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SIAO-KWU-SHAN.
(The Little Orphan,) YIANG-TSE-KIANG.

OUR LIFE IN CHINA.

BY
HELEN S. C. NEVIUS.



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TO MY HUSBAND,
THE REV. JOHN L. NEVIUS,
I DEDICATE
THIS NARRATIVE
OF
OUR LIFE IN CHINA.

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OUR LIFE IN CHINA.



CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE TO AND ARRIVAL IN CHINA.

I REMEMBER that, in one of my earliest lessons in geography, I was told of a country directly underneath me, on the opposite side of the globe; and my teacher added the sage remark, that, if I should make a hole directly through the earth, I would come upon a very strange people, called *Chinese*. The idea haunted me. Some vague conceptions of the "pneumatic express" dawned upon my infant mind. Would it be possible, I wondered, to make such a small, safe tunnel, and to glide swiftly through until I could see, with my own eyes, those singular men, with hair braided down their backs, and grown-up women, with feet no larger than my own, whose food was "rats, cats, and puppies"?

Well, in the course of years it came to pass that I did go to China; not, as I had once imagined, through that extraordinary hole in the ground, but with my missionary husband, in a sailing vessel called the "Bombay."

We sailed from Boston, on the 19th of September, 1853. The "Bombay" was an old, India trader, neither comfortable, nor, indeed, seaworthy; though, of that fact, we were, at the time, fortunately not aware.

Our "state-room" was on deck, opening off the dining cabin; in size, just three and a half feet wide, and not quite six long.

How two people managed to stow themselves away, within such narrow limits, may be a mystery to some; but we did it for six long months. Indeed, it was a discipline well suited to prepare us for the change, from the ease and comforts of home, to the varied experiences of missionary life.

Though the ship was badly provisioned, I do not think we suffered in consequence, as we had a capital steward, who made the most of the materials within his reach. Although a voyage of such length, even under more favorable circumstances, must necessarily be more or less monotonous, we were, by no means, unhappy.

Our captain was kind and obliging. We read, studied, sang, or walked the little space of deck in front of the house, for exercise; and thus, by keeping busy, the time passed pleasantly and profitably.

I amused myself with my guitar, until, finding it prevented the officers from their customary sleep in the daytime, I was obliged to give it up. We were both good sailors, and the “wonders of the deep” were an unceasing source of interest and pleasure. I well remember our first storm. It occurred just as I was recovering from sea-sickness, and I had not been on deck since we lost sight of land. My husband insisted upon my going out, — “It is so glorious!” he said. “You must see it!” And indeed it was glorious, — far beyond my powers of description. It brought vividly to mind the beautiful 107th Psalm, —

“They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters :

“These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.

“For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

“They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths.”

I know of no sight more impressive and awful than the ocean in, or immediately after, a storm. The consciousness it gives of the presence, power, and majesty of God is overpowering. I have often wondered that a godless man can enjoy it.

Nearly every Sabbath during the voyage, when the weather would allow, Mr. Nevius held religious services. As the cabin was very small, they were necessarily upon deck. They were attended by the captain, and most of the sailors, who listened with attention, and showed at least external interest. It seemed, however, that there was often more "squaring the yards," "working the ship," and more probability of "squalls" and storms, on the morning of the holy day, than the actual state of the weather appeared to indicate. These various contingencies rendering it quite impossible to secure the quiet necessary for public devotional exercises, we were not unfrequently obliged to omit them altogether.

While off the Cape of Good Hope we were several days "hove to" in a gale; and numerous ships near us were in the same condition. One of these days was peculiarly trying, the ship rolling so that for mere safety I was

obliged to stay in my berth. The door to the cabin was open, and thus I witnessed an amusing incident. When the ship gave a lurch unusually violent, out from the pantry rolled, not only plates, dishes of all kinds, and various culinary utensils, but also a barrel of pickles, which emptied its contents upon the cabin floor. Oh, such a scene! It was so ludicrous that, notwithstanding the wild commotion without, and the fact that it was rather a catastrophe on board such a poorly found vessel, we had a hearty laugh. All but the poor steward! I doubt whether the risible muscles of his ebony visage were the least disturbed. It was too serious a matter for him, poor fellow! He scrambled hither and thither, gathering up the fragments, and at length restored order, and succeeded in making fast every movable article.

After being nearly four months at sea, we had a glimpse of the island of St. Pauls, at a distance of ten miles. Being the first land we had seen since we left Boston harbor, it was invested with wonderful interest. Again and again we read the description given of it in a nautical work of the captain's; of its being the resort of a few fishermen; of its having one, and only one object of interest, namely, a hot spring, so

situated that one could catch fish from a cold spring close at hand, and toss them into that, and cook them there.

On the 30th of January we passed through the Straits of Timor. When we came on deck, about five o'clock in the morning, we were midway between the islands of Timor and Ombay. The sun had not yet risen, and mists partially obscured the mountain-tops. These tropical islands, clothed in richest verdure, with trees and plants of many kinds and colors, seen from the ship, as we sailed slowly by, seemed almost too beautiful for earth. There are skeptics, I believe, who aver that the "spicy breezes," which "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle," are only imaginary; but I have often had an opportunity of noticing these land-breezes, and I can say from experience that, though very soft and balmy, they are real and delicious, like the perfume of flowers. With the aid of a spy-glass, we discovered numbers of small villages, — some at the water's edge, and others far up the mountain-side. From several of these islands the natives came off in their long, narrow prows, with a few articles for sale, — nothing, however, of value, — only some specimens of coral, shells, and birds. The latter were beautiful; and so

many were purchased by us and the men on board, that for a few days our ship had something the appearance and sound of an aviary. But, for some reason, the birds did not thrive; and before we reached Shanghai few of them were living.

One morning, at daylight, we found ourselves near a fine large ship, on the deck of which was a lady with a spy-glass in hand. She had descried me also, and for a long while we looked at each other through our glasses. After breakfast, a boat came off from the stranger ship, with the compliments of the captain and his wife, and a present for the "Lady of the Bombay." As we were nearly becalmed, our captain and my husband returned the courtesy by going on board the "Rose Standish." They found her accommodations very good; and the captain and his wife were cultivated and religious people, and exceedingly kind. I think they suspected that we were not very comfortable on our ship, as they invited, and even urged, us to make the remainder of the voyage with them, as their guests. We thought, however, for several reasons, that it would be better to remain where we were. Our acquaintance with this Christian family has, to me, a mournful interest. Only

a week or two after reaching Shanghai, Capt. Pearson lost his life in assisting to protect the foreign settlement from an attack by the Chinese.

After leaving the islands, we were still several weeks in reaching our destination. The weather was bad, and, for days, our captain was not able to take an observation, so as to fix our exact position. On one of these days we passed a sunken rock; the ship scraping it, without other damage than losing part of her keel. The danger was great, as, had we gone a few feet further on the rock, we had probably been wrecked.

At length, the muddy, yellow color of the water indicated very plainly that we must have reached the mouth of the Yiang-tse-kiang; but the fog was dense, and no pilot near; so, when we came to shallow water, we were obliged to drop anchor. I remember well the appearance of the Chinese junks lying near us. Seen through the mist, they seemed immense, and very weird and phantom-like. It was cold and stormy; and our situation, without a fire, and with necessarily much exposure, was exceedingly uncomfortable. We lay for three days at anchor, waiting and hoping for a pilot. At length, some one discovered a white flag on a small

Chinese vessel, in the distance; and it was not long before it had brought us our much-wished-for pilot. I cannot express the interest we felt in him, coarse and grotesque as he seemed. He was, to us, the type of his race, among whom we had come to live and labor. He told us in "Pigeon English," which we then heard for the first time, that the rebels had taken Shanghai; and that "*they makee too muchee bobbery, altogether too great a fighty!*" The fellow proved an incompetent pilot. He three times ran our ship aground. In the first two instances the rising tide prevented serious consequences; but in the third we were hopelessly fast in the mud, unless we could secure the aid of a steam-tug to draw us off. Here our pilot ran away, and left us to get to Shanghai as best we might. We were still several miles from Woosung.

At this conjuncture, a foreign compradore's boat, from Shanghai, came alongside, and a young English lad, who commanded it, came on board the "Bombay." He explained more fully the state of affairs at Shanghai, and gave us some scraps of news from the outer world, to which we had so long been strangers. He also invited my husband and me to go up to Shang-

hai in his boat; assuring us that we would thus reach our friends before dark of that day; whereas, there was no immediate prospect of the "Bombay's" stirring from the spot where she then was. The opportunity was too tempting to be refused; so, in a chair suspended from a spar, I was lowered — "whipped," it is called, in sea-phrase — from the deck of the "Bombay" to the little compradore boat.

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

The captain of our boat, the only foreigner on board except ourselves, was a boy of sixteen, with plenty of English "pluck," but with little discretion.

At one o'clock, when the tide was strong in our favor, and the full moon made it almost as light as day, we again got under way, and proceeded quietly until just below the fleet, when

the clang of gongs from vessel to vessel gave warning that they were all on the alert for intruders. Our little "John Bull" came into the cabin, and, placing two loaded revolvers beneath his waistcoat, exclaimed, "I'll teach them to meddle with me! They shall not stop my boat!" And so we went on for some little distance, the sounds from the junks becoming more ominous. Rockets were fired upon us, some of which fell either on our boat or in the water close to us. My husband now thought it time that he should interfere; and he told our little captain that we must stop at once. Almost as soon as our anchor dropped, a small boat from one of the junks pulled towards us. It was filled with dusky figures, each holding a spear or sword erect and glistening in the moonlight. They came on board, and would at once have searched the boat for contraband articles, which, I think, they would have found, had not the English boy thought of an expedient which caused them to alter their minds. He told them in Chinese, — which we of course did not understand, — that I was the sister of a merchant in Shanghai, with whom he knew them to be on friendly terms. This falsehood was, I suppose, their reason for not detaining or injuring us.

With many humble apologies for having stopped us, and most polite salaams, they went, one after another, into their "sampan," and shoved off. All this time I had been standing with my husband on deck, not particularly alarmed; but I afterwards found that the shock to my nerves had been very great. After the danger was over, and we had come to anchor close under the flag of the English Consulate, I trembled at every foot-fall, and more than once before day-break, begged Mr. Nevius to go on deck to see if we were really safe. The strange music of cannon on the city wall, where a continuous firing was kept up, did not assist in composing our minds to rest. Altogether it was not a very delightful adventure.

It was only a few days after this that these same imperialists attacked the foreign settlement; in assisting to protect which, our friend Captain Pearson was killed.

The pretty chapel of the American Episcopal Mission was one of the first sights which greeted our eyes, the morning after our arrival. Leaving me in the boat, my husband went on shore to find our mission families. He called at a house near the chapel, and inquired for Mr. Wight or Mr. Culbertson. A lady, hearing the

inquiry, recognized him at once and asked, "Is not this Mr. Nevius? We are all expecting you;" giving him at the same time a most kindly welcome. This was Miss Emma Jones, of the American Episcopal Mission.

Mr. Nevius soon returned, in company with Mr. Wight, who, we were grieved to learn, was on the eve of embarking for the United States. The gentlemen brought with them a sedan-chair; for, though the distance was short, the mud was so deep that it was almost impossible for a lady to wade through it. That was my first experience of a mode of locomotion with which I afterwards became very familiar.

The Chinese city of Shanghai is, comparatively, a small and insignificant one. The foreign settlement, although not then as large and flourishing as it has since become, was still a place of much importance. We were surprised at the number and size of the foreign hong and merchants' residences. At the time of this first visit to Shanghai, owing to the city's being in the hands of the rebels, with continual fighting between them and the imperialists, all foreign residents, whose houses were in exposed situations, had been obliged to leave them. There were three or four mission families crowded into

one house ; but that circumstance added materially to the pleasure of our visit. It was before the days of disunion and secession, and the harmony and sociability of our new friends were truly delightful. The distinctions, Northern and Southern, English and American, seemed well-nigh forgotten, in that far-off land. All were hard at work ; some of the gentlemen preaching daily, others translating and making books ; and the ladies, with a few exceptions, were occupied in their schools, which at that time were large and flourishing.

We remained in Shanghai about two weeks, and then sailed for Ningpo in the schooner "Speck," in company with the excellent Mr. Goddard, a Baptist missionary of Ningpo.

A day or two previous, Rev. Mr. Wight and family, and Mrs. Coulter, whose husband had died at Ningpo, had left for America. Their ship had not yet fairly got out to sea, and when we came to anchor for the night below Woosung, we found ourselves close to it, and soon went on board to pay our friends a visit. We found them in great perplexity ; Mr. and Mrs. Wight had a family of small children, the youngest a babe of seven months. The child's wet-nurse had been left in Shanghai, and they had depended upon

two goats to give milk for the baby on the voyage. But even before they were out of sight of land, they found this plan did not answer; and the question was, "What shall be done?" It was risking the child's life to take her, and our coming just at that time seemed providential. Mr. Goddard urged them to leave the babe with his wife, who had previously offered to assume the charge of it; and we also promised, very willingly, to take it, in case our services were required. "Can I, must I, part with my dear baby?" exclaimed poor Mrs. Wight, the tears streaming down her cheeks. It was a terrible struggle, but there were only a few moments in which to decide it, as we must return to the boat. And so, although it nearly broke her heart, she gave her baby for a time to our care.

Taking the little Annie with us, we went again on board the "Speck," and were soon out at sea. Two Ningpo women, one of whom was Annie's nurse, were with us, and occupied the berth at one side of our cabin. The nurse proved of not the least use in taking care of the child, as she soon became deathly sea-sick. The night was stormy, and the waves being short and "chopping," the "Speck" rolled from side to side fearfully. Mr. Goddard took charge of

Annie; I would gladly have done so, but it would not have been safe, as I could not keep my footing, the ship was so unsteady. During the night, a groan from Mr. Goddard made us aware that he must be suffering great discomfort, and my husband called to him, —

“Mr. Goddard, are you sea-sick?”

“Yes, *I am sea-sick!*” he answered.

Such an impatient, querulous tone, from such a good man! We knew matters must be getting desperate, and Mr. Nevius insisted upon relieving him of the care of little Annie for the rest of the night. The poor child moaned and cried piteously, and it was indeed a very uncomfortable time for us all.

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

As the “Speck” could not get up to the city that night, we went in a small boat, sculled by a man standing on a platform in the stern. It

was late in the evening before we reached Ningpo. We saw none of the ladies of our mission that night, with the exception of Mrs. Rankin, our kind hostess. Mr. Rankin was the only one of all the circle whom I had met before. He had visited at my father's house some years previous, when I was but a child.

CHAPTER II.

NINGPO. — MISSIONARY WORK COMMENCED.

NINGPO FU, that is, "City of the Peaceful Wave," is in longitude $121^{\circ} 22'$. Its latitude, $29^{\circ} 35'$, is about that of New Orleans. It is a large and important place, with three hundred thousand or more inhabitants. It is surrounded by a substantially built stone wall, twenty feet in height, fifteen in width at the top, and twenty at its base, which is in pretty good repair, though very ancient, and in many parts overgrown with moss and plants. I do not think there is anything in China more interesting than these venerable city walls. That at Ningpo has a high parapet, with embrasures; and the top of the wall inside the parapet is a tolerably good paved road either for walking or riding. Near each city gate is a long and easy flight of steps, which can be ascended by horses as well as persons. From the wall you have an extensive view of the river and plain, the former filled with junks

and other smaller craft, and the latter cut up with canals intersecting each other in every direction.

“The plain in which Ningpo lies is a magnificent amphitheatre, stretching away from twelve to eighteen miles, on one side to the base of the distant hills, and on the other to the verge of the ocean. As the eye travels along, it catches many a pleasing object. Turn landward, it will see canals and water-courses, fields and snug farm-houses, family residences, hamlets, and villages, family tombs, monasteries, and temples. Turn in the opposite direction, and you perceive a low, flat country, but little elevated above the level of the ocean; but the river, alive with all kinds of boats, and the banks studded with ice-houses, most of all attract the attention. From without the city, and while still upon the ramparts, look within its walls, and you will be no less gratified. Here there is nothing European, — little to remind you of what you have seen in the West. The single-storied and double-storied houses, the heavy, prison-like family mansions, the glittering roofs of the temples, the dilapidated official residences, the deserted literary and examination halls, and the sombre Tower of Ningpo, are entirely Chinese. The attention is

also arrested by ditches, canals, and reservoirs of water, with their wooden bridges and stone arches."

The above extract from Milne gives a very life-like and correct picture of Ningpo and the country about it. The streets of the city vary in width from four to ten, and possibly in some places to fifteen feet. They are well paved, and are spanned by frequent ornamental stone gateways, or arches, which have been erected to commemorate the virtues of noted persons of former generations.

The Ningpo plain is devoted to rice culture. It is irrigated by artificial means from the canals, and at certain seasons is almost covered with water. Vegetation is rank and luxuriant; and, as might be expected, there is so much malaria in the atmosphere as to make it very unhealthy both for foreigners and natives.

The Presbyterian mission-houses are in a suburb on the north bank of one of the two streams which here unite to form the Tatsieh, or Ningpo River, as we are more apt to call it. In one compound there were three houses occupied at the time of our arrival by Mr. Way, Dr. McCartee, and Mr. Rankin. A little chapel stands just north of Mr. Rankin's house, one



PRESBYTERIAN MISSION COMPOUND, AT NING-PO.

part of which, next to the chapel, is occupied by the girls' boarding-school. The boys' school and Mr. S. Martin's house were somewhat removed towards the north gate. Mr. William Martin occupied a house which adjoined our large church in the city. Mr. Quarterman, the only remaining member of the mission, boarded with his brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Way. Mr. and Mrs. Knowlton, American Baptists, lived just opposite us, close under the city wall, while the dwellings of Dr. McGowan and Mr. Lord, members of the same mission, were on the city side, some distance up the river. The other missionaries all resided within the walls.

There was at Ningpo, at that time, a small but growing mercantile community. Nearly all foreigners lived in houses constructed after western models, and better adapted than those of the natives to secure a free circulation of air and protection from the heat. Those of our mission had been built with reference to economy, rather than durability or comfort, and were, consequently, in frequent need of repairs and changes.

The Presbyterian Mission at Ningpo had been commenced about ten years before our arrival. Dr. McCartee was the pioneer. He was joined

in a few weeks by Rev. Mr. Way and Mrs. Way ; and a few months later the mission was further strengthened by the accession of Rev. Messrs. Culbertson and Loomis, and their wives, and Rev. Walter Lowrie. The latter was one of the first missionaries sent by the Presbyterian Board to China, but he had been detained for two years in the southern ports, before finally coming to live in Ningpo. His memoir, edited by his father, the Hon. Walter Lowrie, contains most interesting accounts of his voyage to China, his arrival there, various journeyings by sea, where he was several times in great peril, and, finally, of his sad death at the hands of pirates.

Mr. Lowrie had been absent for a time in Shanghai, engaged with Dr. Bridgeman, Dr. (since Bishop) Boone, and two or three English missionaries, upon a translation of the Sacred Scriptures. He was obliged to return to Ningpo on business connected with the mission. As he was crossing the Hangchow Bay from Chapoo his boat was attacked by pirates. They sprang on board with spears and swords, striking down all who attempted to resist them. Mr. Lowrie seems to have remained throughout wonderfully calm and self-possessed. Unable to bear the sight of the cruelty shown to the poor Chinese

passengers and boatmen, he left the cabin and sat at the bow of the boat. It is supposed that the pirates feared that, should they spare his life, he might bring them to punishment by reporting them to the authorities. Whatever their motive may have been, they discussed for a moment whether it would be better to kill him at once, or throw him alive into the sea. Deciding upon the latter course, two men approached and endeavored to effect their purpose. Being unable to accomplish it, a third came to their assistance. With great presence of mind, Mr. Lowrie removed his shoes, and evidently hoped to save his life by swimming. As they were in the act of casting him into the sea, he turned and tossed his little Bible, which he had until now retained in his grasp, upon the deck behind him. He had been seen reading it a few moments before. What words of comfort, I wonder, had that precious book afforded him in this hour of danger and death! Perhaps, "Whosoever loseth his life for my sake and the gospel's, shall save it;" or, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Some sweet message of comfort and love, we may be sure, was sent him in that time of need. He swam several times towards the boat, but one of the pirates stood ready with

a spear to prevent his approach. Seeing this, he turned away, and soon sank beneath the waves. His devoted and attached Chinese servant, who had been terribly beaten by the pirates, succeeded in reaching Ningpo; and from him was learned all that is known of the last hours and death of Walter Lowrie.

In the spring of 1854 the work of the various members of our mission was, as nearly as I can remember, as follows: Dr. McCartee had charge of a dispensary, and was also engaged in other departments of mission work. Mr. Way superintended the press, Mr. S. Martin had the boys' boarding-school, and Mr. and Mrs. Rankin the girls' boarding-school. Mr. William Martin, I believe, gave himself more particularly to book-making and literary labors, for which he was peculiarly fitted. All the gentlemen devoted more or less time to preaching. Very few ladies at Ningpo paid much attention to the written language, — a knowledge of the vernacular being fully sufficient for conducting their missionary labors either in the schools or among the native women.

We had only been at Ningpo a few days before we settled down to the study of the spoken language. We were fortunate in securing, at once,

the services of an excellent teacher ; which made this employment more pleasant, and our progress more rapid than it could otherwise have been. Mr. Du, or Du *sin-sang*, that is, Teacher Du, was not an accomplished Chinese scholar ; but he answered our purpose none the worse for that. Previous to our going to Ningpo, the spoken language had been reduced to writing, by the use of the Roman letters. Our first work was to acquire the sounds of the language as expressed by this Romanized system, — neither a very long nor disagreeable task. From the first, I preferred learning the language from my teacher's lips, rather than from books. Even had we been supplied with grammars and dictionaries, of which, in the Ningpo dialect, there were none, I should probably have made but little use of them.

It was not many weeks before my husband and I were able to talk a little with our teacher and the servants ; and we became so interested and absorbed in the study as to enjoy it greatly. But then came on the warm, debilitating weather of summer, which we found exceedingly trying. It was impossible to go out to exercise after the sun was well up ; so we attempted the plan of rising very early, and exercising at that time.

Behind our mission houses are paddy-fields, with only narrow foot-paths between them. Walking in that direction was too disagreeable, besides being very unhealthy; so we tried the city wall. Crossing the river at what is called the Salt Gate Ferry, we entered the city, and, ascending the wall from within, found a walk as quiet and retired as we could wish. It would have been truly pleasant had not the weather been so oppressive, and had our strength been greater. Ah, there was the trouble! Almost before we were aware, the effects of a first summer in a most trying climate had told upon us both. I became too weak to walk, and then my indefatigable husband procured some Chinese ponies; for I could "never get strong," he said, "without exercise." Oh, those miserable animals! Even after this lapse of years, I think I can see them, kicking and springing, running hither and thither, utterly regardless of my feeble efforts at control. It was not many weeks before we concluded that early morning exercise at Ningpo was more injurious than beneficial.

At the end of eight or nine months of hard study my husband was able to engage in chapel work, — more, however, in a conversational way than by formal preaching. In a little more than

a year he took part with others in missionary work in general, teaching and preaching as circumstances required.

I find, on reference to my journal, that, before the close of the year 1854, I had commenced the work of visiting among the women in their own homes, and I had the satisfaction of finding myself understood; though, of course, my vocabulary must have been limited. As a general thing in these visits, I was very kindly received, and listened to with attention. This was not always the case, and my patience was sometimes sorely tried. I had gone on one occasion with Miss Dyer to visit a family in some way connected with one of the native church members. A slight degree of familiarity with foreigners may have made them less deferential and respectful than they would otherwise have been. Miss Dyer, as an older resident, was the principal speaker. There were four women present, and about a dozen children, some crying, some playing; and this confusion reached a climax, when one of the women in an adjoining room caught a *rat*, and brought it in where we were sitting. After holding it with the tongs for a while, she tied a string to its leg, and kept it performing sundry evolutions upon a table. We soon left,

feeling that we had made a complete failure. As this was one of my first visits among the women, such a result I felt to be very disheartening.

Another day, at about the same date, taking with me my ah-m (the name in Ningpo for a female servant), I started out to visit in a different neighborhood. We first went to see my ah-m's mother-in-law. The old woman was very ill; and, after conversing with her for a short time, we went to a neighboring house, where I had at least twenty women and children to hear me. The tax upon my voice in speaking to so many was very great; but I was much encouraged to find myself well understood, and able to command their attention.

A week later I visited the same places. I did not think the circumstances quite so favorable, and for some reason I spoke less freely. But my ah-m was sure I was understood. I found the old woman mentioned above very weak and able to speak but little; but she said, the doctrine was good, and she believed in Jesus. This was but a day or two before her death. Possibly some ray of light had penetrated her darkened mind, and Jesus may have revealed himself to her before he called her hence. At least, it cannot be wrong to hope that such was

the case. We had just started for home, when a man invited us to go to his house and teach, literally, "talk the doctrine." Thinking I might not have another so favorable opportunity, we went back and had a pleasant visit. They invited us very cordially to come again.

These incidents are given merely as specimens of this kind of work. The visits here referred to were all among the poorer classes; but our attention was not confined to them. As opportunities offered, and other duties would allow, I made an effort to reach the women in the more respectable and influential families. Here, too, I was almost always received very politely, and listened to with attention, and cordially invited to repeat my visits. The other ladies in the Presbyterian Mission, and in the others as well, were also in the habit of visiting more or less among the women. I mention my own experiences only because they are all with which I am familiar.

The girls' boarding-school, at the time of our going to Ningpo, was in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Rankin; but Mrs. McCartee came every day to teach in it.

Much of the time, both of missionary ladies and gentlemen, was taken up in entertaining

Chinese guests; though, on account of our somewhat isolated situation on North Bank, we had fewer of such interruptions than they who lived within the city; not, indeed, as many as we desired. One old woman, with whom I frequently exchanged visits, was the type of a numerous class in China. She was a strict religionist, and as perfect a Pharisee as I ever met. She was so complacent and self-satisfied that it seemed impossible to make any impression upon her. She had fasted from animal food for eighteen years; had spent much time and money in worshipping in the temples; and in various ways had accumulated a great store of merit for the future world. I remember on one occasion when she was visiting me, we were talking of *sin*, of the evil of our own natures, etc. "No, no!" she exclaimed, "my heart is not sinful. It is perfectly pure and clean, — as white as the snow. You may ask my neighbors if I have ever done anything wrong." Speaking of the transmigration of souls, she said, "That must be so, or where would all the people constantly being born into the world get their souls from?" The case of this old woman was most distressing. Months after this, when I went to see her, I found her very ill. She was scarcely able to sit up, yet was engaged

in the idolatrous practice of "feeding the hungry spirits, or demons." When I made some allusion to the spread table and burning candles, she remarked, very coldly, "You have your customs, and we have ours." While I was in her room she set fire to an urn of tinsel paper, made into representations of silver ingots. In this way it is supposed to be converted into the money currency used in the world of spirits. I think her object in burning it in my presence was to show her indifference to me and to our holy religion. I visited her not long after, when she was upon her dying-bed. Her mind was dark, and her body racked with pain. I spoke to her of Jesus, and again urged her to put her trust in him. "If Jesus will restore me to health, then I will believe in him," was her only answer. I never saw her again.

During my second year, I had a number of women who came to me on Sabbath afternoons. They were mostly from the neighborhood. I tried to teach them faithfully; but I never had the pleasure of knowing that they were benefited by it. Other ladies in Ningpo had similar classes. Of late years, and since I left Ningpo, a plan has been adopted of gathering large numbers of women together in industrial classes, giv-

ing them work and religious instruction at the same time. I believe they have been very successful. They were commenced by Mrs. Morrison, of our mission, assisted by some of the native Christian women.

Among the many pleasant memories of those early days in Ningpo, one of the sweetest will always be connected with Mrs. Gough, of the English Church Mission. I think she was considered by all who knew her an almost faultless character. She was a most earnest worker. I remember that at one time she was connected with three different schools, giving some time daily to each. The climate of Ningpo proved very trying to her health; and, before many years had passed, she was obliged to return to her native land. She lived to reach London, but died very soon after. Though thus early called to her rest, she had not lived in vain. The influence of her lovely spirit and example will long remain with those who knew her.

Mrs. Knowlton, of the Baptist Mission, who with her husband reached Ningpo only a few weeks after we did, early commenced her labors among the women of her own church, and others. Through all these years, though suffering from constant physical weakness, and frequent ill-

nesses, she has been working on bravely, a devoted helper to her laborious and self-denying husband.

When I look back to our early life in Ningpo, I feel that we were indeed privileged, to have been associated with such a noble band of men and women. Besides our two American Missions, the Presbyterian and Baptist, there were several most excellent members of the Church of England, and also of other denominations. It was truly pleasant to see the general harmony and affection which existed among all these. We met constantly in prayer-meetings, and socially; and pulpits were sometimes exchanged. I do not mean to say that any of us did not feel occasionally troubled at not being able to see "eye to eye" in some matters which to us seemed important; but it was generally agreed to leave those disputed points undisturbed. We felt that we were truly one in all essentials, and, surrounded as we were by the darkness of heathenism, differences of church government, or forms of worship, or even some slight variations in doctrine, were realized to be comparatively unimportant. We had too much work to do to be able to spend our time contending for trifles.

When I had been six months in Ningpo, I

commenced teaching singing to the pupils in our two boarding-schools. There were, I think, about forty boys and thirty girls; and these, together with some others, assembled twice a week in the chapel. I had a black-board made with lines for writing music, which was of great assistance, as we had no music-books. The first step in this formidable undertaking was to get them to make one sound in unison. After explaining the matter, I said to them, "Now listen attentively to me, and then make the same sound precisely." They tried to obey; but some were one, some three, and some four or five notes astray; probably every tone and half-tone in the octave had its representative. "Very well," said I; "but I think you can improve on that." Then I made a high tone and a low one, to show them the difference, and again explained that what I wished was that they should as nearly as possible imitate me. Again I sounded "Do," prolonging the sound that they might more easily catch it. Again they essayed, and this time with much better success; for I do not think the voices ranged over more than five or six tones. Nearly the whole two hours were spent in the attempt to make one sound in unison. At our next meeting we succeeded in

making the one sound quite accurately, and then added a second, — do-re, do-re, re-do, re-do, — we said or sang, until our patience was exhausted; and then added a third. When they had gained an idea of what was meant by tones and intervals, I wrote the notes on the black-board.

The Chinese learn to read notes very readily, and I am persuaded that the most practicable method for teaching them a foreign system of music is that which I was led to adopt. For the first three months we did little else but practise the scale, which they at length so completely mastered as to be able to strike accurately, and without assistance, not only the natural intervals, but every other; as, for instance, from one to four, one to seven, and *vice versa*. I gave them simple exercises written on the black-board; and when some of the airs I had known from infancy were reproduced, from Chinese lips, with correctness of time and a good degree of melody, I felt much gratified, and very hopeful for the future. I did not confine them to singing the usual do-re-me, etc., but early substituted a single syllable, and from that again we easily slid into words. I divided the class into different sets for the different parts, so soon as I had discovered to which the voices were naturally adapted; and

in the course of six or eight months had a good choir, capable of carrying all four parts, soprano, alto, tenor, and bass; and the accuracy with which they sang, considering, of course, all the circumstances, was most remarkable. From the first, I taught them to "beat time," and they became so accustomed to the practice, that even when singing by themselves, just for their own amusement, I used to notice them going through the motions; not as I had intended, with a slight movement of the hand, but with the whole arm below the elbow, down, up; down, left, right, up, as the measure happened to be.

Never forgetting that the main object in teaching them was to enable them to praise God in the sanctuary, as soon as I thought they were equal to it they learned church tunes. One of the first of these was a plaintive old air, which I had always loved, called, in America, "Bartimeus," and usually sung to the words commencing "Mercy, O thou Son of David!" We had in Ningpo a translation of that hymn, and it used to bring tears to my eyes as I listened to my Chinese singing it. Another tune was Lenox, which, as the four parts come in with a good deal of irregularity, was quite a trial of skill.

I cannot say that I think our style of music is exactly suited to the Chinese language or poetry; but, in the absence of anything better, it has been a source of much pleasure and profit to those who have acquired it.

I may add that the native men and women, who are now at the head of our out-stations at Ningpo, were many of them members of my singing-class; and they are now teaching the converts connected with the churches which they are gathering from the heathen, much in the same way in which I taught them.

Since we have been in the United States, Rev. Kying Ling-yiu sent me a kind message in a letter to my husband. "Tell Mrs. Nevius," he said, "that she is still teaching music in China, through us. I am teaching our men, and my wife the women."

CHAPTER III.

POOTOO.—GLANCE AT THE RELIGIONS OF CHINA.

AT the beginning of the year 1856, I met a new and most unexpected trial. My voice, which before had been strong and reliable, gave way; and for many months I could neither sing nor speak aloud. My general health also became so much impaired, that at length my kind physician, Dr. Parker, gave it as his opinion that my only hope of restoration lay in a temporary return to my native land. What this involved can only be appreciated by those who have been similarly situated.

During that year of ill health almost all missionary work, on my part, had to be discontinued. Hoping to derive benefit from the purer air of the country, several weeks in the early spring were spent among the hills, twenty or more miles from Ningpo, at Tien-dong, a Buddhist temple and monastery. We occupied two small rooms in one of the back courts. Mr. Nevius

spent part of his time in Ningpo ; and Mr. S. Martin, who was also sojourning for a few weeks at Tien-dong, was occasionally absent ; so that I was sometimes quite alone, with the exception of my Chinese woman and a man-servant. But so quiet and respectful were the monks, of whom there were a large number, that I felt in no danger ; and, except for the intense loneliness of the place, should have enjoyed my stay there.

On one of my husband's returns from Ningpo he brought me a present of a beautiful brown pony, — horseback exercise having been recommended for my health. This pony was a real comfort and pleasure, and we made much use of him up to the time of my leaving for the United States, when he was purchased by the Knowltons. Mrs. Knowlton rode him for years in going to and from the chapel where she went to meet her school children, or female inquirers.

In the second and third summers of our Chinese life we spent a short time on the island of Pootoo, in the Chusan Archipelago, situated about seventy miles from the main-land. It had the advantage of pure sea air and freedom from malaria, which makes Ningpo and Shanghai, in summer time, exceedingly unhealthy. Pootoo is devoted exclusively to the Buddhists ; having

four large temples with monasteries attached, and not far from a hundred smaller ones. The number of priests is variously estimated from seven or eight hundred, to several thousands.

I believe it is more than eight hundred years since this island was first devoted to religious purposes; and some of the buildings were constructed at that time. Others again are of much more recent date, but all, even the newest, have a dilapidated, faded appearance, which indicates a great falling off in resources, as well as in the devotion of the people generally to the Buddhist religion.

Close to the landing is the "White Flowery Monastery,"—to me, the least interesting of the many temples and monasteries on the island. A paved walk leads from it to the Sien-z, which occupies a central position, and has been, in times past, a magnificent establishment. Arriving at the temple, you enter through a massive stone gateway. Some little distance at your left is another entrance, near which is an order carved in stone, to the effect that every equestrian on arriving at this place must invariably dismount. Whether or no I dismounted from my Brownie, I cannot remember; I presume, however, I had left him standing without. In China



TEMPLE OF KWAN-YIN, POOTOO,
(The Sien-sz.)

all persons are expected to *walk* when passing near gifts of royalty. Here the gift had been an immense marble tablet, from the celebrated Emperor Kang-Hi. It is preserved in an octagonal pagoda, with a porcelain tiled roof. Adjoining this is a lotus pond, which, though not what it once was, is still very pretty. It is crossed by an arched stone bridge. There are numerous other buildings, — some used as temples for the idols, and some as sleeping places for the lazy, stupid priests, who doze away their lives in this pretty retreat. Had they a spark of energy or ambition, they would make some effort to rescue these buildings from the decay and ruin in which we now find them.

Our rooms were not in the Sien-z, but at the Heo-z, about a mile further on. This is a very lovely place, though the buildings are dilapidated and unfit for residences. We secured a large room or loft, over the entrance to the monastery. The lower story was only partly enclosed, being used as an entrance and passage-way for persons going to and from the temple. On three sides of our large room were windows, looking towards the sea, the Sien-z, and the Heo-z, of the latter of which our building formed part. At one side was a beautiful grove of pine and cam-

phor trees, and close behind rose the highest hill on the island, — a mountain it seemed to us after leaving the flat plain of Ningpo. One reason for our coming to the Heo-z, rather than either of the other temples nearer the landing, was its proximity to a sandy beach which was a capital bathing-place. Some years before this, an English chaplain had lost his life while bathing on this beach; having ventured, I suppose, to an unsafe distance. Thus on our guard against possible danger, we had many refreshing baths. As several other families from Ningpo were also at Pootoo, we planned some delightful picnics and rambles in company to various points of interest.

During the summer, years ago, it was very customary for foreigners from Ningpo and Shanghai to visit this island; but of late such visits seem nearly discontinued. Since the opening of Japan, and of other parts of China, by the recent treaties, foreigners, in choosing summer resorts, have generally given the preference to places situated in more northern latitudes, or more accessible.

The passage between Pootoo and the main land was not always safe, owing to the number of pirates who infest those quarters. We our-

selves never had the fortune to fall into their hands, though more than once we narrowly escaped them. A few days after returning from our first visit to Pootoo, Mr. Russell of the English Church Mission, and Mr. Wm. Martin of our own, who were on their way from Ningpo, where they had been to procure provisions for their families, who were still on the island, were captured by a piratical fleet, consisting of fourteen vessels. A small boat from one of these came towards them, the men in it brandishing their weapons in a frightful manner. Of course resistance was useless. The robbers drew the foreigners' boat to the side of their own, and proceeded to help themselves to everything in it. A globe lamp of Mr. Russell's they hung up in their captain's cabin. They demanded Mr. Russell's watch, and, having received it, asked him to teach them to wind it. They then asked for Mr. Martin's watch, and upon his assuring them that he had none, replied, "You certainly must have one; every gentleman carries a watch." They had taken quite all their provisions, but, some one suggesting that the "white devils" might be hungry, returned a part; and as our friends were about leaving, the captain presented them two pounds of tea, with his compliments.

These piratical gentlemen also had the assurance to promise their captives to pay their respects to them, whenever they should visit Ningpo. Mr. Russell and Mr. Martin finally reached Pootoo in safety, having been sent on shore in a small boat belonging to the pirates. I suspect they scarcely knew whether to be more amused or annoyed with their adventure; though it was a narrow escape, and the losses they sustained were by no means trifling. By the way, I suppose that at the present time, and for many years past, a principal source of revenue to the Buddhists of Pootoo is derived from offerings made by pirates. After capturing some peaceful trading junks, and perhaps putting all on board to death, they repair to the island to offer up their thanks to their favorite deity, Kwan-yin, the goddess of *mercy*.

I once supposed that Brahminism of India and Buddhism of China were nearly identical; but that, I find, was a mistake. Buddhism was introduced into China from India, early in the first century of the Christian era, — ambassadors having been sent by the Emperor Ming-Te, to the West, in search of a new religion. There are different theories as to what induced this emperor to send such an embassy. I cannot

but think that some glimmering ray from the star of Bethlehem had penetrated to distant China; some faint echo of the angels' song, — "good tidings" — "peace on earth" — "good will to men."

Buddhism was founded by Shakyamuni, an individual of the royal caste in India, who lived, it is supposed, about nine hundred years before Christ. He gave up his life to reflection and contemplation, and to teaching his doctrines to his disciples. At the time of his death his religion was already widely extended in India. Afterwards such persecutions arose from the Brahmins as drove the Buddhists quite out of the country. Brahminism seems thus to have been much the older of these two rival religions. The Buddhists are exceedingly tolerant, and many Hindoo deities are now incorporated with their own. Shakyamuni was greatly revered by his numerous disciples, and after his death anything which had once belonged to him, as one of his teeth, or a lock of his hair, was considered a sacred relic, and an object of worship. It is said that for the preservation of these relics, pagodas were first erected. Now, however, they are often made merely for ornament, or to secure the propitious influences supposed to emanate from

them, or as tombs for celebrated individuals of the Buddhist order.

Having visited numbers of Buddhist temples, in fact, having lived for weeks in different ones, I surely ought to be able to describe them. Yet I really am afraid to attempt it. They vary somewhat in different parts of the country, both in size and style of the buildings. They are usually made of well-burnt bricks; their sloping tiled roofs, which are often ornamented by grotesque carved images of lions and dragons, are supported by immense wooden pillars. There are usually at least three large halls separated from each other by paved courts. Entering the first building, one sees an image of Buddha, sitting like a tailor at work, and with a sardonic smile upon its countenance, apparently gazing out upon the follies and vanities of the world. It is made of wood and plaster, and is usually covered with gilt. Not far from this is a military character, grasping a sword or some other warlike implement. This is the guardian of the temple. There are several other large images in this outer hall; but I will not speak of them at length. The second building is usually the finest of all, being sometimes nearly a hundred feet wide, more than fifty deep, and high in

proportion. The principal idols are three large gilt figures, representing the past, present, and future Buddhas. They stand in the most prominent place, and, like the images I have already described, are in a sitting posture, and are constructed in the same way. They are often at least twenty feet in height. On the two sides of this building are eighteen images of persons supposed to have been absorbed into Vehl, that is, Buddha. If it were not too sad, it would be amusing to notice the peculiarities of these various figures. They are represented in all sorts of attitudes, and there seems to have been an attempt to depict almost every conceivable passion in their distorted countenances. Occasionally, however, you meet with one too benevolent and pleasing to be found in such bad company. In this second hall is generally seen an image of Kwan-shi-yin, — a favorite deity with the female votaries of this sect. She is supposed to confer children, especially sons, and many are the prayers and offerings at her shrine. I have seen some images of this goddess which were almost beautiful. She is usually represented with an infant in her arms, and one cannot but be struck by the resemblance she thus presents to our Western representations of the Madonna and

child. The back buildings generally have smaller images, and the number of these is so great, that I shall not attempt even to enumerate them. On the sides of the courts are small rooms, in which are frequently portrayed the Buddhist ideas of hell; poor lost souls, undergoing every imaginable torment. Some are being ground between grindstones; some thrown off precipices; and others, again, are represented as in various stages of transformation into animals of the lower order; for instance, a man with a wolf's head, or a wretched donkey with the face of a man. Most of these temples are monasteries as well, and many of the smaller rooms are the sleeping apartments of the monks. I must not neglect to mention the dining-room and kitchen. These are the most comfortable apartments in the whole establishment. In the kitchen are sometimes seen immense iron kettles holding two or three barrels, which are used for boiling rice, when the temple is thronged with worshippers. Various conveniences for cooking, and an abundant supply of food, show that these devout individuals are not yet insensible to all sublunary pleasures, even though they may be on the road to the attainment of that blissful state. The dining-room contains long, narrow tables, and

seats sufficient to accommodate several hundred guests.

I must give these Buddhist priests, for whom I confess I feel but little love or sympathy, the credit of showing great taste in the selection of the sites for their establishments. They are, when in the country, found in most romantic and sequestered spots; and even in the cities, they are sometimes almost concealed by noble trees and shrubbery. Beautiful avenues of bamboo and pine often lead to these Buddhist temples, some of them extending even for miles from the entrance. Frequently, tall old trees, artificial cascades, fine arched bridges, lakes, and miniature ponds, unite to form a scene of beauty not often surpassed in more civilized lands; and, as many of these temples are hundreds of years old, the charm of antiquity is also not wanting.

Women in China, as elsewhere, are more religiously disposed than are men, and constitute, by far, the larger proportion of worshippers usually seen in Buddhist temples. Most of them are somewhat advanced in years. The more active duties and enjoyments of life are past, and the future, with its dread uncertainties, forces itself upon their attention. "How shall I prepare for death, and the unknown hereafter?" is their

anxious inquiry. They have never heard of the Saviour, or of heaven; but they have a sense of sin, and a felt want of something to rest upon when earthly supports and pleasures shall fail them. It is not strange, then, that they resort to their idol temples, and make use of the various methods for securing those longed-for blessings which their own false religions present. Let us rather pity than blame them.

One of the most common sights in China is that of women going either in groups or singly to the temples. They usually carry a little basket containing incense-sticks and candles. On reaching her destination, the worshipper at once lights both candles and incense, and places them either in front of some one particular image, or, as is more often the case, before several. This duty performed, she returns to her starting-place, and commences her prostrations. Folding her hands before her, she first makes a profound bow; she then kneels upon a cushion placed for the purpose, and, bending slowly forward, strikes her forehead upon it, or upon the floor or ground. This act is usually repeated at least three times before each idol, and sometimes much oftener. After this she goes to a priest and buys a paper upon which is

a picture of Buddha. The worshipper's name is written upon it, together with the year, month, day, and hour of her birth. It also contains an assurance of happiness in a future state. This paper is at first of little importance, but after the name of Buddha has been chanted over it a great number of times, its value becomes inestimable. Having received it, the worshipper goes off by herself, and, either sitting or kneeling on a cushion, spends hours repeating as rapidly as her lips can form the words, "Na-mi O-mi-to Fuh! Na-mi O-mi-to Fuh!" — one of the names of Veh, or Buddha, — assisting her memory by means of a rosary, in the same way that the Romanists do. Sometimes, instead of remaining apart, the worshippers sit in rows, and they then often vary their employment by interchanging bits of gossip, congratulations, or condolences. When they are chanting together, as they sometimes do, the sound is very peculiar; it always seemed to me like the mournful whistling of the wind. But though a sad sight to a spectator who realizes its sin and folly, there is very seldom in this worship the least appearance of solemnity; you feel, rather, that it is a mere form. It is apparent that many resort to the temples chiefly for the sake of seeing and being

seen; and indeed it is not strange that closely secluded females should gladly embrace any excuse for gaining a glimpse of new scenes and faces. Though Chinese women of the better classes are rarely seen in the streets or public places, you often meet them at the temples.

There is another mode of worship which I think is practised only by a certain class of women, who consider themselves very religious. It is called "worshipping books." There are, I suspect, many "*book worshippers*" in Christian lands, — but none like these. Placing an open volume on the ground before her, the worshipper points with her finger to a character or letter, and then kneels and knocks her head on the cushion or ground, precisely as if she were before an idol. The books thus used are certain Buddhist works which are thought to be peculiarly sacred; but, of the meaning of the characters, the woman is totally ignorant. As she goes through the same performance with each separate character, it is slow work, and wearisome too. The merit accruing from it is consequently great, and a more conceited, self-complacent class of persons I have never met.

There are nunneries, as well as monasteries, connected with the Buddhist religion. As far as

I have known them, the nuns have not been a good or interesting class of women; but to this, perhaps, there may be honorable exceptions. The "sisters" are taught to read, and, I should think, are as well educated as the priests. Infants and young children are bought and reared by the "sisters," and it is principally in this way that the succession is kept up. Sometimes, however, females feeling that they have "a vocation" voluntarily devote themselves to this life, and others embrace it for the simple reason that it affords them a livelihood. It is almost impossible to distinguish the nuns from the monks, for they wear about the same kind of garments, have also unbound feet, the same heavy shoes, and their heads are shaven in just the same fashion. Connected with every nunnery is a "lady abbess," to whom the other nuns are obliged to yield obedience. In such establishments there is always a hall containing idols; but these are usually neither numerous nor large.

I have never heard of the Chinese professing to feel any love for their gods. They pray to them, and pay them external honors, because they have an end to gain, or because they fear them. It seems to me that in most cases they have so little faith in them that they awaken

neither love nor fear. But if they are guilty of insincerity in the worship of their gods, no such insincerity attaches itself to their worship of demons and spirits generally. These they fear beyond measure, and every artifice is made use of either to propitiate or frighten them. But I cannot enter upon this subject, which has been treated of at length by Mr. Nevius, in his "China and the Chinese," and in other works on China. I shall be glad, indeed, if anything I have said has awakened sufficient interest in any one to induce him to continue a study which is of such importance in understanding the true condition of the Chinese.

No one can be even partially acquainted with the Buddhist religion, without being struck by its similarity to Romanism. Celibacy of the priests and nuns, fasts, the use of the rosary, reciting masses for the dead, burning candles and incense, are only a few of the points of coincidence.

There is another sect in China, which in some respects resembles the Buddhist; in others again is very different. I refer to Tauism. It was founded about six hundred years before Christ, by the philosopher Lao-ts. It is said that on one occasion Lao-ts and Confucius met, and conversed together; but their characters and doctrines were

very dissimilar, and there seems to have been no affection existing between them. It is thought that at first the Tauists were not idolaters, but that this feature of their religion was adopted from the Buddhists. Theoretically, the Tauist religion is much more philosophic and transcendental than Buddhism, but as practised, they are very similar. To a superficial view, Buddhist and Tauist temples seem nearly alike; but, upon examination, they are found to have marked differences. The images are usually smaller, and less costly, but they are very numerous. There are the god of the sea, of the rivers, of the hills, of the stars; the god of thunder, the god of lightning, and hosts of others. In this system, much importance is given to astrology and alchemy.

The chief ambition of the Tauists is to become Sien-jin; but what these Sien-jin are, they themselves have but a very confused idea. They seem to be ethereal, fairy-like creatures, dwelling at their pleasure either among men, or in a far-off and beautiful abode, the sacred mountains. There is a book in China which contains a history of several hundreds of them. The rules given for the attainment of that marvellous state of purity and blessedness are inconceivably ab-

surd. The devotee must go through certain bodily exercises which I do not understand sufficiently well to attempt to describe. He must also prepare and eat a mysterious kind of food called Elixir of Life. Others again think it is possible to become Sien-jin, through the aid of evil spirits and magic. The stories of ghosts, and fairies, and genii, both good and bad, which are circulated in China, excel all the vagaries of the Arabian Nights, or the nursery tales ever invented in Western lands.

The mode of worship practised in Tauist temples, resembles that of the Buddhists, but the objects to be attained are different. As the gods of war, of riches, of longevity, of medicine, and the like, belong to the Tauist sect, so the prayers offered at their shrines are naturally for such blessings as they are supposed to confer. There is a class of Tauist priests who are allowed to marry. They dwell with their families within the temple enclosure. But the straiter sort affect to despise all the social relations, and with some exceptions resemble the Buddhists both in their mode of dress and way of living. Buddhists shave the whole head, while Tauists leave the hair long at the sides, curling it in a very ungraceful way on top, where it is kept in place

by a large hair-pin. They both wear long loose robes; but they are of different colors, so that they are easily distinguished at a glance.

The Tauist religion is patronized by the government, and the Mandarins are obliged, on certain occasions, to repair to the temples of the gods of the city, and of war, and others, to go through a form of worship. On New Year's day I have been to the Cheng-hwang-miao in Ningpo, when the temple was crowded with officers and gentlemen making prostrations before the idols, while the smoke from the burning incense was almost stifling.

I had no intention of indulging in a dissertation upon the religions of China; though it is a subject in which I feel a deep interest. But having said so much about Buddhism and Tauism, I must make some slight mention of Confucianism, the pride of the Chinese. It seems scarcely more proper to call a Chinaman's devotion to Confucius a religion, than it would to give that name to the intense love of science and literature, and the court paid to scientific and literary men, by so many of the educated classes in our own country. In both instances there is danger of such inordinate admiration becoming idolatrous; and in China that disposition is not

checked. On the contrary, the more implicitly a Chinese scholar yields himself to his devotion to his great master, the better satisfied he is with himself.

Confucius was born in the province of Shang-tung, about six hundred years before Christ. When it is remembered that he received no aid from the light of revelation, his teachings must be regarded by every candid person as most remarkable. He laid great stress upon the five virtues, "benevolence, uprightness, politeness, knowledge, and faithfulness." Also upon the duties growing out of the reciprocal relations of prince and subject, parent and child, husband and wife. The most remarkable of all his precepts, as far as I know them, is that near approach to the "golden rule," "Do not to others what you would not have others do to you."

Confucius frankly confessed his inability to enlighten his countrymen upon strictly religious subjects. It was his chief endeavor to enforce upon his followers the practice of duties relating to this life only. When asked some questions concerning futurity, he replied, "Not knowing life, how can we know death?" By the purity of his life and teachings, he secured the unbounded respect and veneration of his pupils,

who are said to have numbered three thousand. But, notwithstanding all that is good and noble in the life and character of the great sage, I confess that in reading Dr. Legg's translation of the classics, which are chiefly made up of his sayings and doings, my veneration for him was not increased. Although Confucius did not positively inculcate idolatry, he encouraged it, both by example and precept; especially in that subtle form known as ancestral worship.

There are numerous temples all over China dedicated to the worship of Confucius. In these there are very seldom any images; but a tablet, with his name inscribed upon it, is the object before which offerings are placed, and prostrations made. These offerings are usually sheep, deer, and smaller animals; but I have seen in a Confucian temple, in Ningpo, a whole ox skinned and placed upon a small bench before the tablet. It was left in that way a day or two, and was then probably used as food. The officials, by whom these offerings are made, are obliged to resort to the temple long before day has dawned. Connected with Confucian temples, or forming part of them, are the examination halls. There are also other apartments devoted to different purposes; such as collections of numerous tablets,

with the names of celebrated individuals of the past inscribed upon them. A person, in worshipping Confucius, simply prostrates himself before the tablet, and remains for a moment either in silent contemplation or devotion.

There is in Confucianism nothing gross and disgusting, as in the Buddhist and Tauist religions; but it is not on that account much less to be feared as a hindrance to the spread of Christianity; perhaps for that very reason it is the more to be dreaded. Many of the literati are bitter in their denunciations of the idolatry of their countrymen, but they feel no repugnance to it as practised by their own class. When little boys are first sent to school, they are obliged to pay their respects to Confucius, which they do by making a very low bow towards the tablet representing him. I am afraid I have given but a poor and meagre account of this system of morals, or religion, as one may choose to call it. I very willingly acknowledge that I have still much to learn about the religions as well as the character and customs of the Chinese.

Besides these three principal sects, there are others, which, though smaller, have still considerable influence, especially in certain localities.

CHAPTER IV.

VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES. — RETURN TO
NINGPO.

IN the early part of the year 1856 our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rankin, returned to the United States, — Mrs. Rankin's health having for months been seriously affected. After their departure, Dr. and Mrs. McCartee took charge of the girls' boarding-school, until, at the close of the same year, they themselves, on account of Dr. McCartee's ill-health, were obliged to visit their native land. As my health, since my first illness, had steadily declined, it was at length decided that I should accompany them, with the hope that a short sojourn at home would restore my lost voice and failing strength. We sailed from Woosung, the mouth of the Shanghai River, on the 14th of December, 1856. Of the trial of parting from my husband, under such circumstances, I need not speak here. We knew that many of our missionary friends disapproved

of the separation; but we ourselves had little doubt as to our duty, and have ever since been most thankful that we decided the matter as we did.

Our ship, the "Wild Pigeon," was a very pleasant one. The captain was kind, and our little party, consisting only of Dr. and Mrs. McCartee, Rev. Mr. Wight of Shanghai, and myself, passed our time as agreeably as the monotony of a sea-voyage would allow. We reached New York in the month of March, after a favorable passage of only ninety-eight days.

The year and a half in which I was absent from China was an eventful one in our mission. In the month of October, 1857, our good Mr. Quarterman was called to his rest. He was one of the best of men, and a devoted missionary. The disease of which he died was small-pox. Mr. Samuel Martin was suffering from a severe throat affection, which obliged him, not long after, to return home. Mr. Way was also in poor health. Mr. William Martin and Mr. Nevius were, for a time, the only well men in the mission, and their duties were very arduous.

On account of the illness or absence of so many of their foreign teachers, the native assistants, of whom at that time there were only two or three,

had to assume much more responsibility, as well as more actual labor, than they had before been considered adequate to. They were found fully equal to the emergency; and, from that time to this, they have been aiding with great zeal and efficiency in the missionary work, not only at Ningpo, but in new and distant stations. About this time our mission was reinforced by the arrival of Rev. Mr. Inslee.

There was in Ningpo, for many years, an English lady, who, by her indefatigable energy and remarkable Christian character, exercised an influence hardly second to that of any other missionary. Long before leaving her native land she had desired to devote herself to God's work among the heathen, but had been deterred by the opposition of her father, and, after his death, by the necessity of assuming the care of a deceased brother's children. At length, at the age of forty, all obstacles were removed, and she then at once gave her life and her fortune to the work she had so long loved. She was one of the earliest missionaries at Ningpo, where she established a boarding-school for girls. The history of her life would be replete with interest; and the influence for good which she exerted upon the Chinese must remain forever.

There are many who disapprove of unmarried ladies engaging in missionary work in foreign lands. Such, could they know of the life and labors of Miss Aldersey at Ningpo, would, I think, be disabused of this mistaken idea, or obliged to yield their prejudices. True, there are not many *Miss Alderseys*, but there are many who could imitate her to a good degree.

Miss Aldersey had in her employ, at the time of my visit to America, a young Chinaman named Zia, one of our church-members. Not requiring his constant services in the school, she sent him occasionally on short excursions to the country, in order that he might attempt some more direct missionary work. San-poh was but little known during those early years, foreigners having but rarely visited it. Its people had the reputation of being rude and lawless. I cannot remember what first induced Miss Aldersey to send Mr. Zia there. However, he went, and met with such unlooked-for success, that native assistants were obliged to go to his help. There were numbers whose hearts seemed prepared to receive the gospel. The missionaries, fearing lest their presence might rather retard than advance the work, left it for some time in the hands of the assistants. When Mr. Nevius first went

to the new station, there were a large number of applicants for baptism, seven of whom were received on the following Sabbath. Of those first San-poh converts, none have forsaken their Christian profession, nor brought reproach upon it. The work thus commenced has spread, until there are now in that neighborhood two churches, and more than one hundred and fifty church members. Mr. Zia, who has been for some years an ordained minister, is the pastor of one of these churches; and the lamented Kying Ling-yiu had charge of the church at Yu-yiao up to the time of his death. Its present pastor is the Rev. Bao Kwang-hyi, another of the young ministers connected with the Ningpo Presbytery.

During this year there were serious disturbances at Ningpo. My recollections of them are very indistinct. I suppose they were chiefly owing to the hatred existing between the Cantonese, of whom there were many in Ningpo, and the Portuguese, who had a kind of monopoly of the coast trade. In truth there was little to choose between them, for a worse class of men than either, it would be difficult to find. But as the Portuguese were foreigners, the ill odor in which they were held extended in a measure to other nationalities, and for a time the lives of the

missionaries and mercantile community were considered far from secure. It was reported that a time had been fixed for the assassination of all foreigners; and for many days and nights great anxiety was felt. Whether there was truth in this or not has never been known. The missionaries were not molested, but the wretched Portuguese met with a retribution so terrible that we almost lost sight of their just deserts in pity for their sad fate. The Cantonese attacked them in their quarters and massacred nearly all of them. From the mission-houses they could be seen rushing frantically hither and thither in their vain attempts to escape.

When I had been in the United States about a year Mr. and Mrs. Rankin returned to China; and, although my health was only partially restored, I felt that I could not allow those dear friends to go back without me. We sailed from New York in the clipper-ship "N. B. Palmer," the 19th of March, and reached Hong-kong the 15th of June following, making the passage in the remarkably short time of eighty-eight days.

Our voyage, though so prosperous, was very destitute of incident; not even diversified by the unwelcome variety afforded by violent storms, or dangers of any sort. We anchored but once from

New York to Hong-kong, and that was at Angier, on the island of Java. We had light, baffling winds for some days while in the vicinity of the Straits of Sunda; but the beauty of the scenery through which we were passing quite compensated for the delay. Arriving at Angier, the ship was quickly surrounded by numerous Malay boats, containing fowls, fruits and vegetables, shells, etc., for sale, the owners of which being evidently aware of the fact that such things are very fascinating to seafaring people. During the afternoon of the day we spent at anchor off Angier the captain kindly took his passengers on shore for a stroll. We had a narrow escape from a plunge-bath, as the gig was passing through a very narrow, rocky entrance leading to the landing. Angier, though rather a large Malay settlement, is a poor place, containing nothing of special interest, except its trees, fruits, flowers, and birds. Close to the landing is a noble banian-tree, which is one of the most prominent objects seen from shipboard. The banian, and also numerous palms, plantains, tamarinds, and other tropical trees, gorgeous flowers, and birds of brilliant plumage, give to these Eastern islands generally, a peculiar charm, which, to persons from less genial climates, seems

most intolerable. But kind friends on shore — Rev. Mr. Ashmore, O. E. Roberts, Esq., U. S. Consul, and the Messrs. Spieden, merchants — entertained nearly our whole party, in such a cordial, hospitable manner, that their kindness will ever be most gratefully remembered.

Hong-kong has a character peculiar to itself. It is neither Chinese nor English, but rather a combination of both. It stands at the foot of a mountain, the highest point of which, Victoria Peak, rises seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea. As the town extends, it is gradually creeping up the steep behind it, and many of the foreign residences are situated in such elevated positions as to command an extended view, as well as comparatively pure air. The island is not quite ten miles long, and is considerably less than three in width. Before it was appropriated by the English it was only a small settlement inhabited by poor Chinese fishermen; while now, not much more than twenty years since it became an English colony, it has not only a large foreign population, but also, it is estimated, about ninety thousand Chinese settled there; their city, or section of the city, rivalling in size, though not in appearance, the foreign part. The harbor is excellent. “Landlocked with bold

rocks and swelling hills, the navies of every European power might here safely ride at anchor. Fair weather or foul, this bay of Hongkong is always picturesque. Full of life and movement too, from the shipping which crowds its waters, the scene is one of great attraction to residents and casual visitors alike. The day-break gun wakens up all early risers; the loud screaming whistles, and scarce less discordant bells of the river steamers soon after begin the business of the day, and keep up one incessant alarm from seven in the morning to eight or nine o'clock, and again from four in the afternoon until long after dark, on their return from Canton or Macao. The snorting and puffing of gun-boats diversifies the sounds; while from the shore and the streets a busy hum of cries and sounds indescribable and untranslatable tell the drowsy stranger that a city in the tropics has leaped into life and activity before the sun attains his scorching power. If he turns out for an early walk or ride, as most Anglo-Easterns do, and bends his steps upwards to the higher grounds, he will find the convolvulus spreading its beautiful flowers for the fresh breath of dawn, creepers of wild luxuriance covering each wall and bank; and, looking seaward, a whole series

of bays lie at his feet, stretching away in the distance. Market boats, laden with provisions from the main land, with their richly colored sails of matting, and many picturesque forms, are crowding into the harbor. Square-rigged ships are pressing all sail to gain the long-desired haven, while others are unmooring to proceed to the several ports with their outward cargo. Ships of war, trading junks, merchant craft from every country, — all are here to bear testimony to the activity and importance of the trade which in some way or other finds in Hong-kong a connecting link. Native craft in numbers from the adjoining coast each differing in shape and color, according to the port, crowd the anchorage. The great, bulky Shantung junk, laden with peas and beans; the Shanghai hulk, with its gaudy colors, and mythic eagle on the stern, but little differing in exterior; and the long, low craft of Ningpo, — all are there; Hainan and even Siam and Singapore, each has its type.”

The residence of the governor, and the palace of the bishop, and a somewhat imposing cathedral, are the most pretentious edifices in the foreign settlement; but the dwellings of the merchants generally are commodious and elegant.

Towards evening in the summer season, it is

customary, or was at the time of which I am writing, for a great part of the foreign population to assemble upon the parade-ground where the music of a military band afforded a pleasant entertainment. I remember one such evening in June, 1858. Leaving our ship, we came on shore in a native boat, and went at once to the "green," where the troops were exercising, and the band performing. The latter was composed of Sepoys from India, some of whom were as black as the blackest negro. It was shortly after the Indian mutiny, and these Sepoys, I was told, were a part of one of the mutinous regiments. It gave me very sad sensations, as I imagined the scenes in which they had probably taken part. I inquired of a friend if there were not danger of these Indian troops joining with the Chinese against foreigners. He replied that that could hardly be, as the most bitter hatred existed between them; exceeding even their common hatred to foreigners. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were assembled on the green, promenading or conversing in groups; a few equestrians galloped to and fro, and there were many ponies led by their grooms, their riders having dismounted. The different nationalities represented, with their varied cos-

tumes, added much to the animated and interesting scene.

At the time of my visit in Hong-kong, affairs between foreigners and Chinese were in a most unsatisfactory state. Steamers passing between Hong-kong and Canton were not unfrequently attacked, and foreign residents there were in continual danger. One day a German missionary was walking quietly through the streets of Canton, when he noticed a woman who was approaching him start back, an expression of horror depicted in her features. Her eyes were directed to some object behind him, and, turning quickly, he saw a knife suspended over his own head. It was too late to prevent the blow, which fell upon his forehead, severing an artery, and inflicting a severe wound. There were three ruffians engaged in the attack, and he knew that his only safety was in flight. They pursued him, but he escaped; not, however, without receiving two more wounds. While in Hong-kong it was reported that Ningpo had been captured by the rebels; but the rumor was incorrect, as it was not until some years later that that city fell into their hands.

After a somewhat tedious voyage up the coast, owing to baffling winds and extreme heat, we

reached the mouth of the Shanghai River, on the 25th July. The United States man-of-war, "Minnesota," was at that time stationed there, and we anchored not far from her. Shortly after, a small boat, manned with foreign sailors, pushed off from the steamer, and made towards us. I was not long in discovering that the gentleman in the stern was my husband. While awaiting the arrival of our ship, he had been for several days the guest of the excellent Admiral Dupont. Our whole party, at the admiral's invitation, took tea on board the "Minnesota," and the same evening proceeded up the river to Shanghai. I think a stranger, hearing our animated conversation and cheerful songs, as we sailed up the Woosing River that pleasant summer evening, would not have received the impression that missionaries were by any means an unhappy class of people.

But the happy hearts and buoyant spirits of some of our party were destined soon to receive that proof of a Father's love, — affliction. Mr. and Mrs. Rankin, with their three children, had taken passage for Ningpo a few days after our arrival. They were about embarking, when little Johnny was attacked by cholera. The disease ran its course with frightful rapidity, and, after a few

hours of suffering, the dear child closed his eyes in death. He was a lovely boy, and a great favorite with us all. His parents bore the blow with sweet resignation, having ere this learned to say, "Not my will, but Thine, be done." Perhaps we were all too happy in the enjoyment of our many mercies, and needed just that reminder, severe though it was.

Within a few weeks we were all in our homes, and busily engaged in our various duties. Dr. and Mrs. McCartee had reached Ningpo a short time before us. The Rankins resumed the girls' school, Mr. Nevius had charge of the boys'. He had also a most interesting Bible-class, which had been continued, with but few interruptions, for several years. It consisted of all the native assistants, and several members of the graduating class in the school, and a few of the teachers in mission employ,—in all, between twenty and thirty. They used to meet twice a week in our dining-room. Their intelligent, eager countenances, quick replies, and the heartfelt interest manifested in their lessons were most encouraging to their teacher. These native Christians have a wonderful knowledge of the Bible. Mr. Nevius would frequently say to them, "There is in the Scriptures a verse containing such and such an

idea; can any of you repeat it, or tell me where it is?" Almost invariably, several would answer with the exact words of the text, and probably the place where it could be found. Having few religious books or commentaries has not been in all respects a disadvantage to our native Christians. They study the Bible itself so thoroughly, that many of them have become, without exaggeration, "mighty in the Scriptures." Mr. Gamble, my fellow-passenger from the United States, soon after his arrival, assumed charge of our mission press, which position he has ever since filled with great energy and efficiency. Mr. Samuel Martin and family had already left for home; we missed them greatly. Not long after this, Mr. and Mrs. Way were also obliged to return to the United States. Mr. Way had, I think, been about seventeen years in China without once leaving it. They also were a great loss to our mission, as they were loved by all. Neither of these families have been able to resume their work in China.

My health, though much better than when I left the country eighteen months before, was by no means perfect. As opportunities for usefulness opened upon every side, I used to long for greatly increased physical strength. Not being

able to use my voice as freely as I once could, I employed much of my time the first few months after my return in translating the well known child's book, "Peep of Day." I have the satisfaction of knowing that it has been used extensively by those who are acquainted with the Romanized colloquial of Ningpo. I resumed my visits among the women, as far as my voice and strength would allow. One day when I was paying a visit in a respectable family who lived near us, the lady of the house, as we sat conversing, informed me, with no apparent annoyance at the fact, that her husband had *three wives*, adding, "I am the chief." A younger woman entered with tea and tiffin. Pointing to her, my hostess remarked, "She is the mother of these children," — two nice little boys who hung about her with as much freedom and affection as if she had been their own parent. The third wife was absent with her husband, at a place some distance from Ningpo. Polygamy is not common in China, but there are occasional instances of it.

A friend, Mrs. B——, of Shanghai, was spending a few days with me during the month of November. One morning we noticed a bridal procession passing the house. First came the bride in the bridal chair, — a huge, gayly painted

sedan carried by four well-dressed bearers. Next followed a band of musicians, together with attendants, and several porters with loads of bedding, and embroidered pillows, etc., etc.

The house where the wedding was to take place was near at hand, and, though we were not invited guests, we ventured to follow the procession, and enter the court, — quite sure that once there, we would be politely invited to the “inner apartments.”

When we reached the house, where a large number of male and female guests were assembled, the bride was still sitting in her closed sedan, and the bedding was being carried into her room. After peeping in at her through the curtain of her chair, we went, by invitation, to see the bride-chamber, which was ornamented for the occasion. There were many finely dressed women in waiting, several of whom we were told were the daughters-in-law of the family. On coming again to the reception hall, we had an opportunity of seeing the bride leave the sedan, and together with the bridegroom, who, by the way, she then saw for the first time, perform their first act of worship, which is the most important feature in the marriage ceremony. In front of the sedan was placed a small imitation

of a saddle, emblematic of something, I forget what, with a gaudy red flannel covering thrown over it. There were three cushions upon the floor in front of a table, upon which stood the ancestral tablets, and several red wax candles burning. A man, who acted as master of ceremonies, stood at one side. When all was ready, he called out with a loud voice, "Prostrate yourselves!" At once the bride and groom and a male attendant, for whom the third cushion was spread, all knelt. Two waiting women at the bride's side, assisted her to obey the order. Another call, "Raise the incense!" and the male attendant placed three small bundles of lighted incense-sticks in a vase on the table. Then came more prostrations. I think the unhappy couple had thus to rise and kneel, full twenty times, in performing the ancestral worship. When it was completed, a handsomely dressed boy, with a tasselled cap, came forward, and read, in a clear, loud voice, a congratulatory paper, with the names of the parties, the year, month, and day of the wedding, ending with best wishes, etc., etc. This finished, the bride and groom, followed by a crowd of women, were conducted to the bride's room. On the front of a Ningpo bedstead is an enclosed platform, several

inches from the floor, two or three feet wide, with a seat at the head and foot. The bride seated herself at the head, and the groom at the foot of the bed, facing each other. Two cups of wine, tied together by a long string, were handed one to each. After tasting it, the wine was poured back and forth from one to the other, and they drank again. Here the bride and groom for the first time saw each other's faces, — one of the attendants, with a long stick, having removed the covering of the bride's head just before she tasted the wine.

Next, two cups of some sort of food, emblematical of kind and cordial feeling, were brought, and one presented to each. These, like the wine, were exchanged, and I think mixed.

Presently the groom rose, and for one moment sat upon the side of the bed; the next he rushed precipitately out of the room. This is usually the signal for a general merry-making, — the women and children trying to prevent his escape. But that day, for some reason, he was permitted to make his exit without molestation.

Now commenced the dressing and undressing of the bride. Her tire-woman took off the large crimson, embroidered wrapper, which had envel-

oped her from head to foot, and also some other garments, and then proceeded to re-dress her, adding garment to garment until it seemed as if she must be burdened by their weight. This over, she was brought out from the bedside to a dressing-table, where a basin of hot water was given her to wash her face. This operation, unfortunately, served to render more apparent the fact that the poor bride's face was very badly poek-marked. One and another of the women present exclaimed, "Oh, what a pity! She would not be very ugly, were it not for the small-pox! How dreadfully she is pitted!" I felt so sorry for the young creature; and I remarked, by way of consolation to her, and of reproof to the others, "What matters it, if she is good and lovely, whether she is or is not pretty!" Afterwards I heard them repeating my remark, evidently pleased that I had taken the poor thing's part.

When she had been duly washed, dressed, powdered, and painted, a luncheon was set before her; and while the waiting women held up the veil of pearls at each side, she ate a few grains of rice, and a morsel of other food. She was not allowed to take more, even if she wished it. After this, she was led here and there, to pay

her respects to the guests, who were expected to examine her fine clothes, and, also, her tiny feet, and to express unbounded admiration of everything about her, especially of the little feet, which were so small as to compensate, in a measure, for the ugliness of her face. She was soon after conducted to her mother-in-law's apartments, to pay her respects to her. She had not, as yet, come near her new daughter-in-law, nor given her one kindly word of welcome; and she did not exhibit the least warmth or interest in meeting her. After following the bride from place to place, we came away, feeling that a newly married Chinese lady is not to be envied. Through all these performances she is not expected to say one word, unless in a very low tone to her attendants. She stands like a statue, or walks about like an automaton,—a poor, sad, lonely creature, no matter how gay the assembled company. There are so many forms and trifling practices connected with betrothals and marriages in China, that it would require a volume to describe them minutely, nor would they be of interest to most persons. I shall not allow myself to go into particulars. The marriages of our native converts, although agreeing in some respects with those of other

Chinese, have always a Christian ceremony similar to our own.

When a Christian, as is often the case, is obliged to marry a person who is still a heathen, he or she is placed in a most trying position. Of course a Christian cannot consent to perform the usual idolatrous rites; while the other party is equally unwilling to omit them. Sometimes, when the bride is a Christian, and her husband and his family are not, she is forced to kneel before the ancestral tablets, and, if she resists, a most unhappy scene is sure to follow.

Of course it is most desirable that Christians should never marry heathens; but when a betrothal has taken place in infancy, or childhood, the marriage often cannot be avoided, as the Chinese regard the betrothal almost as binding as a marriage, and are nearly as unwilling to break it.

Our boarding-school for girls has furnished wives for most of the native pastors, and there have been some very happy marriages between pupils in the two schools. There is no social intercourse allowed between these pupils, but they see each other at church and occasionally elsewhere; and, if I am not mistaken, there have been some cases of "falling in love" among them.

At least they have strong likes and dislikes, even when not a word has been exchanged.

When I was teaching my singing-class in the chapel on North Bank, the boys sat on one side, and the girls on the other, quite separate. But a few times I intercepted little *billet-doux* passing between them, not always of so "sweet" a character either; for one of these, I remember, read as follows,—“You, K—— H——, need not look so proud, and walk so loftily. You have *scald-head*, anyhow, and are no better than others!” (Scald-head is a disease not uncommon in China.) The writer of this grew to be a lovely and useful woman. K—— H—— is now an ordained and efficient minister. He had then a somewhat haughty bearing, and was very good-looking. This, however, seemed not to have awakened admiration among the little girls, so much as their dislike, because they thought him “proud.”

From about the time of my visit in America there were many encouraging indications that the work which had heretofore advanced so slowly was beginning to make more rapid progress. The number of native converts and inquirers was greatly increased; out-stations were formed, long itinerations were undertaken, and the Sab-

bath church services became more solemn and interesting. The sermons preached on these occasions were carefully prepared, and listened to with the deepest attention, while "our hymns of love and praise," led by one of the young men from the school, and joined in most heartily by nearly the whole congregation, were indeed soul-stirring. I have always regarded it as a delightful compensation for the injury sustained to my voice that, chiefly owing to my efforts in teaching singing, our native Christians have since been able to join so heartily and sweetly in the praises of the sanctuary. Besides the two boarding-schools, there were at this time several day-schools under the care of different ladies in the mission. It was so difficult to induce the pupils to attend with regularity, that we were obliged to pay them a small sum each day. However, the fault lay with the parents rather than the children.

On some of Mr. Nevius' itinerations, in the autumn of 1858, I accompanied him. We went together to San-poh, and visited, besides our out-stations there, many of the towns and villages which are scattered over that fertile plain. Here I, as well as my husband, had as much work as my strength was equal to. Mr. Nevius

would leave me at some respectable house, while he went out to find the men of the place, either in their fields or shops. Curiosity would soon bring a crowd of women and children about me, and, after their many questions were answered, I would tell them of our object in coming, and urge them to forsake their idols and turn to Jesus. The poor creatures seemed often pleased and grateful for our interest in them; and we could but hope that some of the seed thus scattered might some time spring up and bear fruit.

This kind of work is fatiguing in the extreme; too much so indeed for a lady, unless she is unusually strong. Even the gentlemen often come home from their itinerating tours quite worn out.

I have very pleasant recollections of a visit we made, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Knowlton, to the region called by foreigners Snowy Valley. This jaunt was undertaken for recreation rather than work; though it is always intended to combine the two, as far as practicable. Leaving Ningpo in boats at evening, we made the first stage of our journey by night. Morning found us approaching the hills, and near the termination of boat navigation.

As I have before remarked, the Ningpo plain, being devoted to rice culture, is irrigated from the canals, and for several months each year is completely submerged. The warm spring sun causes rapid evaporation, and at times it seems as if we were living in a vast vapor bath. In the spring and early summer it rains almost constantly, and the effect upon health and spirits is anything but favorable. Another source of great annoyance is the intolerable odors, which load the atmosphere so that one would gladly stop breathing or smelling, if that were possible. With great delight, then, we occasionally escape to a region of pure air and lovely sights. There is no scenery in the neighborhood of Ningpo more inviting than Snowy Valley and its vicinity. A few miles from the terminus of boat navigation on the river we reach the foot of the mountains, and the landscape becomes wild and broken. There is, however, as in Chinese scenery generally, a strange mingling of wildness and softness. Many of the hill-sides are terraced and cultivated to their very tops. In one instance we counted seventy of these terraces. Other hills are covered with almost unbroken forests of bamboo and pine. The most remarkable feature of this locality is the water-



TSIN-DZIANG-NGAEN WATERFALL.

falls and ravines which, in Western lands, would attract crowds of admiring visitors. Mountain streams, forcing their way to the plain below, form a succession of water-falls of great height and singular beauty. Near each of these cataracts is a Buddhist monastery; and innumerable smaller shrines are scattered here and there, by the wayside, or in niches in the rocks. Tsin-dziang-ngaen, the first of these falls, is about three hundred feet high, and the rocks on either side are much higher. Not far from this, on another stream, is a very lovely cascade called Long-ing-dcn, "Dragon's shady dell." About five miles distant is still another fall, five hundred feet high, and in some respects more beautiful. It is called Z-wu. The volume of water is not great, and, before it reaches the rocks below, it is converted into light, feathery foam. Taghanuc Falls, on the west bank of Cayuga Lake, in New York, is strikingly like it, but Taghanuc is not half as high, nor has it as much water. The descent to the bed of the stream below seemed almost impossible; but, a short distance from the precipice, my husband discovered a footpath, down which we all scrambled, and, with only a few bruises and scratches, reached the bottom in safety. Here the view was magnificent; the fall

itself, the towering rocks, the grand old trees with their tangled underwood, and the clear stream gliding swiftly over its bed of pebbles and rocks, formed a scene ever to be remembered with pleasure.

The old monastery, where we spent our nights, afforded but the poorest accommodations. Like nearly all similar establishments it is evidently going to decay. At certain seasons it has crowds of worshippers, but the dilapidated buildings and general air of neglect are evidence that the resources of the place are not what they once were. One evening, taking a lighted candle in my hand, I went from my room through several courts to meet my husband, whom I was expecting home. As I was passing through the largest hall of the temple, a gust of wind extinguished my light, and left me groping my way in the dark, among the huge, grim figures on every side of me. Just then, the great bell of the temple began to toll; and as its tones reverberated through the nearly empty rooms, although I am not particularly superstitious, I confess to feeling that I was not quite as far removed from the presence of the evil one as would have been agreeable. At

length, I found a door, and was glad to make my escape into a different atmosphere.

After a few days spent very delightfully at this place, we returned to Ningpo by a different route, stopping the first night in the valley just below the monastery, at the house of one of our servants. Some member of his family had died five days previously, and preparations were being made for the funeral on the morrow. The ceremonies and performances were something after the order of an Irish "wake." A concert of the most doleful music, interspersed occasionally by the explosion of fire-crackers, was kept up through the whole night. Immense kettles of food were cooking on the fires, and, as the house had no chimneys, we in the second story were nearly smothered by smoke. But notwithstanding the smoke and the noise and confusion, we slept part of the night, and early the next morning resumed our journey. The first stage was made on rafts of light bamboo poles fastened together. It was a pleasant day, all the more so that the sun was obscured. The stream had frequent rapids, down which we glided swiftly, though the water was often so shallow that the raft touched the stony bottom. After reaching the deeper part of the river, we

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

for several nights in succession, we reached home pretty well tired out, but feeling that the pleasure of the excursion far more than compensated for the fatigue.

One evening, in the autumn of this year, as my husband, Mr. Gamble, and myself were sitting in our parlor, we heard an unusual noise in the rooms below. Supposing it was made by the servants, we took no notice of it, until the washerman came running upstairs in great distress, exclaiming, "The clock is missing!" The two gentlemen ran below, and, sure enough, the empty shelf where the clock had stood accounted for the noise we had heard but a moment before. The thief had entered by the front door, and carried off the clock and a few other small articles. I mention this trifling incident, only because a narrative of life in China might be thought by some uninteresting and incomplete without some thefts and the like to vary it. But I must add that this was the only loss of any amount which we experienced while living in Ningpo. It was our custom to allow Chinese guests to go freely through all parts of our house, examining books, pictures, and various mementos of home; but we rarely missed anything, though they might

easily have pilfered had they been so disposed.

I find the two following incidents in a letter of about the same date as the events of which I have been writing.

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

poor S. Chu-feng. It was a horrid sight, but one, alas ! too common in this age of anarchy and rebellions.

About the same time Mr. Nevius went, by request, to visit a prisoner at the English Consulate, — a man who at one time declared himself an American citizen, at another an English subject, as suited his convenience. He professed to have been *praying* since he had been in prison, but said “he did not get any comfort.” Mr. Nevius concluded, after conversing with him, that he was “anxious” only to get released from confinement, and feigned this appearance of religious interest only to awaken sympathy and gain assistance. He exhibited as deplorable ignorance of the Bible, and the way of salvation through Christ, as a very heathen.

The number of such characters in foreign ports is so great as to be a disgrace to our nominally Christian nations, and a great hindrance to the spread of the gospel. Some of these lawless foreigners have been well educated, and belong to highly respectable families in their native land. But, having given loose reins to the downward tendencies of their natures, in the course of a few years they sink so low in sin and infamy, that even the heathen look upon them

with astonishment. I have in my mind more than one such person, who, having left a home of affluence and refinement, has by indulgence in opium-smoking, intemperance, and other vices, speedily changed from a young and vigorous man into a faded and decrepit creature, just tottering on the edge of an unknown and dishonored grave. Sometimes, at the last hour, a missionary is summoned to listen to heart-broken confessions of penitence and grief; and to point the wanderer to Him who is able to save unto the uttermost all who come unto God by Him. Sadder still is the case of others, whose consciences are so blunted and hardened by their lives of sin, that even in the hour of death they feel no sorrow for the past, and no longings for a better life.

CHAPTER V.

CHURCH AND SCHOOLS AT NINGPO. — CHINESE
WOMEN.

OUR communion season, about the beginning of the year 1859, was one of great interest to us all. Twelve persons were received into the church by baptism. Of this number, two were husband and wife; three were a grandmother, daughter, and grand-daughter; and another was little Ping-fong, whom I shall mention hereafter. As the applicants knelt to receive the holy ordinance, our hearts were filled with joy and thankfulness, and many prayers were offered that the vows then assumed might never be broken.

Another of those who, on this day for the first time, sat down to the table of our Lord, was a member of the graduating class in the boys' school. His name was Chong-eng. He had been for years in the school, but it was not until the time drew near when he must leave us, that he became more particularly anxious upon the

subject of religion. His mother was a poor woman, and in a measure dependent upon him for support. She had looked forward to his leaving the school with impatience, and had secured him what she considered a good situation in business. What were her grief, then, and indignation when she found that these cherished plans were to be thwarted, and, worse still, both he and she to be disgraced through his becoming a Christian! When Chong-eng had positively decided to confess Christ, he visited his mother to acquaint her with his resolution. As he had anticipated, she received the avowal with a storm of tears and curses. But he was firm, and returned to the school, where he had yet a few days to remain previous to the expiration of the time of his indenture. He received baptism the Sabbath preceding that I have mentioned. On the Saturday before, his mother made her appearance to endeavor once more to prevent this dreaded calamity. Threats, arguments, entreaties, were freely used, not only with Chong-eng, but also with us, for having, as she said, perverted her son. Mr. Nevius and I both tried in every possible way to allay her fears and soften her prejudices; but with no success. At length she gave herself up to despair. I never saw a more wretched-looking creature. She was

detained at our house for some days by a storm, but I could not induce her to eat our rice. "She would not be indebted for food to those who had thus caused the ruin of her son." I have a vivid recollection of her, as she sat hour after hour on the side of her bed, scarcely speaking a word to any one, and her expression the concentration of disappointment and ill-humor. Years passed. Chong-eng became a minister of the gospel, and a very useful man. He married a pretty and amiable girl, who had been adopted when a child by Dr. and Mrs. McCartee. His mother—the bitter enemy of Christianity, and most violent opposer, though she did it in ignorance—has since followed her son's example, and professed Christ before men. Surely we ought not to limit the power and grace of God!

Ping-fong, whom I mentioned before as one of the twelve who received baptism on the same day, was a great favorite of mine. His history was a strange one. One morning there was a knock at the outer door of the school-court. A servant opening it found a small boy, who said he wished to attend the school. He was ragged and weary; and, had it not been for a certain air of manliness and independence, he might have been taken for a beggar. His brogue was so pe-

culiar that it was with difficulty our Ningpo people could understand him. He had come, he said, from the city of Tong-Yiang, one hundred and fifty miles in the interior, with the hope of gaining admittance to this institution. Mr. Nevius, and Mr. Cobbold, of the Church of England, had, on a long itinerating tour, visited the vicinity of Tong-Yiang, and an uncle of Ping-fong had chanced to hear them speak of our boys' school in Ningpo. He related what he had heard at the house of Ping-fong. It so happened that just at this time the boy was in great trouble. His father had been a scholar, and his family were very respectable, although in greatly reduced circumstances. His two mothers (for his father at the time of his death had two wives) and his brother had come to the decision to apprentice Ping-fong to learn the tailor's trade. To this he had a great repugnance. As he told me afterwards, when his uncle was telling them about the free school in Ningpo, the "words fell into his heart," and, from that time, when his brother and his mothers were discussing their plans, he was saying to himself, "Oh, if I could but get to Ningpo!" No one guessed his thoughts, and he did not disclose them. But when he had matured his project, unknown to

any one, he started for Ningpo. He had only about two hundred cash—hardly equal to twenty cents—with which to defray the expenses of the journey. He had never been from home, and did not know the way; yet he seems to have met with little difficulty. He walked most of the distance, and at the end of six days had reached Ningpo. I can imagine his anxiety while the question of his admission to the school was yet undecided. His story seemed so strange, that it was not until letters had been written to certain individuals whom he mentioned as acquaintances, that we felt sure he was speaking the truth. At length all such doubts were removed, and he began his studies. He improved rapidly, and by his good conduct became a favorite with both teachers and pupils; and, better than all, he soon began to give evidence of love to the Saviour. When he had been with us a few months, his older brother, who had succeeded in tracing the little runaway, came to Ningpo in search of him. He seemed delighted to find Ping-fong doing so well, and willingly indentured him to the school for six years. Before the close of the first year Ping-fong was taken very ill. We thought he would die, and he thought so himself. When Mr. Nevius told him this he said, “Ping-fong, are you

afraid to die?" He promptly answered, "No." "Tell me why you do not fear to die?" continued Mr. Nevius. He paused a little, and answered, "Jesus Christ died to save sinners. I am a sinner, and I have asked Christ to save me; I know he will not reject me." He remained quiet a few moments, and then added, very thoughtfully: "When I remember how God called me from my distant home in Tong-Yiang, and brought me here so that I might learn of the Saviour; and when I think how kind and good he has been to me, I feel sure that he will never cast me off." At another time he seemed troubled, not for himself however. "I hoped," said he, "to have gone back to my home, and have told my friends of Jesus; and now how can they hear of him? Will you promise me, Mr. Nevius, that, if I die, one of the native assistants shall go there to teach them?" The promise was made, and his mind seemed relieved. It pleased God, however, to spare his life, and he is now, after having graduated from school, engaged in assisting at an out-station, at the same time that he continues his theological studies. He is not by any means a faultless character; but there is much to admire in him, and we hope that he will prove a very valuable man, and carry into

his work of preaching the gospel the same qualities which so distinguished him as a boy. He was only about eleven years of age when he came to us. Those who love to trace particular providences, I think, will not fail to see one in the case of Ping-fong.

Although Mr. Nevius was at this time superintendent of the boys' school, the principal care and tuition of the pupils devolved upon Mr. Zi, the native teacher. He was an elder in the church, and a most judicious and consistent Christian. His influence was excellent, and, while under his care, the boys improved rapidly both in their studies and deportment. He died several years since, loved and regretted by all who knew him.

The girls' school, which was superintended by Mr. Rankin, was also under the more immediate charge of the natives. Mr. Lu, another of the members of the church, and Mrs. Lu, devoted themselves to it; and, if improvement in the pupils was a test, no plan could have been better.

Every one familiar with the Presbyterian Mission in China has heard at least the name of the Lu family. Long years ago, when missionaries first went to Ningpo, the father of the

present Lu sin-sang, was employed as a teacher. He afterwards accepted the position of secretary to an officer, or something of that sort, and went to reside in a distant province. He did not himself embrace Christianity, but must have been convinced of its worth; for, as he was leaving home, he said to his wife, — “Now, if at any time in the future our son, Kyiæ-Dzing, should wish to become a Christian, you must not oppose him; for the religion is true.” The young Mr. Lu was employed for a time by Mr. William Martin as his teacher. While imparting instruction in the language, he became interested in Christianity, and, in the course of a few months, it was evident that he sincerely believed the gospel, and was desirous to obey it; and now he, like so many of our Chinese Christians, had to endure a species of persecution, perhaps as hard to bear as any other. When his mother heard of his purpose, notwithstanding the parting injunction of her husband, she positively forbade her son to make a profession of Christianity. She threatened suicide in case he did so; she would not survive the disgrace, but would surely drown herself. This was no unmeaning threat; on the contrary, there was every reason to think she would carry it into execution. Mr. Lu’s wife, to whom he

was devotedly attached, for a time joined with the other members of his family in their opposition. Even in his private devotions, he was constantly interrupted and ridiculed. At length, worn out by this sort of treatment, he was taken violently ill, and for weeks his mind was so much affected that his friends were fearful he might become permanently insane. His family were greatly alarmed, especially as they felt that his illness was perhaps the result of their unkindness. When, therefore, he began to recover, they relaxed in their opposition, and Mr. Lu united with the church. He soon after had the pleasure of seeing his wife a follower of Jesus; and, as years have passed, one and another has joined them, until now, his mother and sister and his son, besides his wife's aged grandmother, and other relatives in the family, are all professing Christians. The younger Mrs. Lu is a very interesting person. Modest, retiring, gentle, with yet a great deal of force of character, she is considered by some of her foreign friends as almost a model Christian lady. Her sincere piety and the refinement of her manners have had an excellent influence upon the pupils. Most of the time for the last ten years she has been matron of the school, and the duties of her

position she has discharged with great faithfulness.

She has but one child living, — a son, who is now studying theology. I think she had lost three children before she became a Christian, and at least that many since. Before she had learned of Him who took little children in his arms and blessed them, her feelings towards her children who died in infancy were just like those of her heathen country women. They were not even buried. Now this is not because Chinese women are destitute of natural affection. By no means; on the contrary, they love their children, while living, with the same devoted affection that Christian mothers do. But a wretched superstition, the fruit of heathenism, has blighted the tender mother love. It is supposed, if a child dies in infancy, that this event is a proof that the soul which inhabited the little body originally belonged to an enemy, or to some defrauded creditor of an ancestor, who, having failed to get his dues in the previous state, has entered this child's body, to give anxiety, care, and trouble until the debt is fully cancelled. When therefore an infant dies, the love of its parents dies with it. Many precautions are made use of, such as sweeping the

house, exploding fire-crackers, and the like, to frighten away the dreaded spirit.

A few years since Mrs. Lu lost a dear little girl, about two years old. It had been the pet and darling of its parents, who, having lost so many other children, clung the more closely to this. It was indeed a lovely child, and when God took it from them the grief of its parents was intense. I saw it in its coffin. The mother was bending over it, stroking and caressing the little face as if it had been in life. No one who saw her then could doubt her love. She has since been called to part with a little boy, who died when some months younger. But she sorrows not now, as "others who have no hope;" for she knows that though her loved ones cannot return to her she will soon go to them, and that together they will spend an eternity with Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." It is delightful to see such evidences as these of the purifying and ennobling influences of Christianity on our native converts.

Among those who have been educated at the girls' school, there have been some very interesting and lovely characters. I regret that I have

not known them intimately enough to give a sketch of any one of them. Several are now wives of our native assistants. Others there were, who, having illustrated the beauty and excellence of consistent Christian lives, have been early removed to a better world. Such were Ah-yuing, wife of Tsiang Vong-kweng, Yuih-ing, wife of Bao Kwang-hyi, and Ah-ô, the faithful wife and helper of the lamented Rev. Kying Ling-yiu. The children educated in our boarding-schools are entirely free from most of the superstitions prevalent among their countrymen. They have an advantage in many ways over those brought to a knowledge of Christianity later in life.

It may perhaps be considered strange, by many persons in this country, that our female pupils are allowed to observe the objectionable practice of compressing the feet. In the course of years no doubt our native Christians will of their own accord, abandon it; but until they do so, our mission has not thought it best to make it "a case of conscience," or of discipline. In Ningpo nearly all respectable females have compressed feet; a large-footed woman, and a woman of abandoned character, are almost synonymous. In our mission families,

and in the different schools, there have always been a few girls whose feet have never been bound, and the mortification to which they were subjected, in consequence, has been almost unbearable. In passing through the streets, on their way to and from church, they have been the subject of epithets and insulting remarks, to which it seems almost cruel to have exposed them. Another thing: it has heretofore been nearly impossible to make suitable marriages for those who, by not binding the feet, had rendered themselves objects of notoriety among their own people. Even the young men educated in our schools much preferred a wife with little feet. But I think a great change is taking place in this respect, and I quite hope that soon they will have a more correct taste. Among the school girls were some who were so mortified with the size of their feet that, when they were grown and had returned to their friends, they resorted to the expedient of placing a false heel under the middle of the foot, in such a way that they could wear a small shoe. The pantalets, which are always worn so as to cover the ankle, in this case also covered the natural heel, projecting over the top of the shoe. When this is well done the deception is perfect, though it is never a

pretty foot, according to Chinese ideas. I should think it would be exceedingly uncomfortable; but "anything for fashion" seems to be a lady's motto the world over. I was pleased to see that the wife of one of the native assistants, who had resorted to the expedient above mentioned, afterwards, of her own accord, discarded the false shoe, and returned to the simplicity of nature; not quite that either, for her foot had been somewhat disfigured by compression, although the process had been incomplete. When a foot has been thoroughly bound, it is nearly if not quite impossible to dispense with the bandages, and to restore the foot to its natural shape. It would occasion great suffering, and, in fact, in many cases, it would be useless to attempt it. Sometimes when the Chinese are remonstrated with on the wickedness or absurdity of this custom, they readily admit it; but assert that, in their eyes, compressing the feet is not nearly as pernicious a fashion as that of Western ladies compressing their waists. They insist upon thinking—whether with reason or not there may be difference of opinion—that the usual slender waists of foreign ladies must be the result of our peculiar mode of dress; and, as this involves compressing very vital parts of the body, it must

be more injurious to health than their practice of binding the feet.

Who knows but that the Chinese are right?

Were our object in living among the Chinese simply to effect a change in either their outward deportment or national costume, it would certainly be an unnecessary waste of time and strength; as they are an exceedingly courteous and polite people, and their mode of dress is both graceful and convenient. As their fashions change but little year after year, they are saved thereby an endless amount of labor and annoyance.

The garments worn by males and females are very similar, but perfectly distinguishable to those accustomed to them. Both sexes wear loose flowing trousers, and a long double-breasted tunic or sacque, buttoned closely round the neck and at one side. The women generally wear gayer colors, and garments profusely ornamented with embroidery. At Ningpo they have a prettily made petticoat reaching nearly to their little feet, which they take special pains not to cover.

The costume of the Chinese in different localities differs but little, yet there are certain peculiarities which a native discovers at a glance, and which determine unmistakably to what part

of the empire the wearer belongs. On the whole, I think a Ningpo lady's dress is prettier and more becoming than any of the northern costumes, or of the more southern, as far as I am familiar with them. The Ningpo style of dressing the hair, though unnecessarily artificial and elaborate, is really becoming, and more tasteful than the stiffer coiffures of ladies elsewhere. The time consumed by women in China, in arranging their hair, is much greater than is required by foreign ladies ordinarily. I have been told by our female servants that they usually spend a full hour upon theirs; while it is not unusual for persons of leisure to devote two hours to this object. But this waste of time, as it seems to us, is, I suppose, one of their most agreeable recreations, and helps to while away many an otherwise tedious hour.

Women of the lower and middle classes are obliged to assist in performing the ordinary work of their families. They cook, wash, and sew, look after their children, etc., and are generally busy and industrious. In the monotonous routine of these every-day duties, their time passes, if not very pleasantly, yet rapidly, and they are often at least negatively happy. But in the case of the wealthy, who consider labor a degradation,

and who, by their total want of education, are shut out from all intellectual pleasures, and, by the customs of the country, from much social intercourse, life must often prove indeed a weariness. Of course, as they know of nothing better, their situation is not so unbearable as it would be were they aware of the different position and the happy lives which women in some other parts of the world enjoy. They frequently occupy themselves with games of chance; cards and dominos, if I remember rightly, are sometimes favorites; and many, though not all, are taught embroidery, in which the Chinese excel. In former times ladies of rank were often instructed in music, and performed upon the lute and other instruments. But nowadays this accomplishment must be rare, as I have seldom seen a Chinese lady who had the slightest knowledge of any musical instrument whatever.

Chinese females are greatly given to petty gossip. Many hours are passed in discussing household matters; matrimonial schemes; the characters and conduct of the different daughters-in-law, in their family, or among their friends; or the mothers-in-law, their kindness or tyranny, as the case may be; the beautiful feet of certain ladies of their acquaintance, or

perhaps the piety of some relative; or the reputed power of a favorite deity, and the special advantages derived from worshipping at some particular temple. As the Chinese are an exceedingly superstitious people, stories of ghosts and hobgoblins, and mysterious appearances of all sorts, form an exhaustless fund for anecdote and tale. Then there is the kindred subject of geomancy, or luck, which is rich in topics for conversation. So that, after all, "woman's tongue" need not remain quiet in China for want of subjects to talk about.

But, oh, the utter worthlessness and vanity of all this foolish conversation! I long to have the women of China capable of something nobler and better. And indeed there is no lack of natural ability. Their minds are bright and active, and all they need to place them on an equality with their favored sisters of other lands is a truly Christian education, and the purifying and ennobling influence of a life of faith and obedience to the precepts of the gospel.

How dark, how utterly cheerless, must be the inner life of heathen women, whether their social position be high or low! There must come times in the lives of even the most thoughtless among

them, when this vain, fleeting world, with its few illusory pleasures, appears in its true light, and a longing for something nobler and better must possess their souls. The book of nature, spread open before them, speaks to their hearts of the great Creator. They see his hand, they feel his breath, — they would fain know more. But, ah! can poor ignorant women, in their feeble searchings, “find out God”? Where their greatest sages have failed to give one distinct utterance, is it to be expected that these poor creatures can gain a clear conception of Him who has indeed given glimpses of himself in his glorious works, and in the hearts and consciences of his creatures, but who, in his revealed word only, has “brought life and immortality to light”? And thus it is that, wearied and disappointed in their vain search, yet feeling that they must have something to fill the natural longings of their hearts, they turn to their own false systems of idolatry. But these, though they may for a time divert the mind and allay its restlessness, cannot impart hope and comfort for the future. When death is realized as at hand, when its cold touch is felt, then, oh, then, what can cheer and sustain them? “Heart and flesh fail them,” but no Saviour is near with

sweet assurances of his presence and love. There remains for them, for our poor lost sisters, only a "fearful looking for of judgment," and a vain shrinking from the retributions of the future, which they instinctively feel must await them. And if, as it sometimes happens, even conscience seems dead, and natural love of life has well-nigh faded away, and death is regarded with apathy, or mere stoical indifference, the case is not less pitiful; for when no veil can longer hide the dread realities of a future world, how fearful must be the awakening!

We women in Christian lands realize far too little how entirely our present elevated position is due to the prevalence of true religion. Ought we not, in gratitude for the distinguishing blessings conferred upon us, to make more strenuous efforts for the good of females in still heathen nations? Not only is there the greatest need of schools for the education of children; but the women also must be taught. There is room for the united efforts of hosts of women even in China. No closed "zenanas" prevent our reaching those whom we long to instruct. The females are secluded, to be sure, but patient, judicious effort will usually gain access even to the homes of the rich and powerful; while thou-

sands of humbler dwellings welcome our presence: and I am convinced that encouragements will not be wanting in the future, as certainly they have not been in the past, to reward every faithful worker in this humble sphere of Christian effort. Not until Chinese women have been Christianized will they be raised from their present degraded position to fill their rightful place as the helps and companions of man. And shall not we, who are already experiencing the blessings and advantages of birth and training in Christian lands, be willing to forego some of the pleasures and luxuries of our favored homes, in order to carry these blessings to those who are now without them? Freely we have received, let us freely give.

But the work begun by us will be carried forward by the dear converts. There are no more effectual messengers to the hearts and homes of heathen females than they who, having experienced the power of the gospel in their own souls, can speak sympathizingly and lovingly to such as are still strangers to it. The experiment has repeatedly been tried. We have already, in almost every mission station, numbers of humble Christians, who, by their consistent conduct, and improved dispositions, are "living epistles,"

which the heathen around them are obliged to acknowledge and appreciate. They are "lights in a dark place," a "little leaven," which is working surely, though slowly, upon the dense mass of superstition and wickedness. And, as converts increase, it will not be difficult to find competent females willing to act as assistants to the missionary's wife, or other foreign teachers, in visiting among native families, and instructing the women and children. In my opinion, this work is scarcely second to any other in importance and hopefulness. To say the least, it is a most interesting auxiliary to other departments of missionary operations.

"Elevate woman, if you would renovate society," is a saying which has been so often quoted that it has become trite; but it has not lost a whit of its truthfulness from its frequent repetition.

There are not a few individuals, and among them I know of some excellent missionaries, who dislike the idea of unmarried ladies undertaking a mission, such as I have suggested, in a foreign and heathen land. Of course I do not expect that anything I can say would remove their prejudice; but I can only record my own conviction that the work of visiting and teaching from house to house, day after day; giving instruction

in the truths of Christianity, and urging the obligation to believe and obey them, is in China an eminently practicable life-work, and one which promises to any one having "faith and patience" a sure and blessed reward. There would be some difficulties, some annoyances, and not a few discouragements. A life spent in this way offers very few "worldly enjoyments," while it involves many serious trials; but, after all, the "hundred-fold, even in this life," I believe, will always be realized. Is not the consciousness that we are working for Christ, in direct obedience to his command, enough to compensate for some discomforts, some losses and crosses? Among the happiest and most useful persons I have ever known were single ladies, who had given themselves and their all to this work of bringing heathen women to a knowledge of Christ. Are there not many, in this favored land, who would gladly join us in our efforts for the good of Chinese females? I think I can assure such that, even if their trials should prove greater than they had anticipated, so also would their pleasures; and at the close of their lives, should they be long or short, they would have the unspeakable pleasure of having *tried* to do something for Jesus.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST VISIT TO HANG-CHOW.

DURING the year 1858, a very important meeting took place, in the north of China, between the plenipotentiaries of China, and of Russia, England, France, and the United States. This meeting resulted in the formation of new treaties, securing to foreigners greatly increased privileges. There seemed no reason to doubt that the Chinese had acted in good faith, and that their new engagements would be strictly adhered to. We missionaries, as well as the friends of Christ's cause everywhere, were much encouraged, and felt that the time had come for extending our efforts to those regions from which we had until then been excluded.

While the foreign ambassadors had returned to submit the newly formed treaties to their respective governments, previous to their ratification by the Chinese, the missionaries were earnestly considering in what way they might

best avail themselves of the anticipated openings. The American treaty, although it conferred but slight advantages for our work, had, owing to an adroit insertion of a clause insuring a share in the benefits obtained by the "most favored nations," made us participants in everything gained by any one of the new treaties, or of all combined. Although, as American citizens, we had no legal right to reside anywhere but at the open ports, yet fully expecting the speedy ratification of the other treaties, which secured much more freedom, it was decided, early in the year 1859, to try the practicability of commencing a new station at Hang-chow, the capital of the Che-kiang Province. As the climate of Ningpo was trying both to Mr. Nevius and myself, and for several other reasons, we very willingly undertook this new mission.

Hang-chow is situated upon the Tsin-tang River, some distance from where it empties into the Hang-chow Bay. It is in the northern part of the province, about one hundred and thirty miles distant from Shanghai on the north-east, and Ningpo on the south-east. It is an exceedingly well-built city, surrounded by a wall more than thirty feet in height. Many of the houses, both shops and private residences, are large and

costly ; and the place has an air of respectability and importance, very different from ordinary Chinese towns. Its streets, which are paved with stone, are clean and comparatively wide. The surrounding country is rich and populous. Although on two sides of the city there is a vast plain, in which rice is extensively cultivated, it does not seem as low and malarious as the region about Ningpo. Numerous canals intersect this plain,—some broad and deep, others narrow and winding here and there like by-roads in our own country.

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

At the time of our residence there the popu-

lation of Hang-chow was estimated at about one million, and many years previous, when it was the metropolis of the empire, it must have been much greater. Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller, who visited China about the year 1200, speaks of it, as "pre-eminent above all other cities in the world, in point of grandeur and beauty, as well as from its abundant delights, which might lead an inhabitant to imagine himself in paradise;" and in another place describing Si-wu or West Lake, an artificial sheet of water just without the city wall, he says: "All around the lake are beautiful palaces and houses, so wonderfully built that nothing can possibly surpass them; they belong to the great and noble men of the city. In the middle of the lake are two islands, on one of which stands a palace so wonderfully adorned that it seems worthy of belonging to the emperor." Such description of the Hang-chow of the present would certainly be exaggerations; but still I can easily imagine that in former times, when emperors honored it by their presence, and it was the resort of the aristocracy and nobility of the land, it must have presented as gay and animated an appearance as one can well conceive of in China; and I do not wonder at the harmless enthusiasm of the noted traveller.

Lest I might myself be thought to overcolor somewhat in my admiration of Hang-chow, I shall quote a description from a more modern writer. Barrow, in his "Travels in China," says of Si-wu and its surroundings: "The natural and artificial beauties of this lake far exceeded anything we had hitherto had an opportunity of seeing in China. The mountains surrounding it were lofty, and broken into a variety of forms that were highly picturesque, and the valleys were richly clothed with trees of different kinds, among which three species were remarkably striking, not only by their intrinsic beauty, but also by the contrast they formed with themselves and the rest of the trees of the forest. These were the camphor and tallow trees, and the arbor-vitæ. The bright shining green foliage of the first, mingled with the purple leaves of the second, and overtopped by the stately tree of life, of the deepest green, produced a pleasing effect to the eye; and the landscape was rendered still more interesting by the very singular and diversified appearance of several thousand repositories of the dead, upon the sloping sides of the inferior hills. Here, as well as elsewhere, the sombre and upright cypress was destined to be the melancholy compan-

ion of the tombs. Higher still, among the woods, avenues had been opened to admit of rows of small blue houses, exposed on white colonnades, which, on examination, were also found to be mansions of the dead. The margins of the lake were studded with light, aerial buildings, among which one of more solidity and greater extent than the rest was said to belong to the emperor. The grounds were enclosed with brick walls, and mostly planted with vegetables and fruit-trees; but in some there appeared to be collections of such shrubs and flowers as are most esteemed in the country."

Since this great city, with its environs, creates so striking an impression upon intelligent and travelled foreigners, it is not strange that the Chinese have regarded it with unbounded admiration. They have a saying, "Shang yiu tien-tang; hia yiu Su Hang;" that is, "Above is heaven, below are Su-chow and Hang-chow." I have not seen Hang-chow since it was captured and in part destroyed by the rebels. I suppose it will never regain the prosperity and importance which it enjoyed before that deplorable event. However, to those who love beautiful natural scenery, it must ever be a place of much interest.

A favorite evening excursion with us while we were living in Hang-chow was a stroll on the margin of pretty Si-wu. The emperor's palace, described by Marco Polo, was presented to the Buddhists, and it is many years since it was graced by the presence of royalty. But Si-wu is still a lovely spot. The water, though not deep, is clear and pure; pretty arched bridges and raised causeways cross it in different directions, and there are many small temples or rest-houses at various points; and, if I remember rightly, there are several eating-houses or refectories for the accommodation of pleasure-seekers. Towards evening many of the rich families from the city come out for a row on the lake. There is a kind of boat nicely adapted to such purposes, having a roof and closed Venetians, so that females within may see without being seen. It is a pretty sight, these flat-bottomed boats gliding here and there, bright eyes peeping through the lattice, and the sound of merry voices showing that even Chinese ladies sometimes have happy hearts, and are fond of innocent amusements.

When Mr. Nevius first visited Hang-chow he was in company with Dr. Bradley, U. S. Consul at Ningpo, and Mr. Russell, of the Church of England Mission. It was at a time when for-

eigners but seldom penetrated so far into the interior; and perhaps a little spice of novelty and insecurity rather added to than detracted from the pleasure of the trip. They were one day visiting some place of interest in the neighborhood of Si-wu, when they suddenly found themselves face to face with a party of Mandarins who had come out for a row on the lake. The officers seemed much startled, and not quite pleased with the encounter; and afterwards it was found impossible to obtain any services from the natives, who evidently were much in awe of the magistrates. The gentlemen, moreover, were the objects of constant surveillance, one of the ya-mun underlings following them like a shadow. [Ya-mun is the name given to the officials' residences.] At last, from necessity they requested this individual to procure them a boat in which to return to Ningpo. He did so very willingly, and they started for home. To their annoyance he took them directly to a ya-mun within the city, where they were detained a long while; and it was not until after most tedious delays, and they had begun to realize the fact that they were virtually prisoners, that they were forwarded on their journey. The officers were not aware that they were treating thus unceremoni-

ously a representative of the government of the "country of the flowery flag," as Dr. Bradley was travelling strictly incognito. The gentlemen were amused, and I suspect somewhat vexed, to find, one morning, that they had as travelling companions a boat-load of criminals in chains, who were being carried from one city to another. After submitting to the annoyance of being transported at government expense for about half the distance to Ningpo, they insisted positively upon their escort leaving them; and, after much demurring on the part of the officers, they were allowed to proceed by themselves. On this tour Mr. Russell and my husband had but little opportunity for preaching, but they made careful observations of Hang-chow, and its vicinity, and were convinced that it was a most important centre for missionary operations, and ought to be occupied as soon as possible.

It was no small trial to both Mr. Nevius and myself to think of leaving Ningpo. The work there was in a most interesting stage of progress; and the pleasant circle of foreign friends gave it no small attraction as a place of residence. But when a missionary has already made the greater sacrifice of leaving his native land, and the fond ties that bind him there, he is seldom

unwilling to submit to other privations, if the cause of Christ seems to demand it.

In the latter part of February my husband again visited Hang-chow, and while there, was the guest of Mr. Burdon, a missionary of the Church of England, whom he found spending some time in a boat without the city walls. During his visit, with the aid of our Ningpo assistants, they succeeded in hiring some apartments connected with a temple in the city, to which Mr. Burdon at once removed. In one of the suburbs about four miles distant from the city wall, my husband was so fortunate as to find a place to which he thought he might safely take me. It was an old monastery, and the rooms he engaged were small and dark, but he was glad to secure them until he could find better ones. Having completed the arrangements, he came home to Ningpo to spend a few days, and on the fourth of April we started together for Hang-chow.

We left home about nine o'clock in the morning, and, favored by both wind and tide, at evening were within a few miles of the city of Yuyiao, where we have now a prosperous out-station. While obliged to lie at anchor several hours waiting a change of tide, the sight of a high hill

not far off tempted Mr. Nevius to take a run on shore. Having been ferried over a branch of the river which intercepted his path, he made his way up to the summit of the hill, where there was a house, which in the dim twilight he mistook for a Buddhist temple. It proved to be a farmer's dwelling, and its inmates were not a little startled by the sudden apparition of a "red-haired man," as foreigners are usually called. However, finding he could speak their language, and had evidently come with peaceful intent, they soon became composed, and enjoyed his visit greatly; considering it as entertaining an episode in their uneventful life as a visit from a Chinese Mandarin, or Japanese "Tommy" would seem, in a quiet farmer's family in America. When he reached the stream, on his return to the boat, he found that the ferryman who had promised to await him had already gone. It was dark, and there were no other boats near. When he attempted to get back by a circuitous route, his progress was constantly impeded by little canals and ditches. After wandering about until his patience was almost exhausted, he saw a light glimmering in the distance, and guided by that he soon reached a little hamlet. Here a good-natured man kindly

ferried him across the river and piloted him to our boat, a distance of two or three miles. Such instances of true politeness are by no means uncommon among the Chinese.

On the evening of this day we were in some danger from pirates. Even the rivers of China are infested by small piratical craft; and it is a sad fact that many of these, like the larger vessels of the same class on the coast, are in command of dissolute foreign sailors. Our boatmen were much alarmed by the report that a boat farther up the river had been attacked and plundered, and several persons either killed or wounded. On this account a large number of passenger-boats started in company, and we thus passed safely through the danger.

We spent part of the next day at San-poh, our new out-station.

On the morning of the 6th of April we crossed the Tsao-wo River, a stream of considerable size, which empties into Hang-chow Bay. We had much difficulty in securing boats in the canal on the opposite side, as nearly all had been impressed into government service for the purpose of carrying troops to a neighboring city which was in rebellion. This canal, between the Tsao-wo and Tsin-tang Rivers, is the finest one I

have ever seen. It is very broad, the water is deep, and its banks are much pleasanter than those of many of the rivers on the plains. Just before dark we reached Shao-hying, a large and flourishing city containing about eight hundred thousand inhabitants. It would have been our shortest route to have gone from here directly to Siao-san, a city opposite Hang-chow, on the Tsin-tang River; but in order to avoid the more public thoroughfare, and a very inconvenient land carriage, we chose to leave the main canal, and take one which, branching off towards the south, would bring us to a point fifteen miles above the city, on the opposite bank of the river.

After leaving Shao-hying, our route was entirely uninteresting. The weather was bad, our boat a poor one, and we were not sorry when, at about dusk the next evening, we reached Nyigyiao, the terminus of the canal. This is an un-walled town of no great importance, and, as I remember it, without the least beauty of any sort. Here the people were much startled by our appearance, and afraid to have anything to do with us. We had such difficulty in getting a boat to take us down the river, that we were glad to secure one of the very poorest sort, even at an

exorbitant price. It was covered by a coarse bamboo matting, supported by a pole in the centre; some rough rails covered the bottom; it had no window nor doors; in fact, no divisions nor partitions from stem to stern. We improvised screens by hanging up shawls and bed-quilts, and managed with some difficulty to put up our travelling bedstead in such a position that we imagined we might be sheltered from the rain and wind, at least in a measure. But we had not much sooner lain down to sleep than the rain forced its way through the matting and poured over our bed. The bed was moved to a drier spot, and again we essayed to sleep; and again the relentless rain pursued and found us. Several times, through the course of the night, we were obliged to repeat the same operation. We had not rain alone to contend with, but the wind whistled through every crevice, and swayed our temporary partitions in a most threatening manner. I had drawn a warm hood tightly over my head, and—shall I tell it?—had also prevailed upon my husband to allow me to envelop his head in an old sun-bonnet, which I happened to have with me. He yielded under protest; but I believe he owed to it his escape from ill effects consequent upon such exposure.

We were very glad when the morning dawned, and this most uncomfortable night was only a thing of the past. The morning was as charming as the night had been unpleasant. The storm was over, the sun shone brightly, and we were gliding rapidly down the Tsin-tang River, and approaching the end of our journey. We reached Loh-o-tah about ten in the forenoon. I was delighted with it. Though the monastery is small and going to decay, its situation is lovely. It stands on the bank of the river, and is shaded by immense camphor-trees, and though but a short distance from a busy suburb, it is most quiet and retired. Mr. Nevius, on a previous visit, had made an arrangement with the abbot for accommodations for himself and me; but I think the old priest had hoped I might not actually come. However, he allowed us to take our rooms, and we spent the morning in arranging them.

The chief attraction of the place is the lofty pagoda, at the foot of which the monastery stands. Loh-o-tah [or Loh-o pagoda] is indeed a most interesting object. It was built more than a thousand years ago. It has seven stories, and on each story are eight windows. It is octagonal in form, and over two hundred feet high. The

diameter of its base is about seventy feet; and its outer walls are twelve feet in thickness. It is built of large well-burnt bricks, which have stood the storms of centuries, and are still in a good state of preservation. It had formerly steps, and a balustrade leading from the bottom to the top on the outside; but these have been quite destroyed by repeated strokes of lightning, and now it can only be ascended by the stairway on the inside. This tower was built in consequence of a superstitious notion that it would protect the bank from the encroachments of the river, by offering resistance to a remarkable tidal wave, which sweeps up the river with almost resistless impetuosity.

It happened that on the day of our arrival at Loh-o-tah there were crowds of worshippers; many of whom remained throughout the night, chanting, beating drums, and making prostrations. I noticed that the women here seemed particularly devout. They would kneel before the idols, and strike their foreheads upon the floor with such force as to produce a hollow sound, which we could hear distinctly where we were standing, twenty or thirty feet distant. After dark the pagoda was illuminated, and nothing could be

more beautiful than the appearance it then presented.

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

on his forehead. He was a neatly dressed, cheery old man, whose white flowing beard and venerable appearance, interested us much. My husband spoke to him of the better way, and besought him to believe in Jesus, whose blood alone could cleanse his heart, and gain him those eternal blessings for which he longed. He listened respectfully, but we had no reason to think he apprehended very clearly the wonderful truths which he then heard for the first time. Poor old man, so near the eternal world, yet so misguided, so deluded !

While staying at the Loh-o monastery we had crowds of visitors. It was the season of the year particularly devoted to worship in the temples, which were thronged with both men and women as I had never seen them in Ningpo. Many of the women coming to our temple, hearing of the foreign lady sojourning there, and actuated by curiosity alone, would desire to see me. Among those who requested an interview was the wife of the highest officer in the province. I have always regretted that I happened to be so situated at the time of her visit as not to be able to receive her.

One day Mr. Burdon, Mr. Nevius, and myself visited several temples situated within a few

miles of Loh-o-tah. It was a day which I cannot forget. I never, either before or since, saw anything like the multitudes of worshippers who were wending their way towards the different monasteries. One scene, in particular, burned itself into my memory. As alms-giving is considered peculiarly meritorious by votaries of the Buddhist sect, the well-known fact is taken advantage of by beggars from all parts of the country; and when the pilgrims approach their sacred places they find themselves besieged by a motley crowd of as wretched a class of human beings as this world affords. Blind and lame, sick or starving, some crawling along the ground, some running and leaping, they constantly placed themselves in such positions that we could not possibly avoid seeing them. Sick and horror-struck at the sight of some poor creature with a foot or a hand actually eaten off by disease, we would turn away, and our eyes would fall upon some monstrous deformity, or heart-rending sufferer. I had never even imagined such a loathsome spectacle as that of the beggars, as they lined the way for a long distance before the entrance to the Tien-choh temple. They resorted to all sorts of expedients to gain the attention of passers-by, and to secure their alms. Some be-

sought us, in a plaintive, sorrowful tone, hard to resist, to pity and help them; others demanded our assistance in a most peremptory manner, with loud and boisterous voices. Some assumed an air of great sanctity, and, while they chanted their prayers, held out their hands to receive the "cash," which they did not doubt such extreme piety would extract even from "hearts of stone;" while others, quite as sensible, had taught their little dogs to kneel and hold a cash-basket suspended from their mouths, in which to collect the gifts of the charitable. It would have been easy to spend a fortune on these poor mendicants; but, having left home without expecting such demands, we had taken very few "cash," and thus I fear earned the reputation of being less kindly disposed than we really were.

While at Tien-choh-z, the gentlemen attempted a short address to the people assembled in one of the courts. But a young and intelligent-looking priest came out, and, with a very excited and indignant manner, requested us to leave; saying, with some reason, that, if the foreigners did not themselves believe in that kind of worship, they had no right to interrupt such as did.

On leaving Tien-choh-z, we went to another

very pretty monastery, called Yuih-ling. Here we met an individual who I think deserved the name of "fop." He was an exquisite, who evidently rested in the idea that the clay from which he was moulded was very different from that of ordinary mortals. He certainly admired himself unboundedly. A servant stood constantly at his side, and, every moment or two, refilled or adjusted his tobacco water-pipe, and held it while his master smoked. This gentleman had a remarkable fondness for watches, having three on his person, one or two of which were suspended in conspicuous positions on the outside of his garments. We had been introduced to him but a few moments, when in an adroit way he turned the conversation to the subject of watches. As ours were out of sight, I think he half suspected we had none. I presume he regarded even me with some degree of respect when he found that I, also, carried a time-piece.

Before returning home we visited a Buddhist monastery, which has since been destroyed by the rebels. It was near the city walls, and was much frequented by the citizens. It had an immense hall containing five hundred idols. They were in size somewhat larger than a very large man, and each stood or sat upon a high pedes-

tal. They were, as works of art, much better executed than is common in Chinese temples, and must have cost enormous sums of money. A visit to this hall seemed something like going to see a collection of statuary.

There was at this monastery a well, which had a strange story connected with it. It is so thoroughly *Chinese*, that I must try to recall it. There was, many years ago, — how many I know not, — at this Tsing-z monastery, a monk, so holy and devout, that to him the gods vouchsafed miraculous gifts, and such a degree of discernment of spirit, good and evil, as has rarely been possessed by mortals. One day this holy man saw a fair young maiden, with downcast eyes, and modest demeanor, entering the sacred portals. Reverently she approached an idol shrine, as if to worship. But no sooner had the eyes of the monk rested upon her than he detected her true character. She was an incarnation of the fire-god; and, notwithstanding her grace and beauty, her presence boded ill to the temple. Consternation and dismay spread through the monastery. A few days later their worst fears were realized, and the original Tsing-z was burned to the ground. “Be comforted, dear brothers,” said the holy monk above mentioned,

“your temple shall speedily be rebuilt. I myself must leave you for a time; but on such a day I wish you to go to the well, which is in the south-east corner of the central court, and draw from it the materials you will certainly find there. He forthwith departed, and, on reaching an immense forest in the province of Fuh-kien, several hundred miles distant, he began to cut down trees, and throw them in a well which was near at hand. “What can this fellow mean?” said some. “He is mad,” said others. But, paying no attention to these malicious remarks, he continued his labors. The brethren at Tsing-z, obedient to his command, proceeded, at the time appointed, to the well, and found most beautiful timbers waiting to be drawn out. They worked night and day, but could not exhaust the store. For every one removed another took its place, until, worn out with fatigue, they began to murmur. “I would there were no more!” exclaimed one tired laborer, as he was striving to raise a log of unusual size and beauty. No sooner were the words uttered, than he felt his burden become immovable; and not the strength of all the brothers combined could stir it. And there it remains to this day, proof positive of the truth of the story. A priest is always in attend-

ance who, for a small fee, lowers a lamp down to the edge of the water, and reveals the mysterious object. We ourselves saw it. How it was conveyed from distant Fuchow to its present position is inexplicable, except on the supposition of an underground canal. It is truly remarkable that such a silly story can be credited by any one; but I think it is at least partially believed by great numbers.

I fear an account of so many temples may prove tedious; but I wish to speak of just one more, which we visited a few days later. It is the Yuing-si monastery, situated among the hills, several miles from Hang-chow. It is more like a "fashionable watering-place" in Western lands than anything I have elsewhere seen in China. It does not exhibit the evidences of decline so common in many similar institutions. On the contrary, judging from the number and character of the worshippers present on the day of our visit, it must be as flourishing as ever. Behind the large buildings devoted to the idols are numerous apartments occupied by the monks, of whom there were in all five hundred, and by guests sojourning there. I made the acquaintance of several very interesting ladies from the city of Su-chow. They, in company with other

members of their family, were spending some time during the spring at Yuing-si, employing themselves either in acts of worship, or in social intercourse with others of their own class, who were there for the same object. These ladies were elegantly dressed, and had much ease and suavity of manner. We mutually enjoyed our short interview, and parted with the hope of meeting at some future time. The courts and corridors of this immense establishment were so numerous and intricate that I could never have found my way through them without a guide. Nearly all the rooms on the second floor were used as dormitories for the priests, or for the numerous guests. In some of these rooms we noticed a most unusual article of furniture in Chinese houses, namely, a *bathing-tub*. The kitchen and dining-room were necessarily on a most extensive scale. The former contained numbers of those immense iron kettles, which I have before alluded to, filled with rice and vegetables boiling for dinner. After leaving the temple, as we were passing through a long, winding avenue of pine and bamboo, we met some boys with a few pretty gray squirrels, which they wished us to buy, — not to carry away with us, but to set free again, in order to acquire merit, which is sup-

posed to accrue from the practice called "fang-seng" (letting go alive). A little further on a long, large snake was offered us for the same purpose.

We were then on our way to visit an institution such as can be found, I presume, nowhere but in China, and very seldom even there. It was an "Asylum for Animals," connected with the monastery we had just left. Horses and donkeys, buffaloes and oxen, sheep and pigs, with numbers of fowls of every sort, are brought to this place, in order to secure merit by so doing. It is supposed that animals which live and die under the fostering influence of so holy an institution as the Yuing-si monastery are in a fair way to rise high in the scale of existence in another state. It is then only natural that many a favorite old animal is thus given a friendly shove by those whom it has served faithfully in the past. But in many cases I imagine that no motive of affection has room for operation. In one apartment were numbers of pigs, in another several bullocks and buffaloes, in another were quantities of chickens and geese. The latter, with a few donkeys, seemed to be the musicians of the establishment. This was not at all an agreeable place to visit, and we remained but a

few moments. A little distance from the asylum is the animals' burying-place, — a deep pit, with a high wall round it.

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

When my husband came home from the city that evening, he brought me a piece of news for which I was not at all prepared. After leaving

the ya-mun, he visited an old Tauist temple on the Ts-yiang-san,—the highest hill within the city walls. To his surprise, when he suggested to the old priest in charge to rent us a few rooms in one end of the temple, his offer was accepted. Realizing the importance of such a step, and how much depended upon it [for a foreign lady had never before lived at Hang-chow, and it was very doubtful whether it would be permitted], it was not until we had spent a day or two in serious deliberation, and prayer for guidance, that we came to a final decision upon it. Then, without further delay, we moved very quietly to our new quarters. Our few articles of furniture were carried in by coolies. I went in a closed sedan, in order to avoid observation, and Mr. Nevius rode the pony. A few curious glances, from persons whom we met, made me aware that I was noticed as a foreigner; but we reached our new home without the least molestation. Mr. Burdon had sometime since been obliged to return to Shanghai, so that we were quite alone, there being no other foreigners nearer than Ningpo and Shanghai. The Tauist temple, of which, as I have said, our rooms were a part, was a forlorn old building, but its situation was most charming. Although only a

few moments' walk from some of the most populous parts of the city, it was as quiet as the country. It stood on almost the highest point of the hill, and commanded an extended view. Below us lay the city, spread out like a map, with streets and alleys branching in every direction, and beyond it flowed the broad Tsin-Tang River, with blue hills bounding the horizon in the distance. Our presence becoming known, we began to receive visits from many of the common people, and also from persons connected with the yamuns. These were invariably respectful, but they seemed to find it difficult to understand the motive which had brought us there, or by what authority we had ventured to settle among them.

Some of our Chinese friends suggested that, if we should follow the native custom, and pay our respects to those in authority, our position would be less doubtful in the eyes of the people. At this time Mr. Culbertson and Mr. Gayley of Shanghai happened to pay us a visit. They were delighted with Hang-chow, and the prospects of our mission. Fully agreeing with Mr. Nevius in the expediency of the plan mentioned above, they accompanied him on a long round of visits. The day previous they sent their cards,

and in every case, with one exception, an answer was returned signifying pleasure at the proposed interview. Hang-chow, being the capital of the province, has a large number of officers of various grades residing there, and it would have been an endless task to visit all; so the gentlemen selected only those in high positions. The reception was all that could have been desired. One of the chief officers asked a great many questions, seeming particularly curious about our religion and our native converts. "How much money do you spend in the course of the year? Do you pay the Chinese for becoming Christians, and if so, how much? Do you keep a record of the names of the converts? How do you know that when you have their names you have also their hearts?" he asked; and also whether there were any Christians in Hang-chow. These questions were seriously asked, and not at all in a facetious spirit. He evidently desired information upon those subjects of which he was naturally ignorant. The provincial governor alone did not return the visit in person, but, as is common, sent an inferior officer with his card the same day. On the following morning our Shanghai friends left us, and my husband made the remaining official calls by himself. Before he

had completed his tour of the ya-muns, the officers began to arrive to return his visits. As I was only "the mean woman of the inner apartment," as these grand gentlemen are wont to style their wives, it was not to be thought of that in my husband's absence I should venture to entertain his guests; therefore they only left their cards and departed. Towards evening, after Mr. Nevius' return, he received the supreme judge, who sat a long while, and conversed very affably. He inquired if we were acting by the authority and consent of our king, in thus coming to live in Hang-chow. These numerous interviews with educated men — of course I mean educated in a Chinese sense — gave an opportunity to impart much information concerning our objects in coming to China, the Christian religion, and other important matters; and the result was very favorable in many ways.

Our position became more comfortable, and numbers of the citizens came daily to visit us. As I was careful to avoid unnecessarily infringing Chinese rules of etiquette, whenever guests were announced I withdrew to my proper place, "the inner apartments." Between the two rooms was a lattice with only a paper covering, and I used to avail myself of a slight aperture

in the screen to get a glimpse of the "lords of creation," as they sat conversing without. In this I was only conforming to a Chinese custom. I have often heard my husband and other gentlemen remark that, when visiting Chinese friends, they were frequently attracted by a slight rustling at the lattice, and, glancing towards it, would see a row of bright black eyes gazing upon them through holes punched in the paper.

We were fortunate in having with us a servant, who, from long connection with ya-muns, was perfectly accustomed to the required etiquette in intercourse with officials, and indeed with visitors of all sorts. This was Hiyiao-fong,—a man who has since given us great anxiety and trouble, but who for years was a most faithful and attached servant. We can but hope that, though he has wandered far, and brought disgrace upon his Christian profession, he will yet be brought to repentance, and be found among Christ's own at his appearing.

I had not as many female visitors, while living within the city, as at Loh-o-tah; still there were a few each day. On one occasion, hearing that guests were awaiting me in the parlor, I went in to see them, and, in a moment, to my utter

astonishment, found myself surrounded by seven or eight women, all on their knees, going through the ceremony of "knocking heads." Not accustomed to being an object of adoration, and, in fact, feeling somewhat confused by this demonstration, I fear I was almost too peremptory in my manner, as I begged them to rise, explaining that our customs scarcely allowed that peculiar mode of salutation. These women were the servants of an officer's wife, and had been sent by their mistress to pay her respects, by proxy, to the foreign lady, with the request that I would return the visit, at her residence. I fully intended to do so, but was prevented by causes which I could not control.

Besides Mr. Culbertson and Mr. Gayley already mentioned, we had at different times the pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Lowrie, and Mr. and Mrs. John, of Shanghai; the former spent a few hours with us at the Loh-o-tah, the latter at our home in the city. None of our Ningpo friends visited Hang-chow while we were there; but we received frequent letters and tokens of kind remembrance.

One day, while calling upon a certain mandarin, Mr. Nevius chanced to remark that the flavor of the tea he was drinking was peculiarly

fine. No sooner were the words uttered than the officer replied, "I shall give myself the pleasure of presenting you some." And, sure enough, in the course of a day or two a box of the same sort was brought us, with the officer's compliments. Now this seems a very trifling thing; but, in fact, it was only the beginning of a rather onerous exchange of courtesies. When the officer was calling in person a few days later, he espied a common lithograph, — which, by the way, Mr. Nevius had placed in a somewhat conspicuous position, hoping it might take the fancy of his expected guest, as it did; and, upon his expressing his admiration of the picture, he was at once told that he must accept it as a present. It was now his turn to feel that he had been somewhat too indiscreet in his praises; but he took the picture, and we would have been glad if that had been the end of it. But no; soon after he left, an inferior officer arrived from his ya-mun, bringing with him two coolies, who carried between them a burden consisting of six hams, and eight boxes of very choice tea. We would gladly have declined the proffered gift, but the messenger insisted upon leaving it, saying that his master would be much offended and very indignant should any part of it be re-

turned. In the then state of our affairs, Mr. Nevius thought it best to accept the civility, though well aware that one object of such unbounded generosity was to secure some valuable foreign article in return. In accordance with the Chinese custom, he presented the messenger and the coolies each a sum of money, and returned with his thanks the message that, "as soon as he could obtain it from Shanghai, he should present the *ta-jen*, with a spy-glass, as an insignificant token of his appreciation of his distinguished regard." In due time the spy-glass arrived, and was presented as had been promised.

After the interchange of visits with the officers, we met with only respectful treatment from all classes; and, from our pleasant experience in Hang-chow, we felt more than ever its desirableness as a missionary station. We were obliged to go to Ningpo for a time; but before leaving made arrangements to come back in the course of a few weeks, to take up our abode permanently. Our rooms, having no glass windows, and being in every way much dilapidated, needed many repairs, and Mr. Wong, the owner of the temple, willingly consented that we should make any alterations in our part of the house which we thought necessary. This Mr. Wong was a

very singular character. Though a direct descendant of one of the gods of our temple, he was not in any respect godlike; in fact he was such a "Jack Falstaff" in looks and character, that we often gave him that name when speaking of him. On his first visit he assumed a decidedly superior manner, as became a person of such exalted lineage; but after conversing for a short time he seemed to find the assumption of such dignity too fatiguing, and became both more natural and more agreeable. When we left for Ningpo he, together with a crowd of two or three hundred persons, came to see us off.

Our journey back to Ningpo was not particularly eventful. One night I had a somewhat unpleasant experience. In consequence of over-fatigue I became very ill. When we arrived at a place where we were obliged to leave one boat, and walk some little distance to another, I was quite unable to undertake the exertion, and, as we could not at that hour of night procure a chair and chair-bearers, my kind husband took me in his strong arms and carried me himself. When we reached the other side, we found the canal so low that the usual boats were not there, but had been obliged to lie in deeper water several miles distant. Mr. Nevius could find

only a very small and dirty boat, in the bottom of which we spread our mattress, so that I need not be obliged to sit up, and were soon again in motion. Violent pain, distressing nausea, a filthy boat, and a dark, rainy night, are not very delightful concomitants, but they are nevertheless very good discipline.

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

Our two native assistants had a comfortable house situated in the heart of the city. It was rented from a gentleman by the name of Vi,

who from the first showed us much kindness. He was so much attached to Mr. Nevius that he requested the privilege of becoming a sort of adopted brother; and, in order to consummate the relationship according to the Chinese custom, he wished us to adopt his little daughter. Under the circumstances we hardly felt at liberty to decline the flattering offer. The relation was merely nominal, and did not necessarily involve any very important duties; as the child would remain for the most part with its parents. Our Chinese advisers informed us what would be expected on our part in completing the agreement. The principal feature of the affair was an interchange of presents. I find myself unable to remember of just what these consisted, with one exception: I have still a garment made of some pretty silver-gray silk which Mr. Vi gave me at that time. The little girl was called in Chinese Ts-yuong, but her parents desired that I should give her a new or additional name, and I called her Amelia, or, as the natives pronounced it, Ah-me-le, after my friend Mrs. Reuben Lowrie, of Shanghai. She spent a good deal of time at our house, and I became much interested in her. She was bright and engaging, and would have been pretty, except

for a bad scar over her left eye, which gave her a peculiar, and not very pleasant, expression. There was, however, a serious drawback to a very close intimacy between us, little Amelia having when we first knew her a contagious cutaneous eruption, which, though common in China, is, to say the least, not agreeable. She seemed fond of me, and it was remarkable to notice how naturally she adapted herself to her position when with us, not seeming to feel the least dread of the "barbarians" she must formerly have considered us.

Mr. Vi had once been wealthy; but, in consequence of opium-smoking, and idle and luxurious habits which it involves, his property was gradually wasting away. Of late, his wife had undertaken the management of their financial concerns, and had given her husband only a limited allowance to spend on his opium. They were both very desirous that he should be cured of his bad habit, and for this purpose he accompanied Mr. Nevius to Ningpo, and placed himself under the care of the late Dr. Parker, of the Scotch Presbyterian Mission. A cure was effected; but unfortunately, like most of his class, his reformation was not permanent, and after a short abstinence he returned to his pipe.

The subsequent history of this family was as sad as could well be imagined. When, a year or two later, the Tai-ping rebels captured Hang-chow, they took Mr. and Mrs. Vi and their children, together with many others, prisoners, and drove them before them for some distance. Coming to a canal, they said to poor Mr. Vi, as if it were something for which he had reason to be very grateful, "We'll not *kill* you; you can just jump into that canal." It was in vain he plead for his life. They forced him into the water, and each time that he rose to the surface, and attempted to regain the shore, stood ready with drawn swords to beat him back, until finally he sank beneath the water. Mrs. Vi they obliged to go with them and act as a servant. She was employed in making over articles of clothing which they had taken from others; and when, as was often the case, she failed to please, they beat her most cruelly. After a few weeks or months, she and her three little children were allowed to return to her desolate home. At that time we were in another part of the country, and utterly unable to give them assistance. It is years since we have had any tidings from them, but I hope hereafter to hear of them, and possibly to see them. None of the Vi fam-

ily ever expressed interest in Christianity ; their affection for us was entirely personal.

After Mr. Nevius had succeeded in commencing the repairs on our house, he arranged matters so that they might safely be left in the hands of the native assistants, and returned to Ningpo. It was always pleasant to get back there. We enjoyed exceedingly meeting our missionary friends, and none the less our native Christians. I have often been asked, "Are the Chinese in the least affectionate?" Could they who doubt it hear our Chinese friends' cordial greetings when we meet them, or witness their tearful farewells at parting, their question would be answered.

CHAPTER VII.

TEMPORARY SOJOURN AT HANG-CHOW.

THE favorable reception we had met with on our first visit at Hang-chow seemed sufficient evidence of the practicability of missionary families residing there; and, when we returned the second time, it was with the expectation of making it our home. For this reason it was necessary to carry with us articles for house-keeping. A few vessels were constantly going from Ningpo to Hang-chow by sea, and, although we were aware that that route was not considered quite safe, we thought that, having so much furniture to transport, it was better to attempt it than to go by the usual overland journey, which was always fatiguing, and, on account of having so much freight, would also be very expensive. We left Ningpo on Monday, the twenty-seventh of June, at about eleven o'clock in the evening, that being the hour when the tide was favorable. Our boat was a rough, but strong, little craft,

which, when our tables, chairs, book-cases, etc., had been stowed away in it, was somewhat crowded. The second evening we encountered a fearful gale, and, had not our boatmen been well acquainted with the locality, we might not have weathered it. As it was, we ran on, notwithstanding the storm, until we reached a safe anchorage, where we passed the night. The next forenoon we had sailed only a short distance when we again came to anchor, as the boatmen insisted upon waiting until the next day, when the higher tide would make it safer to pass the shoals which lay just before us in our course.

At the mouth of the Tsin-tang River occurs the phenomenon of the bore, or tidal wave, seen, I believe, in such a degree, in only two or three other localities. We had heard accounts of it from the natives, but did not realize how fearful it was until we ourselves encountered it. I cannot give a better idea of this part of our trip to Hang-chow than by quoting from my husband's journal of that time, commencing Wednesday, June twenty-ninth. "We are now just outside the point, where the remarkable bore, or tidal wave, commences to form, and the anxiety of the boatmen is excited to an unexpected degree. The danger apprehended is that of striking on the

shoals in the midst of the rushing tide, and being overturned and broken to pieces. Our boatmen insisted upon remaining at this place until to-morrow, when the tide, being a little higher, will make the passage more practicable. Our boat has been lying up on the mud all day, and, in order to gain a better shelter from the sun, we have spent several hours in a temple close by. In the cool of the evening we enjoyed a delightful ramble on the brow of the hill above us, where we had a fine view of the bay and the islands which intersperse it. When we returned from our walk we found the boatmen sacrificing to the deities of the place, in order to secure their assistance and protection for our anticipated journey on the morrow. After tea I found them very interested auditors, while I spoke to them of the folly of idolatry, of the power and omnipresence of Him who controls all creatures and events, and of salvation through the Redeemer.

“Thursday, June 30th. — We were told that one tide would certainly sweep us from Ken-p’u to Hang-chow, but here we are laid up on the mud again, near the village of Ong-kô-bu, about fifty ‘li’ from our destination. This morning the wind was against us, and the boatmen seemed afraid either to propose to detain us

another day, or to proceed on our way. Though they had already engaged two additional men, who professed to be familiar with the passage, they here hired another man from the shore, supposed to be a still safer pilot. Not far from our last night's anchorage the bay suddenly contracts, and the tide, being rapidly forced into a smaller compass, rushes into the channel with great rapidity. When it meets with opposing winds, sharp, angry waves are formed. The passage is interesting and exciting in the extreme. The water in some places foams and boils in a furious manner; the helmsman watches with eagerness the motions of the pilot, who is taking soundings with his bamboo pole, ready to give the alarm of shoals, and point out the way to avoid them. This route is only practicable at spring tides, and then the water on the bar is not much more than ten feet. Boats come down with the ebb without cargoes, drawing generally only two or three feet. As we lost some of the tide while waiting outside one of the shoals for the water to rise, we found we could not reach Hang-chow, and stopped at this place about three P. M., because it affords a mooring for boats, which is somewhat protected from the bore when it comes in. I have been on shore twice, and

made some attempts to talk with the people, which were, however, very unsatisfactory, on account of the difference of our dialects.

“Friday, July 1st. We have at last reached our destination, and find the place still open to us, and everything in as quiet and favorable a condition as we could have expected. Last night was a time long to be remembered. We waited for the tide until past midnight. Our boat, which was resting quietly on the beach, several feet above low water, was bound to its place by several cables on different sides, as if in anticipation of some unseen and sudden emergency. About one o'clock we heard a low rumbling sound in the distance, growing louder and louder, and giving sure notice of the approach of the tidal wave. This at spring tide comes in with a crest ten or twelve feet high. About ten minutes intervened between our first hearing the wave and its appearance. As it came foaming along the shore and passed quickly by us, with its deep, hoarse sound, the scene was exceedingly grand. The water sprang up about us as if by magic, and in an instant our boat was afloat. A few boats in whose company we had expected to start, being more easily worked, loosed from the shore, and were immediately borne out of sight

by the rapid current. We were soon, however, under way, and were borne along with almost railroad speed. It being nearly morning, I went below to get a little sleep. But a few moments had passed before the pilot, with the sounding stick, gave the alarm of an unexpected shoal. The anchor was dropped with all despatch, to keep us from drifting on it. [A peculiar kind of anchor is used here, and the only one that can be depended on, as any other, native or foreign, will drag.] Running out on deck, I found that our anchor was down and our sails filled, the wind being strong against the tide; with both these we were barely able to hold our position. There was only about a foot of water under our keel. Our situation was one of great peril. We were in danger, in case the boat struck, of being instantly capsized, especially if it received the force of the current on its side. It was quite dark, but the pilot knew the direction in which the channel was. To sail for it, though the wind was strong and favorable, was out of the question, as the tide took us so much faster than the wind could. The plan adopted was that of raising the anchor a little, so as to let it drag slowly, and turn the helm so as to throw the bow over towards the channel. In this way we worked

gradually into deeper water, and were soon out of danger. This was a half hour of the most painful suspense. Though I have encountered several storms at sea, I never felt a sense of such imminent danger. The boatmen declared that we were 'saved by a very, very little,' and attributed it all to the protection of Jesus. They had evidently, for the time, forgotten their idolatrous offering."

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

We found the work on our house progressing very well, but, as it was not yet completed, we spent some time in the rooms which Mr. Burdon had formerly occupied in a temple a little further down the hill. As we could bring only a limited supply of food with us from Ningpo, and had few conveniences for cooking, we were very uncomfortably situated while living in this place. We

would not have minded it so much, except that we both suffered in health for the want of something wholesome to eat. Chinese cookery is at all times disagreeable to me, and more especially when I am suffering from loss of appetite, as has often been the case in China. Our kind-hearted servants were much distressed because they could not provide us more tempting food. Their anxiety one morning exhibited itself in an amusing way. They had only been in our employ a short time, so that allowance should be made for their almost childish simplicity. They were attempting to bake some "flannel cakes" upon a grid-dle, and, in spite of all their efforts, the cakes would adhere to the iron. "What shall we do? Mrs. N. must have something to eat!" exclaimed the cook. "Well," replied the other, "we are told that, if we pray even for trifles, God can hear us, and maybe, if we ask him to help us about these cakes, he will do so." Whereupon one went off by himself and proffered his request. When the cakes were brought to the table they certainly were, for some reason or other, a great improvement upon the previous ones.

It has always been our fortune to have such excellent domestics that I can scarcely sympathize

with those whose experience has been different. The Chinese accomplish much less work than well-trained foreign servants ; but, by allowing them to take their own time, and do things in their own way, we need have but little trouble with them. This of course involves the necessity of employing a greater number than is quite consistent with our Western ideas, but I think it is the truer economy in the end ; as if, for the sake of avoiding expense, or from preference, a lady devotes herself to domestic pursuits, she will of course have but little time or strength for much else. On the other hand, I have known ladies who, with large families of children, and necessarily many domestic cares, by availing themselves of the assistance of the natives, were able to perform a wonderful amount of missionary work, without neglect of home duties. Such an one was the late Mrs. Happer, of Canton.

Before removing to our rooms in the temple on the Ts-ying hill, two official placards, warning any one against molesting us, were given us by the officers, to be posted on the outside of our door. We were glad to have them, though they seemed hardly needed, as the people were so kindly disposed. We had many visitors, and the

public services, which had been commenced the first Sabbath after reaching there, were attended by as quiet and orderly an audience as is usual in older stations. Everything had thus far been so favorable that we felt much encouraged, and very thankful that our steps had been directed to such a hopeful and interesting field of usefulness. We were consequently much surprised one evening, when we had been there but a short time, to hear that Mr. Wong (the "Jack Falstaff," before mentioned) had been summoned to appear before the authorities, in consequence of his having rented his house to foreigners. He was questioned as to his connection with us, and seems to have been greatly alarmed, and completely cowed. When an official, in a thundering tone, said to him, "Do you know what *decapitation* means?" he meekly replied, "I ought to die." Supposing that merely a hint of such a nature would have the desired effect, Wong was dismissed, with a command to request us to leave Hang-chow. But Wong, who was a strange mixture of temerity and cowardice, of generosity and avarice, influenced probably by a strong desire to receive the rent which we paid for our rooms, urged us to give no attention to the message of the officers.

We met with no other interference for some time after this, but there were strange rumors afloat all through the city to the effect that there had been a great battle, at the north of China, between the Chinese and foreigners, in which several English gunboats had been destroyed, and many lives lost. Our servants were constantly urged to leave us, as our countries were at war. We did not know what all this meant, but felt so sure that it could not by any possibility be a fact that the Chinese had gained a victory in a battle with the English, that we gave but little attention to the rumor. One afternoon, about the middle of July, Mr. Nevius came into my room with such a grave and anxious countenance that I knew he must have received bad news. He showed me a letter which had just arrived from Mr. Rankin, at Ningpo, confirming the reports which had reached us from native sources. It appeared from his letter, that the French, English, and Americans had all been engaged in the attack upon the Ta-ku forts, and had there suffered a disastrous defeat. Our position was now very embarrassing. We were willing to run risks so long as we had the right on our side, but, if our country had been actually at war with China, it would have been only folly to re-

main where we then were. After earnest prayer for guidance, to Him who says, "Commit thy way unto me," we decided that it might be better for us to go either to Shanghai or Ningpo, at least for a time. My husband the same afternoon called upon the Che-hien, but was told that he was "not at home." Not believing this to be true, Mr. Nevius requested to be informed just when he could have an interview, as his business was important. Thereupon, a subordinate made his appearance, and, acting evidently for his superior, assured him that though we could not be allowed to reside permanently in Hang-chow, if we desired to remain a few days longer, we would not be molested. We felt from the first that it would be better for us, not only on account of our influence, but also for our safety, not to exhibit timidity. Accordingly we went out to ride and walk, just as usual.

When we returned from a stroll, the evening after receiving the news mentioned above, we found a letter from Mr. Wm. Martin, written at Tien-tsin. He had been a spectator of the attack upon the Ta-ku forts by the combined forces of the English and French. We were greatly relieved to find from him that our government was not involved in the difficulties, and that

though the American treaty had not yet been ratified, it undoubtedly would be within a few days, as the legation was on the point of leaving for Peking, where no difficulty was apprehended. Feeling that under these circumstances there was no such urgent necessity for our immediate departure, we determined at least to await some further developments.

The following day, as our family were engaged in morning worship, we heard a commotion in the court below, and a priest belonging to our temple came rushing in to tell us that Mr. Wong had been seized by five underlings from a *ya-mun*, and that they were then dragging him off down the hill. Hereupon, Hyiao-fong went in pursuit, and in a short time he returned in triumph, having rescued Wong. The five "braves" seeing they had been discovered, and probably fearing the foreigner himself might make his appearance, or from some other motive, let go their hold of Wong, and retreated precipitately *ya-mun*-wards. On the forenoon of this day, Mr. Nevius addressed a letter to the *Che-hien*, or district magistrate, informing him of the reliable news we had received from Tientsin, and expressing the hope that as Americans we might be allowed the privilege of remaining

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

The easiest way of solving our difficulties would have been to yield at once to the wish of the authorities. But there were several important reasons why we did not do so. The officers, by their kindly interchange of civilities a few weeks previous, had given a tacit consent to our residence in Hang-chow. Allowing ourselves to be driven away, when our countries were still on friendly terms, would have had an unfavorable effect upon the people, and would probably have necessitated the return of the native assistants, and the abandonment of our mission. It was likely also that, in case of our absence, all natives who had been connected with

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

We received letters from our friends both at Shanghai and Ningpo, fully approving of our course, and expressing the hope that we would not leave unless it should be absolutely necessary to do so. Mr. Wong was a second time arrested, and confined in prison. One day he was called

before the magistrate and sentenced to be beaten. He begged that the sentence might not be executed, and was graciously granted three days' reprieve. If, at the end of that time, we should not have left the city, he was told he need expect no further mercy. We received certain significant intimations, from various quarters, that a sum of money would be efficacious, not only in gaining Wong's release, but in amicably arranging our other difficulties. We felt, however, that it would be much better to avoid bribery in every way, and so paid no heed to these suggestions. Zong-foh, a San-poh man, who was with us at that time, occupying a position between a teacher and a servant, was of much assistance. He used to go almost daily to visit Wong in prison. We were glad to be assured that our ease-loving landlord was confined in a comfortable room, outside the common prison, and that, as he had a sufficient allowance of good food, his position was by no means as bad as it might have been. He never received the threatened beating. I suppose it was promised him with the hope of intimidating us, as well as of frightening him. Notwithstanding his imprisonment, he still seemed desirous to have us

remain, and occasionally sent us messages to that effect.

It soon became known through the city, that our residence there was against the wishes of the officers. And, most unfortunately for us, there was just then a remarkable excitement all through the country with reference to the coolie trade. This odious traffic had been carried on to some extent at the open ports, and there had no doubt been some cases of kidnapping. But so greatly had the truth been exaggerated, that it was believed by many that foreigners were all implicated in the outrage. There was a book printed and distributed broadcast, with the professed object of warning people against the danger of being captured and carried away to a fate even worse than slavery. I cannot attempt an accurate *résumé* of this most singular tract; but, though I may not remember the incidents perfectly, I am sure that I shall not in the least exaggerate its absurdity.

The story was somewhat as follows: The writer professed to be a doctor from the province of Kwang-tong, who, with several hundreds of other unfortunates, was kidnapped and carried on board a vessel bound for a foreign land. Their sufferings during the voyage were

represented as horrible in the extreme, unalleviated by a gleam of hope; for they were all well aware of the fate awaiting them. On arriving at port the captives were consigned to a kind of prison, or pen, in which place they were fed like so many animals fattening for slaughter; and each day a certain number of those who were in the best condition were led out to execution. And what was the object of this heart-rending cruelty? It was this. The bodies of all those who thus suffered death were, by some mysterious process, known only to the outside barbarians, to be *manufactured into opium!* From this fate the author of the tract was saved in the following manner: A high officer of the "outside country" was taken violently ill; and his disease baffled the skill of his medical attendants. As he was lying at the point of death, the captive physician said to his jailer, "I am well acquainted with his Excellency's malady; and also with its cure." These words were repeated in the presence of the sick person, who at once commanded the physician to be summoned. He was so entirely successful in his treatment that in a few days the patient was perfectly restored. The doctor was cruelly remanded back to prison, and would have soon been led forth to share the

fate of his wretched companions, had he not thought of a fortunate expedient. He informed the jailer that, just one year from the time of his first attack, the officer would have a return of his illness, which in all probability would prove fatal. As bad news flies swiftly, before night this rumor had reached the ears of the officer. Again he summoned the physician, and, trembling with alarm, demanded to know in what way he could ward off the threatened danger; or, in case of its appearance, what remedy he should use to save his precious life. The doctor assured him that it would not be possible to avoid the recurrence of the attack; and that there was but one medicine which could prevent a fatal termination, and that one remedy, a small quantity of which he had brought with him, from the "Middle Kingdom," had all been consumed in the first illness. "What is the medicine, and where can it be procured?" cried the officer, almost palsied with fear. "It grows only in one spot; a mountain side in my native place, near the city of ——, in China," answered the doctor. "Return at once to the place you speak of; procure the remedy I need, and bring it hither," commanded the officer. "A ship awaits you; delay not an hour." It needed no second order

to induce the doctor to depart from a place fraught with such bitter memories of the past, and such dismal anticipations of the future. Before night, in a well-appointed foreign ship, with an excellent commander and crew, he was sailing towards the land of his birth. He was treated with the greatest deference, each person on the ship striving to win his favor; and he scarcely realized that he was the same individual, who, a few days before, had lain a hopeless prisoner among the opium captives, in the country of the "outside barbarians." After a favorable passage they landed near the city of ——. On leaving the ship he assured the captain that he would only be absent as long as was necessary to secure the required medicine. Directing his steps towards a range of blue mountains in the distance, he was soon out of sight of the ship. And once more he was free. Oh, the bliss of that moment! Only a person who like him has but just escaped from the horrible fate of being killed, and made into opium, and then either smoked or eaten, can possibly imagine it. This soul-stirring narrative of personal experiences produced a profound impression.

It was not strange that people credulous enough to believe such a ridiculous fiction as

this, should readily give credence to others a shade less incredible. It was also reported and believed that foreigners were impressing the natives into their army to fight against their own people at the north; that having them once in their power, the Chinese were obliged to submit to the indignity of having their queues cut off, and their faces whitened; after which a potion was given them by which they were completely deprived of the power of speech. The origin of this story we never knew.

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

While such absurd and incongruous fabrications were being circulated, it was not surprising that the feelings and manner of the people changed somewhat towards us. We met with little positive rudeness, but sometimes threatening glances, and an expression of suspicion and

dislike made us aware that it would be unsafe to trust ourselves too fully within their power, while they remained in their present excited and revengeful state. It gave us peculiar sensations to find ourselves suspected of such monstrous and unnatural crimes. But, in these trying circumstances, our Chinese friends and servants behaved admirably; nothing could have been better. They fully identified themselves with us, and were constantly on the watch to guard us against possible dangers. We were glad also to find that the silly stories I have mentioned above were not by any means credited by all, and every day we received visitors as kind and sociable as ever.

Our Sabbath services continued to be well attended, and there were many indications that, if we could only in any way retain our position until the storm should blow over, our mission would have most encouraging prospects. For weeks we were daily expecting news of the ratification of the American Treaty. That of the Russians, which was already in operation, guaranteed the right of itinerating through the country, for the purpose of preaching the gospel, but not of permanent residence. From our own treaty, notwithstanding the "favored nation" clause, we could expect but little help; and as

the two nations, England and France, from whom we had anticipated greatly enlarged privileges, were then engaged in actual war, our prospects for the future were not at all encouraging. The uncertainty in which we were obliged so long to remain was as hard to bear as the actual danger to which we were constantly exposed. The officers, though acknowledging that our governments were in friendly relations, assured us that, as their people could not distinguish us from the English or French, it would not be possible for them to protect us in case of an attack, even should they desire to do so.

We were not at all surprised, in the latter part of August, to receive from our good friend, Dr. Bradley, then United States Consul at Ningpo, a letter telling us he had received a communication through the Ningpo tao-tai from the lieutenant-governor, residing at Hang-chow, informing him that "a certain American citizen by the name of 'Nee' [Nevius] had located himself within his jurisdiction, and refused to depart, though repeatedly requested to do so." Together with his private letter to us was a formidable document addressed to the lieutenant-governor. In it, while assuring him that the Mr. "Nee" who was dwelling in his city was altogether an un-

objectionable character, he acknowledged that we had at that time no treaty right to reside there. He asked that, as a matter of friendly civility and courtesy, we should be allowed to remain until the hot weather should be so moderated, as to make our return less dangerous. Dr. Bradley strongly advised us, in case there were not a friendly response from the lieutenant-governor in answer to his communication, to leave at once. We waited several days after this in the hope of the desired reply, but, as none was received, we felt constrained to yield to Dr. Bradley's request. By this time the "coolie excitement" had greatly abated, and the war at the north received much less attention. Confidence in us was gradually returning, and in these respects there seemed no necessity whatever for our leaving. On our last Sabbath we had the most interesting service of any while in Hang-chow. It was held in our Chinese reception-room. There were present at least fifty very respectable men, and a number of women who sat with me in an adjoining room, where we could hear without being seen. All listened with most respectful attention, and seemed affected by the truths presented. We had at this time numerous visitors, to whom we were careful to explain not only the truths of

Christianity, but very particularly, our object in going to Hang-chow, and our reasons for leaving there. We were certain that by many this was perfectly understood, and that, as they would be sure to impart their knowledge to others, there was much less danger of our leaving a wrong impression than if we had left when first requested to do so.

We had, moreover, the satisfaction of feeling that our stay in Hang-chow had not been without the results most dear to a missionary's heart, — actual conversions. Several persons we thought gave evidence of true faith in Jesus. One of these was a woman by the name of Su. She came first to see me when we were occupying rooms in the temple lower down the hill. Her husband was a tailor, in easy circumstances. I felt from the first much attracted to her, she was so gentle and affectionate, and withal so inquiring. It seemed as if she had for years been longing for just such a religion as that of Jesus; having been altogether unsatisfied with their own false systems. She felt herself sinful and undeserving; and unspeakably precious to her was the offer of a Saviour. I think she loved the Lord Jesus, almost as soon as she heard of him; and a new world of light and beauty opened be-

fore her. She came to me frequently with wondering questions, some of which I could not satisfy. It seemed strange to her that Christians, having a knowledge of the way of salvation through Christ, could so long have failed to give that knowledge to others. I can never forget my last interview with her. Overcome with fatigue from preparations for our journey, I was lying down to rest, and she came in and sat beside me. She was very sad, and aside from regret at our going, evidently was depressed in mind from some other cause. Presently she said, "Nee S-meo [Mrs. Nevius], I wish to ask you two questions before you go: Do tell me, when I get to heaven, will I meet my *ancestors* there, and my dear little children who died years ago?" She added, "You know my ancestors never heard of Jesus, and so they could not believe in him; but will he not save them, notwithstanding?" I was much distressed, and for a moment could not reply. But then I told her that we must leave such matters as we could not understand entirely with God; that, since he had so loved us as to give his dear Son to die for us, we must never on any account doubt his love, nor his justice, nor his goodness. I told her that I would rather not try to answer her first question;

but would gladly tell her the Christian belief about the blessedness of little children who have died, either in Christian or in heathen lands. I assured her that I had not a doubt that, if she through grace should reach the home of the blessed, she would find her lost darlings awaiting her. An expression of great sweetness illumined her countenance. I love to think of her as she appeared at that time. It seemed as if she was then experiencing some of the happy effects of that faith which is the evidence of things not seen. I felt a strong hope that she had given herself to Him who was able to keep that which she had committed to Him, until that day; and that, if we should never meet again on earth, we might hope to meet hereafter. She continued to attend services at the house of our native assistants until they left the city, after which time, for a long while, we completely lost sight of her. When the rebels captured the city, she and her family effected their escape.

A few years since, when some of our native preachers or colporteurs were visiting a village in the district of Ningpo, though not very near the city, they were told that there was a woman in the place who did not worship idols, and who believed the same kind of doctrine as that they

preached; and that she taught her children to kneel down and pray to an unseen God. The natives were much interested in this account, and went at once to visit the woman. They found to their surprise and pleasure that she was this same Mrs. Su, my Hang-chow friend. From the time of our assistants leaving Hang-chow, she had never met a foreigner, or received any religious instruction whatever. But through all these dreary years passed among those who knew nothing of Christianity, and who practised only idolatry, she had kept the faith, and was still "clinging to Jesus." Of course, there was much darkness and ignorance to be removed, but not long after she was thus accidentally discovered, she received baptism, and became a member of one of the Ningpo churches. I think she is highly respected as a consistent, devoted Christian; and, if I am not mistaken, she is now giving much assistance in instructing the women in her neighborhood in the truths of the gospel. The "bread cast upon the waters," during those trying months spent in Hang-chow, was "found again after many days."

At least one other person dates his conversion to instruction received at the same time.

Our experience in Hang-chow confirmed us in

the impression we had previously formed of its comparative healthfulness. We felt the heat less sensibly than during any previous summer spent in China.

Our house, after it was repaired, was both comfortable and pleasant, although somewhat too small. On the side overlooking the city and facing the Tsin-tang River, were our parlor, bedroom, and guest-room. These three had board floors, glass windows, and whitewashed walls. Although the house had but one story, owing to its situation upon the top of the hill, it was not at all damp. The back rooms were left much as we found them, with only a brick floor and paper windows. In these we had a Chinese reception-room, a dining-room, and kitchen, and one or two small apartments used by the servants.

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

When the day was fixed for our departure, Mr. Nevius sent his card to the officers, informing them of his intention, and received theirs in return. Thus, notwithstanding the peculiar rela-

tions we had sustained towards the officials, we parted, at least nominally, friends. On the day we left, a large number of people had collected to see us off. Many expressed earnest desires that we should speedily return, and seemed really to regret our going. We left our rooms in charge of a native; the two assistants remained in their own hired house, and everything was so kindly ordered that we could scarcely realize that we had been driven away. Yet so it was; and our dream of life and work in Hang-chow was over.

But being obliged to leave just when we did, though it seemed to us so unfortunate, was really a very marked and kind providence, for it was not long after this that the Tai-ping insurgents captured the city, at which time there occurred scenes of such atrocity and cruelty as I am sure I never could have endured to witness. It was then that our friend, Mr. Vi, was put to death as I have before mentioned. Nearly all our acquaintances either fled from the city, or were killed or captured. The accounts we received, from fugitives who had made their escape, were fearful. It is thought that not far from twenty thousand persons were massacred. Dead bodies were lying on every side in the streets or in the houses. Those who succeeded in making

their escape, and reaching some place of safety with their lives only, considered themselves fortunate.

The temple, of which our rooms were a wing, was burned to the ground; while, strange to say, our part remained uninjured. A native, who visited it, brought us word that it was occupied by the rebel commander, as his head-quarters, and that the troops were making themselves very much at home with everything we had left behind us. He said our dining-table was in a sad state, having been used for chopping meat upon for his Excellency's dinners. Other articles of furniture were also either entirely missing or much defaced. We had left one or two large boxes of Christian books in the Chinese character, and were not sorry to hear that they had been opened and scattered, as there was a possibility that they might thus do some good.

We were grieved to learn that the kindly disposed military officer, whom I mentioned as calling upon my husband during our first visit, while we were staying at the Loh-o-tah, met his death soon after the rebels attacked the city. He was killed as he was leading a company of soldiers out through a gate to meet the enemy. I suppose he was a brave, good officer, as well as a

very agreeable and intelligent gentleman. The rebels retained the city only a few days, when it was recaptured by the Imperialists.

The commanding position of our house led to its being again chosen as the residence of a military officer. We heard occasionally of it, from persons coming from Hang-chow, though for a long while, owing to the greatly disturbed state of the country, communication was very infrequent. At length, news reached us that our old home was in ruins, having been burned to the ground,—whether by accident or intention, we had no means of ascertaining. Our losses of furniture and various articles left in the house were considerable, but that we regarded a trifling matter compared with our great disappointment in being obliged to relinquish a station of so great importance, to which we had been led by such unmistakable providences. Still, in looking back to that period, I feel that we had abundant cause for gratitude. From our perilous journey up the Hang-chow Bay, all through those days and nights of uncertainty and danger, we felt conscious that our heavenly Father was watching over and protecting us, and it was by no means an unhappy season. On the contrary, we experienced truest pleasure in the privilege of

enduring some little "hardness" in our Master's service.

I am thankful that, after an interval of six or seven years, missionary work has been resumed in Hang-chow, and representatives of our own church, and of the Church of England, and several other societies, are now residing there. I hope it will prove a most successful station, and a pleasant place of residence.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISSIONARY LIFE AND OCCUPATIONS. — VIEWS OF CHINESE CHARACTER. — ARRIVAL OF MISSIONARIES. — REMOVALS BY DEATH.

ON our return to Ningpo at the end of August, 1859, we were sadly impressed by the too evident effects of a Ningpo summer upon our foreign friends there. With few exceptions they were thin and pale, and went about their necessary duties, with a weary air which it pained us to see. The season had been sickly, and there had been some cases of illness and death from cholera. Among those who fell victims to that disease were Mrs. Parker of the Scotch Presbyterian Mission, and two "sisters of charity," connected with the large Romanist establishment within the city.

I have sometimes regretted that there is so little intercourse between the missionaries of the Romish church and ourselves. We used often to meet the sisters with their black dresses and large white bonnets, as they glided quietly

through streets and by-ways, intent on errands of duty and mercy, and I could but honor their self-sacrificing spirit, and hope that the saving truths of the gospel which they labored so earnestly to communicate to others had indeed been received by faith into their own hearts. Still we knew that there was much error mixed with their instructions to the heathen. There are great numbers of Roman Catholics in China; many more than all Protestant Christians combined. This is not strange when we bear in mind that it is now several centuries since they began there the propagation of their faith; and that in all these years their missionaries have been numerous, with abundant sources of wealth at their command.

Some of the early Jesuits were men of great learning, and perhaps also of sincere piety. Of one of these, Matteo Ricci, it is said, "He not only made himself so thoroughly conversant with their language as even to gain the applause of native literati, but he studied also their character, their sciences, their history, and their ceremonies. With this view he lived for seven years among the bonzes, adopted their dress, fell in with their manners, and humored their prejudices. To the Chinese he became a Chinese,

that he might win them over to his cause." It is further stated that "he first attracted the attention of the learned by drawing a map of the world, on which, according to Chinese usage, China was placed in the centre, and the countries of Europe on the margin," — hardly a truthful representation by the holy father, one would think. After these glimpses into his character and life, we are obliged to credit the charges laid against him by the Dominicans, that "he was too tolerant of Chinese prejudices, and sacrificed Christian purity to expediency." Be this as it may, he was wonderfully successful; and, at the time of his death, had made many converts; not only among the poor and unlearned, but also from the highest ranks of society, and in every province of the empire.

The fortunes of Romanism have been very fluctuating; at one time it has bid fair to become the prevailing religion of the empire, and then again has been well-nigh crushed out by storms of persecution and trial. In the severe ordeals to which the Romanists, both native and foreign, have been subjected, many of the latter have suffered martyrdom; and of the former, not a few, imitating the faith and steadfastness of their instructors, have submitted either to death or

exile. As we read of the zeal and heroic fortitude of those early martyrs, we can but feel the deepest regret that they had not suffered for a purer faith and a better cause.

It is said that the Romish missionaries of the present day are not by any means the equals of their predecessors. They have but a limited knowledge of the language, and attempt the composition of few new books either of religion or science. I do not think I am mistaken in my impression that, notwithstanding the limited number of Protestant missionaries, and the short time, comparatively, during which they have been in China, their position and influence in the eyes of the Chinese are much superior to that of the Romanists. I often wonder that we do not hear more of them.

The way in which they make their converts accounts for their almost incredible number. Believing that baptism, when administered by themselves, is a saving ordinance, they resort to strange expedients in order to secure subjects for it. I have been told that the "sisters" at Ningpo sometimes go to the villages in that neighborhood, and, when a crowd of women and children, such as a foreign lady is sure to attract, comes about them, they seize a favorable

moment, and sprinkle as many of the babies as come within their reach; thus gaining "converts" without number. All such baptized children, notwithstanding the fact that their parents are heathens, are counted among the number of their proselytes. The transition from Buddhism to Romanism is so easy, that, instead of wondering at its rapid spread, I think it is surprising that it has not been more popular.

There is an impression current, that the Romish missionaries invariably conform to the customs of the natives, both in dress, and style of living; thus gaining much in influence over them. But this certainly is not always the case. A French priest, with whom my husband became acquainted, assured him that, at least in his mission, they lived as nearly as possible as they had been accustomed to in their native land; having the same kinds of food, light foreign wines at table, etc. I believe the Romish priests always adopt the native costume; but, aside from its convenience, I doubt if they gain much even by that. If Ricci's policy of "adopting their dress, falling in with their manners, and humoring their prejudices; in fine, becoming Chinese, in order that we might win them over to the cause," were correct, then, indeed, there

would be a good reason for laying aside our nationality or individuality. Such means of gaining an influence are suited to the genius and spirit of Popery, but not to that of Protestantism, which, having nothing to fear from light and investigation, has no need to appear to be what it is not; nor to make use of doubtful arts and subterfuges, in order to increase the number of its proselytes.

Some few Protestant missionaries have also adopted the Chinese costume, and conformed, in a measure, to the native style of living; but this course is not generally approved of. It may have certain advantages of which I am not aware, but they would have to be very great to compensate for what is lost by giving up our own habits and customs, and a part at least of that respect and influence which belong to us simply as foreigners.

The adoption of the pretty native costume is too trifling a matter to be considered in the light of a sacrifice. I have worn it at times, and doubtless may occasionally do so in the future. In visiting freely among all classes, not only at the open ports, but in the interior villages and cities, I never experienced serious inconvenience in consequence of my foreign dress. When I

wore the Chinese dress, however, I was in one instance not a little annoyed. My husband and myself were accompanied by a native preacher, and, as we passed from village to village, we were followed by shouts of boys and men. "Here comes a red-haired man, with a *native and his wife!*"

The expense of the Chinese costume and mode of living I presume is considerably less than that of ours; which may render their adoption, in certain cases, necessary; but, as a general thing, even the limited salary of an American missionary is enough to allow of his living in a sufficiently respectable way, in foreign style; and with not only the bare necessaries of life, but also some of its luxuries; for instance, a pretty well-filled library, a few pictures adorning the walls, and an occasional exotic, such as an easy-chair, or an *étagère*, with many a souvenir of the dear home and friends far away. And these things, while they might be considered by some as superfluous, or even as sinful indulgences, are not without important uses in the prosecution of our work. I do not know what I should have done, had I been without my good melodeon, a stereoscope and pictures, daguerreotypes, photographs, and the like, to assist in entertain-

ing the many visitors, who have, from time to time, come to see us. Especially with Chinese women, whose minds are so utterly untrained, and who are so deplorably ignorant, of not only books, but everything else, are these helps very desirable, if we would gain an influence over, and interest, them.

As for the motive of economy, I am perhaps not sufficiently affected by it; nor have I much sympathy with self-imposed austerities, whether in the Romish or the Protestant church. But lest anything I have said might give the idea that missionaries live luxuriously, and are in the reception of larger salaries than they actually receive and need, I will just mention what a good book-keeper in a foreign mercantile establishment, though a young man, with a limited education, and no knowledge of the Chinese language; is able to command two or three times as large a salary as that of a missionary. And that is not considered too much to meet the expenses of living, and to compensate for the risks run in a foreign and often unhealthy climate. But then, the missionary does not expect nor desire to be *paid* for his services; at least not with money. He receives, in the consciousness that he is living a life of obedience to the ex-

pressed will of Christ, together with the pure happiness which flows from efforts to benefit others, a recompense all-sufficient, even in this world, while he hopes to meet hereafter the most blessed of all rewards, in those words of our Saviour, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord;" and is it not written, "Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred-fold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions, and in the world to come, eternal life" ?

Well, then, may Christ's servants, both at home and abroad, who have from love to him given up even the wish to accumulate much of this world's goods, rest content. Treasures laid up above are better far than any others.

But to return from this long digression into which I have been led, I scarcely know how. As, in consequence of our household effects having so many of them been left at Hang-chow, we were not able at once to resume house-keeping, our ever kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rankin, offered us a home with them, and the next few

months were spent at their house. Mr. Nevius resumed charge of the boys' school, and also the church, of which he had for some years been pastor. In his temporary absences his place had been supplied by other members of the mission.

In all that I have thus far written, I know that I have been able to give only a very imperfect view of the multiplied duties and employments of missionaries generally. Except when they go away from their stations for the express purpose of recreation and rest, their work is never done. Their evenings are apt to be occupied either with services, teaching Bible classes, conversing with inquirers or visitors, or in no less exhausting labors in their studies. There are exceptions to this; some persons feel that, in the end, they accomplish more by devoting fewer hours to work, and giving up every evening to rest and relaxation; and perhaps they are wise in doing so. But there are so few variations and diversions in those out-of-the-world places, where much of our life has been spent, that it is really easier to plod on from morning to night, and from one day to another, in either study or work of various kinds, than to "throw care to the winds," and take the mental and physical rest which would in reality be best for us.

Aside from the ordinary routine of preaching, studying, book-making, and so forth, missionaries have frequent demands upon their time and energies of a different character. In most of the open ports, the United States Consulates have heretofore been without interpreters, and the consuls, having no knowledge of Chinese, have been obliged to ask assistance from their clerical friends in transacting official business. In several instances missionaries have accepted the office of consul, for a longer or shorter time, though they generally regret being obliged to step aside from their more important work of preaching the gospel. Their services, too, are often required to sit as jurors in consular courts.

In those stations where there are large missionary communities, there are occasional social gatherings, which are often truly delightful. In Ningpo there has been for years, in fact, since it was first occupied by foreigners, a "Missionary Association," which meets with different families in rotation, and is attended by all the resident missionaries, and not unfrequently by a few others. It combines the two objects of a "debating club" and a "sociable." The subject for discussion is chosen at a previous meeting, and one person sometimes has a written essay upon it, with the

reading of which the evening is opened. Or, in case there has been no written paper, the appointed person opens the discussion with an extempore speech, and is usually followed by the other gentlemen present. The influence of this "Association" has been very great. Many important questions connected with our peculiar work as missionaries have been brought forward for consideration, in such a way as to elicit a free interchange of opinion; conflicting views and practices have been either modified or changed, and an effect, both salutary and strong, has evidently proceeded from it. The ladies accompany their husbands, and I fancy are often as interested listeners as those who take a more prominent part in the discussions. In the beginning, or at the close, of the evening, there are usually refreshments, either very simple, or somewhat more elaborate, as the taste of the hostess may dictate.

At the newer and smaller stations there are naturally fewer of these social interviews; but even there we have quiet little "tea-drinkings," which are pleasant breaks in our very monotonous lives. I feel sure, however, that we missionaries often err in not making more of each other's society, and contriving in various ways

to forget, for the time, our work and our surroundings.

In most stations the missionaries, and other religiously disposed foreign residents, either merchants of various sorts, mere transient visitors, or persons in the civil service, are accustomed to meet at least once, each Sabbath, for public worship. The missionaries who conduct the exercises usually have written sermons, prepared with the same care as if they were to be delivered to home audiences. Of course these exercises are in English. In large foreign settlements, such as Shanghai and Hong-kong, there are chaplains connected with the established church of England, and also occasionally of other denominations, who hold Sabbath services and pay special attention to the religious wants of their countrymen. Some of these clergymen, like the late Mr. Hobson of Shanghai, have been persons of great piety and most exemplary lives, while others resemble, to a sad degree, pictures frequently given us of the "sporting parsons" of England. The same remark holds good of the chaplains on board "men of war," both English and American. Some of these have been persons of such marked and elevated Christian character that, wherever they go, and under whatever circum-

stances they are placed, their influence for good is wide-spread and powerful; while others, having grievously failed in their duties on shipboard, seem not less remiss in their intercourse with foreigners with whom they come in contact at the ports where they happen to be temporarily stationed. This class of clergymen, I scarcely need say, feel no special interest in the work of missions, and take no pains to inform themselves upon it. This being the case, it is not strange that they leave the country with the impression that but little has been accomplished, or that it is a hopeless undertaking. We have often been troubled by the false and injurious reports circulated by travellers, ship captains and foreign residents, who are not in sympathy with us, respecting the national peculiarities of the Chinese, and the supposed hypocrisy of the native converts to Christianity, together with innuendoes as to the character of the missionaries, and their alleged want of success.

It is not strange that irreligious people should feel little interested in the spread of the gospel; but I cannot understand how any one can be guilty of so dishonorable an action as to make completely false statements, either willingly, or when by any means they might have been more correctly

informed. Yet such has been the case in numerous instances. Let me quote an extract from an article which appeared a few years since in a Hong-kong "daily." The writer says, "Ask any man of mind and experience in China, and he will tell you that it is childish to expect to convert the Chinese, by any means yet attempted, to what we call in England, Ireland, and Scotland, Christianity." Hereupon follows a dissertation to prove that the only feasible plan for converting a nation is to teach them "civil engineering," and the like, in which way, he adds, "you will do more for Christianity, in fifty years, than *the old lady's string of tenets* (by which he must mean the gospel), uttered from the mouth of any number of maudlin missionaries, could effect in fifty centuries." I might give extracts from other writers or travellers, almost as interesting, and quite as reliable; but one such is enough. It is certainly not pleasant to be thus misunderstood, or misrepresented; but, if it were not that this and similar statements have created such a false and mischievous impression upon many who are not acquainted with the facts of the case, they would not be worth notice. Only a few moments since I received a visit from an intelligent lady, who in the course of our con-

versation remarked, referring to a little book she had read describing a Chinese boy, "I was so surprised, I really could not understand it. How could it be possible that a *Chinese* should be so *intelligent*?" adding, "I used to feel a deep interest in the Chinese, while I have now not the slightest, since I have learned that they are so *degraded*." When I inquired upon what she had based her opinions, she found it difficult to tell. She had recently read some work, by whom written she could not say, and also the letters of some recent traveller, whose name she had likewise forgotten, which had given her an idea of the extreme "stupidity" of the Chinese, as well as of their "degradation," and of nothing more. Consequently she seemed almost unwilling to be disabused of her incorrect opinions, or to open her heart to any feeling of love or sympathy for my adopted countrymen. That they are in many respects very degraded, I sorrowfully admit; but, for that very reason, a Christian ought to feel for them the more. It is rather late in the day for any one to be startled by the fact that a China boy, or man, shows signs of "intellect." I presume, if our distinguished countryman, Mr. Burlingame, were interrogated on this subject, he would speak of

the Chinese in much more flattering terms than I dare use, for fear of being thought guilty of exaggeration, and that, too, while he would feel deeply their need of the true religion, and of greatly advanced attainments in those arts and sciences which are the pride of civilized Christian nations in this nineteenth century.

Several years since, a young Chinese gentleman graduated at Yale College, who took the first prize for *English* composition, and that, as I have been assured, not in any measure in consideration of being a foreigner, but because of the real excellence of his production; while only a few months ago, another young Chinese, at another college, had the Greek "valedictory." There is now in China a native physician who received his medical education in Scotland. He became not only exceedingly well qualified for his profession, but also an excellent botanist. These, and other similar cases which I might mention, prove, to say the least, that the Chinese, if given the same opportunities for improvement, will not be very inferior in intellectual attainments to our boasted Anglo Saxon race.

I was mentioning, not long since, some incident connected with a Chinese gentleman, hearing which, a friend exclaimed, "It does sound so

droll to hear you speak of a Chinese as a 'gentleman.' ” When I inquired if she were accustomed to consider only such persons “*gentlemen*” as she had reason to believe were truly *pious*, she answered, “By no means;” that, on the contrary, “some of the wickedest men she had ever met were acknowledged by all to be very elegant gentlemen.” After such an admission, it was not difficult to convince her that she had been decidedly mistaken in her previous estimate of the Chinese. Indeed, as far as the mere matter of external manners is concerned, there is but very little for us to teach those to whom that subject has been made a study, — not left, as is too much the case in our country, to each individual's own disposition, or sense of propriety. Chinese boys are taught from their earliest years to pay great deference to their superiors in age or station; and, as for a graceful bow, surely they may at least have credit for that. Years ago, when the boys of the boarding-school were chiefly under the care of the foreign missionary, there was less attention bestowed upon manners and etiquette than is usual in Chinese schools, and the boys, naturally taking their foreign teacher as their standard of excellence, in this, as in other respects, acquired

the habit of inclining the head at the slightest possible departure from a perpendicular, when chancing to meet an acquaintance in the street; and on grand occasions, such as the customary New-Year greetings, when the natives make such profound and graceful sweeps that one wonders at their skill in recovering their equipoise, our poor students seemed decidedly stiff and awkward. This was considered by the older church-members, and other Chinese, as an evidence of ill-breeding, and a great defect in the school, and was criticised severely. There has, however, of late years, been more attention bestowed upon this department of education, so that our pupils are able to pass as gentlemen, though they do not excel in the respects above alluded to.

I do not think that little girls in China have nearly as much attention given to their manners as children of the other sex; and, consequently, they are hardly their equals in the grace and propriety which often surprise us, even in very young boys. The girls in our school have a disagreeable way of affecting "shyness." Address them, and they shrug their shoulders and sidle off, with a mixture of timidity and disgust which is not at all pleasing, and which is usually either entirely assumed, or only a habit, of

which I think they might be broken. This habit is not by any means common to all Chinese girls; on the contrary, many have sweet, engaging manners, and are very winning. I cannot say that they are ever *graceful*, as their poor little cramped feet render grace, at least, of motion, quite impossible.

It is pleasant to notice how many points of resemblance there are in little children the world over. Persons who find it difficult to believe that a Chinese can be a "*gentleman*," or is possessed of "*intellect*," may be surprised to hear that our little "*Oriental*s" are playful, fond of sports and frolic, and not unfrequently mischievous, and addicted to practical jokes,—though not indeed to the extent that characterizes youths of Western lands. Perhaps, owing to the enervating effects of the climate, our Ningpo school-boys have not been very ready to adopt the plays which are favorites with their class in this country, though their teachers have made strenuous efforts to introduce them. Their tastes incline to quieter sports. There is nothing which seems to have more fascination for them than kite-flying, while "*marbles*," and certain mild games of "*ball*," are also common. I suspect that in colder latitudes, where the adults

have a much better developed *physique*, the children will exhibit a corresponding fondness for more athletic out-door games.

I alluded not long since to the pleasant episodes in our monotonous lives sometimes afforded by visits from our countrymen and others. Still more rare, and not less delightful, are the friendships formed with lady visitors, or the wives of foreign residents, who, desirous no less than ourselves of the good of the natives, join heartily in assisting us in every way in their power, and, by warm sympathy, as well as material aid, have helped us much. Such an one was Mrs. H——, of New Haven, who spent a year or two with her brother, the United States Consul at Ningpo. Another, to whom, in some perplexity, I applied for aid in the support of some native female assistants, thanked me warmly for the privilege, and gave me at once a larger sum than I should have thought of asking for. This was Mrs. T——, recently of Shanghai. Many similar acts of kindness and courtesy on the part of other foreign residents I should take pleasure in mentioning here, were it proper to do so.

Although at the foreign settlements in China, and, I think, also at most other Eastern ports, there has not been as much intimacy or sympathy

existing between the missionaries and other foreign residents as would have seemed natural, and on various accounts desirable, there have been many cases of the warmest friendship and mutual interchange of kindly offices.

The fact that many of the most prominent mercantile establishments in China have been directly engaged in the opium traffic, has been of itself a sufficient reason why intimacy between the two classes should seem, at least in the eyes of the natives, somewhat anomalous; the one residing in their midst professedly with no other object than to elevate and benefit them, the other amassing wealth at the expense of their degradation and misery.

One of the standing objections brought by the Chinese against foreigners is the fact that by them opium was introduced into their country; thus, for the love of gain, effecting the ruin of millions; and it is a charge to which we are obliged to plead guilty. We can only answer, in extenuation, that if the Chinese did not desire the drug, and offer such an inviting market for it, it would not be brought to them. And that, moreover, it is only a very small proportion of foreigners who have ever had the least connection with it, while the great majority regard it with

as much abhorrence as do the Chinese themselves.

Natives, who have much intercourse with the foreign settlements, soon become fully aware of the character and objects of the various classes composing it.

By the way, the Chinese are very quick in their appreciation of character. Foreigners are often surprised to find how correct has been their estimate of themselves or of others.

In the latter part of December we were cheered by the arrival of a much-needed reinforcement to our mission at Ningpo. Mr. and Mrs. Green and Mr. and Mrs. Danforth arrived in time to celebrate the New Year with new friends and in new scenes. Mrs. Danforth had been very ill on the voyage, and was obliged to remain some time at Shanghai, before resuming her journey to Ningpo.

It would be difficult for those who have not experienced it to appreciate the pleasure with which we look forward to welcoming recruits to our little missionary band. And, when they arrive with young and happy hearts, radiant with health and hopefulness, it seems like breathing a breath of our native air, or as if, in seeing them, we had had a glimpse of cheerful home

scenes and faces. I do not like to admit that we all become so dull and sedate as this would seem to imply, but certainly the "toning-down" process in most mission stations is quite too rapid. Next to real piety and practical energy, I think no qualification for missionary life is more important than a cheerful, sunny disposition, and a good fund of "animal spirits."

But it is not with pleasure only that we look forward to the advent of "new missionaries." We feel also no small degree of anxiety; for past experience has proved that an accession of numbers does not necessarily imply an increase of strength or of happiness. Thus it is with reason that we wonder whether our expected friends will be persons of the "right stamp." Will they be loving and devoted Christians? Will they be cultivated and agreeable? Will they be additions to our social gatherings; and to us personally will they be *congenial*? For, after all, they may possess every other qualification and prove most efficient and useful missionaries, yet, owing to differences in tastes, or previous habits of living, we and they may never become *intimate*. It is a mistake to suppose, because our aim in life and our circumstances are similar, and we are, as a matter of course, thrown much together, that,

therefore, we are necessarily admitted to the inner *sanctum* of each other's hearts, and become more than very good friends. But do we not often see this same result illustrated even within the narrow limits of the home circle? How few brothers and sisters, even where education and external circumstances have been precisely the same, sustain to each other that still nearer relationship, wherein soul meets soul!

“ Few are the hearts, whence the same touch
Bids the same feelings flow.”

But when we are privileged to meet a missionary associate between whom and ourselves we recognize the spell of that “ electric chain,” where-with some hearts are bound together, the tie is a very close one, and lasts till death. Many such friendships we have been privileged to make, and the recollection of them will always be sweet, though in some cases they can never be renewed on earth.

Near the close of the first month of the new year, Mrs. Lord, of the American Baptist Mission, was removed by death. She left five little children, the oldest of whom was only in her sixth year. Mrs. Lord was a most faithful and devoted wife and mother. Naturally warm-hearted

and affectionate, she was bound up in her family, to whom her presence and care seemed a necessity. Yet when, near the close of her illness, she realized fully that all those tender ties must soon be broken, such grace was given her that she was able trustfully to surrender all to the care and faithfulness of her heavenly Father.

On the morning of the day before she died, she said with a most cheerful manner to a friend who sat by her side, "Do you not congratulate me?" And in the course of that last day she remarked to her husband that "she never had thought it possible that she could feel so willing to die, or so happy and peaceful in the prospect." And this calm renunciation was not in the least owing to a torpor of intellect or affections, for, to the last, her mind was clear, and her heart seemed overflowing with love and tenderness. As the last hour drew near, she exclaimed, "I think I must be dying; for now it is growing dark." But no shadow nor darkness rested upon her soul: there all was light and gladness. When her little children were brought to her, she gave them each her farewell with perfect calmness and resignation, and not long after, without a struggle or groan, she fell asleep in Jesus.

Dear little Lucy said to me the morning after her mother's death, "Mamma is asleep; she cannot open her eyes." She was too young to understand at all the nature of death, but had an indefinite idea that her mother had gone to "Heaven, the place where God is, and the holy angels and good little children are."

For a week or two after Mrs. Lord's death, Mr. Nevius and I were Mr. Lord's guests, — I taking some little oversight of the poor motherless children. The baby was quickly removed to the house of one of our most loved missionary ladies, and when I returned to Mr. Rankin's, I took Lucy with me; while her little sister Fanny went to live with Mrs. McCartee, and the two boys were kindly received by an English mission family. Thus in a few days that happy home was made desolate.

Little Lucy was a sweet, affectionate child, and we soon learned to love each other. She and a daughter of Mrs. Rankin, of about the same age, were nice playmates and bedfellows. It was amusing to see them after they had arranged themselves for the night, each with a doll, nearly as large as herself, resting upon her arm.

During the autumn and winter of this year, my health was very poor, and my voice so weak

that I was able to do but little which required much strength or effort in speaking. When all about me were so busy it seemed hard that I should be useless. Weak and disheartened, I often felt like echoing those quaint words of Herbert, —

“ All things are busy,
 Only I neither bring honey with the bees,
 Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
 To water these.
 I am no link in Thy great chain,
 But all my company is a weed.
 Lord, place me in thy consort; give one strain
 To my poor reed.”

Our good friends began to suggest the importance of my leaving Ningpo before the heat of another summer. But I was very averse to taking my husband from a place where it seemed to me that his services were more needed than they could be elsewhere, and I think, if I had been allowed the privilege of deciding the question, we would never have left there, though I can now see many reasons, aside from my health, why it was much better that we did so.

In the month of April our hearts were saddened by the occurrence of another of those mysterious events for the solution of which we must wait the revelations of eternity. I refer

to the death of Rev. Reuben Lowrie, of Shanghai. His health had been declining for months, but he and his many friends had hoped that he might rally, and be long spared to the work which he so loved, and for which he was eminently fitted.

He was a younger brother of Rev. Walter Lowrie, whose death at the hands of pirates I have already described. These brothers, I think, must have resembled each other in many respects. Both were possessed of clear, commanding intellects, and of deep and ardent piety. Mr. Reuben Lowrie spoke the Shanghai dialect, particularly well, and preached in it with ease and power. His death was a great loss to the cause; or rather it appeared so to us. How little we know of God's plans and purposes! Many of his providences in heathen lands, where again and again he has removed those who were pre-eminently fitted for his work, seem as if expressly intended to teach his church to "cease from man," and to depend for success entirely upon him, — a lesson which we have been slow to learn. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

CHAPTER IX.

VISIT TO JAPAN.

OWING to the unsettled state of China, not only in consequence of the war in which she was engaged with the allied armies of France and England, but also on account of the movements of the Tai-ping rebels, who were then threatening various places on the coast, it was not practicable to attempt a residence at any of the usual retreats in the neighborhood of Ningpo.

While we were still living in Hang-chow, we had been somewhat surprised at receiving an appointment from our society at home, to go in company with Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn, to begin a new station in Japan. Although we were not prepared, even after we were driven from Hang-chow, at once to accept this appointment and permanently give up China, it was decided, in June of 1860, that, in consideration of the low state of my health, and the doctor's imperative advice that I should not remain longer in Ning-

po, we should spend a few months in Japan; leaving the question of remaining there, or coming back to China, to be decided by providential indications in the future.

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

We took passage for Shanghai, *en route* for Japan in a pretty little vessel called the "Heather Bell." On the second night we anchored at Woo-sung, the mouth of the Hwang-po River, upon which Shanghai is situated. We counted nearly a dozen French ships of war, lying at anchor not far from us. They swarmed with soldiers, many of whom were Manilamen, miserable-looking objects, wrapped up in their blankets, as if suffering from the cold, although it was already June. Six or eight of the ships were getting up steam preparatory to starting for the Peiho. We were told that there was not a

cordial state of feeling existing between the French and English; that in fact, though acting together against the Chinese, there was so little kindness between them that they scarcely knew whether to consider themselves friends or enemies.

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

There was a report that Su-chau, the capital of the province, had already been captured by the insurgents; in consequence of which, business in the foreign settlement was nearly suspended; and so few ships were offering for Japan that we were detained about two weeks before sailing.

Although Shanghai was early occupied as a mission station, it has never been a very successful one. When we first reached China, the American Episcopal Church had a large mis-

sion there ; while the American Baptists (Southern), Methodists, Presbyterians, and several English societies, also had their representatives. One member of our mission, Rev. Mr. Culbertson, resided in the same compound with " Bishop Boon's Mission," as that of the American Episcopalians was called, while two or three families were at South Gate, on the opposite side of the city, three miles distant. Their dwelling-houses, together with a church and two small school buildings, formed a pretty little settlement, in the midst of a dense Chinese population. Such a situation was much better adapted to missionary work than if it had been nearer the foreign community.

We spent some time at South Gate, with Mrs. Reuben Lowrie. She and her sister, with her three little children, were about preparing to return to the United States. We missed Mr. Lowrie constantly; the place seemed sadly changed without him.

As it was important that we should be nearer the shipping, we came over to Mr. Culbertson's several days before leaving. Their kind hospitality we have enjoyed again and again; and, no matter how frequent our visits, their cordial welcome was ever the same.

Bishop Boon's Mission had just received a large reinforcement, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. Parker, who were afterwards associated with us in Shantung.

We were so fortunate as to secure a passage direct for Kanagawa, in a large English ship, called the "Challenger;" the captain of which was a good Christian man, — such as is not seen as often as could be wished in his position.

As our visit to Japan was merely an episode in our "Life in China," I shall not hesitate to describe both the country and our sojourn there.

We were about a week in going from Shanghai to Kanagawa; scarcely long enough to recover fully from sea-sickness. Indeed, some of the passengers were violently ill the whole way. We took with us, from Shanghai, a little son of Rev. Mr. Syle, of the American Episcopal Mission. He was in very delicate health, and was sent to Japan, with the hope that a more favorable climate might invigorate him. He went to be the guest of Mrs. S. R. Brown, of the Dutch Reformed Mission, of the U. S. Dear Freddie was one of the loveliest children I ever knew. We became fast friends, and he was my frequent visitor, and a sweet little com-

panion. It is now several years since he was taken from earth to a better world. It seems natural to think of him there. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The night before we reached Japan we were in much danger, as the captain was uncertain as to his position, and the night was dark and foggy. But, when the morning dawned, we found ourselves in mid channel, and fairly in the Yedo Bay, with the "Country of the Rising Sun" spread out before us. Kanagawa, and Yokohama, the foreign settlement, were plainly in sight on the shore. Behind them rose a succession of low, undulating hills; while apparently near, though in reality seventy miles distant, towered the symmetrical and snow-capped Fusiyama, — the sacred mountain of Japan. This is an extinct volcano, — in shape, a very perfect cone, — in height, over fourteen thousand feet. At evening, as the setting sun gilds the clouds and mists which rest upon its summit, its "purple robes of gold and violet" seem indeed a fitting mantle for this prince of mountains. And when at dawn of day the whole mountain-side is tinted with a roseate hue, it is no less beautiful. Look when you will, it is always lovely, and always fascinating; and I do not wonder in the

least at the reverence and affection with which the Japanese regard it. It is Fusiyama which we see so often represented by native artists, either in paintings or on their lacquered ware.

The early history of Japan is enveloped in much obscurity; and, until within a few years, its present character, the singular form of its government, and the peculiar habits and customs of its inhabitants have all been very imperfectly understood. As I do not feel myself capable of speaking with confidence on this subject, I shall avail myself of some statistics and information from Sir Rutherford Alcock's "Three Years in Japan," as fuller and more reliable than any other work within my reach. The quotations in the pages following will be nearly all from him.

I quite agree with Sir Rutherford in his remark that "writers on Japan have hitherto seen everything through highly colored glasses, reminding one of Dr. Pangloss, who "likes everything, and everybody, and believes everything is the very best in the best of all possible worlds." Similar to this was the impression made upon many of the officers connected with our American squadron, to whom belonged the honor of opening the long closed empire. It

certainly was not strange that, under the interesting circumstances of their first visit to the "beautiful Isles of the Rising Sun," they should have been ready to regard not only the country, but the natives, in somewhat too favorable a light.

A limited trade between China and Japan has existed for many years; but both nations have been too self-contained and unambitious to extend their commerce as they might, had they been so inclined.

"To a half-piratical, half-trading expedition of three Portuguese adventurers in a Chinese junk, driven, they knew not whither, by stress of weather, is due the first discovery of Japan itself." The unknown coast upon which these adventurers landed "proved to be that part of Japan owning the sovereignty of the Prince of Bungo; and we find the Japanese, though vigilant, manifested no reluctance to admit the strangers. They even showed them much kindness, and no obstacle was interposed to a free trade of the inhabitants in the interchange of such commodities as they had with them. This was the commencement of European intercourse and trade, carrying us back to A. D. 1542-5.

“A few years later, Hansiro, a Japanese noble, fled his country for ‘an act of homicide’ (having run some fellow-subject through the body, no doubt), and took refuge in Goa. There he was converted and baptized.

“This proved the second link in the chain; for, being enterprising and shrewd, and animated, probably, with the hot zeal of a new convert, he soon persuaded the merchants of Goa, nothing loth, we may imagine, that they might establish a profitable trade with Japan; while to the Jesuit fathers he promised a rich harvest of souls. He obviously preached to willing ears in both directions, and foremost among his listeners was the Jesuit apostle of the East, Francis Xavier.

“A ship was forthwith loaded with goods and presents, wherewith to commence a permanent trade. For the accomplishment of spiritual objects, Francis Xavier himself embarked with the Japanese refugee, and a number of his order, as missionaries. A goodly freight: Jesuit fathers to win souls; merchants to make money; merchandise for the people, and their carnal wants; presents to propitiate the authorities, — all were duly provided; and thus auspiciously began this second chapter.

“On arriving at Bungo they were received with open arms, and not the slightest opposition was made to the introduction of either trade or religion. No system of exclusion then existed; and such was the spirit of toleration that the government made no objection to the open preaching of Christianity. Indeed, the Portuguese were freely admitted to go where they pleased in the empire, and to travel from one end of it to the other. The people freely bought the goods of the traders, and listened to the teachings of the missionaries.

“And a little later we find it said, ‘If the feudal princes were ever at any time ready to quarrel with the merchant, it was because he would not come to their ports.’ Passing onward a few years, we find the Christianity of the Jesuit fathers spreading rapidly and universally; princes and rulers, nobles and plebeians, women and children, of all ranks and in large numbers, embraced the faith. Churches, hospitals, convents, and schools were scattered over the country. Intermarriages between the Portuguese and wealthy Japanese were frequent.

“After forty years, the Roman Catholic faith was in such high esteem, and had such undisputed possession of the field (no Protestant ele-

ment having at that time appeared on the scene), that a Japanese embassy, composed of three princes, was sent to Rome, to Pope Gregory Thirteenth, with letters and valuable presents. Their reception at Rome was not only magnificent, but their whole progress through Spain and Italy was one continued ovation. 'A nation of thirty millions of civilized and intelligent people had been won from the heathen!' Great indeed was the joy and triumph, and this was the culminating point of the church's success. But, strange to say, in that same hour, while the artillery of St. Angelo, answered by the guns of the Vatican, was thundering a welcome to the Japanese ambassadors, an edict had gone forth from the Kubo-sama, or sovereign lord of Japan, banishing all Catholic missionaries within six months, on pain of death, and ordering all crosses to be thrown down, and all the churches to be razed to the ground.

“When the Jesuit Superior, Père Valignani, returned with the ambassadors, after an absence of eight years, he found this edict in force, and partially carried out. The old King of Bungo, the great protector of the Jesuits, was dead, his successor ill disposed. All their Christian communities, schools, and hospitals had been sup-

pressed, and the missionaries dispersed, expelled, or forced into concealment.

“The first edict for the banishment of the missionaries was published in June, 1587.

“In the year 1635, the Portuguese were shut up in Decima, and only allowed to trade there amidst, it is said, the jeers and derision of their Dutch rivals.

“A year or two later, the fall of the last Christian stronghold, Simabara, marked the final catastrophc, and the close of all relations with foreigners but the miserable ones allowed to the Dutch factory in Decima. Since that date, until recent treaties were signed, no Japanese had been allowed to leave his island home, nor foreigners to land. All who had been cast on shore, or made the attempt, had either been killed or imprisoned.”

Sir Rutherford further adds: “The determining cause of the downfall and utter destruction of the Roman church in Japan is to be sought in the pretension to a spiritual supremacy, which is but another name for the monopoly of power, since all that is political or secular must bow to God’s vicegerent on earth, who claims the right to bind and to loosen, to absolve subjects of

their oath and fealty, and dethrone kings by his edict.

“This, and no other cause, it is impossible to doubt, led to the final expulsion of every European, the extermination of every Christian convert, and the closing of every port for two centuries. The annihilation of commerce and material interests was merely a necessary consequence of the close connection that had subsisted between the professors of religion and the traders, taken in connection with their common nationality.”

I have given these lengthy extracts, because I thought that others besides myself might feel interested in tracing the introduction, progress, and final overthrow of Roman Catholicism in Japan. It seems to me very sad that nations which, like China and Japan, have at early periods been so cordial and unsuspecting in their intercourse with other countries, should, in consequence of unjust and wrong dealings, have afterwards so completely changed in their policy and disposition. In both of these cases it seems that the emissaries of the Pope have, by their injudicious eagerness for gaining both temporal and spiritual power, wrought their own ruin, as well as great injury to others.

I have been struck by the coincidence that it was in the very same year in which Roman Catholicism in Japan was finally suppressed, and the last of the poor native converts were "buried under the ruins of their captured city, or hurled from the rocky islet of Pappenberg in the Bay of Nagasaki," that the Pilgrim fathers, fleeing from religious intolerance, landed upon the rocky shores of Plymouth, New England, "there to plant the seeds of a Protestant faith, and a great Protestant empire."

During our first summer in Ningpo, we had the pleasure of meeting many of the officers connected with the United States ships Plymouth and Powhatan, which had just returned from Japan. The accounts they gave us of the country and people, of whom we had until then known so little, were full of interest.

In order to give a correct idea of the difficulties attending early negotiations, and to appreciate the remarkable change which has now taken place in Japan, I shall again quote from Sir R. Alcock, who certainly cannot be charged with prejudice in favor of America or Americans. After having hinted at some causes which he thinks contributed to the favorable result of opening the empire to foreign nations, he says: "It



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was under these circumstances that Commodore Perry appeared off Cape Idzoo on July 8, 1853, with an American squadron, consisting of two large-class steam frigates, and two sloops of war. And having delivered a letter from the President, proposing a treaty of amity and commerce, which the Japanese authorities showed little disposition to grant, though by no means prepared for what they evidently anticipated might be the consequences of a refusal, the commodore took his departure, with a promise, or a menace, whichever way it may have been taken, of returning the following year, and with a 'larger fleet,' for a definite answer.

“ On February 12th, 1854, accordingly, the commodore reappeared in the Bay of Yeddo, with three steam frigates, four sloops of war, and two store-ships, a squadron of nine vessels.”

This formidable demonstration produced so great an effect that Commodore Perry succeeded, though not without very tedious delays, in securing a treaty, opening two unimportant ports, and promising aid to ships in distress.

“ This treaty of Commodore Perry's brought, in due time, a diplomatic agent of the United States to Simoda, in the person of Mr. Harris, with the special title of Consul General. There

he resided until 1857, when, having a letter of credence from the President, he succeeded, with no small difficulty, in obtaining permission to proceed to Yeddo to present it, either to the Tycoon himself or to his ministers. But the Japanese would have been untrue to their own nature and instincts if this had been conceded without a stout resistance.

“The way in which parallels of attack and words of counter-defence were drawn by the two contending forces engaged in it was very amusing to trace. The thorough-going and clear-headed American, feeling he held a key in the President’s letter, which, rightly used, might open the gates of Yeddo, determined to put it to its destined use, on the side of attack. The Japanese officials, first of Simoda, and afterwards others delegated from the capital, bent every resource of subtlety and finesse, to get it out of his hands and leave him where he was, at an outer post. This on the side of the defence, These two parties, pitted against each other, under every possible form of courtesy, sought a diplomatic victory, — entrance into Yeddo and a treaty being the prizes, if won by the American; and a final abandonment of a system of exclusion and isolation, with all their traditional

policy in regard to foreigners, on the part of the Japanese, the bitter fruit to them, if they were defeated.”

After most vexatious delays, Mr. Harris was at last permitted to go to Yeddo, where he spent several months framing a treaty. Having prevailed upon the Tycoon and his ministers to yield to his demands, he found himself again on the point of defeat in consequence of a combination formed by the hereditary princes and daimios.

Having received a promise that in the course of a few months the treaty should be formally concluded, he returned to Simoda.

A very short time after this, the allied armies of England and France gained a complete victory over the Chinese, and extorted from them a treaty “opening the whole length and breadth of the empire, all the navigable rivers, and the gates of Peking, nearly as hermetically sealed to foreigners as Yeddo itself had been for the last three centuries.”

The United States frigate *Mississippi* proceeded at once to Simoda to communicate this interesting item of news to Mr. Harris. It was just what he needed, and he hastened again to Yeddo. Alcock's account of the result, is as follows: “The Imperial commissioners were despatched to

meet him (that is, Mr. Harris). 'What news is this?' 'Treaties have been signed with four of the greatest powers of the West, after the destruction of the Chinese batteries, by the English and French. The same four powers will in another month be knocking at the gates of Yeddo. Do you wish to lose all the advantages for which you have labored and risked so much?' 'No!' 'Very well, then, conclude without delay your treaty with the United States, already drafted, agreed to, and signed on both sides. Give it formal execution, and thus secure yourselves from less moderate demands, which may within the month be urged by other powers, backed with imposing squadrons.' And the dates were filled in accordingly, and the treaty formally executed on board the 'Powhatan,' on the third day from Mr. Harris' arrival.

"Throughout the negotiations, apparently single-handed, and without any material support from his government, the American diplomatic agent thus surmounted all difficulties, and proved himself fully equal to the occasion. How such success was secured, with the knowledge since attained, it is easy to see; but it detracts nothing from the credit due to the strategic skill with which the negotiator turned the weakness of the

Japanese, the strength of his neighbors, and even his own want of material support from the government he represented, all equally to account, for the success of his mission. Where others might have seen motives of discouragement, he found all the elements of victory."

It is a sad fact that the consequences of yielding to the pressure of necessity, and concluding the American treaty, were most disastrous to all who participated in it. The Tycoon was assassinated, and the ministers, and even inferior officers, such as secretaries and interpreters, were either killed or sent into banishment.

But it was now too late to attempt any retrograde policy, and in quick succession, the Japanese were obliged to conclude treaties with England, France, Russia, and I know not how many smaller powers. "It fairly rained treaties."

We Americans have rather flattered ourselves that we are the "favored nation" in Japan, and the delusion, if it is such, is so pleasant that we scarcely care to be disabused of it. We are certainly under great obligations to his excellency, Mr. Harris, for his fearlessness and determination, as well as his diplomacy, under circumstances as trying as can well be imagined.

The government of Japan is a very compli-

cated one, and it seems that foreigners, even those well situated for investigating it, had formed very erroneous impressions concerning it. I do not understand it well enough to attempt a description, nor would it be exactly in place here. There seems to have been, ever since the opening of the empire to foreigners, and perhaps before, a constant succession of revolutions and counter-revolutions. Whether the chief cause of these disturbances has been the desire on the part of some to introduce a more liberal policy, and to inaugurate a new era of progress, I cannot say. Progressive measures, I know, are very repugnant to the more conservative members of the government, who regard them as "fraught with danger to the stability of the empire;" as perhaps indeed they are.

It was in the summer of 1858 that the American treaty was finally concluded. Two years later, when we went to Japan, an important and lucrative foreign trade had already been established, and settlements had been formed at Nagasaki, Kanagawa, and Hakodadi. The latter of these places I have never visited, but, from accounts of others, I think it must be rather dreary and desolate, compared with some more southern localities.

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

Soon after the "Challenger" anchored in Yeddo Bay, Mr. Nevius went on shore, first to Yokohama, and afterwards to Kanagawa, where he had no difficulty in finding our missionary friends. Towards evening, Dr. Hepburn and he came off in a native boat, for little Freddie and me, and took us to his house.

We found Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn nicely settled in a temple, which had been repaired and arranged so that it was both comfortable and pleasant. Rev. S. R. Brown and family lived in the same compound, in a house belonging to the temple. Another family, for some time connected with a small Baptist organization in the United States, occupied a little house in one corner of the same enclosure. Dr. Hepburn's "temple" was very unlike buildings for similar purposes in China, being much smaller, and of a lighter construction. A long, covered passage-way led from it to Mr. Brown's house, which was a large, low building, very irregular in design, with little alleys leading through it in different directions. It was a poor old place when they went there; but a few repairs and foreign furniture quite changed its appearance; while the extensive garden surrounding it gave it a pleasantly rural and sequestered air. I think they must have been sorry when obliged to leave there and go over to Yokohama to live.

Dwelling-houses, shops, and also the temples are all built rather low, — very seldom, I believe, having more than one story. They have wooden frames, very securely joined together, but the walls are only laths, or light pieces of

wood, filled in with some kind of mortar. Houses of the poorer class are usually covered with thatch, but those of the better sort have long, sloping tile roofs, — I think not so pretty as some we have seen in China. It is necessary that buildings should be of some such style, as earthquakes are very common, and every few years the Japanese anticipate having their dwellings shaken down. Heavy stones and bricks tumbling about one's head would not be agreeable, nor, I should fancy, would the heavy tiles or timbers which are now used. I think, in a country where earthquakes are so common, simple tents would be admirable, as they could do little harm, no matter how violently shaken. However, there is nothing so fearful but that people get used to it. In Japan we do not fear earthquakes, as I had imagined I should. "Did you feel that?" some one cries. "Yes, of course I did; a *good shake*, was it not?" When a wrench, unusually strong, causes the timbers to sway and creak, people usually feel like rushing out of doors, — though, even then, such as are particularly stoical, sit still, to see if more are to follow. It is singular to notice how differently persons are affected by the strange and inexpressible sensation of the earth trembling and quiv-

ering, or shaking, as it does in an earthquake, be it ever so slight. Yeddo seems to have been singularly unfortunate, having been, I do not know how many times, partially destroyed by earthquakes and the fires which invariably accompany them.

For several weeks after reaching Kanagawa, we boarded with Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn, at Jo-bu-ts-gee, as their temple was called, having apartments on one side of the dining room, corresponding with their parlor, which was opposite. All partitions in our houses were the usual native sliding-screens, which, being simply paper pasted over a kind of lattice, while they screen from sight, do not prevent the transmission of sounds; so that, without desiring it, persons are constantly in danger of overhearing conversations not intended for them. These paper partitions are very pretty, and sometimes also convenient, as, when larger rooms are required, they can be shoved to one side, leaving a large open space. For a long while Sabbath services were held at Dr. Hepburn's; and, by thus removing the screens, a room sufficiently large and very pleasant was secured. Before our arrival, Mr. Brown had preached regularly every Lord's day, but afterwards he and Mr. Nevius alternated. The

service was subsequently removed to Yokohama, as more convenient for most foreign residents. It was well attended, by, it seemed to me, a larger proportion of the merchants and civilians than is common in China.

Missionaries and other foreign settlers were, in those days, much thrown together, and a cordial and pleasant state of feeling existed among them. Perhaps the consciousness we all felt of insecurity and danger, may have been one bond of union and sympathy; while another reason for such pleasant social relations lay in the fact that the first missionaries were for the most part, persons well calculated to command the respect and affection of those with whom they came in contact. E. M. Dorr, Esq., the United States consul, was very kind and obliging, and gave the missionaries much assistance in securing residences and in various other ways. His Excellency, Mr. Harris, from the first, also exhibited a kindly interest in them and their success, visiting them at their homes and inviting them to the American Legation at Yeddo.

Very soon after reaching Japan we commenced the study of the language, not perhaps with the energy and interest we would have felt had we been certain of living there permanently,

but with such good success as to enable us, in a few weeks or months, to have a sufficient smattering of it to use in necessary intercourse with the natives. Our knowledge of Chinese was of some assistance, as, though the two languages are entirely separate, and very different, Japanese scholars also understand a certain amount of Chinese. When sore pressed for the meaning of a word, my teacher would turn to it in a Chinese dictionary, or write it himself. If I did not recognize it, I would carry it to my husband, and among us we usually managed to solve the difficulty without applying to Dr. or Mrs. Hepburn, who had already made considerable progress in the language.

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

Had my health been better I should have enjoyed the study of this new tongue, exceedingly. It is a beautiful language,—capable of great force of expression, and with an endless variety, in fact a most unnecessary variety, in its forms and changes. It is much more musical than Chinese; but whether it is also “more difficult”

as has been asserted, I have my doubts. I suspect that one reason for its having been thought so is that those who have acquired it, after having mastered the Chinese, must necessarily have done so at a somewhat advanced age; which would account, at least in a measure, for its proving to them more difficult of acquisition. My principal reason for not crediting the assertion alluded to is that I cannot possibly conceive of anything involving more hard study to acquire than the written character of China. It is, however, possible that the spoken language may present greater difficulties than are found in some few of the colloquials of China.

The Japanese have three different forms of writing their language. They have two separate alphabets, called the Katakana and the Hirakana; and they also use the Chinese character either by itself or in combination with their own letters. A page of a Japanese book presents a strange medley; cursive, irregular strokes, chasing each other down the column, here of one kind and there of another, with occasional Chinese characters, introduced apparently only to give an air of respectability to the otherwise unmeaning-looking composition. A well written or printed Chinese book, with its elabo-

rate and intricate symbols, is calculated to impress a novice with the idea that the subject treated of must be somewhat recondite, to require such a difficult style of writing to express it. But, at a first glance, one almost wonders whether the irregular though simple letters of a Japanese book can be made to convey any weighty ideas whatever.

There is an extensive literature in Japanese; while many of the books used in schools and read by the more educated are in the Chinese character. It is my impression that the women in Japan are more commonly taught to read than those of China; which is natural, as many of the books in circulation are written in the simplest style, which is easy to learn when compared with the Chinese character.

Sign-boards and inscriptions in various places, the names and headings of books, etc., etc., are, I believe, usually in Chinese; while the works of Confucius are almost as well known here as in the land of his birth, and are held in the highest veneration. While many foreigners have an idea that the Japanese are vastly superior to the Chinese, their own estimate of themselves is different. They look up to the Chinese as their instructors and models; and surely they ought to

be able to form a juster estimate of their relative positions than others can. That they do thus regard them is evident from the fact that they have adopted from China, not only the written language and literature, but also a whole system of ethics.

There is a certain quickness and shrewdness, and a readiness to learn of others, in which the Chinese compare unfavorably with the Japanese, but in most respects I think our staid and somewhat too conservative Chinese may claim the pre-eminence.

Some of the early visitors in Japan were impressed by the supposed purity and morality of the inhabitants. I wish, indeed, that they had not been mistaken; but that they were so, most grievously, is well known to every one who has resided in the country even a short time. There is a lamentable absence of modesty in Japanese females. On one summer afternoon's ride I saw two entirely nude women, the one in her bath-tub beside an open window, another sitting unconcerned on a bench near the house. From a bundle of clothing at her side, I inferred that she had just completed her ablutions, and was about making her toilet. These women sat apparently as unconscious of impropriety as if

they had been clad with ceremonious precision. An artist desiring to make a study of the human form divine need not go farther than Japan for models. In the warm weather many men in the streets have no clothing except a narrow strip of cloth round the loins; and the women also are slightly clad on the upper parts of their bodies.

It would be very pleasant to attribute the custom of women frequenting the public baths with persons of the other sex, and other equally notorious facts, to the unconscious simplicity of their innocent natures; but stubborn facts will not allow this easy explanation. I am entirely unacquainted with females of the upper classes of Japan; but I presume they excel their less favored sisters in the domestic virtues. There as elsewhere poverty and vice too often go together.

It was for a time supposed that the Japanese were an exceedingly temperate people; while, in fact, intemperance is so prevalent that Dr. Hepburn speaks of them as a "nation of drunkards." In this vice at least, says Sir R. Alcock, "The Japanese have nothing to learn from foreigners; that certainly cannot be laid to our charge. They are as much given to drunken-

ness as any of the northern races of Europe, as quarrelsome as the worst, and far more dangerous in their cups." There is a species of spirituous liquor called saki, which is a common drink. It produces an effect very quickly, rendering persons who have taken it talkative and mischievous. There was nothing which we feared more, in our rides and rambles, than meeting intoxicated *yaconins*, as the two-sworded gentry are called; and even the peasantry, who are at other times civil and well disposed, when under the influence of saki are quarrelsome and dangerous.

But notwithstanding these national blemishes, and others besides, which I should be obliged to mention if my object were to present an accurate analysis of the Japanese character, they have many admirable traits. All they need, or at least their principal want, is the introduction of a pure Christianity. Give them this, and it will not be long before they will be fairly entitled to take their place among the most highly civilized nations of the world.

Had Protestant Christians shown the same earnestness and perseverance which characterized the early Romanists, perhaps long ere this the Bible would have been a well-known book in

Japan, and, by the beneficent influence which invariably emanates therefrom, would have given them what they are now entirely destitute of, — a knowledge of God ; would have corrected the depraved public sentiment ; instilled new and correct views of the sanctity of the social relations ; have taught a juster notion of the value of human life, now so thoughtlessly sacrificed ; in fine, would have made the Japanese, what they certainly are capable of being, a noble Christian nation.

CHAPTER X.

VISIT TO JAPAN — CONTINUED.

A FEW mornings after reaching Japan, there was brought to us from Yeddo, for sale, one of the prettiest little piebald ponies which I ever saw. I fancied it at once; and, after my husband had ridden it to try its gait and disposition, he bought and presented it to me.

I named the pretty creature Donald, after a little boy in the United States. He was very tiny, and not very strong; was spirited though gentle, with a bright, intelligent eye, and arching neck, and such a dainty, thorough-bred air that I scarcely needed to be told that he had been a pet and favorite in some wealthy family, as was the case. His walk was rapid, and his gait so easy that I had many a long country ride upon his back, while still too weak to have ridden at all upon most other horses.

Much has been said of the fine roads of Japan, but aside from the Tocado, the imperial road to

the capital, I saw none which compared at all favorably with roads in Western lands. They are wider than the foot-paths of Southern China, but, owing to the nature of the soil, and to so little attention being given them, walking is at certain seasons quite out of the question, and sometimes, except on the Tocado, even riding on horseback is also almost impracticable.

Soon after we purchased my pony, we rode one day, in company with Dr. Hepburn and several others, to a beautiful valley near Kanagawa. The good doctor had forgotten that the recent rain had softened the roads, and so before we knew it we found ourselves in almost a quagmire. The mud was so deep that the horses sank in almost to their knees. The earth was jet black, and reminded me of that in the woods at home, or of the black "muck" of the western prairies. On we went, sinking deeper and deeper in this "slough of despond," until I became so nervous and miserable that Mr. Nevius kindly turned off into a little path which beckoned invitingly to one side; while the more courageous members of the party pressed forward. I do not know whether their perseverance was rewarded by anything more charming than our quiet ride home. We picked our way through

the narrow paths winding here and there, until, though not having been very far from home, we had ridden a sufficiently long distance.

Another evening Mr. Nevius and I, accompanied by the groom, or *betto*, as he is called, who always runs at the side of the horses, or within a short distance of them, started out rather early, the sun being obscured, so that it was pleasant to do so. After passing through the town, we turned up a path running over a hill, and soon came into a retired country road lying through pine woods, with so much undergrowth that we had frequently to push away the branches from in front of us. The view was very changing, — now tall trees, then again low bushes, then cultivated patches, with glimpses of lovely scenery in the distance and at our sides. The groom was our guide; but we were not sure that he knew where he was leading us, until he brought us at length to a temple called *Bu-ken-zie*, where we had been before. The situation of this temple is delightful, and it is kept perfectly clean and orderly. The walls are low, and the floors matted. The timbers and woodwork seemed particularly fine. We dismounted, and sat for a while on the steps, and had a drink of refreshingly cold water. We noticed the groom take a

dipper of water and throw it into the horses' mouths, not to drink, but merely to cool them. They were used to it, and seemed to like it well. On our way home, passing by some groups of children, they called out to us "*Ohaiyo!*" pronouncing the word just as we do the name of the "Buckeye State" of America. This is their usual salutation; but shouting it out in such a free and boisterous manner was not altogether respectful. The Japanese, especially the children, frequently accost foreigners with several other epithets or phrases, not very agreeable to hear, such as *baka*, fool; *to-jin*, Chinaman; *jiki-jiki*, quick, quick: and even *ohaiyo*, which simply means "good-morning," *onata*, "you," or *yoka* "good," when used in this way, are merely inexcusable familiarities or impertinences, which the Japanese would never presume to use among themselves, at least towards their superiors.

The country in the immediate vicinity of Kanagawa has a mild sort of beauty. It is not nearly so wild and diversified as the hilly region back from Ningpo; nor does it equal Hang-chow; but still there is a freshness and softness in the landscape not often seen elsewhere. There, as in China, you see many indications of the skill of the inhabitants in the cultivation of the soil.

There was nothing in Japan which I admired more than its trees and flowers. The latter indeed are usually almost odorless, but they are none the less beautiful to look upon.

“The flora of this district (that is, near Kanagawa) is very remarkable (as indeed is that of the whole of Japan) for the great abundance of evergreens. Four-fifths of the plants growing wild in this neighborhood belong to this class, so that even during the winter months the country has a clothed and cheerful aspect. The assortment of showy, flowering plants is not so great as might be imagined; but for this the abundance and variety of foliage fully compensate. The Japanese are great amateur gardeners. Every cottage of any size has its garden attached to it.” The “*camellia japonica*” is very common; oleanders, hydrangeas, wistaria, and many other flowers which in Western lands are either very rare, or hot-house plants, there flourish in the open air.

The trees of Japan seemed to me more beautiful than any I had ever seen elsewhere, but perhaps that was because they so much excelled in variety and size those to which I had been accustomed in China. Oaks, pines, maples, and bamboos are only a few of the numerous varie-

ties used either for timber or for shade in the vicinity of Kanagawa.

I must not forget to mention the hedges, which are a noticeable feature of the country, and which, for variety and beauty, can hardly be equalled elsewhere, not even in "old England." You often see miserable farmer dwellings so prettily enclosed and surrounded as to produce, notwithstanding their own ugliness, a pleasing effect. "Here is a low hedge, or border rather, made of the tea-plant, two or three bushes deep, and growing about three feet high, not unlike the ordinary flowering camellia, of which it is a species. Now we come to an enclosure fenced in with nectarines, and there is a hedge of pomegranate. Now it is a tall, close-twisted fence of cryptomeria, while over that porch of thatch the wisteria spreads, with insatiable desire, its far-reaching arms, to be covered in spring with glorious clusters of purple flowers."

The vegetables of Japan are so numerous that it would seem as if in this department little more could be desired. They include Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, peas, beans, carrots, turnips, beets, yams, ginger, the egg-plant, cucumbers, leeks, garlic, etc., etc., an almost endless list. But there was no vegetable which I liked

better than young bamboo sprouts; which, cut in slices, boiled, and nicely prepared for the table, are a real delicacy. This is also eaten in China.

Rice, cotton, millet, tobacco, wheat, etc., are also extensively grown.

The simple enumeration of the fruit-trees of Japan, as of China, would give an idea of delicious and abundant fruit, while the fact is that practically there is none at all fit to be eaten. The varieties are poor, and that miserable practice, so common in China, of plucking the fruit while it is still quite green, also prevails there, so that we scarcely know what its taste would be were it allowed to mature. They have peaches, pears, plums, apricots, persimmons, oranges, lemons, figs, etc., etc. The grapes of Japan are pretty good; and so also are some kinds of melons. The absence of good fruit is not owing to natural causes, for both climate and soil are thought well adapted to it, but rather to neglect in securing good varieties, and want of skill in cultivation.

It would seem as if, among so many beautiful trees and flowers, there ought to be numerous birds enlivening the landscape by their melody; but, strange to say, there are comparatively few

of any sort, and scarcely any which sing. The forests would be noiseless did not the insects supply the void by a chorus as loud if not as sweet as the songs of many birds.

There is an abundance of wild game in the region of Yeddo. In passing through paddy-fields, or near them, we frequently come close upon great numbers of white and gray storks four or five feet tall. They, as well as the wild fowl, are very tame, as they may well be, feeling quite secure of their lives, go where they may. There is a stringent law forbidding the killing of birds or animals within twenty miles of Yeddo, — an exception being made, I fancy, allowing the slaughter of the human species, foreigners at least, whenever a Japanese feels inclined to try his skill as a marksman, or to test the temper of his sword.

This law against shooting has been most annoying to the foreign settlers, especially the English, who again and again have violated it; in some cases receiving not only from the Japanese, but from their own officials, almost too severe a punishment for so trifling an offence.

It was my invariable custom while in Japan, whenever I was well enough, after spending the day in study or other employments, to go out

towards evening with my husband for about two hours' recreation. We occasionally crossed the bay to Yokohama, to visit or shop, and sometimes rode off, in quiet country paths, over the hills or through the valleys. Then again by ourselves, or in company with others, we would take a canter on the wide, home-like Tocado, — home-like, however, only as regards the comparatively wide, smooth road. The scenes we meet there could never be found in other lands, either in city or country.

A ride on the Tocado gives a striking glimpse of Japanese every-day life. The houses in summer are so open that in passing in front we can see quite through them. They certainly are much cleaner than Chinese houses of the same class. There is a singular absence of furniture. No chairs, sofas, tables, or bedsteads are used. A low stand, perhaps not a foot high, some dishes of china, or lacquer, and a few trays, besides some simple cooking utensils, seem about all a Japanese family requires for house-keeping. The matting which covers the floor is stretched over straw mattresses about six feet long, and three or four wide; and these form a soft, pleasant bed, upon which the natives sleep at night, wrapped in thick, wadded quilts, their heads rest-

ing upon the strangest little pillows made of wood, with only a tiny cushion to support the head or neck.

Most of the road from Kanagawa to Yeddo is lined with houses, which, in some cases, are grouped into little hamlets, in others are much scattered. There are numerous trees shading the road, which lies most of the way near the water's edge. The whole distance is thronged either with pedestrians, or travellers on horseback. You meet also numerous pack-horses and porters, carrying heavy loads. The cango is a kind of conveyance, not at all equal for ease and convenience to a common Chinese sedan. It consists of a semicircular piece of wicker work, the ends of which are swung from a long pole. The occupant, having spread a cotton quilt or some garment in the bottom, stows himself away, in a posture so bent and uncomfortable that I should think it would soon become unendurable. The norimon is better; but it is by no means pleasant. It resembles an Indian palanquin, rather than a Chinese sedan, and is carried usually, perhaps always, by four bearers; while the lighter and more unpretending cango has but two.

The greatest difficulty in riding on the Tocado

is the risk we run of knocking down, or going against, foot travellers and children, who swarm on every side. The groom usually sees to this, and clears the road; and we were always strictly careful to ride slowly where the road was crowded. Some of the "fast young men" from Kanagawa, dashing recklessly along, three or four abreast, often come in too close proximity to persons on foot, who, however, usually manage to get out of the way of their horses' hoofs. One evening, as Mrs. Hepburn was riding my Donald in company with Mr. Nevius, they met such a party. As they were endeavoring to slacken their speed somewhat in passing, the horse of one of the gentlemen fell, pitching its rider directly over its head into a pond of muddy water, seriously injuring his spotless white trowsers, and his feelings, no doubt, still more.

Here and there on the Tocado are guard-houses, with yaconins in waiting. Whenever we approached these places the groom was sure to come up and place his hand upon the bridle of one of our horses; not for our protection, but to show that he belonged to us; so that the yaconins would not molest him. The abject, cringing manner with which the common people approach these lordly two-sworded men is really pitiable.

They sometimes almost crawl; while the yacoinins appear to receive this homage as only their natural right.

One evening while we were staying at Dr. Hepburn's, I sat on the steps in front of the house, awaiting the return of Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn, who had been at Yokohama. They came in just before dark. Mrs. Hepburn's first exclamation as I met her was, "I have been struck!" And indeed she had been struck a blow, so violent, that had it fallen upon her head, as had evidently been intended, she would not have been there to tell us of it. As they were passing through a narrow street, very near home, some person coming from behind, with a long bamboo or a heavy pole, had aimed a blow at Mrs. Hepburn's head. It fell upon her shoulder, however, doing no other damage than giving her a severe bruise and a fright. Her friends were all, of course, much excited, and very indignant at such a cowardly and unprovoked attack. A reward was offered for the arrest of the offender; but I think he was never discovered. This incident confirmed us in the opinion that our lives were altogether insecure. In fact, we had long been painfully aware of this. Every few months from the time of foreigners first settling in Ja-

pan, some fearful tragedy had been enacted. The first murder of foreigners was that of two or three Russians from a Russian squadron lying in the harbor. An officer and two men had gone on shore early in the evening to make some purchases, and in returning to their boat, while passing through a principal street, they were attacked, and the officer, and at least one of the men, were killed. So many Japanese were in the immediate neighborhood that it would have been easy for them to avert this terrible catastrophe, had they desired to do so.

During the month of January, a few weeks before we left Japan, and while we were keeping house in a little temple quite removed from the other mission compound, and in a very exposed situation, had any one chosen to molest us, there occurred another sad event, the death of Mr. Hewskin, Mr. Harris's interpreter. He was returning on horseback, late one evening, from the Russian Legation. He had an escort of three mounted yaconins and several men carrying lanterns, yet, notwithstanding these precautions, he was waylaid and wounded so severely that he died a short time afterwards. A Romish priest, connected with the French consulate, arrived in time to administer "ex-

treme unction," and Mr. Hewskin, I believe, expired in his arms. The assassins were never brought to punishment; indeed, I am not sure that they were even known; certainly not by foreigners.

Mr. Hewskin had been with Mr. Harris since his first residence in Japan, and his assistance to him and other foreigners had been invaluable. It was also supposed that he was a great favorite with the Japanese. What, then, could have induced any one to perform so cruel, yet cowardly, an act?

Soon after this murder, all the foreign ministers, except Mr. Harris, left Yeddo for a time. He certainly showed great fearlessness in remaining, as well as remarkable confidence in the natives, whom he professed to believe regretted the assassination of his secretary, and entertained only kind intentions towards himself. Whether his confidence was misplaced or not, I am not capable of judging.

I have mentioned incidentally our house-keeping. After we had decided to remain some time in Japan, as Mrs. Hepburn found the duties of caring for so large a family too onerous, we removed to a little temple called *So-ko-jee*. It stood at the foot of a very steep hill, upon the

top of which was a "lookout," with an extended view far over the bay, and the surrounding town and country. The temple was not at all pretty externally, but within was very cosy and comfortable. Two gentlemen, who had previously occupied the house, kindly left us some articles of furniture; and what else we needed for the short time we expected to remain we had little difficulty in gathering together, or disposing of when we left. We had only the native matting on the floors. This would be a nice substitute for carpets, were it more durable.

As I look back to those pleasant days in So-ko-gee, they seem to me very like other days away back in my childhood, when I used to experience unalloyed happiness in "playing *keep house*." Japanese houses all have a kind of "play-house" (not theatrical) look, and our temple, for some reason, seemed particularly of this character. Its low walls, paper partitions, and white matted floors were very unlike dwelling-houses, either in China, or at home. It was, however, quite large enough for our use, having a parlor, dining-room, and study, with two sleeping-rooms, and one or two small apartments used as a kitchen and servants' room. The kitchen was inconveniently far from the

sitting-room, but that did not prevent my running to it many times in the course of the day. At no other period during my missionary life did I allow myself to give so much time to domestic pursuits. Having only native servants, who knew nothing of foreign cooking, I was obliged to do most of this myself. Although it was rather too much of a tax upon my limited strength, I enjoyed it, and was glad of the experience I then acquired. Whenever any point in the culinary art completely baffled my knowledge or ingenuity, or when my faithful "cook-book" was unable to guide me, I had only to apply to my kind friends at Jo-bu-ts-gee, for aid and assistance, which were always most cheerfully given.

With the exception of milk and butter, — and the latter we could generally procure from the foreign settlement, or the ships, — we had an abundance of good, wholesome food. Oysters, clams, and prawns, of unusually large size and fine quality, could be obtained at any time, as also fowls, eggs, and vegetables in profusion. For meats, with the exceptions mentioned, we were dependent upon the foreign market at Yokohama. The natives of Japan, like the Chinese, live mostly upon rice, which is of an excellent

quality; native wheat flour is also pretty good, though not by any means equal to that of the United States.

Our servants could not speak a word of English, but while boarding at Dr. Hepburn's we had acquired enough of their language to get on without much difficulty.

One day while I was at work in my kitchen, I heard a child, in a shed which stood in one corner of our garden, and only a few feet from where I then was, crying very bitterly, as if in pain. I inquired of the servant what was the matter, and he replied very carelessly, "Oh, that is nothing; the child has *small-pox!*" — seeming to regard that disease as we in America would measles, or other comparatively slight ailments. However, I had so often in China been exposed to small-pox, that I was not particularly alarmed at hearing that we had a case in such close proximity.

I regretted very much that while in Japan I had so little opportunity to become acquainted with the native women. With a few exceptions, I was never in any private dwellings, so that I know little from personal observation of their home life and customs. Many women called from time to time, just from curiosity; but my

knowledge of the language was too slight for more than a very simple conversation.

Young girls, both in China and Japan, are very good-looking; some of them really pretty. But in both countries they fade early. In Japan they have adopted the strange custom of painting or dyeing the teeth of all married women, which makes them hideous. I cannot imagine anything more ugly than a smiling Japanese matron. The contrast between the red gums and the jet-black teeth is so unpleasant as to rob even a smile of all its sweetness.

Japanese mothers have an amusing way of disposing of their young children. It must, on some accounts, be a misfortune to be the oldest child, at least, the oldest girl; I am not sure that the same duty is imposed upon boys. You often see a little girl of only seven or eight years of age with a younger baby tied upon her back, running about at play, or through the streets, apparently but slightly disturbed by her burden. In the same way mothers carry their very young infants, their poor little heads lolling about at great risk of dislocating their necks. I am sure they must be uncomfortable; but they do not cry. I think, having found by experience that crying brings no relief, they have come to

the philosophic resolution to bear their trials, not only with resignation, but with assumed cheerfulness.

In the latter part of August, 1860, in company with the other missionaries, we attended a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Schoyer of Yokohama. The invitations were for a *déjeuner* at one o'clock; but, as some of the guests were late, we did not sit down to breakfast until two. The meal, having five or six courses, was as protracted as a dinner. We sat at table until nearly five o'clock, which so over-fatigued me as to make me ill, and unfit for enjoying the various entertainments which followed. However, after taking a rest, I was able to go for a while to look at some curious juggler performances. The actor, it was said, was one who was often employed to perform before the emperor. After dark there were some pretty fireworks. During the juggler's exhibition we had the privilege (I cannot call it pleasure) of listening to some native music; horrible, discordant sounds, not as near an approach to harmony as we sometimes hear in China.

Our Kanagawa party left at about nine o'clock, though urged by our kind hostess to remain to dinner, which I believe was not partaken of until

midnight. The prettiest feature of this day's *fête* was the tasteful decoration of the house. Nearly all the inner partitions between the rooms had been removed, and the walls were hung with evergreens and flowers. Exquisite taste had been displayed, and after lamplight the effect was most striking. It seemed like fairy-land.

On the ninth of September we experienced a very severe typhoon. Fourteen houses in Yokohama were blown down, and a great amount of property destroyed; but no lives were lost, or at least none among foreigners on shore. It was probably in this storm that the "Camilla," an English man-of-war, was lost at sea, somewhere between Hakodadi and Kanagawa. She sailed from the former place about the first of the month, and was never heard of afterwards. She had on board, with her officers and crew, in all one hundred and thirty men. It seemed too dreadful to imagine what was undoubtedly her fate.

During the autumn the two United States men-of-war, Hartford and Niagara, visited Japan; We had the pleasure of meeting the commanders, and many of the officers from each. We were also invited to receptions on board both vessels, at only one of which, however, I was able to be present, on account of illness. Mr. Nevius and

I saw the noble Niagara as she came into port. She was bearing the Japanese Embassadors back from their visit in the United States, and as the time allotted for her outward voyage had more than expired, we were somewhat anxiously watching for her coming. One day, as we were climbing, as was our wont, to the watch-tower on the hill above us, to catch a breath of the fresh sea air, Mr. Nevius remarked, "It is high time that the Niagara should be in," and a step or two further up, as he glanced seawards, he added, "and there she is!" Very beautiful she appeared, moving "like a thing of life" through the calm waters of the bay. She did not anchor at Yokohama, but after stopping a very few moments went on to Yeddo with the embassadors. We speculated much as to their sensations upon finding themselves once more upon their native soil, and wondered if they were glad to be at home, and whether happy hearts were waiting to welcome them. We also felt some curiosity as to the reception they might meet from the government, and the effect likely to be produced by such an influx of new facts and ideas as they might naturally be supposed to bring with them. But, if any excitement ensued upon their arrival at the capital, or any

special interest was felt in their report concerning the strange lands they had visited, little or nothing was known of it by foreigners. I could never hear that the members of the embassy were held in higher esteem by the natives on account of their distinguishing honors and advantages. Even the redoubtable "Tommy," the pet and darling of American ladies, and a rather nice young man he was, was regarded in Japan only as an ordinary individual, by no means superior to many who had not been privileged to bask in "fair ladies' smiles" or listen to their gentle words of affection and interest.

I suspect American ladies did themselves little credit in the eyes of these Eastern gentlemen, by their freedom of manner or of words; and, if a "bird of the air" could have repeated the accounts which the Japanese without doubt carried back to their friends and relatives, of the social life and customs of Americans, certain individuals I am sure would have been much astonished to find what mistaken ideas had been formed of them. It would certainly hardly become the Japanese to affect disgust at any style of dress which they may have witnessed in America, but I have understood that the "low necks and short sleeves" of our ladies struck them as very ex-

traordinary. It is not so strange that the Chinese should be surprised at these peculiarities; as their own female costume is at once very simple, and exceedingly modest; and it is a fact, that foreign ladies' evening dress at first impresses them very unfavorably.

The Japanese costume is neither so pretty nor so graceful as the Chinese. Women in both countries dress the hair in an exceedingly elaborate style, rivalling even the present fashions at home.

Mr. Stuart, the excellent chaplain of the Niagara, told us many entertaining incidents relating to the Japanese Embassadors and suite, especially of "Tommy," or To-me (which, if I remember rightly, was his Japanese name), in whom he was much interested.

Among the many pleasant recollections of our residence in Japan, there is nothing which we remember with more satisfaction than a visit from some Christian sailors belonging to the Niagara. As Mr. Nevius was accompanying Mr. Stuart to the landing, where he was to take a boat to go off to the steamer, they met a party of these sailors, who, having leave of absence for the night, were seeking some inn to stay at. As there was no such place at Kanagawa, Mr. Ne-

vius at once invited them to come up to So-ko-jee, where we would gladly receive them, and make them as comfortable as our limited accommodations would permit. Mr. Stuart strongly advised them to accept the invitation; but it was not without a good deal of urging that they finally consented to do so. I was not a little surprised just at dusk to see Mr. Nevius returning in company with eight stalwart sailors. Nevertheless, when I learned who they were, I was very glad indeed to welcome them, and set to work at once to get them a supper, and make arrangements for the night. We gave them Mr. Nevius' study, and the guest-room off it; but as there was only one bed, they were quite satisfied to make use of the soft native matting on the floor instead, — a very good substitute. We had no difficulty in hiring, for the night, as many warm cotton "comfortables" as were needed; and so with very little trouble they were all supplied with resting-places.

We sent out and procured a quantity of the excellent oysters or clams which are so abundant there, and it was not long before I and my two good Japanese servants had ready an evening meal which our guests seemed to enjoy heartily. I have not mentioned that soon after the sailors

came in, and had gone to their rooms, and while Mr. Nevius and myself were occupied in another part of the house, we heard them singing together the dear old hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood." The tune was a peculiar one, with plaintive minor strains wandering high and low in a most singular measure. It could hardly be written, I fancy; but, as they sang it, with their full, manly voices, and hearts overflowing with emotion, it was beautiful, and most touching.

Hearing of our unusual visitors, some of the other missionaries came in at evening to enjoy the rare pleasure of seeing Christian sailors. Our usual evening worship was converted into a prayer-meeting; at least it grew into one quite unexpectedly to ourselves. After having read a chapter from the Bible, Mr. Nevius requested a very respectable elderly man to offer prayer, which he did; and, immediately after, he arose, and in a quiet, dignified way, told us of his past life, its trials, sins, and follies, and of his conversion on the passage from the United States in the Niagara. This man was called "Uncle Bill," and seemed to be much looked up to by the others. After "Uncle Bill" had finished speaking he said, addressing the others, "Come, breth-

ren, don't be backward, but tell what the Lord has done for your souls." Then one after another either made a few remarks, or knelt in prayer. Many of the sailors were foreigners, and all were ignorant and uneducated, yet we were astonished to hear with what ease and beauty they spoke of God's dealings with them, and their present happiness in his service. One poor Swede, called Andrew, knew so little English that it was with difficulty he related his simple but affecting story. He, like all the rest, evinced the most unbounded love and respect for Mr. Stuart, their chaplain. And well he had deserved their affection, having been to them a most faithful, loving friend. One hymn which was sung at this impromptu service was most spirited and soul-stirring. It was the one commencing, "Come, ye who love the Lord," with a chorus, "I'm glad salvation's free." And we could not doubt, as we listened to this joyous, happy singing, that they experienced then a purer pleasure than the world with its dangerous fascinations had ever afforded them.

The next morning, after breakfast, a pleasant hour was spent at family worship, and, soon after, our guests prepared to take their departure. Then we noticed grave consultations, as if some-

thing of importance was under consideration. And presently, after all the others had left the house, "Uncle Bill," extending his hand, as if for a farewell "shake," poured into Mr. Nevius' hand a quantity of silver currency; I cannot say how many Japanese *itzebuses*. It was with much difficulty that we succeeded in convincing him that we could not possibly accept pay for the slight service we had been privileged to render them. Before the ship left port, Mr. Stuart was the bearer of a very pretty little cabinet, which was a present sent us by the sailors, as a token of their appreciation of the visit at our house.

One day, while the Niagara was still at Kanagawa, we attended a reception given on board to his Excellency, Mr. Harris. On the minister's arrival, a salute of thirteen guns was fired, after which the band at once struck up "Hail Columbia!" and we one and all waxed patriotic. But seriously, it was delightful, in that far-away country, to listen to our soul-stirring national airs, and to see our beautiful "star-spangled banner" unfurled to the breeze, and to meet our fellow-countrymen, with whom we could talk sympathizingly of the dear land far away.

Captain McKane, of the Niagara, was one of those truly good men who never fail to secure

the respect and affection, not only of those under their command, but of all with whom they come in contact. The sailors spoke of him with the greatest veneration and reverence; and I remember particularly their mentioning the intimate and cordial relations existing between him and his chaplain, Mr. Stuart.

At the recommendation of the American Minister, the twenty-ninth of November was observed by the American residents in Japan as a "Thanksgiving day," and services were held at the United States Consulate in Kanagawa. Rev. Mr. Brown preached an excellent sermon, which I regretted not hearing, having been detained at home by illness. Some persons, rather censoriously as it seemed to me, criticised Mr. Harris' action in this respect severely; but I admired it. I only wish this beautiful national holiday might be observed wherever American citizens are found.

Towards the close of our visit in Japan, we were distressed beyond measure, by hearing of the danger threatening our beloved country. As the indications of the disruption became more and more alarming, our hearts sank within us. Perhaps we felt it the more from being obliged to meet constantly with persons of other nation-

alities, who, so far from sympathizing with us in our regrets, seemed almost if not quite gratified at what they were pleased to regard as the "downfall of the boasted Republic." It was not until we reached Nagasaki, on our passage back to China, that we heard of the commencement of actual hostilities, in "the firing upon Fort Sumter." I can never forget the emotions that intelligence excited, — a strange mixture of grief, shame, and indignation. Another thing which made our position, in common with other American missionaries, particularly trying, was that Northerners and Southerners had until then been so closely and intimately associated that mere local distinctions had been almost lost sight of. But no sooner did we know the belligerent position in which our two sections of country had placed themselves, than a slight line of demarcation began to form even between those who had been friends for many long years; and as home matters became more serious this feeling increased. Sitting at dinner, one day, in the early part of "the war," some expression from Mrs. P., a Southern lady present, drew from Mrs. N., a Northerner, the remark, "Is it possible, Mrs. P., that you love your own one State better than you do the Union?" "Indeed I do," was her

decided rejoinder. "Well, I assure you," was Mrs. N.'s no less decided reply, "if my State had been guilty of what South Carolina has, I would not own that I was her daughter!" — certainly not a "soft answer" calculated to "turn away wrath." But in this case the dear South Carolina friend was so sure of Mrs. N.'s love for her, and knew so well how often she had, not quite "fought, bled, and died," but, at least, had "fought" for the South in wordy battles with those who assailed it, that she did not take offence at this plainness of speech. As time passed on we all learned to be more circumspect, and to pay more scrupulous regard to each other's feelings and prejudices. On the whole, considering the intensity of feeling on both sides, I think we deserve some credit for remembering through all, that, though differing so widely in certain respects, we were bound together by one tie stronger and more precious than all others. We used to meet constantly in Sabbath services, and social prayer-meetings; and when, as was often the case, some crushing sorrow fell into our midst, we forgot all else in our common sympathies and griefs. And now that those dark days are happily over, I trust that the old spirit of

love and harmony will be restored, never again to be disturbed.

During the winter of 1860-61, we were grieved at hearing from Ningpo of the complete failure of the health of Mrs. Danforth, one of the newly arrived missionaries, and also of Mrs. Rankin's severe illness, which made it probable that both she and her husband might be obliged to return to the United States. This possibility, and several other considerations, decided Mr. Nevius that it was his duty to return to Ningpo as soon as a good opportunity offered. We had but little doubt, as the war at the north of China was over, that it would be quite practicable, in the course of a few months, to go to some more favorable climate to commence a new station, if that plan should still seem desirable.

It was by no means from want of interest in Japan that we did not determine to remain there. On the contrary, it seemed to us then, as it does now, a most interesting sphere for missionary operations. But at the time of our visit, there was little or nothing which could be done, except in acquiring the language, and preparing books. Long years of "patient waiting" were evidently in store for those who had given themselves to Christ's work in Japan. And while this was the

case in that country, China was waiting with wide-open doors for the introduction of Christianity, not only in the "five open ports," but through the length and breadth of the land. Under these circumstances our duty seemed clear ; but it was with deep regret that we parted from our missionary associates and other valued friends in Kanagawa and Yokohama.

We took passage for Shanghai in an old English steamer, called the "Cadiz." The principal inducement for choosing this vessel rather than a sailing ship, such as the one in which we had come, was that she would pass through the "inland sea," the beauty of which we had heard described in glowing colors. The "Cadiz" had good accommodations, a pleasant captain, and agreeable passengers ; but she was old and worn out, having been in service many years. Her boilers were so frail that every few hours they would burst, and no little time was required for repairing them. As, with an engine constructed as ours was, there was little or no danger from this slight accident, and as, in several cases, it fortunately occurred at points of the route conveniently near land, it was sometimes rather welcome than otherwise, at least to the gentlemen on board, as it gave them the opportunity of en-

joying a ramble on shore. The only two ladies, Mrs. Brown, the captain's wife, and myself, as we did not leave the ship, found such frequent delays somewhat irksome.

We came on board the steamer on Friday, the first of February, but a break in the boiler detained us until the morrow. The first day after leaving Kanagawa was a wretched sea-sick time. The weather was bad, the wind ahead, with short "chopping seas," and the vessel pitched with that peculiar motion which most persons find the one above all others to produce sea-sickness. We anchored the first night in a harbor called Aigero. The next morning, early, we again got under way; but the weather continuing bad, and the sea very rough, we ran in to Simoda, and anchored close to the shore. This was the Sabbath, and Mr. Nevius held service in the cabin. After tiffin in the afternoon, the gentlemen went on shore. Mr. Nevius had a quiet walk by himself, climbing to the summit of a hill which gave him a widely extended view. He also visited the temple where his Excellency, Mr. Harris, and poor Mr. Hewskin lived for a long while before going to Yeddo. Simoda is pleasantly situated, with hills very like those at Kanagawa rising behind it. On Monday we had

clear sailing with a favorable wind and less motion, and by Tuesday morning we were near the entrance to the inland sea.

Suonada Sea, which I believe is the native name for this land-locked passage, lies between the large island of Nipon, and two smaller ones, Kiu-siu, and Si-kopf. It is at places very narrow, but at some parts must be from thirty to forty miles in width. It has numerous small islands, many of which are barren, and I presume without inhabitants.

On Tuesday afternoon we passed between two islands with a town and a fort on either side; one the pilot called U-ra, and the other Kadanoshima. We anchored that night at Osaca; the new port nearest Miako, the capital, and residence of the "Spiritual Emperor," as he was in those days called by foreigners. The anchorage was across the bay at Hiogo. I saw it only at evening, but Mr. Nevius, who went on deck before we weighed anchor the next morning, said it was a beautiful spot.

All Wednesday we were passing a succession of most lovely islands, some of which were cultivated and thickly populated, to judge from the numerous villages which dotted the hill-sides. We spent that night in a small bay, called I-no-no-

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

On Saturday, the ninth, we anchored in a very narrow passage, called Shi-mo-no-saki. Our coal had given out, and it was determined to obtain some, if possible, from a large town which stood near the water's edge. The only persons on board, who understood Japanese, were ourselves, and one of the passengers, who was a Jew. The latter, whose whole attention while in the country had been given to trade and barter, was fortunately much better supplied with that class of words than Nr. Nevius, who, however, was better qualified to carry on general conversation. The

two together were able to transact the necessary business, and they accompanied the captain and purser on shore. They ascended a flight of steps leading from the beach to what was apparently the principal entrance; but at their approach a gate which obstructed the way was at once closed and barred. They conversed through the gate with some officials who made their appearance. Their request for coal at first met a refusal; but having been reminded of the treaty stipulations, and at the captain's request assured that, unless they furnished the needed article, men from the ship would at once be landed to take it by force, they gave a reluctant consent. However they still made many difficulties, and it was not until some time in the succeeding night that the coal was brought. During the afternoon the gentlemen all enjoyed another visit on shore.

The next day, the Sabbath, we were out in the open sea, or at least so it seemed, for the waves were high, and we suffered much from sea-sickness; so that it was impracticable to hold service. Just at evening we came to anchor in a sheltered nook with small islands on every side.

Early on Monday forenoon we passed through the narrow channel separating Hirado and Kiu-

siu. It was a very exciting time, and we were for a few moments in great danger. Just in mid-channel is a low, bald rock, between which and the main land there was barely room for a large vessel like ours to pass. At the most critical point, in consequence of the fires in the engine being low, the ship began to go back instead of forwards, and that too in the direction of the rock, which was so close to it that it seemed but a few yards distant.

By some skilful manœuvring of the sails the defect was supplied, and a welcome breeze carried us past the danger.

The scenery at this point was perhaps the finest of the whole route, though amidst so many beautiful and varying scenes it was difficult to give the preference to any one.

On the afternoon of this day we reached Nagasaki. Mr. Nevius went at once to see the missionaries, Mr. Williams, now American Episcopal Bishop of China, and Dr. Schmidt, and Mr. and Mrs. Verbeck, of the American Dutch Reformed Church. He was accompanied back to the ship by Mr. Williams and Dr. Schmidt. The two or three days that we remained in port we spent very agreeably on shore with the missionaries, returning to the steamer at night. Mr.

Nevius was away during the days, making the most of his opportunity for seeing Nagisaki and its surroundings.

Dr. Schmidt and Mr. Williams were living, in a bachelor way, high up one of the steep hills back of the town. Mr. and Mrs. Verbeck occupied a house somewhat lower down the hill. In company with these friends we visited a large temple near their dwelling, and also Desima, which, though pleasantly situated on the side of the bay, is only a small square, not larger than many a village common. It is closely built, and, notwithstanding its limited size, has been for many years a place of no small importance, as the only foothold of foreigners in Japan.

The scenery around Nagisaki is not so tame as that near Yeddo, the hills being much higher on every side; but I think on this account as well as from its somewhat lower latitude, it may be much warmer in summer, and not so desirable as a place of residence.

After a pleasant visit at Nagisaki, where several new passengers came on board, we again weighed anchor and sailed for Shanghai, the distance between these two places being, I believe, about four hundred miles. We had delightful weather and a smooth sea nearly all the way over.

The passengers by this time had become very sociable, and quite like old friends. These ship friendships are easily made, and, in most instances, almost as quickly forgotten.

We reached Shanghai on Sunday the seventeenth, more than two weeks from the time we left Kanagawa.

CHAPTER XI.

INCIDENTS IN MISSIONARY LIFE. — LEAVING NINGPO.

SOON after our return from Japan, Mr. and Mrs. Rankin, and their sister, Mrs. McCartee, arrived in Shanghai from Ningpo. The health of Mrs. Rankin was such that her immediate return to the United States was considered imperative. Mr. Rankin remained in China.

As I was desirous of spending a short time with Mrs. Rankin before her embarkation, my husband proceeded to Ningpo, leaving me to come down the coast some days later, in company with Mrs. McCartee.

After a pleasant visit at Shanghai, Mrs. McCartee and I went to Ningpo in a steamer belonging to the firm of Olyphant & Co. Leaving Woosung Thursday at noon, we reached home Friday afternoon. As we were at anchor during the night, we in reality made the passage in only about eighteen hours.

On reaching Ningpo, we went again to our comfortable quarters at Mr. Rankin's. After his return, a few weeks later, we kept house together in a very informal but pleasant way. He then, as always, did everything in his power to contribute to our comfort; and we had the satisfaction of thinking that we helped a little to cheer him in his loneliness.

We were grieved to find Mrs. Danforth, one of the newly arrived missionaries, very ill. Of a naturally delicate constitution, the climate seemed at once to fasten disease upon her. In the hope that the bracing air of Shantung, of which we heard glowing accounts, might prove beneficial, Mr. and Mrs. Danforth left Ningpo, shortly after our arrival, for the North. They went in company with the Gayleys, of Shanghai.

The missionaries at Ningpo at this time devoted much attention to itinerations in the interior. The country was not only nominally, but really, open to missionary efforts. Had it not been for the disturbances occasioned by the "long-haired rebels," we would have gone back to Hang-chow. As it was, we could only look back lovingly and sorrowfully to our old home there, and turn our eyes elsewhere when considering the question of a new mission station. We

would gladly have settled permanently at Ningpo, but my health declined so rapidly during the few months we were necessarily detained there, that it was not considered safe for us to remain even through one summer.

The climate of Ningpo affects different individuals very differently. While there are a few who seem to enjoy as good health there as elsewhere, most persons suffer seriously. Fever and ague are so common, that they are scarcely noticed; while liver complaints of various forms and aggravated characters are frequent, and often fatal. There are also many cases of consumption among the natives, and foreigners have been very subject to throat and chest affections; others again suffer from mere debility. Without serious illness, and before we are aware, we find ourselves strangely weak, and as nervous as weak. Trifles "light as air" seem now momentous. A simple occurrence, a word, or an action, which once would have been passed unnoticed, or only received with a smile, now appears a truly serious matter to fret and grieve over; unless, indeed, one has a marvellous deal of amiability or fortitude. One effect of the climate seems to be to make good people unnecessarily *conscientious*; or, rather, while it may seem to the in-

dividual that he is actuated by conscience alone, a looker-on cannot help thinking to himself or herself, "Oh, how much human nature, or self-will, can secrete itself unknown in a good man's bosom!" And then, when strength has departed, so that every dictate of reason or prudence says, "*Rest and recruit*," just then we feel a morbid impulse to keep at work, even at the risk of making martyrs of ourselves. Had I not to plead guilty myself to having experienced nearly all these distressing symptoms, I should hardly have felt at liberty to allude to them. I wish, indeed, they were peculiar to myself; but most certainly they are not. All alike, missionaries, merchants, and civilians, gentlemen and ladies, adults and children, with very few exceptions, feel the injurious effects of the scorching sun and malarious atmosphere of those southern latitudes. It is, however, remarkable that Ningpo and Shanghai are far more unhealthy than the more southern ports, Fuchow, Amoy, and Canton. This must be owing to local causes. Oliphant, in "*Lord Elgin's Mission to China and Japan*," thus gives his impressions of the climate of Shanghai, which is generally considered somewhat preferable to that of Ningpo: "During this period of our stay (the latter part

of July) at Shanghai, the climate was more oppressive than I ever remember to have felt it in any part of the world. The thermometer did not show a higher temperature than at Tien-tsin, but there was a stifling heaviness in the atmosphere which acted in a most distressing manner both on health and spirits. Cases of sun-stroke were of daily occurrence, chiefly among the sailors in the shipping which crowded the river. Upward of a hundred merchantmen, waiting hopelessly for cargoes, were lying at anchor under the broiling sun, their lists of sick daily increasing under the deleterious influence of the climate." A few months later he adds, "We had now been nearly eighteen months knocking about on the coast of China, and the results were beginning to manifest themselves. Mr. L. went home on sick certificate; of those that remained, all of us suffered more or less from the effects of the climate; and the hot days, chilly evenings, and malarious exhalations of Shanghai were not calculated to remove a tendency to ague, where such existed. Our own experience enabled us without any difficulty to credit the fact, which is established by official returns, that the China station is the most unhealthy to which our ships

are sent ; the sickness and mortality being greater here than even on the west coast of Africa.”

Sir R. Alcock, alluding to difficulties which he had experienced in his efforts to secure fair dealings from foreign merchants in their commercial relations with the Chinese, says, that years ago, he “had a conversation with one of them, honest and outspoken enough to tell the whole truth.” The merchant replied to his expostulations, “No doubt your anticipations of future evil have a certain foundation . . . but in what way am I and my brother landholders and speculators concerned in this? . . . It is my business to make a fortune with the least possible loss of time. . . . In two or three years at farthest I hope to realize a fortune and get away. . . . You must not expect men in my situation to condemn themselves to years of prolonged exile in an unhealthy climate for the benefit of posterity. We are money-making, practical men ; our business is to make money, as much and as fast as we can” Sir R. adds, “Successive merchants, clerks, and store-keepers, generations of them, so to speak, come and disappear ; stay their time of five or ten years, and carry off a fortune. . . . The merchant feels that

he *must* be quick in a climate as trying as that of China. He has to snatch a fortune from the jaws of death ; and, unless he make haste, it is more than probable that he will only dig his own grave, and be snatched away himself."

When to these unfavorable influences of the climate are added the almost equal danger from overwork, and the want of sufficient recreation and relaxation, it will, I think, no longer seem strange to any one that frequent changes in the mission circles are necessary ; or that deaths have been sadly frequent. On the contrary, it is remarkable that so many have been able to remain for eight, ten, or more years, without even one return to their native land.

It was one of my greatest comforts while in China, that though my husband's health was by no means perfectly good, he was seldom obliged, even for a day, to abstain from work. During our sojourn at Ningpo, at the time of which I am now writing, besides his chapel preaching, and frequent itinerations, he kept three native teachers busy assisting him in the writing or revision of his books. I mention my husband's employments, as I am naturally more familiar with his work than that of others. But the various members of the mission were all actively

employed; and every day brought to light evidences that their labors were not in vain.

The San-poh stations were then very prosperous. On one of Mr. Nevius' visits to the city of Yu-yiao he administered baptism to several converts; among others to a young man named Zi Da-ching, whose case was a very unusual one. There was a native Christian connected with the Yu-yiao church, by the name of Dzing. He was a carpenter, and, in the prosecution of his trade, had been employed to do some work within the city prison. Here, as elsewhere, he used often to talk of the dear Saviour, and the plan of salvation as revealed in the Bible. Among his listeners was the person alluded to above, who, strange to say, was not imprisoned for any crime of his own; but was freely, or rather for a compensation, suffering this penalty for another. A rich man who had been guilty of murder, or some other crime, had hired him to go to prison in his stead. This procedure is not a very unusual one in China. On a certain occasion there was an insurrection in the city; and, in the confusion and alarm consequent upon it, the prison was left unguarded, and all the inmates, with the exception of Zi Da-ching, escaped. In reward for his faithfulness in re-

maining, notwithstanding the tempting opportunity for gaining his freedom, he was promoted to a position of some responsibility, and made a kind of overseer of the other prisoners. Still, in common with the rest, he was kept in close confinement. While in this position, he heard from carpenter Dzing, of Christianity, and joyfully embraced it. Desirous to obey all its commands, he very soon requested baptism. A notice of his admission to the church, I find in a letter from Mr. Rankin. It is as follows: "At Yu-yiao, on Monday last, he (Mr. Nevius) baptized in the jail, the head man of whom I have frequently written. It was a very solemn and interesting occasion; and I hope that God will bring great good out of it. Already ten of the twenty-two prisoners express religious interest, and pray, and keep the Sabbath. It was exceedingly interesting to notice their savage-looking faces (for some of them have been guilty of manslaughter), listening on that occasion, as well as on the day before, when I was there, with intense eagerness to the word spoken. A general reformation has also taken place in the prison, the men having applied themselves to making straw shoes through the head man's instrumentality, — thereby making some money

for themselves. The officer in charge is delighted with the change from their former habits of gambling, and cursing, and idleness; and the news will be spread outside also, and do good."

With the after history of Zi Da-ching, I am not very familiar. When the long-haired rebels captured Yu-yiao a few years latter, these prisoners were all liberated; and he, being a person of good presence and abilities, was made an officer in the army of the insurgents. When they were finally conquered, he had nearly lost his life from the Imperialists, and was only saved through the intervention of the missionaries. He is now, I believe, a quiet and respected citizen in one of the villages of San-poh.

Another baptismal service, which took place at about this time, and at which it was my privilege to be present, though of a different character, was scarcely less interesting. I need not apologize for introducing a letter of my husband, in which he describes it as follows, —

"I wish you could have been present with us to-day, to witness an incident which was a pleasant one to us; and one which I am sure you would have been much interested in. This morning, Mr. Green, Mrs. Nevius, and myself, left Ningpo to visit the station at Bao-kô-tah,

about six miles distant. The native elders, Lu and Zia, accompanied us, it being our principal object to examine an old blind woman, with reference to her admission to the church. We reached the place before noon; and, there being a lady in the party, an unusually large crowd soon gathered to see us, composed principally of women and children; the men being very busy, some in ploughing the fields, and some in making preparations to go out to sea, to engage in the fisheries. After exchanging salutations with the church-members, and speaking a few words to the people, we were introduced to the old woman, who was desirous of being baptized. It was not a little difficult to find a quiet place where we might hold a session meeting. We persuaded the people, however, to retire for a while, and chose for our place of meeting the sleeping-room of the Christian school-teacher, which, by the way, is a model of neatness and cleanliness. Mr. Green and Mrs. Nevius were also present at the session meeting.

“The first appearance of this applicant for church-membership excited our deepest interest and sympathy. She is seventy years old, perfectly blind, and very deaf. After asking God’s blessing and direction, I commenced questioning

her ; which I did by drawing my chair close to hers, and speaking very loudly. I asked her whether she was in the habit of secret prayer, and what she prayed for. She replied that she was old, and had a very poor memory, and could not express well in words what she clearly understood and felt in her heart. She then went on to enumerate the objects of her prayers, including the enlightening influences of the Spirit ; the forgiveness of her sins ; assistance to live a godly life ; and, more particularly, a participation in the blessings and enjoyments of heaven. She spoke of her delight in prayer ; of the amazing love of God for such a poor, worthless creature as she ; and seemed to have a sense of the nearness of God through Christ, and to be filled with gratitude. As she spoke, the tears rolled down her cheeks from her sightless eyes, and, could she have seen, she, too, would have witnessed tears in the eyes of others.

“ She spoke at length of the sin of having disregarded God for so many years, and worshipped idols, but said, as if she felt that it was some extenuation of her guilt, ‘ It was because I did not know of God and his love.’ She also spoke of the many sins of the heart and the tongue. I asked her whether she felt that she had got rid

of her propensity to sin, and whether she was ever conscious of a feeling of resentment when others treated her with unkindness and neglect. She answered, with earnestness, 'I will tell you the truth; I will keep back nothing. My daughter-in-law sometimes abuses and curses me, and I say to her, "How dare you speak so to me, when I am your superior, and you are my daughter-in-law? I sometimes reprove her harshly; but I do not now curse her in return."' "

"I asked her if she had ever procured and laid up paper money for use in a future state (an idolatrous practice common among women). She said, 'I will deny nothing; I did procure a great deal of this money; but I have destroyed it. I have the greatest aversion to it. I have given up everything, and my trust is in Christ, and Christ alone.'

"I questioned her on the Trinity, and she gave evidence of more clear and just views on this subject, than I would have thought it possible for one in her circumstances to acquire. I asked her if she had no fears that her feelings might change, and she revert to the old idolatrous practices of her people. She answered, promptly and earnestly, 'Never. I am old; my mind is fixed on heaven, and earth has no attractions for

me.' 'But,' said I, 'do you think you can depend upon yourself?' She said, 'No, but I will never cease to pray, and Christ will never forsake me.' Such were all her answers, clear, prompt, and full of earnestness and fervor. The native elders asked her a few questions, after which there was a slight pause. She improved the opportunity to address us much as follows: 'I trust you will allow me to be baptized. I am now seventy years old, and I cannot stay here much longer. I want to be numbered among God's people. Oh, receive me, for my heart is fixed on God and heaven.' This appeal, with the manner in which it was uttered, was most touching, and went to our hearts. We all felt like saying, 'Who shall forbid water, that she should not be baptized?' The notice was soon circulated through the village that Siao Ah-m was about to receive baptism. After dinner, a large company assembled to witness the first baptismal service in Bao-kô-tah; the other church-members having been baptized in Ningpo. The audience was most attentive and solemn. Siao Ah-m responded in a loud and decided voice to the questions proposed, and all were deeply interested and impressed. The occasion was improved to exhort those present to flee from the wrath to come, and

lay hold of eternal life. After a few parting words, we left the village for our boat, thanking God for what he had permitted us to see and hear."

In a later letter written from Ningpo by Mr. Rankin, there is this further mention of poor Siao Ah-m: "The old blind woman lately baptized there (that is, at Bao-kô-tah) is very poorly, and seems eager as well as ready for death. Besides her affliction, she is badly treated by her daughter-in-law, who lives with her."

Long ere this those sightless eyes have opened to witness the beauties and the glories of the many mansions prepared for her, and those who, like her, having been forgiven much, have loved much.

During the month of April, the American Chargé d'affaires, Commodore Stribling, sent to Ningpo a request to Dr. McCartee to accompany him, as interpreter to the United States Legation, on a trip up the River Yiang-ts. He did so, and was absent from home, I think, two months, visiting many important cities and towns, and gaining much valuable information. He was sadly impressed by all he saw of the insurgents; and, had he previously entertained any hopes of good to the country in consequence of their usur-

pation, these hopes must have been dissipated by the scenes of distress and anarchy which invariably followed or accompanied them. He says, in a published account of this tour, describing the once prosperous city of Nankin, which is beautifully situated upon the south bank of the noble Yiang-ts: "Nankin, once a palatial city, a residence of mighty kings, but now looking like a desolation of many generations, was the next city we visited. If I should attempt to compare the situation of the people at these two places (that is, at Che-kiang, which was still in a state of siege, and Nankin, which had been long in the hands of the rebels), I should say that those at Che-kiang were like persons in all the agonies of shipwreck; while those at Nankin were like men left floating in silent despair upon the surface of the ocean, after the vessel has gone down, when even the excitement of despair is past. Just opposite to Nankin, across the Yiang-ts, was once a large and populous city, called Kiang-yio. We saw the city walls still standing; but perfect solitude reigns within. The inhabitants submitted to the insurgents after they took Nankin. They were compelled to deliver up their crops, and were put upon rations. These were served out scantily, and in

insufficient quantities to support life. They murmured, and threatened to apply to the Imperialists. The insurgents heard of it; and one day the sun went down upon the corpses of seventeen thousand people, who, the day before, were in the midst of life. Some fifteen thousand escaped to the Imperialist camp; but the city has lain desolate ever since."

It was a great disappointment to us missionaries when we were at length obliged to open our eyes to the fact that Christianity had much more to dread than to hope for from the insurgents, should they be successful in their attempts to gain the empire. Their obscure and insignificant origin, their rapid growth and progress, and, finally, their no less rapid disintegration and destruction, form a remarkable chapter in this world's history. What at first gave them power and attraction was, no doubt, an element of truth derived from Christian missionaries. Their founder, Hung-sew-tswen, had a slight acquaintance with Mr. Roberts, an American missionary at Canton, and either from him or his native assistant he received a few Christian books, which he carried back with him to his home in the country. He appears to have hastily perused them, and then laid them away. Long after,

when recovering from a severe illness, some of the truths contained in these books recurred to his mind, and gave shape to his mental wanderings; and these vagaries in turn moulded all his future life. Having gained some conception of the one true God, and of the evils of the prevalent idolatry, he conceived the project of establishing the new religion and eradicating the old. And when in the course of a few months he had secured a few adherents, and also incurred persecution in consequence of his opposition to idolatry, he was persuaded that he and his followers were the "Israel of God," whose mission it was to "slay the Amalekites," sparing none, old nor young, male nor female. Perhaps at first there was much sincerity mingled with the religious fanaticism of this strange movement. But, if so, of late years it must have sadly deteriorated. Although iconoclasts, and having done a great deal to overthrow the prevailing religions of China, they have had nothing much better to offer instead. Hung-sew-tswen, soon began to arrogate to himself divine honors, claiming direct inspiration from God, and considering himself the equal, or nearly so, of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Although we can but sympathize with the

longings after a purer faith, which have been evinced in the adherence of such vast numbers to the corrupt form of Christianity found among the insurgents, I think we can scarcely regret that they have met with a signal overthrow. Although frequent attempts were made by the missionaries to dwell among them, efforts for their improvement were found to be less hopeful than those among their more idolatrous countrymen.

I kept no journal, during the few months we spent in Ningpo, after our return from Japan; but a pocket diary contains some jottings of that period which I shall insert, stopping occasionally to explain certain allusions which could not otherwise be understood.

“ Sunday, May 5th. — Mr. Green preached in English. Mr. Rankin conducted the communion service. I was so weak as to be scarcely able to sit up, and consequently could not enjoy the exercises. Mr. Nevius preached on board the Bethel, and spent the morning at the boys' school, where he had service. While he was away, Mr. Rankin read aloud to me one of Dr. J. Alexander's excellent sacramental discourses.

“ Monday, 6th. — Poorly again to day, have scarcely any appetite, and am very weak, lying

down almost all day. Went up to Mr. Green's at dusk. *Buffaloes* scared me in going up. Dr. Fish called to see me at evening."

The "buffaloes" mentioned above were great, fierce, ungainly creatures, which have frightened more than one timid lady, and gentleman too, I suspect, if they would but own it. The milk which we used at Ningpo was all from these water-buffaloes. The Chinese there, and in other places where we have lived or visited, use no milk or butter. Indeed, they have a great aversion to both, as well as to cheese; which they regard with quite as much disgust as we do many of their articles of food. At Ningpo, we buy a small quantity of milk daily from some Chinaman who keeps buffaloes for the purpose of supplying foreigners with this article, and our butter is made by shaking the milk thoroughly in a wide-mouthed bottle. It is both expensive and requires a good deal of labor when made in this way, and we use but little of it. But, though very tasteless and perfectly white, it is a great deal better than none at all. The buffaloes have a natural antipathy to foreigners; and some of the most ill-natured among them, as soon as they catch a glimpse of a "red-haired" man or woman, make after him or her, in a most fero-

cious manner, and would surely inflict injury were they not restrained.

“Friday, May 10th. — Mrs. Knowlton and I spent the day with Mrs. Jones (of the English Baptists). Mr. Nevius commenced packing boxes for going away. Weather rainy and warm. Zong-we has returned from San-poh, where it seems he had formed a plan for marrying a woman, who is ‘put away,’ — not even divorced. He is very angry with Mr. Nevius because he does not approve it, and says he will not go with us to the North.”

This man, Zong-we, was a singular character. A year or two before, we had taken him into our family, and tried most faithfully to make him a good washerman. In this, however, we failed, as he nearly ruined our clothes, besides trying us sorely by his slowness. He was a very snail in his motions; and, though really young, went about the compound with a solemn countenance, and a slow, stooping gait, like an old man of eighty. Still, though not agreeable, we felt some real affection and respect for him, because he was evidently an earnest and sincere Christian. He learned to read the Romanized Ningpo Colloquial; and long after we had retired for the night we could invariably hear him in his

room, which was near ours, studying his Bible, or engaged in prayer. And he evidently became, if not as "diligent in business" as we could have wished, at least very "fervent in spirit." We were not sure but that he really tried to do his work well, and so, though it was very annoying, we bore with him a long while, hoping for improvement. We thought if he succeeded in becoming a good washerman, he could always be sure of employment among foreigners; which would be a good thing for one in his situation.

Poor Zong-we's family relations had been most unfortunate; and not long after he came to live with us, at the advice and wish of his friends, he procured a divorce from his miserable wife. We supposed that after such an experience he would be content to remain alone, and were not a little surprised to find, just as we were about leaving for a new station where we should greatly need his services, that he intended to contract such a marriage as the one I mentioned in my diary. I think he did not really understand that the contemplated step was a wrong one. I cannot remember just how the affair was settled; but Zong-we did not go with us to Shantung, of which I was afterwards very glad, though at the time much inconvenienced thereby. He has

since married, I do not know whom; and the last time I saw him, his cup of bliss seemed full. He was carrying a fine large baby in his arms, and I presume his highest earthly ambitions are now quite satisfied.

“Saturday, May 11th.—A very busy day. Had carpets taken up, books packed, etc. Towards evening, Mrs. Green and Mrs. Morrison went with me a short distance up the river to call upon my former ah-m, Yiang-kô siao-yi (that is small or younger aunt of the Yiang family). She was not at home, having gone to some relatives of hers in the country. I felt very sorry not to see her; am also much annoyed by Zong-we.”

Yiang-kô siao-yi, whom we went to see, had been with me for some time as a servant. She accompanied us to Hang-chow, where she proved an invaluable friend and companion. She was a faithful and consistent Christian. Very few Ningpo women will do the washing in a foreign family, but this ah-m did ours beautifully, and was also a good seamstress, and she thus saved me much time and labor. While we were in Japan I was distressed to hear that she had become insane. Although I could not expect to do much for her, I was anxious to see her once more, and so went, as I have said, to the place where I

supposed she was staying. I did not feel sure that her friends were telling me the truth, in saying that she was absent from home, but I could not tell why they should wish to prevent an interview.

“Sunday, 12th. — Mr. Lord preached in English from ‘We have here no continuing city,’ — a very good sermon. I went with Mr. Nevius to Chinese service in the city church. He preached from Rev. vii. 9–17. I feel very sadly to-day, thinking of this being our last Sunday in Ningpo. It seems a trial, almost more than I can bear, that I should be the means of taking Mr. Nevius away.

“Tuesday, 14th. — In the morning the church had a farewell meeting. Mr. Nevius spoke, and also many of the native converts. In the afternoon there was called a church meeting, at which Mr. Nevius resigned the pastorate. A request was sent to Presbytery to have the San-poh members formed into a separate church. We said good-by to many of our native friends, especially the women. Attended Presbytery in the evening.

“Wednesday, 15th. — Poorly all day, could not go to prayer-meeting. Mr. Green called to say good-by, as he is going to the San-poh stations. Mr. Nevius sent for Dr. Fish to see me. (Dr.

Fish was our medical attendant at that time.) Am able to eat scarcely anything nowadays, and have constant nausea.

“Friday, 17th. — Just the same; lying on the couch all day; am very weak and growing weaker. This makes me think that perhaps we really ought to go away from Ningpo. Our passage is taken for Shanghai in the ‘Vivid,’ — a small sailing vessel, which will leave to-morrow evening.”

Up to this time I had persisted in thinking that there was no urgent necessity for going elsewhere, and this notwithstanding the advice of our good physician and other kind friends. But when I found my strength all leaving me, even before the weather had become very warm, I began to realize that unless we left soon I should probably not go at all; and so was somewhat more willing to yield my will to that of others.

The next entry, that of May eighteenth, is in the handwriting of my dear friend Mr. Rankin. It brings back a flood of old memories. He says, as if it had been written by me: “Found myself very weak this morning. There have called Mrs. K——, Mrs. G——, Mrs. McC——, and Messrs. Russell and Burdon. Mrs. Morrison dined with us. Mr. R. as usual about the house,

greatly anxious to see his wife and children. Left his poor, forlorn house at five P. M. for the 'Vivid,' he following. Why don't he go home? Good-by."

A great many of the native Christians had assembled to see us off. They came with us as far as the bank of the river, and Mr. Rankin accompanied us on board. A few moments after he had playfully penned the above entry in my diary, the "Vivid" got under way, and he left us. We never saw him again until he came to our house in Tung-chow, a poor, suffering invalid, almost at his journey's end.

We reached Shanghai Monday evening, May twentieth, and, as we had so often done before, went directly to our kind friends, the Culbertsons, whose house was near the landing. The next day Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Farnham came over from South Gate to invite us to be their guests while we should remain in Shanghai. We accepted the invitation of the latter, and spent the time of our stay under their hospitable roof.

We found great difficulty in securing a passage for Che-foo, as but few vessels were sailing for that port, and of those few scarcely any were willing to take passengers.

At length, after a delay of more than two

weeks, we sailed for Shantung in a Bremen bark called the "Amalia." Our passage was rather a slow one, having unfavorable winds, and the last few days very dense fogs, so that we were often entirely uncertain as to our exact position, and obliged to sail cautiously. All through the night previous to reaching Che-foo there were men on the lookout, and a horn was incessantly blown to prevent collision with other vessels. When morning dawned we were within sight of the shore; and, having a strong and favorable wind, by three P. M. we had come to anchor in the harbor of Che-foo.

CHAPTER XII.

FIRST SUMMER AT TUNG-CHOW.

ON the breaking out of the late war in the United States, the missionaries connected with Southern societies found themselves in a most perplexing and trying position. Although in many cases enthusiastically interested in their work, and very successful, they were, in consequence of being cut off from supplies from America, reduced to the alternative of returning home, or engaging in secular business. One or two became interpreters, and others entered into mercantile operations of one kind or another; giving, at the same time, as much attention as possible to direct missionary work. The qualities which had made them efficient in their previous employments, also gave them success in secular pursuits. In every case with which I am familiar, a few years in business sufficed not only to secure a present competence, but also an income which would render them inde-

pendent, pecuniarily, in the future. When the necessity was removed, they gladly returned to their life-work among the heathen.

One of those who thus engaged in mercantile business was the Rev. J. Landrum Holmes.

He was a person whose peculiar loveliness of character made him a favorite with every one. Handsome, talented, ardent, with very winning manners, he was peculiarly fitted for usefulness among the Chinese, to whom such qualities are very attractive.

The "Amalia," in which we sailed from Shanghai to Che-foo, had been chartered by Mr. Holmes, who, with a younger brother, not a clergyman, had already established a prosperous firm in that newly opened port in the Province of Shantung.

Our fellow-passengers from Shanghai were Mrs. Yates, of the Southern Baptist Board, and her daughter, Miss Annie, who had come to pass the summer at the North. Soon after the ship cast anchor Mr. Holmes came on board to accompany Mrs. Yates to his house. Mr. Nevius had already gone on shore to make arrangements for taking me off, expecting me to remain on the ship until his return; but when Mr. Holmes rather urged my going in company with

his party in his boat, I consented to do so. I ought to have waited for Mr. Nevius, for there was no means of conveyance from the landing to Mr. Holmes' house, a distance of a mile or more, and to my seeming at least ten. The road was one bed of heavy sand, into which our feet sank deeply at every step. The day was warm, and, in my weak state, I was entirely unequal to such an exertion. But I quite deserved my punishment, and I tried hard to conceal the discomfort my foolishness occasioned me. It is needless to say that I did not escape some words of reproof for this exhibition of insubordination.

Che-foo, or Yentai, as the village is usually called by the natives, was, before it was opened to foreign commerce, only a small fishing town. Tung-chow, about sixty miles distant, is the port originally ceded to foreigners, but the harbor there not proving good, Che-foo was chosen instead.

Although Shantung, and the more northern port, Tien-tsin, had been but a few months opened, several missionaries of different societies were already on the ground. Mr. Hartwell, of the Southern Baptists, and Messrs. Gayley and Danforth, of our own mission, had gone on to Tung-chow; and Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, with

M. and Madame Bonheur, and M. Roa, of the French Protestant Mission, and Mr. and Mrs. Hall, English Baptists, were settled at Che-foo.

I cannot say that our Che-foo friends had secured very comfortable residences. On the contrary, they could scarcely have been more inconvenient, and I fear unhealthy, — at least they must have proved so in any other than a good climate. Mr. Holmes' house, which was rather better than the others, was a very low, one-storied Chinese building, the different rooms opening off a small enclosure or court. It was situated in the village, only a few moments' walk, however, from the country. I think the house had been supplied with board floors and glass windows, to make it fit for a foreigner to live in; but, if so, the floors were only a little raised above the ground, and there being no Venetians nor verandas, the hot summer sun beat down upon it most unmercifully. Not a tree nor shrub relieved the eye, or sheltered from the heat. The kitchen was in a small corner near the entrance. Mrs. Holmes' parlor and sleeping-room were on one side of the court; on another, was a guest-chamber; on another, a small apartment used by the natives or foreigners, as necessity required; and, on the fourth,

was a store-room of some sort, and a chapel, or Chinese reception-room.

The air, owing, in part, to the miserable way of building without outside windows, was impure and stifling, not at all calculated to conduce to the health and vigor of those obliged to breathe it.

When our fellow-passengers from the ship and ourselves were added to Mr. Holmes' family, which consisted of Mrs. Holmes and a little daughter, about two years old, and two Chinese boys whom they were educating, besides servants, it seemed as if their house was already more than full. But before night there was another arrival. Mr. and Mrs. Danforth and Mr. Hartwell came from Tung-chow, to seek medical aid for Mrs. Danforth, who had become so ill that they were afraid to remain longer in Tung-chow, where there is no physician. But warm, sympathizing hearts are always rich in expedients; the parlor had to do double duty, and for the night was turned into a bedroom, our kind host and hostess, having, however, to sleep on the floor. It was in vain that we begged the privilege of doing without a comfortable bed ourselves, rather than they should be so inconvenienced. I found out afterwards,

in some way, that they had passed an almost sleepless night, in consequence of the annoyance occasioned by *fleas*, of which, a person giving a true picture of Shantung life, is obliged often to speak. There are greater trials in life, of course, but few more irritating and provoking, than the petty persecutions of these miserable, remorseless, relentless insects.

I have not mentioned that there came in company with us from Shanghai a young Chinese girl, who was betrothed to a native Christian, associated with Mr. Holmes in his business. Their marriage took place the second evening after our arrival.

We were anxious to proceed at once to Tungchow, but were detained a day or two, by difficulty in getting our boxes off the ship.

At length, all obstacles having been removed, we started, about two P. M., on the twentieth of June. Our party consisted only of Mr. Nevius and myself, our servant, Hyiao-fong, and the mule-drivers; but being obliged, on account of the narrow roads, to go single file, it seemed quite a cavalcade. I rode in a mule-litter, Mr. Nevius and Hyiao-fong on horseback, and there were two pack mules.

A mule-litter is a kind of palanquin; the

poles supporting it rest upon mules, one before and one behind; a driver walks at their side. For a short distance it is rather agreeable, though unsociable, as a litter is intended only to carry one individual. But, after a few miles, it becomes very fatiguing, as it has no springs, and no seat for sitting erect. The mules, as they walk, impart a rough, jolting motion, or sometimes, when they chance for a little distance to keep step, a sideways swing, which some one has most appropriately termed, one the "pepper box," and the other a "sieve motion." In order to sit or lie with any degree of comfort, we place our mattresses on the bottom, with as many pillows as are at hand to lean against, and then vary our position as much and as often as possible. But after ten or twenty miles of this sort of travelling, every bone and muscle in the body seems to enter a protest, and refuses to be comfortable; no matter how desirous we are to make the best of our only practicable way of performing these long journeys.

About three miles out from Yentai, or Che-foo, is the village of Chukee, where Mr. and Mrs. Parker and Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of the American Episcopal Mission, were endeavoring to form a new station. Little Harry Parker had ridden

with me in my palanquin from Yentai, and we stopped to leave him with his mother; but as we had been rather late in starting we tarried for only a few moments' chat, and then hastened forward, so as if possible to make the first stage of our journey by daylight.

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

It was after dark when we reached an inn at the small village of Sing-tien, where we were to spend the night. I had already had some experience of the discomforts of journeying in a country without hotels, or other conveniences of travel found in Western lands, but I had never seen anything quite so forlorn as the room in which we passed that night. It was at the back

of the stable-yard, where the mules, horses, and donkeys were kept; and the odor therefrom was almost intolerable. It had but a mud floor, and paper windows, which, like the ceiling, were black with smoke, and literally festooned with cobwebs. The furniture of the room consisted of an old board bedstead, a rickety table, and perhaps a chair, while the dust, which covered all, appeared to have been accumulating for years. I suspect the room was seldom used, as the muleteers, who alone would be likely to patronize such an unpromising "hotel," slept in the one large outer apartment, upon the "kang," which I will describe hereafter.

We had brought our own mattresses and bedding, which we spread upon the tottering bedstead, in the hope of a comfortable night's rest. Soon, however, the mules and horses close by our window became uneasy, kicking and screaming, hearing which, their drivers went out, and with blows and shouts quieted them for a time. Repeatedly, in the course of the night, their services were in requisition for the same purpose, while the fleas, as if emulating the quadrupeds without in their efforts to prevent our repose, made us painfully aware of their presence also.

By five o'clock the next morning we were

again on the road. At mid-day we stopped at a much cleaner and more comfortable inn, where we took dinner and rested until two o'clock. At six in the evening we were nearing Tung-ehow. I was forcibly reminded at that time, as often afterwards, when approaching the city, of representations and descriptions of Jerusalem. Lying in nearly the same latitude, with hills and mountains in its immediate neighborhood, its walls and parapets running now low through a valley, now up over a hill-top, with occasional towers and higher buildings rising above the ordinarily low structures, and particularly the clear blue sky, against which the walls and hills stand out in bold relief, it has often suggested to my mind the holy city, without, however, any such tender associations as must ever cling to "Zion the beautiful."

Tung-ehow is situated upon the northern shore of the Shantung promontory. Although a prefectural city, it is comparatively small, having somewhat less than one hundred thousand inhabitants. It in reality consists of two separate cities, each completely enclosed with a wall. The smaller one lies close on the sea-shore, and is called the Swai-tsing, or water city; the larger is so near at hand that a stone could be flung

from its wall to the other. The streets of Tung-chow, though wider than those of southern towns, still scarcely deserve to be called roads. They are paved with stone, and are very rough. One street is paved almost entirely with old discarded millstones, which, as they are now worn smooth and slippery, are very precarious footholds for horses or mules.

Some distance from the city Mr. Hartwell's native assistant met us, having brought out Mr. Gayley's horse for my husband to ride back, as it was a better one than that he had thus far been riding. As he passed me, in order to reach the city sooner than my slow-walking mules could perform the distance, my animals started and ran away with me; not very far, nor very fast however, as the driver succeeded in stopping them before they had done other damage than to break the harness, and to alarm me somewhat.

Mr. Nevius had a similar adventure. As he was passing through the suburbs, a vicious mule, tied to a feeding-trough, broke loose, and, dragging part of the trough with it, rushed after Mr. Nevius. Its frightened owner begged him to get out of the way as fast as possible; so off they went pell-mell flying through the streets. How the race ended I do not know, but before I reached

the city Mr. Nevius had found our friends, and come back to accompany me in.

I remember well that I was not a little curious as to the kind of place in which I should find our friends located, and my husband would not satisfy my curiosity in the least; in fact, he seemed rather to enjoy my anxiety, and the relief I felt, when we passed a house of particularly forbidding exterior, to find that we did not stop there. At length a foreign lady or two standing in the street showed, without words, that our journey must be over; and at once my mules passed through a narrow gate, between high stone walls, into a paved court, where the litter was taken off, and I was delighted to find myself at the Hartwells. The warm, cordial welcome given us by them, and Mr. and Mrs. Gayley, was truly delightful. Their house, though not at all in foreign style, was sufficiently roomy for a moderately large family, and, compared with those occupied by the missionaries at Yentai, was pleasant.

Our furniture and all heavy articles had been sent in a junk from Che-foo, and arrived the next morning after we reached Tung-chow.

For several weeks the Gayleys and ourselves boarded with the Hartwells, but we felt sorry to impose such a burden upon Mrs. Hartwell, who,

though most patient and hospitable, was very delicate and unfit for so much additional care. But we had great difficulty in procuring houses. A suitable and pleasant one was then being repaired to be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Danforth. This was the *Kwan-yin tang*, temple of Kwan-yin, the Goddess of Mercy; where we afterwards passed many happy days. The only other house, which was at that time available, was a very poor one, next door to Mr. Hartwell's. As that was better than none, it was rented, and carpenters and masons set to work repairing and putting it in order. It was decided that the Gayleys and we should occupy it together. In the meanwhile we all remained at Mr. Hartwell's.

There were from the first encouraging indications that the progress of missionary work in Tung-chow would be more rapid than it had been in the older stations at the South.

Mr. Nevius, who, fortunately, had already some knowledge of Mandarin, was able at once to commence preaching and conversing with the natives. For the first few months I could study but little, as my health continued poor, and my voice was so weak that strangers could scarcely hear me. But gradually I became accustomed to the dialect. Tsao, the native assistant, who

had accompanied us from Ningpo, being an excellent Mandarin speaker, gave me many useful hints ; and, almost before I knew it, I found myself able to communicate with the natives in that dialect.

The Mandarin, or Court dialect, is spoken all over the northern provinces, but it varies much in different places. Each large city has its peculiarities of pronunciation more or less marked, and its residents can be easily recognized by persons familiar with the various places. The vernacular of Tung-chow is real Mandarin, but it has numerous sounds and phrases, never heard in Peking, or where what is called standard Mandarin is spoken.

As my health improved, I began to study in earnest ; and, if every one enjoyed it as much as I did, the acquisition of new languages would be no hardship.

It was not until the middle of July that we were able to remove into our own house, and even then the repairs were not completed. The day was intensely hot, the thermometer standing at over 90°. In the afternoon, as I was resting in a small bedroom opening off of our parlor or study, a Mandarin from a distant city called, accompanied by rather a numerous suite. Mr.

Nevius received him in the outer room. As there was no egress from the one where I was lying except through that, I was virtually a prisoner. This I would not have minded at all, had it not been that our only window, which opened on a court, had as yet no curtain nor screen, and before it the Mandarin's retainers stationed themselves, intent upon getting a view of the foreign lady. They seemed to enjoy the tableau so thoroughly as quite to forget the impropriety of their conduct. I was much annoyed, but obliged to ignore their presence. Had they come back a few hours later they would have found a closely curtained window.

Mrs. Gayley and I kept house together, dividing the work and the responsibility. Our servants, with the exception of Hiao-fong, were all quite untrained; and even he had not been taught either cooking or washing. Had our house been more conveniently arranged this would have mattered less; as it was, we were taxed almost beyond our powers of endurance.

As that place was only a sample of numerous private dwellings in Tung-chow, I will describe it as nearly as I can remember it.

The high stone wall against the street formed the outer wall of our rooms. There was no

window in it when we went there, but one was soon after opened, to allow a freer circulation of air. Just back of our room was a long court, at each side of which was a small room, one a chapel, and one Mr. Gayley's study; and beyond was Mrs. Gayley's parlor, with a bedroom opening out of it. Then came another and larger court, which was the only vacant space on the premises for drying clothes, and the like. Next was the dining-room, with a closed passage-way at one side, and between it and the kitchen was a small court. Behind the kitchen was another small house where the servants slept. The rooms at the back were all very contracted, and were entirely without a pantry or closets of any sort. Whenever I went from my room to the kitchen, I had to go through Mrs. Gayley's parlor, and three separate courts; which, either in the hot sun or in rainy weather, was no trifling journey. Some one suggested riding a donkey back and forth, but I doubted if even Mrs. Gayley's amiability would have been proof against the intrusion of that long-eared quadruped, making frequent transits through her best room. All the water used on the premises had to be brought from without, and that for drinking was carried a distance of nearly half a mile. In

our kitchen, which, by the way, was a miserable place, without a board floor or glass windows, we sometimes used a foreign cooking-stove, and sometimes a native range. We were much inconvenienced from having no guest-room, but Mr. Gayley's study was frequently used as one, and occasionally the dining-room, in which case we took our meals in Mrs. Gayley's parlor. But notwithstanding these various drawbacks, we passed a very cheerful summer. The chapel in both Mr. Hartwell's house and ours was daily opened for services; and within only a few weeks there were several hopeful inquirers.

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

person would manage to raise himself to a sufficient height to take a peep through our window, which had been purposely made at such an elevation as not to allow passers-by to gaze within.

During the month of August I was very unwell, having a return of my throat affection and other ailments, brought on, my husband was sure, by over-exertion in attending to the washing department. For several weeks I was unable to speak except in a whisper, and was obliged to remit study; and could do but little work of any sort. Both the Hartwells and Gayleys had left Shanghai in poor health, but their restoration after reaching Tung-chow was very rapid. We were not at all disappointed in the climate. Though the weather during some months of summer was hot, the effect of the heat was unlike that of either Shanghai or Ningpo. In a good foreign-built house I think we should not have suffered from it at all. The atmosphere was clear and bracing, and for many weeks there was scarcely any rain. Day after day the sun rose in a cloudless sky, while the fresh sea-breezes prevented the heat from becoming extreme.

Every one seemed to be gaining in health except poor Mrs. Danforth. For her, the change

to this favorable climate brought no relief. She and her husband remained at Yentai; but from week to week we heard of her failing strength. She had looked forward with delight to being settled in a quiet home of their own, and fancied that the realization of her wish might restore her wasted energies. Although to a person so ill as she, the long, hard ride from Che-foo to Tung-chow, with no more comfortable conveyance than a mule-litter, seemed utterly impracticable, her friends at length yielded to her earnest desire, and the journey was undertaken; and, in fact, she did not seem injured by it. But one glance at her emaciated form was sufficient to convince one not blinded by hope, that her days on earth were nearly ended.

Mr. and Mrs. Danforth went at once to the Kwan-yin temple, where one room had been completed, and hastily put in order. The poor invalid was laid upon her bed, from which she was never again to rise. Masons and carpenters were at work close at hand; but she seemed scarcely to notice them, so happy was she to be at home. It was not in our power to procure for her the many delicacies, and almost necessaries, which are found in sick-rooms in our own country. As I look back at her long and painful

illness, my heart aches to think of the many trials and deprivations to which she was subject.

She failed very rapidly ; and, only two weeks after reaching Tung-chow, she went to join the blessed company of the "just made perfect" in heaven. Could we then have looked forward a few years into the future, how clearly we would have understood that she was indeed "taken away from the evil to come."

When all but her husband had relinquished hope of Mrs. Danforth's recovery, and her other friends were daily anticipating her departure, we remembered sadly that we were strangers in a strange land, without even a spot in which we might bury our dead. It became necessary at once to make definite arrangements ; and the gentlemen of the two missions went to the officers to ask to be allowed to purchase some place suitable to be used as a mission graveyard. They were kindly received, and the magistrate readily gave the assurance that any ground which might be selected for such a purpose should be secured to us.

Close by the sea-shore, about a mile from our dwellings, are bold, treeless bluffs, too rocky and bleak for cultivation. Though close to the water-city, they are seldom visited, and are quiet even

to loneliness. One of these bluffs was chosen for our graveyard. The ascent to it from the city is gradual; but on the other sides it is abrupt, and difficult of access, while at its base the ocean breaks with one continuous sound, — now soft and low, and again, when the winds sweep over its bosom, like a pealing anthem of some grand cathedral service. Never was mass or requiem said or sung more deep and tender than the ocean's dirge as it moans and sobs on the rocky beach of our Hill Cemetery at Tung-chow. The view from the summit is lovely. Far off to the north and east stretch the blue waters of the Gulf of Pechele; while to the west and south are the two cities, and a wide extent of country highly cultivated and picturesque.

To this sweet spot, on the evening of the fifteenth of September, we brought all that was mortal of our dear Mrs. Danforth.

Hers was the first grave of any Protestant missionary in the Province of Shantung.

CHAPTER XIII.

DESCRIPTION OF SHANTUNG.—INCURSION OF THE
REBELS.

CHINA, in the Eastern Hemisphere, corresponds in many striking respects to the United States, in the Western. Its area is about the same, and, lying in nearly the same degrees of latitude, it has similar variations of climate, as also of natural productions.

To a person who has lived long in Ningpo, the change from that region to the Shantung Province is very great. Ningpo has been described as “very hot in summer, very cold in winter, and damp the year round;” while it would not be inaccurate to say of Shantung, that it is not extremely warm in summer, nor very cold in winter; and, with the exception of a few weeks in summer, is dry the year round. In Ningpo, the mercury seldom sinks to the freezing-point, and never more than a few degrees below it; while in Shantung, it sometimes

falls nearly to zero. But in Ningpo, owing to the debilitating effects of the summer's heat, and the dampness and frequent changes, we are more susceptible to cold than in the North, and require even warmer clothing.

The eastern part of the Shantung Province is a rocky promontory, bounded on the north by the Gulf of Pechelee, and on the south and east by the Yellow Sea. It is very mountainous; but in the vicinity of Tung-chow the mountains are not usually high. The valleys are fertile and richly cultivated. Although the population is not nearly as dense as in the southern provinces, the last census estimated it at 27,000,000, — nearly three-fourths that of the whole United States.

It is not common, either in the north or south of China, to see solitary farm-houses. The people usually dwell, either in cities and villages, or in the numerous little hamlets scattered over the plains, or nestling among the hills.

I was much disappointed in the roads of Shantung, which I had heard described as really road-like, contrasting favorably with those of Southern China. They are wider, to be sure, but ill made, rough, and disagreeable; and, in the parts which I have seen, not fit for foreign

carriages of any description. The natives have no wheeled vehicles, with the exception of a kind of cart, which, by some strange misnomer, is often called by foreigners a "chariot." I suspect it may bear a striking likeness to the "chariots" of poor "Pharaoh and his host;" but I doubt if, since that time, anything quite so clumsy and ungainly has borne so pretentious a name. This cart is a small, covered box, without seats or springs, and rests upon two great heavy, wooden wheels. You seldom see these "chariots" at Tung-chow, but on the plains they are more common. Horses, mules, and donkeys are all used as beasts of burden, but horses are not very numerous. You see comparatively few sedan chairs in Shantung, though they are used on certain occasions. Women usually ride on horseback, or on mules or donkeys, led by a servant. They always sit astride. A thick veil covers their faces; but they are, of course, much more exposed than they would be in covered sedans.

The soil of Shantung varies in the different localities. Its productions are very like those of the northern and middle States of America. Millet, sorghum, wheat, and maize are extensively cultivated. Sweet potatoes, and numerous

varieties of beans, together with onions, turnips, cabbages, leeks, melons, cucumbers, radishes, etc., etc., are found in abundance.

The fruits of Shantung are very poor, many of them scarcely fit for use. There are apples, pears, peaches, plums, grapes, and apricots, of which only the last two compare at all favorably with the same fruits at home.

As I have elsewhere remarked, there are few forest or shade trees in Shantung; and not nearly as many nor as beautiful flowers as are found at the South. Still, the hills at certain seasons are almost covered with sweet, modest wild flowers. I would not, by any means, give the impression that Shantung is a treeless, barren country; but only that it presents fewer floral beauties than Japan, or the more southern and moister climates of China.

I do not think the birds of Shantung are very numerous, but I remember, among them, some sweet singers; particularly, a species of lark, which, soaring in mid air, pauses on the wing, and warbles forth a song which fills the air with melody.

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

enduring great exertion. We could but notice the large proportion of persons of advanced age, as compared with that class at Ningpo.

The houses of Tung-chow are built of stone and brick. They are almost invariably of one story. They seldom have board floors; and their windows are simply lattice-work, with paper pasted over it. The furniture is very scanty, consisting merely of a few tables, stands, and chairs; besides the inevitable "kang," which is the bed by night, and the divan and lounging-place for the whole family by day. Women, when at leisure, or when engaged in sewing, usually sit *à la Turk* on their "kangs;" and they are also apt to take their meals there. The "kang" is a platform of mason work about two feet high, varying in size according to the wants of the family. It is sometimes not larger than an ordinary bedstead, but very frequently occupies the whole side of a room, being perhaps twelve feet long, and, at least, six wide. It is so constructed that fire can be kindled below, with a flue for carrying the heat and smoke to every part, so that it becomes thoroughly warm, though not hot. As it retains its warmth a long while, persons sleeping upon it are not likely to suffer from cold, even though they may

have but little covering. The heat of these kang is to me very disagreeable, but the natives seem to enjoy it.

Although the climate of the northern provinces is so cold, no use is made of stoves nor fireplaces, nor of braziers, such as are common in Japan; the nearest approach to them being these kang, which I have just described. In the cold weather, the natives wear thickly wadded garments, adding one to another until they resemble walking feather-beds. To keep their feet and hands warm, they often use foot-stoves, and tiny hand-stoves, which are both pretty and useful. Indeed, I do not know what the poor women would do without them. Fuel is very scarce and expensive in China; that is, in those places where we have lived. The natives resort to all sorts of expedients to secure enough for the simplest cooking purposes. Dry grass and roots, and straw are often used for boiling the tea-kettle, and straw is always, I believe, burned in the kang. You very often see a little girl sitting on the floor beside these oven-like beds, or the cooking range, thrusting straw into the opening, a little at a time, keeping up a steady blaze.

Foreigners in China burn both wood and coal. I scarcely know which is preferable.

There are coal mines in various parts of the empire, but as yet they have been very poorly developed. I presume they will hereafter become a source of revenue to the government, as well as a great convenience to the inhabitants, in the scarcity of fuel which is so characteristic of the country.

It was in the Province of Shantung more than two thousand years ago that the great Confucius and his distinguished pupil Mencius were born. "The tomb of the former, who died B. C. 479, at Kih-fau, is a majestic monument, embosomed in a forest of oaks, whose gloomy shades are well fitted for nourishing the respect and homage paid his memory."

Little commerce is carried on between Shantung and the adjacent countries. There is some intercourse between Tung-chow and Corea, and Kwan-tung across the Pechelee Bay, but there are very few junks, or sea-going vessels of any kind, as compared with the southern provinces.

I have given this hasty glance at the country and people of Shantung, in order that any one who has followed our wanderings thus far may be able to form a somewhat definite idea of our new and last China home. We found the people simple-minded, and unsophisticated; and at

first remarkably well-disposed towards foreigners.

A few days after the death of Mrs. Danforth we removed to the Kwang-yin tang (that is, Temple of the Goddess of Mercy). This was a small establishment a short distance from the other mission houses. At that time it belonged to an old Buddhist priest who was an opium-smoker, and, like many of his class, in impoverished circumstances; so that he was desirous of making some money even at the sacrifice of pride and prejudice. It was only this which induced him to rent or lease us the temple, on such terms that our mission will be able to retain it for an indefinite term of years. We would have preferred on most accounts to live in a more busy and populous part of the city; but still this place answered our purpose very well.

Kwang-yin tang was on three sides surrounded by vegetable gardens, only a small corner of which was rented by us; while the remainder was cultivated by outside persons with whom we had no connection. There was rather a pretentious porch and gate at the main entrance on the street, but we nearly always made use of a small door a little at one side. A high wall separated the outer court from the inner one, on three sides

of which were our apartments. The main room of the temple was at first a cheerless, dark place, with several idols, large and small, occupying a prominent position on a raised platform at the back of the room. When we went there to live, the whole was so changed that it could scarcely have been recognized as a temple at all. A partition divided the once large room into two smaller ones, which we used as parlor and bedroom. The idols had all been enclosed with mason work, neatly plastered and whitewashed. A large glass window opened from both rooms upon the court in front, and the vegetable garden behind, and a good board floor had taken the place of the old one of brick, or rather had been placed a little distance above the bricks. On the court side was a wide veranda; on the right and left were two other good-sized buildings, which served nicely for dining and guest rooms. The kitchen was in a corner of another tiny court; and Mr. Nevius' study was a small, low room on a court in the opposite corner. In order to go either to the dining or guest room, kitchen or study, in fact, to any part of the house besides our two rooms, we had to go some little distance in the open air. The apartments which were afterwards used for the school, and

also those occupied by the servants, were on the sides of the outside court, and in a building which we had erected, situated at a still further remove.

I cannot say that I should recommend the Kwang-yin tang as a perfect model for convenience or elegance. In stormy, or cold weather, it was neither safe nor agreeable to have to run through the rain or snow, when I was obliged to attend to domestic matters in the kitchen, or to oversee the girls in the school-room. Still, with all its disadvantages, I liked the place. Just in front of the dining-room door was an old arbor vitæ, so tall and aspiring that it seemed as if determined to see out beyond the narrow confines of its little enclosure; while opposite it was a pretty young willow with graceful branches sweeping the ground. These two trees, the only ones in the court, were great pets of mine. The arbor vitæ was a favorite with other living creatures also, the magpies, in particular, often congregating there and chattering with very boisterous voices.

It seems almost trifling to describe so minutely our house and its surroundings, but as some persons have expressed a desire to know "just what kind of houses we live in, and how they are fur-

nished," I will venture still further to say that our parlor had in winter a common "in-grain" carpet, and a foreign "gas-consuming" air-tight stove; a mirror, and several good pictures on the walls; a large American rocking-chair, and some other easy-chairs, and an *étagère*; besides a chintz-covered lounge, and a Japanese cabinet, which I used for a workstand. The other rooms had less furniture, but all that was really necessary.

The ceilings of our house were composed of the stalks of kao-liang, or sorghum, tied together, and attached to the rafters, with coarse paper pasted over it, and that carefully white-washed. When it is new and well done, this kind of ceiling looks nicely, and answers its purpose very well indeed. My kitchen was too small, but much better than I had ever had before, being furnished with a little pantry, and a cooking-stove, — two luxuries in house-keeping.

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

The side building, which I have spoken of as a guest-room, was occupied by Mr. Danforth, who boarded with us until his return to the United States.

Before we were settled in the temple, and while workmen were still engaged in certain parts of the house, rumors reached us of an invasion from a band of rebels called tu-fe or nien-fe (that is, thieves or banditti). Coming from the East, they swarmed over our section of the promontory, visiting not only the cities, or such of them as they dared attack, but also small villages in the country.

A few extracts from letters written to my parents about this date will give a better idea of that sad month of October, and a few days preceding it, than I could give from memory only, —

“September 21st. — Away up here, hundreds of miles from Nankin, the head-quarters of the Chang-mao (long-haired rebels), we are now in a ferment of excitement on account of a threatened attack from insurgents of some sort, probably only local banditti. It is said they are now besieging Hwang-hien, a city twenty miles distant, which Mr. Nevius and Mr. Gayley visited a few weeks since.

“Several of the Tung-chow city gates are kept closed by day, and all are shut at sunset, — some hours earlier than is usual. This evening as Mr. Nevius and I were going out for a short ride, we were told at the gate, that we must be back

early, or we would not be able to enter the city. We noticed great numbers of country people hastening to gain protection within the walls, — women, some of them carrying one or two children, riding a donkey or mule, and a man trudging along at their side. One old woman, astride a mule, had a large load of grass strapped each side of her. There were a good many soldiers on the walls keeping watch, ready to ward off intruders should they make their appearance. A day or two ago, in consequence of a very alarming rumor, the city banks had a great run upon them, their note issues being presented for specie payment. A proclamation was put out by the authorities stating that a bill for a thousand cash would only be allowed six hundred, and so on in that proportion. The next day matters were better, though still somewhat troublesome. One thing which makes it probable that the tu-fe will not molest this place, is that Tung-chow has the reputation of being a very poor city, with hardly enough wealth to pay the robbers for capturing it. It is quite possible, however, that we may soon be in a state of siege.

“September 23d. — Last evening, about nine o'clock, Mr. Nevius had a visit from one of the city officials with whom he has become ac-

quainted. This officer has gone out to-day with a band of soldiers in the direction in which the rebels are said to be, to drive them away; or at least, to show them that they are on the watch; and more particularly to give confidence to the people, who are fearfully excited. His object in calling last night was to borrow our horses for the expedition. It seemed a strange idea to come to borrow foreigners' horses for such a purpose; but Mr. Nevius and Mr. Gayley promised him theirs, and were rather glad to do so, because he has been kind and obliging to us, and they are pleased to have an opportunity to make him some slight return. We hear that he is to ride to-day in his sedan chair, only occasionally mounting the horses. J—— suggests that he will be likely to make use of the latter, in case he gets too near the rebels; as he would have hard work to escape in his heavy chair, with four bearers. How ridiculous to think of going to fight shut up in a closed sedan! By the way, this man is the one through whom we secured the site for our cemetery. It happened to be upon public lands which could not be sold; and the missionaries felt uncomfortably about taking it without being able to secure a title. Our assistant, Tsao, called upon the officer and explained to him that

the foreigners would much prefer paying for the land. The officer assured him that no difficulty would ensue in consequence, but that it was quite impossible to sell that ground, as it belonged to the emperor. "But," he added, "if your foreign friends feel uncomfortably about it, why, Mr. Nevius has a very fine *stereoscope*, and, if he pleases, he can just send me *that!* (The stereoscope, which it seemed he so much admired and coveted, was one which had been sent me by a brother, and I prized it so much that I did not care to part with it. But I believe another, equally good, was ordered from Shanghai, and presented to his Excellency.) Our nights at this time are greatly disturbed by a noisy patrol in the streets. Every time they pass our window they give a tremendous twang to their gong, enough, certainly, to frighten away sleep from the citizens, if not to alarm the rebels.

"October 9th. — Since I last wrote you, we have passed through a very trying time. During the latter part of last week, rumors from the rebels became still more definite and alarming. People from the country came flying to the city. The gates were all shut and barricaded, but thousands were drawn up over the walls by ropes. Among this number was Mr. Gayley, who, having re-

turned from Yentai (Che-foo), had no other way of reaching his house. Mr. Nevius and a Chinaman pulled him up with a rope. On Saturday I was ill and could not leave the house, but Sunday I was upon the wall a short time, and while there saw a whole family thus drawn up; among whom were several women, young and old, and one ten-days-old baby. I had my doubts whether this little personage would reach the top alive, as it was bundled up so tightly that I feared it would be smothered; and, besides, it received a good many hard bumps in making the ascent. But a loud, healthy cry, and a sight of its little red face, reassured me. The young and active women, as they were being hauled up, braced themselves out at a right angle from the wall, and partly walked up its nearly perpendicular face. But one old woman just gave herself up as a dead weight, and so came up rubbing and striking against the stones.

“A strange sight met our eyes as we looked over the wall, at the bottom of which there were literally thousands of ownerless mules and donkeys, running wildly about, apparently much puzzled and annoyed at their unwonted freedom. Their masters, having ridden to the foot of the wall, had been obliged to leave their animals

there, with only a faint hope of ever seeing them again. But what will not a man sacrifice in order to save his life! We have been told that many women flying from the rebels, in their terror and desperation, have thrown their little children into rivers and ponds at the road-side, in order to prevent their falling into the hands of their enemies. Nearly every evening we see, in the red glare of the clouds, the reflected light of burning villages; and in the daytime heavy smoke rising here and there, in places more or less remote, tells the same sad story.

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

“Yesterday the gate nearest us was opened for a short time, and Mr. Nevius and Mr. Danforth embraced the opportunity to ride out on horseback. They went a long way, and did not get back until evening. I was terribly anxious about them. It seemed to me very imprudent to venture out at such a time; for, though the main army may now be miles distant, we know that bands of rebels have been very near us.

They witnessed most fearful sights. Not quite a mile from the city, noticing an unusual appearance in a certain spot, they rode to it, and there lay six or eight well-dressed and very respectable women, dead by the roadside. Each had a rope round her neck, which was worn and red, and the lacerated back of one of them showed very plainly that their heartless captors had been dragging them over the ground. Nestling close at the side of the women, who were doubtless their mothers, were several little children, also dead. There were no marks of violence upon them, and probably the little ones had died of starvation. Only the day before, as we were upon the city wall, we had noticed some objects moving at or near this spot, and had we been able to go thither sooner, we might have saved these poor children from their sad fate. The gentlemen visited a village some miles from Tung-chow, the inhabitants of which had with great bravery endeavored to protect themselves from the rebels; but overpowered by superior numbers, they had been conquered and cut down, and there they were lying in various places and attitudes, just as the rebels had left them. One poor creature was tied to a tree, his blackened body showing plainly that he had been

tortured by fire, and another, also tied to a tree, had been literally hacked to pieces.

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

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

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

“ We have now staying with us, a family whom Mr. Nevius found a few nights since in the streets. The man, whose name is Fan-yin-tai, is badly wounded, and we have many fears for his recovery. A band of rebels attacked his village, and the villagers fought and drove them off. A few days later they came in greater numbers. Hearing of their approach, Fan-yin-tai took his family and concealed them on the top of a high hill. He then went back to his house to procure food and other necessaries. These he had placed upon a donkey, and was already half a mile from his house, on his return to his family, when the rebels overtook him, and at once attacked him. As they struck his head, he naturally threw up his hands to protect it, and thus both his hands and head have received frightful wounds, nearly twenty in all. We may be able to save his life, but he cannot possibly recover the perfect use of his hands. His family consists of his wife and child and an aged grandmother. It goes to my heart to witness their distress; but they bear it bravely. I ought to have mentioned that this poor, wounded man actually carried his mother upon his back a great part of the distance between his home and Tungchow; she having become unable to walk.

“October 11th. — We are expecting to send off our man Chong-shu to Yentai to-night. He will travel after dark, in order to avoid observation should he pass through the vicinity of the rebels.

“We are more quiet to-day, and hope our difficulties may be nearly over. One cause of anxiety at present is the non-arrival of the Culbertsons, whom we have been expecting for weeks, from Shanghai. A steamer from the South reports having seen a Siamese vessel (probably the one in which the Culbertsons sailed) dismasted, and evidently attempting to get in to shore; so where our friends are now is altogether uncertain. They may have been driven by stress of weather farther down the coast, or they may have been lost at sea. But we will hope for the best. [The Culbertsons were driven down the coast in a typhoon, as far as Amoy, which place they reached in safety.]

“October 12th. — The man did not go last evening, as was expected, it being thought best to detain him a day or two. There is a report that Yentai has been captured by the rebels; another report says that there was an engagement between them and the foreigners, in which the latter were worsted, and obliged to send off

for reinforcements. Just at dusk this evening, J—— and Mr. Danforth were on the wall at the east gate, and some one came to them saying that there was a foreigner desiring to gain admission to the city. Looking through the embrasures, they saw Mr. Andrew Holmes, a brother of Rev. J. L. Holmes, of Yentai. After some difficulty, they succeeded in getting the gate opened. Mr. Holmes was just returning from Tien-tsin (near Peking), having made the long journey alone, on horseback. He speaks of the country through which he has passed, as one scene of desolation; the rebels having passed over his route before him, burning villages, capturing or killing the inhabitants, and not only so, but putting to death every living creature. He says in some places the streets were so crowded with dead bodies of donkeys, cattle, dogs, and fowls, besides many, many human corpses, that he was scarcely able to pass.

“ A terrible rumor has reached us this evening from Yentai; whether it is true or not we have no means of ascertaining, but we have many fears. It is said that when the tu-fe approached Yentai, Rev. Mr. Holmes and either Mr. Dudley Smith or Mr. Parker, of the American Episcopal Mission, went out to meet them, *and have not*

returned! We were at tea at Mr. Hartwell's, with Mr. A. Holmes, when this story was brought there by the Chinese. Mr. Holmes had run great risks in his journey from Peking, every mile having been beset with danger; and he felt safe and happy to be at Tung-chow, so near his home. It seemed too sad that he should hear such news. I think he felt at once that the probabilities were that it was true. He will, I suppose, leave in the morning for Yentai, though the route is not considered safe. His anxiety is so intense that he prefers to run some risk rather than wait longer. We will send our letters by him. It may be a long while before you hear from us again, as communication is difficult. It is possible that we may be obliged to leave Tung-chow for a time; that is, if we can by any possibility get away. If the rebels return, as they threaten to do, the place would no doubt be surrounded, so that we might find it impossible to escape either by sea or by land. It is a comfort to see the entire confidence with which we are regarded by the natives. They evidently know that we are their friends.

“ Within the last few days, several individuals have been captured within the walls, supposed to be spies. They were executed at once.

“Much fear has been felt that the rebels would attempt to set fire to the city, and, during the excitement, gain admission and easily capture it.

“Thursday, October 18th. — It is nearly two weeks since our friends Mr. Parker and Mr. Holmes met their sad fate at the hands of the rebels. The rumor which reached us the night when Mr. Andrew Holmes arrived from Tientsin, proved to be true. There was an impression among foreigners at Yentai, that these banditti had some connection with those at Nankin, who had thus far shown some deference to foreigners; and it was supposed that there would be little or no danger from seeking an interview with them, while much good might be done in inducing them to assume a different policy, perhaps ensuring the safety of the town of Yentai, and other villages in that vicinity. With some such hopes as these, the two gentlemen left their homes; while neither they nor their friends were at all disturbed by anticipations of danger. They could not, I think, have known as much as we at Tung-chow, of the true character of the tu-fe. On the morning after leaving home they found themselves near a large body of the rebels, and still not suspecting danger, they went forward right into the face of death. Of the

minute and distressing particulars of this sad event, I must not speak further here. Nor of those two sad watchers at Yentai. As day after day passed, and a torturing possibility grew into certainty, their grief was such as a stranger ought neither to 'intermeddle with,' nor attempt to describe.

"Messrs. Parker and Smith lived, as I have said, at Chukee, about three miles back from Yentai; Mrs. Holmes had gone to pass the time of her husband's absence with them. They did not quit their house until one midnight a messenger came with horses and a letter from the kind and considerate English Consul at Che-foo, begging them to leave at once as the rebels were close at hand. They did so, but were scarcely out of the village, when it was entered by the advance of the rebel army. Their house was plundered, many articles of value were carried off, and much was wantonly destroyed.

"October 23d. — Mr. Nevius had a call to-day from a man who was carried off by the rebels about a month ago, and only a few days since made his escape from them. He represents their numbers as almost beyond computation. He says there are three different bands, distinguished by, and usually called the white, red, and

black flags; the latter is said to be the most cruel and blood-thirsty. He says the section he was with did not often take life, unless resistance was offered, and then they never hesitated to do so. He represents them as less courageous than I had supposed; and says they are exceedingly afraid of firearms, of which they have few or none. To prevent their captives from escaping, they dress them in their own clothes, so that they must inevitably be taken for rebels, and when making an attack, place them in the thickest of the fight, taking care that enough of their own men are near them to prevent their making their escape. They are particularly fond of capturing little boys, whom they dress in fine clothes and allow to ride the horses. The company which has been in this vicinity had the black flag. They captured a great many women and young girls. This poor man says that when his family found that he had been carried off, all of them drowned themselves, with the exception of two or three little children, who are all that are left of a once large household. Probably they feared being taken also, or possibly they were beside themselves with terror. I do not wonder at their fright, poor things!

“ Aside from our own danger, we have suffered

more than I can express, in witnessing the miseries of the poor natives. In passing through the streets, we often see persons with their heads apparently half severed from their bodies; while wounds and bruises of various descriptions meet our eyes on every side. Mr. Gayley's and Mr. Hartwell's houses have been turned into temporary hospitals; and these gentlemen are most kindly devoting themselves to dressing wounds, and providing simple remedies such as are within their reach. Fewer wounded persons have come to us on account of our place being in a less crowded thoroughfare; still we have had many demands upon our time and sympathies. How often I wish that I had some medical skill, it would be so useful here! I hope never again to feel such need of a knowledge of *surgery*; but that also would often be invaluable to a lady as well as a gentleman. Why would it not be well for ladies contemplating missionary life to devote some time to medical studies, or at least to gain some practical insight into the mysteries of nursing, and the elements of medical science? Our Romanist sisters have made much use of this means of gaining an influence. With a spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice well worthy of imitation, they go among the poor natives, dressing wounds

and sores, and seeking to relieve not only their spiritual, but their temporal wants. Protestant medical missionaries have also performed a good and noble work of the same kind; but I see no good reason why it must be confined to men only.

“October 26th. — We are all quiet at present, and have no more fear of the rebels returning before next spring. They have gone, it is said, to their haunts in the south-western corner of this province. What a comfort it is to feel safe and easy again! How thankful we are that in this time of danger we have been kept in safety! It has been good for us to be thus cut off from all human aid, and made to realize our dependence upon God alone. We have found him an all-sufficient help in this our time of danger, and I hope we shall trust him more implicitly in the future. Our friends in Yentai were much surprised at our remaining in Tung-chow, away from foreign protection, but we are glad that we were able to do so. The people seem to feel more confidence in us than before. This communion in suffering has created a bond of sympathy between us.

“We have a comfortable and pleasant home. The old temple with its foreign adornings, glass

windows, board floors, etc., scarcely knows itself, so changed is it from the gloomy old Kwan-yin tang.”

The weather, all through this autumn of 1861, was charming; and the atmosphere so pure and health-giving that, in spite of all anxieties and inconveniences, I, as well as the other invalids, grew much stronger; and, to my joy, I was soon able to commence more systematic study of the language,—not only the vernacular, but also the written character.

Mr. Nevius spent much time in his study, hard at work upon his book-making, not, however, to the exclusion of chapel-preaching, and occasional itinerating. In company with the other missionaries, he visited the neighboring cities and villages, preaching and distributing books. I remember that on one of these days, coming back from Hwang-hien, he was obliged to walk fifteen miles. He had gone with my pony, which, not being strong, gave out, so that he was afraid to ride him. Another day he had an equally hard tramp over the hills in another direction. He went to visit the wounded man Fan yin-tai. Not familiar with the road, he had much difficulty in finding the right village, so that the day was well spent before he could start homewards.

The weather proved inclement, and the road over the mountains was so stony and bad that he was obliged to walk for ten miles, leading his horse. I was thankful to see him home safely, especially as the country was then still infested by small bands of robbers.

CHAPTER XIV.

VARIOUS INCIDENTS AT TUNG-CHOW.— CHOLERA.

OUR first winter in Tung-chow was a pleasant one. We had never been more isolated; even Shanghai and Ningpo seemed very far away. I think we were two full months without receiving a mail; and that too, at a time when matters in America were in a state to occasion us the greatest anxiety. As I have no "journal" of that period, I shall make occasional extracts from letters to my parents, or other home friends.

Reading over these old letters has brought to mind very vividly some of the events of that quiet winter. On the 7th of December I wrote: "Mr. Nevius has gone out to our new chapel to commence an evening service. He expects hereafter to be there about every third night. It is rather lonely for me to have him so much away; but I would not detain him from these services, if I could. Our long winter evenings are about the pleasantest time we have, when I am reading,

writing, or sewing, and Mr. Nevius sits near me studying. I am sometimes sorry he does not take his evenings for recreation, and general reading; but he thinks it necessary, in order to accomplish all he wishes, to keep plodding on in the way he does. He has scarcely read an English work since he has been in China. He has now in the press at Shanghai, or already printed, a book called 'Guide to Heaven,' — a tract on Ancestral Worship; 'Mark, with Notes,' and one volume of Theology; and he has about ready to be printed a second volume; also 'The Assistant's Manual,' and a tract called 'The Two Lights' (that is, those of Nature and Revelation). He is at present preparing the third volume of Theology, which, when finished, will make about half of the contemplated 'Compendium.'

“ You will be glad to know that my health is much better than it has been for a long while. I am busy all day, and some days am not obliged to lie down to rest at all. I get tired enough by night, but am not made ill by fatigue, as I heretofore have so often been.

“ December 17th. — Evening. Mr. Nevius is away again at chapel. He has invariably had good audiences, who listen with attention and in-

terest. It certainly seems as if the Tung-chow people are more easily influenced than the Chinese generally are.

“ I have just engaged a female servant. I have had none since coming here, and should not care for one now, except on account of learning the language. Although Mandarin is spoken all over the north of China, local peculiarities are very marked. Tung-chow is full of provincialisms. Moreover, “ women’s talk ” is very different from men’s, and it is much harder for us to understand them, or they us. I can speak Mandarin pretty well, but make wretched work with these Tung-chow women. Most unfortunately, the woman who has come to me as a servant, I find, is not a native of this place, and her dialect is very different from this. I scarcely know what to do ; for I am sure she will not wish to leave me, and yet she will be but little help in learning this language.

“ I had a visit to-day from two ladies, the wife and sister of Suen sin-sang, Mr. Nevius’ teacher. The former I liked very much, she is so sweet and lady-like. They had been out to dine, and were in full dress. My dress is very common compared with that of a well-dressed Chinese woman. I never mean to be shabby ; but the absence of

satin, embroidery, and flowers, must make us seem plain to them even in our best 'gear.'

"I am very much occupied just now out of study hours, in getting ready for Christmas. I can make but few presents this year. Tung-chow has the poorest shops of any place I ever lived in. We can buy scarcely anything either for use or ornament. Mr. Nevius is sadly in need of a pair of warm winter gloves. I must try to make him some; I think I can cut them out of cloth and maybe cover the backs with fur.

"December 28th. — I had a little company on Christmas, but the kitchen was so cold that I could not remain in it long enough to make very elaborate preparations. After all, we contrived a little interchange of presents. J—— gave me two pretty fur rugs. I gave him a watch-case: — the gloves, I am sorry to say, were not a 'success.' I debated long whether to present Mrs. G. a pair of button-hole scissors, or a *copper tea-kettle* (which I brought from Japan), but decided upon the former. Mrs. H. received a pin-cushion, which I have enjoyed making for her. Mrs. Gayley gave me a lamp-mat, and a *pair of mittens*; Mrs. H., a beautiful muslin 'set,' collar and cuffs (which she had ordered

from Shanghai), and a *goose!* So you may feel sure that for one good dinner at least we are provided. A few other little gifts were also made and received.

“Ningpo, we hear, is in the hands of the rebels, but we have had no letters from there, nor indeed from anywhere, for about six weeks. We feel very much out of the world, especially since winter set in, and our mails have been so irregular. The last, we hear, was by some mistake carried up to Tien-tsin, and there the mail steamer got frozen in; so that we will have to wait until it can be brought back overland.

“I find the acquisition of ‘the character’ very fascinating, and to my surprise I acquire it readily. Still it is an almost endless work. I wonder how J——, with his other duties, has been able to gain so good a knowledge of it. If I am well, and able to study, in the course of a few months I can read very simple books; but it will be long before I can use it in composition. It is more than a month since I commenced, and I know only three or four hundred characters. If you would like to see some specimens just examine any China tea-chest, and I think you will be sure to find some there.

“March 3d. — Yesterday was an important

and interesting time to us. Three persons were admitted to the church. Of these, one is our servant Ahpao; who came with the Danforths from Ningpo. I think he has been seriously inclined ever since the death of Mrs. Danforth. Another is Lin sin-sang, Mr. Gayley's teacher. He is a scholar with a degree. I suppose he is a very intellectual man, and a good writer; but he has always been particularly disagreeable to me. He has some odd ways, which are amusing, though at times rather annoying. He usually carries about a *dog-skin* to sit upon; and last summer, when he was employed as Mr. Nevius' teacher, he used always to bring it with him, and carefully spread it upon our chairs, before seating himself. He is also very dainty, and apparently affected in other respects. But still, the gentlemen think well of him, and I trust he may prove a good and useful man.

“The other person who was yesterday received into the church is Mr. Chang, who is acting as a scribe for Mr. Nevius; and also as my teacher. He does not seem naturally a strong character, yet he has shown a great deal of firmness in his determination to become a Christian; his family being much opposed to it. One evening not long since, as he was coming here to attend

Bible class, his older brother met him and began to abuse him for having disgraced himself and his family by adhering to the foreigners' religion. Finding that words had little effect, he tried blows, and had nearly torn poor Chang's clothes off him. Finally Mr. Chang said, 'Now, elder brother, if you kill me you cannot shake my purpose; for I will be a Christian.' Hearing which, his brother left him, saying, 'Very well then, from this hour you cease to be my brother!'

"Some time since we felt greatly encouraged about Suen sin-sang. He is a fine-looking, gentlemanly man, of very good family. He is now poor, and an opium-smoker. He did not at first seem favorably impressed by Christianity; but his interest increased, and it was evident that he had become intellectually convinced of its truth long before he felt willing to yield obedience to its commands. Mr. Nevius labored most faithfully with him, and they had daily long and earnest conversations. At length we hoped that the matter was decided, and that Suen was willing to confess the Saviour, no matter what obstacles might oppose. But in this we were mistaken; and I cannot express the trial it has been to us. He meets with violent opposition in

his family ; and, instead of standing firm, he is evidently inclined to yield. His wife, whom I thought so gentle and interesting, it seems is often quite the contrary. She is unusually bright and intelligent, and must also be possessed of a wonderful amount of determination and courage, which qualities she exhibited lately in a singular way. She was trying to dissuade Suen from joining the church, and, finding him rather obstinate, she vowed that if he did so she would commit suicide ; and, in attestation of the sincerity of her purpose, seized a large knife and cut her finger quite to the bone.

“But what seems to have most influence upon Suen is the fact that his mother, to whom he has always been accustomed to yield implicit obedience, positively forbids his being a Christian. The family try all sorts of ways to keep him from coming to church on the Sabbath. Once they hid his clothes, so that he could not dress until late in the day ; and again they locked him in a room, and kept him there until after the hour for service. Fancy a foreign gentleman being deprived of his liberty in any such way ! I am quite out of patience with Suen ; but Mr. Nevius has still much sympathy for him.

“Mr. and Mrs. Gayley are at Yentai ; they

were obliged to go there to have a tooth of Mrs. Gayley's extracted. She had been suffering intensely for days, but none of the gentlemen felt able to undertake the rather difficult dental operation."

Suen sin-sang proved to be a real "missionary trial." From the time in which he began to show signs of vacillation in yielding to his wife's and mother's opposition to Christianity, his course was steadily downwards. He soon gave up all profession of interest in religion, and, not only so, he became an opposer; and we heard, after he had left Mr. Nevius' employ, that he took particular pleasure in spreading injurious reports respecting us. He also returned to his practice of opium-smoking, of which he had apparently been entirely cured.

Mrs. Suen had been in the habit of visiting me; but her visits were discontinued, and before long we lost all trace of the family.

In the month of April, Mr. Danforth was taken very ill, and it became necessary that he should go to Che-foo in order to consult a physician. Mr. Nevius and I accompanied him. He was kindly received by one of the missionary families, and after a few days was so much improved that Mr. Nevius ventured to leave him,

and go, in company with Mr. Smith, of the American Episcopal Mission, on an itinerating tour round the promontory. On this tour they met with much encouragement. People everywhere listened well to preaching, and eagerly received Christian books.

During the two weeks of their absence I remained with our friends at Che-foo, assisting when needed in nursing Mr. Danforth. When my husband returned, Mr. Danforth, though apparently convalescing, was not able to undertake the journey home; so we returned without him. Soon after this, Mr. Nevius and Mr. Gayley started upon another long contemplated itinera-tion to Lai-chow and vicinity.

One evening during their absence we received a message from a friend at Yentai, saying, "If you would see Mr. Danforth alive, come at once; for he is very ill, just at the point of death." It happened that the Halls of Yentai were then at Tung-chow, and that same evening Mr. Hall, Mrs. Gayley, and I started for Che-foo. It was a hard journey. We stopped at a miserable inn late at night, and early the next morning were again on the road. We found Mr. Danforth very ill; but in a day or two he rallied somewhat, and Mrs. Gayley, who could

not well remain long away from her family, went back to Tung-chow, making the long journey in one day. She was quite alone, but met with no difficulty whatever.

When Mr. Nevius returned from Lai-chow, he was startled to find our house closed, and evidently unoccupied. Not a person was to be seen. Soon, however, a servant appeared, explaining the mystery, and giving him a letter, which I had left for him. He was nearly worn out by his hard missionary tour, and for days had not been at all well; but, without a night's rest, he started again, and the next morning was at Che-foo.

Mr. Danforth's illness continued, and assumed such a character as to require either Mr. Nevius' or my constant attention, besides much assistance given us by other friends. After a time he accompanied us back to Tung-chow; but his health was never perfectly restored, and in a few months he was obliged to return to the United States.

He was a great loss to us and to our work, for which he was so well fitted.

The twentieth of June we had a remarkable hail-storm. There was first a thunder-shower, then a calm, then a long-continued murmuring sound,

like distant thunder, which it may have been. Then came the hailstones flying in every direction. Our windows, which open like doors, were thrown back, or they must inevitably have been broken to pieces. The largest hailstones were the size of an egg, but most of them were somewhat smaller. The ground was white with them. When Mr. Nevius returned from chapel, soon after the storm was over, he proposed, just for the novelty of the thing, to gather the hailstones and make *ice-cream* with them. Little children in the neighborhood joined in the fun, and soon there were two large buckets collected, and the ice-cream was made forthwith.

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

One Sabbath morning in July, when we were up at Mr. Hartwell's attending an English service, we heard for the first time, that cholera had broken out at Yentai, with great mortality

among the natives. I think it was the evening of the same day that we heard of the death of Mrs. Dudley Smith, from that disease, at Chuk-kee. Only a few weeks before we had enjoyed a delightful visit from her at Tung-chow. Mrs. Smith was one of those rare characters who seem fitted to grace any sphere. Intellectual, and thoroughly educated, with fine conversational talents and a cheerful temperament, she was a great acquisition to our little mission circle; while in any society, either at home or abroad, her presence would have been no less welcome. I think her friends in China will remember, as a most prominent characteristic, her peculiar unselfishness, together with her unusual efficiency in every emergency. We saw both of these traits illustrated in her care for the wounded among the sufferers from the rebels. She appeared to know intuitively just what was required to be done, and never shrank from a disagreeable duty if her services seemed necessary. We had hoped much from the influence of her beautiful life, no less than from her active labors among the Chinese; and her sudden removal appeared to us a dark and mysterious providence.

Before we had at all recovered from the effects

of this sad event, news reached us from Yentai of the death of Madame Bonheur, and of a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hall, — the pretty, bright little Theresa, — both from cholera. Madame Bonheur was a charming person, uniting real worth with vivacious manners and disposition. She spoke German and English quite as well as her native French, and was highly accomplished. She had been in China too short a time to have acquired that language, or to commence any kind of missionary work. Must we then think her brief life, or that of others, who, like her, have been early called hence, either wasted or a failure? Ah, no! Let us trust Him who knows best when to remove those who love Him, and whom He loves, from earth to heaven, that their offering has been accepted, and that the good they had willed to do, He will accomplish for them; while they are spared the sorrow and care of a longer life in a world which must be to every one, more or less, a “valley of tears.”

Only a day or so later we heard of the death of Mr. Hall, at Yentai, from the same disease. He had a medical education, and, during the ravages of the pestilence, had been indefatigable in his efforts to assist and relieve the

poor natives in their terror and distress. Up to the time of his own illness he was constantly going among them with remedies and advice. Death found him at the post of duty.

Just at this time, Mr. and Mrs. Mills, from Shanghai, arrived at Yentai *en route* for Tung-chow. Previous to leaving home she had lost a little boy, from cholera, and on the passage from Shanghai had herself been at the point of death from that disease. Hearing of their arrival, Mr. Gayley, their brother-in-law, went to Che-foo to accompany them to our city; for which place they were on the eve of starting, when the Mills' only remaining child was stricken down with cholera. After a few hours' illness he died; and the next day, his sorrowing parents, with Mr. Gayley, brought his body, to place it in our burial-ground at Tung-chow.

Symptoms of cholera speedily developed themselves in Mr. Gayley; but remedies were promptly applied, which we hoped would be successful. He seemed recovering; but a relapse took place, and almost before we realized his danger he was taken from us. Many circumstances connected with Mr. Gayley's death were peculiarly afflictive. Mr. Mills and he, besides being brothers-in-law, had been, for years, most

intimate and congenial friends ; and they and their families had anticipated great happiness in being associated in that new and promising station. Mr. Gayley's disposition was amiable and lovely ; and he was well qualified for usefulness among the Chinese, to whom he had become much attached. His loss was a very great one to them, as well as to us and his family.

Mrs. Gayley was left with two children, — one a boy of five or six years, and the other a beautiful little girl not two years old. Only one week passed, however, before that dear child was taken from her. After a few hours' suffering, she, too, slept in death. Mrs. Gayley's sister, Mrs. Doolittle, was then visiting Tung-chow, with her two children, both of whom were ill with cholera. One recovered, but the other, after lingering several weeks, died.

There were no other clearly marked cases of cholera among the foreigners, but it raged among the natives frightfully. From morning until night we could hear from neighboring houses sounds of weeping and wailing, while new-made graves were seen in every direction. It is not usual for the Chinese to bury their dead soon after their decease ; but among the very poor, or in cases of emergency, such, for instance, as

the prevalence of cholera during the height of summer, it is often done.

A minute account of the rites and ceremonies observed in China, connected with death and burial, would necessarily be very lengthy, and to most persons tedious. An accurate description of these and other peculiarities and customs can be found in Doolittle's "Social Life of the Chinese," where two or three long chapters are devoted to "Death, Mourning, and Burial," alone. Some of these observances are extraordinary and inexplicable; others, again, are quite rational and proper.

There is a great deal of noisy demonstration both at the time of death and at prescribed intervals until the burial has taken place, and for weeks afterwards. They have no one ceremony corresponding to our funeral services; but in place of them there are chantings and idolatrous performances by either Buddhist or Tauist priests. Gongs, fire-crackers, and most doleful music, loud weeping, and the customary wailings, all combine to prevent a funeral occasion from being solemn, or, in most instances, even sad. I believe it is considered an accomplishment to know how to "wail" properly; and if this consists in being able to counterfeit the sounds and

semblance of deepest woe, success in the art is often attained. I cannot tell the number of times in which I have been completely imposed upon, and allowed my sympathy to be aroused quite unnecessarily. One day, in Tung-chow, as we were passing a house, a funeral procession emerged from it. Half a dozen large mats had been spread on the ground before the door. Presently twenty or thirty women came out, all dressed in sackcloth from head to foot. Half of them, probably the near relatives, knelt on the mats, bowing towards the coffin, until their heads touched the ground. They were all weeping and wailing bitterly. One in particular seemed in a paroxysm of grief. "O my father! my father!" she cried at the top of her voice. There is real, uncontrollable grief, thought I, while my heart ached in sympathy. But just then, at a given signal from the master of ceremonies, her voice and every other was hushed; their distorted features resumed their usual placidity, and all appearance of sorrow disappeared. A large red canopy was held over the coffin, which, accompanied by the male friends and relatives of the deceased, was carried off to the grave. The women, after following it a few steps, all returned very quietly to their dwelling.

In this case, I think it had been weeks, if not months, since the death occurred.

I do not wish to give the idea that the Chinese are heartless. I do not consider them so; but I think their deepest grief is not often manifested on these public occasions.

But to return to Tung-chow, and the sad events occurring there. In the absence of any physician we prepared quantities of medicine, and gave it freely to all who desired it; and we had the satisfaction of knowing that in many instances it proved efficacious. There was a little herdsboy employed by us to lead away our cows to pasture on the hill-side, and watch them there. One day he was absent, and on inquiring for him we found that he was ill,—so ill that his friends had laid him out to die, thinking he was past hope of recovery. We sent him medicine with all haste, and it had so rapid an effect that in a few hours he was out of danger.

A man whom we had just engaged as a servant in our family, being attacked with cholera, was determined to return at once to his home in the country, miles distant. A mule-litter was procured for him. As he was about starting, a fellow-townsmen who was Mrs. Gayley's servant

came to him, desirous of sending a message to his family, informing them of his own continued health. A few moments after, he was attacked with cholera in its most dreadful form. His sufferings were past description; and before the message to his family could have been received he was a corpse.

I think Mr. Hartwell's teacher and servants were all ill; but, owing perhaps to early remedies and most faithful nursing, they all recovered. We had no other cases of cholera in our own family; and, notwithstanding all our anxiety and grief for the loss of so many valued friends and associates, we continued through the whole of that trying time quite as well as usual.

I have not mentioned the arrival of Dr. and Mrs. McCartee, and Mr. and Mrs. Green from Ningpo, and Mr. Smith and his little daughter from Yentai, whom we had the pleasure of welcoming, a few days after Mr. Gayley's death, to the Kwan-yin tang. In order to accomodate them Mr. Nevius' study and the dining-room had to be turned into guest-chambers, and we dined in pleasant weather on the veranda, at other times in the parlor. The society of these dear friends was more than sufficient to compen-

sate for some trifling changes in our household arrangements.

Mr. and Mrs. Green's little son had been ill for a long time, and they brought him North, hoping a change of climate might benefit him. It was, however, too late for any such favorable result. One night, only a week after they came to us, while all — even his parents — slept,

“ An angel with an amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and, with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like *Death*.

“ There fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
! A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly from that hushed and darkened room
Two angels issued, where but one went in.”

When the morning dawned, “ Little Willie ” was no longer with us.

After the cholera had abated at Tung-chow, it still lingered in neighboring cities and villages. In the southern ports there is usually more or less cholera every summer. There were many cases in Shanghai during the summer of 1862. It was then that the lamented Mr. Culbertson died of that disease; but I never, while there, heard of its sweeping over the country as a general and fatal epidemic, as in the West, or other parts of China.

I think there was a similar visitation of it in the North twenty or thirty years ago, but none had occurred since; and I do not know that we would be more liable to it there than in this country.

The Greens were with us until the middle of September, when they returned to Ningpo. The McCartees remained a few weeks longer, and then removed to Che-foo, where they had decided to locate.

Early in October Mrs. Gayley left China. It was with deep regret that we bade her farewell, for she was a much esteemed and congenial missionary associate.

The news of Mr. Gayley's death reached Shanghai just as Mr. Culbertson was breathing his last.

CHAPTER XV.

WORK AMONG WOMEN IN TUNG-CHOW.

DURING the warmest weather of summer, especially while cholera was prevailing, missionary work was naturally much interrupted. However, I found myself becoming familiar with the dialect; and, after we had settled down again in a quiet routine of daily work, I began a course of visiting among the native families, either our near neighbors, or others somewhat remote. Of some of these visits, and of various incidents occurring from day to day, I kept a record in my journal. On the seventeenth of October I wrote as follows: "After studying with my teacher, and arranging for dinner, I took my good washerman Futang (who is, we think, a sincere Christian), and went out to make some calls on our nearest neighbors. Turning up a long, narrow lane, and entering a small court, a woman saw us and came out to invite us to her room. The only vacant chair was

given me, and after seating myself I began the conversation by the usual inquiry, 'What is your honorable name?' 'Kong,' she replied; 'what is yours?' 'Nee,' I said. Then followed the customary questions, 'How old are you? How many children have you?' etc., etc. In the meanwhile her co-lodgers had gathered in, in all six or eight persons. After talking some time myself, I requested Futang to explain more fully the truths of our religion. He spoke beautifully, with great animation, and just to the point.

"Going from here, an open door, with two young women peeping out from behind it, seemed, I thought, an indication that I ought to enter. So I spoke to the young women, saying that as I was a neighbor, I had come for a friendly call, and would have done so sooner had my health allowed. A few kind words are generally enough to gain me a cordial welcome anywhere, and in a few moments my new acquaintances and I are chatting like old friends. But here not an answering smile could I gain. The older woman of the family looked like an icicle, and the others were not much better. They seemed very unhappy among themselves; and I suspected their coldness towards me originated in

that cause, rather than in intentional rudeness. I would have remained longer with them, only that the room where we were sitting was so full of tobacco-smoke that I could scarcely breathe.

“I was about going to a house a little distance from there, on the same side of the street, but ‘a lion in the way,’ in the shape of a fierce barking dog, frightened me off, I confess it, and I entered a doorway opposite. Here a nice-looking old lady made her appearance, and cordially invited me in. I loved her at once, she looked so like a dear old ‘home grandmother;’ all except her soiled, torn dress. And oh, what would a tidy old American lady say to the confusion of the room into which she led me? The ‘kang’ was covered with garments, upon which they were engaged in sewing. A bench at one side was covered by jars containing grain of some sort in process of fermentation, the odor from which was very disagreeable; while crocks and earthen vessels of various descriptions were scattered promiscuously, without the least attempt at order, and everything was dusty and untidy. Notwithstanding all this, I had a pleasant visit; the old woman was very ready to listen, while her replies showed that she really understood what she heard. Her daughter-in-

law also appeared nicely. I invited them to come and see me, and promised to visit them again soon.

“At the next house we had also a rather encouraging visit. I noticed, standing on a kind of dressing-table, two cases containing each six little idols, prettily dressed and painted. They looked exactly like dolls. I asked if they were in the habit of worshipping them. Not knowing that I would disapprove of it, they promptly answered, ‘Yes.’ I told them that in our country we had little figures precisely like those, for young children to play with, but we would never dream of worshipping them. And then I explained to them that our object in living in their midst was to urge them to forsake their senseless idols, and learn to love the Lord their Maker and Saviour. My voice had already nearly given out, so I allowed Futang to do the most of the talking. When we came away from this place we left several books, as we had also at each of the other houses.”

I was greatly pleased with Futang. Though only an ordinary servant, with scarcely any education, he was just what I needed in these visits among the women. According to Chinese ideas, it was quite proper that I should be thus accom-

panied. I was careful to discourage his assuming any consequential airs on account of being made so much of a preacher, and I do not think it injured him.

I had a call that same afternoon from two women who lived near the Kwan-yin tang. One of them was very old; the other worried constantly because "she had so many children she did not know what to do." The first-mentioned came to see me very often. She had a way of groaning, or rather grunting, the whole time, I think from habit merely, as she did not seem ill. She had gained in consequence the very inelegant *sobriquet*, "The old grunter."

Lin sin-sang, who was then in mission employ, and Ning-kwe, the Ningpo assistant, returned that evening from a three weeks' tour in the country. They had met with a good deal of encouragement, and seemed to have been very laborious and faithful.

The next day, after the usual Sabbath services were over, as I was teaching my woman, and the young wife of one of the native converts, — we were conversing about idol-worship, which they both condemned as at once senseless and useless, — Foh-hyi sao (literally, sister-in-law Foh-hyi) said, "I never worshipped idols,

even before I heard of the religion of Jesus." "Why not?" I asked. "Because I did not like them." "But," I further inquired, "if you did not believe in your own religions, what did you believe; who did you think had given you your being?" "I did not *think* at all," was her honest confession. This thoughtlessness, I imagine, is the strongest of all reasons why the poor creatures seem so contented in their ignorance.

I used occasionally, when I had particular families in view who lived at a distance from the Kwan-yin tang, to ride a donkey, Futang accompanying me; and once or twice, after some other visits had been paid, I went to his house, which was in a remote part of the city. It surprised me to see how differently he appeared there from what he did at our house. He said nothing amiss, but his manner was decidedly lordly.

One day, when Futang's engagements were such that he could not accompany me, I took my *ah-m*, Tsu sao-sao (that is, sister-in-law of the Tsu family), as she was called by the natives. As we were leaving the first house, where nothing had occurred worth mentioning, a little girl came to us, and very politely asked us to go and

see her mother, who lived next door. The mother informed me, the first sentence I uttered, (which was simply, "Ni hao ma?" equivalent to "How do you do?") that she could not understand a word I said. But I seated myself on the side of the kang, and began talking; and she did understand, in spite of herself. "I do so want you to believe what we tell you about Jesus," said I. "Why, of course I believe; why shouldn't I?" she replied. She and I evidently had different ideas as to what "believing" consisted in; but she was simple-minded and well-disposed, and it was a pleasure to talk with her.

Across the same court were two women, one named Liang, and the other Li. I went to Mrs. Liang's room first. I remembered her as a person whom I had seen before, and it pleased her to find that she was recognized. In the course of our conversation, I was explaining how we poor mortals are constantly *sinning*; and thus, as every sin deserves a punishment, how much we need a Saviour. Said I, "Every time we get *angry*, we are guilty of sin." "Why," exclaimed Mrs. Liang, "I am *angry* all the time! I scarcely think that can be sin." Afterwards, as I was telling them that at death

good people go to heaven, while the wicked must go to *hell*, Mrs. Liang shocked me by saying, very quietly, "*I am going to hell; I wish to.*" I scarcely knew what to say, but replied, "You deserve to go to hell; but I do not think you really desire to." "Yes, I wish to go there; it is the place for me," she insisted. "Very well, then," said I, "if that is so, I will not talk to you about Jesus; you must not believe in him; for if you do, you cannot go where you say you wish to." I crossed over to see Mrs. Li, who was a young and intelligent woman. I was pleased to find that she could read a little. She was the only one among all these common people who knew anything of letters. I was already too tired to talk much, so I remained here only a short time. As I was coming out I met Mrs. Liang again, and said to her, "How could you say you wished to go to that fearful place of punishment?" To which she replied, "I have no children; my sons are dead; why should I care to live longer?" "But," said I, "I have no children either, yet I have no such feelings as you have expressed." "Oh," she exclaimed, "your situation is as different from mine as heaven is from earth. You have clothes to wear, food to eat, and a home.

Just think of me! What have I to live for?" I did so pity the woman. She did not appear to be extremely poor, but seemed so desolate and despairing. I do not think she meant more by her reckless language, than simply to say that she would rather die than live. Now that her children were dead, she could imagine no place more miserable than this world was to her.

On the twentieth of October Dr. and Mrs. McCartee left for Yentai, after having been with us for three months. We missed them sadly; for their sojourn with us had been a most pleasant episode. As, however, they were only going to Che-foo, sixty miles distant, we still considered each other as "neighbors."

About this date there were several additions to our church, among them, my woman Tsu saosao. She had been with me nearly a year, but for the first few months I could not feel very hopeful of her becoming a Christian. What first gave me much encouragement about her was finding that she had been active in spreading a knowledge of Christianity among her friends and relatives. The day of her baptism she said to me, quite of her own accord, "Nee S-meo (Mrs. N.), my heart is very joyful. At night, upon my bed, I lie awake and think of Jesus,

and his great goodness in bringing me to a knowledge of himself, and in allowing me to receive baptism and become his disciple. How can I be thankful enough! I am certainly inexpressibly happy." She seemed to have sincere and unusual faith in prayer. I found that she had been teaching her neighbors very literally that whatever they asked for in faith they would assuredly receive. And her teachings met with a striking confirmation. A woman living within the same enclosure, whose room was next hers, was longing for the return of her husband, who had been absent from home seven years. Tsu sao-sao advised her to ask the "True God" to send him back. And sure enough, a few days later he returned.

Tsu sao-sao, although I think she was a sincere Christian, gave me in various ways a good deal of trouble. She was of rather too respectable a class to feel contented in her situation as a servant; and after a time I concluded that it would be better for both of us that she should return to her home. She is now dead. Mr. Mills, who wrote to us of her illness and death, felt hopeful of her; and I do trust that she is now where "faith is lost in sight."

Late in the autumn of 1862, I commenced a

small school for girls. I had at first only two pupils, and they were daughters of church-members. One, the younger and pleasanter, was Hyiang-yuing, adopted child of Chang, my teacher; the other, Tsing-hyang, was the daughter of a man usually called "Oil Wang," his occupation being that of peddling oil. I had also, for several weeks, the wife of an old church-member, named Cheo, staying with me. I think I scarcely ever met any one else who had so few ideas. She was not very aged, certainly not over seventy, but her memory was so impaired that she would forget nearly as fast as she learned. But the poor old lady was really desirous to understand "the religion," and I was determined that, if she did not, it should certainly be no fault of mine. She was a whole week in learning the one verse, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," etc. I composed a short and simple prayer, suited as I thought to her capacity; but she was more than a week in learning the first half dozen sentences. It was both amusing and pitiable to see her engaged in study, sitting on the kang, with her prayerspread open before her. She would point with her poor withered finger to character after character, highly delighted with every successful

effort to call them to mind, and equally vexed when memory failed her and she found both word and meaning gone from her. I have noticed her many a time raise her clenched fist and strike her own forehead a hard blow, determined that if there were any virtue in beating, to quicken a dormant memory, she would not be deprived of it. I expended a great deal of time and patience upon her; and the two girls, Hyiang-yuing and Tsing-hyang, also taught her faithfully. She had line upon line. At last our exertions were signally rewarded. After weeks of drilling, she could repeat the whole prayer, understanding it fully. She knew also a great deal of Bible history, and we thought she perfectly comprehended the plan of salvation through Christ. Her husband had always represented her to me as stupid beyond any possibility of learning anything; and I shall never forget his astonishment when he found his mistake. He was in the parlor one day, and I sent for Mrs. Cheo; the time for the grand exhibition having arrived. I was fearful that the sight of her lord might frighten away all her hard-earned knowledge, and I think it would, had I allowed him to speak to her. But I began in a very quiet way, asking her such questions as I

felt sure she could not have forgotten, and she gradually gained confidence, until her display of erudition surprised even me. We went over the story of the Creation, the Fall, with some allusions to various Old Testament characters, then on to the New, our Saviour's birth, his holy life and teachings, and finally his death, and the object for which he died. At last Mr. Cheo could restrain himself no longer, and, striking his hands with all his might upon his knees, he shouted, "Wonderful! wonderful! I never could have believed it! Never! Never!" I am not sure but that the old man half thought there was something miraculous about it. Mrs. Cheo herself was greatly delighted that her reputation for hopeless stupidity was in a measure removed. I was sorry that she could not remain with us longer, for her mind, which had been such a blank, seemed waking up, and I think she might in time have become an intelligent Christian. Her husband was a most singular character. We thought him in some respects hardly sane, but he gave evidence of real faith in Jesus, and was received by baptism into our church in Tung-chow.

My teacher, Chang, also taught the two girls, Tsing-hyang and Hyang-yuing, the *character*,

with which they were before unacquainted. Lessons in the Bible I gave them myself. I enjoyed instructing them, as they were anxious to learn; and Hyiang-yuing especially was a lovely girl. I was one day asking her if she had formerly *enjoyed* going to the temples to worship. She replied, "No, not at all." When I inquired the reason of her dislike, she said, drawing herself into the attitude of a "graven image," and assuming as ugly and repulsive an expression as possible, "Oh, the idols looked *so*; and I could not endure them!" adding, "Mother did not like them either; she said they were only made of mud or wood." Very soon after Hyiang-yuing came to us, we felt convinced that she both loved and trusted in Jesus as her Saviour. She was ever studious, obedient, and amiable, and gave us little trouble of any sort. Tsing-hyiang was very unlike her. Although a pretty girl, and of a naturally pleasant disposition, she had been thoroughly spoiled by her parents, who had indulged her every whim, and cultivated a spirit of self-will and insubordination, which made her a difficult pupil to deal with. Still she, too, soon gave evidence of a pleasing change of character, the result, we hoped, of the influence of the Holy Spirit upon her heart.

Our second winter confirmed us in our opinion of the favorable climate of that part of Shantung. The weather was almost uniformly bright and beautiful, and though colder than Ningpo, it really seemed warmer. Snow fell to the depth of several inches or a foot, but did not lie long, disappearing without any general "thaw," such as frequently makes our winters in America so disagreeable. The smaller streams were all frozen, and ice formed in solid blocks on the beach, like huge bowlders, though the sea was not frozen, except close to shore.

Before the close of January, 1862, another little grave was made in our fast-filling cemetery. It was that of an infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell, who died, it was supposed, from the effects of cholera, which she had months before while it was prevailing in Tungchow.

Although my health during this winter was not good, I was able, with some interruptions, to continue my ordinary duties, teaching the pupils, visiting the women, and studying the written language, which was so engrossing that I was constantly tempted to confine myself too closely to it.

In our instruction of pupils and inquirers, we

felt the want of a catechism in Mandarin, and I was glad to be able to put my newly acquired knowledge of the character to account in preparing one. It was not a translation, as I knew of none which was exactly what we needed; some being too simple, and others, like the "Shorter Catechism," much too profound for women or children, who had not been previously instructed. Mine began with such questions as were comprehensible to the most ignorant, but soon passed on to subjects from the Bible, embracing a compendium of both Old and New Testament history, the fundamental and essential doctrines of the Christian system, and explanations of church ordinances and religious duties.

I found it very useful in my own teachings, and it has also been used by others in Tung-chow, and in other places where Mandarin is spoken.

Before we had made an addition to our house of several rooms for the use of the school, the pupils learned their lessons with me in my sitting-room. It was a great relief when I had a place for them elsewhere. Like other Chinese students, they studied aloud, and the confusion was quite too much for me.

Mr. Nevius had at that time a class nearly every day of the week, either in the Bible or in Theology, besides his preparation of books, and chapel work, and also his own study of "the character," to which he devoted every leisure moment, through the day or in the evening. I think it was nothing but his habit of systematic and regular exercise which enabled him to perform such an amount of work without injury to his health. Nearly every afternoon he spent about two hours either in long walks in the country, or, when I could accompany him, we took pleasant horseback rides over the hills, or on the sea-beach; which, by the way, is the most interesting feature of Tung-chow. At high tide, a ride on the beach is impracticable, but when the water is low we have a wide space nearly as hard and smooth as a floor. Many a gallop have we had there close to the water's edge. Our horses seemed nearly as much refreshed and animated as ourselves by the fresh sea-breezes, as away we cantered at a gait anything but slow. I was sorry, indeed, when increasing poor health obliged me to relinquish this almost our only enjoyable recreation.

My husband with much trouble had procured for me a capital horse. Dinah, as I named her,

became a great favorite with all the foreign ladies. She was a well-formed animal, very fleet, and kind and gentle in the extreme. She had been taught, before we had her, to ask for food by raising her fore-foot and neighing, until it was brought her. She soon learned that I could never resist her entreaties; and no sooner did she see me than the foot would be raised, and a call seemed to say, "Please, ma'am, bring me some beans, or corn, or something else nice to eat!" She became rather tyrannical, but repaid me fully by pacing so fast on the beach that my husband's more clumsy animal would have to gallop at full speed to keep up with us.

Besides the visits which I have already described among my neighbors and other poor families, while we were living in Tung-chow, I made a successful effort to reach a different class of individuals. It would be as much a transgression of the rules of etiquette which prevail among the upper classes in China to venture to pay a visit without a previous invitation, or, at least, without having first announced our intention, as such a course would be in this country. Accordingly, when I wished to call upon the ladies in the family of an officer or wealthy person, I first sent a servant to inquire whether

such a visit would be acceptable. Sometimes, when I had not taken that precaution, I had my sedan put down outside a door, while the same message was sent in to the ladies; and, upon receiving an invitation to enter, would at once do so. In making these visits, I always went in a sedan, accompanied by a servant. To have gone to such places on foot, or unattended, would have been regarded by the persons visited as treating them with disrespect, and would have weakened my influence with them, if it did not prevent my seeing them at all.

I scarcely need say that I took care, in all these visits, to be dressed in a suitable manner.

I found the ladies in the officers' families, as also in those of the more wealthy private citizens, very affable and well disposed.

I had always to satisfy their curiosity by allowing them to examine most thoroughly my dress, my hair, bonnet, gloves, and shoes; and I in turn made any remarks I pleased upon their costume. I did not dislike this, as it was a good way of getting acquainted, and took off the stiffness of a first meeting. We always asked each other names and ages, and many questions about our families, and, these over, we slid very naturally into talking about the object

of our living in China, the evils of idolatry, and our earnest desire that they should embrace the religion of Jesus. They usually assented to what I said, and sometimes exhibited a good deal of interest, though I do not know of any lasting impressions being made. Here, as in similar efforts among the poor, we could only do what we felt was duty, leaving the result with God. Possibly eternity may reveal some good effects, of which we, at the time, were not aware. I never felt discouraged in that particular branch of my work; on the contrary there is nothing that I look forward to with more pleasure, on my return to China, than again engaging in it wherever we may happen to be stationed.

The houses of even wealthy Chinese are not at all pleasant, according to our Western ideas. The absence of carpets, sofas, easy-chairs, and the like, gives them a very cheerless, comfortless aspect. They are clean as compared with the houses of the poor, and are often large and well built, containing plenty of furniture, such as it is, — tables, hard chairs, tea-poys, ornamented scrolls on the walls, etc., but very little that is really pretty or graceful. In Tung-chow the rich, as well as the poor, sleep on the *kangs*;

but the former have handsome bedspreads, or thickly wadded quilts, and plenty of nice pillows, while the poor, of course, have nothing of this sort but what is absolutely necessary.

The daily employments of Chinese ladies of wealth or rank are very different from those of persons in their stations in other countries. No delightful drives, fascinating novels, morning visits, or engrossing fancy work; no milliners nor dress-makers, nor exciting shopping expeditions, steal away their hours. Fine equipages and drives they have never dreamed of. They manage to substitute embroidery in some cases, for other fancy-work, and as for books, never having known the pleasures of reading, they do not feel the want of them. And if they do lose something by not having books to read, they also gain something by not having them to *write*; which I realize more fully than I did before I commenced this narrative of "Our Life in China." As I have remarked elsewhere, much of a Chinese lady's time is taken up in making her toilet, more still in chit-chat, and in many families by games of chance; and not a little time and thought are expended in the selection of materials for dress, articles of jewelry,

etc., which are sent from the shops to the house, for their inspection before purchasing.

Elderly women often do a good deal of sewing and attend to the lighter duties of house-keeping, which, together with a general oversight of all the sons and daughters-in-law, and their children, furnishes them with enough occupation to prevent them suffering from *ennui*.

The mother or grandmother of a large family in China feels herself a very queen, and acts accordingly. Even her liege lord, to whom she is bound, theoretically, to show such deference, seldom cares to dispute her sway. And the luckless daughters-in-law are subject to the double tyranny of their husband and his mother. "Passive obedience and unconditional submission" must be their rule of action from the day of their marriage, until, in turn, having arrived at the dignity of grandmothers themselves, and being freed from further restraint, they revenge themselves for all they may have suffered in former times, by severity to their own daughters-in-law. But, to do them justice, I must say that there are many cases of sincerest affection between the different members of Chinese families; many more than could be expected, considering the way in which their marriages are

arranged. I may not have mentioned that betrothals are all made without consulting the parties most interested, and in many cases while they are still young children. A bride and groom have very seldom even a passing glimpse of each other, before marriage.

CHAPTER XVI.

TSING-WAN-TS. — VIEWS OF MISSIONARY WORK.
— ABSURD RUMORS.

THE Chinese do not divide their year, as we do, into an unvarying number of months and days. It is composed of lunar months, which, in order to keep the "wheels of time" running smoothly, obliges them to insert every few years an additional or intercalary month.

The new-year holidays are observed in China more generally than in any other country in the world. The closing days of the old year are devoted to preparations for the new. Business affairs are settled, debts are paid, fine clothes are either purchased or hired, and edibles in profusion are prepared for the entertainment of guests in the coming season of merry-making.

During the first few days of the first month the male members of the family go abroad to present their greetings to relatives and friends.

After that the women, at least the elderly married ones, are allowed the same privilege.

It has been truly said that "for at least one day of the year every Chinaman is a gentleman." Even the coolie, who the day before was bearing burdens in the street, is suddenly transformed into a well-dressed, stately personage, who, with a dignified bearing, and sometimes a really graceful manner, meets his friends with a profound salaam, and offers them the congratulations of the season. Nearly every person whom you see on the street is dressed in silk, satins, or furs, and wears a ceremonial cap. The temples are thronged on new-year's morning, and through the day, by men who perhaps scarcely ever visit them except at that time.

In the year of our Lord 1862 the Chinese new year did not occur until the middle of February. Mr. Nevius and the other missionaries had many calls from gentlemen; and I and the other ladies from women, many of whom, I presume, had been hearing of us since we first went to Tung-chow, but until then had had no opportunity of seeing us. The first who called no doubt carried back favorable accounts of their reception to their female acquaintances, who in turn resolved to satisfy their curiosity by paying

us a visit also. Of course we exerted ourselves to interest and amuse them. I made it a point never to allow them to leave without hearing a simple exposition of Christianity, making sure that they really understood it. Most unfortunately I was at that time very unwell, and my voice was so weak that it pained me to attempt to use it. I was really ill; and perhaps ought not to have undertaken any work whatever. But the necessity was so pressing, and the temptation to do was so strong, that I persevered, even at the cost of permanent injury to my health. My good Futang was called from the kitchen at all hours to assist me to "talk the doctrine" to my guests; and my Christian woman also gave me much assistance in entertaining and conversing with them.

They often came in parties of half a dozen or more, gayly dressed, and evidently bent upon seeing and being seen. They would stay so long that before they left I was completely tired out, and sometimes ready to cry from mere physical exhaustion.

The most of these visitors having come from mere curiosity, when that motive was gone did not care to repeat their visits. But among the many whose acquaintance I then made, were ten or twelve women who seemed truly interested in

what they heard of the religion of Jesus. I succeeded in forming them into a class which came regularly to me for instruction. They improved so rapidly, and showed such interest in Christianity, that I felt very hopeful of them, and was even expecting that at no distant time they might be fit subjects for admission to the church.

The "Prayer" which I had at first prepared for the use of old Mrs. Cheo, had been enlarged and improved, and printed as a sheet tract in Chinese style on blocks. Nearly all the women of my class committed it to memory, and seemed to take great pleasure in making it their own.

It might be a matter of surprise to some that we did not at once teach these inquirers "Our Lord's Prayer." That, however, requires a much greater degree of knowledge and faith than persons who are not yet fully free from the entanglements of heathenism are capable of. It does not seem right to place those holy words in the mouths of such as can neither appreciate nor adopt them. Later in their religious experience, when they have learned to know and love "Our Father who is in heaven," they enjoy, no less than ourselves, that beautiful and perfect formula for devotion.

About the first of April, Mr. Nevius and I went to the village of Tsing-wan-ts, fifteen miles

distant, the home of old Mr. and Mrs. Cheo, to pay them a long-promised visit. In a letter to my sister I wrote from there as follows: "We started from Tung-chow yesterday at noon, after a busy morning of preparations. I did not have a very pleasant ride out. The roads were bad, and the mules refractory; besides I had a very severe headache. By some misunderstanding J——, who went on horseback, and my mule drivers took different roads, so that I did not have his company.

"This village is situated in a gorge between two hills, and the principal street is on the edge of a narrow ravine. It is so out of the way that we had difficulty in finding it. When within a mile from here I met J—— and old Mr. Cheo coming to meet me.

"The rooms we occupy are on the street, separated by a court from those of the family. There is only the usual earthen floor, and the windows are lattice covered with paper. We have no fire, but manage to keep warm by wearing more clothes. The fatigue of yesterday has made me quite miserable to-day. Not having slept at night, I did not rise at my usual early hour. After a late breakfast, taking Futang along to help talk, and ciceroned by a very old

woman, I went out to make calls. There is but this one Christian family in the village, and many of the people are opposed to the 'new doctrine.' Mr. Nevius and Mr. Cheo have gone off to preach and distribute books in the neighboring villages. Before they went Mr. Cheo told J—— he would be glad if I would go to a certain well-to-do family, the head of which is a man much opposed to Christianity. He said that he could not accompany me there himself, but my old-woman guide would escort me. We made that our first visit. We were well received, the man explaining, very graciously, that this old woman was his mother, a younger one his wife; this was sister-in-law No. 1, that No. 2, and so on. Of course I had to undergo a pretty thorough inspection; even my old merino dress was to them an object of interest. I allowed Futang to do most of the "preaching," as I felt scarcely able to sit up, and not at all equal to the effort necessary for speaking in such a place. In order to make these people hear we have almost to shout. They have such a habit of raising their voices when conversing among themselves, that they do not expect to understand us unless we do the same. After several other visits of no particular interest we returned to Mr. Cheo's.

“April 6th. — As I was about taking out my portfolio for writing, several women called to see the *stereoscope*. We did not bring ours with us when we first came out, but old Mr. Cheo had told his neighbors about it, and they seemed so anxious to see one that when J—— went into town, a day or two since, he brought it back with him. The people seem to admire it vastly, though they are scarcely able to appreciate it. As I write, twenty or more men and boys are standing about watching me. A woman writing a letter is something of a curiosity in these parts. I can endure being gazed at as well as most persons, but indeed I do not like it. And when a crowd of women, with scores of unwashed, dirty-faced children, every one of whom has apparently dined on onions or garlicks, to judge by their terribly offensive breath, comes pressing about me, particularly anxious to take my hand, or try on my gloves, or to examine my hair, and I am morally certain that when they have gone I shall find traces of them, in the form of insects, too disgusting to mention, adhering to my clothes, you will understand how it is that it sometimes requires real self-control to keep from rushing off to my room and locking myself in. Many of the children are in a state of nature, in the

one sense, at least, of being destitute of a single article of clothing. There are other disagreeable things which we have to meet in our intercourse with them which I could not think of mentioning in a letter. When you remember, dear M——, that I am naturally far from being insensible to these peculiar annoyances, you will realize that my life is not all play; and I am sure you will give me credit for some fortitude. As disagreeable as these things are, I believe I have never yet quite lost my patience, nor repulsed these poor people when they have shown a disposition to be friendly.

“After dinner to-day, while I was lying down to rest upon the kang in a little room where we sleep, I heard our man Shing-ping, who, though not a Christian, is well instructed and very hopeful, talking with visitors in this room. He related the parable of the ‘barren fig-tree,’ and applied it to them in a very practical way, alluding to their having been spared during the cholera season, while so many were cut down by it. J—— had yesterday at morning worship, read and explained that parable, and I was glad that Shing-ping had appreciated it so well. It is beautiful to see how perfectly the parables are adapted to the wants of such persons as these.

“We have had a very satisfactory visit at Tsingwan-ts, and hope that real good has been accomplished. The villagers, either at their own homes, or here at Cheo’s house, have very generally heard the gospel, and we know that God’s word cannot return to him void. Before Mr. Nevius went off to his day’s work, we read together, ‘In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good,’ — a capital verse for missionaries. Sometimes persons seem so very unlikely to appreciate the truth that we are tempted to refrain from speaking to them, when perhaps they, who are apparently the most hopeless, are the ‘chosen ones’ who will receive it ‘into good and honest hearts.’ I am, dear M——, more and more thankful that our lives are given to this cause. So far from the ‘romance’ having worn off, as you remember so many of our friends prophesied it would, this, our life-work, becomes every year more interesting and satisfying. The changes we have passed through of late have made us realize more than ever that this world is only a ‘pilgrimage,’ and it is such a comfort to know that we are engaged in employments which will

tell on eternity. You, I am sure, will believe me sincere when I say that I would not exchange our life, so quiet, so obscure, — more than that, so unappreciated by some whose sympathy I should value, — for any position offering mere worldly pleasures. You will think I have lost all ambition; it is hardly that, but my ambition has, I feel, a better object. I never was more desirous than now of undertaking and performing something really worth the effort. That accomplished, I think I should be quite willing to ‘lay me down to sleep,’ even here in this wilderness, —

“‘My name and my place and my tomb all forgotten,
The brief space of time well and patiently run;
So would I pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.’

“There is not the least hardship to me in *work*. I enjoy it far more than rest; but it is inexpressibly trying to see so many opportunities for usefulness which my limited strength will not allow me to take advantage of. There is work here, not only for men, but for women as well. When I think how many ladies there are in America, who, if they would, might come and help us, I feel very sadly, sometimes, I fear, almost indignant.”

Since I have been at home in the United States, I have realized more fully than ever be-

fore that there are many ladies, some in almost every church, who could well be spared to go where they are so much more needed. I do not mean that a person suitable to engage in the missionary work would not be "*missed*" from her circle at home. On the contrary, I hope no one will go abroad, professedly to engage in that service, whose absence would not be felt at home. But when a well-qualified person breaks away from the duties which have hitherto occupied her here, from a conscientious regard for her own personal duty to the heathen, or rather, in obedience to the Great Head of the Church, others will come forward to take her place, stimulated perhaps to greatly increased activity by her faithfulness and devotion. Such ought to be the case, and I think it usually is. How a gifted and pious young lady of mature years, who has not home duties to bind her here, can settle down contentedly to a life of ease or inactivity without ever once asking herself the question whether she may not have imperative duties elsewhere, I do not understand. I can even go a step further: I feel sure that many ladies as well as gentlemen who are most useful here, working earnestly from day to day, would be still more useful in heathen lands. Here

they are lights among innumerable other lights perhaps as luminous as they; there they are solitary lights in a dark place, — how dark perhaps only we who have lived enveloped in its gloom can realize.

Some Christians in this country seem to take pleasure, almost, in the idea that “there are heathen at home; no need to go to China to find them.” If it is a fact that there are *real heathen* in our midst, it is a shame and disgrace to our churches. But there are no heathens here, in the proper sense of that term, none who might not, if they would, become acquainted with Christianity. Churches, chapels, mission and Sunday schools, are found everywhere, and all who will may “come and take of the water of life freely.” How different the condition of the poor, degraded idol-worshippers of India and China! I think no right-minded person would be so disingenuous as to class together those whose situations are so opposite. It is certainly paying a poor compliment to our enlightened country to profess to believe that, religiously, it is not much superior to those lands where darkness, superstition, and heathenism, with all their attendant miseries, still reign unbroken. That latent dislike (for it is nothing else) to the

foreign missionary cause, which exists in the hearts of many professed Christians, is a mystery which I cannot fathom. I wonder, indeed, if it is possible that a true disciple of Christ, as he listens to that last solemn command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," can respond in actions, sometimes almost in words, "No, Lord, I will not go myself, nor will I send others; and if any one wishes to go, I will, just as far as in me lies, discourage and dishearten him or her; and if they who have gone profess to have accomplished thy purposes, and won souls to thee, I will, whenever opportunity offers, speak detractingly of their labors, and impugn their motives."

How I wish I might be mistaken in believing that there are many professed Christians who entertain such feelings!

But we know that, in whatever light our efforts may be regarded by individuals, either in the church or out of it, the Saviour himself loves the work, and sympathizes with those who, from love to him, have gone to engage in it. So also I think, must all they who are "one with Christ."

It would be very ungrateful in me not to acknowledge most heartily the many tokens of kindness which we have received simply as mis-

sionaries from those whose messengers we love to consider ourselves.

I think it would be far better for Christians at home, and not less for us missionaries, if there were some way of bringing us nearer together. So little is known of missionaries, or their employments, that it is not strange they should sometimes be misunderstood. We would like to feel that we are *watched*, not censoriously, but sympathizingly and intelligently, by those who really care whether or not we are successful. Perhaps some of us need just such an incentive to earnest labor. Missionaries, I need not say, are by no means perfect men or women, and it would not be strange if they should sometimes sleep when they ought to be awake, or rest when they ought to work, or, as is more often the case, work when they ought to rest. I do not think the effect would be bad upon them if they knew that many kind and sympathizing, but keen and watchful eyes were bent upon them to see that their duties are done and well done.

I am glad to feel that a juster appreciation of the importance of the work of foreign missions is gaining ground in the church. The romantic enthusiasm which was felt in the earliest missions has long since been dissipated, but as its

real claims become better known, I think the lost interest will be revived, and perhaps a more healthy sentiment, and more lasting, will be substituted. "Why! the early missionaries used to live in *bark houses*; and were in danger of losing their lives; and had great difficulty in getting food to eat," I heard a good old Christian say; and she added honestly, "Missionaries nowadays do not have such sufferings to encounter, and I no longer feel the same sympathy for them." Her interest of old had been in the "sufferings of the missionaries," rather than in the success of the cause of Christ among the heathen; and when, as she supposed, there was no further need of sympathy on the ground of personal suffering, she ceased to care for the missionaries or their work at all. Perhaps the sooner that sort of fictitious interest in the cause of missions has quite disappeared the better.

When I had read the above to a dear young friend, who, by the way, is expecting to accompany me, before long, to our missionary home in China, she remarked, "Mrs. Nevius, I wish, if you could just as well as not, you would say something to *ministers*." "Why should I say anything to ministers?" I asked. "Oh!

if they would not, when they chance to meet a young lady who has determined to become a missionary, put on a 'long face' and draw a deep sigh, and remark in such an extremely solemn tone, 'It is a great undertaking.'

“‘Only that and nothing more.’

“It was so delightful to be met as good Dr. ——— met me in New York. I was introduced to him as ‘under appointment as a missionary.’ He grasped my hand most warmly, and a whole volume of kindness and sympathy was in his voice, as he exclaimed, ‘May the Lord bless and keep you! The Lord will go before you, and the Lord of Israel will be your rearward.’ Oh! it was so comforting, so encouraging, I felt ready to go and work, if need be to suffer, with such sympathy and prayers to uphold me! It was so different from the usual disheartening formula with which ministers almost always meet me nowadays. ‘So you are thinking of being a *missionary*, are you?’ ‘Yes, sir, I am expecting to go to China!’ ‘*It is a great undertaking.*’”

But Miss ——— must excuse me from addressing one word to ministers in particular. They certainly cannot be wanting in sympathy for

their Master's own cause, or for their co-laborers in his vineyard. Since they, for good reasons, I must not doubt, have not been impelled to go themselves to the dark places of the earth, they certainly would not intentionally discourage their brothers or sisters who have been able to obey the Master's command, "Go ye." Could they know how much we value their words of cheer, how much they might help us by their counsels or reproof, I think we should not so often be allowed to doubt their sympathy, or to guess it only from inference.

I trust I may be pardoned this long digression when I promise it to be the last of this nature; at least, I will try hereafter to confine myself to a simple narration of the events of our remaining years in China.

About the first of May, 1862, my two school-girls, Tsing-hyang and Hyang-yuing, together with some others, were received by baptism into the church. Near the same time, Mr. Hartwell had also the pleasure of receiving several additions to his church. These events, so favorable in themselves, were the occasion of a new and most unlooked-for interruption in our hitherto prosperous operations. The natives, seeing so many persons coming out from heathenism and

joining this foreign religion, were startled out of their usual apathy. They could not understand it, and many theories were suggested to account for it. At last, some particularly wise and discerning persons explained the whole affair in a manner satisfactory to all. We foreigners, they said, were possessed of a secret by which we could gain an irresistible power over persons who allowed themselves to come under our influence. Some averred it was the "evil eye;" others that it was witchcraft; and others, again, knew positively that it was by a charm or potion, which we mixed with the tea which we gave our guests when they came to visit us. This latter supposition was confirmed by the fact that many who had been known to be unfriendly to us before they came to see us, after one visit would become our staunch friends. This was inexplicable except on the supposition of some such unholy influence. The reports spread everywhere, and assumed more alarming shapes. Not content with carrying on our iniquitous practices on a small scale, they suspected us of insinuating our charms into the flour used by bakers in the city, and even into the wells in private families. The business of the bakers suffered much from these suspicions; and the wells on a

certain street which we had frequented were emptied of their contents and searched. We were told that in every case a small red bag with a powder of some sort was found in the bottom of the well, placed there, probably, by the well-cleaners themselves, to whom this panic yielded a rich harvest.

My little school came in for its share of suspicion and dislike. It appeared as unlikely to the Tung-chow people that we should be willing to spend our lives in efforts to benefit others, without some bad motive at the bottom, as it does to some people at home. They did not suspect us of "going abroad to see the world," or choosing that employment because it offered attractions for ease and luxury. On the contrary, teaching and supporting a school of girls seemed to them a very dull, tiresome vocation; and as useless as dull. At last, they found the clue to the mystery. We were getting these girls together one by one, in a quiet, unostentatious way, and, when a large number had been collected, and they had been sufficiently improved by their good living, a foreign ship was coming along, and the ill-starred maidens were all to be sent off to some distant land, — not to be made into opium, but to be used in the preparation of

that mysterious "elixir of life," which religionists of the Tau-ist sect believe has the effect to insure perpetual youth. The bodies were to be *boiled*, and from them would be expressed a kind of oil, which, when eaten, has marvellous effects. I could never get from the natives a very clear idea of what they did believe on this subject. I suppose, in fact, their own ideas were as confused as mine. But they were really frightened, and, for a time it was impossible to get any more pupils. Our Chinese friends or domestics were both amused and annoyed by these reports respecting us. They were also ashamed of their own countrymen. When going to and fro from my school I could see groups of men, standing on a mound which commanded a view of our court, watching me to see in what suspicious performances I might be engaged. A month or two after the visit I have already described, we went again to spend a few days at old Mr. Cheo's. We found that the villagers of Tsingwan-ts and all that region, who before had shown themselves very friendly, were now so afraid of us as not to be willing to come near us. As the women would no longer visit me, I sent my *ah-m* out to see them as they sat at work under the trees. They were so sure that she must herself

be my accomplice, and as such might be carrying round "charms" for their destruction, that they insisted upon searching her. Her handkerchief, which, like other women, she carried folded in her hand, they made her unroll before them, to see if in its folds some of the mysterious medicine might not be secreted. As they gained confidence, they crowded about her with many questions and rumors. "Why," said they, "a woman named 'Li,' from the Hot Springs of Wen-shih-tang, went into the city and called upon a certain foreign lady who lives there. From that time she has never returned to her home, nor been heard from. There is no doubt but that she has been sent off to the 'outside country,' to be used for no good purpose." The *ah-m* listened patiently until they had finished, when, straightening herself up as she stood before them with a manner, no doubt dramatic, she exclaimed, "I am that woman, — I am Mrs. Li, from Wen-shih-tang. I have been shipped to the 'outside country,' have I?" She was for a moment thoroughly vexed; but she was a kind creature, and, after having so effectually refuted one of their silly stories, she spent a long while conversing with them, endeavoring to explain all the circumstances which had led them, in

common with others, to entertain such views of the foreign teachers.

On our way home to Tung-chow we stopped at another village to visit a very respectable woman who had been to see me at our house, and who had seemed somewhat hopeful. I had been much interested in her, and was anxious to keep up the acquaintance. My sedan was set down before the door of her house, and Mr. Nevius knocked at the gate. A person opening it saw who the visitors were, and slammed to the door with an air anything but hospitable. In a moment another head appeared, and we sent in our request for my acquaintance. I am not sure whether she was at home or not; but a message was returned to us that she had been absent all day worshipping at a temple in another village. A crowd of people collected round, and they were evidently not kindly disposed; but we were not molested by them.

The next day it was reported in the city that Mr. Nevius and myself had been seen in the streets of the above-mentioned village, searching for children, with the design of kidnapping them, which had so enraged the villagers that they drove us out of the town; and that they had determined to come at once to Tung-chow, drive

away the foreigners, and kill the native converts.

Our situation at that time was not very pleasant; but we were not much alarmed by the threats concerning us.

It was with deep regret that we found that many of those who had before appeared so favorably inclined, from this time stood aloof from us. Not one of my class of women, in whom I had become so interested, ever came near me again as an inquirer. I do not think it possible that they could themselves have believed the absurd stories told of us; but, more likely, their families would not allow them to continue their visits. The fact that they had been on the point of identifying themselves with us, seemed to others "confirmation strong" of our power of gaining an unlawful influence over the natives.

In the course of a few weeks this excitement passed away; the absurdity of the reports, after men's minds had had time to consider them coolly, most effectually worked their own cure. Credulous old women, who, perhaps, were the first to originate the stories, were also the last to disbelieve them. I presume many such will vouch for their truth until this day.

CHAPTER XVII.

ILLNESS AND DEATH OF MR. RANKIN.

ABOUT the twentieth of May Mr. and Mrs. Rankin and their children, Abby and Sue, with Dr. and Mrs. McCartee, reached Tung-chow. Mrs. Rankin, on her return from the United States some months before, her own health much improved, had found Mr. Rankin very unwell. The previous year had been a most trying one for the missionaries at Ningpo, on account of disturbances from the rebels.

They had captured the city and held possession of it a short time, when the Imperialists, aided by the English, recovered it. The rebels did not molest foreigners, but the natives suffered much from them. Our missionaries on the North Bank had arranged with the native Christians in the city, that, if at any time in particular danger, they should toll the bell of the large Fuzin church, when, if possible, they would go to their assistance. One day, after the rebels had gained

possession of the city, the bell began tolling, and at once Mr. Rankin and Mr. Morrison attempted to fulfill their promise and go to the rescue. The sentry at the gates allowed them to enter, and they passed hastily on to the church, where they found all in confusion. The native preacher and perhaps others had been seized and carried off, and those who remained were naturally much excited and alarmed. The gentlemen with real bravery went through street after street, among the various companies of soldiers, until they at length found the assistant, and secured his release. I do not know what arrangements were made for the safety of the converts; but I remember that the missionaries were obliged to seek frequent interviews with the commanding officers, and that there were alarms and excitements without end. It was no wonder that the foreign teachers, with such a load of responsibility and anxiety for others as well as themselves, should have been worn out with fatigue. I think they all suffered more or less; and Mr. Rankin was never really well after it. His fine constitution received a shock from which it never recovered. A disease common at Ningpo fixed itself upon him and he failed rapidly; not, however, being obliged to give

up all work until shortly before he came to the North.

He was urged to return to the United States ; and had he done so at an early stage of his illness he might perhaps have recovered ; but like many others he waited too long. He knew the feelings with which some people in this country regard the return of a missionary on account of ill-health, and preferred, for this and other reasons, to remain in China. He hoped also that the climate of Shantung, which had benefited others, might prove favorable to him.

Towards evening of the day on which we were expecting our friends, Mr. Nevius mounted his horse and rode out in the direction of Yentai to meet them. He returned soon after, with a message to me from Dr. McCartee to avoid if possible exhibiting surprise at Mr. Rankin's altered appearance. Had it not been for this I think I must have lost my self-control ; for I was very weak, and when, a few moments later, the party arrived, I was greatly shocked. Could it be that that pale and wasted form was our dear old friend Mr. Rankin? He was exhausted from the journey, and so weak and tottering that he could not walk even from the mule-litter to the house, without a strong arm around him for support.

Disease had made sad inroads ; but his mind was as clear and his heart as warm and affectionate and grateful as ever.

I had, in my house-keeper's pride, or rather in my natural desire to please those who had done so much for us, exerted myself to make the old temple seem pleasing and attractive. The windows were all open, and I "studied effect" in the arrangement of every article of furniture, even to a footstool. It was just at twilight of a lovely, mild day, and I am sure the Kwan-yin tang never looked more pleasantly. Mr. Rankin was delighted ; and I think he never changed his opinion of the place. Their rooms, which were those Mr. Danforth had before occupied, were comfortable and cheerful. The McCartees had the ones opposite. Dr. McCartee's discerning eye had seen at once the true character of Mr. Rankin's disease, and he had scarcely any expectation of his recovery. Indeed, it was evident to all that his restoration would be almost a miracle. Notwithstanding this we could but hope that the change might prove beneficial, and I trust that it was so in some respects, although it did not arrest the progress of disease, then so firmly seated. He became weaker and weaker, and our hopes grew fainter. Though

perfectly aware of his danger, and fully resigned to God's will should he remove him speedily from earth, he never relinquished his hope of recovery. Life was very dear to him. He wished to live that he might accomplish much in his Master's service. I never knew an illness of so dangerous a character as free from intense suffering either in body or mind; or, if he suffered, he was so patient and uncomplaining that we were seldom aware of it. I love to think of those few weeks in our last summer at Tung-chow. I was most of the time too unwell myself to go from home; and when for an hour at evening the other members of the family were all absent, either walking or riding, I would sit with our dear invalid. Many pleasant, quiet chats we thus enjoyed. In reviewing his missionary life he was, as I thought, sometimes a little desponding, and I tried to cheer him by calling to mind his incessant activity. On one such occasion I remember his replying, "Ah, yes, I have been busy, very busy; indeed I fear that I have been rather a busy, than a faithful laborer." He loved to talk of his beautiful home in America; of his brothers and sisters, and of his aged father and mother, — that mother who, as she bade him farewell when he was leaving home for the last time, had added

the words which only a noble Christian would have been capable of: "Henry, *be faithful unto death!*"

On the morning of the first of July my husband, as usual, went early to Mr. Rankin's room. The sun had scarcely risen, and the fresh breeze from the ocean was peculiarly delightful. Though he could not go abroad to enjoy it himself, he desired that others might do so, and requested Mr. Nevius to take Mrs. Rankin out for a short morning ride on my good Dinah. He exhibited much anxiety lest his wife's unremitting attention to him should injure her own health, and not unfrequently would insist upon her leaving him for rest or recreation. Her judgment was naturally influenced by her wishes, and she ever looked on the bright side, never relinquishing hope of her husband's recovery. I was rejoiced that it was so, and, indeed, I sympathized in the feeling. Had we fully realized how soon one whose presence we so valued would be taken from us, we could not have felt cheerful and light-hearted, even though we knew that for him death had no terrors.

But at length the certainty forced itself upon us that the event we feared was close at hand.

Instead of indulging further in personal rem-

iniscences I shall quote from a small memorial volume a notice of Mr. Rankin's death, together with some remarks respecting him which, however, to those who knew him well, do not seem to give a full idea of his many excellences.

“On the morning of July 2, 1863, he was lying feebly, but tranquilly speaking to the dear friends about him. His last message had been sent to his eldest child, a son at school in the United States; a note full of filial and brotherly affection had been sent to one of his sisters at home. His farewell words were spoken calmly to the beloved wife and two little daughters, who were with him in his chamber of sickness. With the exception of a brief period of aberration, his intellect was clear to the last. To his dear friends, Dr. and Mrs. McCartee, and Mr. and Mrs. Nevius, and to a native Christian, who were attending him, he expressed his abiding interest in their common work and his unfaltering trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. As the sun reached its meridian his blessed spirit ascended to behold the Sun of Righteousness. The legacy of Jesus was received by him in all its fulness, — peace here, glory beyond. After nearly thirty-eight years of life upon earth, more than half of which were full of usefulness, he fell asleep. Within

the soil of that empire, for whose people he had given his strength that he might win some of them to Christ, his body rests.

“The voyager in the northern Chinese seas, as he approaches the province of Shantung, may see upon the hill that overlooks the city of Tungchow among other stones there set up, one of pure white marble. Beneath it is all that was mortal of Henry V. Rankin.

“There, by loving friends, who mourned not as those without hope, was his body laid to await the day of resurrection. But this marble monument is not his best or most lasting memorial.

“He is remembered by many in his native land as an unwavering friend, a Christian scholar, a devoted follower of Jesus, and an eloquent preacher of the gospel. His frank and generous spirit and his guileless life have left their fragrance in many homes, and his works have followed him to the mansion of his Father’s house above.

“In the schools and chapels of Ningpo, — the place of his missionary labors, — his memorial abides in souls once benighted by heathenism, now rejoicing in the light of gospel truth. His sermons are still speaking their instructive doctrine. His pure and prayerful life still abides an eloquent example.

“From select portions of God’s Holy Book, which he translated and published, the words of life shall long enter into heathen dwellings. The sweet hymns composed by him shall long continue to ascend from lips that have learned to sing in the language of China the praises of Immanuel.

“These are his best memorials, and they can never be forgotten. Before the throne of God some are now standing, and others shall be gathered, who have been instructed by our departed brother in the way of salvation. As they cast their crowns before the Lamb, they will ever praise him through whose grace this faithful teacher was sent to tell them the glad tidings of the love of that Saviour whose cross he so earnestly preached.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

OUR LAST SUMMER AT TUNG-CHOW.

It is very distasteful to me to make such frequent allusions to myself, my work, or my health; but in a truthful narrative of our life in China this could not be avoided.

In a letter to a dear sympathizing sister, dated the fifteenth of August, 1863, I wrote, as follows: "Dinner is over. Mr. Nevius is in his study commencing his afternoon's work, which, at present, is preparing a Commentary on Acts. Mrs. Rankin is in her room, and her children are at play, while I am chatting with my far-off sister. Were we together I should most naturally tell you in the first place about my health, which, however, is, by this time, such a worn-out subject that I fear you are tired of hearing it mentioned; still I trust to your forbearance. I have been very poorly all summer; in fact, much of the time ill enough to be in bed. I do not suppose I have been able to speak aloud,

on an average, one week out of four during the last three or four months." [Here follows an enumeration of various ailments, which, though possibly interesting in a sense to a near relative, I am sure would not be so to others]. "J—— is sure that one reason why I don't get stronger is that I undertake more than my strength is equal to; 'making an effort to appear well when I am ill,' etc. But I think that I could scarcely live in such a place as Tung-chow without I felt a true interest in our work, and made some effort to help it along. Perhaps I ought to identify myself so completely with my husband as to be satisfied with his work without attempting any other myself. But that is a point of perfection to which I have not yet attained.

"The McCartees returned to their home week before last. I received a note from Mrs. McCartee to-day, in which she says: 'I am much concerned that you are getting to *feel old*. Don't stay at home any longer and entertain "all the world." Suppose you come down here. . . . I think Mr. Nevius must not wait until he has finished this, that, and the other. I have noticed that so many people here have died when their translation, or publication, or dic-

tionary, or house, was just completed, that I am half superstitious.'

"Dr. McCartee also advises us very strongly to go away somewhere for a change. J—— sometimes of late speaks of our return to the United States within a year or two as quite possible. I cannot endure the thought of taking him away from his work. Rather than that I should prefer to stay here, even if I do not recover.

"At the end of two, or, at the most, three years I think I should be more than willing to leave China for a long visit home; for, by that time, J—— will have completed his Theology, and other work which he has planned, and will himself need a long rest. But do not think from this that we are likely to come home very soon. It is much more probable that we shall take a trip somewhere down the coast. The captain of a sailing vessel, now at Yentai, has offered us a free passage to Amoy. He will sail about two months hence, and it is possible that we may accept his kind offer. If I were well I should enjoy such a visit very much; but as I now am, especially with my voice so weak and uncertain, I dread going among strangers."

On the twentieth of the same month, I made

an entry in a letter to my parents, of a very different character, as follows: "We have had a great *freshet*. It rained all day yesterday. At sunset there seemed some signs of clearing, but in the evening it began again to pour. Our rooms leaked badly, and at ten o'clock Mr. Nevius was hard at work moving boxes and furniture to prevent their getting wet.

"Between eleven and twelve we heard a great uproar in the school-girls' room, and, starting out to learn the cause, found even the inner court flooded with water, which already covered the lower steps of our veranda, and was several inches deep on the one in front of Mrs. Rankin's room, which is considerably lower than ours.

"The women and school-girls came rushing into our part of the temple to find a safe retreat, the water in their rooms being already over their beds, or kangas. Some waded, and some were carried by the men, and all were in a great state of excitement. Mrs. Chang, the teacher's wife, seemed to blame her husband, though for what it was hard to tell; 'Chang sin-sang kept saying, "Lie still; go to sleep; don't be afraid; there is no danger;" but I knew *better*, and I told him so,' she exclaimed, in a most injured tone.

“Little Hyiang-yuing was in dismay when she remembered that her pet, a tame ground-mouse, had been left behind to the imminent peril of its life. So her father, very kindly, went back to her sleeping apartment, and rescued it.

“The water continuing to rise, Mr. Nevius and one of the men waded over to Mrs. Rankin’s room to prevent damage there. Before they had things properly arranged, in came the water, oozing up through the floor, and pouring over the door-sill. At the same moment it entered the dining-room. When Mr. Nevius crossed over there to lift to a safe elevation some trunks and boxes, which, for want of a store-room, I was obliged to keep there, he heard a voice calling, Nee sin-sang! Nee sin-sang! from the garden without. It proved to be a neighbor, who, with her little son, had made her way through the fields behind our house in order to reach the Kwan-yin tang. As the water, in the outer court and passages, was then too deep to allow her to come through in that way, Mr. Nevius drew her up through a window seven or eight feet from the ground.

“There is a stream in front of our house which is often quite dry, but in heavy rains it

rises very suddenly. Last night it was a rushing torrent. Mr. Nevius was anxious to get out to look after an old woman who lives in one of the neighboring houses, and also to see if he could not render assistance to others who might be in danger; but he was met by so swift a current as nearly to carry him off, and was glad enough to find himself safely back in our own enclosure.

“The water was at its greatest height at midnight. By that time the roof of the Kwan-yin tang was leaking in every room, particularly in the main building, where are our parlor and bedroom. Nearly half the ceiling has fallen off, or is still hanging in tattered shreds. The water abated as rapidly as it rose, and, in a few hours, the courts were empty. As the flood subsided, it left a residuum very hard to remove, both in the house and in the courts. Every matting has been taken up. The floor, in the girls' school-room, and, also in the chapel caved in, and two partition-walls and several doors had to be pulled down, as they were on the point of falling. Part of the stable-wall fell during the night almost upon the horses. Such a wet house as ours is to-day I am sure you never saw. Two of Mrs. Rankin's boxes,

which stood in the veranda, she did not remember until the water had reached them, and many articles which they contained are badly soaked and injured. Several boxes of mine will also retain some disagreeable traces of this little deluge."

The day after the one on which the above was written, Mrs. Rankin and I had a most providential escape. We were returning from the garden, and had just come through a narrow passage-way, when a high wall, which formed one side of it, fell, in a heavy mass, which must certainly have crushed us had we been beneath it.

Much damage was done in certain parts of the city by the flood. It caused great distress among the poor, and several lives were lost. A water-gate, where the stream passed under the city wall, had, very carelessly, been left closed, and thus, when the water rose, not finding its usual egress, it spread abroad over that region of the city near its banks.

The walls of our house were so thoroughly soaked that it was months before they were perfectly dry. This, in a damp climate like Ningpo, would have rendered the place very unhealthy; but I do not know that it had that effect in Tung-chow.

About the first of September the Rev. Mr. Moule, of the English Church mission at Ning-po, paid us a short but pleasant visit. When he left, Mrs. Rankin accompanied him back to Yentai, where she remained with her sister, Mrs. McCartee, for several months. I felt her absence very much. The scenes of joy and sorrow which we had passed through together had drawn us very near each other.

There was an incident, connected with the latter part of our stay in Tung-chow, which I have failed to mention in its order of time. Indeed, I cannot remember just when it occurred, but think it was in the autumn of 1862. The main building of the Kwan-yin tang, as I have before mentioned, contained several large idols, standing on a raised platform in the middle of the back part of the room. Owing to the prejudices of the people, and the danger of making a disturbance in the city, it was not thought advisable, when we first engaged the house, even to suggest their removal; but, as we could not endure to have them constantly in sight, they were walled in with brick and mortar. A stranger would not have guessed their presence, and we would seldom have thought of them except that we needed the space they occupied, for the house was

small, and had no closets nor clothes-presses. At length, after two years had passed, we concluded that we might anticipate the time somewhat when the "idols shall be abolished," by removing ours and consigning them to some place where they would be less in our way. The priest, who owned the temple, at first was averse to the change, but when reminded that, by the terms of the lease, the Kwan-yin tang would probably never revert to its original purposes, and consequently the images would be of no further use, he withdrew his objections so far as to say that Mr. Nevius might do as he pleased; he would take no responsibility in the matter. Not knowing what effect this step might produce upon the people, we proceeded cautiously, but at length determined that there was no good reason why we should not at once undertake it. A company of masons were employed in another part of the establishment, and Mr. Nevius called them in and requested them to commence the work of removing the goddess and her attendants, the outer doors having been carefully closed to prevent the entrance of intruders. It struck the masons as sacrilegious, and several were afraid and unwilling to attempt it. The overseer, a respectable elderly man, in particular appeared much discon-

certed. He shook his head disapprovingly, and was evidently annoyed; while his son, a youth of about nineteen, seemed to have so little fear or respect for the gods, or the customs of his people, as to consider the undertaking very good fun, and he at once commenced breaking down the outside wall in front of the shrine. Seeing there was no help for them, the others all joined, and in a few moments the three figures, brilliant in gilt and paint, appeared in view. Then came the more difficult task of taking down the images. They were found to be very solid, the frame of wood imbedded in the pedestal, so that they could not be removed without somewhat injuring them. The middle one, a huge male figure, weighing, perhaps, six or eight hundred pounds, was at length dislodged, and slid down an inclined plane formed by a plank resting one end on the platform and the other in the window of the inner court. The other two figures were females, and somewhat smaller. One had a baby in her arms. As one after another they were slid down the plank, a finger or a hand would break loose and fall off, which struck the young mason in a comical light, and he was unsparing in his sarcastic remarks about the power of the gods, who allowed themselves to be thus uncer-

moniously dethroned. Mr. Nevius had promised to injure the idols as little as possible, and to store them in a small loft over one of the rooms. The two female figures were, with much difficulty, elevated to their place of storage, but the other was so heavy that, by common consent, it was decided that it would be dangerous to attempt to raise it; besides, it was so large that it could scarcely be passed through the trap-door, even if the timbers should prove strong enough to support it. It was already nearly dark; something must be done with the unwieldy creature; so we decided that we could not do better than to bury him in the court. A large hole was dug, a matting wound round him, and he was lowered to his ignominious grave,—

Not a gun was heard, nor a funeral note,
 As *Kwan-yin* from his platform we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the hole where this image was buried.

Slowly, not sadly, we laid him down,
 This hero of many a story;
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
 But left him alone in his glory.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;
 But he lay like a warrior, taking his rest,
 With an old mat wrapped around him.

“What a powerful god!” the young mason said,
But none whispered a word of sorrow;
Though some viewed the deed with no little dread,
And *we* anxiously thought of the morrow.

But there was, we were glad to find, no special cause for anxiety, as the affair created no excitement whatever.

During the month of September, I was not a little tried by two persons in whom I was deeply interested. My oldest pupil, Tsing-hyang, exhibited a very untractable disposition, and gave me much anxiety, lest our hopes of her being a truly converted person might prove unfounded. My former *ah-m*—Tsu sao-sao—also evinced an unlovely and, I feared, unchristian spirit, toward a woman named Li sao-sao, whom I had taken into my employ as a servant. I think, on looking back to that time, that with reference to both these persons I did not sufficiently bear in mind the fact that sanctification in many true believers is indeed only commenced, while the most unlovely traits of poor human nature are too often allowed to exhibit themselves with alarming frequency and intensity. There was nothing that I could fix upon as an evidence of hypocrisy or of positive unfitness for church communion; or rather, there

was nothing in either more reprehensible than I have witnessed in professing Christians in this country whose standing in the church is unquestioned. Tsu sao-sao was frequently censorious; she was also unjust in her opinion of those she fancied had usurped her place in my affections; and in some other respects I did not feel quite satisfied with her.

The woman Li sao-sao, alluded to above, was in some respects a very interesting person. She was a plain country woman of the poorer class, but had a good mind and more than ordinary common sense. When she first came to me she had very confused religious ideas. I do not think she had ever given much thought to the subject. Most Chinese women are ready to acknowledge that they are *sinner*s; but Li sao-sao, when I inquired her opinion of herself in that particular, told me frankly that she did not think she was a sinner; on the contrary, she considered herself a very harmless, good sort of person. She was not in the habit of lying or stealing; she did not wish ill to any one; so far as she could see, there was nothing in her of a reprehensible nature. When I suggested certain offences, such as anger, pride, etc., of which every one, I thought, was more or less guilty, she did not

deny having indulged in them, but so had every one else, and she not more than others; *therefore* there was no sin in them. However, if I said they were wrong, she supposed they must be. I noticed that from this time she became very thoughtful, and was evidently reflecting upon what she had heard; and it was not long before she made the discovery that her heart, which she had before supposed so delightfully pure, had a strange propensity to do the things she would not; while the things she would, she found herself totally unable to perform. I heard nothing more of her blameless life and meritorious deeds. She had found her need of Jesus, and I think she sincerely and gladly accepted his offer of pardon and salvation.

After I became too unwell to go out among the women, I sent Li sao-sao daily; and had much comfort in feeling that she was, perhaps, able to do quite as much good as I could have done, had I gone in her stead.

We had but few visitors at that time, the effect of the injurious reports relating to us, which I have already mentioned, not yet having worn off.

Early in September, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, from Shanghai, visited Tung-chow in the hope

of benefiting their little daughter, who was ill. In this they were sadly disappointed, for their baby died a few hours after their arrival. The next evening, at sunset, we made the little grave on the hill by the sea-side. Dr. McCartee had accompanied the Robertses to Tung-chow, having been summoned hither by illness in one of the mission families. Sixty miles in a mule-litter, or on horseback, is a long distance for a doctor's professional ride, or for a patient to be carried, as has several times been necessary in order to secure his services. These journeys were a great tax upon Dr. McCartee's strength and kindness; but, under the circumstances, they seemed unavoidable.

CHAPTER XIX.

SOJOURN AT NINGPO. — MODES OF PREPARING
TEA FOR MARKET.

ON the twenty-first of September we received a letter from Dr. McCartee, informing us that two vessels at Yentai were on the point of sailing, the one for Hong-kong, the other for Amoy, in both of which we were kindly offered a passage down the coast. He urged our accepting the invitation of one or the other, and without delay trying the effect of change and rest upon my health.

After consulting with the other missionaries, and having earnestly asked direction from Him who so often, in our lives, had verified the promise, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths," we decided to start the next morning for Yentai.

After a few hours of busy preparations, in which we were assisted by our friends, both

foreign and native, we bade good-by to Tung-chow. We expected to be gone only a month or two, but, notwithstanding this, our Chinese friends, especially the girls and the women, seemed to feel our going very much, and many tears were shed.

We left home at nine o'clock in the morning, I in a *shen-tz* or mule-litter, and Mr. Nevius on horseback. By seven at evening we reached Sing-tien, the village where we stopped on our first journey to Tung-chow. The inn seemed forbidding in the last degree, and the air was so stifling that my lungs almost refused to breathe it. I was greatly relieved when Mr. Nevius suggested continuing our journey by night. He left his horse, and mounted a donkey which knew the road so perfectly as to be quite capable of acting as our guide. The owner of the donkey assured us that if we would allow it to have its own way we need have no fear of losing the road; and so, through all the hours of that dark night, we followed our wise little leader up hill and down, through fields and over streams, in narrow, rocky, and precipitous paths; sometimes on the edge of chasms and precipices, without ever one mistake. Brave little donkey! so patient and watchful. I slept occasionally,

notwithstanding the jolting, and was certainly not more fatigued than if we had passed the night in that miserable inn. Mr. Nevius, however, was completely tired out. At four o'clock, just at daybreak, we forded a small river. I enjoyed the strangeness, almost grotesqueness, of our night journey; but I do not think I should recommend it to persons generally, especially invalids. I found myself so prostrated as to be obliged to keep my bed most of the time for days afterwards.

We reached the McCartees at six o'clock, and were glad to find our friends all well. Neither of the vessels was to sail for several days; so we need not have hastened our leaving Tung-chow as we did.

It was decided that for several reasons it would be best for us to accept the invitation of Capt. King, of the "Agnes," whose wife, a very agreeable American lady, was with him. They were exceedingly kind and hospitable, and, had it not been for sea-sickness and ill health, the voyage would have been a very pleasant one.

The records of the journeyings of an invalid in search of health are not often very entertaining, and I shall not presume upon the patience of my readers by giving my experience at much

length. We spent several weeks at Amoy, where we were most hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Cowie, of the English Presbyterian Mission, and received many kindnesses from other missionaries, both English and American. An excellent physician, who was called in to see me soon after our arrival, took a discouraging view of my health, and urged us to give up our intention of remaining longer in China, and return to the United States immediately. I did not improve as I had hoped from the change of scene and air; but we did not feel prepared to decide at once to leave China.

As you enter the harbor, Amoy presents a beautiful appearance. Most of the foreign residents live on a small, rocky island called Kulong-su, and as every one has chosen as high and airy a building site as possible, and as the houses are usually large, when seen from the bay they show to good advantage. Amoy is also an island. The town itself is the most miserable Chinese city I ever saw. The streets are narrow and filthy. The American missionaries all resided on the Amoy side, but their houses were not considered healthy; indeed, they could not have been so in such an unfavorable location.

The missions at Amoy have been, in some

respects, more favored than any others in the country. They have large, self-sustaining churches, and Christianity has taken deep hold there. Mr. Nevius was glad to have the opportunity of familiarizing himself with their mode of operations, and of witnessing its results. He visited the churches in the city, and also accompanied some of the missionaries to their distant out-stations.

After leaving Amoy, we spent a few days in Hong-kong, where we were the guests of my old friend Mr. Speiden. From there we went to Canton. Mr. Preston, of our mission, was a classmate of my husband in Princeton; he went to China shortly after we did, and it was delightful for them to meet again after their ten years' separation.

Canton is a beautiful city, very large and well built, superior to any Chinese town I had before visited, except Hang-chow, as it was before the rebels captured it. Although foreigners have resided for many years in the suburbs of Canton, it is only recently that the city proper has been opened. Formerly, no "outside barbarian" dared to venture within the gates; well knowing that he would probably lose his head, in consequence of his temerity, should he

attempt it. Now there seems no difference in that respect between this and other cities.

Although it has not, thus far, proved a very successful mission-station, there have been, of late years, some more encouraging indications. Mr. Nevius was particularly pleased with Mr. Preston's chapel services, which were well attended by a very respectable class of persons, while Mr. Preston entered into his work with unusual heartiness and spirit.

The boarding-schools of Mrs. Bonny and Mrs. Happer interested me greatly. The latter had been in China since she was a child, and was, consequently, not only perfectly at home in the language, but also in the manners and habits of the people; and her influence over them was very great. Her school I thought a model for all others, at least in many respects. I noticed, with particular pleasure, the attention she paid to the manners of her pupils, never allowing them to transgress their own rules of propriety, or to fall into habits which would be considered rude among their own countrywomen. Her influence over them religiously was also very great. She entered into their joys and sorrows, trials and temptations, in a most natural and interested way; and they

felt that in her they had a faithful, loving friend.

Another lady whose acquaintance I made on that visit was Mrs. Condit, who was loved and admired by every one. She was a devoted missionary, and had made excellent progress in the language, both written and spoken; and by her winning manners was particularly fitted to be useful among Chinese females.

Within a year or two after our visit, both of these ladies, so loved and useful, were removed by death.

Among the most valuable agencies of the Canton Mission has been the hospital, for many years under the judicious management of Dr. Ker. I am sure his faithful and laborious efforts in connection with it must yet meet with an abundant reward.

We spent two or three weeks with our friends in Canton, the pleasure of the visit marred only by my poor health, which made even the privilege of meeting persons whose acquaintance I was so glad to form, a very weariness.

In the latter part of December we sailed for Shanghai in an American steamer called the Foh-kien. Her accommodations were ample, and

the most bountiful provisions were made for the table, which, however, was very poorly patronized; for we sailed against a heavy monsoon, and the motion of the vessel was such as to produce sea-sickness of the worst character. I was ill nearly all the way, being seldom able to leave my berth. It was a welcome relief when we stopped a few hours at Fuchow. This also gave us a glimpse of the pleasant circle of missionaries there, who, as elsewhere, were hard and successfully at work. At that time their prospects seemed encouraging, but a few weeks later there was a singular outburst of feeling against them, a furious mob quite demolishing their churches, and ill-treating the native Christians.

We reached Shanghai on the fourth of December, and went at once to the house of Mr. Gamble, my fellow-passenger from the United States, in the N. B. Palmer, seven years before. He was occupying rooms over a church situated in a busy street outside the city walls, and also somewhat removed from the foreign settlement. There being scarcely any native families near, it was rather an unpromising location for missionary work, at least among the women; but as our host was still a bachelor,

this mattered less. Close to the church was the press where Mr. Gamble kept a large corps of Chinese workmen employed in printing the Scriptures and religious books for missionaries all over China, besides other miscellaneous work.

While at Shanghai, the late Dr. Henderson, a highly valued Scotch physician, advised us so strongly to return to the United States, and warned us so earnestly of the danger of a long delay, that we scarcely felt at liberty to further discuss the matter, though it would have been Mr. Nevius' preference, as well as my own, to remain at least a year or two longer in China.

A day or two after our arrival, Mr. Gamble had the pleasure of welcoming a much-loved sister from Ireland, who had come to cheer the home and heart of her missionary brother. And a few days later a welcome reinforcement of the Tung-chow mission, Mr. and Mrs. Mateer, and Mr. and Mrs. Corbett, arrived from the United States. Mr. Corbett was very unwell when he reached Shanghai, his illness being apparently due to the miserable diet furnished them on ship-board.

We hoped their dangers by sea were over when they had reached Shanghai, but shortly

before they arrived at Che-foo, the steamer on which they had taken passage ran aground, and the passengers were obliged to go on shore. They walked for many hours, through snow and sleet, before they found a place of shelter. Then they were received by a Chinese family, who treated them very kindly, giving up their own *kangs* for them to rest upon, and offering such food as their house afforded. A gun-boat went down the next day from Che-foo, and brought them all in safety to their journey's end, at least to Che-foo. Their long overland trip to Tung-chow had still to be made.

When the question of our return home had been decided, Mr. Nevius concluded to go at once to Ningpo, in order to secure the aid of trained native scholars to assist him in finishing and revising different works for the press. He felt that he could not leave the country without accomplishing this object, as doing so might involve the loss of years of hard labor.

We arrived at Ningpo about the first of the year 1864. It was both pleasant and sad to be there again. Sometimes the weight of old associations was really oppressive; and we constantly missed the dear familiar faces which used to make Ningpo such a cheerful, happy place.

Our mission at that time consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, and Mr. Dodd. It seemed strange to find ourselves such "patriarchs." With one exception, there was not a missionary at Ningpo who was there on our arrival ten years before. Some had removed to other parts of China, or returned to their native countries, but many had died from the effects of climate or overwork, or more probably from both causes combined, as was the case with Mr. Rankin.

The native Christians met us with hearty and affectionate welcomes, and were evidently much rejoiced to meet their old friend and pastor "Nee sin-sang" again.

The three months which we spent at Ningpo at that time, though they afforded very little of general interest in a narrative, were a busy and interesting season to us. I was not sure but that, having for so long been accustomed to speaking only Mandarin, our Ningpo might be rusty; but we found no difficulty whatever in that respect.

My husband at once commenced work, assisting wherever his services were most required in the ordinary employments of the mission. Mr. Green and Mr. Morrison were both only partially

recovered from long and dangerous illnesses; while the duties which necessarily devolved upon them were extremely arduous.

Shortly after reaching Ningpo, Mr. Nevius went with Mr. Dodd to Bao-ko-tah, the nearest out-station, where he preached and administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. At the close of the service a woman came to them with a singular case of conscience. She wished to know whether it was right to think of Jesus after she had gone to bed at night. She said that by the worshippers of *Veh* it was considered wrong to think of him at that time. She also asked, whether, in case she really had no leisure for prayer in the morning, it would answer as well to say two prayers at night.

Mr. Nevius and Mr. Dodd made several visits to the San-poh stations, where they were delighted to find affairs in a most prosperous condition. On one of these visits they assisted in ordaining Mr. Zia to the office of the ministry, and installing him pastor of one of the churches; and in ordaining Kyng Ling-yiu as an evangelist.

At a meeting of the Ningpo Presbytery, of which Mr. Nevius was still a member, six candidates—all, with one exception, graduates from

the school — were licensed to preach the gospel. This was a very important measure, and has been fraught with the happiest results. Presbyterianism, as it seems to me, is wonderfully adapted to the wants of mission fields. Its form of government is so strong yet flexible, and suited to the emergencies of Christianity in its infancy; its doctrines are so sound and wholesome, and its practices so scriptural, that it is suited to the wants of the church, not less when she is coming up from the wilderness of heathen error, than in the lands where Christianity has already, in a measure, performed her purifying and ennobling work.

As I was too unwell, while at Ningpo, to attempt missionary labor myself, I was glad to be able to do something by proxy. I was very anxious to interest our converts, who had been trained in the girls' boarding-school, in the same kind of work in which I, and my imperfectly instructed women in Tung-chow, had been engaged. I was so fortunate as to secure the services of two young women who had some years before completed their education in the school. One of them was Kying-lan, the wife of the Elder and native assistant Yi Loh-ding, who was carried off by the rebels. No tidings have ever

been received from him, and it is supposed that he is dead. Kying-lan had not been considered, in all respects, suited to this new employment, but I was pleasantly disappointed in her. She was systematic and industrious, and her heart seemed in her work. The other, Siu-vong, was a cheerful, kind-hearted person, with hearty, cordial manners, well adapted to making friends. Her husband was a heathen, but he had much respect and affection for his Christian wife.

Siu-vong and Kying-lan sometimes went together, and at other times alone, in their visits among the women. They seldom met with rudeness or ill-treatment. I gave them the result of my experience in that kind of work, and at first used to direct very explicitly what they should say, what answers to make to certain objections which they would be likely to meet, etc., etc. But I gradually gained confidence in them, as I found they were very discreet, and succeeded well in their new and difficult undertaking. They came to me every evening, when from their lips I made a journal of their day's work, noting down just where they had been, whom they had met, and sometimes long conversations which they had held. I could do this, though I was seldom able to speak except in a whisper. It was as

much for their sakes as my own, as it gave me an opportunity of imparting instruction, if they needed it, and also encouragement if they seemed at all disheartened. I have those journals still, but as they resemble very much my own of a similar nature, I will not insert them. After I left Ningpo, Mrs. Green kindly took charge of this work, but Siu-vong's husband, not very long after, objected to her continuing it, and she was obliged to give it up.

On my return to China I hope to be able to do much, not only myself, but in engaging our native Christian women in this department of labor. The experiment has been tried by various missionary ladies who have "Bible women," as they are sometimes called, under their superintendence; and has been found to succeed well.

I know of no other way in which Chinese women, in the seclusion of their homes, can be reached. Either foreign or native women must go to them with the "good news" of salvation, or the great majority can never hear it.

I was much interested in Mrs. Morrison's industrial classes, which she was about commencing at that time. Once or twice a week she would gather the women of a certain locality together for an hour or two, paying them a

small sum, perhaps about two cents, for the time. While they sewed, she, or a native Christian, would read to, or converse with them; giving such instruction as they needed, in the rudiments of Christianity. The plan seemed to work well, and I think was adopted in other places also. It, of course, is suited only to women of the poorer class.

Mr. Nevius took advantage of every leisure moment during this sojourn at Ningpo, to hasten forward the completion of his books, having several teachers and scribes constantly occupied. He worked night and day, now with one, now with another, and had the satisfaction of crowding into a short space of time the work which ought properly to have occupied a much longer period. It seemed necessary; but the effort was too much for him, and his health suffered in consequence for nearly a year after.

While at Ningpo I could make but few visits of any kind, but I occasionally went out to see an old friend. I went again to find my *ah-m*, Yiang-ko siao-yi, who, as I mentioned in a former chapter, had become insane. I was shown to the door of her room, which she always kept closed and bolted. It was thought doubtful whether she would open it, but when told

that it was I, she allowed me to enter. She was the saddest creature I ever saw, and it appeared to me that her mental derangement was undoubtedly a species of religious melancholy. While I was with her she constantly repeated the words, "*Kyiu feh læ! Kyiu feh læ!*" "I cannot be saved! I cannot be saved." She seemed pleased to see me, but I left her with a heavy heart, her case appeared so hopeless. Her friends said that she often urged them to repent of their sins and believe in Jesus, even while for herself she felt there was no hope whatever.

One day, in the latter part of March, Mr. Nevius and myself visited an extensive establishment where tea is prepared for the foreign market. We had often witnessed the process of tea-picking on the hills in the vicinity of Ningpo, where it grows in large quantities; but we had never given much attention to the final processes necessary to fit it for exportation to distant lands. That used by the natives is prepared in a more simple way. We found in this establishment eight or ten long ranges, each with twelve or more deep, iron pans, with apparatus for heating them underneath. In these pans the leaves, after having been carefully

assorted and wilted, are heated over a slow fire, a man standing by, who, with the palm of his hand, lightly stirs the whole with an even rotary motion. In answer to our questions, a man connected with this establishment gave us a good deal of information upon this subject, which, by the way, I find interests many people who profess entire indifference to most other matters connected with China and the Chinese race. I wish, for the sake of such, that I were more *au fait* in the subject. From all which I have been able to learn, I think there can be no doubt that both black and green teas can be made from the same plant, by varying the mode of preparation and the time of gathering it. The young and tender leaves are much valued by the natives, who invariably drink their tea without either milk or sugar; but that variety, I think, would not be a favorite in Western lands. It is nearly colorless, and has a very delicate flavor. It is very expensive even in China. The Chinese never boil their tea, as is common in this country. They make an infusion of it by pouring boiling water upon the leaves, allowing it to stand a few moments before it is used. It is usually made in the cups from which it is drunk. A small quantity of leaves having been placed in the

bottom, the eup is filled with boiling water, and the saucer is placed over the top while it "draws." Davis, in his work on China, says, "The specimens brought from the black and green tea countries differ slightly in the leaf; the latter being a thinner leaf, rather lighter in color and longer in shape than the other. But, besides this, the great difference in the preparation contributes to mark the distinctions between the two kinds of the manufactured article; for the Chinese themselves acknowledge that either black or green tea may be prepared from any tea plant. The green teas are less subjected to the action of fire than the black, and therefore retain more of their original color; but they are at the same time infinitely more liable to suffer from time and damp. If the two kinds of tea-leaves are examined after having been expanded in hot water, it will be observed that the black contain the stems of the leaves as well as a portion of the stalks on which they grew, while the hyson (green) leaves have generally been pinched off above the leaf-stem. The black tea thus contains much of the woody fibre, while the fine green is exclusively the fleshy part of the leaf itself, which is one good reason why it should be dearer." We were also told, at that

establishment in Ningpo, that a foreign coloring ingredient is usually introduced into the green teas to improve their color, but that it is in very minute quantities and of a harmless character. I suppose there is no doubt that "*Prussian blue*," which is certainly far from being innocuous, has sometimes been employed; but it must have been in very small quantities. Gypsum, and I think indigo also, have sometimes been used to improve the color, if not the quality, of our favorite beverage.

Americans have the credit of bringing about this bad habit of coloring the teas. It is said that years ago, when foreign trade was principally with Canton, the supply of green teas, which alone were desired in the American market, was altogether insufficient to meet the demand. American sailing-vessels were obliged to leave within a certain time, and they were determined not to go without their cargoes, and the Chinese were naturally equally desirous that they should be supplied. So they went to work manufacturing green varieties out of old black, and in some cases damaged tea-leaves; using, not very sparingly, "*Prussian blue*" and "*gypsum*." Of late years, since other parts of the empire have been opened to foreign

commerce, and the demand is so equally divided between black and green varieties, there can be no such irresistible temptation to the manufacture of either one kind or the other.

The black teas, at least some varieties, in the process of preparation, are trodden by barefooted men, and when finally ready for market go through a similar process as they are being placed in chests. Davis says, "The tea, when prepared, is first of all put up in baskets, and subsequently packed by the contractors in chests and canisters. The black teas are trodden down with the feet to make them pack closer; but the green tea-leaves would be crushed and broken by so rude a process; they are accordingly only shaken into the chests." Our informant at the Ningpo tea hong assured us that hogs'-blood is often used in the preparation of black teas.

In "Doolittle's Social Life of the Chinese" I find the following account of the method of preparing Cango as witnessed in a tea-district near Fuchau: "1. The leaves are exposed in the sun or in any airy place. The object of this is not to dry them, but only to wilt them slowly and thoroughly. 2. A quantity of leaves thus wilted are put into a shallow vessel usually made

of the splints of the bamboo, and trodden down together for a considerable time until all the fibres and stems of the leaves are broken. The object is simply to break the stiff parts or fibres. Men barefooted are employed to do this work, because the Chinese do not appear to have found a more convenient, expeditious, and effective method of attaining the object in view. It does not seem to them a filthy and objectionable operation. 3. These leaves are then rolled in a particular manner by the hands of the operator. The object is solely to cause them to take a round and spiral form. If not rolled in this way they would remain flat, — a shape not adapted to the foreign market. While lying on the vessel the hands, spread out, are passed around sometimes in a circular manner parallel to the bottom of the vessel, lightly touching the leaves. 4. They are now placed in a heap to heat for half an hour or longer, until they become of a reddish appearance. 5. The leaves are then spread out in the sun, or in a light and airy place, and left to dry. They must be thoroughly dried, else they would mould and become unfit for the foreign market. 6. The leaf is next sold to the agents of foreigners, or to native dealers, who take it away to expend a great deal

of labor upon it before it is shipped to foreign countries. It is sifted on coarse sieves, and picked over several times in order to separate the different qualities, to remove the stems, the large or flat leaves, etc. The large leaves are put by themselves, and the small by themselves. It is dried several times over slow fires in iron pans, in order to prevent its spoiling through moisture, according to circumstances, as the weather, length of time on hand, etc., seem to require."

Other varieties differ considerably in their preparation, but this one description gives a sufficiently correct idea of the whole.

The tea plant is a shrub, which seen at a distance resembles somewhat the common currant-bush. Its blossom is very like that of the *camellia japonica*. "The *camellia* bears the same name among the Chinese as the tea shrub, and possesses most of its botanical characters." . . .
"The picking of the leaves is usually performed by women and children, who can, in this business, earn from three to six cents a day.

"There are three seasons for picking the leaves, namely, in the third, fifth, and eighth Chinese months, when each shrub is picked over at intervals of ten or fifteen days, two or three times or more, according to its thriftiness, and the

demand in market for the dried leaf. If there is no prospect of selling the tea at a profit the leaf is not picked. A pound of green leaves makes only about three or four ounces of tea. The first picking is the best and commands the highest price.”

So much for the tea plant. If I have failed to give a correct idea of its culture or preparation, I hope that I may be excused on the ground that other duties and interests in China were of so much more imperative a nature as to prevent my giving much attention to other matters, even to one of such general interest as this.

CHAPTER XX.

TRIP UP THE RIVER YIANG-TSE. — LEAVING
CHINA.

ABOUT the first of March we returned to Shanghai in one of Dent & Co's steamers, a free passage having been politely proffered us. It was with sincere regret that we parted from our Ningpo friends, both native and foreign, who had done so much to make our sojourn with them pleasant. Mr. Dodd accompanied us to the boat; and late in the evening, before the steamer weighed anchor, Mr. Green and Mr. Morrison, who had just returned from an itinerating tour, came a long way down to the anchorage to bid us good-by.

We had hoped to engage passage from Shanghai direct to New York, or, failing in that, to be able to find a ship going to California. But we were disappointed, as there was scarcely a vessel of any kind at that time bound either for New York or San Francisco. The privateers of the "Southern Confederacy" had

carried on their business so successfully as to drive nearly every merchant vessel carrying the United States flag out of those waters. Under these circumstances, we thought very seriously of returning to Tung-chow, and waiting for better times. Dr. Henderson, who himself, a few months afterwards, fell a victim to the climate, urged the necessity of our leaving China with as little delay as possible, cautioning us against the risk of remaining through the unhealthy season. We felt the importance of his advice, and would have left sooner had there been a suitable opportunity. At length, after much detention, and visiting and making inquiries on board a great many ships, Mr. Nevius secured passage for ourselves, and Mrs. Rankin and her children, who were to accompany us, in an English vessel bound for London. It seemed a very roundabout way of reaching home to have to go first to England, and a few years earlier or later there would have been no such necessity. It was one of the many ways in which, even in China, we were made to realize the existence of "the great rebellion."

While waiting for our vessel to sail, we were invited by Mr. Tyers, of "Olyphant & Co.," to take a trip up the River Yiang-tse to Han-kao.

We were glad to avail ourselves of this favorable opportunity of seeing the interior of China, and making observations and investigations respecting its advantages for missionary efforts. We went on board the steamer late one Monday evening in the latter part of May, and the next morning got under way. I was ill the first day, and not able to leave my berth; but that mattered less, as the scenery we were passing was tame and uninteresting. The first night we reached Chin-kiang, one of the newly opened ports. It is not now a place of much wealth or influence, but formerly was large and flourishing, with a population estimated at 500,000. It was captured by the rebels the year before we reached China. They held it for three years, when, owing to supplies failing, they were obliged to evacuate it. Looking from my window, I could see by the moonlight a background of hills, the irregular wall of a Chinese city, and one large foreign house upon the hill-side. That, I believe, was the custom-house. Most of the few foreign residents lived in boats, or the hulks of old vessels fitted up as residences.

The next day, at noon, we passed the city of Nankin. Its walls, which are about fifteen miles in circumference, run, in some places,

close to the water's edge, and, in others, stretch far away over high hills, enclosing miles and miles of unoccupied ground, and cultivated fields, or gardens. More than ten years previous Nankin had been captured by the insurgents, and a great part of the time since then the Imperialists had been closely besieging it. As we passed, we could see the long lines of tents belonging to the besieging army, which, like a great boa-constrictor, was coiled around the ill-fated city. The rebels were known to be hard pressed for provisions, and it was not supposed they could hold out much longer. Only a little frontage on the river was left them, and they evidently made the most of that for fishing. Close to the wall of the city is a narrow stream, upon one side of which were the Imperialists, on the other the rebels.

Early Thursday morning we passed the fine old city of Ngan-kin, sometimes called by foreigners Gan-kin. It lies on the northern shore, and is the capital of Ngan-hwe province, which we entered, not far from it. This city was then the residence of one of the highest insurgent chiefs.

On the afternoon of that day we passed one of the most interesting objects of the whole route, the "Siao kwu-san," "Little Orphan,"

a most singular island lying midway in the river. It rises abruptly from the waves, one towering rock two or three hundred feet high. On its summit is a small temple, or idol shrine, and somewhat lower down is a larger building, evidently of the same character. These can be approached only by steps hewn in the rock. I was surprised to see in such a rocky place an abundance of beautiful foliage. An hour or two after leaving this pretty spot, we discovered the entrance of the Poyang Lake, and had a glimpse of another island called "Ta kwu-san," the "Larger Orphan," also apparently a high precipitous rock. Like its young sister just mentioned, it evidently is not altogether neglected, as its brow is crowned by a towering pagoda. They are both, no doubt, appropriated by the Buddhists.

It was evening when we reached Kyiu-kiang, where the steamer anchored a short time. There were here only a few foreign houses, but those few were large and conspicuous, and, seen from the river presented a fine appearance. There was not one European lady living there.

The next afternoon (Friday) we reached Han-kow, our journey's end. While there, we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John, of the

London Mission. They had visited us several years before, while we were living at Hang-chow. We seemed destined to meet in out-of-the-way places. Their new mission at Han-kow had commenced most prosperously, and at that early date gave indications, since fully verified, of being a station of no ordinary interest. Mr. Cox, and Dr. and Mrs. Schmidt, of the English Wesleyan Society, were the only other missionaries located there.

Han-kow is situated on the Yiang-tse Kiang, six hundred miles from its mouth, at the point of its confluence with the River Han. Seven years before our visit it had been completely destroyed by the rebels, only one house, we were told, having been left standing. But, as if by magic, it had already recovered itself, and was again a place of much commercial importance. It is compactly built, extending at that time for at least five miles along the banks of the Han and Yiang-tse Rivers. It was, however, narrow, in comparison to its width. Its population was very great, about four hundred thousand. It had few objects of interest, such as temples, gardens, or fine streets, which are usually found in Chinese cities of equal size;

but that was not to be expected in a place of its character and recent growth.

Opposite Han-kow, on the right bank of the river Han, is the smaller city of Han-kiang. It also was ruined by the rebels, and has been only partially restored.

Across the Kiang-tse, which is at that point three quarters of a mile wide, is Wu-chang, the capital of the Hoopah province. "Its hills terraced with houses, and crowned with pagodas, and its double wall lining the margin of the river, with towers, gateways, and bastions, all combine to give it an imposing and majestic appearance." The situation of these three cities, Wu-chang, Han-kiang, and Han-kow, reminded us somewhat of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, but the river Han is much narrower than the East River separating New York and Brooklyn. Indeed, it is here so narrow that one might easily throw a stone across it. It varies from a hundred to a hundred and fifty yards in width. But it is very deep, and is navigable for hundreds of miles beyond this point. Navigation of the Kiang-tse is made difficult, if not impossible, by rapids, about one hundred and fifty miles above Han-kow.

The population of these three cities combined

Père Huc estimated at eight millions ; but I fear the "good father" was either fond of making a large story, or else, like myself, was unskilled in the art of computation. Half that estimate would not have been a small one. A modern English traveller says, "Perhaps their united population may have equalled that of London, but certainly never exceeded it." I, however, think that in the good days of old, before the "troublesome pests" (as the imperialists style the rebels) had ravaged that fair region, this wonderful place may have had the presumption to "more than equal *London*."

The current is so strong in the Yiang-tse that few native vessels were anchored in it, but the Han for a long distance was crowded with junks and lighter craft. There is not much foreign shipping at Han-kow, but large river steamers constantly ply between that place and Shanghai; and merchant vessels also, some of heavy draft, go there to take in cargoes for America and England.

From what we saw of Han-kow we were convinced that it is not only a very important commercial centre, but also an equally important one for missions. No American society had then, or has yet, any mission on this great river. It seems lamentable that while merchants of all

sorts, with praiseworthy energy, have taken advantage at once of these promising openings for commerce, the church has been so remiss in her efforts to plant in them the standard of the cross. Plenty of men and plenty of money seem always at the beck and call of commerce; but neither men nor money are often ready when Christ by his providence says, "I have opened the way: enter in and possess the land for me." Why is it?

Our voyage up the Great River had not been slow, but our return, owing to the strong current, was exceedingly rapid. We spent part of a day at Kyiu-kiang, taking tiffin with a friend on shore, who also accompanied us in a walk through the city,—that is, the gentlemen walked; I was in a sedan. We gained the highest point of a hill within the walls, which afforded a bird's-eye view of the whole vicinity. The walls are extensive and the city is pleasantly situated, but now, like nearly all in this region, it bears sad testimony to the reckless character of the rebels, who a few years since held possession of it. The houses are wonderfully few. Its population must at present be small, for which reason I suppose it will not be likely to be chosen as a mission station. But it would seem as if there ought to

be at least one or two missionaries there. It is sad to think of its being left without any attempt made for the good of its inhabitants. But it, alas! is only one of thousands of cities in this vast empire which have never yet heard the "good news" of a Saviour. Ever since our visit to Han-kow I have had a strong desire to live and labor in some place in these remote inland provinces, either to follow the Yiang-tse still further towards its source, or to seek a home on the shores of the spirited Han.

I have heard old sea-captains, who were familiar with the noble Mississippi, express the opinion that both for beauty and purposes of commerce, that river is inferior to the Yiang-tse kiang, or Ta-kiang (Great River) as it is as often called in China. They seem to me very much alike. The banks of both are often low and uninteresting, and navigation on both requires the aid of a good pilot acquainted with the channel. I do not think there are as many lagoons and marshes on the Ta-kiang as on the shores of the Mississippi; but still in certain parts there are not a few of these.

The "Robert Low," in which our passage had been engaged, returned from Hang-kow, where she had been taking in a cargo of tea,

shortly after our arrival in Shanghai, but did not sail for England until the first of July. It was with mingled feelings of sorrow and pleasure that we prepared for a homeward voyage. The prospect of meeting our parents and other loved friends, on the shores of our native land, was truly delightful; but the necessity of bidding farewell to China, dear China, was most painful; and for the time feelings of intense sorrow and regret predominated. Our missionaries in Shanghai, and also some valued acquaintances among the merchants, had shown us every kindness, and we felt most sadly to part with them; while Ningpo on the south, and Tung-chow on the north, almost equally divided our affection and our regret at leaving them. But at length the farewell words were spoken, the anchor was weighed, and we bade adieu to Shanghai; a little more than ten years after our first arrival there.

THE END.

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