corn here, but it is getting a little mixed with their yellow corn.

"Kalgan is to be our permanent home, at least, as we trust, for a good many years. It is 140 miles from Peking. The Russian mail comes up in two days. The Lord evidently had a hand in locating us here; for, had we not come, the station would have been left without a man."

"Kalgan, Sept. 26, 1880.

"It is quite cold here the most of the time now, and we keep a smouldering fire all the time. We have put on our winter flannels already. (Note: Remember the altitude, 2700 feet above the sea.)

"We have now in our yard about 9000 lbs. of potatoes, which will start tonight on camels for Peking and T'ung-chou,- purchased for friends (missionaries) there."

"Oct. 7, 1880.

"We expect in about ten days to move to the place which we are repairing. We wish to move and get settled, before our friends arrive; and we look for them by the last of the month., I take a walk down there nearly every day with J., to survey the premises, and see how the work is going on.

One day last week, a bright warm day, James, Charlie, our two men and myself, crossed the river on a log bridge, and walked along for some distance at the foot of the mountain; jumped across a narrow canal, after rolling a big stone into it for a stepping-stone; admired the smooth fine sand, and the high craggy mountain; skipped stones in the water, watched the men shooting with bows and arrows; and then came home, tired and ready for supper.

"Did I write you, that we own a cow? Mr. Goodrich bought one

for us in Mongolia, and paid a little less than $15.00 for the cow and calf. (Note: A cow cannot be milked, without the aid of the calf.) It gave at first perhaps four quarts of milk a day; that was in June, and the calf was about a month old. The quantity of milk has diminished rapidly, and now we get perhaps a pint a day,- not enough for Charlie. A Mongol is going to try to rent a cow for us, and then we shall sell this one.

"As I sit here writing, I hear music (?) in the next court, which indicates that the wedding chair has come, to take a bride to her new home. I think that it must be a sad day for her.

"I have seen a woman's little foot, with the dressings taken off. It was indeed a sad sight. The foot and ankle were white, and looked perfectly dead, as though there was not a particle of blood in them. I don't see how they can endure the suffering that they must, in order to make their feet so small. Many of them are just the shape and size of the shoes, that I sent you. You can best see the shape, by stuffing the shoe with something. Only one toe is out straight, and all the others are broken and bent under. The instep also is bent and probably broken, so that the heel nearly meets the toes.

"We are close to the Great Wall of China, five days' distance from Peking. We are both happy and contented."

The mud-roofed house, in which Mr. and Mrs. Goodrich were living, had been occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Sprague for several years. It was almost under a steep mountain cliff two hundred feet high. One stormy night, the Spragues heard a rock fall, which, as they saw it the next morning, was as large as an ordinary room, and weighed many tons. It stopped and stuck in the ground close to a neighboring house, which would have been demolished by such a mass. That was a dangerous place to live, but they could find no better. Mrs. Sprague having

returned to America as an invalid, we removed their furniture, to vacate the house.

Close to that house,- as we could not find a better location for our chapel, that is, the missionaries who preceded us could not,- a Chinese shop or store on Main street had been rented, and opened daily for preaching. The street, about thirty feet wide, and lined with stores on both sides, was paved with huge blocks of stone, which became worn with deep ruts, and over which the carts rattled almost constantly, disturbing our preachers and hearers. Camels, loaded with boxes of tea, for export to Siberia, often jammed the street, making it impassable. Through this street are driven three hundred thousand sheep each summer, on the way to satisfy the hungry population of Peking. The dust, stirred by their many little hoofs, fills the air in the highway and the adjacent houses. After heavy rains, a torrent sometimes rushes down the street, endangering lives and property. For this reason, the shop fronts are elevated by a few layers of cut stone, arranged as steps; above which are planks, fitted into grooves in stone posts, where they can be securely fastened by wedges. Our chapel was opened, by removing the vertical planks, letting in the noise and dust, and the unwashed natives, who rested on benches, while hearing the singing and preaching.

The singing of a hymn was as effective as ringing a church bell. The Chinese are fond of listening to any one who can explain a book. The missionary and native preacher, taking turns, with hymns, Bible reading and prayer, kept up the service the larger part of the afternoon, the hearers coming and going as they pleased. Kalgan is a city of business men, mostly from Shansi. The anti-foreign spirit led the heads of firms to,oppose our work, and to forbid their employees to attend our services. Nevertheless many came by stealth, not daring to listen long. Sometimes, while we were preaching, a Buddhist, Mo-

hammedan or Confucianist, would stand up in our chapel, and preach against us. Perfect freedom was allowed, but our side of an argument was duly presented. A dog-fight in the street, or a quarrel between two men, would empty the chapel. Every one seemed interested in the result. Finally any in the audience, who seemed specially friendly, or glad to hear, were invited to drink tea in an inner room, where we could converse with them, and perhaps sell them a few books, or register their names as inquirers.

For a change of air or relief to our feelings, we could climb the mountain, and look down on the city, which was full of human interest, but given to idolatry, licentiousness, greed and fraud. It would be easy to substantiate these statements. There were not more than 6000 women and girls in the city, which varied in population from 70,000 to 120,000, with the changing ebb and flow of business. "The half is never told." The tricky Chinese tradesmen enormously cheated the simple Mongols, who brought live-stock, wool, hides and other produce for sale. The Emperor K'ang-Hsi (Kang-zee) wrote this description of Kalgan: "Poor mountains, bad water, fierce men and adulterous women". The mountains are called "poor", because of their lack of trees; but their individual outlines are pleasant to behold, for they are steep and craggy, never having been smoothed down by a glacier. The Emperor's words are essentially true of the bulk of the people, though there are many persons of the better class. Under the pagan life and customs, there was much good human nature, always grateful for favors, and able to receive a higher teaching.

CHAPTER X.

THE SECOND HOME IN KALGAN.

Mr. Williams' house, in which we first lived, would be needed by other missionaries, who were to come in the autumn. We had to prepare another home. A place was found, with a court about 100 by 30 feet in size, surrounded with adobe or mud-brick houses, large enough, but badly in need of repairs. In fact, it was a mere shell of a house, part of which had been used for stables. It was the best that we could get, and at least was roomy. We hired men to plaster anew the roof and outside walls with fresh mud, mixed with chopped straw, and the inside walls with mud and chaff, making smoother surfaces. On the latter, before drying, were plastered lime and hair, making a white surface. Board floors were laid about a foot above the earthen ones, and good doors and glass windows were put in the better parts of the houses,- the worse parts being reserved for fuel, donkeys and cow. Then, with paint and paper, we made the place as clean as we could, and moved there in the autumn. There we abode two years.

A little way to the west were two big old willow trees, whose spirits were worshiped, in the belief that they could cure diseases. If a person who had prayed there became well, he would hang in the tree a banner of red silk, with the words, "Prayer will be answered", or some such motto. A priest was there, to receive the thank-offering in cash; and the spirit was supposed to be pleased with the odor of the burning incense.

On the east of our place was "the river", often only twenty feet wide and a foot deep; but after a heavy shower, it rushed and roared a quarter of a mile wide, with waves ten feet high, going faster than

a horse could run, and carrying away to death animals and men, that were traveling in the river-bed. Our river carried the combined waters of three large valleys. The water from the west valley was yellow, that from the north was red, and the water from the east one was black. In the spring, the waters were led aside on the land, to irrigate the fields. There was never any skating, because the grade prevented freezing on the level, and sand and stones on it made it unsuitable.

¶ Beyond the river, on the east, was Mt. Williams, named for Drs. S. Wells Williams and Mark Williams, who ascended it in 1867. It rises 1800 feet above the city, and 4500 feet above the sea. The Chinese name is "Eastern Peace", and also "Fish Mountain", for a smooth rock on its side sometimes gleams in the sunlight, in form resembling a fish. The Great Wall extends over the summit. On the other side of the city is "Western Peace", or "Donkey Mountain", so called from the animals, which are often seen grazing on its high slopes.

A strong dyke protects the city, though the torrent, at rare intervals of time, overflows even that. Between the dyke and our "second home", there is a temple of the River-god, who is supposed to save the people from being deluged,- and to do so partly for his own sake. Certainly the temple and idol were put there, in order that he should be punished automatically, in case he should not do his duty, in protecting the city. The neighborhood took its name from the temple, and was called He Shen Miao,- "River-god Temple".

Grace wrote:- Kalgan, Oct. 27, 1880.

"Last week we moved enough things down here, to be comfortably settled. We took our first meal here Thursday night, in a much disordered house. Friday noon the new friends arrived. Mr. and Mrs. Chapin will board with us this winter, so that they may give their

whole time to the study of the language. They are both very enthusiastic. Miss Carrettson is with Miss Diament in Mr. Williams' premises, half a mile to the north. Mr. Amont came up from Peking as escort for the new people, and then went into Mongolia with Mr. R., to see the sights of a strange land."

"Kalgan, Nov. 17, 1880.

"When Mr. C. had been here about two weeks, he explained some pictures to his teacher, and felt very proud of his ability to talk so much. But on inquiry we found that he had told the teacher, that Niagara Falls were 165 miles high, and that we had houses 70 or 80 miles high, but there were many much lower. He thought that he had been saying fast all the time, but he said that the teacher seemed very much astonished. Such are the mistakes of beginners.

"I am very busy sewing, knitting, &c. Beside my own work, I am to look after the making of a squirrel skin cloak, muff and hood, which Mr. C. will give to his wife as a Christmas present."

"Kalgan, Dec. 27, 1880.

"We had a very merry Christmas. I know that you did not have a better time than we. Mrs. Chapin is rather delicate, and feels the cold keenly. So Mr. C. bought for her a long gray and white squirrel fur garment. This we cut over, and of the pieces I made wristlets, hood and two muffs. She found the wristlets in the stockings; and when she came to breakfast, she found the muff in her chair. She then supposed, of course, that she had got all of her presents, but innocently remarked in the morning, that "Christmas isn't over yet",- never dreaming that there was anything more for her. At noon she sat down for dinner, but suddenly jumped up, to find that a bundle in her chair was the cause of her alarm. This proved to be the hood. Then she thought that she surely had got all. Just before we were ready to

rise from the table, a large bundle was brought in, marked for Mrs. Chapin. She was led to suppose, from the remarks about the table, that it was a home mail; but on opening it, found a long fur garment. I had invited Miss Diament and Miss Garrettson down to enjoy it with us; and we did enjoy her great surprise, for she had not suspected a single thing. I had borrowed cotton of her, to use in making the garments, with the remark, that I would see that she got it all back;- which she of course did not understand in its intended meaning.

"In the afternoon we went up to Miss Diament's, to make glad the hearts of our school-boys. I had a lot of cookies made, and gave each boy a bundle, with his name written on it. Miss Diament also had tea and tea-cakes for them; and they, with the helpers, servants and wives, were each presented with two or three pretty cards. They were much pleased with our attentions. We took tea and spent the evening with the Misses Diament and Garrettson; and thus closed our happy day."

"Kalgan, Jan. 14, 1881.

"Now I want to tell you a little about our school-boys. The school has closed for a vacation of about a month, and yesterday we gave them presents for good recitations. They commit to memory, and if prompted once, are marked 9; if twice, 8; &c. They have been in school 4 1/2 months. One boy has been absent but one or two days, and in every recitation in our Christian Chinese books has been perfect. In all the 4 1/2 months, this boy was not prompted once. We gave the perfect boy a large picture; the second, a compass and sun-dial; the third five, each five silver (?) buttons; the fourth five, each a little box of wax matches. And this reminds me, that we would like from home fifty or so little cheap but pretty trinkets, to give away next year."

"Kalgan, Feb. 17, 1881.

"Last Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Chapin and Miss Garretteon, James and myself, went to see the display at the feast of lanterns. The streets were beautifully illuminated with ever so many lanterns of all sorts. Some lanterns were very pretty indeed. In some places, at the crossing of two streets, we saw an arch of lighted lanterns above each street. In the northern part of this city, is what is called "The Little City", in which merchants live, and do business. No Chinese woman is allowed to enter it. On the top of the north wall is a long temple, which was well lighted, and showed off to great advantage. The streets were much cleaner than the streets of the city outside, and we did not have to walk in single file, as where we live."

"Kalgan, Mar. 16, 1881.

"The Empress of China (one of them) is sick, and is not expected to live; and if she dies, there can be no marriages for a year. So many people are hurrying up, to be married before she dies."

"Tung-Chou, Apr. 7, 1881.

"You will see by the heading, that I am away from home. I am now at the home of dear Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Chapin. We left Kalgan for Mission Meeting Mar. 28th, about 1 P.M.; and before we could reach our stopping-place, it was very dark, and my litter must needs fall down twice, but nothing was injured by it. The next day we took a very long journey on a detour, the stages being unusually long, because of bad roads. Thursday I thought I would ride a donkey for a little while through the Pass, and get into my litter when I got tired. But the litters got ahead, and I saw nothing of them, until we reached the inn at noon.

"We reached here Friday noon, glad indeed to get into a clean house, and have a good meal. Charlie attracted a good deal of at-

tention on the road, word passing through the village ahead of us, that a foreign child was coming; and people would run from all directions, to peep into the litter.

"And now I must tell you a little about how we manage on the road. First the litter must be properly packed. In the bottom we place any number of small boxes, bags and bundles, and on top of that we spread a mattress, which has been previously covered. On that we sit or lie, and I never would believe that a mattress could be so hard to sit on. By placing pillows here and there, we make ourselves partly comfortable.

"James went back the day after we arrived, to escort the Misses Diament and Garrettsen to Peking. It is rather hard for him to take this journey three times in three weeks.

"We are to have a lady physician, probably Dr. Murdock, who comes out with the Williamsons. She was waiting for them at San Francisco. I am very thankful, that we are to have a doctor there.

"I must write you some of the news, in connection with J.'s last tour. He was away about a week, and baptized five persons; and the idols, which they had been worshiping, were burned, to cook their food. Isn't that splendid? James said it was the most interesting tour he had ever made."

"Peking, Apr. 28, 1881.

"On Tuesday night Miss Dr. Murdock arrived here, and yesterday she was by vote located at Kalgan, to live with us there. Isn't that splendid? We are very happy indeed, for we like very much what we have seen of her, and I shall feel so much better in regard to Charlie.

"I must tell you what Dr. Atterbury says about living in frontier stations. (He was Mr. Roberts' classmate at Yale, and in this year, 1881, was in the Presbyterian Mission in Peking.) He says that he couldn't live off there by himself; and added: "There 's Roberts; he can live anywhere, so long as he has his Grace and Charlie!" Mr Chapin

advised him to get a "Grace and Charlie"; but he said, "Don't want any." But we are very happy and contented in our frontier station.

"Last Saturday an auction was held at the Presbyterian Mission premises, and a mob occurred among the Chinese roughs; and Dr. Angell, the American Minister, was sent for, who ordered Chinese soldiers to be sent, to quell the disturbance, and guard the place. The same sort of trouble occurred at times on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday; but it has been put down, and quiet reigns again. Five men are walking back and forth in front of the house, with cangues around their necks, as punishment for their disgraceful conduct. The cangue is a large board, three or four feet square, with a hole large enough for a man's head. It is very hard for him to teach his hand to his head, or to lie down.

"The trouble arose from rumors concerning the death of the mother of the previous Emperor. The anti-foreign element took advantage of her death, to start all sorts of rumors concerning foreigners; and it was from these that the trouble arose. Dr. Angell says that it is well, that the trouble came up, and has been quelled; for if it had not been stopped, it might have spread from one place to another."

CHAPTER XI.

DOING AND ENDURING.

"Kalgan, June 7, 1881.

"We have been here three years and a half, but the time has seemed very short.

"I have been out several times with the Doctor, to see patients, and to act as an interpreter; but now James or Miss Garrettson generally goes with her, but I see and talk to many of the patients, who come here. She has already cured several of their troubles, and it seems as if they could not be thankful enough. I think it is very interesting, to go about with her. She has more patients than she wishes for now, as they leave her little time for study, and she greatly needs to learn the language.

"My garden is about 15 feet square, and in it I have growing sweet corn, tomatoes (not very thrifty), lima beans, summer squash, and 2 or 3 string bean plants. In a large box I have asparagus."

"Kalgan, June 17, 1881.

"And now another word about my garden. My corn had come up, and was doing nicely; but during last night our donkey got loose, and nibbled it off close. I was dismayed, when I saw it this morning. However, he did not touch my summer squashes, lima beans nor tomatoes.

"Mr. Roberts and Mr. Williams have just succeeded in buying a large piece of ground, on which to build. The whole station (that is, all the missionaries here) will build on it, and each one will have all the room he needs. We have been trying for a long time to buy land, but all endeavors up to the present time were fruitless. But now we have it, and thankful indeed we are. It contains about five and a half acres,- more than we really needed, but the owner would not divid

and it was so cheap, that they thought best to buy. They will sell it in next summer, fall, beginning in September."

"Kalgan, July 7, 1881.

"I suppose you would like to know how we passed the Fourth of July. The Williams family, Dr. Murdock, Miss Garrettson and ourselves, went to a little shady retreat outside the city, and there we took dinner, and enjoyed ourselves in the shade, looking at the mountains about us. We took some of our servants along, and feasted them on foreign food, when we had finished eating. They like our food very much. But I have no more time to write. I have written in great haste.

"James has been away on a preaching tour. He with his baggage were all on one donkey. He may possibly come back this week. I wrote him, that I wanted him to come home, to kill scorpions for me, as I had risen at midnight the night before, to kill one. He had not molested us, but was quietly climbing up the wall.

"I am having a bureau made of the wood of some of our boxes, and it is going to look good.

"My garden is doing fairly now. I have some summer squashes, nearly large enough to be eaten, and in two or three weeks we shall have some lima beans. I have also a few tomatoes, and some corn.

"Charlie is fully recovered from the mumps, and is running all around. He saw me lying on a lounge the other day without a pillow, and immediately ran for one, and put it under my head. We are all badly bitten with fleas; and I showed him my knee the other day, all covered with bites, and told him in Chinese that it ached,- that being what he says of his own. He ran into the bedroom, climbed up to the bureau, and was getting the bottle of arnica, to rub on some of them. He has seen us use it on his bites. He gives us lots of work and anxiety, but he pays for it many times over.

"Tonight we shall eat our first apple pie. I wish you could run in, and have some. Can you realize that it is almost four years since we left home? One more year, and half of our ten years will be gone.

"We have had our much needed rain, and my garden looks better. My lima beans and tomatoes are doing nicely, and later in the season we shall greatly enjoy them."

"Kalgan, Aug. 26, 1881.

"We had rather an exciting time here last Saturday evening. A miserably forlorn man was on the place, doing a few minutes' job, when 'Mongo', Mr. Sprague's savage dog, named for Mongolia, always kept chained in a room during the day, broke loose, and went for the man. Before any one could go to his assistance, the man was knocked down, and bitten badly on the hand. If the dog had been allowed to go on, I think that he would have finished the man very quickly. The Doctor came, to take the case in hand, and it was such a long time, before she could stop the bleeding from one deep cut, that she began to think it a serious matter. But he is better now; and as we furnish him more money each day, than he could get, were he at work, he cherishes no hard feeling against us. It is well known about here, that we have a very savage dog on the place; and this is a great protection from thieves. "Death to the thief that comes here at night", is his motto.

"I am busy at the present time, drying apple and corn. My garden is much crowded, and has not done very well. The tomatoes seem to rot on the vines. We have had lima beans for dinner once, and squashes twice, and there are "more to follow".

"I enclose a scrap of newspaper, which was pinned up at J.'s study window. Its color will give you some idea of the <u>powerful heat</u>, as that is what has so scorched it."

"Kalgan, Sept. 17, 1881.

"Now I must tell you a little joke. While Mr. Roberts was away

on his last tour, his teacher came in one forenoon, and presented me with four large water-melons and a red card,- a present from his wife. Of course I was expected to make a return present, so I began to think what I could give to her. I wanted to keep up with her in style; so, after deciding to give her a couple of foreign handkerchiefs and a piece of lace, we got Mr. Chapin's teacher to write a red card for me. But upon reading and translating the characters, we decided not to send it; and why? The teacher had made me out to be her STUPID younger Sister. Although such may be the case, I was not quite willing to sign myself as such; so we wrote my name on a foreign card, and made that answer the purpose. I know that she was much pleased with the handkerchiefs, and a few days after, he brought another melon. If he expected another handkerchief, he did not get it. The Chinese are very cute about some things." (Note: To call oneself a "stupid younger sister", is polite talk.)

J. wrote, under the same date:-

"Since writing the above, we have had a swarm of visitors in our sitting-room, women and children in holiday attire. I counted 28 of them. We were afraid that something might be stolen. They came uninvited, somewhat like an invasion."

Grace again wrote:- "Kalgan, Dec. 17, 1881.

"You will learn, some time before this reaches you, of the birth of little John W. R. (our second son), and I very much wish that you might see him. The ladies here all call him a pretty baby, and he certainly is. He is very strong, and has begun already to smile."

"Dec. 27th.

"We have just passed a very happy Christmas. James and I are specially thankful for our new little treasure, and pray God to preserve

him and his brother in health and purity, and give us wisdom in training them."

(She tells what presents the children received, and adds:-)

"Shortly after dinner we invited the children out to the table again, to eat some little cakes and candies, made by Mrs. Chapin. In each cake we had put one of the little China dolls, that you sent us in our last boxes; and you should have heard the shouts, and seen the happy faces, when they broke them open, and found the dolls. We were all tired at night, but had enjoyed the day very much. We are all well, and baby is growing fast and pretty."

In 1881, Miss Garrettson opened a boarding school for girls, obtaining pupils only on the expressed promise, that their feet should be kept properly bound. In those days, no one could fore-see the subsequent progress of the anti-foot-binding reform. The girls seemed destined to have bound feet, whatever we might do or say; and it was important, to educate their minds, especially in regard to religion and morals. Later on, this school was under the care of Mrs. Williams, Miss Diament and Miss Henriette Williams, each for a period of years.

Our unsanitary surroundings had been an source of anxiety to our missionary friends, and to the American Board. Most opportunely the Otis legacy, received by the Board, provided the funds for building better homes. The good piece of farming land, which was bought, was west of the Lower (or southern) city, and within ten minutes' walk of the business center. Building plans for two dwellings and a house for the girls' school were being drawn by Mr. Williams and Mr. Roberts. Before the work was begun, Mr. Sprague returned from the United States, and because Mrs. Sprague was an invalid, Mr. Williams kindly withdrew from the building program, and consented to abide in his former wretched home, near the "North Temple of the Goddess of Mercy".

To learn the prices of building materials, plan the adapting of them to make an American home, secure workmen who could do this task, dicker with them as to costs,- an unavoidable process,- and prepare all the specifications in Chinese writing, was a great task. House building kept Mr. Sprague and me busy in the spring and summer of 1882, for we had to constantly watch the workmen and materials,- though we lived two miles away. Every day we went to and fro on our donkeys. Charlie, three years of age, spent some days as my companion, helping to supervise the work; and Grace often brought baby Johnnie with our dinners. At other times she sent the food by a messenger, who came that distance on foot, but, by means of her careful packing, brought it to us hot.

Meantime the daily preaching and teaching were maintained with vigor, and evangelistic tours were made in our enormously large parish, which extended, as Rev. Dr. Blodget said, "northward to the North Pole, and westward to the Caspian Sea". This he said, because no missionaries lived beyond us; but later others settled in cities west of us, and our parish was repeatedly divided, but never was less than ten thousand square miles.

Dr. Murdock was a thoroughly trained American physician, indefatigable in labor, and congenial with us in spirit. She rapidly learned the language by the phonetic method, and also won the warm friendship of the Chinese people. Her presence with us was a source of joy, hope and courage. She was skillful in nursing, as well as in the use of medicine. Many stories could be told of her self-sacrificing labors and successful work. In important crises, she saved the lives of our dear boys.

"Kalgan, Jan. 5, 1882.

"Night before last, Charlie received from Mrs. Sheffield a toy

mouse. It is very substantial on two wheels, and, when started, will run 40 or more feet. It looks like a natural mouse, and the cats run after it with great eagerness.

"I wish you could look in on us now, and see the work going on in our court. Six men are out here, sawing up logs (to make floors, doors and windows for the new houses.)

"We are now drinking coffee that we bought in Shanghai, and it is very poor indeed; but I burn barley, and use with it, and so we manage to drink it.

"I think the Russian merchants in Kalgan with their families would be very friendly, if they could talk with us; but they do not understand much Chinese, no English, and we no Russian; so that it is not easy to entertain each other."

"Kalgan, Jan. 27, 1882.

"Charlie has gone with his father on a donkey to the Lower City, to see a carpenter. James spends the most of his time now-a-days talking with carpenters, masons, brick-makers, stone-sellers, well-diggers, paperers, &c. When he is not talking with some of them, he is drawing plans, and talking with the other gentlemen about the houses. I do not see much of him.

"Building a house here is very different from building a house in America, as the Chinese impose upon us in every possible way. Our yard is pretty much filled up with timber and carpenters. The most of the wood for joists and flooring is already prepared, also that for doors and windows. I said prepared, but it is only partially prepared for the doors and windows, and is piled up, to be seasoned."

"Kalgan, Feb. 10, 1882.

"You have no idea what beautiful winter weather we are having. It is so warm, that we would hardly believe it to be winter, and our doors stand open in the diningroom and kitchen the most of the day. If I only had a baby carriage, baby could get out almost every day;

but he is rather too heavy to be carried in the arms.

"I never knew, until Charlie came, what a sweet word "mamma" is.

"For nearly two weeks I have been without a cook, but we have got along nicely, and I have things more to my liking.

"I have used, ever since coming to Kalgan, more than half Chinese flour in making bread, &c. It is dark, and often gritty, but foreign flour is so expensive here, that we did it to economize. I wish you could have seen the gentlemen the other day, when I placed before them some beautiful bread, made of foreign flour alone. It was so white! Mr. Sprague said that it seemed as though he never ate such nice bread in America; and they both declared that I must always make bread with foreign flour, Mr. Sprague agreeing to pay extra board, for the sake of having it. And now they keep me busy making bread, I can assure you."

"Kalgan, Feb. 16, 1882.

¶ "At 9 o'clock last night, I put James to bed with a bursting headache, brought on by the excitement and work of giving out the contract for our two houses. Saturday will be the Chinese New Year, and they can get things cheaper before the New Year than after. The Chinese think that we are made of money; and when we ask a man to do a thing, he puts on an enormous price, and the subject has to be argued and argued. Today the carpenter, whom they wished to do the work, has refused to do it for a reasonable price, and gone. They are now talking with another man, and J. says, if he doesn't come to terms, they will go out this afternoon, to begin buying timber, and have the job done by days' work.

"You have no idea what trials and vexations they have, talking with unreasonable men, figuring, drawing plans, &c. We shall all be glad when the houses are finished, and we are living in them. We have house for breakfast, dinner and supper, and all the time between.

"While I have been writing the above, the gentlemen have given

to a carpenter the contract for the two houses, and today they are busy writing out the agreement, &c. They both confess to a feeling of relief, that the matter is settled. The men will probably begin work early in March, and have promised to finish it in 100 days."

"Kalgan, Mar. 27, 1882.

"James has just returned from a tour with Mr. Chapin in northern Shansi, and says: 'We had a hard time traveling. Went nearly 500 miles in all, never faster than 30 miles a day; and it takes a long day of hard work, to go that far. We preached and sold tracts and portions of Scripture in twelve cities and a great many villages. I rode my donkey. Mr. Chapin rode a cart. We had a servant to prepare our food, and a native preacher to help in the evangelistic work. We were attacked by a mob at Ying-Chou, about 167 miles from Kalgan. They broke open the window of our room in the inn, and we might have had a serious fight, but for the interference of the police. They defended us well, as soon as they knew that we had American passports.'

"Kalgan, Apr. 7, 1882.

"The men digging a well on our new place have reached water at a depth of 120 Chinese feet, 125 English feet, and are putting in the stone foundation for a brick wall. The frame of rooms for our servants, coal and storeroom, has been put up. The land is covered with stones, bricks, great and small timbers, mud-masons, stone-masons and carpenters. It really looks as though we might have a house some time. Mr. Sprague also has three rooms up, his cellar partly dug, and part of the trench for the walls of the house. Our men will be busy watching the workmen, who will require constant supervision."

"Kalgan, Apr. 17, 1882.

"Yesterday and today have been warm indeed, so that fires are uncomfortable. Yet we dare not go without them, where little children are concerned.

"Mr. Sprague and James are now obliged to stay all day long at our place in the Lower City, watching the carpenters and masons. Saturday night J. did not get home until 8 o'clock, and this morning he started out at 6 o'clock, taking his breakfast with him. Every day I have to send them down a luncheon, and have dinner at night. The carpenters have been at work in our front yard two or three weeks, making doors. They have finished eleven, and have one more to make; and then they will work on the windows and door and window frames. I am supposed to watch them, and see that they keep at work.

"You have no idea how powerful the sun is here! It is very trying even now."

"Kalgan, Apr. 27, 1882.

"Today it is cloudy and quite cool, sprinkling a little now and then. This afternoon the corner-stone of Mr. Sprague's house is to be laid, and we are all invited down, to witness it. They intend to place in a bottle a paper, signed by all the present missionaries in Kalgan. Our cellars will be built up all around with cut stone; but this is not extravagant, for the stone, prepared and put in place, costs less than 13 cents per cubic foot, and will be a substantial foundation for the house.

"We have received no mail for nearly four weeks, but are expecting it every day."

"Kalgan, June 5, 1882.

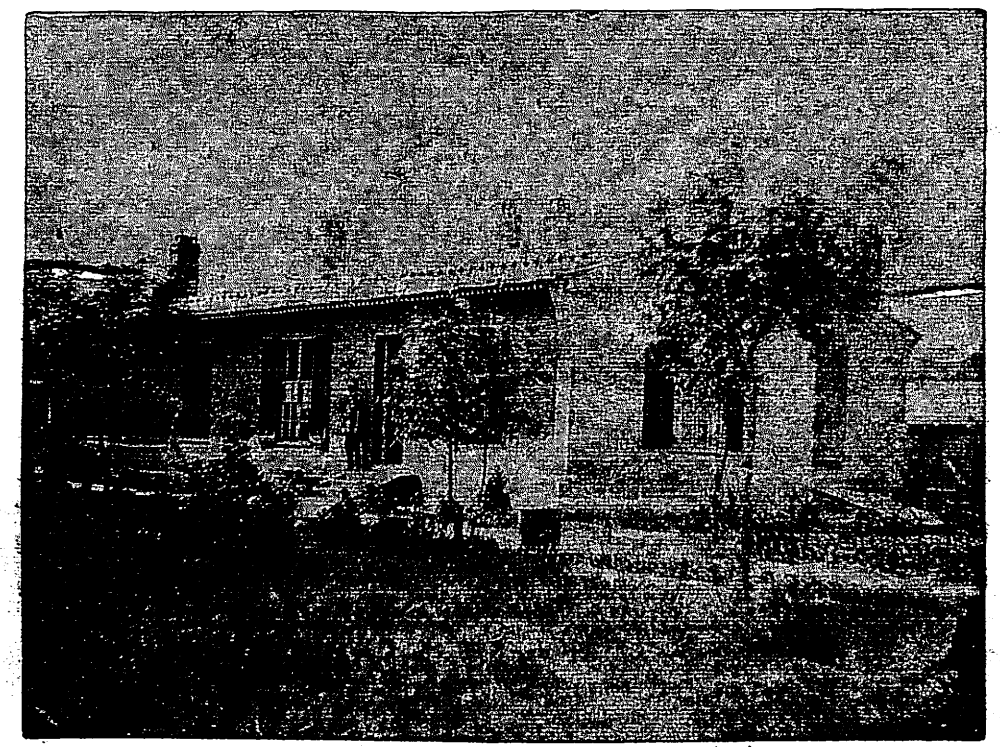
"We are having a delightful rain, for which the Chinese will be thankful, as everything is very dry. The carpenter has had to buy a great deal of water (for mixing lime, &c.). Our house is getting on nicely, and Mr. Sprague's is already covered with one layer of mud on the roof.

"We have had a visit from Mr. Noble and Dr. Luther H. Gulick, of the American Bible Society. The latter is splendid company, as he

has been in so many countries, and can tell so much about them. He and Mr. Sprague took a trip into Mongolia; and cooking for them to take on the trip, and to fit Mr. Noble out, and afterward Dr. G. for his trip to Peking, has kept me pretty busy, making bread, cooking, &c.,- as I have no cook."

"Kalgan, June 27, 1882.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapin, Miss Garrettson and Dr. Murdock, have gone to Mongolia for a little health change. Little Willie Chapin has improved wonderfully since going there, and they will stay longer than they expected. They had to take with them provisions of all sorts, dishes, bedding, &c. They also have a double oil-stove, which bakes and boils nicely. A Mongol lama has let them occupy a small house of six or seven diminutive rooms. It is very cold up there, and they are traveling about with their great coats and winter flannels on."



Our Home in Kalgan.
Built in 1882.
Destroyed by Boxers in 1900.

CHAPTER XII.

HAPPY TIMES IN A NEW HOME.

In the autumn of 1882, Mr. Sprague and we moved into our new abodes. The two houses were almost exactly alike. A hail-storm, with a strong wind from the north, smashed all the windows on that side. To provide a chapel for daily preaching in the Lower City, we rented a Chinese store on a busy street near the Bridge, over which goes all the traffic toward Peking and the great beyond. Mr. Williams preached in the chapel, and taught in the school, in the Upper City. Our immense country parish was divided into three parts, and we made many preaching tours, reaching a region 12 days' journey from east to west, and four days' journey from north to south. The mountains on the south hemmed in our field at a distance of ninety miles.

The roofs of our houses, made in Chinese style, contained many tons of earth and lime, the weight of which was supported by strong posts. This weight had to settle on the timbers half a year, before the upper layers of roofing could be laid on, to make a rain-proof surface.

A well had been dug 120 feet deep, which gave us a plentiful supply of good water. The men dug directly down to that depth, before building the wall of the well, without bracing up the clay at the sides. The yellow clay has a notable ability to stand in a vertical cliff, because of fine lines of silica in it, which may be the remains of prehistoric reeds, which grew there, while the clay was being formed from dust brought by the wind. Great was our suspense, lest the well-diggers might lose their lives, by the falling of earth or stones on them. In later years, we dug two more wells. We were thankful, that no lives were lost in such work. The wells were lined with

bricks, on a foundation of willow planks and cut stone, leaving a clear width of four feet inside.

The wall around our yard, half a mile in length, was made of clay, moistened and pounded between planks, to a height of nine feet. Then it was covered with thorns, to keep off the wolves, which prowled and howled about our place by night. Fierce dogs were kept for additional protection. They were chained out of sight of men by day, to make them more fierce.

In digging clay for the wall, many pits were dug. These would make good hiding-places for thieves. Notwithstanding the wolves outside our compound and the dogs within, we were not without some alarms and losses by theft. On such occasions, the missionary searched the premises and the pits with a lantern and a revolver. With no design to kill, one might use the weapon to hold up a rogue. Firing in the air was a warning to would-be intruders. But our chief protection, under divine Providence, was the wide-spread fear, lest harming a foreigner might lead to trouble between China and another nation.

Our "compound", with its growing trees and fine flower-beds, seemed like a little Paradise. It was such a relief, after preaching or medical work in the dusty and ill-smelling city, to return to this breezy place on the hill, where everything was more orderly and cleanly, and the people were full of Christian friendliness and love. The many and strange foreign things in our houses attracted families and crowds of well-behaved pleasure seekers. They wanted to hear the cabinet organ, and to see whether the sewing machine really could sew. They wanted to look into every room and closet, and examine garret and cellar; and we knew that they were searching for some skeleton, or for the eyes of Chinese children, which foreigners were believed to dig out, and use in making eye-medicines or chemicals. After looking all around, we heard them say, "It isn't as bad as we thought it was!" We

always served tea and cakes on such occasions, and gave the visitors a Gospel message, with the help of a Chinese preacher or deacon. However poor or ragged, or liable to bring vermin, any of our guests might be, Grace never would forbid them to sit in our best chairs. Vermin had no chance to stay with us, because of her habits of thorough and constant house-cleaning, with the help of the Chinese servants. Our ladies were expected to return the visits of some of the callers, and such events were a means of increasing friendliness and Christian influence.

A third great joy came to us in 1884, in the birth of our beloved Jamie. The Chinese often told us, that we were extremely lucky, in having three sons,- and no daughter! The three boys and Mrs. Williams' four girls were a good and happy group of playmates,- only the latter, for some of those years, lived two miles away.

When Jamie was only half a month of age, he and Charlie had the whooping cough severely, and Johnnie tookm it in a lighter form. This kept us busy and anxious during a whole winter. Grace's strenuous endeavors by day and night, with the help of two Chinese women and Dr. Murdock's indefatigable labors, were blessed of God in the saving of precious lives, and the recovery of health for all. The doctor was skilled in both medicine and nursing, and we and many others were profoundly grateful for her kind assistance. She saved our children's lives. Why should we not love her?

"Kalgan, June 16, 1883.

"The gentlemen of the station have decided to make a helper (that is, a preacher,) of my cook; for he has been under religious influences almost from his birth, and can read nicely, and enjoys preaching. I shall be very sorry to give him up, as he is so nice with the children; but if the Lord wants him to be a preacher, I cannot say No.

"We cannot clean and shut up rooms here, as you do at home, and expect to find them respectable in a day or two; but they must be swept about every day, in order to be decent. Then in our kitchen we do not have home conveniences, as sink, pump, &c.

"Charlie sings, "I have a Mother in the promised land"!

"Kalgan, Feb. 12, 1883.

"We have just been passing the Chinese New Year. Mr. Roberts and Mr. Sprague were very busy Thursday, Friday and Saturday, making and receiving New Year calls; and on the latter day they could hardly find time to eat. I got tired, from having so many about. Yesterday (Sunday) but one caller came. He was quite a nice looking gentleman, and as we were at dinner, James asked him to sit down, but he politely declined to do so. After he got out on the court, he told his servants, that "the devils" asked him to eat with them!

"While I am writing, my man is just putting into the oven some pumpkin pies made of carrots! Did you ever hear of such a thing? They are very nice; you would never dream that they were made of carrots.

"It will not be long, before our ten years are over, for we expect (D. V.,) to return to America in the spring of 1883, and it is 1883 now!"

"Kalgan, Mar. 27, 1883.

"We had 90 poplar trees planted in our yard, and still there is plenty room for more. The Chinese poplar is different from the Yankee poplar, and prettier."

"Apr. 10th.

"I wish you could see the works going on in our yard this spring. The roofs are being limed, and that means piles of cobble-stones, dirt and mud, and rolling and sifting lime, with several men at each, building a hen-house with mud roof and walls, planting 90 poplar and

willow trees; grading and cleaning up the yards; laying walks, brick in front, and stone chippings and gravel ones behind; ploughing for garden, and beginning to plant a few seeds; preparing flower-beds, &c., and putting up clothes-posts. Beside this, Mr. Roberts is overseeing repairs at the newly rented dispensary, not far from here. So you see we are pretty busy."

"Peking, May 6, 1883.

"Here I am with Mrs. Noble. We reached here one week ago yesterday, after a comfortable but tiresome journey. The children gave me less trouble than I anticipated, but they too were very tired the last day. How glad they were, after riding for eight hours, to get out and run!"

"Tung-Chou, May 18th.

"I came down here one week ago in a cart, part of the way on the stone road; and I was very tired. James reached here the next afternoon at about five o'clock, he also being very tired and hot. At noon of each day we have a ladies' prayer-meeting, and I wish that you could attend them, and hear the beautiful prayers and remarks. On Wednesday we had a Mothers' meeting, led by Mrs. Peck; and every eye was moist, when we talked of losing our dear Mrs. Chapin with her seven children, who, with her husband, starts for home a week or two after Mission Meeting. She is a wonderful woman, and her children are fast following in her steps.

"Last evening we had a concert. Quite a number of the friends at Peking came down to attend it, and all thought it a success. We had little time for rehearsal, as it was often impossible to get together. The chapel was prettily trimmed and well lighted.

"During our Mission Meeting, we have had sad news from T'ai-Yüan Fu. Mr. Pigott, whose journal I sent you, when he was in Kalgan three years ago, was nearly murdered by a robber. He arose in

the night, to get medicine for a sick Chinaman, slipped on some clothes, and passed through one room with a lighted candle in his hand; and entering a second room, he spied a man, clothed only to his waist, crouching under the table. He grabbed him, and being a strong man, soon had him face downward on the floor. The robber was so quiet, that he finally relaxed his hold. Meanwhile the candle had been extinguished, and Mr. Pigott could not see that the man had drawn a knife from his belt; but was made aware of the fact, when the man drew it upon him. A desperate struggle ensued in the dark, and finally ended when Mr. Pigott with a Chinaman succeeded in throwing the man down, and tying his hands and feet, having previously taken the knife from him. Dr. Scofield attended to his injuries, which will probably not be fatal."

"Kalgan, June 12, 1883.

"First I must tell you about the journey home. We left Peking Monday noon, and had a pleasant trip until Thursday noon. When we left Cock-Crow city after lunch, the wind began to blow, and it sprinkled a little. That afternoon we were going over mountains, and it seemed sometimes as though the wind would take the litter right off from the animals. Before we reached the end of the day's journey, we could hardly see anything before us, for the air was so full of dust, and the heavens were just yellow.

"The next morning was bitterly cold, and we suffered from the cold wind and dust. I had two or three woolen blankets in the litter, but my feet ached. Mr. Roberts could not ride facing that wind, and so rode nearly the whole distance (eight hours) with his face toward the donkey's tail.

"While we were in Peking, we got a letter from our man, who was left to watch the place, saying that my woman was taking coal from our cellar, and was sending it off on the backs of her friends and

relatives. On arriving here, we discharged her. It seems good, to have her out of the way, but I do miss her about running after and waiting on the children.

"Kalgan, July 3, 1883.

"We are going out to Glen Gulick for a picnic tomorrow; and I am baking beans, bread and cookies, and boiling salt meat, to take along with me. I wish you could go.

"We had the first hard rain of the season last evening, a thunder shower. It also rained up north of us, and the river near our old place roared so loudly, that we could hear it very plainly here, though over a mile distant. We hear this morning, that the large new bridge is injured, and that a tea-shop and two men were carried away.

"The natives have been very much afraid of a famine in this region, because of lack of rain, and have been parading their rain-gods through the streets to the temples, to pray for rain. They were answered last night, for the rain came. There is a temple near us, where women go to pray for sons. We hope to go up and see it some day, but shall not spend our time while there praying for sons!"

"Kalgan, July 18, 1883.

"Mr. and Mrs. Sprague celebrated their tin wedding night before last, and we had a very pleasant time. She was dressed in white, and looked very happy. She had brought from America a great many new things, and her room looked pretty. Her wedding cake, brought from the home land, did taste good. Miss Pierson and I spent a large part of the afternoon in frosting cakes.

"My heart aches for poor Mrs. Ament, who has lost her beautiful little boy on the 27th of June. They say that she always has a smile for every one, but God knows the sorrow pent up in her heart.

"I meant to have written more about Mrs. Sprague's tin wedding.

She was dressed in white, with pink at ~~xxxxxxxx~~ waist and throat, and looked real pretty, but was very tired. She had quite a good many presents, some of them useful, and others given in joke. She had a nice supper, a part of which was foreign candy and a fruit cake brought from America. It did taste so good, and had kept so nicely, wrapped up, as it was, in oil-cloth.

"Last Thursday was Charlie's birthday, and Miss Pierson and I made cakes, kisses, &c., for a little party; and at noon eight foreign children and three Chinese children sat down to eat, and a merry time they had. Mary Pierson is just a month younger than Charlie; so they said that the party was Mary's as well as Charlie's. I find that four children can make more noise than two."

"Kalgan, July 31, 1883.

"It has rained the larger part of this month, and how everything has grown since the rains began! I have several good sized tomatoes on my thirty or more plants; our Mexican corn is beginning to tassel out; our two hills of French potatoes are doing beautifully, and our flowers are doing pretty well. Mr. Sprague has sown grass seed over all the land near his house, and we hope to do the same next year.

"We set a hen on 16 eggs, and she came off with 14 chicks. The Chinese say that 16 eggs are only half a setting, for they put their hens on 32!! Another hen sat on three eggs, and has come off with three chicks."

"Aug. 28th.

"My cook left me two weeks ago, to go to the T'ung-Chou school; and I have a country man, a farmer, trying to train him in for a cook. As one has to begin at the very beginning, it takes a good deal of my time and care.

"I feel the heat very much this summer, and shall be glad when the cool weather comes again. We have had an unusually hot summer,

but have had considerable rain. Mrs. Sprague's flowers are beautiful, and mine look pretty well.

"I have a great deal of Chinese company, women coming in shoals. I think I must have had about two hundred women and children since mission meeting. They generally come from mere curiosity, and do not care to listen, when I talk of better things, but want to go all over my house, and see and hear everything. I get very tired, trying to entertain them; but if it is a part of winning their good will, I am willing to do it.

"O how the fleas and mosquitoes and flies do bother us! I caught twenty fleas last Sunday, and catch several every day. The children scratch their poor little bodies raw."

Her husband wrote, Sept. 5, 1883:-

"Today is my good Wife's birthday; and though you (in America) and we are so far apart, I am sure that we all rejoice today in commemoration. What a large share of happiness would have been lost from your life and from mine, if the event had not occurred, which we celebrate today! Let us unite in thanksgiving for her goodness, her comeliness, her buoyancy of spirit, her active disposition, and her kind-heartedness,- and wish for her many returns of the day!

"I must tell you that we had a terrific hail-storm here day before yesterday, which broke 27 panes of glass in our house, and 26 panes in Mr. Sprague's house, and must have injured the crops in the fields very much, for they are nearly ready for harvesting. The hail-stones were not very large, only about 1/2 inch thick; but the air was full of them, driving from the north with such great force, that they went almost horizontally. Our tomatoes and corn were stripped of their leaves, and a good many of our flowers were injured. Grace is in the midst of great works, pickling the tomatoes, that were

knocked off or injured by the hail."

Grace wrote again as follows:-

"Kalgan, Sept. 12, 1883.

"Just six years ago today, James was ordained in Hartford. Can you realize that six years have passed since that time? I cannot, except when I look at my big Charlie boy. Only four years and a half more, and, if the Lord spares our lives, we shall go home to see you. I wish that you might see the boys while they are small, but I trust that they may be just as sweet and good, when they are older.

"I am very busy, preparing clothing for winter, teaching my cook to do his work,- which means doing a good deal of it myself,- taking most of the care of the children, &c. Yesterday I picked off the greater part of my tomatoes, which were so injured by the hail, that I felt sure they could not ripen; and today I shall make piccalilli. The cook has also killed a duck, which I must prepare for dinner. At 4 1/2 P. M., we shall have Chinese prayer-meeting in our sitting-room, and I shall be present, to play the organ. All the meetings are held in our house, because we have no domestic chapel.

"We have had a great deal of rain this summer, though it began very late. Over the river east of us, two or three years ago, the Chinese built a beautiful new stone bridge, with stone railing along each side; this railing along one entire side is washed away, and that on the other side is much injured. Some buildings and people were washed away. We had a heavy shower the other night, and it is reported that 500 to 1000 sheep were carried away, beside horses and cattle."

"Kalgan, Sept. 28, 1883.

"Cholera is raging in and around Peking, and Mr. Goodrich writes, that a Chinaman told him, that 70 bodies were carried out of <u>one gate</u>

in one day in Peking,- and there are ten gates to the city. A letter from Mr. Noble says, that Dr. Dudgeon estimates the deaths in Peking alone from cholera at 25,000.

"The Chinese around T'ung-Chou had no rains for a long time at the beginning of summer, and everybody feared a drought. Finally the rains came, and everybody was glad. The crops were just perfect, and everything seemed favorable. But it kept raining, and now the crops are ruined, houses carried away or laid low, and many lives lost. Mr. Sprague says, that probably relief will have to be given all winter. Isn't it discouraging to the people? They prayed to their gods for rain, and after a while it came; but it came in too large quantities, and they prayed to their gods to stop it; but said gods not only did not stop the rains, but the rain turned into floods, and the floods were accompanied with pestilence. It is the first time that I have heard of cholera in North China. Dr. Holbrook has successfully treated several cases in T'ung-Chou, when they have come immediately after being attacked; but can do nothing for them, if they wait.

"I am glad that Father bought that candy for the boy at the State Reform School. I would like to know the boy's name and age, why he is there, &c. Please tell him that I am going to pray for him every day, and when I go home, I would be glad if I could see him. It makes my heart ache, to think of little boys being sent there, for I have two boys of my own.

"One of our English guests wanted to go up, and call on the ladies in the Upper City. Two donkeys were sent down, and it was decided, that I should escort him, and show him the way. The donkey I rode was one that Miss Garrettson hires, and such a beast I never rode! Whenever he got out of a walk, he shook me, and threw me up and down, so that I could hardly keep on. The doctor's man was so pleased at the way the donkey shook me, that he kept going behind, and spurring

him on. When I got there, my hat,- the felt one, that Florence gave me,- was hanging down the back of my neck, and my hair was all down. What would you have given, to have seen me?

"My cook is doing pretty well; he has learned to make beautiful bread, and can roast or fry meat, cook potatoes and make beef soup, make and fry griddle-cakes, pie crust, &c; but I have to keep a close watch over him all the time."

"Kalgan, Nov. 7, 1883.

"I have roses, geraniums, lemon plants and pinks. I do not enjoy my plants as much as I would, if I had pretty pots, brackets, &c., still they are pretty. The pots that we get here are rough, unglazed and porous. I have two roses in full bloom, and another just about to bloom."

"Dec. 4, 1883.

"Mr. Ament writes of great suffering and loss of property by the flooding of the lands south of Peking, where J. used to tour. Many of the people are homeless, and much will have to be done, to help them this winter. A Church-member and his wife and child have just reached Kalgan from the flooded districts, in search of help. How much they do suffer in one way or another!

"After finishing my house-work for today, I must go over to the dispensary, to see those poor people, who came yesterday. James says that they have a little boy about the age of Nonny, who had on almost no clothes. I must find something for him to wear, and see how destitute they are. We shall hunt up some work for them to do, and thus not encourage them in laziness, but make them <u>earn</u> their money. They are now in an empty room in the dispensary. The woman has bound feet, but she walked over 16 miles yesterday, and carried the child much of the way."

CHAPTER XIII.

A MOHAMMEDAN WEDDING, &c.

"Kalgan, Dec. 19, 1883.

"Last week we attended a Mohammedan Chinese wedding,- the first ever attended by us foreigners. Miss Garrettson and Dr. Murdock also were there. The wedding was on Wednesday. On Monday our teacher, the bridegroom to be, came over, and brought the invitations to us, and promised to send a cart for us on Wednesday morning. Then the question arose, What should we send them for presents? We thought and talked the matter over, and finally decided to send two handkerchiefs, some ~~stereoptic~~ stereoscopic views, one or two of my large views of the Profile House, and a book in Chinese type, Universal History, by Mr. Sheffield. We sent them over early Wednesday morning, and prepared ourselves for the wedding. At about half past ten the cart came, and we went; they live only a short distance from here. We found the doctor and Miss Garrettson already there. We seated ourselves, and they immediately brought on some food; this the children enjoyed immensely, much more than we did. We were at this time in the room of the bridal party, but were told that in a few minutes we would be invited to another room. This was soon done. We were then informed that the next thing would be the arrival of the bride. We had to wait a long time, but were very pleasantly entertained by the wife of Miss G.'s teacher, a brother of our teacher. At last the bride came, and we were hurried into a retired corner, where we could see her enter. She was dressed throughout in red, with gilt figures, the clothes being bound very tightly about her. She had on a brass (?) hat, from which was suspended a little red veil, covering her face. She was supported by two women, one on each side, and taken directly

to her room. She no sooner reached the inner door, than men and children jumped forward, and smashed in the paper window, to see her. We were told that that was a Kalgan custom,- not a Mohammedan. Then the women shut the inner wooden shutters, while they should re-attire the bride. The veil was removed, her wedding clothes were put on, and her hair covered with ornaments. Then the shutters were opened, and we were taken in, to see her. She is supposed not to understand anything that is said to her on her wedding day, but must stand or sit with down-cast eyes all day long, to be gazed at.

"We then came home, to return in the evening. At five o'clock we went over again. We were presently taken to a retired room, where we could see everything that was done. After a little while, our teacher, beautifully dressed, came in, and made his respects to the Mohammedan priests, six in number, to each one separately. Then he knelt, with bowed head, on a rug before them, and the priests began chanting, one after another, in Arabic. Just as the last one finished chanting, they grabbed some walnuts from the table, and pelted him (the groom) with them; one of the family pulled and tugged at him, but he was immovable. The walnuts were thrown at him, to drive Satan away. The boys sprang for the walnuts. Then he with the priests in unison murmured a silent (?) prayer, and rubbed their hands down their bodies, beginning at the head, to the feet. He paid his respects again, and disappeared. We saw very little of him during the day. Before this, we had seen the marriage certificate written in Arabic on red paper.

"We were again seated on the k'ang (raised platform), and our feast was brought in, consisting of 25 kinds of food. It is almost impossible for me to eat Chinese food, but the most of this was really very nice. You know the Mohammedans do not eat pork; so we had only beef and chicken for meats, but they were prepared in various ways.

By one course, I mean one bowl, from which all were helped. We ate and talked, looked at the bride once more, and started for home at about 8:30 P. M., escorted by two servants, carrying two large red lanterns. After this, the teacher was allowed, for the first time, to see his bride. She had come a distance of over 300 miles, to become his wife. She was very pretty, and only about 16 years of age, while he is over 30. She had been in the city several days, only a few doors from his house, but none of his family were allowed to see her. The Mohammedans are very neat, especially those who are well-to-do. We are going to get up a little feast for them, as soon as convenient."

"Kalgan, Jan. 7, 1884.

"On Christmas, we had a very happy day, especially the children. Charlie and Nonnie hung up their stockings for the first time, and I wish that you could have seen them in the morning!

"New Year's day passed off without anything of special interest, the gentlemen spending their time in settling accounts.

"This is the Week of Prayer, and it will be full of prayer-meetings. Every day, Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, with J. and myself, have a little prayer-meeting at 12 1/2 noon; and at 4 each day there will be a meeting in Chinese. My diningroom is getting rather too small for a chapel, but we make it answer. I play the organ at every meeting we attend, whether Chinese or English. Yesterday we admitted a man to the Church, and we now have another hopeful inquirer.

"Father asks about our cow;- our cook milks her, with the aid of her big calf, and we get from a pint to two quarts at a milking. The most I ever got was about two quarts at a milking, and that was thought to be most remarkable. We have to keep the calf, to start the milk.

"The trouble with gardening here is, that we are on high ground, and everything ought to be watered once a day, to grow well. Last

year we planted only foreign seeds, but did not get much from them."

"Kalgan, Feb. 5, 1884.

"Now I must tell you about our taking dinner at the house of a Chinese Mandarin. We were invited to dine at ten o'clock on the second day of the Chinese New Year, which was the 29th of January. At 10 o'clock I had my cart here, and was all ready with my hat on, waiting for Miss Garrettson and Dr. Murdock, who were to call for us. We waited and waited and waited, and finally at one o'clock we ate a little dinner, and afterwards made up our minds to go to our work. But just then they, Dr. M. and Miss G., drove in, and we found that they had been waiting all that time for the Mandarin's servant to invite them, as that was the agreement between the Doctor and the gentleman who invited us. We took our spoons, knives, forks and napkins, as requested; and Mrs. Sprague took two dolls over to the two little girls there. Mrs. Sprague and I rode in one cart, the Doctor and Emily Williams in another, and Miss Garrettson in a third. Mrs. Chapin and Mrs. Williams did not go. Arriving there, we met Mr. Sun, an English-speaking gentleman about 20 years old; and having entered the house, tea was passed to us, and we sat and talked for about an hour. Then we were called to dinner. I cannot tell you all the courses, but will mention some of them: duck, chicken, ham, pork, shrimps, cold chicken, steamed bread, shark's fins! rice, potato, and some sort of a sea-worm!- we cannot find out exactly what it is, but it had a black skin, with little protuberances here and there, and looked very greasy. It was given us in a soup. The Doctor managed to eat it, but the rest of us could not. She says it had a real fishy taste. We thought the family felt a little hurt, because we did not eat it. The Chinese say that it is very expensive."

Note: Of the above mentioned food, Dr. S. Wells Williams, in

"The Middle Kingdom", Vol. i, page 780-781, tells about this peculiar food as follows: "The biche-de-mer, tripang, or sea-slug, is a marine substance procured from the Polynesian Islands; it is sought after under the ... idea of its invigorating (aphrodisiac) qualities, and being cheaper than the bird's-nest, is a more common dish; when cooked, it resembles pork-rind in appearance and taste".

Grace continues her letter as follows:-

"When we had finished eating fruits, nuts and raisins, a little tea-cup of warm water was brought to each one of us, to wash our hands in,- according to the foreigners' custom,- so they thought. Then they brought out some nice white towels, and wrung them from very hot water, and handed them to us. They did indeed feel good, for we were very cold, as they had no fire in the rooms, and the outside door was open.

"We did not see the big Mandarin at all, but his wife and younger brother ate with us. The young man is proud of his English, and thinks he talks beautifully. After urging the ladies to ride his horses, he told Mr. Sprague, that he had tried to have <u>those fellows</u> ride his horses". We were very glad indeed to have Emily (age 11 years) there, for it took away much of the stiffness. The Doctor is treating the mother and sister of the young man; and that accounts for our being invited there.

"They had some pretty things in the house, among others, foreign blankets lined with fur. We remained only a few minutes after dinner, and were sent home in their carts, with men carrying large lanterns, running before us; and were glad to get home and be warm.

"We have had a good many New Year's calls, but as James was away, I have had to receive them all.

"Now just a word about the war (between France and China). Everything seems quiet up this way, and we hear of little from the South. We heard yesterday that Canton is closed, but Mr. Happer, whose

father lives there, says that they do not seem to be much alarmed. But we naturally wonder what would become of us, in case of war. Mr. Sprague says that we are so far north, that we could not escape by going south, and we should have to run north. What would you think of my returning home *via* the North Pole? We have heard several times, that great hopes are entertained, that everything will be settled peaceably."

"Kalgan, Feb. 19, 1884.

"Yesterday was an eventful day. Dr. Murdock had been here, and told us that the wife of the big military official, with her children and brother, were coming around to see us on Monday. We made considerable preparation, and set a table in Mrs. Sprague's dining-room. We dressed in our best, and waited for them to come. They and we had invited Dorton and Miss Garrettson to be present; so they came, as did also Emily Williams. After a while we were much surprised to learn that *the big gentleman himself* had come; and after a little the wife and brother and three children came. (They are the family who invited us to dinner at the Chinese New Year.) We gave them tea, looked at pictures, played and sung, and about five o'clock invited them out to eat. The big gentleman was given the seat of honor at Mr. Sprague's left, then his wife and little boy, and then a nephew of the family, and then the English-speaking gentleman beside Mr. Sprague. The rest of us foreigners and the two Chinese girls sat on the other side of the table. Mr. Roberts was requested to ask the blessing, and all were quiet during that time. Then we commenced eating; but they dislike our foreign food generally, as much as we do theirs. However they disposed of a good deal of my nice white bread, and Mrs. Sprague's little sponge-cakes. We remained at the table about an hour, and then they wanted to see our houses. They first went over Mrs. Sprague's house, saw her sewing-machine, &c., and then came over to

see my house and washing-machine! From here they started for home, apparently well pleased with their visit. The official rode a nice horse, and the others came in two carts. They brought along ten servants, beside a little slave-girl (?) servant. As far as I know, it is the first time that an official has sat down to a table in a missionary's house. He is a military official of the red button second rank, but is not considered as high as a civil officer of the same rank.

"Next Thursday we shall attempt to feast our Mohammedan teacher and his family. We have engaged a Mohammedan cook for the occasion. Will try and write you, when it is over.

"I wrote Father, that the Chinese set a hen on 32 eggs; but my cook told me today, that that is a small number,- that they more often set one on 50 or 60 eggs! What do you think of that? (Note: The hen is supposed to keep turning the lower eggs close up under her, and thus keeps them warm, and gets valuable exercise for herself.)

"My cook is not always cleanly as to his person. The other day I put a looking-glass in the kitchen, and escorted him to it, and told him to look in there, and see whether he was clean or not, I then told him, before doing anything else, he should clean himself up.

"People like our teacher among the Mohammedans are beautifully clean, and it is so nice!"

"Kalgan, Mar. 4, 1884.

"The telegraph has reached T'ung-Chou. A railroad is to be constructed from Tientsin to the sea, a distance of 33 miles. Already the steel rails have been brought to Tientsin. James thinks that in ten years we shall have the telegraph here, and in less than 20 years we shall go by rail from here to Peking!

"I promised to tell you about our little Mohammedan feast. You know the Mohammedans object to eating our food, or eating from our

dishes. So we hired a Mohammedan cook, and told him to prepare a good feast; and he bought a liberal supply of everything needed. He took four chickens to the Mohammedan mosque, to be blessed and killed. According to their religion, they can eat no meat, unless killed by one of their sect; and are supposed to eat no food, unless it has been prepared by a Mohammedan. On the appointed day, at the appointed hour, we sent two carts and a servant for them. Miss Garrettson and Dr. Murdock came down (from the Upper City) to help entertain them, as they had united with us in giving the feast. The guests came beautifully dressed in embroidered silks, &c.; and the first thing they did was, to take turns in ceremoniously thanking us for inviting them. The cook got all the dishes needed from us, and took them out to the servants' room, where he prepared the food, and washed everything; and at the proper time we invited them out, to eat at two bare tables,- for the men and women could not eat together. We gave the father and mother the highest seats, and the sons and daughters-in-law the seats opposite to each other. They ate quite a hearty dinner, and seemed well pleased with what we had done. After dinner we looked at pictures, the sewing-machine, played the organ, and at nearly seven o'clock they went home.

"The cook wanted a dish-wiper, and I gave him a nice white one, when he had the impudence to ask, "Is it clean?" I wish you could have seen it, when he got through! I haven't got it white yet, and I don't believe that I ever shall."

"Kalgan, Mar. 17, 1884.

"Mr. Gilmour, the author of "Among the Mongols", has been in M Mongolia three weeks, and is now here on his way back to Peking. He will leave tomorrow. We like him ever so much, and wish that he might stay longer.

"Mr. Gilmour gave us a nice talk in Chinese last evening, about

his recent trip in Mongolia. He thinks he has found at least one Mongol, who desires to be a Christian, and several others, who talk favorably of Christianity.

"James is away on another short tour, but I expect him home the last of next week. I wish that he did not have to be away so much, but if it is for the good of the cause, I will not complain, and am thankful that we all keep so well. The climate affects us both, in making us nervous, and the noise of the children tires us. James always comes home from a tour feeling better than when he went away. Still he likes to stay at home pretty well!"

"Kalgan, Apr. 15, 1884.

"Two men, cooks in a large establishment here, were recently admitted to the Church, and have now lost their places, because on a recent feast day they refused to worship idols. They seem to be firm in their decision, and we hope they may remain so. They do indeed need the prayers of all."

"Peking, May 12, 1884.

"You see from the above, that we have again taken the long hard journey, and are visiting the Gilmours in Peking. We had, of course, a hard, tiresome hjourney, but as comfortable as could be expected. (Note: Rev. A. H. Smith once said to Grace, as he saw her about starting to go from Peking to Kalgan, "I hope you will have a pleasant journey, but I know you won't!) The children were wonderfully good during all the long ride, but I felt very tired. I had to wake them up every morning soon after 4 o'clock, but they made little trouble about it. They are now very happy with Mr. Gilmour's two boys.

"We have now received an appropriation for a house for the single ladies, and as we intend to build a chapel, the gentlemen will have their hands full of building matters.

"Another very disagreeable official with his family called upon us

before I came away, and a few days after brought us a parx present, consisting of two packages of Chinese sponge cakes, a package of preserved melon rinds, and a package of white sugar, and said that he had more friends, whom he wanted to bring to our place the next Tuesday. I came away on Monday, and suppose that Mrs. Sprague had them at her house."

"T'ung-Chou, May 19, 1884.

"We came to T'ung-Chou last saturday. We left Peking in the rain, in a cart, but reached here in a furious wind. We are stopping with Rev. and Mrs. Harlan P. Beach, and find them very pleasant people indeed. They came out last fall, and she has a great many beautiful things, mostly wedding presents."

"Kalgan, June 17, 1884.

"We have had no rain yet, and I have heard that the people have been praying for rain.

"I have procured a new woman, a Mohammedan, who does very nicely, and does not wait for me to tell her what to do, but sees for herself. I think that I shall like her very much.

"We long for a little rain, for it is very dry and dusty. I am sure that you have no idea what dust and dirt are, but if you just come out here for a few days, you would soon find out.

"We are glad that you enjoyed "Among the Mongols". Knowing the writer, we enjoy it greatly. Our week at his house was spent very pleasantly, they refusing to take anything for our board, and hiring a woman to take care of my boys. Mrs. Gilmour says that we are "almost good enough to be English".

"When we went to Peking, as we were riding along outside the city on the stone road, we saw a young Manchu woman, who was paying a vow for the recovery of some one of her relatives, who had been sick, and was again well. She would take one step, with a crowd following her, and

prostrate herself, knocking her head on the stones, and was apparently going a long distance in that way. The expression on her face was most devout.

"I want to give you some idea of the difficulties of traveling between here and Peking. We generally leave about noon, and get to our first stopping-place about dark. Then we must get our supper and eat it, make our beds, undress the children and put them to bed, settle with the inn-keeper, (no small undertaking,) and retire to rest, if we can. Between three and four o'clock in the morning, we must waken the children and dress them, pack up our satchels, bedding and lunch-box; drink a little tea, cocoa or coffee; pack the litter and be off, probably about 5 1/2 or 6 o'clock, for a hard half day's journey. At noon we reach the inn, feeling rather tired, and must get our dinner, eat it, and pack up again. The children, too, are tired of riding, and are almost uncontrollable, when we get to an inn. And thus we pass the time from Monday noon until Friday noon. And to think that, if we had a good railroad, we could go to Peking and come back in one short day!!"

"Kalgan, July 9, 1884.

"Another engagement! Dr. Howard, of the M. E. Mission, is to be married in September to a Mr. King, of the London Mission. We are all greatly surprised at the startling news; we had never dreamed such a thing of Dr. Howard.

"We had our first real refreshing rain on the 4th of July. We had a grand picnic at Glen Gulick, each family preparing a box or basket of eatables, and taking along oil-cloths, mattrasses, &c. (The mattrasses were to ease the jolts in the carts.) It was cloudy all day, and so was comfortable. The gentlemen ascended the mountains, the ladies wandered here and there, the children fired off their fire-crackers, and we all partook of a jolly dinner. Between 4 and 5

o'clock it began to sprinkle; we hustled about, put on water-proofs, and ran for cart and donkeys. The rain came harder and harder, and as we rode for about two hours, to reach home, we were all more or less wet, but changed immediately, and suffered no harm.

"The rain was greatly needed; so we could not grumble, but made the best of it. It rained until nearly morning, and then the plants looked as if they had taken on a new lease of life. Many of the crops are ruined by the delay of the rains.

"My flower seeds, that you sent me, were in the ground a long time, but showed no sign of coming up, until after the rain, but are doing nicely now."

"Kalgan, Aug. 28, 1884.

"We are just now beginning on our seventh anniversaries. Is it possible, that seven years have nearly passed, since we were married, and started for China? We hope that in three years and a half from now we may be starting for home; and if we are all spared, that time will soon be here. How good God has been to us, since we have been so far separated!

"I wish that you could see our pretty flowers this year; they are a marvel to the Chinese. I have a little dwarf nasturtium, that everybody admires. I have also cypress vines, coming on nicely. My tomatoes are beauties, so many, so smooth and so round! Our cranberry beans are growing well too."

"Kalgan, Sept. 3, 1884.

"Fall has come, and we are having such beautiful weather. Our tomatoes and beans are coming on rapidly, and the tomatoes are large and smooth. We had some beans with a few peas for dinner today, and I invited Mrs. Sprague over, to eat with us, as her husband is away on a tour.

"I presume you know as much about the trouble between France and

China as we do. We have just heard that Foochow has been taken, and that the French in Peking have pulled down their flag, and left. Also that two soldiers have been placed at every foreign residence and chapel in the city, to prevent the destruction of buildings by mobs, as the soldiers are to tell the people, that the houses do not belong to the French. Up here everything seems quiet. If the French should come up north, we may be ordered to leave, but there seems no cause for alarm yet. You must not be anxious about us, for no doubt we shall be protected.

"My woman, who promised so well at the first, proved to be a thief, lazy, and incapable of getting along with the children. So we sent her away. I am now employing the woman whom I have had the most of the time since we came to Kalgan, and although she is far from perfect, she is a great comfort to me."

"Kalgan, Sunday (Date uncertain)

"Mr. Crossette, whom J. escorted to Shanghai in 1879, is out here again, having worked his way out on a sailing vessel. He is perfectly harmless, but tires us out by his dignified sobriety, for you can't make him laugh, and his religious talk is so monotonous and tiresome! When he came back with J. from his last tour, I made up a nice clean bed, but he would not sleep on it, but wanted to use my hard lounge. He retires at 7 o'clock, but rises at 2 or 3, to study his Bible. He lives on two meals a day. He wears no stockings, collar, white shirt, &c., takes oil baths, never uses soap, &c. Poor man! I am so sorry for him." (Note: He was recognized by all as a religious monomaniac. Such is one of the trials, which missionaries are liable to have to endure.)

A third great joy came to us in 1884, in the birth of our beloved Jamie. The Chinese said that we were extremely lucky, and must have

been extraordinarily virtuous in a previous life, to have three sons,- and no daughter! The three boys and Mrs. Williams' four girls were a good group of playmates,- only the latter, for a part of these years, lived two miles away.

When Jamie was only half a month of age, he and Charlie had the whooping-cough severely, and Johnnie took it in a light form. This kept us busy and anxious during a whole winter. Grace's strenuous endeavors day and night, with the assistance of two Chinese women, and Dr. Murdock's indefatigable labors, were blessed of God in the saving of precious lives, and the recovery of the health of all. We and many others were profoundly grateful for her kind help.

In 1884 Miss Garrettson was transferred to the Foochow Mission; and the next year Mr. and Mrs. Chapin left Kalgan, to open a new station on the Grand Canal. We were sorry to miss their pleasant companionship, but knew that Kalgan must not keep more than its share of the missionaries of our Board.

"Kalgan, Dec. 29, 1884.

"As to the war with the French, we have heard that the Chinese have hired several hundred German <u>generals</u> (!) to train their soldiers, and they are already here, and at work. We also hear that the French have voted a large sum of money, to carry on the war; and these things make it seem as if war was imminent. Everything so far as we know is quiet here; but I suppose, if war comes, we shall be sent away to some place of safety. How would you like to have me go home next year? I don't suppose that we shall go so far, but who knows?"

CHAPTER XIV.

JOYS AND SORROWS.

In 1865 we built a dwelling-house for Dr. Murdock and Miss Diament, a domestic chapel, and a dispensary in the city, only six minutes' walk from our homes. Grace often went there with the "beloved physician", to tell the women patients about Christ.

"Kalgan, Jan. 21, 1865.

"We had a very interesting Week of Prayer. Fifteen individuals arose, to confess their faith in Christ, and to ask the aid of our prayers. Most interesting was the baptism of a bright, intelligent, well-to-do Mongol,- the only Christian Mongol whom we know. He was well informed in Gospel truth, and passed a good examination. He has been at our house, but showed no great curiosity to see our things,- something remarkable,- but wanted simply to learn more of the Gospel. He is a self-made man, and is now a small official. His father had our religious books, left them in his death, and the son is making good use of them.

"Some of the school girls and school boys have risen for prayers. Dr. Murdock's cook, the only reformed opium-smoker in whom we have any faith, did the same. He looks so well and fat, and says he is stronger; but he had a hard time when he gave it up, and thought he was about to die. The Doctor keeps a close watch over him, and he has no chance to get the opium."

James wrote, Feb. 17th, as follows:-

"Sunday, the 15th, was the Chinese New Year's day. The Chinese make more account of this day than we do of our New Year's, and give

themselves up to feasting, visiting, gambling and idolatry, for several days. They say that "good people gamble during the first five days of the New Year". The days just before the New Year's are the best time in which to make cheap bargains, for everybody is hard pressed by his creditors, and anxious to get every cash that he can, to pay his bills. In such recent days Mr. Sprague and I bought brick and lime, &c., for building the chapel, ladies' house, and girls' boarding school house, which we hope to erect this year. I trust that, in building, we shall build for the Lord."

Grace wrote:- "Kalgan, Mar. 23, 1885.

"I wrote you of the baptism of the only known Mongol Christian. His name is Boyinto. He took two meals with us last week, and I think that you would have laughed, could you have seen some of his performances at the table. He is anxious to learn to sing, and to read Chinese books. He is certainly a very bright man, and seems to be in earnest.

"Mr. Sprague, who has come in from a tour today, says, that the snow where he has been was about a foot deep! (Nothing in America, but strange in North China, where the country and atmosphere are so dry.) He baptized nine persons, one an old lady of 83 years. He also placed one of our native preachers, to be pastor of a village church for a year, the members supplying his room and furniture." (The Christians are so few and poor, that they could not do more at first.)

"Kalgan, Apr. 22, 1885.

"We have heard that peace has been declared between France and China, but do not know whether it is true or not."

"Kalgan, May 21, 1885.

"Here I am in T'ung-Chou with Nannie and baby, the guests of

Mrs. Sheffield. Charlie and his father are looking after the house-building, and taking care of each other. It was very hard for me to leave Charlie, and I thought he looked pretty sober, when we started out. We started Tuesday noon, and reached here Saturday night, at 6:30, having come 40 miles the last day. I got up at about 3:30 every morning on the road. The two boys behaved beautifully on the way down, and thus made it easier for me, than it otherwise would have been.

"We are having a most interesting Mission Meeting. On Tuesday evening the graduating exercises of the Theological Seminary took place. Nine young men have completed the course of study, and are prepared to go to their work. They are fine young fellows, and have great knowledge of the Bible. One young man was some time ago examined on the whole New Testament in one evening, and could repeat it all from memory. They have a wonderful faculty for committing to memory. One of the boys, the youngest of the class, has had a very deep religious experience; and when they were examined yesterday, and he was questioned somewhat as to his religious life, the tears came, and he broke down completely. I wish that you could have heard them sing, under Mrs. Sheffield's leadership. It was quite refreshing."

"Kalgan, June 10, 1885.

"You will see by the heading, that I am at home again. After a long hard journey, I was glad indeed to get home to James and Charlie, and they were glad to see me. They expected me on Friday, and went out beyond the bridge (at the outskirts of the city), and waited for us four hours. But we did not get in until Saturday, and arrived at the house much earlier in the day than they had supposed possible. Baby cut his first teeth on the way home.

"Our flowers are doing nicely out of doors, but we have had no

rain as yet.

"I have a new woman; and although I speak the very plainest Chinese ('de very blainest koind of Senglish'), she will not or does not understand me; and I get so tired of trying to make her understand."

"Kalgan, June 30, 1885.

"My flowers and vegetables look pretty well. I have geraniums, white and mixed petunias, carnation pinks, portulaca, &c. We have over 50 tomato plants, some cranberry beans, Mexican corn, French potatoes, turnips and beets, all doing tolerably well; but it takes so much time to water them, in order to have them grow.

"My cook has been at home, and Mr. Williams married him to a woman who had been taken to his home about a month before. When he came up, I asked him what kind of a wife he had got, and he said that she was homely, and had big feet. It is so hard for our Christians to give up the idea, that a woman must have small feet.

"Our boy Kao Hsi (pronounced Cow See,- Grace's former cook), in the school at T'ung-Chou, is fighting hard, not to have his girl's feet bound; but he has an army of relatives and friends to fight against, and I fear he may be persuaded to give up"

(Note: He never did give up on this point.)

"Kalgan, Aug. 12, 1885.

"Miss Cushman dreaded to go to America, because she knew she would be called upon to address meetings; and I feel as if the dread of it is almost strong enough to keep me out here, when my time comes, to go home. If you would only come and see me, perhaps I wouldn't go home! I cannot give talks or addresses to the ladies, and I hope that it will not be urged upon me.

"I wish you could see our "boy" (our former cook), who is a member of the T'ung-Chou school! He is a splendid fellow, praised and loved by every one! I have gone around with him, to get slips from

my flower garden tonight, and last night gave him ever so many packages of seeds.

"The Chinese admire our flowers very much, and some of them venture to steal our seeds. (Note: That is not saying too much; they stole all of our dark red canna lilies, bulbs and all.) I wish you could see my flower and vegetable gardens! I have beets, cranberry beans, turnips, Mexican corn, and ever so many tomatoes. Then for flowers I have six shades of verbena, mignonette, heliotrope, colored and white petunias, pansies, sweet alyssum, four o'clocks, six colors of geraniums, two beautiful oleanders, one pongranite, &c. Last year we had a few variegated morning-glories, but they were planted so late, that the seeds did not ripen."

"Kalgan, Aug. 26, 1885.

"Dr. Holbrook and Miss Andrews were greatly delighted with Kalgan. The Doctor is full of fun. She enjoyed the breezes here so much, that when I asked her what she thought of the Kalgan climate, she said: "Why, it 's all climate up here!"

"Our flowers have been looking thrifty, until this dry spell came on; and the Chinese enjoy coming in, to look at our flowers. On one of their feast days (days of leisure) not long ago, we calculated that not less than 300 women and children were here to call, and to look at the flowers. They all came in the afternoon, and I can assure you, that I was tired, when night came. I would escort one party out of the front door, and return to find my house filled with people, who had come in at the back door. A great many come to look at our homes and flowers, and I try to interest them a little in the story of our Savior, but they do not care to hear.

"There is one thing, that brings a smile to the face of every one. That is my baby boy. They do not admire nor love us, but they admire and love our children."

"Kalgan, Sept. 30, 1885.

"We have just been passing our eighth anniversaries; and it makes us realize that, if the Lord spares our lives, we shall probably start for home in just about 2 1/2 years. Charlie and Johnnie talk a great deal about going to America, and I think about how many things I shall have to get from America, before we go.

"The weather is now quite cool, with danger of frosts; and so we have been getting our plants out of the ground. We have a great many to care for, as the Spragues have gone away, leaving a great many, and Dr. Murdock and Miss Diament will want a good many, when they come up from Peking.

"The wife of the official, at whose house we dined a year ago, came to call on me the other day, bringing with her her four children and any number of servants. She has a little girl three days younger than our baby. It was not nearly so large as Jamie, nor so smart."

"Kalgan, Oct. 21, 1885.

"Our mails from home seem to be interrupted for a long time, but one letter, dated Aug. 4th, has in some way been able to come to us. The letter reached us about 3 P. M. Sunday. Directly after dinner, I took a "Congregationalist", and lay down on the lounge for a moment. I had hardly lain down, when my eyes rested on the words, 'Rev. John D. Willard'; I looked more carefully, and when I found that it was under the Biographical, my heart sank within me. I rushed to find Jim, and together we read the sad news. We received a letter from him, the latter part of it written on the 3rd of July. He said: "My plans for the summer are now more definite." How little did he know, that he was so soon to lay down his work (as pastor of the Congregational Church in Appleton, Wis.,) to join the angels in heaven! Our hearts do ache. O it is so much for the poor wife, with her little one less than two months old, and for Uncle John and

Auntie Kate, in the loss of their eldest child. I always admired John, he was so manly, so sensible and so good. I shall ever remember the pleasant times that he and I had together, singing, &c. I am sorry too, for Kittie and Lottie, (his sisters,) for with them he was always more like a lover than like a brother. I have tried to express my sympathy in a letter to his wife, and James has written to Uncle John. Just after we had seen the paper, your letter came, announcing his death. I had never dreamed that I should not see him again! He was the last of the home friends to leave us, coming as far as Palmer with us on our wedding day.

"One week ago Saturday, Mr. Gilmour and a Mr. Brown came to our house, on their way to Mongolia. I expect them back again this week. Mrs. Gilmour died on the 19th of September, leaving three boys, and the baby is not well. It is very sad.

"Last Saturday Miss Diament and Dr. Murdock reached here; so we have a little company with us. They are living in Mr. Sprague's house for the present, as their house is not yet ready. What would you do, if it took so long to build a house in America? (The house was begun in March, occupied perhaps in November, and finished in the following year.)

"Kalgan, Nov. 11, 1883.

"A Mr. John Lawrence of Boston came to our house just after Mr. Gilmour left, and before I could clean up my guest-room, with a letter of introduction from Mr. Rockhill, of the U. S. Legation. He came on Monday, went into Mongolia on Tuesday, and came back on Friday, and left on Saturday. I will only say that he was a man with <u>no business, no religion, no object in life, and could not find the Psalms in the Bible.</u> He spends the most of his time in traveling, having crossed the Atlantic ten times.

"Last night we had the biggest fire, that I have ever seen in

Kalgan. It was quite a distance from us, (perhaps a mile,) but we could see distinctly the blaze from our back door. It was the burning of immense heaps of sorghum or corn-stalks, brought for use as fuel in a brick-kiln. About ten piles were burned, each great pile being worth about $1,500.00 . A few houses were burned. Just across the lane was a large lumber shop, which fortunately was not burned. There was almost no wind that evening.

"The ladies have at last got into their new home. They slept there Saturday night for the first time. Sunday morning, while I was trying to finish up my work, and get ready for the meeting, a man came in, and said that Dr. Murdock wanted me. I hurried down to their house, and seeing a man on the court, asked him where the Doctor was. He answered, 'They both are sick, and haven't got up yet'. I rushed to the Doctor's room, and found her in bed, and she said that they both had been asphyxiated, and were in such pain, that she would like to have me make some mustard poultices for them both. I hurried and did so, and made them more comfortable. Dr. M. was affected much more than Miss D., and suffered excruciating pain in her head all day and all night, and the most of the next day. But soon after I gave her the poultice, she was dressed, to go and see a Chinese official, who had been shot in the hand. The servant, however, hearing that she was sick, had gone; so she went back to bed, not knowing who or where the official was. In the afternoon she went over to her dispensary, one third of a mile away. On Monday, she was a sight to behold! The pain in her head had been so severe, that her eyes were dreadfully swollen and painful. The whole head was so sore, that it hurt her to talk, or to hear noise. They both are now quite well again, and busy, trying to get settled."

"Kalgan, Nov. 26, 1885.

"It is Thanksgiving evening with us, morning with you, I sup-

pose. We have had our Thanksgiving dinner; you have yours in anticipation. We dined with Dr. Murdock and Miss Diament in their new house. What did we have? Well, first we had bean soup; then two nice fish, a rarity in Kalgan, given to the Doctor by a Russian gentleman. Then we had cole slaw, succotash, duck, potato, pickles,&c.; then mince and pumpkin pie, and lastly persimmons. The ducks and persimmons and some chickens were given her by an official, who accidentally shot his hand. These were his thank-offering,- also a lot of eggs. The dinner was very nice. In the afternoon a servant came from an official, to ask her to go and see a baby. Soon after supper, a cart came, to take the Doctor to see a sick woman. She is never sure that she can have an afternoon for visiting.

"A few days ago, a Russian bride about 18 years old, and two Russian gentlemen, came to call on us; and soon we must go up (north 4 miles), to call on them. The two gentlemen speak some English.

"James is just now trying to buy a new place for a dispensary, and has bargained with a man for the price, but has not yet got possession of the deeds.

"Did I tell you, that we have a daily noon prayer-meeting in my sittingroom? As James is at present the only gentleman here, we ladies also take part."

CHAPTER XV.

DIFFICULTIES AND CONSOLATIONS.

When my home Church, the Asylum Hill Congregational Church in Hartford, Conn., heard that I had built a chapel, they very generously sent us a bell, paying the freight from Boston to Kalgan, and the cost of erecting a belfry. This was built in Chinese style, with a curving roof. The bell could be heard two miles or more away, advertising to the whole city the times of our services. We hoped that its most pleasant tones would intimate to some of the Chinese the attractiveness of our religion. The Chinese Church sent its thanks in a letter, written on red paper, which afterward was framed, and hung in the vestry of the Asylum Hill Church. Two quaint expressions in this letter are worthy of being quoted: 1st, "When the brazen mountain burst asunder, the brazen bell began to ring"; and 2nd, "This insignificant scrap of paper cannot adequately express the reverential feelings of us inch-long bits of grass".

"Kalgan, Jan. 20, 1886.

"There was one interesting event during the recent days. A Chinese Captain of a gun-boat, who took part in the battle with the French in South China, and who came out of the conflict with self and boat uninjured, has been banished to this place, accused of not having done his duty. His enemies said that, if he had done his duty, the French could not have won, and he would not have come off uninjured. He speaks some English, has visited England and Scotland, and says that he has studied medicine a little. He seems very friendly toward foreigners, and spends a good deal of time with Mr. Williams, and

calls here often. He professes to be much interested in our religion, and says that in his heart he desires to become a Christian; but that, while in office, he could not oppose the Emperor, by refusing to worship tablets, &c., as he might be commanded to do. He says that he is going to try to get back his rank, and then he can honorably lay it down, and become his own master. On Christmas he sent us about 40 persimmons, and a quantity of grapes. He has just given about $40.00 for use in furnishing the chapel. He wants something bought with it, which can bear his name. We cannot decide just now, what to get. We have talked of getting a pulpit desk and chairs made here, and his name in some way carved on them. It was quite a present for him to make, and unexpected, since he is not a Church member. His name is Captain Low Bunh.

"I was quite interested in what you wrote about keeping my letters. I think a better place for them would be the fire.

"Thieves are troubling us some, but they do not seem to succeed in getting much. We have thorns all along the top of our wall, and they knock them off, so that they can get over.

"I dread visiting America, because I know that I shall be asked to make addresses here and there; and as I am not gifted with the ability to do so, I must decline all invitations to speak. James may make all the speeches."

"Kalgan, Feb. 17, 1885.

"I want to write a few sayings of the Chinese, that may interest you, and their ideas about them. You must never say that a baby is heavy, for fear he will die; for is not a dead man heavy? You must not say a baby is fat, for fear he will become thin. They say that a China-man has eight bones in his head, while a woman has only two. The hairs on a man's head are round, while those on a woman's are flat. They would not dare to say what I said the other day. Baby's ear was

crooked along the top and bottom; and I said, "His ear is trying to come off"; and they said, they would be afraid it would come off.

"Kalgan, Mar. 10, 1886.

"As to Ida's asking me, to take a dog home from here,- if she ever mentions it again, please tell her, that I have seen very few dogs out here worth buying, and the dogs on the street are a most disgusting sight.

"I had just got ready to sit down this evening to write, when a note came up from Dr. M., asking James to come down, and look at her stove-pipe,- adding that Mrs. Roberts could come, and the boys, if they were not in bed. I "smelt a mice", but we all put on our things, and went down. Arriving there, we were allowed to look at her stove-pipe, but were expected to eat ice-cream and cake, and drink tea. It was a very pleasant surprise. She had intended having it yesterday, but she and James were pretty thoroughly used up, having been out until two o'clock the night before, attending an opium suicide.

"It was the case of a young man about 24 years old, a stranger in the city, who had been searching for work, but found none. He took an immense amount of the drug, and before it was known, he was under its power. He was unconscious almost all of the time that the Doctor was there, but they worked faithfully until 2 A. M.; and then the family gave him up, and sent the Doctor and my husband home. He died about 9 1/2 the next, or rather that morning. You can have no idea what a curse opium is to China. James estimates that more than half of the men in Kalgan, and many of the women, use it."

"Kalgan, Mar. 15, 1886.

"I am now very busy, doing my spring sewing, and I feel very tired when night comes, trying all day to think how to use up old things, and make them look like new. I never realized how hard it was for Mother, until I had tried it myself.

"We are having some beautiful spring weather; today a little snow has fallen.

"The banished official, of whom I wrote you, is a regular attendant at the street chapel preaching, and appears to be sincere. He contributes a certain sum to the Church every Sunday. He gave $40.00 in a lump sum a short time ago. He is very friendly to foreigners.

"There are manyn pretty things in America, that we would like, but cannot afford to buy. However, we have many comforts, for which we are thankful."

"Kalgan, Apr. 13, 1886.

"Dr. Murdock and Miss Diament, who were asphyxiated by gas, leaking from their stoves, have the same make of stoves, which seem a little defective. They have made up their minds, "never to sleep with their stoves again", but will sleep in cold rooms.

"Father's description of the ice on the trees was very interesting, and must have been beautiful. We do not see such here, as we seldom have rain in the winter.

"We are thankful to God for the great measure of health, that he has given us during these 8 1/2 years. It looks as if Kalgan might become a sanitarium in the future. Three families have asked to come this summer, and the Williamses have invited another family.

"Mr. Sprague reports himself as apparently well, but says he must have rain water for all his food and drink. He wants us to get together and keep for him all the rain water that we can get before the rains come. We are somewhat amused at the way he has put it. However, I had some rain water saved from last fall, and as soon as we received his letter, I put it over in his house, to keep it for him."

"T'ung-Chou, May 10, 1886.

"I will write about our journey down. We made all our plans to start on Monday, and were busy, packing for the journey. Friday noon,

while I was hunting for Johnnie's hat, he came running in, and said that Mr. Gilmour had come. I was not surprised, for I knew that Mr. G. was in Mongolia. But when I went to the door, I was surprised to see Mr. Walker and his son Bertie, from Tientsin. You remember that we boarded with them at the Western Hills, the first summer that we were out here. They were on the way to Lama Miao, and of course I couldn't let them stay in a Chinese inn in Kalgan; so I invited them out to my house. Sunday night it began to rain, and rained all day."

"Kalgan, June 9, 1886.

I left off my last letter with Monday, May 10th. Well, as it rained, we could not go. So we began eating the food, that we had prepared for the journey, and had to do some cooking, to replace it, and gave Mr. Walker a little to start out with.

"Tuesday dawned bright and clear, and at 6 1/2 A. M. Mr. Walker was off. We planned to get off about 11 o'clock, but people never start when they plan to in China, and we did not get away until about 1 P. M. We had two litters and a mule. On the latter rode our man, Lu Yüan, whom I took along, to take care of my baby. And now I want to give you some idea of what we had to take along: two medium sized trunks, one on the mule, and one in my litter; 1 good-sized lunch-box, also on mule; 1 large valise; 1 double blue cloth bag, in which we carry wash-basins, baby's napkins, &c.; 1 linen bag to carry toilet case, sheets, night-clothes, towels, and some necessary changes of clothes for the children; 1 shawl-strap, containing rubber coats, &c.; 2 rubber blankets, for use in case of rain; 1 umbrella; 3 pillows; 2 half-width hair mattresses, covered; 2 large comfortables, for the two larger boys to sleep on in the inns; blankets, 4 single and 1 double; big hats and little hats, thin wraps and thick wraps innumerable. All except the lunch-box and one trunk were packed into our two lit-

ters; and we had beside, baby's little bath-tub, filled with miscellaneous articles, and two small boxes, for the boys to sit on. Add to these things two adults and three children, and you have two litters FULL. They were about as full as we cared to have them. I can assure you, it is a good deal of work, to take a journey here in North China. About 16 li (5 miles) from here, we found Capt. Lew Bush, who had gone there, to escort us a part of the way. He walked beside us for about 7 li, and then left us. We reached the inn at about dark; and then must make our beds, get and eat supper, undress the boys, prepare our morning lunch, and be ready to rise as soon after daylight as possible. This is the program for five days; and we reach T'ung-Chou between 5 and 6 Saturday night. Oh, so tired, hungry and dusty, and with so much baggage to stow away, mule-drivers to pay, &c., &c.!

"After Mission Meeting, we had errands to do in Peking, but all the houses there were full;- so we decided to go up to Mr. Noble's house, and hire a couple of servants, and go to house-keeping for two or three days. This we did, and stayed there from Thursday till Monday. I went up to Peking in a chair, while Jones and the children went up in a cart with the baggage. We had baby's pictures taken, did several other errands, and started from Peking at 3 P. M., reaching the end of our first stage (on the road to Kalgan) after 10 P. M.

"I had a very poor driver, and coming through the Pass, my litter tipped almost over to the ground twice. I got so nervous, not for myself, but for baby, that it seemed as if I could not stay in the litter but I did, and kept tight hold of baby. Wednesday, it rained the entire forenoon, but cleared off while we were at dinner. While coming through the big street of Kalgan, the driver swung his long whip around to strike the mules, and carelessly wound it around my neck, and struck baby over the eye. I wanted to cry, and baby did.

"Well, at last we got home, and it did seem good. My second man had taken nice care of my plants, and had the house all nice and clean. My plants were beautiful, as were also our young tomato plants. Dr. M invited us down there to dinner. Then we returned to our own house, to put things to rights, make up beds, &c.; and now we are quite comfortably settled again. I feel now like saying, that I will not take that journey again, until I go to America! Do you blame me?

"When I went away, the little boy John Sung, who united with the Church on the first of April, was very, very ill with typhoid fever; and Dr. Murdock had very little hope of his life. She wrote me, that the change came that night. The mother and aunt, who were taking care of him, tried to give him his medicine, and could not open his mouth. The mother, who united with the Church at the same time, was in despair. Thinking a moment, she said, "Let us pray"; and they both knelt in prayer. They had hardly finished, when the little fellow said, "Give me some medicine and some water". From that moment he began to improve, and has continued to do so until today, when he seems to have mumps and a little erysipelas, but the Doctor thinks it will not be serious. (Note: John Sung lived for many years, learned to speak English before 1900, and from that year served nobly in the Y. M. C. A. in Peking and Tientsin.)

"The helper's daughter, about 17 years old, and very delicate, is now down with the typhoid, but is improving. There seems to be a great deal of fever this spring in the city, but thus far the Lord has spared our little circle.

"We are glad to learn that we have an organ coming for the chapel

After writing about baby's sickness, caused by having used milk, which, without our knowledge, was impure, Grace wrote:-

"Kalgan, Aug. 11, 1886.

"He played about the most of the afternoon, and then wanted me to take him. I did so, and he was soon asleep. I held him while he took a long nap. He finally awoke, and talked and laughed so merrily, with the man in the next room. He had hardly stopped, when he threw himself back, and was gone in a convulsion. I think I never was so frightened in all my life. I jumped up with him, and ran all the way to the Doctor's house, groaning all the way. The Doctor was not at home, but I found Miss Diament and some servants, and we put cold water on his head." (They got the aid of Mr. and Mrs. Taft, and put his feet in very ~~hot~~ warm water, and used other means; and "the little fellow began to revive". After Doctor came, her treatments helped him still more. After a few days, owing to some unfavorable symptoms, he was taken on a brief trip into Mongolia, in the hope that the cooler air might benefit him; but it did not. A few days after the return home, "He seemed brighter, lying awake at times for quite a little while, and calling for picture books." He continued to improve slowly.) Grace wrote: "We pray constantly, that his bright little life may be spared. This sickness has come like a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky." Under the same date she wrote:-

"We have had one very severe hail-storm this summer, but it did much less damage here than farther south, where they report that hail fell a foot deep, and ruined all the crops in that region.

"James has written to the Board, asking to return to America at the end of his ten years, but we have not yet heard from them. We shall pack many of our things away, but shall leave the house so that our friends here can use it, if they wish.

"Dr. Murdock has been very faithful in her care for our dear baby, and I love her very much.

"Our mails come very irregularly this summer, and at long intervals. We expect our home boxes any day, and Oh, how we shall enjoy

them!"

"Kalgan, Sept. 15, 1886.

"Baby seems quite himself again, but still clings to the idea, that we must give up to his every wish.

On Sept. 4th our home boxes, including the new organ for the chapel, arrived. We opened it, but not a note would sound, so we set it aside for investigation later. Since that time we have glued the bellows, and it is nearly all right now. It is an Estey, very plain and pretty."

The organ and a set of 16 fine lamps for the chapel were donated by Grace's home Church, the Union Congregational Church in Marlboro, Mass. A number of years later, they gave for the same sanctuary a new set of large and brilliant lamps with reflectors. The Chinese Church members wrote a letter of thanks for these great favors.

"We are looking forward to and talking much of the approaching visit to America, and we pray that all our lives may be spared until that time."

"Kalgan, Oct. 13, 1886.

"I find it quite a job, to mend and turn my carpets about, to make them respectable; but I was comforted, when Mrs. Sprague came in, and exclaimed, "Why, this is as pretty a room as I have seen anywhere!" (She had returned from a voyage to almost every port in China.)

"I have been making tomato ketchup today, have worked over my plants a little, sewed on my carpet, helped James to take the new organ to pieces for the third time, pasted up cracks, and put it together again, and went to the Chinese prayer-meeting and our own meeting. The organ seems about all right now.

"Yesterday all of our station were here to dinner except the Dea-

ter, and I had to set two tables. Capt. Lew Buah had sent three beautiful pigeons to each of our families; these they gave to me, and we had a delicious pigeon pie, and had also boiled mutton. Mrs. Sprague said, 'It was a splendid dinner'.

"I rode on a camel about the yard the other evening; so I can say that I have been on a camel. Chinese and Mongol women always ride astride, just as the men do. You mount, while the camel is kneeling, and the sensations, when he is getting up, are indescribable."

"Kalgan, Nov. 4, 1886.

"Although the weather is cold, the children live out of doors."

"Mar. 3, 1887.

"A 400 lb. bell is coming from the Hartford Church for our chapel."

"Mar. 16th.

"The members of our station have clubbed together, and have bought an organ for Dr. Murdock, and that will be here soon. She is an inveterate worker, and is very fond of sitting down to an instrument, when she wants to rest, and has used every thing that could be called a musical instrument, that she could get hold of. We could see that she needed an organ, and finally decided to get one. Mr. Swett, the purchasing agent of the American Board, bought it for us at the great reduction of 60%. When it arrives, we shall have a surprise party, and present it to her. I don't know what we should do without her; she is so faithful in the care of us all. I tell her, I want her to go to America with us, and come back with us.

"I cannot tell you how much we are looking forward to seeing you all."

"Kalgan, Mar. 30, 1887.

"While walking out the other day, I thought of something to write, that might interest you. Suppose that a young girl dies unmarried, but too old to have her body thrown out to the wolves;- her body is

taken to a p'eng-p'u, (a shop which supplies and erects mat-sheds for funerals, weddings, theatres, &c.,) and placed there, to remain until some young man dies, who is neither betrothed nor married; and, if agreeable to the parents of both parties, they are betrothed, and married, and buried in his father's family lot. What do you think of that?

"I shall probably have a house full of company for the summer; I shall have twelve at my table, beside one or more babies. Kalgan seems to be gaining renown as a health station. I shall have something to do, to plan sleeping accommodations." (We followed the custom of our Mission, to allow guests, after the first week, to pay $2.50 a week for board, and nothing for room or any other advantages.)

"Mrs. Sprague says that my baby looks like a great healthy country boy; and she says that, wherever she has been, she has not seen one child looking so healthy."

(Evidently the sickness of the previous summer had passed off.)

"Kalgan, June 8, 1887.

"Our steamer trunk and contents have come, and are put on our invoice as presents. What unknown friend have I, in that part of the world?

"The organ, that our station bought for the Doctor, came up with us from Peking, and on Saturday night we had a grand surprise party, and I assure you that she was surprised. Mr. Williams composed two stanzas, which we sang to her, accompanied by the organ, when she entered the room. We sang it to the tune of Ortonville. I will copy it:-

"To Miss V. C. Murdock, M. D.

For all of us, both young and old,
You 've had a constant care;
Our vital organs you have kept

In beautiful repair,
In excellent repair.

An organ to your happiness
We think must vital be;
Accept our gift, lift up your eyes,
Your vital organ see,
Your bran-new organ see.

"She is greatly pleased with the instrument, and it was a pleasure to us, to give it to her. (It came to us in bad condition, and we repaired it with great haste and secrecy. It seemed wonderful, that nine children, all knowing for a half year, that we were getting an organ for the Doctor, kept the secret absolutely, so that the surprise was complete.)

"On our way up from Peking, we visited the Ming Tombs. They are the tombs of the Emperors of the Ming Dynasty, (who reigned from 1368 to 1644 A. D.) It was well worth seeing, the wooden pillars 11 or 12 feet in circumference, the marble floor, the immense stone tables, and the beautiful carving. The avenue to the main building had on each side, at regular distances, immense stone animals, each carved from one block of stone. I do not see how they ever made and moved such great heavy animals into their places; but there they stand, and may have stood these 500 years. Mrs. Perkins remarked, when I got here, 'Well, Mrs. Roberts must be a pretty strong woman, to make that journey in five days!'"

"Kalgan, June 25, 1887.

James wrote: "We received yesterday a letter from the Secretary of the American Board, inviting us to return to America whenever we please; and a letter from you, telling us about the sickness of our dear sister Sarah. Can you imagine our feelings? So glad to go

home! So sorry that Sarah is sick! Yet much comforted by her words of faith and glad acquiescence in the heavenly Father's will, whatever that may be. We long to see you all, and have decided to get ready for the journey as soon as we can.

"I am very busy with my accounts, as the accounts of this half year must be settled promptly at the end of this month. Afterwards I shall have a good deal of packing to do; but we cannot pack away many of our things, as we cannot close up the house, but shall leave two families of guests here in our home.

"Emily Williams, 14 years of age, will accompany us. We may go by way of Corea instead of Shanghai, but this is not yet certain. It seems as if we could not wait so many days, to see you; but we have already waited years.

"How glad we shall be, to have you see your three oriental grandsons!"

The end of our first ten years had nearly come. We were on friendly relations with the most of the people about us, though the haughty Manchus hated us as foreigners, and therefore presumably enemies; the officials deemed us far beneath them; and the children almost everywhere yelled at us the opprobrious epithet of "foreign devil"! When this became too tiresome, I demanded better treatment from the parents, and the children called us "Teacher" instead. Whichever way we might be going, up or down the street, they shouted, "Teacher, you are going back, are you?"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FIRST RETURN TO AMERICA.

On a bright summer day, at an open-air tea-party, our Chinese and American friends bade us "God speed", for a return to our native land. The expressions of affection were most cheering; but parting from our home and many friends pulled hard on the heart-strings.

On July 26, 1887,- Charlie's birthday, and he 8 years of age,- our mule-litters were lifted up; and our caravan passed through the city, over the long stone bridge, and along by the big willow trees. After traveling four days, we rested on the Sabbath, for we felt obliged to honor the day in this way, for the influence which our conduct would have on the natives, among whom we were trying to teach a regard for the sacred day; but the extreme heat, and the barn-like structure in which we lodged, were almost unendurable. On Monday, before we even reached T'ung-Chou, one small boy in our party exclaimed, "Now we have come to America!" Down the muddy Pei Ho river we sailed on a house-boat three days to Tientsin,- there being no railroad in those days. From there our ship, after stopping at Chefoo, was chased by what appeared to be a cyclone or typhoon to Chemulpo, the seaport of Seoul, Korea. This was in August. It was "the open season" for typhoons or hurricanes, which every year do great damage on the China coast. A common saying, to remind one when to expect a typhoon, runs thus: "June, too soon; July, stand by; August, you must; September, remember; October, all over". To avoid a long detour, in our haste to out-run the storm, the ship scudded among and close to many islands, on a dangerous route, which the Captain said he had never traversed before.

We passed the night in a Japanese inn, sleeping of course on the padded floor, but glad that Japanese houses are extremely neat. Grace

often said, "When I enter a Japanese house, I fear lest my shoes might soil the floor; but when I step into a Chinese house, I am afraid that the floor might soil my shoes."

Sailing down the west coast of Korea, the ship was so small and stuffy, and so over-loaded with choking odors, that we ate and slept on the deck. When we asked the steward to bring some toast quickly, we said, in the Pigeon English (or business English) jargon: "You go catchee one piecee toast, bring him up top-side chop-chop." At every port, the missionaries showed us delightful hospitality. Grace, unfortunately, was sea-sick all the way. The beautiful scenery of Japan, and especially of the Japan Inland Sea, charmed us like a vision of Paradise. So we came to Yokohama;- and Grace was about to cross the widest ocean in the world, whose hardships for her she knew too well.

We had with us, beside our three boys, Emily Williams, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Mark Williams, a lovely girl, born in Kalgan, whom we were taking to her aunt in Oberlin, Ohio, for her education. One of our boys was sick all the way from Japan to Worcester, Mass. The youngest, three years of age, and "lively as a cricket", was tied about the waist with a long and strong strap, the other end of which I held in my hand almost unceasingly, every day of the voyage. We played that he was my little camel, and he never tired of it. When my "camel" saw some unusual sight, he said: "Papa, what do dat mean?" As our ship, the "San Pablo", started from Yokohama, a brass band struck up the tune, "Home, Sweet Home",- stirring thoughts that brought tears to the eyes. How many years had elapsed, since we last heard a brass band? And what a dear word is "Home"?!

Our ship, glittering with fresh paint and gilding, was an old freight-ship, converted into one for passengers. When we were at sea, I noticed that, on any deck, I could look through the passage-ways from one end of the vessel to the other. In other words, there were

no bulk-head doors nor water-tight compartments. In case of accident at sea, the lack of such compartments might seal our doom. Another ship, the "Empress of Japan", with a fire raging in one of her compartments, sailed a thousand miles to port; arriving at Hakodate, in northern Japan, with some of her bulk-head doors red-hot; and the ship and all on board were saved. I did not dare to let Grace know how dangerous the "San Pablo" was, until we were safe on American soil. She was as miserable on this Voyage, as she was on the way to China, ten years before.

My fears for the "San Pablo" were vindicated eight months later, when she grounded on a reef at the Pescadore Islands, between Formosa and the main land of China, and burned to the water's edge. The passengers and mails were saved, but might not have been, if a serious accident had occurred on the deep sea. When we were on the ship, she was valued at half a million dollars; but the wreck was sold for the paltry sum of $475.00 .

In San Francisco we waited a week, for the sick one to recover; that is, to partly recover, so that we could proceed. We came East through the splendid scenery of the Grand Canyons of the Gunnison and Arkansas rivers. At Denver, the city was full of tourists, and men who had assembled for national conventions; so that every chair in hotel offices was occupied, and many persons were sleeping on the office floors. We rode around to a dozen hotels after midnight, searching for accommodations, and at about 1 A. M. went to the railroad station, to spend the remainder of the night. The seats in the waiting room were divided by iron arms, of such a shape that no one could lie down. The night was cold, even in the building, which was open to the streets. The sick child sat in his father's lap through the long-drawn and wearisome hours; and every five minutes by the clock, the parents were glad that five more minutes were gone. A stranger kindly gave us his cheap

but new mattrass of excelsior, which he had bought for his own use; and on this our other two boys caught a little sleep. To avoid the worst of the cold wind, we put it on a high counter; and then we were afraid of their falling off, and had to keep strict watch of their every movement. So we dragged through that miserable night. The cause of the trouble was, that our train from San Francisco was late in reaching Denver, and so we had to wait for the morning train, to take us East. After one or two more days, we arrived at the home of our blessed uncle and aunt, Rev. and Mrs. John Willard, then living in Chicago.

Grace always endured railroading well, but of course was wearied with the long journey. At Oberlin, Ohio, where the train stopped just a minute at 10 P. M., we gave Emily Williams into the arms and care of her aunt and brother. If they had not been there, we should have had to take her East with us. As it was, after such a long and pleasant association with her, we felt as if we had suddenly lost a fine and loving daughter.

Arriving at Worcester, Mass., where Grace's parents were then residing, we were saddened to see her sister Sarah ill with what in those days was called "consumption". We soon became acquainted with many kind friends, mostly members of Union Congregational Church, where our family worshiped. The pastor, Rev. William V. W. Davis, was foremost in devising ways to help us. We rented a house, and furniture was loaned to us, but after some months we were under the necessity of moving to another house. What a pity, to have no good abiding-place! But what a joy, to have so many good friends! It was good for the boys, to be in American schools, though they were hindered by having a full share of what are called "children's sicknesses". To our great sorrow, Sarah passed away in December, and her sister Florence in April

following, from the same disease. How busy Grace was, can be imagined by any mother of three children.

At last the time approached, for our return to China. The evening before we left Worcester, we were at the parsonage, bidding many friends farewell. The next morning, to equip us better for the long journey, the pastor brought to us four new shawls, kindly donated by his people.

We took the train on Washington's birthday, 1889,- a mild day,- starting so early in the year, in order to reach China in time for our annual meeting., To go so early in the season, proved to be a mistake. The next morning we awakened at Buffalo in a blizzard. Hoping to see Niagara Falls, we went there; but the frozen spray came up in our faces like hail, and we could see nothing.

At Chicago, we were the guests of the Chicago Theological Seminary and were welcomed cordially, and most excellent provision was made for our comfort. On departing, we were delayed by an open draw-bridge at the Chicago river, and almost lost our train. Our party of five, with much hand luggage, all had to mount the rear platform of the train, after it had started.

Our next welcome was at Decorah, Iowa, where our beloved Aunt Kate and Uncle John were living, he being pastor of the Congregational Church. After a brief and refreshing visit, we went on our way, much saddened by a telegram from Worcester, saying that our dear Mother Howe,- the only Mother whom Grace ever knew, and one of the best imaginable,- had departed to her heavenly home.

On our way across the continent, we were joined by Miss Mary S. Morrill, from Deering near Portland, Maine,- who eleven years later was martyred by the Boxers at Paotingfu. Also Rev. and Mrs. Fraser with four children, from Canada, met us in San Francisco, to sail as new recruits for our Mission. While waiting for the time of sailing, our

dear Jamie was seriously sick, but had good medical attendance, and soon recovered. After writing to her father about his illness, Grace added, under date of Mar. 19th:-

"I think that he took cold from draughts of air in the cars. The hands of Mrs. Fraser's boy are dreadfully out of shape, from having fallen with them in hot water. I am thankful indeed, that none of my children have met with such a dreadful accident. The Frasers were detained by a land-slide on the railroad. 500 men were employed, to clear the track. Miss Merrill is a very pleasant companion for me, and a great help with the children.

"Our visit at Decorah was exceedingly pleasant, aside from our anxiety in regard to Mother. James spoke six times there, and I dressed up in Chinese costume Friday evening, and the three boys sang in Chinese for the audience. I wish you could have seen how beautifully they did. Our visit was saddened by the news of Mother's dangerous illness, and then by her death. We think much of you in your loneliness. I wish that I could do something for you, but I know that you would not wish us to leave the work in China. Although I tried to keep up bravely, when we left home, it was very hard for me to come away. I did not suppose, however, that Mother was so near her end. It must indeed have been hard for you to see her suffer. But I cannot write more. We sail tomorrow. I dread the voyage very much. Jamie is much better. Goodbye, with lots of love."

We sailed from San Francisco Mar. 20th on the steamship "Baltic", which, being at that time empty, with neither cargo nor ballast, rolled sidewise fearfully all the way to Yokohama,- three or four weeks. This increased Grace's sufferings, and endangered our lives when on deck; for, if we forgot even for a minute, to grasp some firm object, the ship's rolling would hurl us against the railing, which was all

that saved us from the ocean. The Captain was a rough and wicked man, and swore at our children, calling their parents "fools, to bring them out on the ocean." Could he imagine, that we were sailing for pleasure on such an unsteady tub?

Grace's husband prepared a letter, to be mailed in Yokohama, as follows:-

"Nearing Yokohama, Apr.8,1889.

"The waves are running very high today, and the ship is rolling and pitching to and fro, and teetering up and down, at a great rate. We have had a great deal of such misery in the last few days. I am up in the ladies' saloon, taking care of our children and Mr. Fraser's, in order to leave Grace alone down stairs, so that she may have the room quiet, and take a nap, as she has a headache. Between the noise of the children and the tipping of the ship, I find it hard work to write even a few words. What a place to live in! The tables and chairs are screwed down to the floor, and the little round windows are screwed tight against the wall. Tea and coffee and milk get spilled at every meal, and the apples and oranges roll out of the fruit dishes, and go scudding across the diningroom floor. We long for a little bit of dry land, or even the sight of a shore. For these eighteen days we have seen nothing but the ocean, sky, and the ship.

"Our Mission Treasurer, Mr. Bostwick of Tientsin, asked his cousin in San Francisco to send him two pairs of carrier pigeons in my care. In accordance with the rules of the ship, I had to put them, and a bag of wheat for them, in the care of the butcher, and pay him a fee, to feed them every day (and not kill them).

"We and the Frasers have lost in the ocean three children's caps, a rubber ball, several marbles, a little toy railroad car, a pocket knife, and a set of blue and white ribbons, for children to use in playing horse. The wind blew away the caps, without asking permission. Jamie had a cunning little knife, with one blade and a button-hook. This was his delight and treasure. He was throwing into the ocean an apple-paring, or something equally worthless, and, as he had the knife in the same hand, he threw it over too,- and then wailed with grief.

"When you get this letter, you will know that we have reached Yokohama safe and sound. We have traveled 8000 miles since leaving New England, and have met with no accident. How much we have, to praise God for! We are all well, with the exception of Grace's headache and seasickness. Jamie and Johnnie have not been seasick at all."

"Tuesday, Apr. 9th, 5 P.M.

"We sighted land about noon, and are sailing up into the bay of Yeddo. Shall reach Yokohama about 7:30 P.M., and spend the night on land, either with the M. E. missionaries, or at a hotel. We are all well. Grace has suffered a great deal from sea-sickness, but her spirits are reviving, as we near the land. We shall take the first steamer to Nagasaki and Tientsin, but do not know when it will leave."

Grace wrote to her father from Tientsin as follows:-

"May 5, 1889.

"We reached here one week ago yesterday, at about 10 o'clock. We came by way of Shanghai, and the journey from Yokohama to Shanghai was as delightful as could possibly be, that is, for a sea voyage. (The sea was smooth, like a floor, as it often is in April, one

trade wind having ceased, and the other not yet started to blow.) We had part of a day in Kobe, but it rained all day. We had only a few hours at Nagasaki, but I enjoyed them very much with Mrs. Davison, of the M. E. Mission. The officers on the steamer were very kind, an agreeable contrast to those of the former steamer. We reached Shanghai early Tuesday morning, and learned that our steamer for Tientsin would sail in the evening of the same day., So James and Mr. Fraser went on shore, to buy tickets, and prepare for going on. We remained on the steamer until late in the afternoon, and then took jinrickishas, and went over, to go aboard our last steamer. It proved to be much inferior to the other steamers, accommodations small, food very poor, and everything so dirty. (It was a freighter, with room for a few passengers. How any one advised us to take such a ship, it is hard to imagine.) But we had a very smooth passage up, only stopping a few hours at Chefoo, to discharge cargo.

"Imagine my surprise, on arriving here, to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, little Artie and Mary Williams, had passed us on the river, having started that afternoon for America. Mrs. Sprague was so low, that the friends here have grave doubts of her reaching America alive. She left a sad note for me, showing that she realized her condition. I am very sorry not to see them, for I had visited many of their friends, and had brought a great many things for them. They waited here as long as they dared, hoping to see us.

"We found our cook waiting here for us. Every one seemed so glad to see us. Mrs. Stanley is glad to see one who has so recently seen her daughters. Mission Meeting comes a week later than we supposed, and we shall not reach home until the middle of June. How glad I shall be, when we are fairly settled in our home; but I shall miss Mrs. Sprague."

"T'ung-Chou, May 23, 1889.

"My dear Father:

We are in the midst of Mission Meeting, and I am now sitting in the chapel, trying to listen to reports from the various stations, which are interesting. None of the Kalgan friends are here except Mr. Williams.

"We arrived here two weeks ago today, having been on the river a little over three days. During that time we had a very severe dust-storm, which was a new experience for the new missionaries, but not unexpected by us. We were obliged to tie up to the bank, while the storm lasted; but a little rain came, and settled the dust.

"We received a hearty welcome here, and are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Ingram; and they and Miss Evans will be our guests during the summer. Miss Morrill will go to Paotingfu. Mr. Winchester, who was coming out when we were going home, is in poor health, and had been advised by the doctors to go home immediately. He thinks, however, that he will try Kalgan for the summer, before deciding.

"Our boys took cold on arriving here, and are still coughing some, Jamie seems very well now.

"Our cook met us at Tientsin, and we have seen our nice Kalgan students. We are greatly impressed with the good done by the school and Seminary here.

"I am anxious to know where you are living. I hope that you are not trying to live alone, for it could not be good for you. I know that these are sad days fo you, and we all are sorry for you."

And so, through many tribulations, including the hard mule caravan journey of five days, we at last arrived at our beloved Kalgan home.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SECOND TERM OF MISSIONARY SERVICE.

By the advice of valued friends, we had brought our eldest son with the others back to China. To give them all the necessary training, fitting them for entering schools on their next coming to America, required some daily tasks on our part, as well as on theirs. We were glad that we did not have to learn a strange language, as when we came to China before. After arriving in Kalgan, Grace was busied, as in previous years, with receiving callers from heathen and Mohammedan homes, entertaining them, and trying to teach them Gospel truths in an informal way. Then she must return their visits, as was expected, carrying with her words of comfort and salvation, and witnessing for Christ by her sympathetic spirit and beautiful life. People wondered at the good discipline and behavior of our boys, and at never hearing an angry word in our home. The position of women in Chinese families was so different from ours, that the ideal wifehood and motherhood, which Grace exemplified, was the best possible Christian sermon. Besides, she should share in the credit of her husband's useful labors, because her thoughtful and cheery ways made them possible. In the American Board missions, the wife is called the "Better Two Thirds".

"Kalgan, June 19, 1889.

"The wind is blowing furiously, but I fear the threatened shower will pass over, without giving us the needed rain. It is very dry indeed, and the crops are suffering from lack of rain. We are nearly settled now. Dr. Sinclair and Miss McKillican are with me for a few days. All our friends seem to enjoy the fresh air here. Mr. Win-

chester feels much better already."

"Kalgan, June 26, 1889.

"I went up to the top of Mt. Williams yesterday. It is 1800 feet above the city, and it was a hard climb for me. I expected to be very lame today, but to my great surprise I scarcely feel the effects of it. Mr. Winchester, Dr. Sinclair, James and myself, made the party; and although I prepared lunch for more, we had little more than we needed. I never climbed so high a mountain before, and the view was delightful. We came down a very steep path, so steep that Mr. W. said, that he did not see how we ladies ever got down. (Rather, the wonder was, that they did not slip, slide, roll and tumble down.)

"Our flowers are doing well, as we water them every day. They are like an oasis in the desert. A good many of the Chinese come out to see our flowers.

"Our good friends here were glad to see us back; and, aside from leaving our friends at home, we are glad to be back among them.

"I went down to the girls' school last Sunday evening, to say 'Goodbye' to the nicest girl in the school. She has gone home, to be married to a heathen; and I imagine her husband's family are not so agreeable as we could wish. I felt sorry for the girl, as she did not want to go, and was crying hard. She was betrothed some years ago, but the family of the young man are not fulfilling their part of the agreement; and Miss Diament told them that, if they could not agree, they might bring the girl back. She is only about 14 years old now. Her brother, who is in the T'ung-Chou school, is the nicest Chinese boy that I have ever seen. Miss Evans said today, that she feared that he is too good to live. He started an interesting revival in T'ung-Chou last winter."

"Kalgan, July 9, 1889.

(James wrote:) "Today has been a rainy day. The ground was extremely dry in June, as there had been no rain since last autumn. Every day processions of men and boys were to be seen on the streets, with withered wreaths of willow twigs on their heads, making a great noise with musical (?) instruments, and carrying one of the idols in a chair through the streets. That is their way of praying for rain. The idol is the dragon-god, and they take him out of the temple, that he may see how hot and dry the weather is. They hope that he may be moved to pity.

"On the second of July, just the day we expected, the heavy rain came down. We have noticed several years, that heavy rains come on that date, according to the calendar. So last Tuesday, the 2nd, a huge black cloud arose in the north-west, and down came --- not rain, but hail! The hail-stones, many of them, were as large as a quarter of a dollar, and were flattened at the edges, as if they had a rotary motion, when coming down.

"I was just coming back from the Upper City in a cart, and had to take refuge in a big gate, which had a roof over it. The cart-driver and another man with us kept calling on "Lao-T'ien-Yeh", the Old Man of Heaven, not praying him to stop the hail, but finding fault, and almost scolding him, for sending hail instead of rain. After a while, the rain began falling in torrents, and the men gave a shout of joy, saying that as soon as the rain comes, the hail decreases. The ground here is so sloping, that the water easily runs off, and after a smart shower, every road becomes a river-bed. I was close by a narrow road, in which I had never seen a stream; and down came a torrent at least three feet deep, roaring and foaming, making an impassable barrier between the two crowds of people, who had gathered to watch it, and stood on the dikes on both sides. We had to

wait quite a long while, for the waters to subside, and then had to drive down into the stream, and after following it a little distance, drive up on the other side.

"Going a little farther on, we came to another road with a torrent in it, but the water was not deep, and we drove along in it close to the bank; and turning the next corner, we drove up through another stream, which had left marks on the banks, showing that the water had been two or three feet higher a short time before. The road from there to our house was choked up with deep mud, and we had to drive a long way around through the fields.

"Arriving here, I found that the hail had broken several panes of glass in our northern windows, and spoiled our tomatoes badly. Fortunately the crops in the farms about here are not well grown, and could yield before the storm without serious injury.

"Today we hear that a family of seven or eight persons was out in the fields hoeing, when the storm came up, and all but one of them were killed, or died from the effects of their exposure. We are told that a flock of sheep were killed by the same storm. A few days before, we heard of a man ten miles from here being killed by hail.

"What a place this is for farming! Garden vegetables and poppy plants suffered most from the hail. It is always too dry for the crops to grow, or else it hails, and the crops are ruined. When God gives rain, the people raise opium; and when he does not, they starve.

"The day after the storm, we had <u>several hundred</u> visitors on our premises. It was a beautiful day, and as it was a Chinese holiday,- the 6th of the 6th month,- all the people were at leisure, to come and see our place. They began coming just after noon, and by the middle of the afternoon, we had the chapel filled with a neatly

dressed, well behaved, and attentive audience, about half of whom were women and children.

"My beloved Kao Hsi (pronounced Gow See), whom I have helped through his course of study, and who will be licensed to preach next year, was preaching to them, and we were delighted to see so many persons hearing the Gospel,- when a large crowd was found gathering at the gate, and I had to take the place of the gate-keeper, and had to lock the gate, to prevent our being overwhelmed by the crowd. They became more and more clamorous, and at last I saw that the only way to avoid serious difficulty was, to ask the hearers in the chapel to go home, and come another day,- and then to admit the people outside the gate. There were 190 persons counted in the chapel at one time.

"Luckily, just at that time, there was a cloud, threatening rain, and I told the people in the chapel, that they ought to hurry home, to avoid the rain. Thereupon there was a stampede in the chapel, and, as it has but one door, I was afraid that some of the children might be hurt in the rush to get out; but that did not occur.

"The crowd at the gate was mostly of men, and when they were admitted, they were not easily induced to enter the chapel, and when there, were not attentive to the preaching; and several of them lighted their pipes, but stopped smoking, when told to stop. They kept talking to each other, and poor Kao Hsi was getting very tired of talking so much; but all our native preachers were away in the country. Mr. Williams was here, but is always a rather reticent man, and could not say much. Mr. Winchester was sick with a nervous trouble, aggravated by a mob in the mission premises at Paotingfu, at the last Chinese New Year; and I had to work just as hard as I could, to preserve order; so that, though I did try to preach, I could not say much, before I had to stop some disorder, or go and speak to the crowd out-

side of the gate.

"We let the women go down to the southern court, to see Dr. Murdock and Miss Diament; and, as we were unwilling to open our houses to such crowds, we had to use our utmost efforts, to keep the men near the chapel. They had come to see, and wanted to wanderm ovwr the yard. They were confined in their shops every day, and had come for an outing. This made them unwilling to be cooped up in the chapel. One could not blame them, but there was danger of trouble. Mr. Sprague received just such crowds as this the year before, and had tea poured for them all to drink; and as we did not do the same, it was evident that the people were not satisfied. One crowd after another was shown out, and another crowd always took its place, till after six oclock, when we all were very tired, and wanted to eat supper; and then I said that no more should come in.

"A lot of men and boys hung around the gate till it was quite dark, and pounded at the gate, and threw stones over the wall. I had to forbid our servants going out of the gate, for any reason whatever; so that the crowds should have no chance to get in.

"But through it all, the Lord protected us from harm, and kept the people tolerably civil, while in our yard.

"The next day, I went early to the police station, and told them to be on the lookout during the day, and to come quickly, if I should send for them; as I did not know but that we might have a similar or even worse time than the day before. But all was quiet, and we had no more trouble. We should have received our guests more cordially, but it was impossible, when they came in such numbers. I frankly told them so, and invited them to come some other time.

"The day after the crowds were here was the "Glorious Fourth" of July, and almost all of our little American community went to Glen Gulick, to spend the day. But Charlie was not well, having doubtless

caught cold, while playing with the water after the hail-storm; and I stayed with him here, to keep him company, and to be on hand, if there should be any disturbance;- also to watch the workmen, who were repairing the well. For the last month or so, the water has been low in the well; but now a large quantity of mud, that had accumulated in it, has been dug out, and the water is much better.

"July Fourth was Thursday. On Friday we had our preparatory lecture, and on Sunday the Communion. A large company of outsiders came to the service, as well as the Church-members from the Upper City, and the boys of our two schools in the two cities; so that the chapel was pretty full.

"Monday afternoon, I ascended Mt. Williams with Dr. Ingram and Mr. Winchester. This was the second time that I have done so, since coming back to Kalgan. It takes a long and hard climb, to reach the top.

"On the 4th, Grace and Jamie climbed a high mountain in Glen Gulick, to see the big caves near the top. In one of them there is a little well of fine water, clear and cold. At the entrance of the largest cave, which is about fifty feet in size in each direction, There are holes in the rocks, where once the timbers of a house were inserted. This shows that here at some time there was a fortress or a temple,- probably the latter.

"We have had a good deal of rain in the last few days, and the ground is well soaked. A little boy, Paul, the son of our helper Feng Lao I (pronounced Fung Low Ee), has brought us some flowers, and I must plant them in front of our house. Grace, with the help of Mr. Fraser, has upholstered a lounge in our sittingroom, and it looks very nice. Mr. Winchester is a fine fellow every way, and a great acquisition to our Kalgan Station. He can make a text of Scripture glow. But his illness makes him nervous and sensitive.

His old home was in Manitoba. I hope that the cold bracing air of Kalgan may be better than medicine for him."

Grace wrote:- "Kalgan, July 10, 1889.

"I have had no letter from Father since we left San Francisco. I cannot tell you how my heart aches for him, for he must be very lonely now. It was hard for me to leave Mother, but I little thought that she was to leave you so soon. I tried to conceal my feelings as much as possible, for the sake of those who must remain behind. If I could have known that Mother was to die so soon, I think we would have changed our plans, and remained a little longer; but in that case it would have been doubly hard for Father, to let me come away.

"Mother has worked hard and suffered much during her life, and it should comfort us all, that she is to suffer no more, and that she is with Florence. Can you imagine the joy of the two, as they meet again, never to be parted? Was not Herbert overwhelmed with grief? Poor boy! My heart goes out to him, and I long to comfort him, for he did love his Mother! We all shall miss her.

"For several years the first rains have come on the 2nd of July; and sure enough, heavy clouds came up on that day, and we thought we were to have a nice thunder shower. At length a few hail-stones began to fall, and Miss Evans said that she had always wanted to see a Kalgan hail-storm. The stones came faster and faster, many of them large. Everything was excitement for a time, and the hail-stones made such a noise, that we could be heard only by shouting. We watched the window panes break, one after another, until we counted eleven broken panes. The children thought it was great fun, but I felt differently, as I thought of the crops of the poor people, and the injury that would come to them. When the shower was over, we

went out, to see the condition of our pretty flowers. I had some nice tomatoes, which had begun to blossom, and of which I was proud. The hail had taken the tops off from many of them, blossoms and all. Still many of them remained perfect, and I look forward to a nice crop of tomatoes. Less injury was done to the crops of the Chinese, than would have been done, if the crops had been further advanced. The opium crop suffered less than we had hoped.

"Dr. Murdock is quite sick now, but we hope she may soon be better. She expects to go home in the fall. She greatly needs a rest, and indeed has earned it.

"As usual, we celebrated the Fourth of July at Glen Gulick, and had a pleasant day. We have quite a colony of Canadians with us, but we did not quarrel about the celebration. Mrs. Ingram tried to ride up the mountain, to see the caves; but the donkey threw her off, and she fell on a lot of stones, and was somewhat bruised. He then kicked her, which made her a little lame. As usual, I furnished the baked beans for the picnic."

In this summer of 1889, the entire Roberts family was barely saved from annihilation. Eleven Americans and five Chinese made a trip of a few days in Mongolia. The Americans were three lady guests, Dr. Ingram, the Williams twins, and five Robertses. After the usual delays, we passed the big Gate in the Great Wall early in the afternoon. A small but very black cloud in the northwest gave warning of impending danger. When our heavy carts had gone slowly up hill over ten miles of loose gravel, the entire sky was overcast, and rain began to fall. The drivers yelled, and drove furiously, fearing that a torrent of water might roll down on us from the surrounding hills. The road was in a river-bed, bordered by high and steep banks, which would make escape impossible. With amazing rapidity, water came on

us from all sides, and seemed even to spring up from the road. With tremendous efforts, the men and mules brought the carts past one of the high banks, and up into a small buckwheat field at one side of the river. There we stood in several inches of mud, in a pouring rain, glad that our lives were spared.

Just as soon as we stopped there, a torrent of muddy water rushed past us with a roar. The force shook the ground beneath us. One Chinaman, unable to come out with us, stood on a little elevation in the river-bed. We watched, expecting to see him swept away; but he was not. At last, with clothing and baggage soaked, we took refuge in a dilapidated mud hovel in a shabby village. No one of our party was harmed, but all, including our whole family, narrowly escaped destruction.

When the torrent, augmented by others from the other valleys, roared past Kalgan, Mr. and Mrs. Williams watched it from the dike, fearing to see their beautiful daughters, Anna and Daisy, carried away to death.

The next summer, a torrent tore away the ground on which we had stood for safety. The sight of that place reminded us of our providential deliverance.

"Kalgan, July 24, 1889.

"My dear Father:

space "We received a large mail last Monday, but not a word from you. I have had nothing from you since we left San Francisco. Dr. Murdock is down with fever, but we hope that she is over the worst of it. She was delirious for more than a week, and in her delirium traveled to America. When the Kalgan friends came in, to help her, she was much surprised, that so many of them had followed her. Miss Diament, Miss McKillican (a trained nurse) and Miss Evans have taken care of her. At first the Doctor would allow no one to do for her, lest they

should take the fever. She is always more anxious for others, than for herself. I have not yet seen her. We hope that none of the others will take the fever.

"We had letters from Mr. Sprague, written from San Francisco. He has placed Mrs. Sprague in a hospital there, and hopes that she may gain strength for the railroad journey. I fear that she will never be well again.

"We are having delightful weather, with a shower nearly every afternoon. Our flower and vegetable gardens are growing beautifully.

"The first native pastor in our Mission is to be ordained at Paotingfu next month. He is a grand fellow, a graduate of the T'ung-Chou Theological Seminary; and it is thought that he will be a splendid pastor. I wish that you could look upon some of the faces of the young men in that School, and those who have graduated. They look so much brighter than the faces of the heathen about them!

"Mrs. Ingram likes it so much up here, that she says she would be willing to take the journey again, to get here. The gentlemen have made a lawn-tennis court, and we play almost every evening. The children live out of doors, and all are very well indeed. They have some hens; and you may look out at any time of day, and see them, each carrying a hen in his arms. They also try to discipline the hens, if they are naughty. This morning they found a pet hen, lame, sick, and pecked by the other hens. Such a wailing! Their grief was sincere, but we could not repress a smile.

"I am sewing straw hats for the boys today. I bought a supply of straw in Tientsin. (Note: That was a staple commodity for export from Tientsin.)

"With my other work, I have had to teach a green man to wash and iron. He does pretty well now. My cook I find invaluable, and

every one admits that he is the most honest and capable man on the place. I should be lost without him, with my family of eight, including summer guests, and others dropping in from time to time."

"Kalgan, Sept. 9, 1889.

"I feel rather lost this afternoon, for all of our guests have gone. Miss Evans went two weeks ago, and today Dr. and Mrs. Ingram and little Edna left. Mrs. Ingram is much better than when she came, and little Edna has done nothing but grow fat. She is a sweet baby, and I shall miss her very much.. I have but one objection to our summer guests, and that is, that they all leave us in the fall. Mr. and Mrs. Winchester have left us, to return to Canada, to care for his aged father. We all were sorry that they must leave us, but we are not at all sure that his health would have permitted him to remain.

"Dr. Murdock has recovered from her fever, but is not yet strong, and is already doing considerable work. She had hoped to go home this fall, but we hear nothing positive concerning Dr. McBride, and she can make no definite plans.

"We often speak of how good Mother was to us all, when we were at home. I do not think that an own Mother could have done better for us.

"I have been very busy, cleaning house, mending carpets, making curtains, making and mending fall and winter clothes, &c. James escorted Dr. Murdock to Peking, on her way to America, and brought Dr. and Mrs. McBride and two children here. They can never fill Dr. M.'s place for us. The children are two and three years old. Mrs. McB. has studied medicine, and desires to continue her studies in that, as well as in the Chinese language. They have already begun treating patients at the dispensary.

"We are teaching singing to the boys in our school, and plan to begin tomorrow night with the men on the place. My former servant,

Lo Su T'ang, has become teacher of the boys' school, and although a self-made man, is doing a splendid work there. He is a good disciplinarian, as well as a good teacher. The most of the boys are from Christian families, and are quite young. I have to mother them a little, bind up out fingers, give them medicine when ailing, &c. Another former servant, Kao Hsi, who has been studying theology in T'ung-Chou, will graduate next summer.

"We have had a lovely fall,- such beautiful bright sunshiny days!"

In the early fall of this year (1889), the hay fever afflicted Grace several months. It recurred in each of the succeeding four years, left her when she returned to New England, and came again each year of her third term of service in China. It never was relieved by going to the seaside, the mountains, nor the high plateau of Mongolia. On her last return to America, the hay fever came on in dry Arizona, but left her before reaching Chicago. Like all her other trials, this long drawn-out misery was most bravely endured.

"Kalgan, Feb. 3, 1890.

"Sergeant Harry Perks, a colporteur of the American Bible Society, is with us now, and we are enjoying his visit. The children especially like him, for he plays with them. He was once in the British army; so now he is drilling the children out in the yard. I just saw them marching, trying to keep step with him. He is not an educated man, but is a warm-hearted Christian, and loves the Chinese. He receives $50.00 a month, and is saving all he can, to go to America, and study for the ministry, hoping to come back here, and labor for the Chinese."

"Feb. 5, 9:00 P.M.

"We have just returned from Mr. Williams' house, where we have spent

an enjoyable evening. Our family and Mr. Perks were invited there to supper; after which the most of us went to the chapel, to see the stereopticon pictures; and then we had games in Mr. Williams' house, to amuse the children. The twins, Anna and Daisy Williams, are as nice as little girls can be. Mr. Perks is a young and sprightly man, fond of children, and seems to have no end of games, to teach them to play. Today he induced the boys of our boarding school to try their strength on a rope, pulling in a tug-of-war, and they broke the rope. This evening we played blind man's buff and other games.

"Last year he sold over 7000 portions of Scripture, 320 New Testaments, and 10 whole Bibles. Was not that doing well?

"We have had a few days of warm weather, and it seems as if spring had come. According to Chinese reckoning, the spring began yesterday, as that was just half way from the winter solstice to the spring equinox.

"The school takes an hour or two of my time every day. I was often tempted to give up the school last autumn, on account of the cost, and the lack of an appropriation for it from the Board. But the Lord provided for its needs, and private contributions were sent in to me in such abundance, that all the expenses for the last year were paid, and a good sum was left over, with which to begin this new year.

"Kalgan, Mar. 19, 1890.

"We shall probably go to Mission Meeting in less than a month, and then I hope to go with James on a tour to Yü-Chou. In a day or two, I shall plant tomato seeds in a box. People say that there is apt to be much sickness after such a mild winter, but we do not hear of much yet."

CHAPTER XVIII.

DISTRESSED, BUT COMFORTED.

"T'ung-Chou, Apr. 17, 1890.

"The 'grippe', in a tolerably mild form, has reached Kalgan, and the boys and myself had it. We all had fever, and ached all over. The boys recovered more easily than I did, and the Doctor wanted me to come to T'ung-Chou for a change; and I am now feeling very well.

"I walked five miles at a time on the way down, beside walking at two other times on the same day; so you see that I am not very weak.

"I left the boys at home with Mrs. Williams. We had all planned to come down, but the 'grippe' had reached T'ung-Chou, and proved to be of a diphtheritic form.

"Dr. and Mrs. Ingram lost their boy of five weeks and their dear little Edna, who was with us last summer; and they are left alone; but they are wonderfully sustained, and their sorrow is not shown in public. Their hearts are full, and we all sympathize deeply with them. I took a great deal of care of her last year, and became much attached to her; for she was a lovely child. On account of the malignant form of the disease, no children are present from the other stations.

"Dr. Sinclair and Miss McKillican, who were in Kalgan last year, have written a begging letter, asking to go to Kalgan, '<u>if they must live in a mud house</u>'."

Then came another of Grace's misfortunes, under which she stood

up bravely. While she was at T'ung-Chou, three physicians in consultation declared that she was in the first stage of tuberculosis,- that dread disease, which two years before had taken from her two sisters. They prescribed, in addition to medicines and tonics, the cold mountain air of Kalgan, and daily playing at lawn tennis. Fortunately there is seldom any snow on the ground in North China, nor even clouds in the sky in winter, because of the dry winds, that blow from the desert of Gobi. We played tennis about noon each day, except when strong winds carried away the balls, making playing impossible. Her skill in the game was noteworthy. Also there was plenty of laughter and good cheer. In the course of time, she recovered completely from the dread disease; and her precious life was prolonged thirty years more. Still the hay fever continued to distress her.

"Kalgan, May 23, 1890.

"I must tell you of a little boy, that we have at present in our school. His father is dead, and his mother is a bad woman, and does not care for him. He has been living with relatives, but they are unkind to him; so the neighbors begged us to take him into the school. We decided to try him, but he does not do at all well,- in fact, does so poorly that we cannot keep him, and yet it is hard to send him away. His friends (?) punished him with a wet rope. As soon as he learns that we are ythinking of sending him away, he begins, in a most frightened way, to beg us to keep him. We fear that he will be beaten nearly to death, if he goes home; and it is hard to decide what we ought to do.

"The weather is quite delightful now. Our plants, tomatoes, flowers, &c., are doing well. The children have each a little garden, in which they greatly rejoice."

"Kalgan, June 11, 1890.

"James has gone to Ta-T'ung-Fu (120 miles southwest from here). Last Friday morning a messenger arrived, asking that a doctor be sent there with all possible speed, as Mr. McKee was very sick, and had eaten nothing for seven days. A cart was hired as soon as possible, and soon after noon James and Dr. McBride left, having agreed with the driver, to give him extra money, if he would get them there in 2 1/2 instead of 4 days. We have not heard from them yet.

On Monday night a special messenger arrived from Paotingfu, asking James to come down, and help them there immediately, if he could. (What a word "immediately" is, when its meaning includes a journey of from 8 to 12 days!) Mr. Fraser grows worse rather than better, and will have to go to America without delay. Dr. Merritt will then be left there alone, with all the work of clinics, house-building, &c., on his hands. I presume James will go to the rescue, but I hope that he will not be gone long.

"That same night a servant was badly stung by a scorpion, and a savage dog got out of the girls' school court, and frightened a good many people, but succeeded in biting only a small dog;- but that he did pretty well. So you see we can get up some excitement here, once in a while.

"Since the Doctor went away, I have been going to the dispensary with Mrs. McBride, and have gone to the Russians, four miles away, once. I also often have to go down to her house with patients, who come to this place, to interpret for her, as she cannot understand their language.

"I expect the Goodriches next Friday, and Dr. Sinclair and Miss McKillican will come to Mrs. Williams. Dr. Sinclair says that "the smells in Kalgan are like heaven, as compared with Peking smells".

We cannot agree with her, unless she is comparing our fresh mountain breezes with the odors of the Peking streets.

"Our tomatoes are fine, many of them in blossom."

"Kalgan, June 27, 1890.

"James left last Monday for Paotingfu, and I do not know when he will return. He has gone to help Dr. Merritt, who is alone there, and is building, with all his medical work, and the care of the station.

"Mr. Fraser has started for America with his wife and five children. Those who saw him say, that he was greatly depressed, and they feared that he might become crazy.

"Dr. McBride has not been well at all since his return from Ta-T'ung-Fu, and, as he has a fever patient, he made up his mind, that he was going to have a fever; he fought against it bravely, but yesterday he succumbed. I have not heard from him this morning."

"Kalgan, July 7, 1890.

"We have sad news to write this time. Dr. McBride died of typhus fever, of a most malignant form, last Sunday evening at 7:30, after an illness of 12 days. Mrs. McBride could not be with him; and as she was not much exposed, we hope that she may escape. She and the boys are with me for a few days. He was buried yesterday forenoon. Dr. Sinclair and Miss McKillican have thrown their lives into the care of him. They are very tired, but as they took great precautions, we hope that they too will not be sick."

"Kalgan, July 15, 1890.

"I wrote before of Dr. McBride's death. He was not well, when he returned from Kwaihwafu Ta-T'ung-Fu, but would not give up any of his work, and would not rest. If he ever did lie down for a little nap, he did not want any one to know it. We had a fever patient on

the place, and he cared faithfully for him, but was himself taking tonics, and seemed to be afraid of that patient. Mrs. McBride said that he had never before shown any fear in cases of contagious diseases, nor taken tonics. June 25th, he told Mrs. McBride that he wished that his life had been insured. He worked on accounts until 10 o'clock with Mr. Williams and Miss Diament, and did not seem worse than he had been. At 12:30 in the night, he was taken with very severe chills, which continued until about five o'clock. Dr. Sinclair and Miss McKillican, a trained nurse, attended him. For a week he had no alarming symptoms, and all supposed that it was the ordinary Chinese fever, and that he would come through it all right. But on the ninth day his heart seemed to give way, and from that time he sank rapidly, and died Sunday evening at 7:25. His sickness was most distressing to witness, especially at the last, when he wanted so much to speak, but could not make a sound. He fought hard for life, but finally succumbed. His disease was of so malignant and contagious a nature, that he was immediately wrapped in a sheet, which was first wet in disinfecting water, and a coffin was sent for. We had planned to prepare a foreign coffin, and pad it inside with white silk, and cover the outside with black; but the infection was so great, that we dared not wait for that. A large supply of disinfectants was used, and at noon on Monday he was buried. Mrs. McBride is not well, and was not allowed to enter the room for several days, but was in to see him, when it was known that he was dying.

"I did no nursing, but provided beef tea, mutton broth, &c., for him, and made coffee and lunches for those who nursed him. James went to Paotingfu three weeks ago yesterday, and we have sent a messenger for him, as we fear that others may come down with the fever, although they took every precaution.

"Dr. McBride has killed himself with over-work. He had no time for sociability, and many a night has not undressed, because he felt it a waste of time, He always took a book to the table, that no time should be wasted. It is a well-known fact, that our missionaries out here cannot work as we can at home. The climate has that effect, especially upon new-comers. Every one had warned the Doctor, but he had poohed at it, and worked as he thought best. He had always worked hard, and saw no reason why he should not do so now. After he began to be poorly, he said that he thought that there must be something in what we said; but it was too late.

"Mrs. McBride bore it bravely. Shr came right up to my house, and I sat up all night with her Sunday night, as she was very nervous, and did not want me to leave her. Then she and the children stayed with me for a week, while the rooms were being fumigated and cleaned. She has now gone back, but her face is very sad, They have always worked very hard, too hard, and they were happy in the thought of having a comfortable home, and had ordered a good many things, to begin house-keeping comfortably.

"Ever since they were married, they have been unsettled, both of them being in school the most of the time. The babies were left with her sister, when they were only a few months old, and have known little of a mother's care. Dr. and Mrs. McBride have been poverty poor, and the latter must go back to her poverty now. We are all extremely sorry for her. She wishes to get a stone, to put at his grave, and we all shall help her."

James wrote from Kalgan, Aug. 12, 1890:-

"On the 21st of July, I received at Paotingfu letters from Grace and others here, telling me of the death of Dr. McBride from typhus

fever, on the 6th of the same month. No road was passable except the river, owing to the heavy rains; so I had to go by Boat to Tientsin, and thence to T'ung-Chou and Peking, on the way to Kalgan. The dikes along the rivers were broken, and the floods were prevailing over all the visible earth. As far as the eye could see on either side, the crops had been ruined, and the country converted into a great lake. We rowed past villages, that were partly submerged in water. The houses were soaked from top to bottom, and in many cases the water was standing two or three feet deep in the houses. Some of the people had taken refuge on the roofs, some on boats, and some on portions of the dikes, that remained not covered with the water. At times I would hear a noise like thunder, but steady, and gradually approaching us, and would find that it was caused by a break in the dike, through which the water was pouring at a fearful rate. It took careful steering and hard poling, to keep the boat from being drawn into the vortex, from which it could emerge only as a wreck. It took four days to go from Paotingfu to Tientsin (100 miles), and four days to go from there to T'ung-Chou up-stream, about the same distance by water, though nearer by land. Going on to Peking, I was delayed only one day in hiring my mule-litter; and came home without any trouble, except that the roads were bad, and my litter fell off from the mules once, and rolled over in the mud. No injury to me, nor to my baggage! The Chinese inns were at their worst,- reeking with dampness, and inhabited in more senses than one.

Grace wrote:- - - - - "Kalgan, Sept. 24, 1890.

"Yesterday noon James, Charlie and Johnnie, started on a tour to Mongolia; and Dr. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. McKee, all the children and myself, had carts, and escorted them about five miles."

"Kalgan, Oct. 16, 1890.

"Dr. Merritt and family left here two weeks ago, and I suppose they are now nearing home. Mrs. M. is a very fleshy woman, weighing about 220 lbs., but she is very lively, and is a fine musician, having played a large church organ at home for years.

"As to our home boxes, the things that we ordered in January have not yet arrived. They have never reached us so late before.

"I am glad that Walter can go to the Sandwich Islands, for the traveling and change of climate will do him good. I do not wonder that you are drawn to Walter; and I know that, as you said, he did love and trust in Mother very much.

"The weather is getting quite cold now, and we are preparing for winter. My plants are taken up, and are ready to be put in the windows, when I have cleaned house."

"Kalgan, Nov. 19, 1890.

"You speak of Mr. Murray, of Peking, as being blind. He is not blind, but has lost one arm. He is not an educated man, but he seems to be doing a good work for the blind. He is very bashful; and when we lived in Peking, he was unmarried, but much wanted a wife. He tried to get Mr. Noble to make some proposals for him, but he refused. He finally returned to England, and came back married. So at last he conquered his bashfulness.

"We have a station class on the place, which, when full, will number twenty five men and boys.

"James has a Mongol teacher. I wish that you could have seen us at dinner the other day, when we had as guests, a dirty Mongol, a member of the China Inland Mission in Chinese dress, and ourselves. Mongol, American and English, and a Chinaman waiting on us!"

"Kalgan, Nov. 26, 1890.

"I wrote you some time ago, that our boxes were lost; but we fi-

nally received a letter from Mr. Bostwick, "hoping that our boxes had reached us all right". So we knew that he had forwarded them, and began to expect them. Last Friday night they came, and we were filled with joy. We opened them with all possible speed, the box from Boston first. We soon found that the things were damp, and those lower down were wet. Some books for James were ruined. A pair of shoes also were in a bad condition. Some of the packages would hardly hold together. The candy in one box had entirely disappeared, but that which you sent was a delicious treat,- it was so fresh!

"We are all very busy now. James is not satisfied with speaking Chinese, and now has a Mongol teacher for two hours every morning. Dr. and Mrs. Merritt want Mr. Roberts and myself to go up into Mongolia, to live with them. Mrs. M. and myself are to milk the cows, and make butter and cheese for the mission.

"We were surprised by an earthquake shock last Monday night at 9 1/2 o'clock. It was short, but pretty severe, and seemed to pass from west to east, rattling the windows a good deal. I had gone down to Miss Diament's room, and while she with Mrs. McBride and myself were talking, a heavy rumbling began apparently in her attic; but when the windows began to rattle, we knew that it must be an earthquake.

"We all have a good deal of extra work to do for Mrs. McBride, for she is just as helpless as a babe, and we have to make her clothing for her, as we are ashamed of her appearance. She was so dependent on the Doctor, to decide everything for her, that she can do nothing. Mrs. Williams says that she seems to be just stunned by her loss.

"We learned by the letter, that accompanied our boxes, that they had been started from Tientsin on the 27th of August, and had been

86 days in coming here! 220 miles in 86 days!!! Everything was flooded down that way, and we suppose that the mule-men brought the goods to T'ung-Chou, and there put them in their store-house, to await their convenience. Your box had evidently stood in enough water, to soak everything below the lid of the boiler; and must have stood in it a long time. It was all the fault of the mule-men." (Note: Some of the books and shoes had been packed in a new wash-boiler, and other things above it; and the box had stood in water, wrong side up.)

"Kalgan, Dec. 18, 1890.

"My dear Father:

Is it too late, to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year? I know that you are very sad, but you must look to God for help, and then look on the thankful side, and be as cheerful as you can."

"Kalgan, Dec. 29, 1890.

"We had a beautiful gift from Miss Diament. It was Dore's Bible Art Gallery, consisting of 100 Bible illustrations and descriptions.

"I suppose that Charlie will go home with Mr. Williams, and Johnnie may go too, but we have not yet decided."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LIFE AND WORK AT KALGAN.

I will explain somewhat more about our Kalgan home life and work. We had good American cook-stoves and cleanly kitchens, with board floors painted, and often scrubbed. People from Peking exclaimed at the neatness of our kitchen; and I well remember the look of dismay on our cook's face, when Grace told him to wash the floor every afternoon. Speaking of cook-stoves,- our Magee range was taken apart in Peking, and brought to Kalgan in a decidedly "knock-down" condition, and wrongly put together again, one piece being left out by mistake; and the stove would not bake properly for three years. Then our fellow missionary from Paotingfu, Rev. Isaac Pierson,- a mechanical genius,- came to Kalgan for the summer, took the stove apart, and put it together properly.

Rather than hire a heathen cook, who had been taught American cooking, and perhaps had some skill, but probably would be dishonest, we preferred to hire a well certified Christian young man, and teach him foreign cooking from the start. This was a hard task for Grace, but resulted most happily, in our having honest and cleanly servants, as well as efficient ones; for the young Chinese are quick to learn. We had two most faithful servants, Mr. Gold, "Preserver of Virtue", and Mr. Chang, "Resolute Righteousness"; the former in our employ 15 years, and the latter 18 years. Only persons who have had good Chinese servants, can know how we prized them.

Some of our men learned the Gospel rapidly, and became deacons, school teachers or preachers. One sewing woman, who came to us absolutely illiterate, learned to read the New Testament,- read the whole

of it,- and became a Bible woman, that is, a female evangelist. Dr. Murdock taught her and others in an embroidery class. The Chinese women are fond of such work, and do it skillfully. She sold the products of their work in America, to pay the expenses of the class;- hired the women to do this work, and taught them to read in the afternoons. She said that she could not get any women except "the wives of shiftless husbands".

The busy years seemed short, with daily preaching to the heathen, Sunday services, midweek meetings, and three temperance societies, which refused to be united, because they aimed at different vices, and had different constituencies and varying enthusiasms. The medical work, daily teaching in the schools, evangelistic work for women, long preaching tours, and selling of large amounts of Scriptures and tracts and school text-books and general Christian literature, kept every one busy. It was better to sell books at a fraction of their cost, than to give them away; for so they would be more likely to be valued and read.

When we had a doctor, people would flock to the dispensary. After the doctor had left our city, they would come to our homes with all sorts of wounds and sicknesses, asking for medical aid. "Haven't you medicines for your own use?" they would say; "and cannot you give us some?" They would knock their heads on the ground, to show their humility and earnestness. For a few simple but common ailments, the doctor left doses and directions. For infected wounds,- some of which were dreadful to behold,- carbolic acid was effective; and for dog-bites we used turpentine with success. Sometimes a woman would bring to our front door a child all broken out with small pox. The pleas, to cure blind eyes, paralysis and even insanity, were pitiful. People would ask for medicines to make the beard grow, or to beauti-

fy the face. One man wanted to learn the magic art of healing, and was willing to be cheated, in order to learn how to cheat others for pay. Mr. Sprague and I always kept ground coffee and mustard at hand, and ran at any time of day or night, to save the lives of opium suicides. If called in good season, we generally succeeded after four hours of labor, winning the gratitude of the family, but not that of the person attempting suicide.

"Kalgan, Feb. 17, 1891.

"I am planning to go to Yü-Chou in April with James, leaving the boys with Mrs. Williams. I am going to have a long Chinese garment made, which will nearly reach the bottom of my dress.

"A few Sundays ago, a lot of Shantung refugees came here, and we did what we could for them.

"We have just passed the Chinese New Year, and some of our school-boys were insulted, and one of them was beaten by some ugly Manchus. The case is before the yamen, and James is almost sick, with managing the affair. We do not know how it will come out. The Chinese Church members want the offenders to be made an example, so that nothing of that kind may happen again.

"We are having beautiful weather now; today there is not a cloud in the sky."

"Kalgan, Mar. 4, 1891.

"Spring has come again, and in a few days will come the second anniversary of Mother's death. I can hardly realize that almost two years have passed, since our return to China. I shall always be thankful that Mother and the girls (Sarah and Florence) were spared, until after we reached home. I have always said, that no own Mother could have been more glad to see me, or could have treated me better, than she did, on my visit home. And James appreciated all her

thoughtful acts for him.

"The weather here is delightful now, and we shall soon have fine warm weather. We are all just as busy as we can be.

"There is some talk of having Mission Meeting at Tientsin this year, as the T'ung-Chou force of entertainers is so crippled. We shall have to go down early, as James gives three lectures on Astronomy to the High School students."

"Kalgan, Mar. 26, 1891.

"We have heard of Mrs, Sprague's death, but cannot mourn that she is released from suffering. Mr. Sprague plans to be back here by Mission Meeting time, but as that occurs two weeks earlier than usual, he may not succeed. We shall be glad to see him back.

"I think that Mrs. McBride will take her boys to America with her, as her folks advise her to do so." (Grace and Mrs. Williams so pitied Mrs. McBride, that they were willing, at great sacrifice, to care for the boys a few years, while their mother should complete her medical education;- and <u>such boys</u>!!!- almost wild, not of their fault, but because of parental neglect!)

A letter from Charlie to his Grandpa, dated Apr. 7th, says:-

"There is a very funny little Chinese girl here, who follows us so much, that we call her "Satellite". She has learned some English words, and says "doggie", "cow", &c. She often holds Papa's hand, while we are walking on the front walk. Her mother scolded her for it one day, for fear Papa would not like it. "But Mamma", said she, "you don't take me out to walk; so what can I do?"

"On April Fool's day, Johnnie took a heaping spoonful of salt on his oatmeal, I having prepared it for him beforehand. We children made a pretended mail package out of old letters, with "April Fool" inside of each. From the outside, it looked just like the Peking

mail. Our cook took in the bundle at the appointed time, at which time Anna and Daisy came over, as if to find me. Mamma began to undo it, saying, "Now children, it will be much easier for me to unbundle it, if you don't bother, in trying to help." Then she saw through it, and said, "Take your old mail! I don't want it." She threw it on the floor, smashing, or rather cracking a watermelon and a peach, that were made out of mud and painted, and which Anna had put in for Mrs. McBride. I pinned a piece of cloth on Papa's coat-tail, and it stayed on for three days. Jamie received a tail too.

"Anna, Daisy and I, joined the Church on Sunday, Jan, 25th.

"With love, &c.,

C. A. R.

Grace wrote, under the same date:-

"We start for T'ungchou next week Thursday, and then on to Tientsin for Mission Meeting. We send to you by this mail three photographs of Kao Hsi and Kao Yüeh. The right one is Kao Hsi, who was once my servant, and whom we educated at T'ung-Chou. He is now a valuable helper, and his daughter's feet are not bound."

"Kalgan, July 1, 1891.

"As we sat at dinner table yesterday noon, we were speaking of the home mail, and wondering that it did not come, when it did come, a large bag full. We had had no mail for a long time.

"We are having some very warm weather, and no rain. The clouds come up, and we think that we surely shall have rain, but they disperse and blow away, leaving the ground as dry and parched as ever. We did have a little shower the other night, but not enough to do any good. The farmers have not yet planted their fields, and grain will be very dear.

The Chinese are praying for rain. They think that they have

offended the gods by taking life and eating meat, and so an order was issued, forbidding the killing of any animals, until we should have rain; so for more than a week we have been unable to get any kind of meat. What can one do with a family of nine, including missionary summer guests, to feed, and no meat? Fortunately, when in Tientsin this spring, I bought a little codfish and some ham. So with fish-balls, ham and eggs and canned meat, we have worried along. My cook tells me today, that he thinks he can get some meat for to-morrow. We get no rain, and wind blows almost constantly, and we all feel the dry heat very much indeed. I think that we will all feel much better, as soon as we get rain.

"We had expected to have more refugees call upon us for help, but only one party came after the first one, and they only came into the yard for a few minutes. How much the poor Chinese suffer from floods and famines!

"Charlie is nearly as tall as myself now. He will probably go to Mother Roberts next summer for his education, and you may get a visit from him.

"I wish that you could see how the children of our guests are improving up here. Little Willie Bostwick was a little shadow, and he pined and cried in his mother's arms, and was too weak to stand on his feet. Now he is eating heartily, and is just as mischievous as a child can be, and is getting so fat, that his mother has to enlarge his clothes. Baby Wagner is gaining at the rate of nine ounces a week.

"Miss Russell of Peking is in Miss Diament's house. She came out last fall, and this is her first summer. She is a lovely woman. She has worked with Mr. Moody and Mrs. Capron at home.

"We have usually planted some sweet corn, but shall have none this summer. Our flowers and tomatoes are suffering from lack of

rain.

"Our guests are all now with us, except Mr. Ament and Mr. Bostwick, who will be back again in August. Our little community at present numbers ten ladies, six gentlemen and nine children.

"Mrs. Wagner and Mrs. Ament have arranged with the children, to have an exhibition on the evening of the 3rd of July. They are secret in all their movements, and we are left to guess at everything, except what we ourselves are asked to do. I judge that they are preparing quite an elaborate program. Rehearsals are going on every day in my house, and I am led blind-folded through the rooms, lest I might find out what they are doing.

"Mrs. Wagner is giving the boys language lessons, and Miss Wyett drawing lessons. The children draw very nicely. Mrs. Ament teaches Jamie and her Emily. So you see we have quite a summer school.

"We also have our little love match. I am sure you would think so, if you could see J. and E. always together, often going about arm in arm. We have a great deal of fun over them, and their funny capers."

In July, 1891, the Chinese authorities furnished each mission station and out-station with a proclamation, stating that "the Christian religion is a good and true teaching, and that all missionaries have the lawful right to pursue their peaceful calling in China."

This was a great nation-wide proclaiming of the Gospel, and a protection to all Christian workers, freely given by a non-Christian Government. Posted in all the chapels, it was read by the crowds of Chinese people, who came to see and hear some new thing, and was read and explained by the preachers. It was a comfort and help, to know that the Government was publicly acknowledging our right to live and labor there.

James wrote, July 6, 1891: "Our dear James Gilmour, who wrote "AMONG THE MONGOLS", and who has fought his way through almost overwhelming sorrows and troubles, is now at rest. We met him at Tientsin in May. He seemed fairly well, but soon after was attacked with malarial fever, and died before the end of the month. The Mongols, of whom there are two millions in Mongolia and six millions fartner west and north, have now no one who can give all his time and best efforts, to care for their souls. Our Mission has just issued a call for another missionary for Kalgan, to enlarge its work for the Mongols."

CHAPTER XX.

A TOUR TO YU-CHOU.

"For a long time Mr. Roberts and I had talked of making a tour to Yü-Chou. Sept. 10th, 1891, was the day chosen for starting. Bright and early the cart came, drawn by three horses. Then we began to pack the cart. Of course we must have a food-box, for I cannot eat Chinese food. This was filled with bread, meat, butter, cookies, salt, pepper, sugar, some canned milk and other canned goods; and lastly a little dish-pan, dish-cloth and dish-wipers. These things filled one large and one small box. Then we must have a small trunk for extra clothing, bedding, &c. Then comes the box with the baby organ, given to Mr. Roberts by some kind friends in America. Two single mattrasses, two pillows, and comfortables, packed in a cover, to protect them from the dust;- a little iron stove and a bag of charcoal, with tea-pots, and a tin to cook in, completed our outfit. Beside these, we had several bundles to take down into the country for the Chinese about us.

"At about ten o'clock, everything was securely fastened on the cart, and we were ready to start. Our party consisted of our helper, Ts'ai Fu Yuan, our servant, Mr. Roberts, Jamie, myself and the carter. Perhaps I had been a little boastful, but I supposed that I could ride a springless cart, when comfortably packed, without suffering much discomfort. But alas! I was to be disappointed. We traveled fifty li or 17 miles that day, and when I reached the inn at night, I went immediately to bed with a sick headache. This led Mr. Roberts to decide, that we must make short stages. The next day I got along much better, although the road was very bad. We traveled in a river-

bed, up-hill all the way. The cart ruts seemed full of pebbles, (rocks?) and it made the riding very uncomfortable. We found a nice room at night, and rested well.

"The next day we traveled more in the river-bed, and crossed a range of mountains. Toward night we reached the village of Azure Hill (Ch'ing K'o Ta), and were warmly welcomed by our helper and his good wife. They gave us a nice clean room, and the helper, Kao Hsi, immediately began to prepare food for us. He kept a few hens, that went visiting during the day, but returned at night. Soon after we arrived, they came home to roost; and one had no sooner alighted, than it was caught, and quickly was boiling in the pot. Meantime we tried to make ourselves presentable, by removing the dust from faces and clothes. We then spread our beds for the night, and waited for supper. Our helper's little boy, named Chin Te, or Entering Virtue, was greatly pleased to see us; and as Mr. Roberts had told him, that he would bring down some cookies in the shape of cats, and would give him some, in case he had studied well, he soon came to us with his little book, a primer, called the "Three Character Classic". He gave Mr. Roberts the book, made his manners, turned his back to him, and began to recite. He recited the book from beginning to end, with very few mistakes. Of course he got his cookie. Then the call came to supper, and we appreciated the thoughtfulness of the helper, if we did not appreciate the tough chicken. Having finished supper, we retired for the night, and our bed without springs was not in the least uncomfortable.

"The next morning, people began coming before we were up. At about noon, it being Sunday, we had a meeting in the little chapel. I played the baby organ, and Mr. Roberts preached. I wish that you could have seen our audience. Men, women and children, came in con-

siderable numbers. The most of the children were clad in nature's garb, and many of the men, from the waist up, were in the same dress. It was indeed a motley crowd, and it was very hard for them to keep still. But we had a pleasant little service. Then we had dinner, and tried to have a rest. Soon little Virtue came in with his book, and wished to recite it to me. I heard him, and then gave him the cookie, which he of course expected. He is only five years old. Then I went into the little school, kept by the helper's wife. She had six little scholars, and O, how their little tongues did run! and how it did amuse them, to have a foreign lady looking at them! Each one of them recited to me, and I gave each of them a cookie. Then I took "The Story of the Bible", and sat out in the yard, and showed the pictures to the women, and tried to explain them. Meantime Mr. Roberts, with two helpers and a servant, were preaching on the street. In the evening we had another meeting in the chapel, and I played the organ. The most of the people had never heard such an instrument. The meeting was led by helper Ts'ai.

"Monday morning at nine o'clock, having had prayers with the Christians, we started on toward Yü-Chou. We had an uneventful day, and at night reached the village of Red Cliff, the home of my servant. The village is a little way up the mountainside; and when we reached the base of the [illegible] mountain, we suddenly went up a hill, which seemed to incline at an angle of 45%. We were welcomed by the family of a former servant of Mr. Sprague; and while the meal was being prepared for us, I played the organ in their tiny court, while Mr. R. and the helper sang, and then preached to the people, who had gathered there. Supper over, we retired for the night, and the morning found us greatly refreshed.

"We then went a short distance to a village called "Water Springs", where we called on two helpers. The infant child of one was very

sick; and when we came back from Yü-Chou, it was dead. At noon we ate dinner at another village, where is the home of our boys' school teacher. After dinner, I went to call on his wife. I had never seen her before, and I was most favorably impressed with her personal appearance. She is a heathen, but she is bright, pleasant, and business-like.

"The afternoon's journey took us to the West River Encampment (Hsi Ho Ying), the home of the family of one of our helpers. We found a clean airy room, and anticipated a quiet night, for we were all tired. I played the organ in the yard, while the gentlemen sang. The people in the yard gathered about us, and the neighbors assembled on the roofs. The yard was large, but was nearly filled with the crops, that were waiting to be threshed and winnowed. After tea we retired, but we were not to rest long, for I soon discovered that the k'ang, or stove-bed, was preoccupied; and we spent a large part of the night, in trying to drive off the enemy. I must confess that I did not care to spend another night there.

"The next afternoon, Wednesday, we reached Yü-Chou, and were soon comfortably settled. Our former enemy did not find us here, and we rested nicely. We remained here until Monday; and twice each day crowds of men and women came to see us. We gathered the latter in a room, and tried to talk with them. Some listened very nicely, but the most of them had come simply to see, and when they were satisfied with looking, went away. Their constant talking and shouting tired me very much; and so, when we thought that we had talked enough, we sent the crowds away. This was not easily done, but we had to do it twice a day.

"Thursday was the day for the heathen feast of the worship of the moon. That night, as soon as the full moon arose, the people

set a low table out in the yard, and on it spread "moon-cakes", watermelon, grapes and other eatables,- also candles and incense-sticks. (Of course our Christians did not do so; but there were several heathen families, living in houses fronting on the same yard, and we had a good opportunity to see them.) Unfortunately for them, the moon went into a cloud, and remained there, and the wind blew so hard, that they could not light their candles. The next day, we asked them if the moon ate the feast prepared for it. They laughed, and said "No." "Ah", we said, "you set it out for the moon to eat, when you know that it cannot eat; and then you take the food in, and eat it yourselves." They agreed that it was ridiculous, but nevertheless they will do the same thing next year. Many of the people who came to see me were elegantly dressed in silks and satins, and wore beautiful silver earrings and head ornaments.

During all this trip, the people were getting in their crops, and in most places the piles of sorghum and millet were a beautiful sight, and we felt that the people were well supplied for the winter. In some places, however, the soil was very rocky, and the crops were poor indeed. As in the neighborhood of Kalgan, many places had suffered from drought. Nothing was planted ~~in~~ about Kalgan until nearly the middle of July, and as we had but one or two showers after that, the crops of course were very small, and grain and vegetables are very dear. We fear that there may be much suffering around us this winter, but we hear nothing of it yet.

"On Monday we turned our faces homeward, and after a tedious but uneventful journey, we reached home. We were warmly welcomed by the friends, especially by our two boys, who had remained with Mrs. Williams. They had enjoyed a short trip to Mongolia during our absence, and had much to tell us. We hope that the tour was not without good

results, although we felt that much of the preaching was lost. However, the Lord sees the hearts, and he knows where the seed fell, and whether or not it shall bring forth fruit. We can only watch and wait. Even though the journey was a hard one, I think that I was on the whole benefited by it.

"P. S. I must add a few words to what I have already written. Our helper's wife at Ch'ing K'o Ta told me of her experiences, at the time of her moving to that place. The people at that village had heard that a Christian man and his wife were about to move into their village. What they expected, who can tell? For more than twenty days after she arrived, the people came in crowds to see her. They looked her over from head to feet, commented on her appearance, asked her numberless questions, and capped it all by asking, "What do you eat?" They could not realize that she was one of their people, although her home was only 27 miles away. They greatly wearied her.

"The wife of our oldest Christian at Yü-Chou, who is the mother of our helper Ts'ai Fu Yüan, is quite delicate, and during the last year has become totally blind. Her face bore a sweet expression of resignation, and she talked beautifully of the new eyes, that she would have in her heavenly home, and the glorious things that they would behold there. She and her husband both have bought their coffins already, and are keeping them ready for use. It is the custom, to buy the coffin long before it is needed; as, in that case, it is cheaper than if bought in an emergency. It is a comfort to elderly persons, to know that preparations have been made, and that they are to be buried with decent care.

"Several temples, that we passed on the way, were built up on the side of the mountains, and below them, all along the road, there were many little long-shaped stones, set up on end, in many places

as high up as the person who put them there could reach. The Chinese believe, that any one who puts up a stone in such a place, will have a son born to him as a reward. The superstitions of the Chinese seem innumerable. O that the light of the Gospel may soon enter their dark hearts!"

(End of the account of the tour to Yü-Chou.)

CHAPTER XXI.

CHARLIE'S RETURN AND THE WAR WITH JAPAN.

In those years, there were no good schools for American children in China, and when their age and condition required it, they had to be sent to the home country for their education. In 1892 our eldest son went to America with Rev. Mark Williams and his family. The next two years he spent with his Grandma Roberts in Hartford. In later years she testified, that he had never once given her an anxious thought. We in Kalgan, of course, keenly felt his absence. Without him, our home never seemed as it had been. In those passing years, diphtheria and other illnesses invaded our family, but were repelled by Dr. Murdock's wisdom and faithfulness, by Grace's watchful activity, and last but not least, by the mercy of God. Grace was quick in deciding and doing, and seldom made a mistake. Once, when <u>some one else</u> gave the medicine to the wrong boy, it did no harm, and the one who should have received it recovered rapidly.

"Kalgan, Jan. 13, 1892.

"We seem to be unfortunate as to our mails. One courier from Peking to Tientsin never arrived at the latter place. Both the man and the mail were lost. Our last mail was the first overland one of this season from Shanghai, and had Customs stamps. This mail came to us in a paper package, with both ends open, and we do not know how many letters may have been lost out.

"We had a very pleasant Christmas. The presents were given out in Mrs. Williams' sittingroom soon after dinner." (Here follows some account of the gifts.) "We had a bountiful tea at Mrs. Wagner's,

and afterward the children gave some declamations and Christmas songs. Then we played games, and so ended the day.

"James and I gave Charlie a nice writing-case, for use in traveling. I was planning to go to Tientsin, to see him off; but do not know when we shall go.

"I think I told you, that the first Mrs. Gulick adopted two little Chinese girls, who had been put out, to die. One of them is now at Mt. Holyoke College, studying. She has been sending money for some years to her mother and brother. The mother died reesntly at the dispensary of cancer. In dying, the only thing that she regretted was, that her young son was not betrothed.

(Here follows a long gap in the correspondence. It is certain that frequent letters were written, as usual, but they are not now at hand, in 1927.)

"Kalgan, Oct. 5, 1892.

"We have no doctor now, and do not yet know who will come to us; but we thank the Lord, that we are keeping pretty well. (Note: During half of the 26 years of our life in Kalgan, we had no physician within a distance of several days' journey.)

"We are expecting some more of the C. I. M. (China Inland Mission) people to pass through here soon, on their way to inland stations. It has fallen to me for a long time, to entertain the most of our company, and I have had considerable of it to do. Mr.Sprague, of course, boards with me, and I look after his mending.

"Charles seems much pleased with his new Grandma, and his love is reciprocated; but his Grandma mustn't spoil him, for I have always understood, that that is a "Grandma's failing". We have had several

letters from him this week, written and mailed at three different times. I am glad that the dear boy has at last got to his journey's end. Our prayer is, that he may do well in his studies, and do a good work for the Lord, somewhere, sometime.

"Kao Hai's wife has unbound her feet, and is now wearing large shoes. A great many women have gone to see her. They cannot understand why she does such a thing.

"We are having such nice rains this fall; and that means less dust in the spring, and probably better crops next summer. Our dogs are barking so fearfully out in the yard, that I cannot think how to write straight. We have all the tomatoes that we can eat."

"Kalgan, Dec. 1, 1892.

"I am sorry that I am so negligent about writing; but my house seems to be the rendezvous for every body and every thing. I am rarely alone for an evening. Some of the friends drop in, and we often sing together, or play some nice game.

"Dr. Murdock likes to come here; and yesterday she went so far as to ask me, if I didn't want her to come to supper. Of course I said "Yes"; for we always welcome the Doctor. When she does come, she keeps things lively.

"We celebrated Thanksgiving last Thursday, and I had the friends here. We had a Welshman and an Englishman and one English woman. Two of the children were half Welsh and half English. We made some hens take the place of turkeys, as we did not like to kill the only two that we had, which Mr. Bostwick gave us. We were just a dozen persons in all. In the evening we had pop-corn and some candy, which I made of sugar. James reached home just the night before.

"In a previous letter, I told of Kao Hai being arrested, and taken to Hsüan Hua Fu, a city about 25 miles from here. It proved

that he was not arrested, but that he felt it his duty, to testify in behalf of an innocent man. The magistrates refused to see James, or to receive a letter from him; but they were apparently so frightened by his appearance there, that they allowed him to take the men, and leave for Ch'ing K'o Ta. He spent several days in and around that place, and then returned home.

"We are having considerable sickness among the men and boys on the place. The disease seems to be fever, but none of them have yet been seriously ill. Some of the men and boys get sick, because in their homes they were nearly starved, and when they find abundant food here, they stuff themselves, and soon get sick.

"Everything is very dear here. Oatmeal is ordinarily about 17 cash per catty (1 1/3 lbs.). Now it is 40 cash a catty. As this is the chief article of food for working people who can afford it, they are forced to eat poorer food.

"We have had a nice snow-storm, and the boys enjoy playing with the snow.

"I am very busy sewing. This fall, since the 20th of September, I have made 4 pairs of pants, 1 coat and vest, 1 jacket, 4 shirts, and one large heavy overcoat, and am now making another. Beside these, I have done considerable other sewing, and have knit a pair of mittens, and am now on my third pair of stockings for the boys. I also have school with the boys every forenoon. I also have to oversee the mending of the school-boys' clothing, which is done by a Chinese woman. I have just made enough Communion wine to last a year. So you see that I find enough work to do. But who cannot, if he wants to work?

"We had nice letters from Charlie by the last mail. He seems to be finding his place in school; but it is difficult for him to find companions who do not swear, smoke, &c."

In 1893 the Chinese began to be less cordial, and the officials were arbitrary and annoying. The tide had turned, which would result in a deluge of Boxer troubles. But seven years of increasing tension between natives and foreigners were to intervene, before the crisis. In these years, the Chinese Christians were so loyal to the missionaries, that they incurred hatred, and were considered as foreigners by the heathen. In August, 1894, the dispute between China and Japan, as to which nation should govern Korea, resulted in war.

In the spring of that year, it became evident that our two younger boys needed to be in an American school. They still also needed the assistance, advice and encouragement, which their dear Mother could best give. On the other hand, the missionary work required my presence and best efforts in China. As has been stated, there were in those times no fit schools for American children in China. "So, in love and grief, we parted", Grace going with Johnnie and Jamie, and I remaining, to continue my usual work. When I saw them take the ship at T'ang-ku, it was a solemn moment. Our sorrow was deep, and the future seemed so uncertain. Who could tell, whether we should ever meet again?

Returning to Kalgan, I found the home so empty, that I stayed away from it as much as possible, going on preaching tours throughout our vast parish, which was as larger than Massachusetts, and about as populous. With me were my faithful deacon-servant, "Resolute Righteousness", and a preacher, and sometimes a student, and the driver of our springless two-mule cart. The latter generally was friendly, which was fortunate; for the people, wherever we went, were more anxious to hear him tell about us, than to hear us speak about Christ.

On her voyage, Grace was as seasick as ever before. Her sons

did all in their power for her aid and comfort. Having arrived in Worcester, Mass., they all, and Charles with them, lived near to the home of Grace's father and family. He had married most happily his third wife, Miss FRANCES C. ELA, who, like her predecessors, was of the finest Christian character and a delightfully lovable heart. She cared for him to the end of his life with the utmost devotion, and still survives (in 1927) in Livermore Falls, Maine, in the happy companionship of her many nephews and nieces.

In the absence of some missionaries, who had gone from Paotingfu to America, I was requested to spend the winter of 1894-5 in that city to preach and teach, and assist the native helpers in such work. Going thither by way of Peking and Tientsin, I found that all the talk in Peking was about the war, but in Tientsin the chief topic of conversation was the epidemic of Cholera, then ravaging the city and surrounding country. During the winter, many thousands of Chinese soldiers came to Paotingfu from the western and southern provinces, on their way to the seat of war. As they had never seen the strange sight of a foreigner, they thronged to see us, not without the feeling that we were enemies,- for they were going to fight foreigners, and had no means of knowing that we were not Japanese.

One day, while the soldiers were ransacking our premises, a mob of city rascals collected at our gate. Asking the military officer to protect us from the mob of uncivil civilians,I went outside the gate, to conciliate and entertain them, hoping to keep them quiet, if possible, from 2 P.M. till sunset!!!- when they would probably go home for supper. Two or three Chinese preachers were with me; and we took out two benches, to rest on, and had the gate locked behind us, as a precaution, to guard the premises and the lady missionaries. There we were, face to face with the unwashed and hateful-looking crowd, who were excited with the war-spirit, and hated us as "foreign

devils". I asked a woman, "Why did you come?" She replied, "I heard that your houses were to be torn down, and thought that I might get something." We preached to these people all the afternoon. Toward sunset, I had to walk a quarter of a mile to the barracks, to beg the General to protect us during the night. A howling mob surrounded and followed me, and I knew that some missionaries had been killed in just such circumstances. The plea proved effectual, but the exertion unnerved me, so that I was ill for several days. The storm blew over; but sometimes, when riding with Dr. Willis C. Noble to his dispensary, or returning, as we rode close under the city wall, we heard the reviling voices above us, and on one occasion were pelted with bricks from that high vantage ground. If we had been hit, our earthly careers would have ended then and there.

Peace was declared in the spring, and I went back to my empty home in Kalgan, and to further touring on both sides of the Great Wall. Good letters came from my loved ones,- but alas! should I ever see them again? I consoled myself with God's promises, and with hard work in our wide field; and wrote the following songs, which are inserted here, to show some aspects of our home life in Kalgan, as well as our intense feelings and hopes.

CHAPTER XXII.

TWO BIRTHDAY SONGS.

(A) JAMIE'S BIRTHDAY SONG.

1

At Jamie's first coming, he brought a surprise
To Johnnie, who "saw him fall down from the skies";
And Charlie guessed far from the mark, when he said:
"Not so, baby Chapin is there on the bed".

Joy, joy, O what a great joy,
To have a new brother, a nice baby boy!

2

We were digging potatoes out there in the field;
The tubers were splendid, so rich was the yield;
The cart stood there waiting, to haul them away;-
But that was not the great event of the day.

Joy, joy, O wonderful joy,
To see a new brother, a dear little boy!

3

'Twas the season of pumpkins, but who would have thought,
Such a fine "Kalgan pumpkin" to us would be brought?
'Twas a dear little treasure,- no pumpkin at all;
And the first thing he did was, to make a great squall.

Joy, joy, how splendid the joy,
To hear the new brother,- the sweet noisy boy!

4

The baby kept growing, and soon he could walk;
And then he went further, in learning to talk;-

But so funny a talking! You never could guess
How the small chap could manage, without any S.
Joy, joy, what pleasure, what joy,
To hear such queer talking from our little boy!

5

When we went on the ocean, we had a nice play;
I led my small "camel" through each happy day;
And when, on the voyage, some strange sight was seen,
My Camel would ask, "Papa, what do dat mean?"
Joy, joy, how constant the joy,
To have at my side an inquisitive boy!

6

The years have been flying, and now he 's at school;
He 'll not be a dunce, nor a dolt, nor a fool;
He will work at his studies with heart brave and true,
And will do all the good he can possibly do.
Joy, joy, what delight and what joy,
Good tidings to get of my ten year old boy!

7

At <u>ten</u> years his schooling is fairly begun;
At <u>twenty</u> in college he 'll stand number one;
At <u>thirty</u> he 'll have a nice home of his own;
At <u>ninety</u> he 'll sit on a heavenly throne.
Joy, joy, O infinite joy,
An angel at last, and no longer a boy!

8

Dear Jamie, be earnest, be honest, be pure;
Stand firm for the right, and your triumph is sure.
Look upward, press onward, when sad and distressed;
Tell Mamma, tell Jesus, and you will be blest.

Joy, joy, what assurance, what joy!-
To rest in the Savior, when troubles annoy!

9

The Century 's waning, and we 're growing old,
But Jesus wants China brought into his fold.
Young people are needed, the work must be done;
What share will you have in this grand task, my son?
Joy, joy! O glorious joy,
To spend one's whole life in the Savior's employ!

(End of this song, written in October, 1894.)

(Note: Our boys were so healthful, that Dr. Ament called them "Kalgan pumpkins".)

(B.) JOHNNIE'S BIRTHDAY SONG.

(Tune, "I 've Found a Friend",- Gospel Hymns.)

1

It was a calm autumnal day,
Way down in chill November;
But warm and balmy was the air,
As if in bright September;
The doors and windows wide were thrown,
To let the sweet air enter,
When Jesus sent a cherub down,
On whom our love should center.
Chorus:-
O Johnnie dear, my darling Dove,
What brought you to my dwelling?

It was the love of One above,
Whose love is past all telling.

2

When Charlie saw his brother dear,
He danced with exultation;
And "Hsiung-ti! Hsiung-ti!" was the shout, (1)
That showed his admiration.
The baby's eyes, so bright and new,
Were full of intuitions;
And quickly he his Papa knew,
With loving recognitions.

Chorus:-

O Johnnie dear, with sparkling eyes,
What made you seem so precious?
You were a prize, sent from the skies
By him who is all-gracious.

3

We built a house on Locust street, (2)
And planted trees before it;
Beside the walk grew flowerets sweet,
And bright the sky was o'er it;
And little feet went pat-a-pat,
In doors and out so gaily;
And chubby hands brought beetles in,
"To show to Mamma" daily.

---

(1) The Chinese word for "Brother".
(2) There was no street of that name, but we gave the name to the broad brick walk in front of our houses, because of the acacia trees, which we planted there.

Chorus:-

O Johnnie dear, so very queer,-
What made you like such creatures?
You learned to love all things that move,
Taught by the Best of Teachers.

4

You are my darling "Jumping Jack", (1)
Each day a little older;
You like to climb upon my back,
And ride upon my shoulder;
You love to give Papa a smack,
Whene'er his arms uphold you;
But "Don't fall down, and get a whack",
Is what I oft have told you.

Chorus:-

O Johnnie dear, so free from fear,
What made you such a climber?
It was the will of One who still
Will give you powers sublimer.

5

You used to climb on mountains high,
And send the stones a-rolling;
You jumped and ran, so lithe and spry,
As if beyond controlling;
On Mamma's cheek your hand you 'd lay,
In childhood love's completeness;
And oft each day you 'd leave your play,
To come and "get some sweetness".

---

(1) John was a born athlete, and became the "College Athlete" in Amherst, Class of 1904.

Chorus:-

O Johnnie dear, what seek you here,
With smiles and roguish kisses?
'Tis love you seek from Mamma's cheek,
That brings a thousand blisses.

6

You had of pets, O what a host!
Their name is surely legion;
All things that run, swim, fly or roost,
In all the Kalgan region.
Dogs, cats and doves, fish, snails and hens,
In all their styles and "stages",-
In boxes, basins, pails and pens,
And some in gilded cages.

Chorus:-

O Johnnie pet, what sport you get,
In watching your perwiggles!
You find new fun in every one,
That swims, or kicks, or wriggles.

7

A "Mr. Flipkins" once you knew,-
He was a little sparrow.
From room to room he gaily flew,
As swift as any arrow.
He took his meals with us each day,
And liked to eat potato;
But once he went too far away,
And came again too late,-"Oh!"

Chorus:-

O Johnnie dear, don't shed a tear,

But make a bed of posies,
And lay the pet where never cat
Shall break its last reposes.

8

We kept the dogs, to chase the cats,
The cats, to catch the birdies;-
Made hole in door for kits and rats,
As sure as e'er my word is;
And "Furpurr" once, with great success, (1)
Went fishing for her dinner;
And doggie "Hseer" his tail would chase, (2)
Becoming quite a spinner.

Chorus:-

O Johnnie pet, I 'll ne'er forget
These dogs and cats and fishes.
You loved them all, both large and small,
And so fulfilled my wishes.

9

You loved to delve in books that told
Of ocean's wondrous story;-
To read of bears and lions bold,
And all their victims gory.
You seemed to fly, with coat outspread,
Like bird in ether sailing;
And like a crab, with sidewise tread,
You crept with vim unfailing.

Chorus:-

O Johnnie dear, How spry you are!
Your feet no bonds can trammel;

---

(1) Our best cat, fur outside and purr inside, ate our pet fishes.
(2) The dog's name meant "Joy".

You spring at me, as a jaguar
Springs on a helpless camel. (1)

10

My Johnnie boy is now at school,
With faithful heart unswerving;
He 'll always mind the Golden Rule,
His heavenly Master serving.
He 'll help Mamma and others too,
In Christian-like Endeavor;
And ne'er a mean, bad action do,
Nor speak a false word,- never!

Chorus:-

O Johnnie dear, my heart you cheer,
With happy expectation.
Go on in faith, through life, through death,
To infinite salvation.

11

Each errand run, each duty done,
Is to the Savior pleasing.
Each lesson learned, each good word earned,
Leads on to joy unceasing.
Each loving deed, each kind word said,
Lives on, to perish never,
Like little waves, that wider spread,
Forever and forever.

Chorus:-

O Johnnie dear,- though far, yet near,-
You are your Papa's Treasure.

---

(1) He would follow me through a room, carrying a chair; and when I stopped, climb on it in haste, and spring on my back.

My cup you still with pleasure fill,
And joy beyond all measure.

12

Alas for China's griefs and woes,
Her famines, floods and fever!
Without, within, are many foes,
And ills that never leave her;-
Her ignorance and self-conceit,
Her faults and sins distressing;
She needs to sit at Jesus' feet,
And seek his gracious blessing.

Chorus:-

O Johnnie mine, a Voice divine
Bids self-renunciation.
We need your aid, to break the bread
Of life to this poor nation.

(Written in the winter of 1895-6.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

A LONG TERM OF MOTHER SERVICE.

A missionary's salary is adapted to the country where he labors, where commodities are cheap, because of oriental labor, and the keen competition of thronging multitudes. To live on half of the salary in America, the land of high prices, as Grace was obliged to do,- even with the added help of moderate allowances for children, was a difficult proposition. To make ends meet, amid all the wants of a growing family, was part of her task for seven years, from 1894 to 1901.

Apart from the question of money, the care of three active boys as to all the requisites of life, in health and in sickness, was a serious work, requiring watchfulness, forethought and wisdom. In their years of adolescence, more perplexing questions arose than in earlier years. At such times, the advice and sympathy of a loving Mother is above all price. Grace had to be both father and Mother to her fine group of sons. Heart and brain, as well as muscle and nerve, were constantly called into strenuous action.

They lived two years near her parents in Worcester, until I came to America in 1896, and we took up our abode on Willard St., Hartford, Conn., near my Grandfather's home, where my dear Mother, with whole-souled devotion, was caring for her brother and two blind sisters. Questions of studies, sports and companionships, beside the ordinary home cares, had to be met. Grace could see through a problem with wonderful perspicacity, decide aright quickly, and act promptly. She was untiring in her labors, most kind and sympathetic in her feelings, and wise in helping the youthful minds to

see the right way, without infringing on their freedom of choice. Her patience under difficulties was equal to her courage. No wonder that her husband, knowing these things, became enthusiastic, and praised her in such words as these:-

Grace, my Grace, is "grace sufficient",
"Plenteous grace", to do and dare;-
In all kinds of skill proficient,
Ready each good work to share.
Sprightly as the famed Priscilla,
Brave and earnest, kind and true,
Such is my beloved Grace Lilla,
Wise to plan, and quick to do.

Her face was so pale, that she often was thought to be sick, when she was not; and this led to some amusing situations, as when the steward of the dining-car flew around with extraordinary attentions, exclaiming, "Is the Lady sick? Would she like some toast, an orange, and a cup of coffee?" Her next door neighbor misjudged, from her looks, that she was not long to be in this world; but as she watched further, and saw how active and hard-working Grace was, at home and on the street, she changed her mind. About this time, in the Nineties, Grace and the boys all rode on bicycles, enjoying the sunshine and air, pleasure and exercise, as well as the saving of time, compared with walking.

My work of representing the China Missions to the Churches took me into all the New England Sattes, and kept me from home a great deal. It was a comfort to know, that the boys were having the best of care. In 1897 occurred the twentieth anniversary of our wedding; and for this occasion I wrote the following lines:-

CHINA WEDDING.

A Song of Twenty Years.

1877 - 1897.

1

Twenty years of happy wedlock!
For the word was "Yes",- not No,-
And the Lass with flowing ringlets
To far Sinim's land would go,-
Nothing fearing, nothing waiting,
Heart of love and words of cheer,-
Surely from the Lord a token
Of pure joy for many a year.

2

Twenty years of sweet endearment,
Rich in weal and scant of woe,
Since we went to Church on Wednesday,
At high noon in Marlboro.
Cordial words of prayer and blessing,
Warm right hands and trickling tears,
Sent us forth with faith and courage
To our work of many years.

3

Twenty years of Christian service;
Far we went o'er land and sea,
Souls to save, and hearts to comfort,
Wheresoe'er our lot might be;
For God's presence shone around us,
And his love forbade our fears;
So in China's crowded cities
Christ we preached for many years.

4

Twenty years of richest blessings,
For our treasures were increased;
One, two, three, our darling Jewels
Brought new joys, that never ceased;
For Death's hand ne'er took them from us,
And their voices, ringing clear,
Made sweet music, that will echo
In our hearts for many a year.

5

Twenty years of merry home-life,
Many joys and few regrets.
Kittens, birdies, chickens, fishes,
These our sonnies had for pets.
Goats and snails, a crab, a sparrow,
Everything alive and queer,
Made our home an ark like Noah's,
Through the days of many a year.

6

Twenty years of earth's best friendships;
For our friends were grand, though few,-
Christian heroes, strong and valiant,
Cultured, kind, devoted, true,-
Educators, loved physicians,
Missionary pioneers,
Splendid comrades, given to help us,
In the toil of many years.

7

Twenty years of fruitful effort,
Souls to save from error's thrall,

Where Peking has massed its myriads,
Or by Kalgan's hoary wall.
There we preached, and prayed, and wrestled;
And the seed, long sown in tears,
Yielded rich and precious harvests,
After lapse of many years.

8

Twenty years! but Oh, a shadow
Lies athwart our sunlit past;
For our laddies grew and strengthened,
And must be in school at last.
Mother's heart must soothe their sorrows,
Bear for them a thousand cares;
So in love and grief we parted,
For two long and lonesome years.

9

Then we lived in expectation,
Near in heart, though far away;
And the Lord in love stood by us,
Till one happy summer day,
When I came to "Barber's Crossing", (1)
Met you on the moving train,
And our five were reunited,-
Joy ecstatic! Home again!

10

Twenty years! Their days are ended,
But their fruit shall still increase.
Summer, winter, seedtime, harvest,
Come and go, and never cease.

(1) North of Worcester, Mass.

Words of love and kind endeavors
Win more hearts than now appear;
And one's influence widens, deepens,
With each passing well-spent year.

11

Twenty years,- their waves are beating
On eternity's fair shore.
Now, with faith and hope and courage,
Enter we on twenty more;
And when twenty, twenty, twenty,
End our work and waiting here,
Then begin the love and service
Of a never ending year.

12

Love, divine, atoning, precious,
Leads us to our heavenly home;
Glory, radiant, grand, effulgent,
Fills the high celestial dome;
Joy, sublime, most pure and holy,
Shall be given as our reward;
Peace, that passes understanding,
In the presence of the Lord.

Early in 1898, I returned to China, to continue my labors there, leaving my beloved Sons, to advance in their education, and my beloved Wife, to bear the responsibilities of the home. She accompanied me as far as Boston, whence I took the Canadian route through Montreal and Vancouver. It was a sad and solemn parting for years, and for such a distance, that neither they nor I could aid the other in any emergency. We all thought keenly about it,

but tried to be brave and cheerful, following the path of duty; and we dared not express our agony of feeling.

In due time I arrived at my destination, and again was preaching and teaching in Kalgan and our immense country parish. Letters going and coming between the orient and occident, helped to relieve the loneliness; but, when we dared to consider the subject, an early re-uniting of our family seemed hopeless. The need of hope was so desperate, that a conviction, for which I could not have given a reason, grew in my mind and inmost soul, that some event might occur, by which I might see my loved ones within three years,- which I interpreted as <u>less than a thousand days</u>. With this thought, and hoping to cheer my loved ones, I wrote the following lines, which seem now to have had almost a prophetic meaning:-

LESS THAN A THOUSAND DAYS.

(To my own dear Grace.)

1

Less than a thousand days, my Dearest,
Less than a thousand days.
E'en though our lot were saddest, drearest,
'T would not be so always.
God knows the depth of our deepest sorrow,-
Feels it as keenly as we.
He will prepare a blissful morrow;
He will our Comforter be.

2

Less than a thousand days, my Sweetest,
Less than a thousand days.
Thine be a thousand joys, completest,
Purest and full of praise.

Thousands of mercies throng to greet thee,
Angels from heaven sent;
Thousands of blessings daily meet thee,
Plenty and sweet content.

3

Less than a thousand days, my Truest,
Less than a thousand days.
God give success in all thou doest,
Guard thee in all thy ways;
Smooth every rugged path before thee,
Ever be at thy side;
His loving presence shining o'er thee,
Safely shalt thou abide.

4

Less than a thousand days, my Treasure,
Less than a thousand days.
Working for Jesus, toil is pleasure;
Love every effort repays.
Working in lonely self-denial,
Hard though the service be,
Jesus will say of every trial,
"This is endured for me."

5

Less than a month of moons, my Lilla,
Less than a month of moons.
You are like Dewey at Manilla,
Conquering the base poltroons;
Battling for right, sin's realm invading,
Leading the Sons you love,-
Yours is a crown of life unfading,

Kept in the heavens above.

6

Less than a thousand days, my Beauty,
Less than a thousand days.
Following still the path of duty,
Ever a song we 'll raise.
Less grow the days, as our course progresses,
"Shortened for the elect";
And we shall meet with glad caresses,
Sooner than we expect.

7

Less than nine hundred days, my Fairest,
Less than nine hundred days.
Pure is the silver crown thou wearest,
Bright is thy cheery gaze.
Queen of my heart, three young hearts love thee,
Zealously guarding thy weal;
Swift as the light, that shines above thee,
Ride on thy nimble wheel.

8

Less than eight hundred days, my Dearest,
Less than eight hundred days.
Hope is our star, the brightest, clearest,
Beaming with steadiest rays.
Soon shall my steps go forth to meet thee,
Coming to China's shore;
Soon shall my heart with rapture greet thee,
Mine now and evermore.

(Written from Kalgan, China, Aug. 8, 1898.)

Evidently I had no expectation of such an event as the Boxer Uprising, which compelled me to come to America. Though it was long in preparing, it came upon us suddenly. Even the foreign diplomats in Peking were deceived by the Empress Dowager, and did not anticipate trouble, almost to the day when they found themselves besieged.



About 1895.
(Left to right, James, Grace, John, and Charles standing.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BOXER UPRISING.

The Nineteenth Century closed in North China with a storm of hatred and war. In the spring of 1898, Germany seized the seaport city and county of Kiao-Chou in Shantung. To balance this, Great Britain demanded and obtained from China the port of Wei-Hai-Wei (Way-High-Way), between Kiao-Chou and Port Arthur, the latter port and stronghold being held by the Russians. Also, to protect her interests near Hong Kong, Britain took more territory there. France seized the port of Kuang-Chou, farther to the southwest. Italy demanded the island of Chusan, at the mouth of the great river Yang-Tsi; but the Chinese rejected this claim, because they knew that Abyssinia had defeated Italy at Adowa. Foreign nations marked out "spheres of influence" in China,- Russia on the north, France on the south, Japan on the southeast coast, near Formosa, and Great Britain in the center of China, claiming the "lion's share", viz., the entire valley of the Yang-Tsi river, corresponding to the Mississippi valley in the United States. Books and magazines freely discussed the impending "break-up of China".

Then the Chinese nation arose in its might, and in self-defence determined to drive out the foreigners. In their ignorance and frenzy, the people could not distinguish between the friendly Americans and the land-grasping Europeans; for all had white faces and strange occidental costumes. A prophecy of this Uprising had been uttered in 1860 by China's Prime Minister Wen Hsiang (One Siang), who said: "When you foreigners become too many or too troublesome, we will run our swords through you, and that will be the end of it".

The Chinese had heard that the American farmers turned back the British soldiers at Lexington and Concord, and that more recently the Boer farmers in the Transvaal had won victories over the British forces; and they reasoned that their millions of people, together with their army, could drive a few thousands of foreigners into the sea, whence they had come.

For nearly a century, a secret society had been preparing to overthrow the Manchu Dynasty; and now the astute Empress Dowager contrived to turn their ill-will away from her own tribe, and against the foreigners. This society called themselves "The Fist of Public Harmony",- meaning a combination of the people and the army. This name was translated as "Boxers" by foreigners. The men did not fight with fists, but with swords and spears, bows and arrows, and with fire-arms when obtainable. Hypnotizing themselves, they believed themselves to be invulnerable; and so they became brave, or rather reckless, for fighting.

Some of the Boxers were willing to have their invulnerability tested. One man laid his arm on the table, and allowed it to be chopped with a hatchet. When the member was severed, he looked up at the magistrate, and calmly said, "I had not enough faith".

In the summer of 1898, the Emperor Kuang-Hsü was supposed to be ruling the country; but his mother by adoption, the Empress Dowager, kept in her own hands the Great Seal of State, without whose impress his edicts would be of no force. The Emperor, alarmed at the weakness of China, as revealed by the war with Japan, issued many reform edicts, with the hope of adopting foreign methods of government, establishing ~~xxxxxxx~~ public schools, and strengthening the country in many ways, following the example set by Japan. The enemies of these reforms, being many and powerful, won the favor of the Empress Dow-

ager, who then captured and imprisoned the Emperor, and reversed his edicts.

In September, the districts around Peking resounded with a tremendous cannonading, in which,- it was said,- enough explosives were used, to have waged an entire campaign of war. This was the shaking of the dragon's tail,- a warning to all foreigners, that the patience of the Chinese was exhausted, and that trouble was brewing. Nevertheless the diplomats in Peking did not seem to understand the situation, and the missionaries went right on with their work.

In the winter of 1898-9, I lived in Yü-Chou, a large city 80 miles south of Kalgan, and preached daily on the streets to crowds of unfriendly natives, who glared their resentment, and often asked me, when I should leave their city. An extremely dirty blacksmith acted as their spy, pretending to be illiterate, and desirous of studying our religion. His rapidity in learning to read, revealed him as an impostor. He doubtless gave daily accounts of us to our enemies, and may have manufactured evil reports. I returned to Kalgan in the spring-time, and during the spring and summer of 1899 traveled afar in our great parish. A year later, sad to relate, the Christians in that city were killed, and their homes were destroyed.

In the fall of 1899, by request of our Mission, I went to Tientsin, to spend the winter in helping the workers in that city,- preaching and teaching, directing the native helpers, and also acting as the business agent of our Mission, receiving from Shanghai and America the supplies of food, clothing, &c., that were needed by the missionaries,- getting them through the Chinese Customs, and forwarding them to Peking, Paotingfu, and other places. I loaded freight cars with the boxes of goods, taught in the boys' boarding school, preached daily to the heathen in the city chapel, and some-

times visited the country villages, where Christians lived.

On one such trip into the country, I married a couple, without seeing the bride. The pair had been betrothed in infancy. Afterward the groom and his family had become Christians. Now the father was a deacon, and his son a boy of twelve years! The father wanted a Christian wedding, but the bride's family feared lest the sight of me, a "foreign devil", might bewitch the bride. So she did not alight from the tightly closed red sedan chair, until I had performed the ceremony, and withdrawn. Did she answer any of my questions? The bride never did so in China, in those times.

During these years, Grace was continuing her work of motherly service, with her usual ardor and activity. The sons, increasing in knowledge and manly traits, graduated from the Hartford Public High School in 1898, 1900 and 1902 respectively, one going to Yale, and the others to Amherst College.

In the spring of 1900, the Empress Dowager issued edicts, commanding that foreigners be protected; and also gave out SECRET EDICTS, ORDERING THAT THEY BE KILLED! Several Governors of Provinces consulted the Prime Minister, Li Hung Chang (Lee Hoong Jahng), who was wise enough to say, that the edicts against foreigners could not be enforced. He had traveled around the world, and knew the power of foreign armies and navies. The foreign governments had at that time THIRTEEN MILES OF WAR-SHIPS, the bow of one almost touching the stern of another, in the Wu-sung river, which flows from Shanghai to the sea. So the Boxer Uprising was confined to North China. There was great excitement, and war was coming on,- China against the world.

How I went at that time from Tientsin to Peking, and with other missionaries to Kalgan and Mongolia, and thence through Siberia and

Europe to America, is told in my book entitled "A FLIGHT FOR LIFE", published by The Pilgrim Press, Boston, 1906.

One day, as I was going alone on a bicycle from Peking to T'ung-Chou, a richly dressed man and his servant, before passing me, turned their horses, to block my way. I stood and looked steadily at them, and they at me, not a word being said on either side. When they became tired of the delay, they rode past me, and I proceeded in peace; but their hateful looks never can be forgotten.

At T'ung-Chou there was a telescope on the College tower. The natives believed it to be a gun, which could destroy the city; and repeatedly begged the missionaries, not to fire it off!

On the way to Kalgan, I met a friend, whose father was a Belgian, and his mother a Chinese. He said: "It is of no use, for you to preach now, for the people will not listen to you. You would better go to your old home." At that time we had no thought of returning to America, but planned to seek safety from the Boxer war, by going to Urga, the chief city in Northern Mongolia. After dragging our slow course on camels and horses through the desert of Gobi to Urga, we found that place also in commotion. Two thousand Chinese soldiers were drilling as Boxers. So we had to go farther north. The Russians befriended us, saved our lives, when in peril at the border of Siberia, and granted us many favors; but the Czarist government would not allow Protestant missionaries to stay long in their land, and gave us only three months, to go through the Empire, and out of it. The Russian Consul-General in Urga had given to each person in our party a passport in the Russian language, permitting us to go to the American and Swedish Ministers in St. Petersburg. So our path was marked out for us; and, without any design on our part, we were forced to leave China for a time, and to go half around the world.

CHAPTER XXV.

A HAPPY REUNION.

The summer of 1900 was a very sad time for my beloved Wife and Mother. My only brother died in April, and Mother was too ill to attend the funeral, though it was in her own home. Then my letters ceased to come. In her widowhood of over forty years, my brother and I were her all. She felt desolate indeed. Grace, living a strenuous life, frequently burst into tears, as week after week passed, with no word from me, and with daily news of the fighting in China. It was rumored, that I was shut up in the British Legation in Peking, which was besieged by the Boxers. Then a false report, mentioning my name, told of a few missionaries having escaped from Peking, and taken refuge in Chefoo, on the coast of Shantung. This comforted her for a while; but as no further word came from me, she gradually lost faith in the report. Every friend whom she met, asked whether news had come from her husband; and, to avoid meeting them and crying, she often crossed the street, and tried to escape attention.

The darkest hour was just before the day.

A telegram, sent from Urga to the United States Minister in St. Petersburg, gave the first word of our escape, and was cabled to America by an enterprising news correspondent. On a hot August day, athe 3rd, as Grace and the boys were on a train, returning from Bristol to Hartford, they saw, in the New York Journal and Advertiser, the following paragraph:-

"Seven American missionaries from Pekin and their families have arrived at Troitskosawask, Transbaikali, Siberia. They escaped from Pekin, and were chased across the sand and mountains of the Gobi desert for 400 miles, suffering fearful tortures from the hot sand, exposure, and the lack of food and water. The Russian Governor of Transbaikali sent out 500 cossacks, who galloped south 400 miles into the desert, and rescued them. The cavalry gave them food and shelter, and brought them to Troitskosawask, where they are receiving care at the hands of the authorities."

This announcement, not accurately true, but heartening, brought the first ray of hope to my loved ones; but they were afraid that it might prove deceptive, like the former reports; and were not sure that it referred to me, seeing that my name was not mentioned.

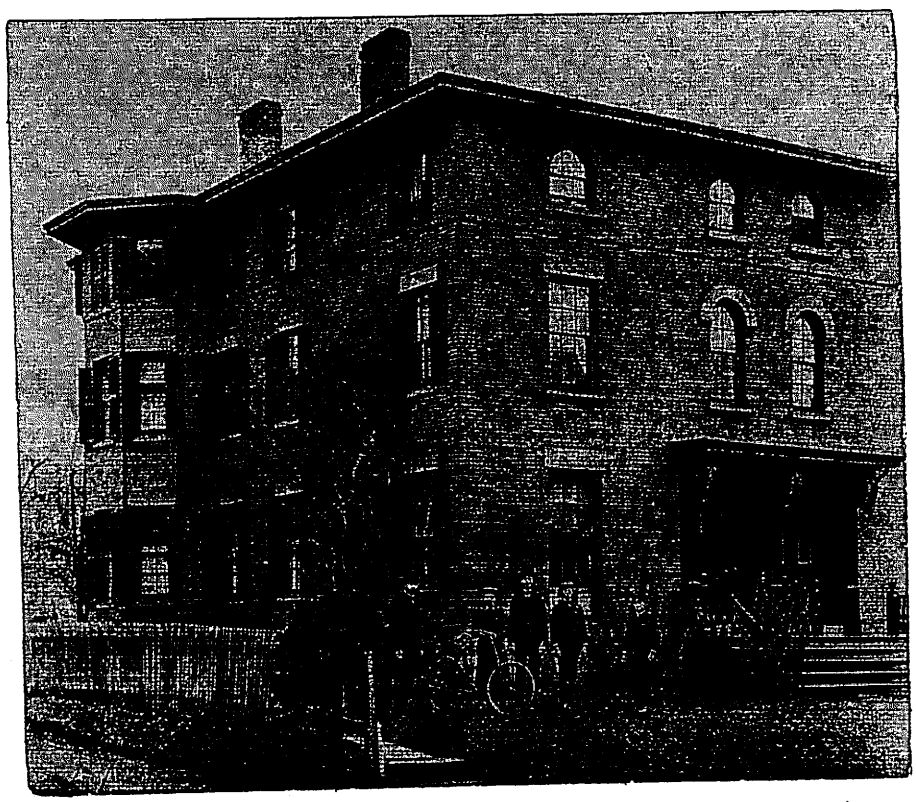
A few days later, Grace received from the State Department in Washingto-n the news of my safe arrival in Siberia, with congratulations.

Also a letter came from me, written at Hara-oso, in southern Mongolia, June 18th, telling of our plan, to go northward to Urga. The Russian Post-master in Kalgan took it, when he fled to Siberia, and forwarded it to America.

Both Grace and my Mother had grown very thin, during that summer, through anxiety for me. Imagine then, if you can, their joy in going to New York, to welcome me, as one who had come out of the fiery furnace of the Boxer Uprising, and almost as one alive from the dead. On the blessed eighth of October, the steamship "City of Rome" came up in the Hudson river, and spent fifteen long minutes, in turning to the east, to come alongside of the pier. In the throng of waiting friends on the pier, I recognized two lovely ladies under an umbrella in the hot sun-light; and Grace knew me at a distance by a shrug of the shoulders. The joy of meeting was as great

as the previous agony of suspense.

Mother returned to Hartford, and Grace and I, at the request of the American Board, went to St. Louis, to attend the annual meeting. There three families of missionaries, who survived the siege of Peking, met three comrades, who had come through the desert of Gobi. The joy of our return was over-shadowed by grief at the martyrdom of our beloved missionaries in Paotingfu and Shansi. Afterward we went to speak at a meeting in Chicago, and then came to Hartford,- HOME AGAIN! Here was a new rejoicing with our kindred and friends, and, best of all, with our dear Sons, who, in the dark days of distress, had done all that they could do, to comfort their heroic Mother.



The Home at 55 Willard St., Where Grace and the Boys Lived Five Years, 1896 – 1901.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LAST RETURN TO CHINA.

Six months only was I in the home country. During the most of this time, I was away from home, speaking in the churches; for everywhere people wanted to hear about the Boxers in China, and my wonderful escape. In March, 1901, I was "authorized and instructed" to return to the orient; in April I sailed from Vancouver, British Columbia; and in May I arrived in Tientsin. Grace went with me to Springfield, Mass., to bid me a heart-rending farewell, of which we dared not to speak much. We had endured two such partings before, in 1894 and 1898, in order to educate our boys in America, and yet continue the missionary work abroad; and we naturally asked ourselves, "Shall we ever meet again?" I went forth to new adventures, while she still more bravely went back to her arduous but most needful task of home-making.

Our sons were progressing well, two in College, and the third one lacking a little over a year from entering. She could not leave them, at the time when I found it necessary to do so. The urgent need of missionaries abroad hastened my going; for some had been martyred, some driven out of China, and many were worn out by the terrors and privations of the siege in Peking. During the summer, Grace was preparing to follow me to the Far East. Mr. and Mrs. Job Williams, superintending the American School for Deaf Mutes, very kindly offered to receive our youngest son into their home, for his last year before entering college. Grace, with slender resources, but with a fair and determined mind, had the house repaired, in which she and the boys had been living for five years. It belonged to my

beloved Mother, who for that long time would not allow us to pay a cent of rent, thereby willingly depriving herself of half of her small income.

While packing some boxes, to send as freight to China, Grace received an injury, which necessitated an operation after the voyage. Our dear Aunt Kate, Mrs. John Willard, packed her trunk for this departure in 1901, as she had done in 1877. Parting with the many loved ones here, and with her most precious sons, whom she loved with a Mother's truest devotion, and for whom she had cared from cradle to college, Grace went alone from Hartford to San Francisco, with a courage which no difficulties could daunt, and with a splendid spirit of faith and self-sacrifice,- looking forward to a month of distressing sea-sickness, and a third period of service in the foreign land.

Meantime I was in Tientsin, preaching, teaching, directing native helpers, forwarding supplies to missionaries in the interior of the country, and repairing our mission buildings, which had been badly damaged in the Boxer war. I visited the large grave of two hundred Russian soldiers, who died while fighting to defend all the foreigners in Tientsin, and who held off the Boxer hordes, until other foreign soldiers could arrive.

I was living in the American Board mission premises, in the French "Concession", and the bugles of the soldiers resounded in my ears daily from dawn to dark. After the siege of Tientsin, ending in the defeat of the Boxers, the French authorities had enlarged their possessions, and our premises became an "island" in their territory. Unexpectedly I found myself engaged in a controversy with the French Consul, who was determined to open a new street diagonally across our grounds.

Another important business called for my attention. High Chi-

nese officials summoned the leaders of four Protestant missions, to consult as to the indemnities for the native Christians, whose homes had been looted and destroyed by the Boxers. They were to receive a compensation for this, and money to defray the expenses of burying the martyrs. Of one hundred thousand Protestant Chinese in the year 1900, fifteen thousand had been killed, the most of whom might have saved their lives, by burning incense to idols. Only 2 per cent of the Christians recanted, when commanded by their government to "recant temporarily", under penalty of death to themselves and their entire families. Many a man, who might accept death for himself, would hesitate from principles of filial piety, when doing so would involve his parents and whole family in ruin.

The indemnities for American Board mission converts in and near Tientsin amounted to about $20,000.00 U. S. gold. This I was expected to divide among the beneficiaries, as might seem right and just. It was a distasteful task, but unavoidable, in the absense of other missionaries. Consulting the leading Church members constantly, I compiled the data, had the accounts of dividing the money carefully written in Chinese words and figures, and left the book, when I departed from that city. I never heard of any trouble about it, nor of any charge of unfairness.

On her voyage from San Francisco to Tientsin, Grace had very pleasant missionary companions, but suffered so much from sea-sickness, that Dr. J. H. Ingram, who was with her on the voyage, and had crossed the ocean several times, said that he never saw any one so extremely sea-sick before.

Word of her coming having reached me, I went down to Taku by the sea the day before Thanksgiving, as a guest of one of the pilots living there. In the morning we inspected the dry docks, and then

went out on a tug, to meet the coming steamship outside the bar. All the first-class passengers and their baggage were transferred from the ship to a lighter, whose deck was covered with bags of grain. On these we traveled more than thirty miles,- perhaps sixty miles by the winding river,- at a slow rate, with no shelter on a cold day. As I saw my beloved Grace come down from the ship, I was shocked at her emaciated appearance. She was always thin and frail-looking, but never before like this! Her strength had been spent in her arduous labors, and she had unavoidably starved amidst plenty on the long voyage. So a sorrow was mingled with our extreme delight, in meeting eye to eye and soul with soul. I pitied her, admired her brave endurance, and rejoiced that her long and distressful journey was ended. We had just cause for thankfulness, on that Thanksgiving Day.

A year before my return to America, one of our sons had a severe attack of malarial fever, and a relapse, which prolonged the sickness, and for many days threatened his life. No words can fitly portray the loving devotion of the Mother, as she watched and labored and prayed for his restoration to good health. She was a comfort and source of strength to all about her. It may truly be said, that, throughout her career, she was almost constantly being weighed in the balances, tested and tried, but never found wanting.



CHAPTER XXVII.

TWO SEVERE ORDEALS.

Dr. Howard King, of the London Mission, long endeared to us, advised Grace to wait, and recuperate her health, before undergoing the necessary operation. Rev. Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Stanley came from America, enabling me to leave the Tientsin affairs in his hands, and tour the Kalgan parish. Bandits, said to number four hundred, who made traveling to Kalgan unsafe during the summer of 1901, were defeated and dispersed. On Jan. 8th, 1902, the return of the Empress Dowager and the Court to Peking, after their exile of a year, gave a sense of security and peace to both natives and foreigners. The next day I left Tientsin for Kalgan, stopping to see our missionaries in Peking, who had survived the siege of the Legations, and had found a temporary home in the houses deserted by the defeated Boxers.

The Chinese officials insisted on my having an escort of two soldiers, and the Kalgan officials sent two more, when I traveled southward into our immense country parish of at least ten thousand square miles. Such a cavalcade I never desired, but could not refuse. It was a nuisance and expense, for the men and horses had to be fed; but it was a protection, and advertised to all the countryside, that Christians and missionaries were not to be killed, as in the days of the Boxer Uprising.

In Kalgan I visited our former homes, where only piles of broken bricks marked the places of our dwellings. The whole bricks had been carted away, and used to build a heathen temple. The trees had been cut down, and the roots dug up, for use as fuel. A small house built over a well, to keep off the drifting dust, had been put down

into the well, changing its depth from 120 feet to 92 feet. Gaps in the wall around our yard marked the places, through which our looted furniture had been carried. During a brief stay in Kalgan, I gave orders for having the holes in the wall built up, the debris in the well dug out, and a gate-house, 31 X 17 feet in size, to be built in April.

Returning to Tientsin, I witnessed Grace's ordeal, the removal of a tumor from the breast. Her approach to the event was most courageous. She went to it, as if it were a simple matter of business. There was an expression of dread, but no shrinking. When Dr. King's educated Chinese female assistant administered the chloroform,- which may have been given too suddenly, or in too large a quantity,- Grace involuntarily gasped and fought. When she had regained her breath, she declared that she thought she was dying. With splendid determination, she accepted the terrible alternative of an operation without an anaesthetic. Refusing to let the Doctor bind her hands, she placed one under her back, and the other in my hand. At every cutting and clipping, done very skillfully,- but Oh, how long the time seemed!- the agony was evident in her face. She endured it with the fortitude of a martyr. Her recovery was rapid and permanent; and we were thankful, that the menace to her life was removed.

In March and April I toured again in our country parish, and supervised the building of our gatehouse. The high wall around our premises made it necessary to have a large gate, through which a loaded cart could be driven, and also to have a room for the gatekeeper. Another small room was added for my use, or that of any other missionary. The lives of foreigners in the interior of China were still unsafe,- as witness the bullet-hole in one of our windows. But the climate of Kalgan was salubrious, and attractive to missionaries desiring a rest. In April Rev. Dr. Chauncey Goodrich came to

Kalgan, and Grace and Miss Abbie Chapin with him,- which to me was a happy surprise. The gate-house having been erected, we all returned to Peking, for the important and delightful annual meeting of our Mission.

After this event, we packed all our belongings, and took the hard mule-caravan journey of five days to Kalgan again. We desired to occupy and rebuild our mission premises, and had no other place to dwell. So we endeavored to make our home temporarily in the gate-house, enlarged a little, and consisting of four rooms, each 9 X 15 feet in size. The floors were of bricks, and all of the windows except one were made of paper, pasted on a wooden frame. A pile of coal was on the dining-room floor.

We arrived about noon, after eight hours of constant shaking to and fro in the mule-litters. All of our possessions were in boxes. We had to use a box for a table, other boxes as chairs, and get our food from a box. Before our eyes were the ruins of our former homes Then the homeless Home-maker gave way to her feelings for a moment, and wept,- a rare event in her life. In a trice her heroic spirit asserted itself, and she made the best of a distressing situation.

Fortunately Mr. Frans August Larson, who had led the missionary caravan to Siberia in 1900, was with us at this time. He attacked our many boxes, defeated them in a short time, and helped us to set up the furniture.

Before night we had a parlor, bedroom, study or Chinese reception room, diningroom and kitchen, all small, but well furnished. The parlor and bedroom, with portiere between, and <u>full</u> of furniture, together occupied a space of only 9 X 15 feet. These details are mentioned, to show the difficulties which Grace encountered, in setting up her new home in our desolated but well loved Kalgan.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PROGRESS AMID DIFFICULTIES.

On our Mission premises, in the spring of 1902, we had acquired a little resting-place, which we could call home. It was far too small for health or convenience, and had no facilities for our work. A shop was rented on the busy Main street in the Upper City, two miles away, and another in the Lower City, at half that distance, for use as chapels, in our daily preaching to the heathen. These were the same street chapels that we had before the Boxer Uprising. Other buildings were greatly needed. Funds for their erection were found by the Mission Treasurer, to be replaced later from the indemnity, given by the Chinese government, for the express purpose of replacing the buildings that were destroyed. The other missionaries, at the annual meeting, heartily approved the erection of such structures as were necessary.

First a mat-shed was put up, about 25 feet square, to shelter the Chinese carpenters and masons. Next a mat-shed, about 30 X 40 feet in size, and open on all sides to the wind, was made for use as a temporary chapel. Then there were built, in good but inexpensive Chinese style, 1st, a small chapel, with two rooms for native preachers; 2nd, a house for Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Sprague, who were expected to join us in the fall; and 3rd, a house just like it for ourselves. Each of these dwellings was of one story only, 70 X 17 feet in size, containing five rooms, and costing, when completed, a little less than $500.00 . All of the buildings together cost only about fifteen hundred dollars. As they were carefully planned in advance, the work of erection was begun as soon as frost was out of the ground.

During the summer, Grace was afflicted with inflammation of the eyes, and by an accident injured her knee, so that she could not walk across the yard, to see how the houses were being built. We were at a distance of five days' journey from the nearest physician, as we were during more than half of our many years in Kalgan. Some missionaries, including a doctor, came through Kalgan to Mongolia for a health change, and found lodgings at a distance of three days' journey.

At this season, there was an epidemic of cholera. People would come to us in distress for medicine. We always had some supplies for our own use; and it is surprising, how much good can be done with a few simple remedies. The people had too much faith in the ability of every foreigner, to do good medical work. One man came to our front door, saying: "I have the cholera; please give me some medicine Fortunately some one had given us a box full of small vials, containing Perry's Pain-killer. I gave him a dose of this, and the next day he came, to thank me for saving his life. I cannot think that he had that dread disease; but think that he was suffering some slight ailment, and was frightened at a mere possibility. However, no one could feel at all sure of his life being spared, at such a time. So many deaths were occurring, that I could not go through the streets, without following a coffin on a slowly moving ox-cart.

Busied with preaching, building and other tasks, I had also to complete in haste my book, "A FLIGHT FOR LIFE", and also to write the annual report of our Mission, condensing 300 pages of minor reports into a space of 80 pages. It was a time of unusual stress and strain, which brought on me in the autumn a deplorable nervous prostration. At that time Grace had her annual attack of hay fever, which was as hard as ever to endure. Yet we were comforted by a merciful heavenly Father, who kept us in life, while many were dying

around us, gave us success in building, and brought to us in October our dear friends and colleagues, Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Sprague. (This was the second Mrs. Sprague, as good as the first. She was with us on the flight to Siberia. She was most highly esteemed for her many fine qualities, especially for patient endurance of loss and suffering.) In our small but comfortable homes, with new but limited facilities for our work, we ended the year of 1902.

The boys' boarding school, broken up by the Boxers, was assembled again in our little chapel. Daily preaching was maintained in the street chapels, evangelistic tours were made throughout our wide parish, and schools and chapels in distant towns were opened wherever practicable. The officials and people were more friendly than ever before, though bandits and the defeated army of General Tung Fu Hsiang, in the northwest, menaced our part of the country with disorder, so that many persons expected a renewal of the Boxer persecutions.

Mr. and Mrs. Friedstrom, of the Scandinavian Alliance Mission, spent the winter as our guests. He was the sole survivor of a company of eight missionaries, who had been located in Mongolia, at a distance of fourteen days' journey west of Kalgan. After all the others had been murdered by the Boxers, he fled alone ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ on a camel all the way through the desert of Gobi to Siberia. Returning by way of Sweden and America, he brought a good wife to Kalgan, and hired a Mongol priest to teach her his language, in preparation for going to their distant station in the following spring. By name John and Jennie, they called themselves "Yon and Yennie", and called us "Pa and Ma". We much enjoyed their company, and bade them a loving farewell at last, with forebodings as to their safety.

In the summer of 1903, because of my nervous depression, we spent a hundred days at the missionary resort of Peitaiho, by the sea,

300 miles east of Peking. Rest and salt baths began a recovery, which was completed in later months or years. Grace had hay fever as usual, the salt air not preventing it. Mr. Sprague carried on the work at Kalgan till our return. We expected to come to Peitaiho the next summer, and therefore built a cottage, using as materials a few sections of portable barracks, which the German army was selling at a favorable price.

The scenery at that place is remarkably fine, with beautiful sea views, towers of the Great Wall on the mountains at the north, and most picturesque mountains in the distant west, in their changing lights and shades, which we never tired of watching.

In October, Mr. Sprague and I conducted an important funeral at Azure Hill (Ch'ing K'o Ta), 50 miles south of Kalgan, where we interred with honors the remains of sixteen martyrs, slain by the Boxers in 1900. We had labored for a year, to compel the murderers to pay to the officials for us 500 ounces of silver, to defray the expenses of this funeral. The officials tried to keep it for themselves; but at last, under threat of appeal to the higher powers, they gave it to us. The funeral won for the Christians new respect in the eyes of the heathen; but before we achieved a final success, our lives were repeatedly threatened.

A tense feeling was noticeable in the eyes of both classes of people, the Christians and the heathen, as the procession went through and around the village, with a great display of white cloth,- the sign of mourning,- on the bodies and heads of the Christians, and a tremendous noise of large and small fire-crackers,- innocent in themselves,- which must have soared away any evil spirits, that might have been in our path.

To meet our need of larger and better homes, the American Board

appropriated $4,000.00 for two dwelling houses; and the Spragues and we built in 1904 on the foundations of our former homes, which the Boxers had burned. The Russo-Japanese war in Manchuria, where great battles were being fought, about 400 miles from Kalgan, caused immense and prolonged excitement, and led many people to believe that we should be driven out. We often were asked, whether we thought we should be able to complete the buildings. The fact that we dared to continue such a precarious endeavor, and showed a bold front, may have been some protection. God certainly favored our designs. Some of us missionaries were at times greatly alarmed, not at what the Japanese or Russians might do, but at what a Chinese mob might accomplish.

While feelings were so intense, one of the workmen in our mat-shed suddenly died. The rumor was spread in the city, that one of us foreigners had killed him. The Governor of the County, with crowds of attendants, went to the hill-side, where the body was early interred, and had it disinterred and examined. We waited in anxiety to learn his decision. It might be false, and make great trouble for us. He found no evidence of ill treatment; and this quieted the feelings of the Chinese.

In all these disturbances, Grace was never afraid. She trusted God, looked on the bright side, went on calmly with her work, and was a tower of strength to all about her. At that time she was teaching a class of Chinese women to read the New Testament, and helped them to understand the portions read.

In May or June, while I was overseeing the building operations, it was necessary for Grace to go to Tientsin for dentistry. Such an event, because of slow transportation, required three weeks of time, and a large expense. While near the coast, she attended the annual

meeting of our Mission, and also took from Tientsin to Peitaiho a quantity of furniture for our shore cottage, - which, however, we were never to occupy, chiefly because the sea air had given her no respite from the hay fever. During her absence, I had an acute illness, in which I was nursed most diligently and devotedly by a servant, "Resolute of Thought", Chang Chih Ssu by name. Let no one say a word against Chinese servants! Without doubt there are servants of all sorts; but one of average mind, when rightly treated and patiently taught, is found worthy of high praise. When I was convalescing, and thinking of Grace's return, I penned the following lines:-

ANGEL, COME.

(Tune, Sweet and Low.)

1

Kind and true, kind and true,
Angel of peace and glee,
Grace and Love, ever new,
Come back to Home and me.
Come from the rocks, where the surges dash high;
Come from the beach, where the bright sea-shells lie;
Come back to Home and me,
While your loving one,
While your trusting one
Waits.

2

Swift and keen, swift and keen,
Angel of mighty deeds,
Here and there, like lightning sheen,
Quick to serve others' needs;
Come from the city of strivers for gain;

Come from the whirl of the fast-moving train;
Come back to Rest,- and me,-
While your loving one,
While your wond'ring one
Waits.

3

Joy and Love, Joy and Love,
Angel of bright good-will,
Sunshine sweet from above,
Blessings await you still.
Children are happy, wherever you go;
Parents, delighted, their gratitude show;
Come now to gladden me,
While your loving one,
While your happy one
Sings.

4

Brave and wise, brave and wise,
Angel of guidance sure,
Men convene, and plans devise,-
One word of thine is truer.
Come from the meeting of learned divines;
Come from the College and strawberry vines;
Come now to counsel me,
While your loving one,
While your trusting one
Waits.

5

Star of Peace, Star of Rest,
Angel of Hope to me,

Ne'er by doubt nor fear depressed,
Thou shalt my Beacon be,-
Lighting my pathway for many long years,
Bright'ning my hopes, and dispelling my fears,-
Best Gift of God to me,
Come to your happy one,
Come to your loving one,
Come.

6

Mother-heart, Mother-heart,
Angel of tenderest love,-
Oft on earth called to part,
Sure we shall meet above.
There your three darlings, to angelhood grown,
Gladly shall greet us before the great throne,
Clad in eternal joy;-
O thou Mother-heart,
Sweet dear Mother-heart,
Rest.

Having moved into our new home, we opened a boarding school for girls in the house which we had vacated; and Grace taught in the school, and managed its affairs, with the aid of an educated Christian Chinese woman. The war-cloud disappeared in 1905. Mr. Sprague and I maintained the daily preaching and teaching, going in turns throughout our large parish, generally on horseback, with Chinese companions and baggage on a cart. The winters were as severe as in New England, but much drier, and the roads were full of deep pulverized dust. Often we were cheered by evidences of success in

our work; but many who believed the Gospel were deterred from public confession of their faith, through fear of persecution.

In the summer of 1904, Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Hemingway, from Taiku, Shansi, and Drs. Francis and Emma Tucker, from Shantung, were our guests. The latter two went into Mongolia with us, dispensing medicine and hunting antelopes. It is needless to say, that the antelopes were too wary and quick for them. Before the physicians came to Kalgan, I rebuilt the dispensary, that had been destroyed by the Boxers. In it the physicians did a most valuable work.

Before the summer guests left Kalgan, they and our local missionaries held a "Ladies' Field Day", in a field north of our dwellings; and it is interesting to note, that for strength, agility and accuracy, Grace won the first prize in every event. She was then at the age of fifty years.



Dr. Emma B. Tucker on a Camel,
Kalgan, 1904.

CHAPTER XXIX.

GRACE'S LAST EVANGELISTIC TOUR.

"Kalgan, May 5, 1905.

"My dear Mother:

I have just returned from a trip to our out-stations with James. We were gone 19 days, and on 14 of these days I traveled a longer or shorter distance; but the longest distance that I made in one day was 80 li (pronounced lee),- about 27 miles,- all this, of course, on horseback. James rode Mr. Sprague's horse, while I rode ours. We did not have one pleasant day on the whole trip, though some days were better than others. I was never out in such wind and dust! We failed only once in reaching the destination planned; and on that day, after making 45 li (15 miles), we were stopped by a biting north wind, with blinding clouds of dust. There was no room for us at the inn, but the farmer inn-keeper took us over to his house, and hustled the family out of one of their rooms; it was a dark and dirty room, but we were thankful for it. Under the matting on the k'ang(raised platform or stove-bed), was spread a lot of millet, which was being dried in that way, before grinding into flour. The soft padding made the k'ang less hard than usual! Although I was warmly dressed, I was chilled to the bone, and could not get warm for a long time.

But I must go back a little, and tell you about the trip. We started on Saturday, Apr. 15th, and went in a dust-storm to Hsüan Hua Fu. (twenty miles.) We took on the horse a teapot, cups, spoons, tea-leaves, sugar, and a lunch, which we ate on arriving at the half-way place. Fortunately the weather was not cold, and we

arrived early at Mr. and Mrs. Söderbom's. They had no idea that we would come in the storm. James preached the next day for Mr. Söderbom, and baptized a man at our chapel.

On Monday morning we got a good start, and soon came to the river, which I had been dreading; but it was not bad at all; as we hired men to lead our horses. We traveled on an almost imperceptible up-grade in the forenoon, but in the afternoon we made very decided progress up-grade, and toward night we had a hard steep climb, which landed us at the top of the mountain. There we spent the night. Crowds followed us to the inn; and before we could get settled, James and teacher Lo went out into the yard, to preach and sell books. The books went like hot cakes, and they frequently sent in to me for fresh supplies. We could scarcely get time to eat our supper, and the crowd returned for books before we were up in the morning. We have learned that a great many books are used by the women for patterns, but hope that all will not be used in that way.

In the morning the air was filled with a heavy mist, and the trees were covered with ice, and we realized that it was a little cold. However, I would be willing to make the trip again for the sake of the scenery, for it was almost equal to some of the scenery in our western (American) mountains. The road made eighteen turns, to get around the deep gorges, the bottoms of which were hundreds of feet below us. Had we not had a good road, I would have been a little nervous. That night we reached Azure Hill (Ch'ing K'o Ta), and it seemed like getting to a home, for we had a clean room and a chance to rest.

We spent Wednesday and Thursday there, going out to near-by villages each day, and accepted three invitations to meals in the homes of Church members. On Friday we started for Water Springs

(Shui Ch'uar), crossing a moderately deep river in going the 40 li (13 miles); but we had a cordial reception at that place. Our hostess we had known for many years, and I had not seen her for twelve or more years. She used to be a most efficient teacher in our girls' school, and is a dear sweet Christian woman; and although unable to do school work now, she does some good preaching to heathen women.

On Saturday we went to West River Encampment (Hsi Ho Ying), crossing two more rivers on the way, both times on bridges. Kao Hsi and his family were eagerly watching for us, and had a big meal prepared. Sunday morning the yard was early filled with women, who had come to see the foreign woman; and they chattered like a lot of magpies. We wanted to eat our breakfast in peace; and so I sent word to the women, that as soon as I had finished breakfast, I would go out into the yard, and give them a chance to look at me. I tried to talk with them, but at the simplest remark they would say, "Tung pu te" (We do not understand). So I decided to be looked at, while James and the helper preached to them.

The Sunday service was held in the house, and my room was well filled with women. Their rooms are warmed by open stoves, in which they burn a coal, that sends out a deadly gas; and I was so fearful of its effects, that I would not allow any in my room. But the rooms about me were warmed with it, and by noon I was down for a sick-headache, and spent the rest of the day on my bed.

The next day I visited with the family and women who came in, and in the afternoon James and a helper went to a village, to baptize a convert. The home of that helper is a light in his village, and the heathen about them seem to have much respect for them. He (Kao Hsi) gathers about him his family, and any others who may be present, each night and morning, for instruction and prayers. The

number varies, but he often has twenty or more.

"On Monday we started back, and on the way stopped at the home of a Christian in a little village, where the crowd gathered to see us,- me especially. We drank tea, and had a lively sale of books. That night we stopped at teacher Lo's, and he provided supper for us. He has such a nice family, especially the children! I came near getting into trouble over a remark that I made. I am very fond of his second boy, who is a perfect little gentleman; and I told the father, that I thought of taking the boy for my own. Of course, I was in fun; but later the father took me up, and said that he would give the boy to me, and I could educate him, and take him to America, treating him as my own child! As long as he has a father and mother, who are well able to take care of him, I shall allow them to do so! As usual, the crowds followed us, giving us a chance to sell books and to preach.

"The next day we started on our return to Water Springs, and this part of our trip was not without excitement. There was another river to be crossed, which, on our way down, we crossed on a narrow winter bridge. Though we were gone only three days, the bridge had not improved, and I disliked to try to lead the horses over it. However, we ventured on it, Chih Ssu (Resolute of Thought) and James leading the two horses and a donkey on the narrow bridge. We soon came to a bad place, but they got the animals over it; and we went on a few steps, when we came to a worse place, which the animals refused to pass. It was decided, that James should turn our horse around, and lead him back; he succeeded in turning him around, but found himself at the horse's tail, instead of at its head! Now my horse never wants to leave the other animals, and also has great backing powers; so it determined to back, and did so, while I stood and looked on. First I saw my husband go off the bridge, not even

stopping to take off his new shoes! But he landed right side up, in shallow water and mud. Next Mr. Sprague's nice white horse went off tail first, followed by the servant, and then by the donkey! You can imagine my feelings, as I stood there, and watched affairs! I saw that the men were not hurt, but I was anxious about the animals. Our man stopped to pull off his shoes and stockings, and then was ready for work. He persuaded James to get up on the bridge, as he could do nothing in the sticky mud, with his shoes on. (Note: The shoes were large, and by this time water-soaked and heavy, and the river bottom was like quick-sand. Really, a farmer, crossing on the bridge, pulled J. up.) The animals were finally led across the stream, and landed uninjured. But what had my horse been doing in the mean time? Having cleared the bridge, he had in some way turned himself about again, and was headed for the shore; there he stood, calmly surveying the situation, afraid to proceed, because of another big hole in the bridge. After due consideration, he made a wild jump, and was safe on land! (Who says that horses do not think?)

"I soon joined them, and seeing all were uninjured, the ridiculous side of the affair struck us, and we had many a hearty laugh. Then James did not dare to ride, because of his wet feet and the cold wind. The distance to Water Springs was three miles. As he walked into the village, leading his white horse covered with mud, the inhabitants must have thought ---- something; in fact, we heard several remark, "He 's been in the river!" James speedily changed his clothes, and spent the rest of the day on the k'ang (stove-bed), while his shoes were drying. This did not prevent our enjoying the nice meal, which the family had prepared for us in foreign style; and after that, Mrs. Feng and I sat in the court, and talked to the women, who were coming and going all the time.

"In the morning we started for Liu Ma Fang, 45 li away. We

started late, and stopped at Hung Nier, to see Chih I's bride and other friends. That place is situated at the foot of the mountains, and leaving there, we went up another very steep hill, with deep gullies on one side; and at the top found a level plateau with a beautiful road. It was simply grand, and we enjoyed 20 li of it! Toward night we came to another river, the second one that day. We had more trouble here than at the other rivers, for the water was rather deep, and the river-bed more uncertain. I handed my horse over to the servant, and got on the front of the cart. At last we were safely over, and after a few more li, we reached our destination. In the family are several probationers, and they were most cordial. The family moved out of a small room for us, and the little standing room was soon crowded, and we were not alone for an instant, until we closed the door for the night. The windows were perforated with peep holes; so we put up a curtain for the night. This proved very inconvenient for the people, who came early the next morning, to see more of us wonderful folks! We decided to keep the door closed and the curtain up, until we were ready to see the people,- for there seemed no other way. They would not let us eat our breakfast in peace; so teacher Lo went into the yard, to preach to them and sell books. They were still so insistent, that we finally put a servant outside the window, to hold them back; and I sent word to them, that I would soon go out into the yard, and give them a chance to look at me. I finally did so, and opportunity was taken, to get in some preaching by each and all of us. They gradually became satisfied, and I went back to our room. A few nice quiet women soon came in, and I had a pleasant talk with them. My feet, which are not small, as theirs are, attracted much attention; and I was even asked to put one on the little low table, for them to examine. Of course they all said that they were very nice; but I doubt if one of them would

ex

exchange with me. One of my greatest embarrassments on the tour was, to be obliged to confess, that I have three grown up sons, but not a daughter-in-law ("bai-fu"). It was beyond their comprehension.

"About noon we started again, but the crowds at the place we were leaving had tired me much. We saw three large Roman Catholic churches. Toward night we arrived at the home of another of our friends; and after dining with him, we went on 5 li to Azure Hill. There we had two busy days. On Monday we started for home, planning to reach here in two days, going 60 li the first day, and 70 li the second. We started out well, but soon encountered a biting cold wind and dust; and at the end of 45 li (15 miles) we stopped for lunch, and the universal verdict was, that we could not go on. We had a miserably dirty room, but we were glad to get it, and before night I was comfortably warm again! The next day we had another river to cross, and the following forenoon we were at home again.

"How beautiful everything looked!- and how glad every one was, to see us!- and to hear about our trip. The fact that I made the entire trip on horseback, somewhat surprised them; but I had been free from headache, (except when troubled by coal gas,) as would not have been the case, if I had gone on a cart.

"This is the end of my trip, and also of this letter.

Your loving daughter,

Grace."

CHAPTER XXX.

CARING FOR THE AGED.

Early in 1906, a sudden change came in our plans. The sad news reached us, that my Mother's brother William, the main-stay of the family, was in a fatal illness, and she needed our help. She had the sole care of him and two blind sisters, all in advanced years. The message came to us under the sea. By correspondence with the officers of the American Board in Boston, partly by cable, we obtained their reluctant consent to our return. Then came busy times of preparation. On the 8th of May, we bade a sorrowful farewell to our comrades and friends in Kalgan, to our much loved home, and to the grand mountains around it. On the voyage, Grace suffered from sea-sickness as much as ever before; but we had a day of gladness among friends at Honolulu, where the abundant fruits and flowers and the air of American influences almost in the orient, were entraming.

Arriving at San Francisco two months after the earthquake and fire, we were kindly entertained by a family in Oakland, whose house had been badly shaken. The Congregational Church in San Diego, which had furnished our support in China, urgently requested us to visit them. First we went to San Jose, to see Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Wagner, of our China Mission. The effects of the earthquake in their city were very noticeable. The Wagners went with us to Tuxedo, near Santa Cruz on the coast, where a new "Mt. Hermon", like the one in Massachusetts, was being opened for religious and missionary conferences. There we crossed a wire foot-bridge, swaying in mid air, and saw the big trees, including the "Giant" and "Fremont". In a cavity in the latter, Gen. Fremont and his men had lived during

one winter. The interior of the tree, blackened and charred by fire, was decorated with visiting cards, pinned up around, as high as a man could reach.

A railway ride of fifteen hours brought us to Los Angeles. On the way, going along the shore, we saw many oil-wells in the Pacific ocean,- some of them, I should think, being a quarter of a mile from the beach. Four hours more by rail brought us to San Diego. We visited the tent city of Coronado, and saw lemon groves in La Mesa, which produced a new crop of lemons each month. Returning to Los Angeles, we went to Santa Catalina Island, sailed on the glass-bottom boat, and saw the wonders of the briny deep. Coming East via Santa Fe, we inspected the Grand Canyon of the Colorado river, with its exquisite and awe-inspiring scenery; stopped to see our dear Aunt Kate and Uncle John in Chicago; and arrived in Hartford, Conn., July 20, 1906.

Here we found my dear Mother and Aunts, lovely souls, grieving sadly over the death of their brother. To comfort and assist them, was our duty and privilege. Grace spent many hours in reading books and papers to the blind ones, speaking through a tube to Aunt Charlotte, who was more than ninety years of age, and hard of hearing, but always of sound common sense and serene sweetness. Grace attended to the household cares and many loving ministrations, while I studied at the Hartford Theological Seminary for a year, and later preached in rural churches in Connecticut. Our three sons had graduated from college, one had earned his way through the Yale Law School, and all found good employment in New York City.

For three and a half years we cared for these aged loved ones, until all had departed to their heavenly home. The administration of estates and division of heirlooms among nearly twenty cousins,

took a good deal of my thought and time. In the five years, spent at the dear old Willard Homestead, we passed the thirtieth anniversary of our wedding; and I wrote the

TRICENNIAL WEDDING SONG.

(Sept. 19, 1907.)

(Tune, "Hark, hark, my soul, angellic songs are swelling".)

1

Saturn, the planet, in vast orbit swinging,
Just once in thirty years moves 'round the sun;
And we the bliss of wedded life are singing,
Full thirty years since courting days were done.
Yet we in heart have never ceased our wooing,
Though all our fledgelings grew, and took their flight;
As doves maintain their gentle art of cooing,
Till shadows fall, and all are hushed in night.

2

The earth and moon together journey ever,
Though sometimes near, yet often far apart;
Strong, but unseen, the tie that loosens never,
Binding them closely, as from heart to heart.
So we have gone through many a rolling season,
Oft in our home, but sometimes far away,
Swayed evermore by love's sublimest reason,
Glad when the homeward summons we obey.

3

Saturn moves on, by glittering orbs attended,
Winging his way through depths of time and space,
Wearing his ring, of light and shadow blended;
Grand and serene, he never slacks his pace.

So you, my Love, with many friends admiring,
Keep on your way in life's unceasing round,
Wearing the ring,- no other joy desiring,
Than that which in a pure true home is found.

4

High noon at Marlboro upon us shining,
Pledged we our troth amid a cloud of friends,
While sweetest flowers, with branches intertwining,
Symboled the charm of love that never ends.
Then far we sped o'er mountain, vale and ocean,
Winging our course full half around the globe,
Showing in old Cathay our hearts' devotion,
China's deep mysteries of lore to probe.

5

There, where the "Sons of Han" are toiling ever,
For a mere pittance, as the price to live,
So toiled we on, in love's supreme endeavor,
Bread of a higher, heavenlier life to give.
Joyful we wrought, with holiest ambition,
Christ to exalt, and precious souls to win,
Teaching the way of knowledge and contrition,
Saving from darkness and the ways of sin.

6

There, in Peking, a little child was ruling (1)
O'er countless millions of the black-haired race,-
Dear little heart, all ignorant of schooling,
Called to the throne in childhood's lovely grace.
So to our home a darling boy was given,
Proving the adage true, "The youngest rules";

---

(1) The Emperor Kuang-hsü.

Throned in our hearts, a royal gift from Heaven,
He was our teacher in the best of schools.

7

Later we dwelt in Kalgan's bustling city,
Close 'neath the shade of China's hoary Wall,
Daily constrained by Jesus' love and pity,
Sad weary souls to his dear cross to call.
There were the Mongols, simple, kind and pious;
There Manchu tribes, with bow and arrow proud;
There were the sons of Islam living by us,
Chanting the praise of God with voices loud.

8

Once, in our home,- the place I well remember,-
Right 'twixt the willows and the rocky stream,-
On a mild day in chilly old November,
Came a great joy, more pleasant than a dream;
"Nonnie", our pet, came to us without knocking,
Entered our door, and made himself at home,
All secret stores of happiness unlocking,
Just as when holy white-winged angels come.

9

Many the pets, he brought for us to cherish:
Birds, fish and cats, porwiggles and an owl,
Spiders and crabs,- all things that live and perish,-
Dogs, rabbits, pigeons, and the barnyard fowl.
We too must love them, as he did so dearly,-
Feed them with care, and see them change and grow;
Love and admire, and see them play so queerly,
In ways diverse,- for God has made them so.

10

Oft on the Mongol plain with joy we 'd wander,
O'er the fresh grass and flowers of every hue,
Hearing sweet strains,- the more we heard, the fonder,-
Warbling of larks above in cloudless blue.
So sang our hearts, in these fair realms of nature,
Bathed in the brightest light that earth has known,
Filled with a love to God and every creature;
Love, light of heaven, around our pathway shone.

11

'Round our dear home were Kalgan's hoary mountains,
Brown, green or white, with varied grass or snow;
And through the soil, from earth's most secret fountains,
Streams of the clearest, coolest water flow.
Tokens were these of God's own help and blessing,
Promises true, that ever firm shall stand,-
Water of life, from fountains never ceasing,
To irrigate and beautify the land.

12

Once, when the autumn voices all were calling,
Cool blew the winds, and harvest days had come,
Jamie, our babe, was seen from heaven falling,
Rising unhurt, and entering our home. (1)
He could not tell about the land celestial,
Knew nothing of the mysteries above;
But he could well, amid the things terrestrial,
Teach us new lessons in the art of love.

---

(1) Johnnie was the eye-witness, age 2 years and 11 months.

13

There, in our home, were childish voices singing,
One, two and three, our treasures, Oh how dear!
Filling our hearts with echoes sweetly ringing
Down through the corridors of many a year.
Death never entered in our humble dwelling;
Sickness was stayed, and many prayers were heard;-
Cheering our hearts, while we were ever telling
Stories of life from God's own holy Word.

14

Few were our friends, but dear in ties most holy,
Brave, kind and true, a fellowship most fine,
Joined in a service to the poor and lowly,
Healing and helping to a life divine;-
Doubly endeared in every tribulation,
Wise in their words of counsel or of cheer,
Helping in each perplexing situation,
Swift to console, and strong to banish fear.

15

Oft-times we 'd sojourn by the swelling ocean,
Bathe in its waves, or seek for curious shells,
Rest and rejoice, whate'er its tide or motion,
List'ning to tales the briny water tells.
Or we would go among the mountains touring,
Climb o'er their slopes, and seek to save the lost,
Glad in our toil, whatever pains enduring,
Sure of the prize, and counting not the cost.

16

Pleasant, the houses of our humble mission;
Brilliant the flowers, that bloomed before each door;

Happy the children, who obtained admission
To schools of truth and love and sacred lore.
Sweet were the comforts of our happy station,
Beauteous the hills, in view on every side;
Gorgeous the rainbows, winning admiration;
Glorious the sunsets o'er the valley wide.

17

There we would welcome every one who sought us,
Sick or bereaved, in various forms of grief;
Quaint were the presents, that they often brought us,
Showing their thanks, or begging quick relief.
Others there were, who came to spy and question,
With goods to sell, or some old axe to grind;
Some wished to learn, and catch each new suggestion;
More thought an easier means of wealth to find.

18

Then came the sorrows of our separation;
Long were the hours of many a lonely day;
For the dear Boys must have their education,
And Mother's love went with them all the way.
God, in his mercy, evermore sustained us,
Led us in peace through desert or the wave,
Gave us new comfort in each woe that pained us,
In every peril showed his power to save.

19

Now our dear Sons are grown to manly stature,
Walking in paths of gentleness and truth;
Joy to our hearts, their every look and feature
Showing the grace and strength of noble youth.
Long may the might and love of God protect them,

Christ and his cross their inspiration be;
Spirit of truth and wisdom aye direct them,
Till we shall meet them in eternity.

20

Here, for a time, with loved ones now remaining,
Hearts must be cheered, the Gospel truth be told,
Burdens be borne with patience uncomplaining,
Battles be fought with courage strong and bold.
Only the cross of Christ go on before us,
Guide in the path he once so humbly trod;
His love and truth, a banner waving o'er us,
Lead us to vict'ry and to rest with God.

21

Voices still come from China's distant places,
Messages sent, of earnest labors wrought;
Visions still rise of loved and winsome faces,
Pleading that every soul to Christ be brought.
Shall we not lay ourselves upon the altar,
Listen, and heed the Lord's supreme command,
Go when he bids, be strong and never falter,
Spreading glad tidings in that needy land?

22

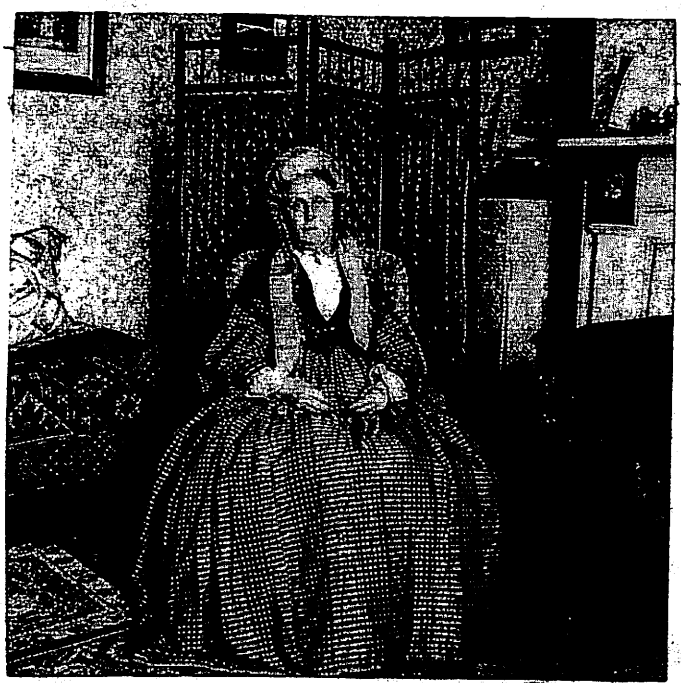
China from sleep of ages is awaking,
Learning the science of the East and West,
Change and reforms in laws and customs making,
Borrowing light, and eager in the quest.
Now is the time, to meet her keen ambition,
Christ to proclaim, the greatest need of man,
Aiding her in this hour of strange transition,
Hour most portentous since her life began.

23

In the great future, 'round the sea Pacific,
Rises to view a new and glorious world;
All tribes of men shall cease from wars terrific,
And every flag shall be in peace unfurled.
Lo, at the Hague, they meet in friendly action,
Limiting strife, and framing laws of peace;
Mankind, redeemed, acclaims the great transaction;
Love shall abound, and hate and woe shall cease.

24

Swift speed the years, with all their fleeting story;
Dawns on our sight a bright and better day,
When we shall reach the land of cloudless glory,
And tears of grief shall all be wiped away.
There, with the blest, in anthems of salvation,
Joy we, and praise the love that has no end,-
Worship and serve, with boundless adoration,
Christ, our Redeemer, our eternal Friend.



Grace, in Antique Costume,
At the Old Homestead, 12 Willard St., 1908-9.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FRAIL, YET ACTIVE AND REJOICING.

Before her duties to the aged ones were finished, Grace's health declined, and it was evidently unwise to plan a return to China. Early in 1911 we assumed the care of the South Congregational Church in East Hartford, Conn., located in the village of Hockanum. She was keenly interested in the people, and helpful in every possible way, especially in teaching the Beginners in the Sunday School. In 1913 and 1915 she had serious break-downs, and in the year between she suffered from sympathetic whooping-cough. For five consecutive summers, we spent our vacations with Mr. and Mrs. Sprague at Shortsville, N.Y., and received much kindness from the missionaries and physicians at the neighboring Sanitarium at Clifton Springs. In 1915 we spent some weeks at Old Orchard beach, in Maine, where the American Board has a large cottage for missionaries, called "Minnie's Seaside Rest". In the following year, it seemed advisable to relinquish our tasks in Hockanum, and we found a pleasant abode on Russ St., in Hartford.

After a happy summer at "Mountain Rest" in the Berkshire Hills, where we enjoyed the fellowship of missionaries from all parts of the world, we went to the home of our Son in Glen Ridge, N. J., for our usual visit at the season of Thanksgiving; and, in commemoration of four decades of service in the Gospel ministry, and of as long enjoyment of the most congenial married life, I read to my Sons and their families my song of praise to God, in the following words:-

A SONG AFTER FORTY YEARS.

(Addressed to my Beloved Grace.)

* * * * *

INTRODUCTION: THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.

(Tune, "The Master is Calling for Service.")

1

A song of the early autumn,
The wealth-bringing time of the year;
When the treasures of summer are ripening,
And harvesting days are near;
When in and beneath the gardens,
Are precious nuggets of food,
Prepared, all fresh and delicious,
By him who gives all things good.

Chorus:-

Then hurrah for the early autumn,
When fruits of all kinds abound,
Let the hearts of men be thankful,
And voices of praise resound.

2

At spring-time the gardens are planted,
In hope of a prosperous year;
In summer we labor with patience,
In faith that their fruits will appear;
But autumn 's the time of possession,
When benefits come to the hand,-
A time of good cheer and rejoicing,
To all who have toiled on the land.

Chorus:-

Then hurrah for the early autumn,

When summer has scarcely gone by,
And the heaped-up fruits are all ready
For days when the snow-flakes shall fly.

3

The summer of life may be waning;
The winter is still far away.
Our treasures of love are increasing,
As joys that will never decay;
For children and grand-children meet us,
With pleasures that never grow old;
And throngs of companions still greet us,
With friendships more precious than gold.

Chorus:-

Then give thanks for the autumn of life-time,
For joys that are richest and best,
For garnered success and achievements,
For love, that our glad hearts has blest.

4

In the spring-time of life we were growing,
And learning to work and to pray;
In the summer of life we were striving
To uplift the souls of Cathay;
The years of fruition have brought us
Fair tasks in the country we love;
And for all the delights of a life-time,
We praise the great Giver above.

Chorus:-

Then rejoice in the bountiful blessings,
That crown all the years we have passed;
And trust in the love overflowing,
Which will not desert us at last.

I. FROM CHILDHOOD TO MATURITY, FROM AMERICA TO CHINA.

(Tune, "Summer suns are glowing".)

5

In our homes of childhood,
Happy were we there,
Playing, learning, helping,
Free from anxious care.
Parents, brothers, sisters,
Filled our lives with cheer,
And new strength was given us,
With each added year.

6

When our lives were ready
For a wider range,
God in love prepared us
For a blissful change,-
Led us o'er the ocean
To far China's shore,
One in love, which, growing,
Ripens evermore.

7

There we lived and labored,
Learning orient ways.
There our darling Charlie
Came to bless our days.
Few but choice companions
Kept our hearts in cheer,
While we taught the natives
All that we revere.

8

Then our vision widened,
As from Pisgah's height;
Thousands saw we longing
For the Gospel light;
Millions without guidance,
Needing truth and love,
Called us out, to help them
On toward heaven above.

9

So we moved to Kalgan,
By old China's Wall,-
Multitudes to beckon
Out from error's thrall;
Preaching, teaching, aiding
Throngs of young and old,
Where the mountain torrents
By the city rolled.

10

There our loving Johnnie
Brought us added joys.
Many were the frolics
With our darling boys.
Love and work and sunshine
Filled our fair retreat;
And our Jamie's coming
Made our bliss complete.

(See next page.)

II. OUR DELIGHTFUL HOME IN CHINA.

(Tune, "The Old Oaken Bucket".)

11

How dear to our hearts was our home by the mountains,
Where rainbows and sunsets brought joy to our eyes!
The deep-driven wells were all fed by sweet fountains,
And every new scene gave a sense of surprise.
The sky-larks would warble, the swallows would twitter,
The wild-flowers would greet us along by the roads;
While sunshine and love made our houses seem fitter
For dwellings of angels than human abodes.
Our dear old Hsi-hua-tzu, (1)
Our arid Hsi-hua-tzu,
Our happy Hsi-hua-tzu,
We love thine abodes.

12

The drawbacks of Kalgan were grand and heroic;
The wolves and fierce dogs in sad chorus would wail;
The dust-storms were such as would frighten a stoic,
And wild was the sleet on the keen wintry gale.
The roads were most rugged, the climate was arid,
The voice of the donkey enlivened the way;
O'er treacherous bridges and floods we were carried,
On mules that would stumble, or wander astray.
Those sand-storms of Kalgan,
Those rough roads of Kalgan,
Those donkeys of Kalgan,
We miss them today.

---

(1) Hsi-hua-tzu (See-whaw-ze) was the name of our neighborhood.

13

Mount Williams towered grandly right close to our city;
Mount Gilmour, more massive, stood off at one side;
While hosts of small peaks, most attractive and pretty,
Encircled our valley, well terraced and wide:-
Tree-mountain, Wind-summit, and other high places,
Each crowned with Great Wall, or a tower of defence;
While Antelope range its proud glory up-raises, (1)
And far in the south gleams white Wu-t'ai immense. (2)

For the dear Kalgan mountains,
These steep craggy mountains,
Yon flint-sprinkled mountains,
Our love is intense.

14

Before our dear home many sweet flowers were blooming;
The trees in their verdure gave beautiful shade.
Our guests and their goods, whether going or coming,
A pleasant diversion and interest made.
The boys' daily lessons, the chapels and meetings,
The coming of precious home boxes and mail,
The new missionaries, with friendliest greetings,
All made deep impressions, which never can fail.

O home of endearment,
O times of enjoyment,
O place of improvement,
We love you right well.

---

(1) South-east of Kalgan, toward Pao-an.

(2) South of Yü-Chou.

15

Our animal pets were both many and funny:
A cat and her kittens, a crab and an owl;
Porwiggles and snails, a young kid and a bunny,
With dogs big and little, and many a fowl.
The pet kitty "Furpurr", the kid named "Osigga",
And "young Mr. Flipkins", the sparrow, were fine;
While yellow dog "Hseer", and the twin pups no bigger,
Were cared for and happy in your love and mine.

O pets of our children,
Delights of our children,
Dumb friends of our children,
To see you we pine.

16

To beauteous Glen Gulick our footsteps would wander,
When cloudy July called to picnics and showers.
Of grassy Mongolia our spirits were fonder,
Where cool air and rest charmed our mid-summer hours.
The tents were not tidy; the tea, it was salty;
And eggs, peas and mutton, were all we could buy;
Yet no one would say that our health-change was faulty,
While on that fair plain, and beneath that clear sky.

O wild-flowers of T'ou-t'ai,
O sheep flocks of T'ou-t'ai,
O kind friends at T'ou-t'ai,
We wish you were nigh.

(See next page.)

III. A SAD, DOLEFUL TIME IN OUR LIVES.

(Tune, "Chime".)

17

There came a sad, a doleful time,
When Schooling beckoned from afar,
And Charles went forth with faith sublime,
To follow well his guiding star.

18

With him away, what could we do?
Life, love and home, were not the same.
Our hopes and fears were stirred anew,
At every mention of his name.

19

Then two poor years flew swiftly by,
Oft marred with sickness in our home;
Till John and James new tasks must try,
For Schooling beckoned them to come.

20

Away they sailed, with Mother too;
I watched them in the distance fade;
For Love and Zeal their best would do,
To counsel, guide, protect and aid.

21

My heart was gone, my soul was numb;
I staggered 'neath the stunning blow;
My home was void, my tongue was dumb,
And naught could cheer me in my woe.

22

Then, in my misery and grief,

'Mid raging pest and fears of war, (1)
Hard work and touring brought relief,
And gave new zest in scenes afar.

IV. JOY AFTER SORROW.

(Tune, "Sessions".)

23

Again two years, and joy returned;
At "Barber's Crossing" met we then; (2)
And five glad hearts with rapture burned,
To see all safe at home again.

24

On Hartford's Hill, so bright and fair,
Where hosts of friends made life most sweet,
Our home was blest with pleasures rare,
And months went by with feet-steps fleet.

V. OUR WORK CONTINUED IN CHINA AND AMERICA.

(Tune, "Langran",- longer lines.)

25

Then China called, with Duty's stern command.
"Ripe was the harvest, but the reapers few".
So off I went to Sinim's distant strand,
Boldly to struggle in endeavors new.

---

(1) Cholera and the Japan-China war, 1894-5.

(2) A short distance north of Worcester, Mass.

26

In Yü-Chou's vale, 'mid mountain peaks sublime,
Or on Tientsin's old dusty, dreary plain,
To comfort those distressed I gave my time,
Till Kalgan called me to its work again.

27

Far roamed I then, with Chih I at my side,
To sunny south, to friends in east or west;
Or to the Mongol hamlets we would ride,
Where kindness ever waits the coming guest.

28

Chih I, the faithful, ever kind and good,
Servant, companion, quick to see and heed;
Sing, preach or pray, sell books, or make my food;-
He was a God-send in my time of need.

29

You, my true Love, though myriad miles apart,
Faithful and keen, pursued your shining track,
Caring for three bright youth of earnest heart,
Longing for one who could not soon come back.

30

"MOTHER", the name, of human names most dear!
Guide, friend and lover of your noble Three;
Bravely you served them all full many a year,
Thrice loved by them, and still more dear to me. (1)

---

(1) When this stanza was read to my Sons, it evoked great applause.

(See next page.)

VI. THE BOXER UPRISING, AND A FLIGHT FOR LIFE.

(Tune, "Star Spangled Banner".)

31

When the German "mailed fist" smote the orient shore,
With a dastard brute force, that shall long be remembered,
Then China struck back with an ominous roar, (1)
To protest that her country should not be dismembered.
And the Boxers' fierce band,
With a violent hand,
Spread blood and confusion throughout their fair land.
O say, does the Kaiser still reign at Taing-tau?
And what are his fame and his prospects just now?

32

There was war at Peking, born of hatred malign,
And the conflict spread far, to the bounds of the nation.
To slay, loot and burn, was the Boxers' design,
And the stranger, defenceless, must flee for salvation.
The gods would descend,
And their mighty aid lend,
And the foreigners' menace and insults would end.
O say, what success did the Boxer hosts gain?
And to how great renown did the false gods attain?

33

So the friends of Cathay, since mistaken for foes,
Were compelled to withdraw from that dangerous region.
Their trust was in God; and, when peril arose,
They slowly went out through their enemies legion.

---

(1) In Sept., 1898, after Europeans had seized several Chinese ports, a tremendous commanding was made in the Emperor's Hunting Park, south of Peking, using as much of explosives, it was said, as would have sufficed for an entire military campaign.

Thus with God to provide,
And with Larsen as guide,
They marched through the wilderness unterrified; (1)
And the Russians with ardor and kindness came forth,
To welcome these friends to their homes in the north.

34

When the Mother and Sons in this land were in fears,
Lest the one whom they loved should be cruelly treated;
They were saved at the last from their sorrows and tears,
For the lost one was found, and the Boxers defeated.
Then we give thanks and praise
To the Ancient of days,
Who rescued his children in wonderful ways;
And who sent on the Boxers and Manchus a blight,
That their whole worthy nation might come to the light.

VII. REBUILDING OUR DESOLATED ZION.

(Tune, "Materna".)

35

Eight armies entered old Peking,
To beat the Boxer bands;
The Dowager went traveling
To distant western lands;
The diplomats and Christians brave,
Long kept in durance dire,
Were rescued from their perils grave,
From famine, sword and fire.

---

(1) Poetic license, as in Psa. 105, 37b, et al.; but not merely poetic license; for in those days we prayed hard, and God wonderfully sustained us, and kept us from abject fear.

36

The blest evangel from above
Could be proclaimed again;-
The message of God's saving love,
And great good will to men;-
So back I went to China's shore,
To tend the scattered sheep,
To speak the words of peace once more,
And comfort those who weep.

37

The martyr hosts must honored be,
And gently laid at rest;
The ruined homes renewal see,
And strife must be suppressed.
The 'Powers that be' were on our side,
To right each cruel wrong,
To reassure the terrified,
And bid the pure be strong.

38

Then you, my Love, to help me there,
Came half the world around;
To share my heavy loads of care,
And give me joy profound.
Though much distressed by injured health,
You filled my soul with cheer,
And offered up your heart's great wealth,
To banish all my fear. (1)

---

(1) In 1904-5, the time of the Russo-Japanese war.

39

Our Zion, which in ashes lay,
Began to rise and shine.
The tumults could not long delay
A process so divine.
The country was awakening,
To learn from western Powers;
And customs now were favoring
A task humane like ours.

VIII. RETURN TO AMERICA AND THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

(Tune, "Brightest and Best".)

40

Then, as we strove with most ardent devotion,
Following plans we had carefully made,
Up came a code word from under the ocean:-
"Come, for your Mother is needing your aid."

41

Suddenly, sadly, our life-work seemed broken;
Torn was our home, and our goods we must sell;
Yet not in vain was the Scripture word spoken:
"They who love God shall find all things end well."

42

So, with farewells to our comrades, we started,
Came to my Mother and two well loved Aunts,
Mourning the loss of their brother departed,
Plunged in a grief that my memory haunts.

43

'Round the old Homestead my thoughts fondly linger:

Grandfather's garden was off at one side;
Pawpaw and pear trees, the rose and syringa;
Blackberries fine in the pasture so wide.

44

Walls, where the sweet vines were clinging and growing;
Arbors, whose grapes in large clusters were hung;
Garden, its beauty and rich treasures showing;
Long be your praises and mysteries sung!

45

Home of my Mother and Grandparents hoary,
Dwelling of many dear relatives mine,
Symbol of heaven, a halo of glory
Crowns thy blest name in fair memory's shrine!

IX. HOOKANUM AND HARTFORD.

(Tune, "Auld Lang Syne".)

46

The scenes of life are changing fast,
And charm us, as they come. (1)
We leave the lonely home at last,
And dwell in Hookanum.
The cars and autos hurry by
The house in which we live;
And scores of friends in kindness try
Fresh help or joy to give.

---

(1) There were sorrows as well as joys; but, on the whole, the retrospect was pleasing.

47

A pleasant Church, a happy Home,
A well filled fuel bin;
Abundant light in every room,
And sunshine streaming in;-
These, with good food in love prepared,
Delighting mouth and eyes,
Oft cheered the soul, who little cared
For stinging wasps and flies.

48

Tobacco stood in every field,
And hung in many a shed;
Its leaves a sure employment yield,
And purchase daily bread.
Abundant are the things we eat,
And plentiful the cream;
While corn and beans and melons sweet
Refresh us like a dream.

49

In preaching, teaching, friendly deeds,
In prayer and service true,
We strove to meet our neighbors' needs,
And do what we could do.
The sick we soothed, and sought to raise
Above their griefs and doubts;
And led the boys in Virtue's ways,
By training them as scouts.

50

And now in Hartford's sunny clime,

Our happy lot in cast;
We bode no ill for future time,
Nor grieve for summers past.
Three Sons, three Daughters, bring us love,
And give us many joys;
While four GRAND children help to prove
Our wealth in girls and boys.

61

For daily food and wedded bliss,
Well nigh five hundred moons,-
For life and love and peace like this,
We raise our joyful tunes.
A hand divine has led us on,
Through many thousand days;
For hopes fulfilled and troubles gone,
We render thanks and praise.

X. OUR HAPPY FAMILY.

(Tune, "Tipperary Chorus".)

62

When our group all get together,
What a rapturous sight!
Be it fair or stormy weather,
We are brimming with delight.
So Goodbye to every sorrow,
Farewell, anxious fear!
There 's a long, long time before tomorrow, (1)
And I 'm glad I 'm here!

---

(1) In one sense.

52b

There 's a long time between our meetings,
Which are precious, as rare;
There 's a true love in all our greetings,
And a glad relief from care;
So Goodbye to every sorrow,
Farewell, anxious fear!
There 's a long, long time before tomorrow,
And I 'm glad I 'm here!

53

There is Charles, with thoughts prolific,
Prudent, graceful and tall;
There is Florence, sweet, pacific,
Full of kindness to us all;
There are Alice and Priscilla,
Dear as dear can be;-
And to be with them and with Grace Lilla, (1)
Is great joy to me.

53b

Such a pair of cherubic faces
Must be gifts from above;
To recount their gentle graces,
Is a theme I dearly love.
So Goodbye to every sorrow,
Farewell, anxious fear!
There 's a long, long time before tomorrow,
And I 'm glad I 'm here!

---

(1) Mrs. Roberts, Sr.

64

Once our John, with form athletic,
And a mind full of schemes,
Cheered his Class with thrills poetic,
And a prophet's subtile dreams;
Now with Edith, kind and cheery,
Suffragist by creed,-
They 're at work with hearts that never weary,
To help folks in need.

64b

When their Shepard, with looks entrancing,
Makes you share in his play,
Then you surely feel like dancing,
For a year and many a day.
So Goodbye to every sorrow,
Farewell, anxious fear!
There 's a long, long time before tomorrow,
And I 'm glad I 'm here!

65

There is Jim, with great good nature,
Smart and chummy and kind;
There 's his Madge, a lovely creature,
With a sweet and gentle mind.
When their Willard, full of action,
Motors down the street, (1)
We give up the road with satisfaction,
And feel most discreet.

---

(1) In his express wagon, on the sidewalk.

55b

Moving star-like in one direction,
They 're a bright set and fine;
For their constant warm affection,
I am glad that they are mine.
So Goodbye to every sorrow,
Farewell, anxious fear!
There 's a long, long time before tomorrow,
And I 'm glad I 'm here!

56

When we gather, to keep Thanksgiving,
What a radiant throng!
Then it seems like truly living,
And inspires my joyful song.
We are twelve congenial spirits,
Generations three,
With a love each brings or else inherits,
As glad as can be.

56b

We are all one in cordial feeling,
Sure to help in distress;
Every look and act revealing
Tender love and faithfulness;
So Goodbye to every sorrow,
Farewell, anxious fear!
There 's a long, long time before tomorrow,
And I 'm glad I 'm here!

57

Now my thoughts go backward running,
To a season of note,

When our Charles was small and cunning,
And was anxious for his goat;
When our boys ate elm-tree blossoms,
And, at Nem-K'on's brook,
Johnnie fished, and caught a slender minnow,-
A bent pin, his hook.

57b

O those pet snails and fine periwiggles,
They were loved not in vain;
O the laughter and childish giggles,
I can hear them all again;
So Goodbye to every sorrow,
Farewell, anxious fear!
There 's a long, long time before tomorrow,
And I 'm glad I 'm here.

58

When I crossed the briny billows, (1877)
One fair Soul was my Bride;
When we left the Kalgan willows, (1887)
Three young chaps were at our side;
Ten years more, in halls of knowledge, (1897)
They were climbing high;
And in ten more years they were through College,
And voting!- O my!! (1907)

58b

Swifter still the years are flying,
And each Son has his home; (1917)
With a love that is undying,
We are glad their joys have come.

So Goodbye to every sorrow,
Farewell, anxious fear!
There 's a long, long time before tomorrow,
And I 'm glad I 'm here!

CONCLUSION.

(Tune, "While Jesus whispers.")

59

Long is my story, Dearest; long is thy faith;
Strong is thy love, my Dearest; stronger than death.
Life is eternal, Dearest; naught can destroy.
Safe is our future, Dearest; in heavenly joy.

Amen.

Written for our Fortieth Wedding Anniversary, Sept. 19, 1917.



CHAPTER XXXII.

PERFECTED THROUGH SUFFERINGS.

Three years of increasing illness and distress brought this heroic Soul to her heavenly home. The physicians for a long time were unable to ascertain the nature of her disease. The first symptoms, in Nov., 1917, were so slight as to seem unimportant. In December her muscular strength was diminished just a little. In February she slipped and fell upon an icy sidewalk; and in the following August she tripped on a high curb-stone, and fell;- each time receiving considerable injuries, and bearing them with wonderful patience. Dr. Emma J. Thompson, of Hartford, gave her skillful and sympathetic help.

By September, 1918, her sickness required daily treatments. Yet in December, when her husband was called to preach for half a year in Brookfield, Mass., in the absence of the pastor, who was engaged in war Y^s work in France, she went willingly to live there among strangers, notwithstanding her decreasing strength and continual distress. To go there in her condition, was an act of willing self-sacrifice. She never could bear the thought of hindering her husband from his work. In Brookfield her brave spirit won the admiration of many new friends; but her strength noticeably declined.

The entire summer of 1919 she spent in St. Luke's Hospital, in New York City, receiving every possible help, and being often visited by her husband and sons. The doctors there could not arrest, nor even diagnose her disease. Afterward she suffered seven long months at home,- O how patiently! During these months she was

attended by two nurses, and never lacked any help which loving hearts could devise, or ministering hands render. When she realised that her condition was steadily becoming worse, she was comforted by the words of Jesus', who said, "The cup which my Father giveth me, shall I not drink it?"

At Christmas time, to cheer her, all of our Sons came from New York. As they and I started for a walk, we went to her bedside, with coats on and hats in hand, to say "Goodbye". She afterward told me, that, as she looked up at these four men, and realised that they all were her own, it was one of the happiest moments of her life.

On Sunday afternoon, our beloved cousins, Mr. William A. Willard and family, came to see us, and we had a grand "sing",- Eleanor Willard being at the piano, and we seven men standing in a curved line, in the order of our respective heights. Grace listened with great delight, as did also one other auditor, Mrs. Willard, called "Cousin Helen"; who, three months later, entered into rest only five days after Grace. Both were lovely souls, "and in death they were not divided."

During the long illness of my Dearest, ten physicians in turn alleviated her symptoms, but only the last one, three weeks before her departure, was able to diagnose her disease as myxoedema. The heart, which hitherto had functioned well, became affected. Her condition was more than distressful,- it was an agony. Yet her spirit was brave and patient to the end. At last, on March 31st, 1920,- the day before Easter Sunday,- there was a happy release; and she slipped away from the woes of earth to the joys of heaven.

The funeral, on April 3rd, was conducted by our much admired and loved friend, Rev. Dr. Rockwell Harmon Potter. All of our

sons, one of Grace's brothers, the daughter of another, and many friends, were present. Our beloved cousin, Miss Eleanor Willard, sang two comforting hymns. All of the bearers were young men of our own or related families. The interment was in Spring Grove Cemetery, Hartford, Conn. On the monument, under her name, are inscribed the words,

F O R C H R I S T A N D C H I N A .

THE FAREWELL.

(To my own Dear Grace.)

(Tune, "Langran".)

1

Gone? Art thou gone? Thou Joy of all my days!
Fled? Hast thou fled? My Love, most sweet, most dear!
Heart of my heart, I miss thy gentle ways;
Yet I believe thou art not far, but near.

2

Thou art released from sickness, pain and woe;
Safely removed from earth's distracting strife.
Great is thy joy, heaven's fellowship to know;
Sweet is thy taste of the angelic life.

3

Thou art with Christ. He lives with thee and me.
He is thy Guide in all the realms above,-
Savior and Shepherd, Husband, Friend, to be,
In all the fulness of his matchless love.

4

Then all is well. God's will, not mine, be done!

Thou art my own sweet angel evermore.
I still am thine. 'Neath some fair Easter sun,
Gladly we 'll meet on heaven's shining shore.

(THE END.)

G R A N D M A

(A song written in praise of Emma U. Roberts,
Beloved Wife of James H. Roberts,
On the fifteenth Anniversary of their Wedding.)

Glory of Womanhood! Glowing with charm!

Hearts in your presence instinctively warm.

Deeply affectionate, comforting Soul!

Balm to the desolate, making him whole!

Loved by your husband, adored by us all!

Our whole big family yields to your thrall.

Live ever happily, brightening each day,

Secure in the homage that all of us pay.

(Written by John Willard Roberts,
April 5, 1936.)

THE SAVIOR

Jesus, youthful, strong and willing,
Heard a Voice at Jordan's wave,
Calling him, God's will fulfilling,
All to leave, the world to save.

"Here I am, O Father, send me",
Was the Savior's glad reply;-
"Only let thy grace attend me;
Thine I am, to live and die."

Truth and grace in him resplendent,-
Greatest since the world began,-
Showed his soul divine, transcendent,
Son of God and Son of man.

Lord, we come, with faith imploring:
Make us pure and meek like thee;
Till at last, the love adoring,
We in heaven thy glory see.

(Written by James Hudson Roberts,
Wethersfield, Conn.;
Jan. 8, 1944.)