

Tales From the Middle Kingdom

Stories of China

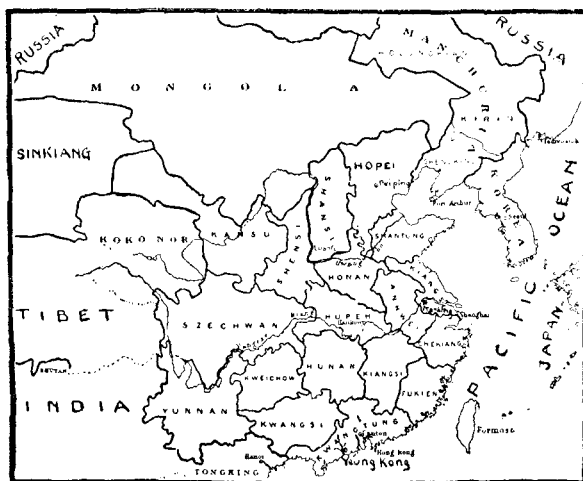
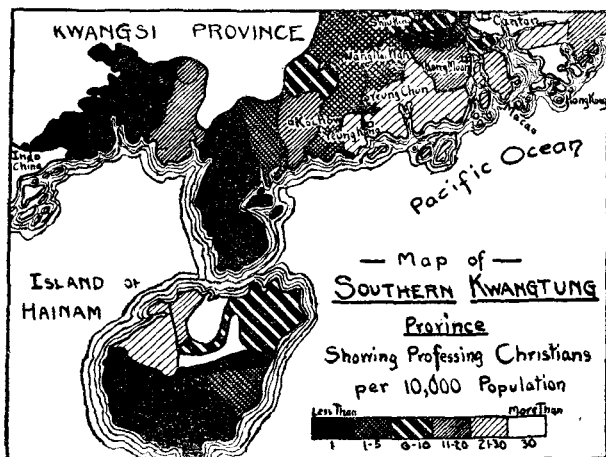
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INTRODUCTION

The stories collected in this little book have for the most part been taken from the pages of the magazine, "Messages of Love." Many of these stories were originally written for this magazine, either by Mrs. Willis or different members of her family, and are those things which they have seen and heard.

Their first object is to present Christ, and the way of salvation through Him: but both stories and pictures present, very truthfully, life in some parts of China. And it is the earnest hope and prayer of those responsible for this work, that the stories going forth in this new form, may not only be the means of leading some sinners to the Saviour, but also result in stirring the hearts of some of the Lord's people, young and old,—to "lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal."

"What do you offer?" was the question put to Garibaldi by some young men at the street corner, when he summoned them to enlist in his cause.

"Offer?" replied Garibaldi, "I offer you hardship, hunger, rags, thirst, sleepless nights, footsores in the long marches, privations innumerable, *and victory in the noblest cause that ever called you.*"

And the young men followed him.

The same offer holds good in many parts of China today, with this exception; the cause is more noble, the Victory is more certain, and there are wages from the Lord of the harvest,—such wages that, (as you may see for yourself in "The Standard Oil Job,") a man would be a fool to exchange them for \$15,000 a year.

It is the eleventh hour and after, but the gracious Master that paid full "wages" to the eleventh hour labourers, is no less gracious today. If there is one reader to whom He might say, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" May that same reader hear *from HIMSELF*, those gracious words, "Go ye also into the vineyard."

Special thanks are due to the editors of "Messages of Love," (1112 North Taylor Ave., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.,) for the use of many of their stories. We would also like to thank the editors of "The Young Christian," and "The Children's Gospel Magazine," for stories borrowed from their pages, and "The Shantyman," for "Standard Oil Job Not Big Enough."

A map of China is included to show the position of a few of the places referred to, and also part of a very interesting map of Kwang Tung Province, that has been copied from the "Report of The Board of Co-operation, Canton Missionary Conference." In it, the city of Yeung Kong has been indicated, but the *real* object of the map is, we hope, quite clear without further explanation.

Perhaps a word should be added regarding the pictures. We are indebted to Mr. H. F. Collier, of Yeung Kong, for most of these. Some are from actual photographs of the places or things described, while some are merely typical, and while they convey a true impression of actual conditions, are not the persons, places or things described, in the book.

We would like to thank Messrs. MacTavish & Co., "The Photo Bureau," and Burr Photo Co., all of Shanghai, for the use of several of their pictures.

G. C. W.

Part I

Tales of Chinese Children



Sailing Boats in China
(By Courtesy of Photo Bureau)

*A little child of seven
Or even three or four,
May enter into Heaven
Through Christ the open Door;
For when the heart believeth
On Christ the Son of God,
'Tis then the soul receiveth
Salvation through His Blood.*

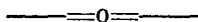
(Selected)

PART I

TALES OF CHINESE CHILDREN

*Hark 'tis the Shepherd's Voice I hear
Out in the desert dark and drear,
Calling the lambs who've gone astray,
Far from the Shepherd's Fold away.*

*Bring them in, Bring them in!
Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, Bring them in!
Bring the little ones to Jesus.*



CHAPTER I

"HAPPY," OR SAVED FROM DEATH

I have been thinking that I would like to tell some of our little friends at home something about some of our little friends who live out in this great strange land called China.

They are not really so very different from yourselves, and I am sure that you would love them very much, if only you could know them. But as you cannot come out here and visit them, I am going to try and make some of them visit you, even though it is only by telling you stories about them.

But first I would like to tell you one or two reasons *why* I want to tell you of them. Well one reason is that I know some of you love the Lord Jesus yourselves,

and pray to Him; and when you pray I want you often to think of these little yellow children and pray for them too. Remember that they have precious souls just like you have. Remember that they need a Saviour just the same as yourselves; but remember, too, that many, many of them have never even heard of that Saviour, and among those who have heard His name, so few really *know* Him. But there is another reason why I want to tell you about these little children out here, and that is because I fear that many of my little readers have not yet trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ as their own Saviour, although they have heard about Him so long, and I hope that perhaps the stories of some of these little children in China, may make plain to my little friends at home, how they can come to the Saviour, and receive His great salvation.

There are so many children that I might tell you of, that it is hard to know where to begin, but I think that our little "Happy" has the first claim for a visit with you, so you must listen and try and picture what she is like.

Almost exactly three years ago, an old woman brought a funny little bundle rolled up in an old pair of trousers to our door, and begged us to take it,—not the old trousers, she wanted them back,—but what was inside, and what do you think was inside that old bundle? A dear little yellow baby girl, that they wanted to throw away! The old woman didn't like to do that; it was such a nice baby, and so she brought it to us, to see if we would take it in, and my sister did take it in and gave back the old trousers, and now that funny little bundle has turned into a dear little girl of three years old.

I wish that you could see our merry little "Happy" in her little dark blue cotton suit, long trousers and little short coat, her little Chinese wooden shoes, with her little brown bare feet in them. She has such merry black eyes, and

lots of black hair not very long and such a fat little brown face, with a funny little flat nose, that all her countrymen admire very specially. We think she is just a darling. Just now it is about "six coats cold," and she looks almost as broad as she is long.

What a narrow escape she had from death! and O, how many many dear little baby girls out here perish! Just two or three doors from us they drowned little twin girls because they didn't want them! But this dear little "Happy" found a saviour, one who was able and willing to deliver her from death. And do you know, dear children, that we who live in other lands need a Saviour even more than little "Happy" did, she needed a saviour to deliver her body from death, we need a Saviour Who will deliver our souls from the second death in the lake of fire for ever.

Where can we find such a Saviour? It is very hard to find a saviour for little Chinese baby girls, and thousands perish every year for want of one, but is it very hard for you and me to find a Saviour?

"Ah," you say, "no, it is not hard, Jesus is our Saviour from that second death."

Yes, that is right, Jesus is our Saviour. But let me ask you, Is He your very own Saviour? Has He saved *you* yet? It was 'Now or never' with "Happy" and it may be 'Now or never' with you. O dear child, if you have not yet found the Saviour, why not seek Him right now and he says,

"Those that seek me early shall find me." Prov. 8:17.

福

(HAPPY)

CHAPTER II

"HEAVEN'S GIFT"

As my last story was about Happy, certainly this story must be about "Heaven's Gift."

When Happy was nearly two and a half years old, another little baby was brought to our door, in the hope that we would take it in, and we did. It was such a wee little thing, and nobody on earth wanted it, so we called it "Heaven's Gift." It is nice to think that the Lord Jesus loves these poor little outcast girls, even though their fathers and mothers don't seem to. Yes, I am sure He loves each one of them in just the same way that He loves you and me, and so when you hear about them, you must try and love them too, for Jesus' sake.

"Heaven's Gift" is still a tiny wee thing and I often call her "Deedeeco" which means "Tiny," but she is so wise, and so strong, even though it has just seemed like a fight for her life ever since she came to us. She has such black eyes, and she looks at us in such a funny way as though she was wondering why we looked different from the other people about her. At first she was so frightened of "the foreigners," they had such white faces, and such big ugly noses, but now she is getting more used to us, and is learning to love the one who saved her, and cares for her; but if you were to come along and pick her up, like you would a dear wee baby at home, I am afraid she would scream with terror until some friendly Chinese person came and rescued her.

These two dear little girls, "Happy" and "Heaven's Gift" live with us, two precious gifts from heaven, to bring up for the Lord Jesus. And now I want to ask you to pray that, if the Lord should still tarry, these little girls may grow up to be true and faithful followers of our Lord Jesus Christ, and may

in time take the story of a better Gift from heaven to their fellow-countrymen, who have never heard of God’s unspeakable Gift.

How often you have heard the story of that little Baby who came into this world over nineteen hundred years ago, sent from heaven. A few people were so glad to see that Baby, but most people didn’t care, and couldn’t even find room for Him and His mother in the house, but they had to go out and stay in the stable. Some people hated this Baby, and tried hard to kill Him, but God took care of Him, and He grew up to be a man. This is an old, old story for you. You know well the name of that little Babe was JESUS, but out here, there are millions who have never heard that Precious Name.

Yes, JESUS is the best gift heaven could give. How often you have heard, “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son.” We may well exclaim, “Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.” But, dear children, let me ask you, “Have you ever accepted God’s gift?” This baby was heaven’s gift, (or God’s gift,) to my *sister*,—not to *you*,—but the Lord Jesus Christ is God’s gift to *you*, to your very own self. What do we do with a gift? Why, the first thing we do is to take it and say “Thank you.” It is not ours until we accept it. “Heaven’s Gift” did not belong to my sister until she accepted her, and took her. There had been several babies whom we had been unable to accept, and they never belonged to us. But when we accepted “Heaven’s Gift” she became our own. So it is with the Lord Jesus. What have you done with Him? Have you accepted Him? or have you said in your heart, “O, there’s plenty of time, I’ll accept Him some other day.” If He is not your own dear Saviour today, will you not take Him now and trust Him, and let Him save you, and give you eternal life?

“The Gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.” Rom. 6:23.

CHAPTER III

"ING," OR REDEEMED

Today I am going to tell you about "Ing," the little daughter of the lady who taught our little school.

Ing is seven years old, but not very big. She has a thin little brown face, and black eyes, and two little pigtails tied with red string. She has little brown feet that are nearly always bare, and a kind of a wistful look that makes one's heart ache for her. But when you hear her story, you will understand better about that.

When Ing was little, her mother did not teach in our school, and she was very, very poor, and found it almost impossible to buy food for herself and her little family of two girls and a boy. At last she decided she could not try any longer, and would have to part with one of them. It could not, of course, be her only son, nor could she spare her eldest daughter, and so it came about that the youngest, little Ing, was given away. It was a hard trial to the mother, and it nearly broke the little one's heart. Ah, dear children, you little know or appreciate the mercies that you have to thank God for, plenty of good food, a comfortable home, warm clothes, absolutely no fear of your father or mother selling you or giving you away. But, sad to say, all children are not so well off, and yet perhaps you have never even given it a thought or thanked the God Who made you, and put you where you are.

Well, the poor mother's heart just bled for her little daughter, and the little one couldn't be comforted. The mother was a Christian and the people to whom she had given her child were heathen, and then she thought of her little daughter being brought up to worship idols, without the knowledge of a Saviour and His love, without the hope of eternity in the glory, but shut outside, for God tells us that

idolators shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death. As the poor mother pondered these things, she couldn't bear the thought any longer, and came in despair and told my sister all about it.

Now, just at that time a friend in America had sent my sister some money, and so with that money she was able to buy back, or REDEEM, little Ing. O, how that mother's heart rejoiced as once again she took her darling little one in her arms, and knew that once more she was her very own; and the little child, how she clung to her mother, so glad to see her again, and at the same time with such terror for fear that once more she would be taken from her. Which joy do you think was the greater? I think perhaps it was the mother's.

And now, do you know what this story makes me think of? Why, of myself, and of you. We were lost, "sold under sin," under the devil's power, we could do nothing to save ourselves from that eternity with him in hell. Then the Lord Jesus came and bought us back, or REDEEMED us, just like little Ing, only the Lord Jesus did not pay silver or gold for us, but His own precious blood. Have you ever thanked Him for it yet?

God tells us in His Word, "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." Yes, the price has all been paid, just as my sister paid all the price to buy back little Ing, so the Lord Jesus has already paid all the price to buy you back. If little Ing had said, "O, I don't believe that the price has been paid for me; I can't go back to my mother," you would say "What a foolish child! She ought to believe it, the moment she hears who it was that paid it, and rejoice to go freely home again," Yes, of course she ought to, and that is just what she did, but how about yourself? You are even worse off than little Ing, you are lost, under the devil's power, but

the price has all been paid, and God Himself, Who cannot tell a lie, sends you word that now you may be free, and freely come to the Lord Jesus. Won't you just believe it, and right away joyfully come and thank Him?

It is many months since I wrote the story of little Ing for our little friends at home, and now I have to tell you that a little while ago I had a letter telling me that the Lord Jesus had called dear little Ing to come to His Home. He had redeemed her with His own precious blood and now He has claimed His purchase. She was redeemed twice; once with the money from America, and once with the blood of Jesus.

Has my little reader ever been redeemed?

"REDEMPTION"

IS

SWEET

贖了

"REDEEMED"

IS

SWEETER

("REDEEMED")

CHAPTER IV

"AH SLOU," or "THE PRICE OF THE RANSOM"

Ah Slou is a dear little girl of three and a half. She lived in a village about six or seven miles from us. Her father had a little farm, and though only a young man, was head of the family and responsible to provide rice for quite a few people. Ah Slou's father is a Christian, but has not known the Lord Jesus for very long, and was not a very strong soldier of Jesus Christ. She has an old blind Grandmother, who lives with them, but who did not believe in Jesus, and still worshipped idols. Ah Slou takes care of her, and feeds her, even though she is such a little girl.

For the last six months the robbers have been very bad where we live. There are thousands of them, and they have guns, and come in armies, and attack towns and villages, steal all they can, burn the houses very often, and carry off all the men, women and children that they can find. The village where Ah Slou lives has been attacked several times, and for many nights, her father has had to take all his family out on to the hills to sleep, so that they might not be carried off. Everything that he had was stolen, and when he managed to get a few things together again, once more they were all carried off. At last, in despair, all the village turned robbers,—they had nothing to eat, and no way of getting anything, and if they did succeed in getting anything, the robbers would only come and steal it again. I am sorry to say that little Ah Slou's father turned robber with the others. It was very wrong of him, but if you and I had been in the same position, perhaps we wouldn't have been any better. After he had been a robber about a week, he felt so badly that he decided he would stop this life, and come back to the city. (I am thankful to say, they had not attacked any villages while he was with the robbers.) On the way back to the city, he met some soldiers, who arrested

him, and put him into prison. There were some others with him, and a few days afterwards, these were all taken out and shot. Ah Slou's father was taken out to watch, so that he might know what to expect. It was very sad, and our hearts were very sore. Ah Slou's old blind Granny threw herself into a big pond near their house, and tried to drown herself, but the neighbors saved her. The weeks went by, and Ah Slou's poor father lay in prison, his feet fast in the stocks. Sometimes he was sick, but that did not make the soldiers any kinder to him. Other men around him were shot, but still God took care of this poor man.

At last we heard that if a large sum of money was paid, he might be set free. But where was the money to come from? All he had, long since had been stolen. His friends tried to sell his lands, but nobody wanted land so infested with robbers. A little money was raised by his friends in different ways, but still there was not enough. At last it was decided that little Ah Slou would have to be sold, to help make up the difference. It was a terrible blow to them all. The poor father dearly loved his little child,—the mother,—I need not tell you how she felt, and the old Granny's heart was nearly broken, for the child was everything to her. Little Ah Slou understood quite well what it meant, and I can't tell you how badly we all felt about it. She brought quite a good price, for a little girl, and that money made up enough to buy back, or REDEEM her father. But, O, what a cost! His own darling child! And all because of his own sin! Can you guess how that father felt when he came out of prison a free man, but with the awful duty before him, of delivering up his little girl? Those who saw him, will never forget his look as he held the little child's hand, and gazed upon her, knowing that his freedom, was at the cost of his darling.

It was only *one* sin,—but what a penalty! Have you ever stopped to think what the penalty of your

sins is? Perhaps you think you have not got very many. My children, ONE sin is enough to make you pay the penalty of eternal death. Yes, ONE sin, even though you had no more, will put you in the lake of fire forever. But what can we do? Is there no way out? What could Ah Slou's father do, lying in prison with his feet in the stocks? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Nor can you do anything. You have sinned, and death, eternal death is your due. God says we are without strength. But outside that prison, somebody else was doing all in his power to save this man from death. His own child gave herself, and a ransom was paid for him. All he had to do was to believe it. The moment the Officer in charge accepted the money, that moment Ah Slou's father was free. But suppose he said, "O, I can't believe it, How do I know it means me?" Then he might have perished in the prison, even though the price was paid, and accepted, for his ransom. Even so is it with you and me. The price has been paid,—a more awful price than even a little child,—Yes, God's only begotten Son has died that we might go free. He has paid the ransom. God has accepted the price, and all we need do is to believe it, and give Him thanks.

My story does not end here, I am thankful to say, Someone who loved the little child, and loved her father, came and bought back the child, at even a higher price, and returned her to her father. What joy! But a joy that does not equal the joy of the Lord Jesus when the old blind Granny believed Him, and at the cost of His own life, was set free from the power of the enemy. God has sent His only begotten Son. Christ has paid the ransom with His own blood. God has accepted the price paid. All is finished. *Have you believed it?*

"Redeemed. . . with the Precious Blood of Christ." 1 Peter 1:19.

CHAPTER V

THE BABY AND HIS REDEEMER

In my last story I told you a little about the robbers that there are in some parts of China just now, and I also told you something about the Price that was paid for a Ransom there, to Redeem a man from death. We also spoke a little about the price that has been paid for your Ransom and for mine to Redeem us from eternal death. Today I want to tell you a little about *one who provided the money to pay the Ransom* to Redeem a dear little baby boy and his mother from some of these same robbers,—this person is called the REDEEMER.

Not many miles from where we live, is a prosperous market town called Daikow. In this town lived a woman of between forty-five and fifty years of age, called Slaam Shaan. Her son was a merchant in the town, and had a shop where he carried on a good business. His wife and three children lived with him here, though they were all natives of a fishing village, a few miles beyond the market town, situated in rather a secluded part of the sea coast. The country for many years had been more or less molested with robbers, but these parts had escaped, and some of the residents were very comfortably off,—amongst others, Slaam Shaan and her family.

About four or five months ago, robbers came to the district about Daikow. The son who kept the shop sent his mother, wife and family back to their native village, which was thought to be much safer than the town itself. He remained to care for his shop. If was not long before the robbers entered the town, robbing and burning. The son escaped from the shop, which was destroyed by the robbers, and started to make his way to the village where he had sent his family. On the way he was brutally murdered by the robbers.

From Daikow these robbers proceeded to the surrounding villages, and soon were at Slaam Shaan's village, burning and robbing all before them. The people escaped into a high tower, hoping to be saved, but it was in vain. The tower was taken, some people killed, and the rest,—men, women and children were carried off by the robbers to be held for ransom,—all their possessions stolen, and the village left in ruins.

Slaam Shaan, her daughter-in-law and the children were amongst those carried off. After a short time Slaam Shaan and two of the children were released, so that they might go and arrange about the ransom to be paid for her daughter-in-law and the baby boy. A high price was asked for them, and though Slaam Shaan did all in her power to raise the money, pawning her fields, borrowing all she could, she was still unable to make up the amount. Her sister-in-law, an elderly widow, who had saved a little for her old age, parted with her last dollar, and indeed nothing was spared except the children, but even then the price could not be made up that the robbers asked for them. Just when every one was in despair over the matter, the robbers suddenly greatly reduced the price bringing it within the means that Slaam Shaan had already raised. The poor mother and her little babe had got so thin, and looked so ill, that the robbers feared they would die, and they would lose everything.

You can guess that it was not long before negotiations were made, but I think I will just let you read a little bit of the letter that told me the story, (for I was away when this happened). The letter came a little while ago, and says, "Yesterday the ransom money was ready, and all afternoon Slaam Shaan sat at the door waiting for the summons to go to meet her daughter-in-law, who was coming down by boat from Haap Shaan with the ex-robbers. All afternoon she sat, first with a look of joyful expectancy, too happy to speak. Still no messenger, and she began to look anxious and disappointed; it grew dark, and she still sat there watching for the messenger.

We could not but think of the Saviour, our blessed Lord, waiting and watching for souls, the ransom all ready. What must be the eagerness of His heart to receive such. It makes one feel, what is life worth, but to go after such souls for Christ's sake, Who watches and waits for them."

At last the time came when the door must be shut, and still no messenger had arrived. You can imagine the sorrow of poor Slaam Shaan, as she had to turn sadly away still alone.

Have you ever thought, dear children, that soon, very soon, the Saviour Who now waits, so patiently, longing and pleading that you should come to Him, must rise up and shut to the door, and that many, many will be left outside, just because they would not come when He besought them to do so? What an awful thing it will be, if the blessed Saviour is compelled to sadly shut the door on you; YOU the one He has pleaded with so often; YOU the one He loves so well that He died for you; YOU the one with whom, even this moment He is pleading, "Turn ye, Turn ye, . . . Why will ye die?" With Slaam Shaan there was the hope of another day before her, but when the door is shut for you, it means you are LOST, lost forever, and utterly without hope,—only the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in hell, for all eternity, How can you go on one day more without coming to that ONE Who is your RANSOM, as well as your REDEEMER?

Well, I am thankful to be able to tell you that the next morning early, the messenger arrived, and Slaam Shaan and a friend started out, each with a basket of money, and in about two hours the happy party got back, Slaam Shaan and her daughter-in-law weeping for joy. What a joy, the REDEEMER and the REDEEMED had to share! Who can tell which was the greater? I wonder if my reader has ever shared in that most wonderful of all joys, the joy of making glad the Saviour's,—the REDEEMER'S, heart?

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of GOD over one sinner that repenteth." Luke 15:10.

CHAPTER VI

“AH GUN” OR “ALMOST”

The last two stories that I have told you have been about the REDEEMER and what HE paid to REDEEM you, and today I want to tell you a story about a dear little boy who was ALMOST lost. If he had not had a SAVIOUR, he would have been lost, and I am afraid I would never have had the heart to tell you the story at all.

Two of my special friends in China are Ah Gun and Ah Lin. Ah Gun is a very fine little boy of four, (I am sorry to say, a little bit spoilt), and Ah Lin is his sister of six. I was going to say his *big* sister, but I think that Ah Gun is quite as big or bigger than Ah Lin. But Ah Lin is one of the finest little girls that I have ever met. I think that she is a real true Christian, and she is the best little mother that you ever saw. She has a wee baby brother, and she carries him about everywhere, tied on to her back with a square of pretty red cloth, with big strings from the corners, over her shoulders and under her arms. I think that she must get very tired, but she never says so.

Ah Lin and Ah Gun love to come over and visit me. They don't live very far away, and Ah Lin takes Ah Gun's hand to keep him quite safe, and they feel pretty sure there will be a bit of bread and jam waiting for them, and perhaps an orange. They don't have any bread, or any jam in their house to eat, but rice—rice for breakfast, and rice for supper,—they don't have any dinner,—and perhaps a little cabbage with it, or some spinach, or maybe a little fish. They don't eat with a spoon or a knife and fork, like you do, but they use two long thin sticks, both in one hand between their fingers, these are called chop sticks, and they don't have any plate like you, either, but only a little bowl, and they can eat so fast, you would be puzzled to know how they manage at all.

Ah Gun's father is not rich, your Daddy would think he was very poor if he only had as much money as Mr. Taam has each month, and the little family have to go without lots of things, you or I would think we must have, but Mr. Taam is a very happy man. A few years ago he was a very sad and unhappy man, he used to work in a gambling shop, and he had such a very sad life, but two or three years ago he believed in the Lord Jesus, and now all his sorrow has been turned into joy. I need hardly say that he doesn't work in the gambling shop any more, but now he goes all over the country, giving away tracts, selling gospels, and books, and telling people about the Lord Jesus, Who has loved him and washed him from his sins. Often he has to walk many weary miles with a heavy bag of books; often he has to go into dangerous places, but he is so brave, and works so hard,—I love him very dearly.

Well, you will want to hear the story about little Ah Gun. One day when his father was away in the country giving away tracts, and selling books, his mother had to go out for a little while and leave the children alone. As she was walking home, quite near the big city gate, she met a soldier, (only a few weeks before he had been a robber, and I am afraid that his heart was not changed), and what else do you think she saw? She saw her own dear little boy, Ah Gun, and the big soldier was carrying him off. He was hurrying away outside the big gate with him, and meant to sell him. A fine boy like Ah Gun would bring perhaps \$500.00.

You can guess how his mother felt, and she went right up to the big man, and saved her little boy, rescued him, and brought him safely home. How glad Mrs. Taam must have been that she had come along just at that moment, for another minute, and she would have missed her child. He was *almost* lost, but not quite. He was saved *just in time*.

I would not like to be saved *just in time*, would you? It is better than being lost, but I would be afraid if I left it so long, I might not be saved at all, for you know that we have an enemy, a worse one than Ah Gun's, who is going about trying to steal little children, not their bodies only, but body and soul, and make them live in that awful lake of fire with him forever. Yes, children, God tells us that Satan is a murderer from the beginning, and he wants your life. The Scripture tells us he goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, and he would gladly devour you. But, O! what good news, there is a Saviour, One who loves us even more than our mother does; One who is seeking to save these dear little ones, seeking to save you, dear child, and so willing to save you *now*.

Ah Gun was so nearly lost; he was saved only *just in time*.

I do hope that you may not wait to be saved “just in time,” because then I fear you will be too late, and never be saved at all, but O! dear children come NOW, when Jesus is calling you. He says, “NOW is the accepted time,” so you need have no fear, you need not wait one moment longer, but just right NOW come to the Lord Jesus and ask Him to save you from that enemy of yours, and I am sure that He will. But remember, HIS time is NOW, right NOW; not tomorrow, or next Sunday, or when you are older, but today, right NOW!

“Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation.” 2 Cor. 6:2.

CHAPTER VII

"KUM TAI," OR THE RIVER FOLK IN CHINA

PART I.

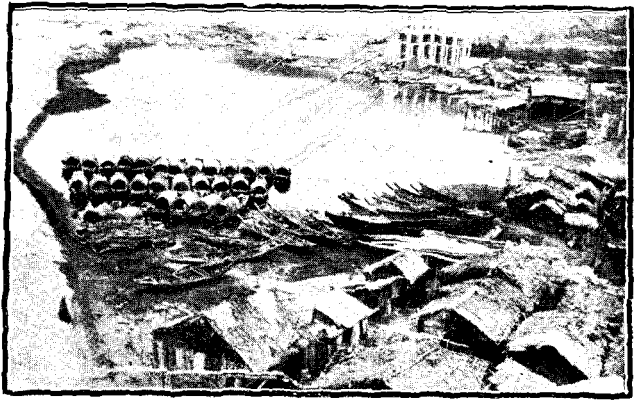
As I daresay you know, China is a very large country, and has a great many men, women and children living in it. They do not all live in houses, as we do, but a large number live on boats. There are many rivers in China, and near the towns these rivers are crowded with boats. On parts of the river near Canton, you can hardly force a passage between them. They are of all sizes, but as a rule are pretty small.

One can hardly understand how a whole family can live in such a small space. There are often, besides a father and mother and three or four children, the old grandparents, and the boat is not much larger, though perhaps wider, than an ordinary rowing boat.

You see, they have not many possessions; one or two "pais," or quilts, to keep them warm on cold nights; a mat to sleep on, and two or three little stools to sit on; a small crockery stove, and a couple of pots to boil rice and vegetables in. These and a few bowls and chopsticks are about all they need, besides the clothes on their backs, which, in the warm weather, are very few.

There is one other thing I must not forget to mention—that is, the idol in its shrine, at one end of the boat. Perhaps this idol is cut from a piece of wood with a knife, but it occupies an honoured place, and every day an incense stick is burned before it, evening and morning, and rice or fish is offered to it.

The word of God tells us that things sacrificed to idols are really sacrificed to devils (1 Cor. 10:20). These poor, ignorant people know nothing about God and His great love to man, and they live all their lives in fear of some evil spirit doing them harm, so they



Homes of Some of the River Folk
(in Hong Kong)
Each Boat is a Home



A City of Boats
in Shanghai

(Photo by Courtesy of Messrs MacTavish & Co., Ltd.)

feel that if they offer food to the evil spirit, and worship him, he will not be so likely to do them evil. And these poor creatures live on in ignorance in their boats. Little children are born on the boats, and old people die, and there is no knowledge of God amongst them. They very seldom come on shore, and hardly any of them can read, so how are they to learn?

Well, there are some missionaries, but only a few, who give up their lives to teaching them. They live on a boat somewhat larger than the ones around them, and spend their time going about in a small boat or "sampan," and teaching these poor river folk about God and His great love to them. They are hard people to reach; they are so dark and so ignorant. They have to be told the "Sweet Story of Old" over and over again before they can understand it, and it is difficult to collect even a few for a preaching or Bible meeting, and then just when one thinks they are beginning to learn something, off goes their boat to another part of the river, and you may never see them again. Yet the Good Shepherd loves these poor lost sheep, and goes on seeking for them, and now and then there is joy in heaven over one sinner who repents. It takes a great deal of courage to go on living amongst these dirty ignorant people, and only those whose hearts are filled with the love of God, and a longing after the souls of men, can stand it. Shall we not pray that God may bless these brave men and women, and save many souls through their means?

CHAPTER VIII

"KUM TAI," OR THE RIVER FOLK OF CHINA

PART II.

Now I am going to tell you about a dear little girl who was born and lived all her life on a boat.

Little Kum Tai was born on just such a boat as I have described to you. Her father and mother, a brother, and after a bit, a little sister, also lived in it. I do not know whether they had a pig or some chickens, but many of the boats have. When Kum Tai was quite small, she spent most of her time on her mother's back, while the poor woman poled the boat backwards and forwards, carrying passengers and goods from place to place. When the little child was old enough to walk alone, a large wooden float was tied around her neck, or sometimes she was tied by a rope to the "pong," or covering of the boat.

When she was four years old, and her little sister two years old, a great change came into their lives. Their mother had been attending the meetings on the Gospel Boat. She had indeed professed to be converted, and one day she came to the lady missionaries, and asked them if they would not take her two little girls. She said she could not earn enough to buy rice for them to eat. After some consideration the ladies agreed to do this: Miss Trent took the little one to her boat, some twenty or thirty miles away; and Miss Rowe kept the elder one with her. It was a nice change for little Kum Tai, to live on the big boat where she had plenty of food to eat, and space to run about in, and comfortable clothes to wear.

At first she was a very troublesome little girl. She would scream with passion if she could not have what she wanted, and if any one offended her she would get a stick and try to hit him, but by degrees she learned better. Miss Rowe taught her about Jesus,

and she loved to hear the Bible stories. If she saw her with a Bible in her hand, she would run up and ask her to tell her something about Jesus.

When even a little girl learns to love Jesus, she tries to do what pleases Him, and so this dear little child became so gentle and sweet that everyone loved her. She was very merry and lively too, and was always jumping and skipping about, so she was great company for Miss Rowe, who had only her Chinese servants on the boat with her. She loved to sing hymns, and the one she liked best was, "If I come to Jesus, He will make me glad." The Chinese have a very nice tune for this hymn.

For nearly two years Kum Tai lived with her kind friend, and then her mother came, and said she must have both her little girls back, and for such a dreadful reason. I am sure you will hardly believe me, but she wanted to *sell* them. She said she must have some money to buy a wife for her son and that was the only way she could get it. The two ladies were very sad; they did their best to persuade her not to do such a wicked thing, but she had made up her mind and would not listen to them. They could not bear to think of their dear little girls being sold into a heathen home, where they would be taught to worship idols, and do all kinds of wicked things. But the ladies had no power to hinder the mother from doing as she pleased with her own children, and so one day the children were both given back to her. It was a sad day for their kind friends, but the little ones did not understand what was happening, and went away quite cheerfully with their mother. Then came the evening time, and when they discovered that they were to go back no more, their poor little hearts were nearly broken. They cried and sobbed and begged to go home, until they could cry no more, and then dropped asleep. The mother's heart was softened,

and she said, "I will take the little one back," and as soon as the child wakened, she went with her to the big boat, leaving Kum Tai asleep. They were still talking and arranging the matter, when there was a scream and a splash. Poor little Kum Tai; she had possibly tried to follow her mother. They never knew what happened, for by the time the child was rescued from the waves, the little life was extinct.

We say "Poor little Kum Tai." Should we not rather say, "Happy little Kum Tai." No heathen home for her now, but instead, the Father's house. The Good Shepherd could not let His little lamb go into such surroundings, so He took her home to Himself, by way of the swift waters.

Now, I want to ask the children who read this true story, what makes us think little Kum Tai is with Jesus? Was it because she was a good little girl? The Bible says, "There is none that doeth good, no, not one." Not even the good child who reads this story. Perhaps then, it was because she sang hymns, and repeated verses? No, that would be doing good works for salvation, and the Bible says again, "Not of works, lest any man should boast." There is only one way by which grown up people, or little children can be saved; it is God's own way, and there is no other. God loved us, and He wanted to have us with Himself, but He could not have us with Him, if one spot of sin was upon us. And so in His great and wonderful love, He sent His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, into the world to be punished for our sins upon the cross. Our little Chinese girl believed this, and so she loved the One who had saved her, and loving Him, made her want to hear about Him, and to sing hymns of praise to Him, and also made her want to please Him by being gentle and obedient.

Perhaps you would like me to write out the chorus of the little hymn she first learned to sing, and was so fond of.

“Ngoh yuek chan chau Ye Slo
 Slam chung mo paai ai
 Kei yat yat fuen shing kiu
 Ngoh tei slui yi loi.”

Translation

“I if come to Jesus
 Heart middle not sad
 He day day gentle voice calls
 My little children come.”

English

“If I come to Jesus
 Happy shall I be;
 He is gently calling
 Little ones like me.”

Chinese Tune.



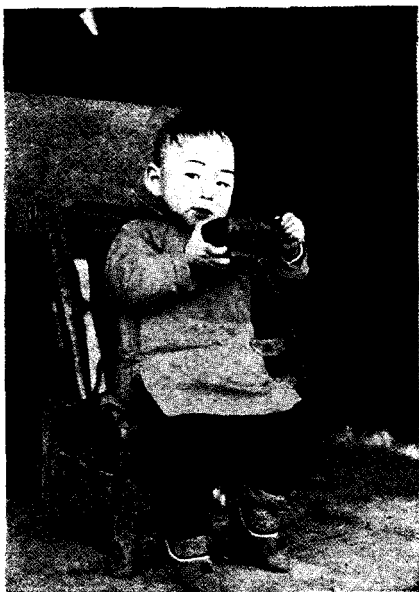
CHAPTER IX

PRECIOUS JEWEL

"Precious Jewel" was his name and a precious jewel indeed he was to his father and mother, for he was their only son, and the two little sisters who had come to the home before him, had soon been taken to a better home above. Not that the parents knew this; no, when their baby girls died, they were heathen, and knew nothing of the Good Shepherd who gathers the lambs in His arms. The mother, Mrs. Zing, worshipped idols, and used to make many a weary journey to temples, and offer candles and incense, in hope that the goddess of mercy would give her a baby boy, but it was no use, as you may suppose.

At last, one day, as she returned home tired out, her tiny, cramped feet aching with the long walk, she heard her husband and a friend talking about a "new religion," of which they had heard a Chinaman preaching in the town to which they had been carrying sweet potatoes for sale. That was the beginning of happy days for the family. First Mr. Zing became a Christian, and then his wife followed and gave her whole heart to the Saviour, who had loved her and died for her. Then the Lord gave them "Precious Jewel," and what a treasure he was to them!

After a little while, Mr. Zing became an evangelist, preaching the gospel to the people around, and his wife helped by teaching her neighbors. You may be sure she did not forget to teach "Precious Jewel," and as he listened to the story of Jesus it sank into his heart, and he early learned to love and trust Him for himself. While quite little he noticed how different his home was from the neighbours' houses—no idols, no candles or incense sticks used in worship—and he asked many questions as to the reason. When he was told, his heart felt more and more thankful to God that his father and mother knew better and could teach him so.



"Nei Sie Faan, Mei?"
(Have you eaten your breakfast yet?)
or, "Good morning!"

One day his mother took him to a children's meeting, at which they sang the hymn, which I expect you know:

“When He cometh, when He cometh,
To make up His jewels;
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.
Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning;
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.”

Always after that, this was his favourite hymn, and if he was ill or tired he liked to have his mother sing it to him.

As time went on he was sent to the mission school, and at fourteen he was well known among his companions as a follower of the “Jesus Religion.” By and by his parents hoped he would be able to preach the gospel, but God’s plan for him was very different.

The year 1900 came, when so many missionaries and Chinese Christians were called upon to lay down their lives for their Lord and Saviour. Mr. and Mrs. Zing, and “Precious Jewel” knew their danger, but they would not flee. Mr. Zing would not leave the Christians around who looked to him for help and teaching, and “Precious Jewel” would not leave his parents, so they all stayed on, trusting in God to either keep them safe or take them home to Himself, as He saw best.

July was drawing toward a close, when, one hot day, a party of Boxers (as those who murdered the Christians were called) surrounded the peaceful cottage home and burst in. In a few minutes both Mr. and Mrs. Zing were with their Saviour, but the Boxers seized “Precious Jewel,” bound his hands and feet and dragged him outside the house, which was quickly set

on fire. Then a rude cross was scratched on the ground, and the cruel men, as they surrounded their little prisoner, told him they would kill him unless he spat on it, and promised to persecute the Christians, denounce their Jesus and acknowledge the idols of the Chinese as the only gods to be worshiped.

They gave him a certain time to decide, and then they demanded his answer. Calmly, for his Saviour was close beside him upholding him, he replied, "You have slain my parents, and destroyed all I have in this world, and you would now cause me to forfeit my Heavenly Father's smile, but I dare not dishonour Him. Do your worst, for that worst can only send me into the presence of my beloved father and mother, and the Saviour I love so well." In a very little while "Precious Jewel" was with those he loved; no more pain and suffering for him, but joy and happiness that would last forever, with his blessed Lord.

You see what it cost this boy to confess Christ. Have you confessed Him? If He has saved you, do your parents and brothers and sisters know you belong to Him? Remember the Bible says, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." (Rom. 10:9.) Don't say, "My teacher and the others in the class know I am a Christian," and think that will do without those at home knowing too.

May this be your prayer to God from the heart: "O my God, I trust in Thee: let me not be ashamed." (Psa. 25:2.)

CHAPTER X

"WHAT ABOUT GOD?"

(A story of Missionaries' Children)

There are other children in China besides Chinese children, and our last story of "Children of China" must be a peek at two of these.

The little ones were spending their first night in the great city of Nanking. The house was large and strange, and partly unoccupied. They were put to sleep in a big room, with trunks and bundles all around, and it was very dark.

Through a thin partition I could hear their conversation before they fell asleep. After a time in an awed voice the little lad of six asked.

"What about the lions?"

In a tone of perfect assurance and confidence, his sister, (two years younger,) replied,

"What about GOD?"

It was unanswerable.

I could not but think how many questions raised by our adversary the devil,—that roaring lion,—would be unanswerably settled forever by the same question,

"WHAT ABOUT GOD?"

How terribly sad that most Children of China have never heard of the True GOD, and so cannot trust or love Him. They do not know that GOD IS LOVE.

Part II

Tales of Chinese People

*Coming, Coming, yes, they are,
Coming, Coming, from afar;
From the fields and crowded cities,
China gathers to His feet;
In His love Shem's gentle children
Now have found a safe retreat.*

(J. W. MacGill)



A Grandmother in Yeung Kong

PART II

TALES OF CHINESE PEOPLE

*"They are waiting in the wild,
Sick and weary and defiled,
And the Saviour's healing word
They have never, never heard:
Ever hungry and unfed,
Left without the Living Bread."*

CHAPTER I

THE FAITHFUL GRANDMOTHER

The city of Yeong Kong, in the south of China, lies in a valley, surrounded on three sides by high hills. Through the valley runs a river on its way to the great ocean. The city has a high wall all around it, with four gates. At the gates stand soldiers, and they shut them at sundown every evening. A good many houses are built outside the wall however, and right down to the river. Now in this part of China there is a great deal of rain, and sometimes so much falls, that it causes a flood, and all the little rice fields on each side of the river are covered with water, and the houses are also flooded.

In the month of July 1922, my husband and daughters, were sleeping on the little Gospel Boat. One morning the old man who cares for the boat, pointed out a beautiful rainbow, all across the sky.

"When we see a rainbow like that, we know a flood is coming," he remarked.

Old Ah Yik is a Christian, but a very ignorant one, and I suppose he knew nothing about Noah, and the rainbow God sent as a sign that the earth should not be destroyed again by water, or he might have been comforted by the thought that even in judgment, God remembers to be merciful.

But he was right as to the flood. That night a terrible typhoon arose; the rain poured down, and wind blew, and the river rose rapidly. When two days afterwards my husband went down to the boat, he found the country covered with water, right up to the wall. People were hurrying round, knee deep in water, carrying baskets with chickens, and kittens and puppies and even little pigs in them, trying to put them in some safe place. Many of the houses beside were almost lost to sight, and some, built of mud bricks, had fallen down altogether. In the middle of the river is a large island. This was entirely under water, and the inhabitants were to be seen sitting upon the ridge poles of their roofs. Small boats were floating round, where two days before it had been dry land. It was not long before my husband, and some Christian Chinese, had procured a boat, and were carrying food and medicine to the poor unhappy people.

It was while supplying rice on the island, that we found the "Faithful Grandmother," as we have called her ever since. Hers was a hard case. Her husband was dead, and now her only son had been drowned in the flood, and his young wife killed, when their little house fell in,—all that was left for her was the little boy, two years old. As the water went down, which it did in a few days, she tried to gather up the remains of her broken down house, and with a little help, got a new roof, but what a sad home it was,—all she owned washed away, and worst of all her

only son and his wife gone too. She was very brave; she set to work to earn a little, by weeding the rice fields, up to her ankles in water, and with the little boy strapped on her back, she toiled on day by day. But she could not earn much. Ten cents a day is the regular pay for weeding rice, and on stormy days you cannot work at all. Ten cents a day is not enough to support two people, and, very often, all there was to eat, would be a little boiled cucumber or squash, which grew in the garden. Soon the little boy got sick and his good grandmother brought him over to the Missionaries for medicine. Each time she came she heard something about the Lord Jesus. It sounded *very* new and strange to her ignorant, dark mind, to hear of a God who loved her,—loved her well enough to send His only Son to die for her. How different to the “Gui,” or devils she was accustomed to worship, who she thought were always seeking to do her harm, *and had to have incense burned to them, and presents given to them, to persuade them not to hurt her.*

She did not receive the good news for a long time. She had to go through more trouble and sorrow, before she would let the Good Shepherd find her. Her little grandson was her great comfort. He would waken in the night, and put his little hand up to feel if his grandmother’s eyes were wet with tears, which indeed they often were, and then he would cuddle up to her, and show his love in sweet baby ways, but if her eyes were dry, he would turn around and go to sleep.

He was a delicate child, and exposure and want of proper food told upon him, and in the summer of 1923 his little life was ended. Happy baby, taken home from this weary sad world, to be with the Saviour, who Himself said that He was “come to save that which is lost.” But for his grandmother, all was sadness. She borrowed money and paid priests to burn incense and say prayers, and perform other heathen rites, for the little spirit, who was gone

to be with Jesus. But she was ignorant, and she wanted to show her love. And now alone, and so desolate, she seemed more ready to listen to the "good news." "Bit by bit," "little by little," it found its way into her dark heart. Little by little the darkness was dispelled; the idols were given up; the incense sticks no longer burned. She was a regular attendant at the meetings, and at last she confessed Jesus as her Saviour and asked for baptism.

On May 24, 1924 she was baptized, and I could not help being struck, a few days afterwards, by the change in her face, since first I knew her. The look of hardness and despair, had gone, and there was an expression of peace in its place.

"The Good Shepherd. . . if He lose one sheep . . . goeth after that which is lost *until* He find it."

Is this a sad story? There are many sad stories in China, and many that end in the blackness of despair, for there is no one to point the sad and broken hearted to Jesus, who alone can comfort and save.



CHAPTER II

LITTLE WONG'S VICTORY

As you surely know, China is not a Christian country. But very few of the millions of inhabitants know the true God. They worship idols and are full of fear and superstition. Such is the condition of the country in which little Wong was born.

There are missionaries in that great country who bring there the Gospel-message and tell of the love of Jesus. As little Wong had gone to a school that was managed by these missionaries, he learned to believe in Jesus and to love Him. He learned well at school, and his little heart was drawn more and more to the Saviour, Who loves the little yellow children, just as well as the white ones. At school he learned to sing songs about salvation, and thenceforth one could hear him singing wherever he went, of God and His love.

On a certain day Wong and another converted boy walked along the street singing with all their hearts. Their song attracted the attention of an old cobbler, who came out of his workshop and stood at the door listening.

When another time they were passing, he called the boys in and requested them to sing for him; and slowly he began to believe in the truth, which was the theme of their songs. The result of the change in the old cobbler was, that he longed for others to know about the Lord Jesus and His salvation.

With this intention he invited one evening some of his neighbors to come to his house to hear the boys sing. Many accepted and the interest aroused was so great, that they came again and again for the same purpose. After some time some one was sent to that part of the city to tell the people more of the Saviour and His salvation; and from the efforts of the two little boys, resulted in this way a glorious work of salvation.

Some time later little Wong was in a small boat at a dangerous spot in a swiftly flowing river. Not far from this place there was a stone idol. Four men who were in the same boat, began speaking of the help that this idol was to people in ship-wrecks.

"Yes," said one of them to little Wong; "if anyone is in danger on the river, he has only to look at the image and he will not be drowned."

Wong knew very well, that if he contradicted the men, they would be very angry; but he could not let the opportunity pass for witnessing to the truth in which he himself believed. For this reason he said bravely:

"That stone image can't help anyone. Only the Lord can save people."

This speech roused up a real storm of bitterness amongst the men. They all began to contradict him loudly, trying to convince him that they were right and he was wrong.

But of course that was in vain. At last they were so angry, that they decided to force Wong to kneel down before the image.

Wong declared that he could not do it, because his Bible taught him that one should worship God alone.

They then seized him by his long braid of hair, and knocked his head against the sides of the boat until the blood burst forth from different wounds. But he did not yield.

"You can torture me, and tie up my body;" said he; "but in my soul I will be all right and unbound."

Was that not a good and brave speech from this Chinese boy?

Then those wicked men cried out; "If you don't worship our god, we'll drown you."



A Chinese Boy
(By Courtesy of Photo Bureau)

"I will not worship him," said Wong. "Every time that you call on the name of your god, I will call on the name of the Lord Jesus."

Then they let him fall in the water; he sank while they rowed to land and left him to drown, but a few of his friends had seen the occurrence from a distance. They watched for the moment of his rising to the surface and succeeding in seizing him, they drew him to dry ground. The unconscious boy was laid on the shore, and his friends did all in their power to restore him. At last he opened his eyes, but he did not know where he was, or who was beside him. He thought that he was still in the power of the bad men, and whispered softly:

"You say, idol; but I say, Lord Jesus."

How glad he was, when he began to understand that he was with friends, who also knew the Saviour and loved Him.

This is all that we know of Wong. He did not die, but recovered, and remained faithful to his Saviour.

The future still lies before him; who knows but he may have a large share in bringing the gospel to his countrymen! May the Lord bless the brave, little Wong!

"Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven." Matt. 10:32.

CHAPTER III

A CHINESE BOY ABROAD

A wealthy Virginia planter was lying very ill in the city of Richmond. He had a dangerous and infectious fever, and his physician thought that he was dying.

He had no knowledge of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ, and had lived without any thought of God, or of his own soul. When the doctor told him that he had not long to live, he said:

"It's too bad, a man so young as I am with so much to live for, to think of dying now! But everything has always been against me."

At length the nurse was afraid of catching the fever, and she left him. Then the doctor asked him if he might get a Chinese boy to wait on him.

"O, it makes no difference," said the sick man; "you may as well let me die like a dog. It will soon be over, anyway."

In another part of the city of Richmond there was a large Chinese laundry. One of the boys connected with this laundry was named Ching. He was a native of China, but had learned to read and love the Bible, and had become a Christian. The love of God in his heart, and the hope of going to heaven when he died, made him very happy; and the great desire of his heart was to get an education, and go back to China, and tell his countrymen about Jesus and His great salvation. But he saw no way yet of getting an education.

The doctor was acquainted with Ching. He called at the laundry, and asked him if he would be willing to wait on a patient of his who was sick with a dangerous fever.

"He is a rich man, and will pay you well."

Ching expressed his willingness to go, for he felt sure that God would take care of him. Then the doctor took him and introduced him to his patient. A few days after this, the sick man lay dozing on his bed, while Ching was sitting in the corner opposite him reading his Bible. Presently the sick man opened his eyes, and seeing what Ching was doing, he said,

"What stupid book is that you are always reading?"

This hurt Ching very much; but he meekly said,

"This no stupid book; this my Jesus' book; this my passport."

"Ha! your passport—what do you mean by that?"

And then Ching merely read these two short verses:

"There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," but the name of Jesus. (Acts 4:12).

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John 1:7.

"Did you say 'all sin,' Ching? Read that again. Would it cleanse my sin?"

He read it again, and then said, "Yes, sir, it will cleanse your sin, and satisfy all your hopes and longings."

And then, at the sick man's request, Ching knelt down by his bedside, and prayed that God would pardon his sins, and give him a new heart, and make him a happy Christian.

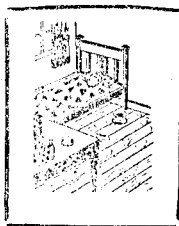
This was repeated day by day for some time, and then a great change came over that sick man. He found pardon, and peace, and salvation in Jesus.

A change came over his body as well as over his soul. His fever was broken, and he soon was quite well again. When he learned that Ching was anxious to have an education, and go and preach the gospel to his countrymen, he gave him money enough to pay for his education.

To-day that once wicked man is a happy Christian, and is using his money to promote the interests of Christ, and education in the South; while Ching is one of the Missionaries among the Chinese, and is laboring faithfully to make Christ known among his countrymen.

“Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near.” Isa. 55:6.

“Look unto Me, and be ye saved; . . . for I am God, and there is none else.” Isa. 45:22.



CHAPTER IV

THE BOY TEACHER

I have been much interested in reading about a Chinese boy who was brought to an open confession of the Lord Jesus as his Saviour when about thirteen.

At the age of fourteen, he went from Wun-Chu, in the seaboard province of Chekiang, where he lived, to a city forty miles away, to attend on a native preacher. He had been well instructed in the truth by a missionary, who has departed this life "to be at home with the Lord."

One day this lad strolled into a Buddhist temple, and there found an old man worshipping idols. He waited till the man had finished his devotions; then, seating himself by the side of the devotee, he said: "Venerable grandfather, do the idols see and hear you when you worship?"

"Yes."

"But you see, they are made of clay; how can they answer your prayers?"

Said the man, "I do not worship the clay, but inside the idol there is a spirit that can see and hear."

The boy, who had often heard Mr. Scott answer such questions as these, said: "You say there is a spirit in the god; but look at this one—it has a dirty face; it has not been washed for ever so long. There is another whose nose is broken off; and it has not the sense to have it mended. This one has had part of the beard on its upper lip taken away; yet it has not been able to protect itself. What is the use of a spirit inhabiting a body that cannot protect it better than this?"

"We have a spirit within our bodies, but rats do not run away with our beard. I can speak to you

and you can hear, because of the spirit within. Let the spirit leave our bodies, and we are dead like the idols, and cannot protect ourselves."

The old man was struck with the wisdom of the boy, and asked where he had learned such wonderful things. He replied, "In the school at Wun-Chau. But I can tell very little. If you go to the preacher, he can tell you more."

The old man went, and took his wife with him. They learned of the Saviour, and at last believed. That was the beginning of a good work in the city, where there are now about a hundred professed Christians.

Now what about *our* idols? What did the aged Apostle John mean, when he closed his First Epistle with the tender words, "My little children, guard yourselves from idols"? Should not our motto be, "Jesus only"? Having eternal life in Him, and being one with Him as to our position before God, surely He ought to be the object of our first affections. While we think of how the inspired writer warns all Christians, young and old, against "loving the world, and the things that are in the world" (Chap. 2:15-17), let the words of a wellknown hymn be the language of each of our hearts:

"Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
O, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there:
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found its all in Thee.

"Lord, draw my heart from earth away,
And make it only know Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul and say,
 'I am thy Saviour, God, thine all!'
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice.
To taste Thy love, be all my choice."

CHAPTER V

THE MANDARIN'S JEWEL.

A Happy Chinese convert, preaching the Gospel to a company of his own countrymen, sought to illustrate, "How to trust the Lord Jesus" by the following simple but effective story.

A wealthy mandarin living in a country infested by robbers, was very much afraid of losing a costly jewel in his possession. It was well known that he was the owner of it, and he could not sleep at nights for fear the robbers might break into his house. He first hid it beneath the floor, but that did not seem safe. Next, he put it in a recess in the wall, but that did not satisfy him. Anxiety and care were leaving their traces on him, and making him quite sad.

"Why don't you have it stored in the imperial safe, where many of the Emperor's jewels are kept?" said a friend one day to the anxious mandarin.

That was a new thought to him. If the Emperor's jewels were there safely guarded night and day, his would be safe there also. The jewel was handed over, and the look of care passed from his brow. He was trusting now, instead of fearing. The strong guards who kept watch over the Emperor's treasures, defended his jewel also.

"And so it is," said the speaker, "with us who have trusted ourselves to Christ. We are kept by the power of God, and only those who are strong enough to break His power, can ever reach us to harm us."

True and beautiful was this simple testimony to the keeping power of God. Have you committed yourself to it, dear children for salvation and protection for time and eternity? You need not fear to trust yourself for salvation to Christ.

CHAPTER VI

A TRUE TIGER STORY

I suppose all the children who read this book have seen a tiger, but I expect it was safely behind iron bars, and not able to get at them. Out in China there are plenty of tigers, living on the mountains, which are very lonely places, and have caves, and ravines, which make good hiding places for wild beasts; yes and for wild robbers too, but my story to-day is not about robbers, but tigers.

The hills all around the cities are covered with graves, sometimes up to the very top. It makes one feel very sad to see all these graves, and think of the hundreds and thousands of people who are buried there, who never heard of God, and died without hope. Between the graves, and all over the hills, long grass often grows and women go up to cut it, and then sell it for fuel, for wood is scarce and dear, and the people are mostly very poor. Sometimes you meet six or eight women coming down from the hills, each carrying two great bundles of dry grass; the bundles are fastened at each end of a pole, and carried on their shoulder. As they come towards you, there is not much to be seen, but a big hat, and big bundles of grass.

One day, some years ago now, a poor woman went up to the hills to cut grass. She had a baby tied on her back, and another little child by the hand; in the other hand she carried a sharp little sickle, to cut with. Just as she reached the top of the hill, she heard a roar. O! how it frightened her, and a mother tiger sprang at her, followed by two little cubs. I daresay the tiger thought the woman was going to hurt her babies, and I am quite sure the woman was afraid the tiger would hurt hers, so as the tiger sprang, the woman slashed at it with her little sharp sickle.

Now this poor Chinese mother was very ignorant, she had never been to a church, or a meeting, or a

Sunday School in her life. She had never seen a Bible, and she could not have read it if she had, but one day as she was walking on the street, she heard a white lady talking to a few women about someone called *Jesus*, who was able to help you if you were in trouble, and as the tiger tore her arm and shoulder with her great claws, she remembered this wonderful story, and as she cut at the tiger with her little weapon, she kept crying out,

“O! Jesus help me,”

Do you think He heard her cry? Yes, indeed, for His ears are always open to our cry, and His promise is, “Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.”

We sometimes make promises and break them, perhaps we forget, or perhaps we find we cannot do what we said we would. But the Lord Jesus Christ is not like that. It is said of Abraham in Rom. 4. that he was “fully persuaded, that what He had promised He was able also to perform,” and we may also be fully persuaded of the same thing. And so this poor woman found out.

She went on hitting at the tiger, and crying each time, “O! Jesus help me,” and in a few minutes the answer came. The great beast, who could so easily have killed her, turned and ran away, and the woman turned also and managed to crawl back to her village. She was a good deal hurt, but her friends carried her to a missionary hospital, where she was cared for, and got quite well.

But best of all, she there learned to know more about that Jesus, who had saved her from death, and she found that He could also save her from eternal death which is banishment from God. David said in the 103rd, Psalm,

“Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases.”

How glad this poor Chinese woman must have been to find such a wonderful Saviour, who could do so much for her.

CHAPTER VII

JONAH

The Province of Hunan in central China was especially hard to reach with the Gospel. The people were hard and very conservative. They hated the foreigner, and hated his message, and refused absolutely to even give him a hearing.

It happened that quite a number of years ago, a missionary was sent up into this part. Nobody would hear him, and things looked very dark. They were anxious, even, to drive him out of the city.

Now, just when things were at the worst, it happened that the Bible Society sent this man a shipment of the Book of Jonah. I do not know how many copies there were, but perhaps a few hundred. The people read this book. It really was too interesting to throw away, and very many people in that city soon knew the story of Jonah.

Not only did they read it, but they believed it also, and the effect was marvellous. "This man who has come amongst us is just like Jonah," they said, "He tells of a coming judgment, and we won't hear him. If we drive him away, perhaps we will all perish, and perhaps he will be punished too."

Soon the city was open to him, and he could get a hearing whenever he wished. Indeed, not only was one city opened for the Gospel through the Book of the Prophet Jonah, but all that district, and it has been kept open ever since.

What a Book our Bible is! All the wisdom and power of men could not touch one of those hard dark hearts, but one blow from the "Hammer" of God's Word, and not only hearts, but cities and countries are open wide!

CHAPTER VIII

MORE ABOUT JONAH

Hundreds of miles from the city opened by the Book of Jonah in central China, there lives an old lady in the Province of Kwang Tung, whom we will call Mrs. Koo.

She was a cook, and lived most of her time in a darker, smokier little kitchen than you have ever seen. The ceiling and walls were long since perfectly black with soot. Sooty cobwebs hung from the beams in the high roof: and though these were periodically swept down with long brooms, they soon came back. The kitchen had an old brick floor, and it had a brick stove, with a top made out of cheap red floor tile, and a hole chipped in the middle. At one end of the kitchen there was a pile of firewood, and at the other end, a kind of a drain or sink,—I really don't know which you would call it. I don't know whether the stove had a chimney, but most of the smoke seemed to come into the kitchen, so if it had, it was not much use.

This was where Mrs. Koo led her quiet, happy life. "Happy?" do you ask? Yes, she was very happy, and she had good cause to be happy. She knew the Saviour, and loved Him. He had given her this work, and she did it for Him. It is not white tiled kitchens, and electric stoves and refrigerators, and such things as these, that make people happy: and Mrs. Koo was just as happy in her smokey kitchen in China, as any Christian woman is in her beautiful kitchen at home,—yes and far happier than the women who are not Christians, no matter what else they may have.

But one day poor Mrs. Koo fell sick. She got a terribly sore leg. Chinese doctoring is not always the best, and the leg got worse rather than better, until at last she was compelled to go to the foreign hospital.

Now another woman took her place in the kitchen, and Mrs. Koo felt very sad, and often very lonely.

When at last she was able to leave the hospital and come home, it seemed as though there was no more place for her in the dark kitchen, and this was even more sad. But somebody said, "Mrs. Koo, Why don't you go out and see the neighbours, and tell them about the Saviour you know?" But Mrs. Koo said "No!" and pretty soon the devil found somebody to say to her, "A person like you go out to preach? Only a cook? You couldn't preach." and Mrs. Koo said, "No, I couldn't preach. I couldn't tell the people about the Saviour, and I won't."

That night when Mrs. Koo was sound asleep, she suddenly heard a voice saying to her,—

"JONAH!"

She waked in an instant, and "Jonah! Jonah!! Jonah!!!" kept ringing in her ears. She knew all about Jonah. He was sent to preach, and wouldn't go. She knew all about it: and she knew what happened next, too,—and she did not have a very comfortable time for the rest of the night.

Nobody said anything more about going out to see the neighbours, but first thing next morning Mrs. Koo said very humbly, "I'm ready to go out and tell the neighbours about the Saviour." and she went about and saw the women in their dark little kitchens; and in the midst of all their sorrows and their troubles, she often brought a beam of sunshine, the heavenly sunshine, to brighten up their dark lives.

Only a few days ago, I heard that Mrs. Koo was still visiting the neighbours, and they loved to have her come. Perhaps you can pray that the Lord will bless Mrs. Koo and give her wisdom and love, to tell of the Saviour Who loves those poor dark women.

I wonder if that voice might say

"JONAH!"

to any of my readers?

CHAPTER IX

THE FORTUNE TELLER

A Colporteur was returning home one evening along North Szechuen Road, in the city of Shanghai, when he was accosted by a tall fine-looking young Turk, with the words, "I'll tell your fortune."

Our friend was so taken back that for the moment he did not reply, and the man explained, "I am a fortune teller; I can tell you what will happen in the future."

"But how am I to know that you tell the truth?"

"Oh, I have books; I tell by astrology."

"Well, I would like to ask you a question first, so as to test whether you can really tell the truth or not. If you can tell my fortune truly, you certainly can tell your own. Where will you be in a hundred years?"

The Turk looked greatly annoyed, and replied, "Oh, I don't know *that*; but you let me look at your hand, and I will tell your fortune for you."

"But," replied the colporteur, "I also am somewhat of a fortune teller. I also use books, and if you will tell me one thing, I will tell your fortune for *you*."

"What do you want me to tell you?"

"Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, God's Son?"

"No, He was not God's Son."

"Now," replied our friend, taking a New Testament from his bag, "I will tell your fortune. My book tells me, 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.' This is your fortune:—*Now* you have the wrath of the Living, True God ever abiding on you, and in a

hundred years you will be in hell, in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone, unless you believe on the Son of God."

A long talk ensued on the side of the street, and the fortune teller asked, "May I have one of your books?" a request that was gladly granted.

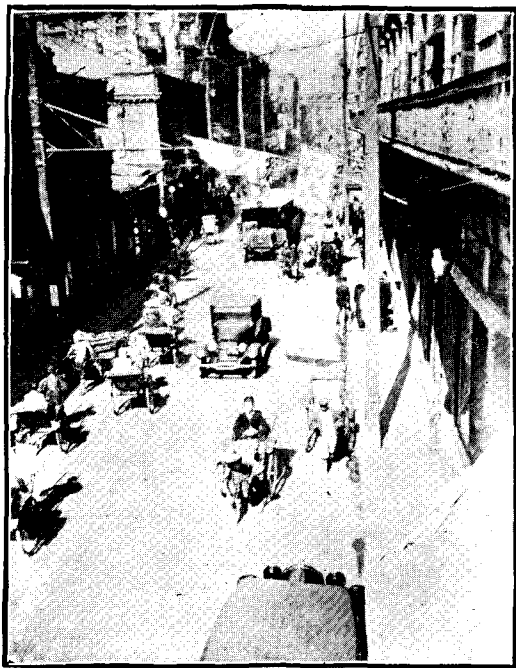
The next question was. "Where do you live? When may I come and see you?"

The following day he and a friend came and had a long talk with the Christian, and departed with a copy of the Bible.

What the result may be, God alone knows. But let me ask you, reader, Have you ever thought about *your* fortune, your *eternal* fortune? You need not remain in doubt as to that. Thank God we have a Book that leaves no room for uncertainty in these matters. Where will *you* be in a hundred years? Aye, where will you be *to-morrow*?

What could be more brief, more pointed, more precious, and yet more awful, than those solemn words: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him?" (John iii. 36.)





North Szechuen Road
Shanghai
(Near Nanking R'd)
(Photo by Courtesy of Messrs. MacTavish & Co., Ltd.)



The Lai House



The Pond in front of
The Lai House

All the filth of the neighbourhood is thrown into this pond. It is stocked with fish, and now they are reaping the reward.

The small white house in the background is the Lai house.

CHAPTER X

UNTIL HE FIND IT

There was a meeting going on at the Lai House, where the Foreign Devils had lately moved in. Nobody had a very clear idea of what the meeting was about, but Mrs. Lai and her daughter had invited the women in the neighbouring houses to come over on Sunday afternoon at 3 p.m. Most of them had decided to come,—for curiosity of course. So there they were, sitting on the few benches in the entrance hall, which was gratefully cool and shady. Outside was all heat and glare, but a cool breeze blew through the great entrance door to the court beyond.

The women sat there very quietly, trying to grasp the meaning of the new story Miss Lai was telling them. Her Chinese was very imperfect, and the story different from anything they had ever heard before. Who was this Jesus? And how, seeing He had died so long ago,—how could he help them now? But listen, now she is talking more plainly,—we all understand this.

"You know" said Miss Lai, thinking of an illustration, "how sometimes a little girl is sold for a slave. Then how the mother grieves,—how she longs to get her back. She saves every cash, hoping in time to get the redemption price. Perhaps a friend helps. At last when the sum of money needed to redeem the girl is complete how joyfully the mother goes with the money in her hand to redeem her child. Now the girl is free. And in like manner God Himself has redeemed us from the power of the devil and sin. But the redemption price was not gold or silver. No, our souls are too precious to be redeemed with such things. It was the precious blood of Jesus Christ the Son of God which redeemed us. Now we are free to return to our Father."

Then came the closing hymn, and what was most incomprehensible of all to the women, a prayer. A moment's silence followed. Miss Lai wondered how much they had understood. Doubtless each woman had her own interpretation of the meeting; but to one woman Miss Lai's illustration of the redemption of the slave-girl had come as a distinct message. For were not two of her daughters slaves? Much as she had deplored this fact, it had never really occurred to her before, that they might be redeemed. Now she caught at the idea. But Miss Lai had also spoken of help, and this help, Mrs. Wan at once connected with the foreigner. The idea of God, of sin, and of the future life were all very remote and unreal to her, but she felt herself very needy. She wanted help and a Saviour for her poverty and her two daughters sold as slaves, but instead of turning to God, she turned to the foreigner. And yet, on thinking it over afterwards, Miss Lai believed that it was at this very meeting that the Good Shepherd set out to look for this sheep until He find it.

As soon as the meeting was over she went up to Miss Lai and introduced herself as Mrs. Wan, who lived just round the corner. Then eagerly hastening to what was uppermost in her mind, she said "Indeed Miss and I have two girls sold as slaves for several years past. The eldest one is third wife to a very rich man, and is very unhappy. The other is only twelve, and I could redeem her if I had the money." Miss Lai's sympathetic face encouraged her to suggest that she might be the kind friend who would help to redeem the child just as she had explained in the meeting.

A painful sense of inadequacy came over Miss Lai. She would gladly have put her hand in her pocket and given Mrs. Wan \$120 or whatever was needed to redeem her daughter, but unfortunately or, perhaps fortunately, she could not possibly do so.

Mrs. Wan went on to say that her husband was a Christian.

"Indeed" said Miss Lai surprised, "Has he been baptized?"

"Not yet."

Next day Miss Lai went to see Mrs. Wan. Passing through a tiny dirty court she found herself in an equally dirty house, with a mud floor, and no windows. A very tame pig and several hens and geese were ambling about looking as if the place belonged to them. A dear little dirty boy of eight called Asei, or Number 4,—was always at his mother's side and a thin eager baby boy of a year was always in her arms. That baby took life too seriously. His dark eyes seemed to look resentfully at the poverty and dirt with which he was surrounded. His mother was very easy-going, apparently preferring leisure to the added comforts she might have had for a little work and effort.

Mr. Wan a little, thin, eager-looking man, was a cook. He worked for a company of soldiers at the miserable wage of \$6 a month, but he had all the leavings from the soldiers' meals. Every evening he brought home a great basket of the burnt rice from the bottom of the enormous rice kettle, besides remains of stews and vegetables left from the soldiers' meals, which were usually sufficient to feed the family including the pig. So long as food came in regularly, Mrs. Wan never worried. Any hour of the day she might be seen at her house door, smiling and chattering, her baby in her arms.

Mr. Wan, on the other hand was serious-minded. He had heard of the True God and of the Lord Jesus Christ from the Roman Catholics, but understood so little that he had not yet thrown down his idols. But now, as evening after evening he came to the meetings at the Lai House, sitting on the front bench, his eyes fixed on the speaker, he perceived much more. Finally

a great light broke on him. Jesus the Son of God had died for *him*, had forgiven *his* sins, had saved *him*.

One evening just as they were going to sit down to supper a message was brought over to the Lai family. "Would Mr. Lai go over and help Mr. Wan throw down his idols?"

"With the greatest pleasure," said Mr. Lai with alacrity. He hastened over and they soon made a good job of the idols. The neighbours looked on with keen interest. Mr. Lai returned in high spirits.

"Now," said Mrs. Lai, "We must pray for them. One always hears of the devil specially tempting people whose idols have been thrown down."

Shortly afterwards Mr. Wan was baptized, and at his desire, and the desire of the child himself, his little boy of eight was baptized with him. Mrs. Wan was not quite sure yet. She came regularly to the meetings, her baby boy in her arms. Almost every woman brought her baby, and sometimes the meeting would have been sadly disturbed by them, if Mrs. Lai had not come to the rescue with a biscuit, which was quickly popped into the hand of a crying baby. Needless to say the babies were as keen about the meetings in the Lai House as their mothers were.

Mrs. Wan came regularly, always listened and always understood. Indeed she would explain the doctrine clearly enough when the other women did not understand Miss Lai's imperfect Chinese. But she never could be induced to admit that she had any sins, and yet she was frequently caught in deceit. As to the filth in which she lived, Miss Lai doubted whether it would be possible for her to understand that this was even a defect.

One day Miss Lai happened to call during one of the very rare, brief holidays which were allowed to the youngest daughter, the slave girl. She had been a slave girl ever since she was seven or eight, and had

been knocked about and forced to work hard, so that, though she was now thirteen, she looked scarcely more than ten. Such a poor little thing she looked, with her clumsy old clothes inches too big for her. Her hair was all matted and a mass of vermin. She was at everyone's beck and call and no one cared for her. But her face was very bright now. Her mother was combing and plaiting her hair, washing her and mending her clothes, while she had the delight of amusing her baby brother and feeling that she was at home.

And how much would it cost to redeem her?

A hundred and forty dollars, her master wants for her.

Mrs. Wan always hoped that Mr. Lai would produce the sum necessary, but he felt that this was impossible, especially as Mrs. Wan herself made no effort to earn anything. And yet the child with her pathetic, bright face was often, if not always, on the mother's mind. Sometimes she had dreams of raising pigs and selling them when pork was high, at an enormous profit, but times were hard and though pigs came and went from the Wan House they never brought more than enough to pay the rent.

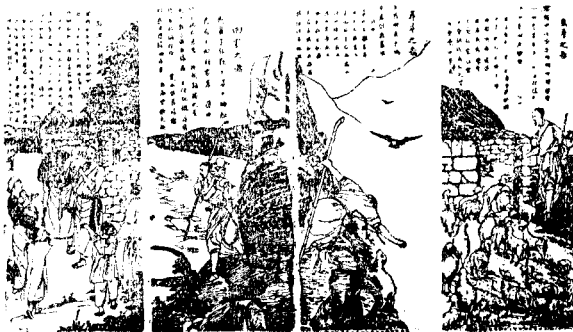
Then real distress came on the family; for the soldiers for whom Mr. Wan cooked, were ordered to a new station, and he was forced to go with them. The monthly wages of \$5 or \$6 were quite inadequate to support the family while they lost the perquisites of burnt rice and ends of stews which had supported them before.

Now Mrs. Wan was obliged to bestir herself to look for something to do.

She began by making ghost money which is used in vast quantities in China at funerals. It is one of the easiest things one can possibly do, as all that is needed is to tap soft paper together with a little ham-

mer. Unfortunately one earns correspondingly little. Seldom more than 4 cts. or 5 cts. a day. But after a time to the great relief of everyone, Mr. Wan came home.

The baby had learned to walk and talk. He had great dark eyes which were always very alert and he had his own opinions about everything. Yes, he liked coming to meeting at Mrs. Lai's house because there in the background was Mrs. Lai with the cakes. He learned to sing Jesus loves me with the other children. But he found the meetings in the meeting room rather dull. No cakes, and a much higher ideal of law and order. So one day he slipped off his mother's knee and trotted home through the narrow streets with the grim windowless houses on either side. How his mother laughed over this adventure.



Rejoice With	Home On	Until He	One
Me	His Shoulders	Find It	Missing

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

A Chinese Poster Published by

The Phonetic Promotion Committee

As the summer wore on he got fever. Only malaria, they said, and gave him quinine. But the fever would not yield. He had no other symptoms and the doctor went on with the quinine. He was getting thinner, and, Oh, how his mother worried over him.

One day Miss Lai went in to see him. He was sitting on his mother's knee with his head against her shoulder, but he looked up with a smile when she came in, and held her finger as she talked to his mother. "Miss Lai will give me a cake" he said. Miss Lai went on to another house for twenty minutes or so, and on the way back she looked in again at the Wans'. What was her horror to hear Mrs. Wan say "My baby is dying." Indeed the dark eyes were glazing and the little limbs getting stiff. "Oh, my baby! my baby!" shrieked the poor mother. The women all flocked in. "Don't let it die in the house," said the landlady in an imperious tone. (This would have made the house unlucky.) The poor mother put down a great basket-work tray on the ground in the court, and in this the baby breathed his last. Then what agonized wailings.—

For a long time she was beyond all comfort, but she was more closely drawn to Miss Lai who had been with her at the end. And then Miss Lai tried to gently shew her that her baby was with the good Shepherd, who gathers the lambs with his arm and carries them in his bosom. She begged her to put her whole trust in the Saviour, confessing and giving up her evil ways. Mrs. Wan assented, but that winter her ways were more crooked than ever. Even her heathen neighbours looked down upon her for the things she did.

Miss Lai was inclined to leave her severely alone, but she had to pass her door twice a day on the way to school, and there was Mrs. Wan always standing idle as ever, and ready for a chat.

"Come in" she said, one day in a mysterious tone. "I have something to tell you. I was scared out of my senses last night."

"Indeed, and what happened?"

"I was sitting here in my chair before I went to bed, and the light was burning dimly over there, when I saw a great black devil coming at me and he put his arms round me, and tried to carry me off. I was so frightened I was quite cold and my hair stood up. I called Asei and told him, but he just answered 'I'm not frightened, Mother, and I don't see any devil.' But he prayed, and then he sang 'Nothing but the blood of Jesus,' and when he sang that, the devil went away."

"Yes" said Miss Lai "Because it is only the blood of Jesus which delivers us from the power of the devil." And she added, "If you don't repent, of your lying and cheating, the devil will really get you."

Mrs. Wan was too much solemnized by her last night's experience to justify herself as she usually did, but a neighbour had dropped in, who evidently regarded the whole thing as a huge joke. "I worship the devil, and so he always blesses me," she said flippantly.

"Wait till the end of your life to see that" said Miss Lai dryly.

In whatever light the apparition of the devil may be regarded, it certainly had a great effect on Mrs. Wan, who never doubted the reality of what she had seen. The Chinese do not need to be convinced of the reality of a personal devil, as it is one of their strongest beliefs. This appearance, coming as it did just when she was carrying on a most disgraceful business, thoroughly awakened her conscience. Other things followed which deepened the work.

One day she was struck down with cholera. The neighbours came to her assistance, and one old woman burnt her hands and feet with hot irons according to

the approved treatment of that disease. The terrible retching ceased but she relapsed into an almost comatose state, her feet cold to her knees and her hands to the elbows. Meanwhile her poor husband, who was devoted to her, wept and prayed beside her.

Afterwards she told Miss Lai, "I really died and my soul got about ten feet away from my body, but I heard my husband weeping for me so I came back."

She realized that she had been spared in answer to her husband's prayers, and it affected her very solemnly. He for his part had a very real faith, and when he was at home he prayed with his family every day. It was when he was away, that Mrs. Wan carried on her nefarious schemes for getting money without working.

But she soon had another very real trouble. Her eldest daughter, who was third wife to a rich merchant in the city, had her first baby. She was a pretty little thing of eighteen, and her husband evidently cared for her, which was enough to excite the jealous hatred of the first wife. Unfortunately the new baby was a girl. While the husband was there, the head wife dared not do anything to the baby, but he went away when the baby was two or three weeks old, just when the poor little mother's heart was twining more and more closely round her baby. Then the cruel head wife tore it from her, and deliberately drowned it.

The poor girl dared not resist, but she was simply crushed. When Mrs. Wan heard the story, the sorrow and hopelessness of the girl's fate seemed to crush her too. Then, too, she began to think still more of her second daughter. She would soon be sixteen and then she would be married, probably as a concubine, and the same cruel fate would be hers.

Mrs. Wan was desperate, and in her desperation she thought of a plan. Her great accomplishment was rearing pigs, and she determined to try with all her might to rear pigs. At this time her husband was

cooking for soldiers in the city, and he had plenty of slops. Her landlady lent her the money to buy two little pigs.

At first it was easy to manage them, and they grew prosperously. Pigs drink a great deal of water and Mrs. Wan found herself quite busy drawing water for them, still she did not complain. They also require green food and Mrs. Wan patiently waded in muddy pools to cut down the lushious greens which the pigs enjoyed so much.

They were growing splendidly, and soon she was able to add another to her little herd. Mr. Wan's collections of burnt rice and slops left over from the soldiers' meals were scarcely enough for this large family, but if anyone went hungry it was not the pigs. Mrs. Wan went round soliciting slops and the water in which rice was rinsed, from all her friends and neighbours. This entailed much carrying of heavy buckets, but Mrs. Wan did not complain. In fact she was busy all day drawing water, cutting greens, and collecting food for her three pigs. And just at this time a motherless baby came to her notice which she promptly adopted. In the midst of her labours she bestowed on it the most loving care.

The pigs certainly did her credit. One of them in particular grew to be enormous, the envy of all her neighbours. "When are you going to sell it?" they constantly asked. But Mrs. Wan always answered that pork was not high enough yet.

She watched her pigs with the most solicitous eye, and Miss Lai was asked to pray for them.

Meantime the price of the little girl had gone up to \$160, but she was fretting so much that she was quite thin, and they were afraid she might die. Her master was afraid of losing his gains, and therefore was more willing to let her be redeemed.

The great question was whether the pigs would bring in enough to redeem the child. Mrs. Wan

thought they would sell for over a hundred dollars, but not so much as \$160. She regretted the necessity of selling the two smaller pigs before they had the chance of attaining the gigantic proportions of their elder brother. But then her daughter was so excited over the possibility of being redeemed that she was fretting herself sick under the strain.

The landlady came to the rescue. She lent them \$50 on the security of the baby,—a sort of chattel mortgage. The pigs were sold and brought even more than Mrs. Wan had hoped.

Then came the great and happy day when Mr. Wan carried the \$160 in silver coins to the house where his daughter was a slave, but a slave no longer now. The money was given, the ransom paid. The little girl's heart was brimming over as she followed her father through the great gate of her master's house. How dear and beautiful looked the little house which was really home now. And then her mother,—But we can only guess the meeting between these two, the one who had worked so long and the other who had waited. How easily she fitted into the daughter's place! How the mother's eye followed her as she moved about preparing the food and attending to the baby.

A great and good change had been slowly coming over Mrs. Wan and now she had as the French say "arrived." Perhaps after the ransom of her daughter she understood better the greater ransom which had been paid for her own soul. Certain it was that her whole outlook and expression seemed changed. She was too incoherent a soul to explain the change in her feelings, but she came to Miss Lai saying in a humble and earnest way that she *did* so want to be baptized. Miss Lai was convinced that not only was there joy in the little house round the corner over a child redeemed, but that there was joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth.

CHAPTER XI

THE DISCOURAGED MISSIONARY

It was an exceptionally dark and cloudy night, and as we wended our way through the narrow streets of a South China city, under the dark arches of the city gate, and down to the river bank, our small lantern hardly seemed to pierce the gloom, or indeed, even make an impression upon it.

We were sleeping on a boat on the river,—it gave us a chance to get away from the noise and heat of the city, and gather strength for the work of another day. This evening we were late getting away. A young father had stayed after the meeting to get some medicine for his little girl, who he feared was developing infantile paralysis. She was just the age of my own little one, now hundreds of miles from me, and as I watched the anguish of the father's heart, forebodings would enter mine.

It had been an exceptionally hard and trying day. Disease and death and famine,—all in a more tragic way than are known at home,—had been terribly borne in upon our hearts, until I was sick with the thought of it all. But surpassing all these, was the awful spiritual darkness pressing in upon us on every side, truly a darkness that might be felt,—the power of Satan apparently ruling supreme, till the clouds and darkness of the night that long since had closed around us, was as nothing compared to it. The Light we had come to China to hold forth, apparently did not make as much impression on this spiritual darkness, as the tiny native lantern we were carrying, did on the gloom of night about us.

My companion was soon asleep, and the stillness of the night was only broken by the distant noises from the city. Some idol worship was going on, and the beat of the drum sounded through the black night even to where we were. I was only partly better from

an attack of malaria. I was so tired, and the hard bed-board seemed harder than ever tonight, but it was all as nothing compared to the sickness of heart, and utter discouragement, as scenes of the day, and the thought of the darkness around, passed and repassed through my troubled mind. I listened to the deep, quiet breathing from the other bed, telling of peaceful, restful slumbers; how I envied him as I tossed about, sad and lonely, wondering if after all it was worth while,—why not just leave it all, go and join my wife and children, and take them home, away from such scenes, where such sorrows and darkness are not known?

Why not, indeed? I was pondering “why not?” when I suddenly found myself in a large upper room. I seemed to know the place, and the men there were not strangers,—but the sadness of their faces was beyond description, utter blank despair,—it surpassed even my own. I anxiously inquired the trouble. “Our Christ is dead,” was the sad, short reply; and with awe and sorrow I thought, “You may well be sad.” I had not time to put the thought into words, however, as I suddenly saw Another standing in the midst. I knew Him in a moment, but had there been any doubts, His sweet words, “Peace be unto you,” would have dispelled them instantly. Then, as He stretched forth those wounded hands, and bared that pierced side, I could but gaze upon Him. So different from the sorrowing ones I had first seen in that room,—Joy, Love, Triumph, all shone from that wondrous face,—He was a Victor, a Conqueror, One Who had Overcome, and now in all the joys of His triumph had come to share the victory with His loved ones. Then with those fresh wounds still in view, that look of joy and triumph on His face, I again heard Him, “Peace be unto you, AS MY FATHER HATH SENT ME, EVEN SO SEND I YOU.”

The words needed no comment, and none was given, but as I still gazed in rapture on the One Who

is so rightfully called "WONDERFUL," it all came before me like a flash,—sent to suffer, sent to be despised, to be rejected, sent to be a man of sorrows, to be acquainted with grief, aye and sent to die, such was the MAN before me, but more than that,—He was sent to TRIUMPH, to OVERCOME,—and, "As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you."

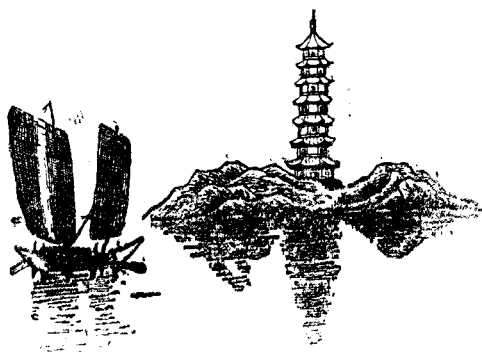
But even as I gazed upon Him, He was gone, and I found myself in another room, in another land. I knew the room well, it was a beautifully furnished library. I looked over the books with interest. There were many of Mr. Darby's writings, also those of Mr. Kelly, Mr. Bellett and many other well-known names. A piano stood in one corner, with ornaments and photographs artistically arranged on top of it. The soft, heavy carpet seemed a strange contrast to the *tile* floors of China. Through the partially opened doors I could see the silver on the side-board in the dining room, and it reminded me of the last time that I had taken dinner there. The house really was not extravagantly furnished, though artistic in the extreme, but somehow as I looked around at the lovely pictures, the pretty light fixtures, and all the arrangements of the house, I seemed to fairly shudder. I was just going to ask my host how all this could be, when the Lord had said, "As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you."

Before I had time to speak, however, he said to me, "We must be leaving for the prayer meeting." I glanced up at the clock, and to my dismay saw that it was ten minutes to eight. He saw the look on my face, and laughing, said, "Don't worry, I'll get the motor out right away, and we'll be there in plenty of time."

I did not know he had a motor, but before I could remark on it he was gone, and taking leave of the family, I met him at the front gate. It was a beautiful little car, a Sedan, with an exquisitely wrought monogram on the door. I was examining it, when the

piercing cry of an infant evidently close by, brought me back in an instant to the darkness of China. I jumped from my bed, and ran to the door of the boat, but all was pitch black, and now the stillness of the night was only broken by the murmur of the swift waters about.

Was it another little life added to the long, long toll for which that sad, dark river is already accountable? I know not,—but strange as it may seem, I went back to my bed (not with the sorrows gone, but with another added), with a heart overflowing with thankfulness that the Lord had put me in China, and with a peace that did not come from this world. Yes, and with a heart filled with joy, knowing that as the Father had sent the Son, even so the Son had sent me, to suffer with, and perhaps for Himself, but sent also to certain victory.



CHAPTER XII

STANDARD OIL JOB NOT BIG ENOUGH

A committee representing the Standard Oil Company had an all-night session. The main task was to secure a manager for a new division of operation which the company hoped to open in China. The chairman insisted that the manager must have four qualifications: he must be under thirty years old; he must be thoroughly trained; he must have proved generalship; he must be able to speak the Chinese language. Many good men had been considered, but each was found to be lacking.

It appeared that the meeting would fail of its object. But finally a young man arose, addressed the chairman, and declared that he knew one man who could meet all requirements. He added that the man was at that time in China, living in the very city where the company was planning to establish headquarters. He was 28 years old; had degrees from three colleges, had three years' study and practice in the Chinese language; and had the full confidence of the Chinese people among whom he was widely known. Moreover he had been valedictorian of his class in college and was a natural leader.

Some one asked how much salary this young man was getting and his friend startled the committee by answering, "Six hundred dollars a year."

The chairman said, "There is something wrong."

The young man's friend replied: "I know there is. But the wrong is not with my friend; it is with the system that employs him. He works for a Mission board."

After thorough questioning regarding the Missionary, the chairman said to the committeeman, "You go to China and offer him the place." The committeeman was to offer ten thousand dollars a year.

If that failed to secure him, he was to offer twelve thousand or even fifteen thousand.

The young agent crossed the ocean and half of China, found his friend, and offered him the situation at ten thousand dollars a year. The young missionary declined. The offer was raised to twelve thousand, then to fifteen, but was rejected.

Finally the agent asked, "What will you take?"

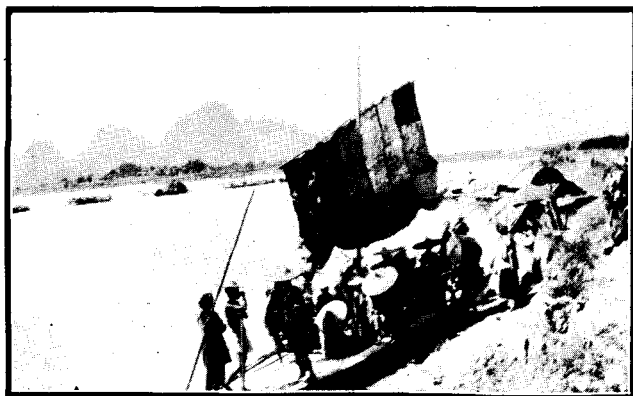
The Missionary replied: "It is not a question of salary. The salary is magnificent. The trouble is not with the salary; it is with the job. The job is too little. You offer me a big salary but a small job. I get a small salary but I have a big job; and I would rather have a big job with a small salary than a small job with a big salary. I thank you for the confidence expressed in your offer; but I feel that I should be a fool to quit winning souls to sell oil."



Part III

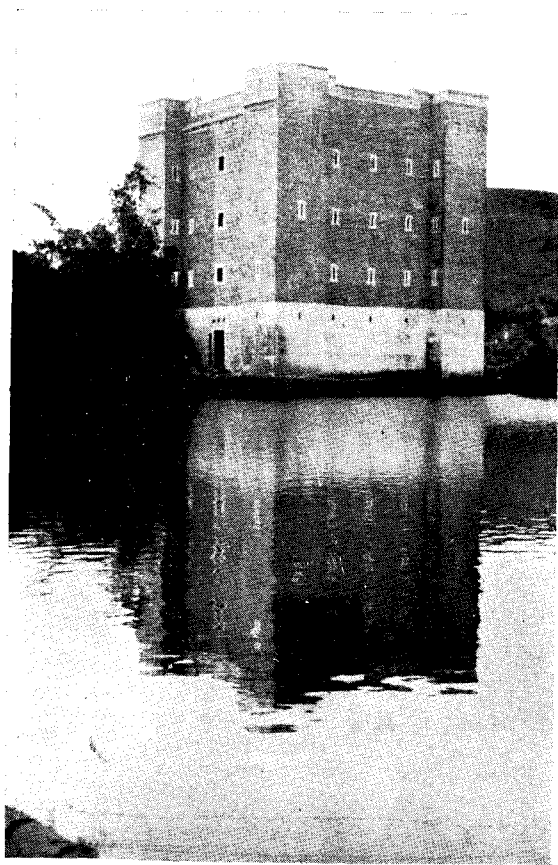
Tales of Chinese Robbers

*"In journeyings often, in perils of waters,
in perils of robbers,.....in perils by the
heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the
wilderness, in perils in the sea."*



A Ferry Boat in the Robber District

The Hills in the distance make a splendid hiding place
for Robbers.



A STRONG TOWER in South China

PART III

TALES OF CHINESE ROBBERS

"And such were some of You."

CHAPTER I

A STRONG TOWER

In passing by rail or motor, through Canada or the United States, how many lonely farm houses one sees! Houses large and small but separated by acres of fields and orchards from the dwellings of others. How cosy and peaceful many of them look, surrounded by their barns and outhouses: in summer the fields covered with the golden grain, and in autumn the orchards filled with trees with fruit. Even in the far West, the little log house is planted in the midst of prairie or bush, quite solitary, but without thought of fear.

I wonder if it ever occurred to those who live so safely and peacefully, to thank God for this great blessing, and to be glad that they live in a Christian country where the lives and property of others is respected, for in heathen countries where the one true God is not known, it is very different.

As we travel by boat or chair through South China, one thing which strikes the stranger is the number of strong towers all through the country, and

another thing is the absence of the farm house, we are so accustomed to see. No one would dare to live in a home standing alone, the people crowd together, building their houses close to one another, and surrounding them with a wall if possible: and if that cannot be done, a thick hedge is put round the village of prickly thorn bushes. Sometimes instead of a gate, they fill up the opening left to enter by, with a great bundle of the same.

And why is all this care? On account of robbers, who live in the hills and lonely places, and come out at night in large gangs. They will swoop down on a small village, seize the cattle, geese and other possessions of the poor people, knock down the houses, kill or carry away many of the inhabitants, and hold them for ransom. The people live in constant fear, and that is why they live so close together, and also why they build these strong towers.

I remember going some years ago, up the river on which our city is built, to a little town called "Puk Wan," (pronounced Puk One). It was a very pretty spot. A winding lane,—almost like an English lane,—led up from the river, and each house had its garden with flowers and vegetables. The friend whom we were visiting, our language teacher, received us with great kindness, and soon his wife and daughter appeared with bowls of macaroni, cooked in sugar and water. This was eaten with chop sticks, and it was not as easy as you might think. When we had finished our repast, with all the women and children of the clan standing staring at us, (but you get accustomed to that,) Mr. Faan took us out to see round the village. The first thing we saw was a tall strongly built tower. It had a strong door and very few windows, which were quite small, mere slits, and high up near the top. There were several stories, reached by a winding stair, and at the very top was a flat roof with a wall around it. The men could come up here, and throw down stones at their enemies, or if they happened to have some guns, they could shoot.

"My Father had a good deal of money," Mr. Faan explained, "but instead of giving it to his children, he spent most of it on building this strong tower."

"And have you ever used it?" we asked.

"Not as yet," said Mr. Faan, "and we are so poor, we often wish we had the money our Father spent on it."

The next day, before returning home, we crossed the river, and saw the town on the other side. This consisted of one long street, with houses on each side, built of mud bricks. Every five days a market was held, and the main street was filled with stalls and booths where the people sold meat and fish, vegetables and sugar cane, hemp and firewood, and many other things. The things are all brought in boats, and the quiet village street becomes a scene of noise and confusion. It is at those markets, which are held at all the larger towns, that there is such a good opportunity to preach the Gospel, and give away tracts to people from lonely villages who otherwise might never hear. It is a great joy to see a sweet faced Bible woman, sitting under a tree, her basket stocked with Gospels and tracts, and the women and children crowding around her, and to hear her sing to them or repeat a verse of Scripture, and very simply tell the old, old story. Or perhaps a missionary has found his way to the place, and is telling the people in the best Chinese he can, of the One True God, and Jesus Christ, Whom He has sent. Many a dark heart has got its first ray of light at a village market.

It was, perhaps, a year after this, that news came to Mr. Faan, who was living in our house, that the robbers had really come to Puk Wan. They had seized the village where the shops were, but the people had all crowded into the tower, and as yet no people had been taken. What could be done? Mr. Faan's wife and daughter, and his three little boys, were all shut up in that tower. "I must go to them at once," said the

husband and Father, "and you will pray for our safety." We assured him we would, and the next morning he set off. He was a tall, thin man, of middle age, very scholarly in appearance, and by nature very timid. But off he set on that ten mile walk, trusting in God to protect him. He arrived safely and got into the tower without being seen by the robbers.

Oh, the confusion! About four hundred people crowded together, there was not room for all to lie down: food was very scarce, and water hard to get. A brave man would slip out of the door in the dusk of the evening, and bring back two large buckets full from the well: but it was a great risk, as the robbers had guns and were always on the watch.

I am sure that Mrs. Faan and the children were very glad to see their protector, and what was the first thing he said? "We must pray." How the people laughed! They were all heathen, they did not know what the Christians' God can do. For four or five days the robbers surrounded them. They helped themselves to the ducks and geese and chickens. They took the quilts and clothes and other things belonging to the neighbours, *but they never took one thing from Mr. Faan's house.*

All the time he was praying and the people were laughing, but on the fifth day, without any apparent reason, the robbers marched out of the town, with bugles blowing and drums beating. How glad the people were to once more come back to their own houses. Some things, as I told you, had been taken away: but the houses were standing, and no one had been killed. Did they feel that it was God Who had protected them? I do not know, but Mr. Faan had no doubt, and what a thanksgiving meeting we had when he returned and told us all about it.

Soon after this our teacher took a house in the city and brought his wife and children to it. I had one more visit to Puk Wan, Oh, how different it looked



A MARKET SCENE In South China



The Cattle Section of a South China Market



GEESE, in a Village in South China



A River Scene in South China,
 Showing a **STRONG TOWER**.
 Notice the boats in which the country
 people have brought their produce to the Market.

to when I had been there before. The robbers had visited it again, every house in that busy street had been entered and robbed of everything. Those wicked men had used the wood of doors and windows to make fires in the middle of the house. Many roofs were gone altogether, some of the walls were knocked down, not one person remained in this scene of desolation. The busy market was a thing of the past, grass was growing where the gay stalls and booths once stood. I turned sadly away from the scene of ruin, feeling the misery of those who try to live without God.

And now will you turn with me to Proverbs xviii, 10. Here we read, "The Name of the LORD is a Strong Tower, the righteous runneth into it and is safe." Have you run into this tower my dear child? Perhaps you say, "It is not for me, I am not righteous." How did Abraham become righteous? Look at Genesis xv, 6: "Abraham believed in the Lord; and He counted it to him for righteousness." It is the very fact that you come to the Strong Tower that proves you have Abraham's righteousness. And what draws you to the Tower? What made those poor people in Puk Wan go so quickly to the Tower? It was a sense of *need*, desperate need, they believed in the Tower, and rushed to it for safety. Have you ever felt your need? Have you ever thought that one day you must die, and "after death the judgment?" Do not be like a little Jewish boy who was told of salvation in Jesus: he listened attentively, and said, "That will be a good thing to remember when judgment is about." Oh, that will be too late. It is now you want to enter the Strong Tower. "A Prudent Man forseeth the evil, and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished." Proverbs xxii, 3.

CHAPTER II

REDEEMED AT MIDNIGHT

A Chinese friend and I were on a six mile walk together, and as we followed the winding paths through the endless paddy fields, I thought to beguile the time by asking,

"Mr. Taam, did you ever have any adventures with robbers?"

"I have had to do with robbers on several occasions," said he thoughtfully. "About ten years ago, before I was a Christian, I was far up the valley where the mountains close in near to the river, and the robbers have many places to hide. It had been a particularly bad winter for robbers, and at that time the robber band were holding twenty-nine people of the neighborhood as prisoners in their fastness, which was a cave in the deep defile of the mountains. One of the twenty-nine was a young woman, the newly wedded wife of one of my best friends. You can believe he was very anxious to ransom her. The relatives of the other prisoners had also collected silver to ransom them. Over a hundred dollars for each person amounts to three thousand dollars and more in silver, which was ready to redeem the prisoners. The trouble was that no one dared to carry it to the robbers, because they had such a reputation for cruelty and falsehood, that it was thought they would take the money, and then kill the messenger.

"Well," continued Taam Sin Shaang rather in the tone of making excuses for himself,

"I thought the life of one man was not to be compared with the life of twenty nine, also I thought how very, very unsuitable it was for that young lady to be alone in the robbers' den, so I offered to take the money to the robbers."

"A friend joined me, and we carried the two great baskets of silver up into the mountains, along the

narrow defile, right to the den. Here the robbers came out to meet us, and as it happened, we were very opportune. The robber chief happened to be in a complacent mood, so he accepted the money, remarking,

"It was lucky you came when you did, for I had ordered my men to take all the prisoners out and shoot them at dawn. Now let them go free."

So they all came back with us through the mountains, and were soon safe in their homes.

How often that story has come back to me as I thought of how One, who is the Lord from heaven, not only ventured His life, but gave His life to ransom *me*. For I was a captive, not free, but under the hateful rule of sin; and more than that, I was under sentence of death, for it is written.

"The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Ezekiel 18:20.

But Jesus suffered the penalty of my sins upon the cross. He Himself bore our sins in His own body on the tree.

"The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Isa. 53:6.

What a midnight it was for Him! When He was on the cross between the two thieves, with the burden of our sins upon Him, He cried,

"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

It is the value of that sacrifice which avails to set us free.

"For ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers, but by the precious blood of Christ." 1 Peter 1:18, 19.

CHAPTER III

HOW LEANG CHOI FUNG DEALT WITH THE ROBBERS

The little market town of Hop Shaan in South China has often suffered from robbers because of its situation. It is at the head of a river valley in the midst of a wild hilly country full of caves, deep ravines, woods, lonely villages, and old towers which afford refuges and hiding places for bandits.

In the year 1920 Hop Shaan was in a desperate condition from robbers. They looted every village, and when they had stolen everything of value from the unhappy people, they took to kidnapping men, women and children, and holding them for ransom. The relatives of the captives had to mortgage their lands to pay their ransom, and if the money was not given, the robbers would often kill their victims. The country side finally was almost deserted, except by those who were too poor to lose any more, while the massive towers of the pawn shops in Hop Shaan were full of refugees. The soldiers who were sent against the robbers, were no match for them in the wild hilly country which the robbers knew so well.

Finally when every one was in despair, a merchant of Yeong Kong, the chief city of the district, suggested a plan to the governor by which he hoped to bring peace to Hop Shaan. The plan was a very simple one. He asked the governor to "call the robbers to peace." This "calling to peace" is a well known expedient in China for dealing with robbers, but it is very difficult to carry out, because it depends on a middleman in whom the governor and the robbers both have implicit confidence.

Leang Choi Fung now offered to act as middleman in connection with the Hop Shaan robbers. He was a Hop Shaan man, where he had many relatives and

connections, but for many years he had carried on an iron business in Yeong Kong where his burly figure and round jovial face were well known. He had been a Christian ever since he was a boy, and no shadow of suspicion or dishonor had ever rested on his name. The Governor of Yeong Kong fully trusted him, and gave him authority to deal with the robbers. The question was whether the robbers would trust him sufficiently to accept his terms.

He went up to Hop Shaan, and soon got into communication with the robbers.

Would they meet him, and talk over the offer of being "called to peace?"

Yes, they decided that they would. So Leang Choi Fung had an interview with the robber chiefs in which he stated his terms. If they would give up their arms and enter the army as soldiers of the Republic, their previous crimes should all be forgiven and forgotten, and instead of being outlaws under sentence of death, they should be reinstated as citizens of China. As guarantee of this, he gave his word, which he had never broken.

The offer seemed more than generous, and Leang Choi Fung knew how to present all the advantages.

How does it strike *you*? Would you be glad if God, out of His own generosity and grace offered peace and reconciliation to you? Listen to this:

"God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the ministry of reconciliation. Now then . . . we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." 2 Cor. 5:19, 20.

After hearing Leang Choi Fung's terms, the robbers went away to discuss them. There was some danger, because formerly unscrupulous governors had sometimes "called robbers to peace," and as soon as

they were in their power, had killed them all. But the Hop Shaan band decided that Leang's name and reputation were such that they could trust him and his offer. The wild lawless life had its charms, but what was that weighed against settling down with wife and family in security and peace? The result of their discussion was that almost unanimously, the whole band decided to accept Leang's offer. On the appointed day they all came forward, gave up their arms, and entered the Chinese army as soldiers of the Republic.

The rejoicing throughout the country can scarcely be imagined. Poor and rich were equally delighted to be delivered from the bondage and terror of the bandits. All joined in praising Leang Choi Fung for the peace which he had brought to the country.

Leang Choi Fung himself was happiest of all. He felt like a father of the wild men whom he had saved, and made the greatest efforts to help them in their new life. He tried to secure a grant of land so that each of his repentant robbers might have a little inheritance.

China is not a country where fair hopes ever have fruition, but even though all did not go smoothly afterwards, the "calling to peace" was a magnificent achievement.

More than that, it gives us an almost perfect picture of God's offer to us. For in heart we are, or were, all rebels against God, not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. But God in His mercy, instead of destroying us, offers us *peace*. This peace is offered on the word of the one great Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus.

Just as the robbers accepted the terms of Leang Choi Fung because they had faith in his word, so may you accept the offer of Christ when He asks you to be reconciled to God.



"SIC SAN" or "Stone Hills"

A peculiar formation found in some parts of Southern Kwang Tung Province. Many of these Stone Hills have immense caves, where whole bands of robbers may hide. Some are regular fortresses.

Note the barren hills, and in the lower picture, the men towing the boat upstream.



Coming Home
(A Road in South China)

But the simile breaks down here, for though the robbers were pardoned, the villages they had looted remained unpaid for. But our Mediator, who calls us to peace, has Himself paid the price. By dying on the cross He has atoned for all our sins. He not only forgives us, but He also justifies us, and gives us an inheritance among them that are sanctified.

“Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” Rom. 5:1.



CHAPTER IV

THE PIRATES AND THE BED

It was a nice little white iron bed, like some of you children sleep in every night, but it had a light iron frame work that went over the top, from which a mosquito netting hung, for this bed was to be used in South China where the mosquitoes are very thick, and cause not only terrible itching from the bites, but they carry the deadly malaria.

There was a nice mattress, too. It was not an "Ostermoor," however, but was stuffed with bamboo shavings, for it was made in South China, where bamboos are more plentiful than "Ostermoors."

I bought the bed and the mattress at "Sinceres," a fine big department store in Hong Kong, and had it carefully packed in oiled paper and bamboo matting, for it had a long journey before it.

There were no "express companies," or delivery agencies to handle the shipping, nor could I say to "Sinceres," "Send this bed up for me." No,—it was a very much more difficult thing to take my bed the 200 miles home, than to buy it,—but this time I was in luck.

It was on Friday that I bought the bed, and I suddenly discovered that a little sailing junk was leaving for our city on the following Monday. Gladly I paid "sampan" hire, and all the necessary "cumshaws" to get my bed from the store to the junk.

There I had to leave it, for the dear old missionary for whom it was intended was sick, and needed me, and it might be that I could get through some other way more quickly than the sailing junk.

I will not tell you all the story of that journey home, for it is a story by itself, but after about a week's steady travelling I did get there. One of the

first questions put to me was, "Where is the new bed?" I cheerfully told of my good luck in finding the sailing junk, and though we well knew it might be a three week's journey against contrary winds, we all were willing to wait patiently with the hope that soon the poor sick missionary might exchange his present bed consisting of three bare boards stretched over two wood trestles and a little quilt over it, for the luxury of real springs and mattress.

The weeks came and went, but the bed did not come. What was wrong? Had the junk gone to the bottom? Or (what we secretly knew was most probable) had it and the cargo been seized by pirates?

Alas, our worst fears were soon realized, after waiting over six weeks one of the merchants came to call, bringing the sad news that everything had been captured;

"What would we pay to redeem our bed? It cost \$35.00; would we pay 60%?"

"We don't do business with robbers" was all the comfort we gave them. More messengers called,

"Would we pay 30%?"

"No, we don't do business with robbers."

"What would you pay?"

"Not a cash."

It was a sad blow, but we were immovable and all negotiations fell through. Many a joke we had with the old missionary (who had by this time recovered without his bed), as we thought of the pirate chief comfortably stretched on the little white bed and enjoying the deliciousness of a mattress, a thing unheard of to him before.

It was one of the "all things" in China, and like Paul of old, one needs to be ready there to suffer the loss of "all things"—yes "to count them but dung for

Christ's sake," so there were no hard thoughts over the loss, though we did present our case to One above.

But truth is ever stranger than fiction. One day a friend rushed in all excited. The bed was coming! Rather the junk was coming! Yes, the soldiers had swooped down and caught the pirates. Perhaps the chief was napping in the new bed: we received no particulars, however, but there was endless excitement.

A few days passed, and then, sure enough, along came the bed. We met the coolies who carried it up to our gate, anxiously looking to see in what shape his lordship the pirate chief, had left it. But it had not even been unwrapped. May be he did not know what it was, but he certainly never knew the comfort he had missed!

A Chinese gentleman accompanied the bed, and we asked him for the account of expenses, which we knew well would be heavy, but to our amazement found there was none. Duty paid, freight paid, soldiers' charges paid, delivery coolies paid. He said,

"The junk and all the cargo came back because of your bed. It must have been your God taking care of your bed, or else we would never have seen our things again."

It is truly no vain thing to trust our God, and you, dear children, have each a soul more precious than all the world. Can you say with Paul,

"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day?" 2 Tim. 1:12.

"Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him." Psa. 2:12.

CHAPTER V

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES

Rom. 12:20.

A Christian farmer in Hwatien, Manchuria, named Tung, was attacked in his home by a band of Hung-hu-tze in the dead of night. They bound him, set fire to his home, and robbed him of all his possessions. This happened about two years ago. Although this Christian man suffered intensely, he bore it in a meek and Christian spirit, and made no complaint to the officials.

Last year, while in town, he met a sick man, whom he recognized as one of the leaders of the band that had robbed him. The recognition was mutual, and the robber quickly covered his face with his clothes, hoping to avoid recognition.

"Don't do that" said Mr. Tung, "I am not your enemy."

Hearing this the robber fell on his knees, and begged for his life. Tung replied: "What has brought you to this pass? I have told you I am not your enemy. Tell me about yourself."

The robber replied: "Last winter our band was driven out by the government troops into the wilds of Manchuria. We lost the road. It was bitter cold: we travelled all night, and my feet were frozen when we got to the inn, and I have been here for two months. My bills have accumulated, and I am without clothes, and almost ready to die."

Tung then took out his purse and handed him 5,000 cash and said. "Go pay your bill, and get something to eat. Tomorrow I will come and take you to the hospital for treatment."

The robber instantly thought this was a scheme to entrap him and turn him over to the officials. He

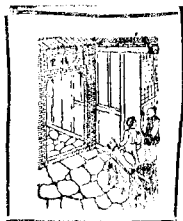
went back to the inn, and spent a sleepless night thinking over the whole matter. Then he concluded to run away, but alas, his feet were swollen and he could not escape!

The next day Tung came according to promise with a cart and persuaded the bandit to go to the hospital, paying all the expenses himself. In his heart he thought, "This robber will hear the gospel there, and may be converted."

The poor fellow was much moved and burst into tears. "I never saw such human treatment; one will never find it outside the religion of Jesus Christ. Such feelings of compassion have never been shown in China before. I will not die. I will trust JESUS."

And the repentant fellow did not die. He went out of the hospital a well man in body and soul. Tung spent over twenty dollars to meet his expenses, but there is one more true servant of God in Manchuria to-day, because of the kindness he showed to the Hung-hu-tze bandit.

"Love your enemies bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." Matt. 5:44.



CHAPTER VI

CAUGHT BY ROBBERS

Some time ago now, when the missionaries were being driven out of the interior of China, a Norwegian lady took refuge in the house where we were spending the winter. She was a quiet, gentle person, and I daresay a great many people would not have thought her capable of any great achievement. One evening, however, I spent with her in her room, and she told me a few of the things she had done and borne for the Lord's sake.

At one time she was the only foreigner in a large walled city. The Chinese turned against her, and told her she must leave immediately, "Very well," she replied, "I will go in the morning." She did not know where to go, nor how to travel, but she felt so sure that the Lord would open a way, that she felt no fear. She just committed herself and her way to the Lord, and He did not forsake her. Late that evening, the town was unexpectedly entered by robbers. They killed many of the people, destroyed some of the houses, and stole the goods. When morning came the town presented a scene of desolation. Instead of driving the foreigner out, people were crowding to her house, begging to have their wounds bound up. My friend was not a doctor, nor yet a trained nurse, but she knew something of nursing, and she had much courage, and common sense; and above all, faith in God. She set to work, and bound-up the most terrible wounds, in some cases extracting a bullet with her penknife. You may be sure there was nothing more said about her leaving the city. I must add that a few of her patients were robbers, who had been so badly wounded that they could not escape with the rest of the gang.

Several years passed away. More missionaries had joined that lonely lady, and a nice Gospel work was going on in that once hostile city.

Our friend went one summer to visit some missionaries in a city at no great distance. After spending a few weeks with them, she felt that the time had come for her to return: but her friends did not like to let her go back alone. "The road is infested with robbers," they said, "It is not safe for you to go without a guard of soldiers." But she was quite decided about going, and set off in a sedan chair, with two carriers. All the first day she saw no one, and the little party stopped at a Chinese inn for the night. The next morning they set off early, hoping to arrive by dinner time.

Suddenly they heard loud shouts, and a band of fierce looking men rushed out upon them. They ordered the frightened carriers to put down the chair, and they dared not disobey. Immediately the men surrounded the little company of travellers, and commanded the lady to give up her money, and everything else she had. When this was done, they said, "You can go on your way now." The two carriers were so terrified they were shaking all over, and with slow trembling hands they lifted the chair, "Make haste," exclaimed the lady, "The town is already in sight." But the panic stricken men were too terrified to go fast, and in a few moments, the robbers were shouting to them again.

"Is the lady fainting?" they asked.

"No," was the reply of the men.

"Then bring her here," called the robbers.

The poor men turned round and carried the helpless victim back.

"Are you not frightened?" asked the robbers, as they ordered her to get out of her chair.

"No," was the gentle reply: and when she told me her story, she added, "And it is true, I was not frightened, the peace of God so filled my heart, there was no room for fear, though I had no idea what these wicked men might do next.

"Can you sing?" was the unexpected question.

"Yes, I can sing."

"Then sing to us."

It was a hard thing to do. One lone woman, surrounded by several hundred rough, uncouth men: well used to deeds of violence and wickedness of all kinds. But the thought that came to her was, "This may be the last time I can testify to the love of Christ, what shall I sing that will bring it home in power to these poor heathen?"

She only hesitated for a moment, and then her voice rang out over the rocks and hills, as she sang of the love of God, and what His Son has done for us. There was a silence for a moment when she finished, and then another song was demanded, and then another. Hymn after hymn she sang to them, and how long she would have been kept, or if she would have been allowed to go free at all, I do not know, but all at once, a fine looking young man rode up. He looked at her closely, and then addressing her by name, he asked where she was going. She pointed to the city in the distance, at which he ordered her men to take her there at once. Then turning to his men, he enquired if they had taken any of her things. They declared they had touched nothing.

"Then go on at once," he said, and added, "Perhaps you do not know me, but I know you well."

You may guess with what joy and relief the lady once more mounted her chair, and thankful she was to God for His great goodness. And you may guess, too, how excited her fellow missionaries were when they heard her story.

"He must have been one of the robbers, whose wounds you dressed long ago," they said, as they hurried round getting her some dinner. After dinner came a long rest, for she was very weary; and when she came down stairs once more, what do you think she found lying on the table? All the things the bandits had robbed her of, money, clothes, bedding; even a string of cash that was in the bottom of the chair.

CHAPTER

SAVED FROM ROBBERS

A few years ago two of the Lord's servants, named Mo and Li, were traveling together in the hilly country in the Southwest of Kwang Tung Province, near a town named Ho T'au, (meaning "Head of the River"). As they traveled they preached the Gospel in the villages or at little lonely hillside houses, or gave away tracts to the people they met on the path, or perhaps little pictures to those who could not read, and sold little copies of one of the four Gospels for five cash each, to any who would buy.

They had been travelling since morning, till in the afternoon the villages and houses grew fewer and fewer, the hills grew more and more steep and the scenery more and more grand.

At last there seemed to be no more houses, and finally the path disappeared altogether, and our two friends had to scramble down the side of the hill, take off their sandals, roll up their trousers, and take to the bed of the river.

They had been wading only a short distance, when they came to a sand bar on the other side of the river, and noticed a man standing on it watching them. They quickly made their way to him, gave him some tracts, and asked him if he would like to buy a gospel.

He did not reply, but suddenly Mr. Li noticed that Mr. Mo's knees were shaking together, and even before he saw the big ugly gun the man had brought from under his coat, he knew they were in the hands of brigands! As he watched the hard, cruel, wicked face, such a face as he had never before looked upon, and rather hopes he may never again see, a silent prayer went up to God, that if it was His will, He would send His angel and deliver them.

Brigands in China, for the most part, are cruel, wicked men who care little or nothing for murder or theft,—men to whom mercy is almost unknown.

The robber began to question the Christians, and as they were talking, they noticed a number more men of a similar type, each armed with a gun, slowly strolling over from the woods, and in a few moments they found themselves quite surrounded by brigands.

Mr. Mo and Mr. Li each carried a canvas bag over their shoulder, for tracts, books, etc. These bags were carefully searched, and when Mr. Li warned them to be careful of his little old Bible, as it was very precious, they eagerly grabbed it, but as quickly were prepared to throw it under their feet when they saw what it was.

They then asked for their cards. It is the custom in China for almost every one to carry what we would call "visiting cards" with them. Mr. Mo had none, and Mr. Li had his in his pocket-book, and in the same place had a lot of money, as he had a long journey before him.

After the first fright, God had given both Mr. Mo and Mr. Li great quietness of heart, with no fear whatever, so Mr. Li said nothing, nor did he attempt to get out his pocket-book, but Mr. Mo quietly answered that he had no card, and then added,

"But I have a card of a friend of mine, who told me that I might meet some of his friends and acquaintances in these parts."

As he spoke he handed the robber chief the card. A name was printed in large Chinese characters in the center, and at one side the official position of the owner was written. On the back in the owner's own hand was written a message of several lines.

The brigand took the card in surprise, and the others all crowded round to see it. Long they

examined it, reading each side again and again. Then followed a muttered conversation amongst themselves and the chief asked shortly.

"How did you get this?"

"A friend of mine gave it to me, and told me I could be sure of help and protection, from any of his friends to whom I showed it. We are on our way to the next village. Won't you come with us with your guns and protect us in case we should meet any bad men?"

"No," the chief replied, "we have business in the other direction; you may go."

At once the chief insisted that every book and picture and tract that the brigands had taken should be returned, and then they quickly strode off into the woods. Our friends lost no time in retracing their steps, and were deeply thankful once again to get into the little old punt that served as a ferry from the region of robbers to the region of safety, but were a little amused at the amazement of the old woman who poled it, as she asked.

"How ever did you manage to return in safety from such a district?" Yet she had never warned them of their danger as she had taken them over in the other direction a few hours before.

Perhaps some of my readers are travelling a more dangerous road with a more terrible foe waiting to seize them, and drag them down to hell forever. If so, be warned *now*, to "flee from the wrath to come."

But you will be asking, "What was the magic card that saved them?" That is easily answered. Two days before, Mr. Mo had been travelling alone in another direction, and had met a high official, and given him some tracts and books. The official showed much interest and even sympathy, but was amazed to

find one man travelling alone and unarmed in such a country, and so had given him his card with a note on the back, saying,

“If you meet either soldiers or brigands who wish to harm you, show them this card.”

This man was head of the soldiers in that district, and his brother was head of the brigands! So they worked together! Mr. Mo had treated the whole thing as a joke, and never thought of really using the card, and quite by accident had it in his pocket. But so God cared for His dear servants.

Mr. Mo has been labouring in those parts ever since; amidst dangers, difficulties and sickness. There are many, many others of God’s labourers in China who are daily suffering dangers and difficulties such as you know nothing of.

Is it not a privilege for those who know and love the Lord Jesus to pray for these dear men and women,—fellow-members of the body of Christ? He has said,

“If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it.” 1 Cor. 12:26.

“The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.” Psa. 34:7.



CHAPTER VIII

THE ROBBERS SAVED

I should indeed have been sorry if our Stories of Chinese Robbers had ended with telling of God's merciful care over His dear servants, when in danger from these terrible men. But I have one more story to tell, and it is the best of all.

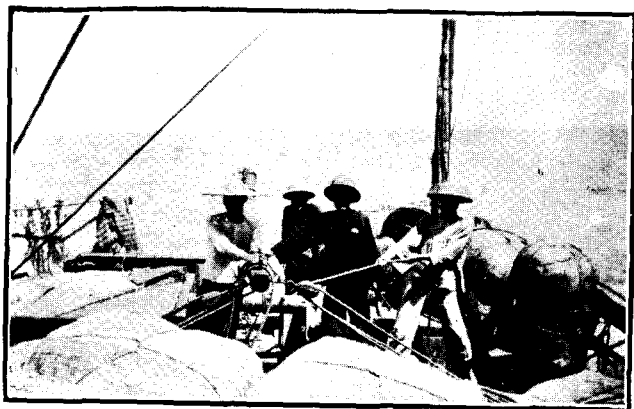
I expect some of our readers would like a photograph of the robbers themselves, instead of just the hills and valleys where they live, and that is just what we have in this story. If you look at the pictures on the other page you will see two big groups of men. All those wearing the sort of white wadded gowns are robbers, or brigands, or murderers,—but robbers and brigands and murderers who are washed, who are sanctified, who are justified in the Name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.

These photographs were taken in the prison in Peking. The first large group shows those in the prison who have believed in the Lord Jesus, and have been baptized and are now remembering the Lord's death week by week. The smaller group are those who have lately been baptized, and there are others again, who are interested and want to believe in the Lord Jesus.

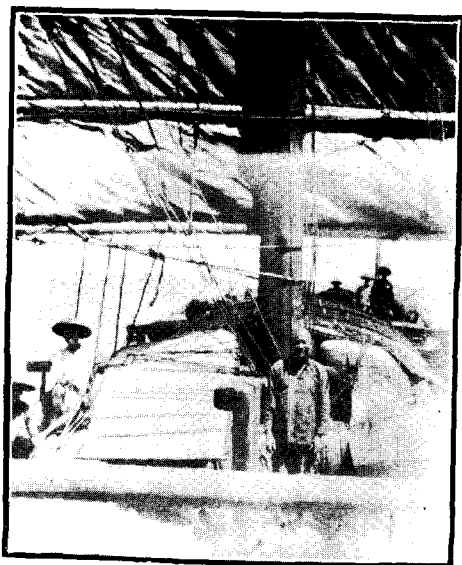
Will you not pray for these poor men, locked up in prison, some of them to be there for the rest of their lives, but whose souls have recently been set free from that awful enemy, worse than a brigand,—“a murderer from the beginning,” whose slaves they have been. And pray, too, for the dear Chinese men who go week by week, and carry the good news of salvation to them. And pray for the women, who go to the women prisoners, that they may also have the joy of seeing many brought to Christ.



Pictures in the Model Prison
Peking



Onboard a Chinese Junk



On Board a Sailing Junk
on the Pacific, Between Hong Kong and Yeung Kong
(See Page 78)

If you look carefully at the larger group, you will see one man in a dark coat, at the extreme left of the second row from the bottom. He is one of those who preaches the Gospel in the prison, but before he used to be a prisoner there. He had tried to kill a man, but now the Lord has set him free, body and soul, and taken him into His service.

In not this, truly, the best story yet?



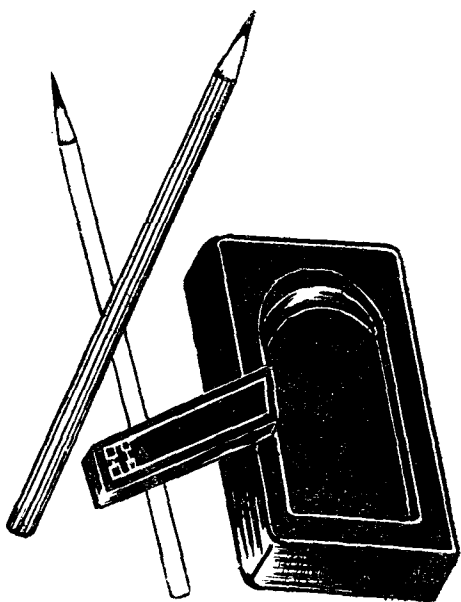
Part IV

Lessons from Chinese
Characters

中
國
字
的
功
課

*“When HE is Come, HE will Convince
the World of Sin, of Righteousness, and of
Judgment.”*

(John xvi, 8. Margin)

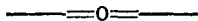


Chinese
Writing Materials

PART IV

LESSONS FROM CHINESE CHARACTERS

*Oh, Characters strange and confounding,
To the Foreigner's ignorant sight!
But words with sweet meanings abounding,
To the eye that can read them aright!*



CHAPTER I

WRITING CHINESE

I expect that most of my readers know that in China we do not have an alphabet with twenty six letters, like the children do, who speak English. You children only needed to learn these twenty six letters, and then learn how to put them together, and you could read. But in China it is very different. The little children there do not have an alphabet, but every word has a little drawing all of its own, and each one has to be learnt separately, all by itself. It is terribly hard for some of us who are getting old: we find that we can forget them much faster than we can learn them. If you are coming to China to work, don't put off till you get too old to learn to read and write, and above all, to speak well.

But I was going to tell you something about the Chinese Characters. We said just now that each word has a little drawing all of its own. For instance *man*

is written like this, 人. Those two marks are his two legs, and so you make a little picture of two legs, and that means a *man*.

If you look outside this book, you will see that the Chinese name is like this, 中國的故事. This means "Middle Kingdom stories." That first word means "*Middle*." The square, 口, means mouth: but when we draw a stroke down the middle of the mouth, it does not mean mouth any more, but means *middle*, 中.

The meanings of many Chinese words are not as easy to understand as these. Some do not seem to have any meaning, but others have very beautiful meanings: and it is about some of these words and their meanings that I would like to tell you now, and I hope that you will enjoy thinking about them, as much as I have. I hope, too, that some of their lessons will sink down deep into our hearts, and bring forth fruit for our Lord Jesus Christ.

Perhaps before we speak about the words, you would like to hear a little about how the Chinese children learn to write. They do not usually use pencils, or pens like we do: but their words are written with a sort of paint brush. A friend of mine kindly has written these large words, that you see in this book, and then another man has pasted that paper on to a piece of wood, and carved it all out, and the printer has used this piece of wood to make the words.

Their ink does not come in bottles, but is made in hard little cakes, that usually look something like a domino, only about twice as long. It is very black, and before they begin to write they must put a little water in an ink saucer and rub the cake of ink, until they have made enough ink to write with. So you see it is really more like painting than the writing we know.

Their letters are always made in solid black, but I have taken the liberty of making parts of them white or red to help teach us some of the lessons they contain.

CHAPTER II

— SIN —

A large, bold Chinese character, 罪 (Tsui), which means 'sin' or 'crime'. The character is composed of a top part that resembles a fishnet and a bottom part that resembles the character for 'evil' (非).

(*Tsui*)

This large character at the top of our story is called in Chinese "tsui." In different parts of the country it has different sounds, and that is one thing that makes it very hard to preach the Gospel in China, because a man from the South cannot understand a man from the north. It is very strange to see two Chinese men talking to each other in English, because they cannot understand each other's Chinese. In some parts of the country the different dialects are so bad, that one person cannot understand another, though perhaps he only lives forty or fifty miles away.

But we were going to have a little talk about this character "tsui." It means SIN. I told you in our last talk that many of the Chinese characters were like little pictures to tell the meaning, and this is true of part of this character for Sin. The top part is a picture of a fish net. You can see the little squares, just like a real net. The bottom part means evil, or bad, and the whole thing might be said to represent "The Devil's Fishnet." Some of you live by the sea and have seen the fish nets, made up of strong little cords: each cord so small by itself, that we might think that it could not do any harm. Perhaps some of you have been out in the boats, and helped to pull these fish nets in, with the poor helpless fish caught fast in them. How helpless and hopeless they are! The more they struggle, the more hopelessly entangled

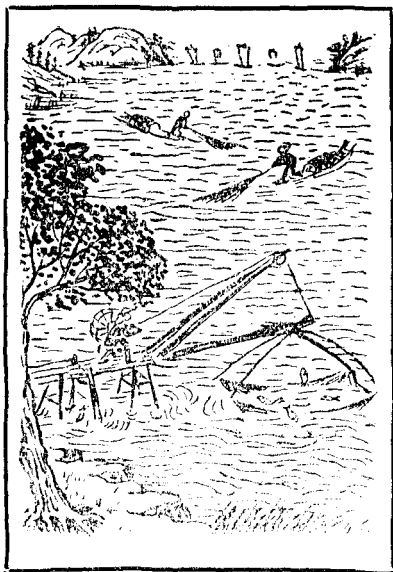
they get. Unless someone from outside, stronger and more powerful than themselves, comes to set them free, there is only death waiting for them. What a sad, hopeless picture, is a fish caught in a net! What a wonderfully true picture of a poor sinner caught in the terrible fish net of sin! Surely the Chinese were right in drawing the picture of a fish net, when they wanted to speak about sin.

If you have ever been at the sea and have seen the fish nets, you will know that there are many different kinds of nets. There are big nets for big fish, and small nets for little fish. There are nets made of fine cord, and nets made of big thick cord. There are nets of all sorts and sizes, but all the nets have the same purpose,—to catch fish.

In the same way Satan has many kinds of sins. Some we think little sins: some we think big sins: but they have all the same purpose,—to catch us, and take us down to hell. The fisherman does not put out his nets because he loves the fish: and the devil does not seek to entangle you in sin because he loves you, but because he wants to have you suffer with him forever.

I wonder if my readers have ever found out that they have been caught in this terrible net of sin? I wonder if they have ever found out that they are absolutely helpless and hopeless unless Another comes to save them from this awful net of sin? Yes, the Word of God tells us that "ALL have sinned," not one boy or girl, man or woman who has not been caught in that terrible net. You have told lies, been disobedient, unkind: you have wanted what was not your's, and many, many other sins you have been guilty of: but there is one sin above all others that God speaks about especially: "of sin, because they believe not on Me," the Lord Jesus says. Yes, if you have

not believed on the Lord Jesus Christ as your own Saviour, that is the most terrible sin of all. If you are still guilty of that sin, how awful to think that you are on your way to hell, and nobody knows how soon you may be there. May the Holy Spirit convince you speedily of that sin, and show you that you are just as helpless and hopeless as the poor fish caught in the net. But may He show you that Another, even the Lord Jesus Christ has come and opened the net for you, and now all you need is to believe Him and be free.



CHAPTER III

— PUNISHMENT —



(Faa)

You all know that after SIN comes PUNISHMENT. Sometimes at school you are not found out: the teacher does not see you. Sometimes a thief runs away and the policeman does not catch him: and so both the child at school and the thief escape the punishment for their sins. But do they really escape? God saw the boy or girl do the naughty thing that the teacher did not see. The thief will have to stand before God some day and answer for his sin, unless someone else is punished for it.

If you have read the story about SIN, you will know at once that the top part of the character for Punishment is the same as that for Sin. Both mean a Fishnet. But in Sin it was the devil's Fishnet to catch us, and bring us down to be with himself in hell. This fishnet might be the teacher's fishnet, that catches the boys or girls at school, when they are bad. Or it might be the policeman's fishnet that catches someone who has broken the law of the land; but finally it is always God's fishnet, that brings every man, woman and child to stand before Him. If we come now into His presence as poor lost sinners, we will find that He has provided Someone else to bear the punishment, even our Lord Jesus Christ. But if we put off coming to Him, He asks the question, 'How shall we escape if we *neglect* so great salvation?'

After you are found out at school doing something wrong, what happens next? Or after the policeman has caught the thief what happens to him then? "Oh, then comes the punishment," I think I hear someone say. But that is not what happens next. The thief will come up before the judge, and there he will be judged according to what he has done,—according to his works. The child will have to give an account of his behaviour to the teacher, and the teacher will judge him. So in our character for PUNISHMENT, 罰 the next part is this, 言, and the bottom of this bit, 口, means "a mouth." The four strokes above it, are the words coming out of the mouth. What a terrible thing to realize that if you are not delivered from that net of Sin, someday, *you, yourself*, will stand before the Great White Throne, and there be judged according to *your* works.

"What will you do without Him,
 When the great White Throne is set,
 And the Judge who never can mistake,
 And never can forget,—
 The Judge Whom you have never here
 As friend and Saviour sought,
 Shall summon you to give account,
 Of deed and word and thought?"

Then *your* ears will hear the awful words from the mouth of your Judge, that One from Whose face, the earth and the heaven will have fled away.

Perhaps we might think of those four words coming out of the mouth in our character, 言, as

SIN,	"The Wages of SIN is DEATH."
DEATH,	"After DEATH the JUDGMENT."
JUDGMENT,	"They were JUDGED....And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into THE LAKE OF FIRE."

The LAKE OF FIRE.

In our character 罰 there is still one part, 讠, This means a SWORD. And it represents the Sword that carries out the sentence of death passed by the Judge. That is the Chinese view of "PUNISHMENT." "Caught, Judged, Executed."

In School it may be the strap, or the cane, or some other means that are used to execute the judgment. In the law of the land, it may even mean *death*,—but in the Judgment at the Great White Throne there is but one sentence,—The Second Death,—the Lake of Fire.

Oh, my dear reader, May you never taste of this, but be able to sing with Paul Gerhardt of old,—

"There is no condemnation, there is no hell for me,—

The torment and the fire, my eyes shall never see;

For me there is no sentence, for me death has no sting,

Because the Lord Who loves me shall shield me with His wing."



Awaiting Execution

CHAPTER IV

RIGHTEOUSNESS



(i Pronounced e)

In one of our other lessons from a Chinese character, you will remember that we spoke about *SIN*, and how it is like a fish net that catches us, and holds us fast until Another comes to save us. Today I want to tell you about the One who has come to save us from the terrible net of sin into which we all had fallen. Yes, thanks be to God, One has come to do this for us, and in the very first chapter of the New Testament we read.

"Thou shalt call His name *JESUS*, for He shall save His people from their sins."

That is just what we need, is it not? A Saviour! One come to save us from that awful net that holds us so fast.

Now, I want you to look very carefully at that big character at the top of our lesson. If you look you many see that it is made of two parts. The top part is printed in Red and means "*sheep*" or "*lamb*," if you look at it you can see that it has two horns, and four legs, and a tail, and that cross in the middle is its body. The bottom part of this character means "*me*" or "*I*". Now, can you guess what the whole character means?

"*Me*" covered by a "*Lamb*?"

If you have a Chinese man who does your laundry, or there is one in the town where you live, you may ask him about it; he will probably tell you it is "ee", but he will have a hard time telling you what it means, so I must try and make it plain for you. It means "RIGHTEOUSNESS," but that is such a big long word, that I am afraid some of the little folks won't understand it. There are different kinds of righteousness. There is your own righteousness ; that is all the right things, the good things that you do to try to get to heaven.

In China there are "Righteous Works Societies," and the people in them do right, kind, good things to get to heaven. Those are our own righteousnesses. These are the things that we like other people to see when they look at us, things that we like to keep on the outside, like our clothes, and we like to keep our bad things hidden away where people won't see them, or covered up with our righteousness. Isn't that the way it is? God talks about these righteousnesses of our own, and tells us that they are like clothes that we wear to cover us up,—but O, He says that they are all like "filthy rags." You don't like to wear filthy rags, do you? You don't even like to touch them, we burn them, that is all they are good for. Our own righteousnesses, the best things that we do, are exactly the same.

Our sins are like a fish net to catch us and take us to hell, and our righteousnesses are like filthy rags! What a terrible state we are in! What can we do?

Now look again at the big character at the top of the lesson. What do we see there? We see ourselves, "Me" below, with a "Lamb" above, covering me over, so to speak. Who does that Lamb speak of? I know well that most of you can tell me that it is the Lord Jesus, "the lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." What a beautiful lesson we may learn from this! Just what we need! The Lamb of God to take away my sins, to save me from

that fish net in which I had become hopelessly caught, and the same Lamb of God to cover me all over, in place of those filthy rags of my own righteousness. How gladly will I throw away my filthy rags, to be covered by the Lamb of God, to be hidden in Him.

But look again at the big character, and you will see that nothing can touch "*me*" without first touching that "*Lamb*" above. And, O, dear children, as we think of how all the judgment of God for my sins was borne by that blessed Lamb, of how He has borne those stripes which I deserved so well, yes, of how all the waves and billows of the wrath of a holy God were all borne by Him, (while I am safe in Him), while we think of all this, how our hearts thank Him, and praise Him for it.

As we remember that righteousness is what covers us up, whether it be the filthy rags of our own righteousness, or the Lamb of God Who is God's righteousness, we may see how beautifully this Chinese character tells us of a righteousness, not our own, but of Another, even the righteousness of God.

Dear reader have you this righteousness of God? Are you all covered by the Lamb of God? When God looks at you, does He see you all hidden in His own Beloved Son? That is what He offers to you. He says, "Now, the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ" is offered "unto all, and it is *upon all* them that believe." Is it *upon you*?

"Clad in this robe, how bright I shine!

Angels possess not such a dress!

Angels have not a robe like mine,—

Jesus, the Lord's my righteousness."

CHAPTER V

"ALL"

血衆

(*Chung*)

We have been speaking about RIGHTEOUSNESS, and have seen that the Righteousness of God is offered to *all*. It is a wonderful offer, made by God Himself to give His righteousness, freely, without works, to any man, woman or child, who will have it. We have seen that Righteousness is like a robe, or coat to cover us up, and that our own righteousnesses are like filthy rags. Now the offer of God's righteousness, instead of our's, is made to us, to be a robe for us: but it is only "*upon all them that believe.*"

The Chinese word at the top of our little talk today is ALL, or as the Chinese say, "*Chung.*" It is really a wonderful word, with a wonderful meaning. The top part of the word means *Blood*, and the bottom part of the word means *Three Men*, or the whole meaning is Three men sheltered by the Blood. That is how the Chinese write *All*. Those three men represent "*All them that believe.*" They believed that judgment was coming, and they took shelter in the only safe place, under the Blood.

You all remember the story of the children of Israel in Egypt. God said that about midnight He would pass through the land of Egypt, and kill the firstborn in every house. But He gave them one way of safety. He said, Take a lamb, and kill it, and put the Blood on the two side posts, and on the upper door post, and God promised, "*When I see the Blood,*

靠耶穌血得救

Saved through Jesus' blood

史記上載着。有一班叛逆君王作亂的百姓。住在某城裏。有一次那國王發大兵來圍困這座城。已經好久叫他們投降。但城內的百姓竭力死守不肯投降。那國王就發大怒。在軍前發誓說。若不限日攻下這城必不罷休。並且攻破後必把全城的人滅盡。無論男女老幼不留一命。未幾城裏百姓抵抗不住。果被攻破。敵軍就聲勢汹汹。如狼若虎。



一齊蜂擁入城。進了城。就在街上或屋內。見人便殺。殺個雞犬不留。無一能倖免的。

那時有人見一隊兵進入一民家。將那家的人

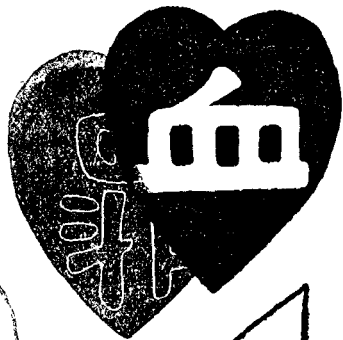
口殺盡以後。把大門關閉好了。又用一塊布蘸在血裏。塗一大血團在那家門上。當作記號。使後來的兵士一見得以曉得。這屋內的人已經殺過。可毋庸再勞神了。那人見這樣奇怪的事。就飛跑奔到城中

朋友的家。告訴他們剛纔所見的事。他們就急忙在圈子裏取一隻山羊羔宰了。把血塗在門外。就把門緊緊關閉。後來的兵士從門外經

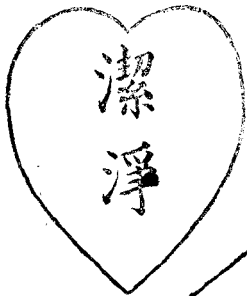
得赦免其過遮蓋其罪的這人是有福的

第三十六章二節

遮蓋其



神就是愛



神說我把這血

賜給你們可以

為你們的

生命

贖罪

約翰福音第一章十二節

約翰福音第一章七節

神的兒子耶穌的血洗淨我的一切的罪

I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt."

It made no difference whether the people inside the house were good or bad, whether they were Egyptians or children of Israel, whether they were white or yellow, brown or black: all that had nothing to do with their safety. What did matter was whether they were Sheltered by the Blood, or not. The worst sinner in Egypt was safe that night, if he had Blood on the door, and the best man in Israel would lose his firstborn, if there was no Blood.

It was not enough to say, "I believe that God's judgment is coming, and that the Blood is the only way of safety." No, that would not do. They must put the Blood on the door for themselves. And it is of no avail to believe that judgment is coming and that Christ is the only Saviour, unless you trust Him for *yourself*, and see that *you* personally are **SHELTERED BY THE BLOOD.**

Beneath the blood-stained lintel I with my children stand;
A messenger of evil is passing through the land.
There is no other refuge from the destroyer's face;
Beneath the blood-stained lintel shall be our hiding-place.
The lamb of God has suffered, our sins and griefs He bore;
By faith the blood is sprinkled above our dwelling's door.
The foe who seeks to enter doth fear that sacred sign;
To-night the blood-stained lintel shall shelter me and mine.
My Saviour, for my dear ones I claim Thy promise true;
The Lamb is "for the household"—the children's Saviour too.
On earth the little children once felt Thy touch divine;
Beneath the blood-stained lintel Thy blessing give to mine.

Oh, wonderful Redeemer, who suffered for our sake,
When o'er the guilty nations the judgment storm shall break,
With joy from that safe shelter may we then meet Thine eye,
Beneath the blood-stained lintel, my children, Lord, and I.

CHAPTER VI

"BELIEVE"

信

(*Shin*)

In our last two talks we have spoken of that verse in Romans III, that tells us of "The Righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe." We have spoken a little bit about the Righteousness, and a little about the "ALL," in "All them that that believe." Now we will look a little at that world "*believe*."

When I was a boy that word "believe," used to be terribly hard for me to understand. I used to ask myself, "What does it mean to believe?" "Do I believe?" and all sorts of questions like that. I think perhaps there are some people today who want that Righteousness of God, which is upon ALL them that BELIEVE, but they don't just know how to get it: and I hope perhaps the Chinese word at the top of the page may tell them.

At the left hand side of the word, are the two strokes that mean "man." They are made a little differently to the character for *man* that we spoke about before, but they really are just the same word. The other side of the word you can tell for yourself, if you have read the other talks about the Chinese Characters. At the bottom you see the word for "mouth," and above the mouth, are four strokes, that mean the words coming out of the mouth. The whole word, then, may be said to mean, "The words that come

out of the mouth of a man." That is the way the Chinese write "Believe," or "Faith." And it is a very good way to write it. There is only one better way that I can think of, and that would have been to write, "The words that come out of the mouth of God."

I expect that you know some man whom you trust absolutely. Perhaps he is your Father, or a brother, or some other man. If he tells you anything, you can say, "I *know* that is true." You believe the words that come out of the mouth of a man. That is *faith*. You believe the words, not because they sound true, but because you know the man who said them. There may be other people whom you know and you would not think of believing what they told you. Perhaps they think it is a joke to say what is not quite true, or perhaps they exaggerate, or it may be they are not truthful: but in any case, you look at the person, and you say, "I can't trust what that person says." It is not that the words might not be true, but the person cannot be trusted.

But the words are not always spoken. Sometimes they are written. For instance, away out in China, I happen to have in my pocket a piece of paper, and on it is written,—

DOMINION OF CANADA

will pay to the bearer on demand

TWO DOLLARS

and there are two signatures added to this promise, one of them for the Minister of Justice, and the other the Comptroller of Currency. Now I have the most perfect confidence that if I were to show that piece of paper, with that promise on it, to anyone in Canada, they would be glad to accept it as \$2.00. I do not have the least doubt or worry about that piece of paper, for fear I will never get my money.

I look at the one who promised, even the Dominion of Canada, and I say, "I can certainly trust that promise." I believe it. I have faith.

But not long since I had another piece of paper, very similar to this one, on which was the promise of a certain Chinese General that he would pay Five Dollars on demand. I had a good deal of worry and trouble over this piece of paper. In the first place, I had no confidence that the General had the money to pay, and secondly, I doubted if he would be willing to keep his promise and pay, even if he did have the money. I might try to believe, but when I looked at the person who promised, I could not make myself have any faith. I took this piece of paper and went out to an exchange shop. (In China there are exchange shops, for changing money in almost every block). I showed my promise, made there in black and white, but they only smiled, and shook their heads. I went to another and the result was the same. I went to five more, but no better luck. I asked, "Won't you give me some coppers for it," "Not one copper cash," they replied. The money was not worth the paper on which it was printed.

The Bible tells me, "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." God makes a promise. Is He able to keep it? You know that HE is well able. Is He willing to keep it? You know that HE is willing: He cannot lie. HE will never break His promise. It is better than the promise of the Dominion of Canada or than the promise of the Bank of England. When you look at the One Who makes the promise, Can you believe HIM? Should I not ask, Is it possible for you to doubt Him?

Here is one of His promises, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." Do you believe it? I admit that it is incredible, if it were not GOD Who says it. But look at the One Who makes the promise. Look at CHRIST, He says, "He that believeth on the

Son hath everlasting life." Do you take Him at His word? Do *you* believe on the Son? Do you believe that the Son of God bore *your* sins on the Cross at Calvary?

Do you let go all your own good works, and every thing to which you may have been trusting, and, apart from Christ, exclaim as a friend of mine once did, "If the Bible's true, I'm lost?" Do you turn to Christ alone, and trust Him, and Him only? Then the Words that come out of the mouth of God to you are,—“He that believeth on the Son, *hath everlasting life.*” Take the Words for yourself, and rest on them absolutely. You may say,—as another once said after believing those words, “If the Bible's true, I'm saved.”

Thank God, the Bible is true. “Let GOD be true, but every man a liar.” You may rest on the Words of *that* Book with more confidence than I rest on the promise of the Dominion of Canada. Canada may fail and pass away, but the Words of that Book will remain forever. Look at the One Who says them, BELIEVE GOD, and thank Him for such a promise, and for such a gift.

“The Gift of God is eternal Life through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

CHAPTER VII

"COME"



(*Lai-Pronounced "Li"*)

We have just been saying in our last talk, that the Son of God, bore our sins on the Cross at Calvary. And as we look at the Chinese Character before us, we see pictured that Cross. When Moses came to the burning bush, the Voice out of the bush told him to take his shoes from off his feet, for the place where he was standing was holy ground. And we are coming on to holy ground with this Chinese Character, may you and I know what it means to take our shoes from off our feet.

You remember the way the Chinese write "man," 人, with two strokes. There on that Cross before you, you see a Man. We need not ask "Who is He?" At each side of the Cross you see another man, and we think of that verse, "They crucified Him, and two other with Him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst."

In our picture I have asked the Chinese writer, to make one of those men white, and let the other stay black. (Usually the whole word is made black). I expect that you all know the story. Both thieves reviled Him, and then one rebuked his fellow, saying, "Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss." And he said unto Jesus, "Lord,

remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." And Jesus said unto him, "Verily, I say unto thee, Today shalt thou be with Me in paradise."

Both the thieves were black with sin. They both deserved to be crucified. One was not a bit better than the other. They both reviled the Lord. What was the difference, then, between them? One found out he was a sinner, and owned it to the Lord Jesus. He confessed Him as LORD. That dying Man on the cross was LORD, to that poor wicked thief. He *came to Jesus*. Ah, you say, he was nailed on to the cross, he could not come to Jesus. Yes, though he was nailed to that cross, he did come to Jesus. I used to think, "Oh, if only Jesus lived in Jerusalem, or in Palestine, I would save all my money to go to Him. I would walk to Him if there was no other way." I heard people say, "Come to Jesus," and I thought, "Oh, if only I knew how to come, how gladly I would." Well, that is the way to come. Just like the poor thief came. He owned he was a sinner, and Jesus as LORD. I remember when I found out that this was the way to come, I almost said out loud in the meeting, "Is that all?" It is all. That was more than thirty years ago, and I have never heard of any other way to come to Jesus. It may be told in a different way, but the path is the same.

"It thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thine heart that God has raised him from among the dead, thou shalt be saved." (Romans X-9, New Translation).

But look again at that poor thief on the cross. What happens now? Now the Lord takes the sins off that poor wicked man, and lays them on that Man Who is crucified in the midst. He had no sin, but He takes the sin from off that thief, and bears it all in His Own body on the Cross. What a sight is that on Calvary's hill! There on the one side a dying thief, a man too wicked to live any longer, but now a man

who has not one sin on him, to keep him out of Heaven. He was black with sin a few minutes ago, but now is washed whiter than snow. On the other side is another thief. He is no worse than his companion. He, too, is dying: in a few hours his soul will have left this earth and be,—Where? Oh, the awfulness of it. Dying, and bearing his own sin, like a heavy load to take him down to Hell. He did not come to Jesus.

Reader, which of those thieves is a picture of you? Most surely one is your picture. There are only two classes,—the saved and the unsaved: those bearing their own sins, and those whose sins are borne by Christ. In which class are you?

This is what the Chinese word for “Come” says to me. When I see that word 來, COME, I see the Saviour, with His arms outstretched on the Cross, outstretched for you, and outstretched to you, saying “Come unto ME.” “Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” “Suffer the little children to come unto Me.” “Come Now.”

“If thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as LORD, and shalt believe in thine heart that God has raised Him from among the dead, thou shalt be saved.”

Come as the thief came, as a lost guilty sinner, who only deserves death, own Jesus as your LORD, and hear His own word, “Thou shalt be saved.”

Just as I am,—without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come. I come.

CHAPTER VII

"GOD FOR US"

祐 佑

(iu)

(iu)

We have learned from our Chinese Characters something about *SIN*, something about the *SAVIOUR* from sin, and how He gives *RIGHTEOUSNESS* to those who put their trust in the Lamb of God. Today I want to tell you a little more about that precious *SAVIOUR*, but this must be specially for those who have trusted Him., and have that righteousness,—for if you will not believe that Jesus died for *you*, and bore *your* sins on the cross, I am afraid you will not believe what I have to tell you today.

These two characters we have before us today are somewhat alike, as you can see. The right hand part of both is the same, and they both are pronounced alike, and both mean "*to protect*," but there really is a very great difference. The right hand part of both means "*the right arm*," but the left hand part of the black one on the right means "*man*," and the left hand part of the one on the left, might be translated "*God*." What a difference! The one on the right hand might be translated, "*Protected by the right arm of man*," and the one on the left hand, "*Protected by the right arm of God*."

Now, I wonder which my reader is protected by? What a wonderful thing to think of being protected by the **RIGHT ARM OF GOD**, *now* and *forever*! Have you that for your protection? Or are you like the boy I heard of once, who had a lovely new knife^{given}

to him. That night he didn't say his prayers, and when his mother asked him "Why?"

He said, "What does a boy with a knife like that, need to say prayers for?"

You see he was trusting to the fine big knife in "man's hand" to protect him. That might help a little down here, but it would be of no use to protect us when death comes along; or when, after death, the judgment comes. And even here, I think the little boy would have been better off with the "Right Arm of God" to protect him, don't you?

In another talk we spoke about the Chinese character with the "*Lamb*" above, and "*me*" below, and we thought of the way in which the Lamb of God had borne all the judgment of God for my sins, and protected me from all the waves and the billows of the wrath of God, and how they had all rolled over our Lord Jesus, while we were safely hidden in *HIM*.

I think perhaps in this lesson we may think of even more than this. Not only are we protected from the righteous wrath of God against our sin, but He has given us His own righteousness, and we are counted *righteous*, or *just*. God has *justified us*. But this is not all. In the eighth chapter of Romans, we read,

"Whom He called, them He also justified: and whom He justified, them He also glorified. What shall we then say to these things? *If God be for us, who can be against us?*"

Yes, children, God is *for us*. You know that if we are playing a game, and we have a very, very good player *for us*, we are almost sure to win. But just think what it is to have the Almighty God *for us*. Is that not wonderful? It is not an arm of flesh,—a man's arm,—we have *for us* to protect us,—no, it is the *Right Arm of God*. God is *for us*. And yet God

has to ask the question, "to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" O, dear reader, if it has never been revealed to you, go right now, and ask Him to reveal it to you.

There was once a good king called Hezekiah, and a great king of Assyria came to fight against him. Now Hezekiah didn't have much strength, and the king of Assyria thought he could easily conquer him, but Hezekiah said to his people,

"Be strong and courageous, be not afraid, nor dismayed for the king of Assyria, nor for all the multitude that is with him: for there be more with us than with him: with him is *an arm of flesh*; but with us is the Lord our God to help us, and to fight our battles." And the people rested themselves upon the words of Hezekiah. Here was a man to whom the Arm of the Lord was revealed, and the people could rest on that. What are we *resting* on?

I always love those words,

— "With us is the Lord our God to help us, and to fight our battles." Now perhaps the little children who read this will say,

"But we haven't any battles to fight, we are only little."

Yes, you are only little, but if you have put your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and are one of His little ones, then you have battles to fight. You have three very great enemies, each one terribly strong. Their names are, "the world, the flesh and the devil," and you have to fight against them. If you try to fight them in your own strength, you are perfectly certain to be beaten; but if you have the right arm of God to fight for you, and let Him fight your battles for you, you are absolutely certain to win. Yes, when we believe in the Lord Jesus Christ: He is the Captain of our salvation, and children let me tell you, we are fighting under a Captain Who has never lost

a battle, and Who never will. We may trust Him absolutely, and all we need to do is to obey Him implicitly. The hymn says,

“The arm of flesh will fail you,
We dare not trust our own.”

This is true; but the Arm of the Lord will never, never fail you. May He help us to trust Him entirely!

Is God for me? I fear not;
Though all against me rise;
When I call on Christ my Saviour,
The host of evil flies.

My Friend, the Lord Almighty,
And He who loves me, God!
What enemy shall harm me.
Though coming as a flood?

I know it,—I believe it,—
I say it fearlessly,—
That God, the Highest, Mightiest,
For ever loveth me.

At all times, in all places,
He standeth at my side;
He rules the battle fury,
The tempest and the tide.

CHAPTER IX

“HAPPY”

福

(Fu)

One of the favourite Chinese hymns begins,

人 *man*

人 *man*

心 *heart*

裏 *inside*

要 *will*

求 *seek*

福 *Happiness*

or as we would say,

“The heart of every man seeks Happiness,” and this is true.

I suppose that 福 Fu is the commonest, and best known character in China. You may find it built into the walls in great characters five feet or more high. Every New Years, people paint it on big sheets of red paper and paste it up on their doors. It is made into brooches and pins, and in fact every where you may go, in every part of China, you will meet with 福 Fu.

Why is this? It is because the heart of every man, woman, and child in China is seeking what this character speaks of, "HAPPINESS." And in this China is no different to any other country. England and America are just the same, we all know, if we are honest, that we want to be HAPPY.

But some seek it in one way and some in another. Some try to get it by smoking opium and gambling. Some try to get it by picture shows and theatres or the like. Some try to get it by money, or by power: but the heart is just the same wherever you go and whatever means are sought,—

"Happiness is what men seek."

But do they find it? If they are honest they know very well that they do not find true happiness in these things. There was one man who tried them all, and he said about them, (quoting from the Chinese Bible,)

"Emptiness of Emptiness! All is emptiness!"

But does GOD want us to be unhappy? No I am sure that He does not, and He says,—

"Happy is the man whose iniquity is forgiven, whose sin is covered."

There is the way, and the only way, that a man may be truly happy down here.

The Lord Jesus says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The very word *Gospel* in Chinese is 福音 and means "*Happy Sound!*" God wants to give us Rest and Happiness, but sad to say there are very few who believe Him, and they are trying to get these things in their own way,—not in His way, so they do not find them.

But I think I hear some of my readers say, "Yes, that is all true. I know there is no true happiness

apart from the Lord Jesus Christ, and I have come to Him, and He has forgiven my iniquity, and covered my sins, He has given me *rest*, and yet,—yet,—it has not been all that I hoped for. There has not been the full complete Happiness I had expected, nor all the Rest that I want.”

It is to such that I would like to have a little talk just now. It is to such that this Chinese character has a secret to tell, for strange as it may seem, far out here in dark China, wrapped up in the commonest character in all the land, is the true secret of Happiness for the Christian. If you, reader, are not a true Christian, if your sins are not covered, just put the book right down now, and go stright to the Saviour, and get this first question settled,—before you read another page, for without this first great question settled, you can neither understand nor believe the secret that 福 Fu carries.

And now dear fellow Christian, please look carefully at our character. If you have read the other chapters in this part of our book, you can almost read the different parts of 福 Fu. At the left hand side is a picture of an ALTAR, with the Sacrifice upon it. At the right hand side is ONE MOUTH, or as we would say *One Man*. Below the Mouth, is FIELD. Now can you guess the secret? What verse does this remind you of? It makes me think of Romans xii, 1.—

“I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a Living Sacrifice, holy acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.”

It is only as I present my body, myself, and all that I have, my fields, my house, my money, my all, on the altar to the One who has Bought me and mine, that I can be truly “Happy.” After the Lord Jesus said, “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,” Then He said, “Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek

and lowly in heart: *and ye shall find rest unto your souls.*" This is the rest, dear reader, that you have been longing for, but the only way to find it, is by taking "My yoke" upon you, as the Saviour says. Who wears a yoke? An ox. What does an ox have of its own? Nothing, not even its body. It belongs absolutely to his Master. An ox does not own fields. The Master has the fields, and the ox works in them. Paul could speak of himself as "a bondslave of Jesus Christ." What has a bondslave got of his own? Nothing, not even his body, even that belongs to his Master. A bondslave does not own fields and lands and houses, all belongs to his Master, and all the bondslave has to do, is to obey.

That is the secret, dear reader. Does it seem hard? There is no other path of happiness for the Christian. And that path is a *happy, happy* path. Paul walked in that path. Was he unhappy? Read the Epistle to the Philippians. It is all about rejoicing. I suppose there never was a happier man than the Appostle Paul, and see what his comment, as inspired by the Spirit of God, is on Romans xii, 1. You will find it in Romans xii, 2,—

"And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, *that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God.*" Yes, when we present our bodies a living sacrifice, it is holy, *acceptable unto God.* But after we have done it, then we prove what is the good, and *acceptable*, and perfect, will of God. Then we find that presenting our bodies a living sacrifice, not only is *acceptable to God*, but *it is acceptable to us also.* Then we find that His will is *perfect.* We find it is *good.*

Dear fellow believer, there is no other happy path for you and for me, it is our reasonable service. What less could we do? He has bought us with His Own Precious Blood, "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price;"

"Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!"

May we each one gladly, gladly sing with Pastor
Hsi, that dear Chinese servant of Christ,

My body's Thine, yes wholly Thine,

My spirit owns Thee for its Lord

Within Thy hand I lay my all,

And only ask that I may be,

Whene'er Thou art in need of me,

Alert and ready for Thy use.

TRANSLATION OF THE CHINESE

TRACT, "SINS COVERED"

(See Page 106)

At the top, "SINS COVERED"

On the Black Heart, partly covered by the Red Heart, is the word, "SIN."

On the Red Heart is the word, "BLOOD."

On the White Heart is written, "CLEAN."

At the Right Hand Side is written,

"Happy is the man whose iniquity is forgiven, whose sin is covered."

At the left hand side is written,

"The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

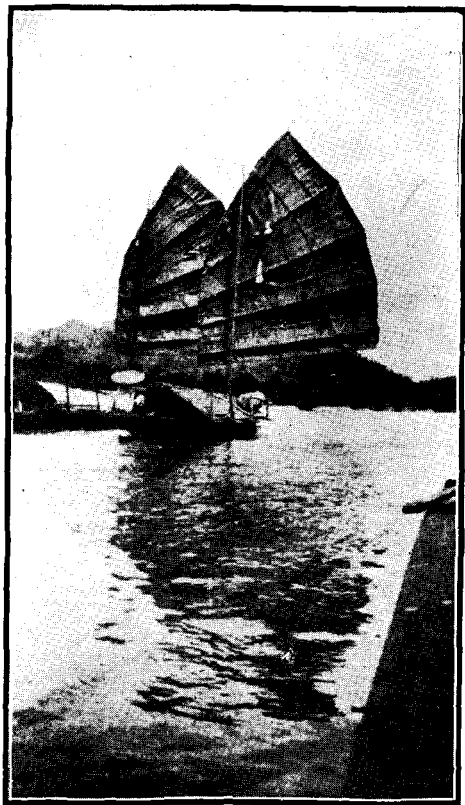
At the bottom, within the line, is written,

God says, "I take this Blood and give it to you to be a ransom for your lives from sin."

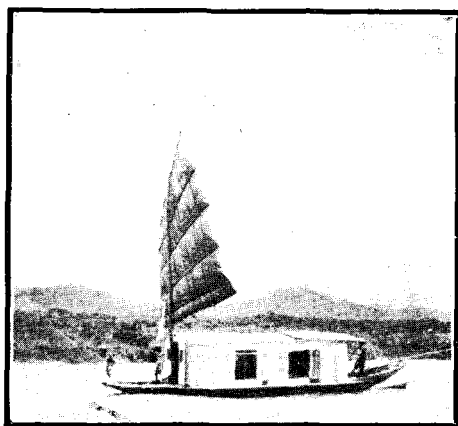
The four characters on the little scroll read, "GOD is Love."

Part V

Tales of Chinese Places



“—Whither, Whither Bound?”



"Our Little House Boat"



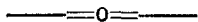
Resting for the Night

Note the Bamboo Raft, with the tame Cormorants on it. These are used for catching fish.

PART V

TALES OF CHINESE PLACES

*"The people sat in darkness," yea in death's
cold midnight gloom,
No ray to cheer the passage to the dark,
devouring tomb!
The mourners weep despairingly around the
yawning grave;
No hope is known to enter there, for they
know none to save:
O'er high and low, o'er rich and poor,
pale Death as despot reigns,
No gold can bribe, no monarch's power
can break his iron chains;
For Sin and Death, and Death and Sin,
they reign in every part,
In palaces and cottages, in temples and in
mart."*



CHAPTER I

"MA SHAN"

— OR —

OPEN THE DOOR

It was already dark, but our little house boat was still being poled labouriously upstream, for these Chinese rivers are too much frequented by robbers to allow ships to anchor, except in the shelter of a market town. At last the experienced old pilot cried,

"Here we are at Ma Shaan." Although not a light was visible, the outlines of a tower could be dimly seen against the sky. The tired men dropped the anchor, put up their poles and began to boil their well earned evening meal.

We had come up the river for the purpose of preaching the Gospel and distributing the Scriptures, but it was so dark that we feared everyone would be in bed, and there would be no opportunity for the message.

"Let us try" said the leader, and we all jumped ashore and felt our way in the dark along a narrow path which led to the gate of the market town. It was bolted and barred like a fortress, and we called and knocked in vain.

Suddenly a bright thought came to a Chinese Christian boy who was with us. "Sing a hymn and they will open the door," he said.

We at once began to sing, "Jesus loves me," and had scarcely finished the first chorus:—

"Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so,"

when a man with a lantern came to open the gate.

"Come in, come in," he said, "and sing inside." We sang several hymns and a crowd soon collected, eager to hear the doctrine, and ready to buy Gospels and portions. We hoped that some of those who heard, would open their hearts to receive the loving Saviour.

And you, dear little boy or girl, who read this, have you opened your heart to the Saviour, or are you still keeping Him outside?

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." Rev. 3:20.

耶穌愛我異部

一

耶穌愛我萬不錯

因有聖書告訴我

小人朋友主肯當

我雖軟弱主強壯

救主耶穌愛我

救主耶穌愛我

救主耶穌愛我

有聖書告訴我

二

耶穌愛我捨性命

我的罪好洗得淨

天堂榮門替我開

把他小羊叫進來

三

耶穌愛我永不忘

永不離開他小羊

白日遭難主搭救

黑夜睡覺主看守

四

耶穌愛我愛到底

愛我罪人真希奇

倘若靠主愛無涯

他必領我到他家

“Jesus Loves Me”

In Chinese

TRANSLATION

Jesus loves me, ten thousand no mistake
Because the Holy Book tells me
Little people's Friend, the Lord is willing to be.
Although I am weak the Lord is strong.

The Saviour Lord Jesus loves me
The Saviour Lord Jesus loves me
The Saviour Lord Jesus loves me
Have the Holy Book to tell me.

Jesus loves me gave His life,
My sins to wash clean
Heaven's glorious door to open for me,
To take His little lamb to enter come.

Jesus loves me, never can perish,
Never will leave His little lamb.
In the white day meet trouble the Lord saves me,
In the black night, sleep, the Lord watches.

Jesus loves me, loves me right down to the end,
Loves me a sinful person, truly strange!
If you trust the Lord, and His unbounded love,
He certainly will lead you to His Home.



The South Gate
Yeung Kong



A City Gate

(Photo by Courtesy of Messrs. MacTavish & Co., Ltd.)

CHAPTER II

THE CITY GATE

I expect that very few of my readers have ever lived in a city with a big wall around it, and immense iron gates that are closed every evening. That is the kind of a city where we are living just now. Outside the city there are many thieves and robbers, and a soldier stands at every gate with his gun in his hand to keep out anyone who has no right to enter.

Not long ago I went for a walk one afternoon in the fields outside the wall, and I am sorry to have to tell you I stayed a little too long, for when I reached "The East Gate," and tried to enter the city to come home, I found *the gate was shut*. There was a man knocking and pounding at the gate trying to get in, but it was no use. There were two women talking very fast, explaining why they had come late, and perhaps, saddest of all, there were two or three children, just crying as if their hearts would break. As I looked at the shut gate, and then at the little crowd of people *outside*, I could not help but think of another gate where there will be a much larger crowd, trying much more earnestly to get in, but the only answer will be, "Depart from Me, into everlasting fire." Yes, there will be weeping and wailing then, outside that gate,—more bitter weeping than people know anything about now, for they will be shut out of heaven, with no hope of ever entering in.

When I came up to the gate, somebody said, "You ask him to open it; perhaps he will do it for you," but the others said sadly, "No, it's no use." I knew that it was no use trying to get in there, and I felt so sorry for the poor people, so I said, "Let's hurry around to the South Gate and see if we can get in there." The people very willingly agreed. The children stopped crying, and they put forth all their strength to strive to enter in at the other gate.

What does that make you think of? Doesn't it remind you of the words of our Lord Jesus, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate?" Perhaps you think that its very easy to be saved,—very easy to enter through the gates into that Heavenly City. I never remember the Lord Jesus telling us that. If a thing is very easy, we do not need to *strive* to do it, yet the Lord says, "Strive to enter in." He says again, "They that seek Me early shall find Me." If we have a hard job to do, perhaps we get up early to get at it, so as to be able to do it. That is how it is with getting saved. It's terribly important, and there is nothing in the whole world that is so hard.

The Bible speaks of "the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of His mighty power, which He wrought in Christ when He raised Him from the dead."

That, dear children, is the power that is needed to save one of you little ones. There is nothing in your whole lives so important. Compared to that there is nothing else that matters. If you are not already saved, let me beg you to copy those people who were left outside the city gate, and put forth all your strength to "Strive to enter in at the strait gate."

It would have been serious if we had not been able to get into the city, but nothing compared to the seriousness of your case, dear child, if you are left outside that door,—never, never to enter heaven, but to spend eternity in hell with the devil and his angels.

I am thankful to be able to tell you that we reached the South Gate in time. The soldier let us all pass, and soon we were safely at home. It was not many days after that afternoon, that again I was outside the city. This time there were many more robbers outside the city, and all the city gates but one were closed, both day and night. As I came up to this one gate, I saw that the two big doors were drawn together until there was just room for one man at a

time to squeeze through. There was a big chain across the little opening of the doors, and anyone who wished to enter the city, must bow down and go under that chain. That was not all, for inside the gate there were four soldiers with their guns, and as each man entered the city he was searched to see what he was trying to bring in. The people did not like this, for nobody likes to have to bow down, nor does anyone like to be told that he must leave some of his things outside. Some, indeed, were not allowed in at all, for they had no right to enter in through the gates into the city.

This gate reminds me very much of the strait gate that the Lord Jesus tells us about. Strait means narrow, like the little slit between the doors of the city gate where I entered. Only one person can come at a time. You cannot say, "Well, I'll be saved if my friend will." No, if you want to be saved, you must come all by yourself, and like I had to do to enter the city, so you must do. You must bow down, and humbly before God tell Him that you are a poor lost sinner, and you want Him to save you.

Do you remember that the Lord Jesus told His disciples that it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to be saved? So, when you come to that gate to enter that heavenly city, there are many things you must leave outside. Like those four soldiers who searched everyone as they tried to enter, so the eye of God searches your heart, and if you are trying to bring in some of your own good works, some of your own righteousness; indeed, if you are trying to bring anything in, if you are trying to make any bargain with God as to what you may keep, and what you must leave behind, then I am sure you will be turned back, like some were at this city gate.

But perhaps you ask, "Well, who can get in? How can I have a right to enter in through that gate into the city, and be sure of not being turned back?"

Listen, and I will tell you. In my little New Testament that I carry in my pocket, (it is the New Translation), I read in Rev. 22:14,

"Blessed are they that wash their robes, that they may have right to the tree of life, and that they should go in by the gates into the city."

There is the only right, the only title that will ever let you enter that heavenly city. If you have your robes washed in the precious blood of Christ, then you have a perfect right to the tree of life; then you may enter in by the gates into the city. If you still are keeping the filthy rags of your own righteousness, your own goodness, then let me tell you very plainly, and very sadly, that you have no right to enter the heavenly city. Your only right is to enter the lake of fire.

Do not put off. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. Do not sleep to-night till you *know* that the blood of Jesus Christ His Son has cleansed you from all sin.

What will you do without Him,
When He hath shut the door,
And you are left outside, because
You would not come before?

When it is no use knocking,
No use to stand and wait;
To hear those words of sorrow,
That terrible "Too Late!"

Why will you do without Him?

He calls and calls again—
"Come unto Me! Come unto Me!"

O, shall He call in vain?
He wants to have you with Him;
Do you not want Him too?
You cannot do without Him,
And He wants even you.

CHAPTER III

THE HALL OF MEDICINE

In the great city of Canton, in China, are many idol temples, and I would like to tell you about one of them.

It is called "The Hall of Medicine," and it is entirely for the use of mothers and children. It is one good sized room connected with another large temple. There is some very beautiful carving in it, but that was not what attracted my attention, when I paid it a visit some years ago. All round the room is a broad shelf, and on the shelf are idols, each one perhaps two feet high. No two are alike, and each one is equally ugly, and repulsive. Now these idols are intended for the use of the children,—one for every year. If a mother wishes her child of two years old to worship, she draws out the second idol, and it is stood upon a square block of wood. Then the little child is taught to bow down to this image of wood covered with gold, and richly dressed. It has to knock its little forehead three times on the ground, and then the mother puts some sticks of incense in a small vase in front of the idol, and sets fire to them, and helps the little one to present food or flowers to it. Now she feels she has done all she can to preserve her child, to keep it from evil, and to ensure its health and well-being.

Do you think that poor woman imagines the false god loves her child, and she is thanking it for its care? O no, she feels that the evil spirits want to do it harm, and she is trying to propitiate them.

But oftentimes, it is a sick child, a very sick child, that is brought to this "Hall of Medicine," and the mother wildly prays to the idol, corresponding to its age, to spare her loved one. She has spent every

penny she has on incense and good things to give to the idol, and she fears the god she worships may forget her trouble, so she cuts out a little paper figure of a child, and ties it on to the idol. There were several such tied on to the different idols when I was there, and many mothers, with little black-eyed children in their arms, waiting to fall down before their false gods.

Only a short time ago, a young woman, 28 years old, came to our house. Her story was a sad one. She had lost four children, and had only one left.

"The last one died two months ago," she said. "He was two years old. I did everything I could; I sold everything I possessed to have money for the priests and witches I called in to help him, but they could do nothing. My little boy died."

Then she went on to say that she heard some one speaking about Jesus, and it sounded good and comforting, and she longed to hear more. Then some one told her to go to the Christian School, and she would learn all about it.

"So I came a week ago," she added, "and now I do believe in Jesus, and I am comforted."

I think I need hardly ask anyone who will read this to draw a comparison between the gaudy images these poor Chinese mothers bring their children to, and the gentle loving Jesus, to whom the mothers of old, led their little ones. Could there be a greater difference?

One, the Son of the living God, and yet a humble Man upon earth, who "took them up in His arms."

"But I cannot go to Him in this way now," you say.

No, He is not here in a bodily form, but He is just as ready to listen to the voice of a little child. He is a living Man, though at God's right hand in glory, and now, as then, He is saying,

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

If a broken-hearted mother or child should chance to read this, do as the young Chinese woman did, come to Jesus for comfort. His word to you is.

"Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." John 6:37.

來

"COME"

CHAPTER IV

A PRISON IN A PAGODA

In think very likely, very few of those who read these stories have ever seen a pagoda, but I daresay many of you have seen a picture of one, and know that it is a tall, stone building, looking very much like the steeple of a church.

Pagodas do not all look alike. Some are just a solid tower, with no opening. Others have small rooms inside them, one above another, and you can go to the top, by means of stone steps. I remember one pagoda of this kind with idols on each of the three floors, but I was surprised to find them with heads and arms broken off. I was afterwards told the reason of this. These idols were supposed to protect the city in the valley beneath them, for a pagoda always stands on a hill, but an army of soldiers had come, and captured the city, and the inhabitants blamed the idols, and revenged themselves upon them. Surely what the Bible says about idols is true.

“Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men’s hands, . . . they that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them.” Psa. 115:4-8.

Some years ago, in the north of China, there lived in a pagoda, such as I have told you about, a woman who was considered by her neighbors very holy. She was what is known as a Buddhist nun, and she had devoted her life to the service of Buddha. She had vowed to eat no meat, nor drink wine, to possess no gold or silver; to go to no places of amusement; to take the life of no living thing. And why, do you ask, did she do all this? If you had questioned her, she would have told you it was “to obtained merit.” She knew she was a sinner, and she feared the future, so she thought if she did many good works, it would be well with her when she came to die.

Could you, dear children, have told her differently? Could you have told her that the Bible says, "Not of works," (Eph. 2:9), and that "the gift of God is eternal life?" (Rom. 6:23).

But this woman had not read the Bible, and as the years went on, she felt more and more satisfied with the pile of good works she was collecting.

Alas! one day a very sad thing happened. She committed a great sin. You could never guess what she did, so I must tell you. She had an old cat and several kittens, and accidentally she stepped on one of the little kittens and killed it.

What was to be done! She had broken her vow, and she felt she must bear the punishment, so she told her friends to brick up the little windows in the pagoda, only leaving one hole, large enough to pass in a bowl of rice, and here she lived for three years and six months. She had just one bowl of rice and one bowl of tea every day, and she never once went out of her prison. Of course, she could not get out if she had wanted to. At the end of the time she came out, very pale and weak and thin, but well satisfied with herself and what she had done.

A short time afterwards, a lady gave her a copy of the Gospel of Luke. She read it all through, and then she said.

"It is very beautiful, and if I had not accumulated so much merit, I would try to believe in Jesus, but I could not let all those good works go for nothing and so the last I heard of her she was clinging to her own doings, and despising the work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Nineteen hundred years ago, upon the cross, He cried out, "*It is finished.*" What was finished? The work of redemption. In the 53rd of Isaiah we read,

"The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all," and again,

"He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, . . . with His stripes we are healed." Yes, He has done it all; the work is *finished*; we cannot add to it.

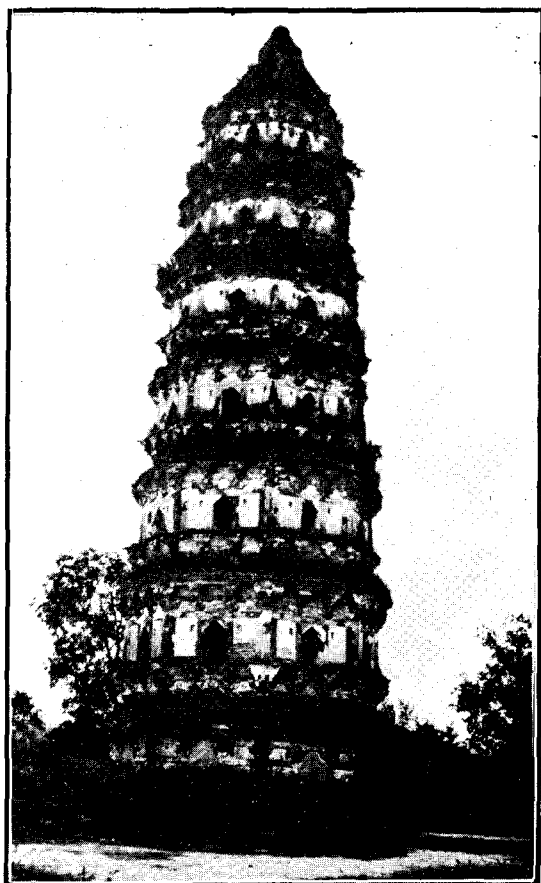
You can see the foolishness of this poor woman, priding herself on her own good works, but are you like her, thinking to commend yourself to God by any thing you can do? Peter tells us in the 4th chapter of Acts,

"There is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved." So making a name for yourself, by doing good works, can be of no avail.

"Jesus paid it all, All that I was due,
Nothing either great or small,
Remains for me to do."

But does not the Bible tell us to do good works? Yes, indeed, but not to *gain* salvation, but because we *have* salvation.

"I may not work my soul to save,
For that's already done,
But I may work like any slave,
For love to God's dear Son."



A Chinese Pagoda



A Chinese Idol at Puchü

CHAPTER V

THE BIBLE AND THE DEVIL

The Picture on the opposite page is from a photograph that was taken in a heathen temple in the town of Puchu (pronounced "Pukdrew"), in the province of Kiangsu, China.

If you will look carefully at it you will see that there is a man,—a foreigner,—lying on the ground on his back quite helpless. Standing with one foot on his body is a huge, ugly idol; and in the idol's hands you may see a book that he has taken from the man.

Can you guess the meaning of this? Some of you can, I am sure. That hideous idol represents our enemy, the devil. How sad to think that in China, and many other countries, the poor people pray to, and worship these idols; and God tells us that then they really are worshiping devils.

The man in the picture represents a servant of the Lord Jesus who has come to China, to tell the poor people in that dark land about the Lord Jesus who can save them from the power of the devil.

The book in the hands of the idol is the Bible,—the Word of God,—and the devil has taken it away from the servant of God, and is going to destroy it.

The devil has made some of his servants carve out this idol, and this man and this book, so as to show what he would *like* to do with God's servants, and with the Bible. He is *not able* to do this, because God is stronger than the devil, and takes care of His dear servants; and He says about His Word,

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away." Matt. 24:35.

It is not often that the devil shows us so plainly how much he hates the Bible and the servants of God.

Several hundred years ago the devil tried to burn and destroy all the Bibles, and kill the servants of God who read it; but now he usually tries different

ways to take the Word of God from us. In some lands he only allows the Bible to be read in a language that people do not understand. This suits his purpose just as well as burning it, because in this way the people do not learn about the Lord Jesus, the Saviour.

In our land the devil has tried a different way still, to take the Bible from us—but it is just as truly the devil, as it is in our picture today, or in the dark times and lands I have been telling you about. Today he comes to us, like he did to Eve, and asks us, "Yea, hath God said?" Or in other words, "Is the Bible really God's Word?" or "Is the Bible all God's Word?"

The devil tells us that science contradicts the Bible, but again it is the voice of the devil, and he is a liar and the father of lies. If science contradicts the Bible, then science has made a mistake, and soon will change its mind, as it has done often before.

But, what I want you to remember is that this picture represents the true attitude of the devil. Can we not almost hear him cry, "Away with it," as he grasps that Holy Book in his hands, and have we not heard that cry, raised by that same enemy of God, "Away with Him, Away with Him," when the Living Word, the Lord Jesus, stood on trial, about 1900 years ago.

Whenever you hear a doubt cast on that Word, you may always think of this picture taken in far off China, and remember that the same one who rules behind those idols in China, is one who raises the doubts about God's Word.

May God help you and me, dear children, not only to believe God's Word *always*, but also to *always* obey it.

"The Word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor, (or critic), of the thoughts and intents of *the heart*." Heb. 4:12.

CHAPTER VI

LOST GOATS

It was my first Lord's Day in China. I was standing on the top of one of the high hills back of the city of Kow Loon, across the harbor from Hong-kong.

A few weeks before, we had, with our three little children, left a land truly "flowing with milk and honey," to come to a land where such things are unknown. For the sake of having fresh milk for our little ones, we had brought with us two goats. They were the best we could buy, and were indeed beautiful creatures. I have never seen nicer ones. They belonged to the children, and many an hour, on the long voyage, the little ones sat in their pen, playing with them. Their cost had been very high, and with their passage out, they were worth hundreds of dollars, but we valued them even above any price that could be reckoned in silver or gold, for were not the very lives of our children almost dependent on them?

We had been in Hongkong about four days, preparing for our further journey into China, when on Saturday evening, as I went over to milk the goats, the old Hindoo, in whose care they had been placed, told me they were lost. It was a sad blow, and meant rank carelessness on his part, if not something worse. We searched in the darkness, and at daybreak again we were out on the hills seeking our lost goats. How that verse rang through my heart, "He leaveth the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and goeth after that which is lost, until he find it." It was then, alone on top of one of those rugged hills, on that peaceful Lord's Day morning, as I anxiously scanned the hills and valleys about me searching for my two lost goats,—nowhere to be seen,—that I saw all about me in the plains below,—thousands of my Lord's lost

sheep. The fields were full of workers, the clank of the stone hammers, the noises borne up from the busy city below, to that quiet spot, told only too plainly of lost sheep,—who knew not the voice of the Good Shepherd,—of precious souls who knew not the Lord, Whose day it was.

It was a searching question that would come before me then. I cared,—O! so much,—about those two lost goats. I put forth every energy to find them, I offered big rewards, I could think of little else:—but at my feet, so to speak, were some four hundred millions of my Lord's sheep, lost in the depths and darkness of sin, wandering on those dark mountains that end in death,—eternal death! And,—O! the awfulness of it,—compared to my own two lost goats, I didn't particularly care for them now.

It was a solemn and searching moment: as Mackay who labored for His Lord in the darkness of Uganda, seeking lost sheep in that dark land, once said:

"If Christianity is worth anything, it is worth everything. If it calls for any measure of zeal and warmth, it will justify the utmost degree of these, and there is no consistent medium between reckless atheism, and the intensest warmth of religious zeal." But he could truly add, and he lived in the spirit of it, "Yet I know that it is only in so far as I attain to a high spiritual life by close fellowship with my risen Saviour, that I can be in any way fit for winning souls. Neither learning nor zeal nor power of argument will accomplish anything without the Spirit. May God fill us with His Spirit. That must be our prayer—a prayer that will have an answer."

My reader, this matter is of equal importance to yourself,—if you have been redeemed with the precious blood of Christ. Can you estimate the worth of one soul? What value do you set on your own soul? Your neighbour's is of equal value, whether he live

in America, Africa or Asia. If you had lost property worth hundreds of dollars, and thereby the lives of your loved ones were in danger, you would probably get quite excited in the efforts and energy you put forth to find your lost possessions. No effort would be too great, no expense, within your means, too high,—your thoughts by day and by night would be concentrated on the one object,—the thought of turning from this object to seek wealth, or a position for yourself in this world, would be loathsome.

What efforts are you putting forth for the living souls of your Lord's lost sheep?

"Arise; for this matter belongeth unto thee."

"O, let Thy Spirit all my powers inspire

To preach salvation, present, full and free:

Open my lips—bestow a tongue of fire,

A heart of love, in fellowship with Thee.

Give me to see with faith's clear, eagle eye,

The unseen worlds, with all their weal and woe:

With Thee—eternity of bliss on high;

Without Thee—night, eternal night, below.

I want to learn the value of one soul:

One soul that's saved,—one soul forever lost,

By pondering well its everlasting goal,

And more than all, what Thee its ransom cost.

O, let Thy Cross be e'er before my sight;

Teach me its endless wonders more to know:

Sin's righteous wage, Love's all-surpassing might,

That I may far and wide Thy praises show."

(J. G. Deck.)

CHAPTER VII

THE TEMPLE GATE

— OR —

"NO OTHER WAY"

In Nanking, the new Capital of China, there stands a beautiful hill, just inside the city walls. From it, one may gaze far out over the Yangtze River, and over vast stretches of country, hiding countless little hamlets and villages.

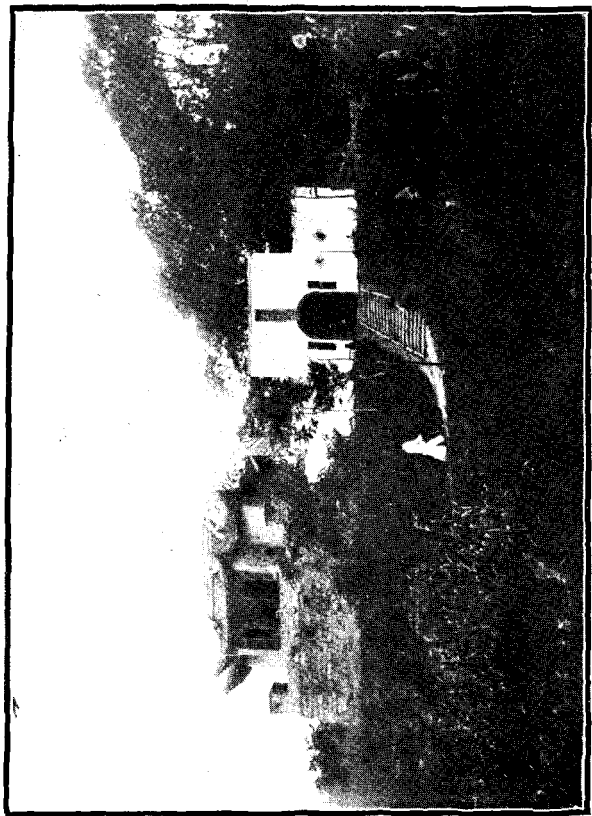
The top of this hill is occupied by an idol temple, and in the picture you may see its gateway, at the foot of the hill. If you look carefully, you will see that there are words written over the top, and at each side of the gateway. The words at the side, read in Chinese,

不	大
二	千
法	世
門	界

and a good translation of them is,—

THROUGH THE WHOLE UNIVERSE IS THERE
NOT ANOTHER METHOD OF SALVATION,
(Outside of Buddhism)

Many a weary soul has passed under that gateway and up that hill seeking Salvation. They have been taught for ages and generations that *there is no other way*, outside of Buddhism. That is in Nanking, the capital of China. Before you close the book have another look at the map in the beginning. Look at



“The Temple Gateway”
Nanking

those black stretches, and think of what they mean. In all those vast areas; less than one professing Christian, out of every ten thousand people. Less than one, and probably none. That is only one small corner of the province where missionary work began in China. As we travel further and further inland, in many cases, the darkness deepens.

Think of it, "No Other Method of Salvation." Do *you* know of any other Way? Have *you* ever read that apart from the Name of Jesus, "There is none other Name given under Heaven whereby we must be saved?" Do *you* believe it? Is He *your* Saviour? Suppose it was *your* loved ones who knew of No Other Method of Salvation throughout the Whole Universe, outside of Buddhism, would it be as easy for you to find good reasons why you should leave them in their darkness, while you went on rejoicing in Salvation through the Precious Blood of Christ?

"GOD so loved the world that HE gave HIS only begotten SON, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

May God grant to each one of us, more of that love to the poor, perishing world about us!

"Passing them by, Passing them by,
Knowing their need and hearing their cry,
Oh, GOD! and are we really Thine
Who keep from them the Word divine?"

CHAPTER VIII

"GO, WORK TODAY"

Weary and famishing far away,
Thousands and thousands there are today
Hungering for no *earthly* bread,
For it is not thus that *souls* are fed:
'Tis "Oh, for the Bread of Life!" they cry—
"Come over and help us, ere we die!"

Weary are they, but no earthly rest
Can sooth the heavily laden breast.
"Come unto Me," said One; and why
Do they pass the loving Saviour by?
Alas they are blind, they cannot see
And no one will lead them to Calvary!

Waiting and list'ning for help to come:
Crying aloud, but the heavens are dumb!
Oh! it is pitiful—nay, 'tis *wrong*!
Why have we Christians held back so long?
"Give them to eat," was the Master's word:
Surely His children have not heard!

Eyes that never beheld the light,
Hearts that are sealed in the deepest night,
Souls that have hungered for better bread,
And are dying now—because Hope is dead!
Who will go forth in the Master's Name,
And tell them why JESUS, our Saviour came?

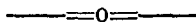
Lonely and perishing!—Christians, *Why?*
Go to the Master, and make reply.
Why are we disobedient still?
Why are we choosing our own will?
Why, when those long-neglected lands
Stretch to our shores such pleading hands?

"Who will go forth"—'tis Jesu's voice
Bidding His servants make the choice:
Self,- or the heathen beyond the sea?
Self,- or the Saviour Who died for thee?
Loving and swift may the answer be—
"Here am I, dearest Lord, send me."

"Give me the message straight from Thee:
Let me an emptied vessel be;
Then with Thy blessed Spirit fill
And make me ready to do Thy will!"
So shall we sing "O Saviour Come—
And take Thine Own Redeemed ones Home!"

J. E. B. B.

(From China's Millions, 1887)



"FIRST PRAY; THEN WORK"

First pray; then work. No work can e'er succeed
That prayerless wit and will to do combine;
All prayerless strength is but a broken reed,
A withered branch that's severed from the vine:
No fruits, or works of such, shall heaven re-
corded shine.

Faith always prays, and praying works by love;
God's chronicles record the power of prayer;
His heroes, servants, martyrs, from above
Drew all the sap that made their lives so fair:
There is your full supply, if you like fruit would
bear.

"Praying and working"—life words, full of light,
Prayer without ceasing leads to ceaseless toil;
Not toil that wearies,—for His yoke is light
Who feeds the lamp He trims with golden oil;
And His dear workman's strength renews with
heavenly spoil.

(J. G. DECK)