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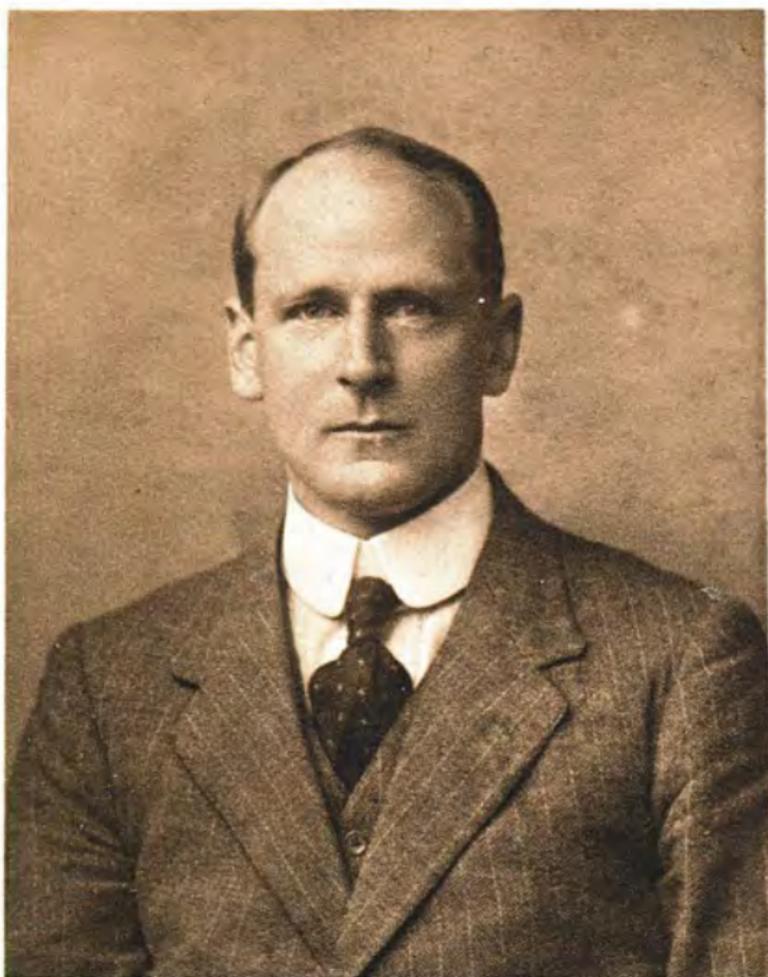
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HERBERT STANLEY JENKINS



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MEDICAL MISSIONARY, SHENSI, CHINA

WITH SOME NOTICES OF THE WORK OF
THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN
THAT COUNTRY

BY

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

IT is hoped that the narrative which follows will justify the record it contains, in the judgment of all Christian men interested in the work of missions.

The delay in the publication has been unavoidable.

R. G.

BRISTOL,
April, 1914.

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Sketch-map of Baptist Missions in North China.

CHAPTER I
EARLIER YEARS

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CHAPTER I

EARLIER YEARS

THE proper study of mankind is man—a study full of instruction for those who pursue it with real earnestness. The strange way in which purposes are formed, expanded, and achieved by inspirations of grace, and the honour which God puts on all faithfulness, demand attention. There is especial interest in noting how Providence, operating simultaneously on individual lives and also on nations, secures augmented results from each.

The outward features of Stanley Jenkins' earlier life are soon told. He was born in Bristol in 1874; one of the younger members of a large family, most of them marked by physical energy, and constituting a typically happy and united home; a home where the

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parents blended happily authority, love, and piety, and where the number of the children supplied the genial corrective of all selfish tendencies; a home, therefore, where all natural excellences might be expected to thrive, where good health and good temper prevented any early and weakening development of self-consciousness, where it was natural that all kindly qualities should develop.

In the history of his school-days nothing very remarkable is to be noticed, save that while still a youth (in his fourteenth year) the great awakening of the soul came to him.

Parental piety was the atmosphere in which his higher thoughts and purposes were matured. He was greatly helped by some of those activities which devote themselves to the spiritual quickening of the schoolboy. Some may criticize defects in these activities, saying they develop unduly self-consciousness, are too doctrinal in their presentation of the Gospel, and give a trend to the devout life tending to make it narrow, and lead to the idea that character is complete when conversion to God has taken place. Possibly there are grounds in some instances for such views. In the case of Stanley Jenkins

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no such influence can be traced. The great fact of his life was that Jesus Christ then dawned on his soul. In the language of St. Paul, "The light of the knowledge of the glory of God shone through the face of Jesus Christ into his heart," flooding it with a sunshine that never failed, but grew until it became the light of heaven. The time of his conversion lived in his memory as

The happy day that fixed his choice
On Christ his Saviour and his God.

He gratefully accepted baptism in all its meaning, as a confession of the pollution of sin, and a commitment of the soul to the care, the grace, and the control, of the Saviour. He was led at once to seek to bring others to the Saviour. Like Andrew, who "found his brother Simon," and said, "We have found the Messiah," so he sought to share from the outset his treasure with others. He belonged to a meeting of boys and young men which has had the joy and honour of sending many to the mission-field. Savile and Jose went out in connection with the Church Missionary Society, Woodward in connection with the China Inland Mission, and Jenkins with our own Baptist Missionary

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Society. All his devotion to the Saviour and joy in Him seemed to grow by being shared, and this passion for sharing the bliss of the great salvation probably explains the vigour of his Christian life and his missionary interest.

Happy are they whose religious life begins early ; Nature tends to become Grace, and Grace to become Nature, when they blend in youth. There is no crude seam in the character of such men, and they are saved from the conflicts of diverse tendencies so painfully suggested in Robert Louis Stevenson's story of " Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." It is well that none of life has been spilt before it begins to be used, and that it grows cumulatively, like the " Light shining more and more unto the perfect day." The Saviour also usually secures a stronger grasp of the soul when He commands its early and delightful choice.

And though some may fear what they deem the narrowing influence of those who insist on surrender to the Saviour in early life, the risk is far outweighed by the advantages. True, they sometimes have to take a doctrine of salvation marred by an artificial rigidity, savouring more of the schoolmen than of the New Testament.

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But essentially there is little difference between devout people, whether broad or narrow, in giving the Saviour the Name that is above every name, and in accepting His death as the ground of our salvation. When the fearlessness of love and of health of soul persists, it is easy for crudities to be softened down without the strength of devotion being impaired.

And the full surrender of youth tends by its joy and hope to let the Saviour have a fuller entrance into the heart to control it and inspire it.

Such was the case with Stanley Jenkins. He yielded gladly to the Saviour's mastery and control. And henceforth, through the four-and-twenty years of life that further remained to him, he lived for the Master's service, and the cause of Christ was supreme in his soul.

The class of lads to which he belonged was fruitful in youthful conversions. It was later more or less replaced by the associations that have done already so much for the quickening of the Church—the Student Christian Movement and the Student Volunteer Missionary Union.

Stanley went from school in 1893 to his

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study of medicine. In Bristol a large population is served by two admirable hospitals—the Bristol Royal Infirmary, which was the first provincial hospital in the kingdom, and the Bristol General Hospital.

A succession of very able surgeons and physicians had made Bristol somewhat famous for its medical work and for the medical school they worked in. The names of Dr. Budd, of Markham Skerritt, of Greig Smith, of Michell Clark and Richardson Cross, carried more than local reputation ; and Jenkins, when he started his medical study, responded eagerly to the stimulus of their teaching and their successful treatment of illness and injury. Each session saw him take some coveted prize or scholarship, and from the outset he was recognized as the leading student of his year, and the completion of his course was worthily crowned by his winning the gold medal assigned to the ablest student of his set.

There are some special features that seem to deserve particular emphasis. Too often eagerness in scientific interest is accompanied by some abatement of spiritual interest, even when Religion is deeply rooted. But his love to

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the Saviour was a deep thing. It showed itself in his work for the welfare of the patients, when he occasionally conducted services in the wards ; in the students' prayer-meeting, in which he took a leading part ; in the S.A.M.B.Y.M. (as the Sunday afternoon meeting for boys and young men, already referred to, was called). It was significant of the depth of his piety that it was so genial and so broad. What is artificial is too often narrow, and the feebleness of the constraint of the love of Christ is sometimes concealed under a readiness to censure others whose views diverge from our own. But the healthy tone of his mind was shown in his greater readiness to accentuate the great common elements in which men agree than the smaller elements in which they differ.

During his course as student Stanley joined the Association for Student Volunteers, and worked in it with all his energy. He had met with and been influenced by Mr. Pilkington, a devoted comrade and successor of Mackay of Uganda, and the purpose of mission work, which had been prominent ever since his conversion, now became fixed and controlling.

His course has some lessons for those who

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are apt to cavil at what they deem juvenile puritanism. Probably there is no better training for boy or youth than the Puritan training. It accentuates the supreme ideas which always must exist if religious life is to be thorough—God's intense love for individual men; the Supreme effort of that love to rid us from our sins; the Cost to God of that redeeming love. And it accentuates the urgent necessities of man: repentance, self-surrender, self-commitment to the grace, guidance, and control, of Jesus Christ; the supremacy of conscience and the effacement of every instinct of self-indulgence. Wilfulness has not yet succeeded in making saints, and latitudinarianism has not been conspicuous for usefulness.

Happily, Stanley Jenkins was saved from both. After completing his course he took resident appointments in the Bristol General Hospital; in the Sick Children's Hospital, Bristol, and in St. Mark's Hospital, London.

It had been the strong wish of a relative that he should secure the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons and the London University degree of Doctor of Medicine. Notwithstanding the amount of labour given to other

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objects, especially to the Student Volunteer Missionary Union and the Student Christian Movement, he took both of these—the Fellowship of the College of Surgeons in November, 1903, and the Doctorate of Medicine in May, 1904.

He was strongly urged to join the home staff of the Student Volunteer Missionary Union, but so soon as he had secured these degrees he offered himself to the Baptist Missionary Society as a medical missionary for China.

CHAPTER II
THE WORK OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY
SOCIETY IN CHINA

CHAPTER II

THE WORK OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN CHINA

THE B.M.S. has been for over fifty years in China, having started work in 1862, when freer access to the interior was for the first time granted. The mission did not find its place of work for some years. The first missionaries were with the Taiping army; then they worked in Shanghai, lastly settling in Chefoo. The losses had been severe in the ill-health and death of the missionaries, trying severely the faith alike of the workers and of the Committee. In 1868 Timothy Richard joined the staff, and for some years laboured in Chefoo. The conviction grew on him that a seaport, with the low morals and the unsatisfactory family life which marks it, was one of the least promising of all centres from which to work.

His colleague, Dr. Brown, left the mission

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that part of the province which is a great plain, traversed by the Wei River—the great tributary that runs into the Yellow River—and other streams, is exceptionally fertile, yielding in one good harvest enough to feed the province for three years.

Accordingly, when the Government offered land gratis to all who would agree to settle and work it, it was no wonder that many availed themselves of the opportunity. Some, like the people of Honan, were neighbours to Shensi, and nearness made the journey easier. Some, like the men of Shantung, were suffering from the congestion of population. The population of Shantung is as dense as that of England, and, with only a small amount of hand manufacture, it has to depend on the yield of the ground for its support.

One does not wonder that after two years of famine the offer of free land in a region usually fertile should attract many. The long journey of 800 miles was a stupendous difficulty, but was bravely faced. It had to be traversed by the old people and the children on foot, save for the single wheelbarrow generally possessed by a family, and used to carry the infirm and the irre-

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ducible minimum of kitchen utensils. Amongst the multitude that left Shantung there were members and adherents of our churches in that province—eighty-seven in all. It was represented to us in China—and rightly—that the presence of these converts amongst the new colonists constituted a great opportunity for extending our work. It was desirable that in the early years of their Christian life they should be shepherded, and what was good in them used to “allure” others “to brighter worlds and lead the way.”

Mr. Morris and I, in the report of our visit, recommended the Committee to adopt the suggestion of the brethren and enter the new province of Shensi. The Baptist Mission had gone on from Shantung to Shansi at the call of famine; we suggested that the call of opportunity leading to Shensi was equally Divine; especially as there were two young brethren—Mr. Shorrocks and Mr. Moir Duncan—admirably fitted by their force of character, their ability, and their personal charm, to win the trust and confidence of the converts.

The Committee adopted our recommendation, and in 1892 Mr. and Mrs. Duncan and Mr.

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Shorrocks entered on their work. They found the Shantung people chiefly quartered in a district by themselves, and encouraged the converts from Shantung to constitute themselves into a village of their own—Fu-yin-tsun, “Gospel Village”—on the north of the River Wei. They could have had, not merely farms, but empty houses, where they could have lived rent-free; but the caution of strangers led the colonists generally to build mud huts for themselves in order to maintain their independence. The Christian colonists had an additional reason in the fact that, dwelling apart, no demand for temple or theatrical taxes would be made on them, and no resentment roused by their refusing to join them in their worship or their play. In the “Gospel Village,” a by-law of which forbade to every resident the growing or the sale or the use of opium, they began their labours, gradually extending their work to San Yuan on the south, and other adjoining towns and villages.

With great ardour and wisdom they addressed themselves to their task. Very early in their work Mrs. Hawkes, of Plymouth, a friend of Mr. Shorrocks’s, gave a donation to the mission

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in memory of her child who had died, and with it Mr. Shorrocks was able to build a girls' school, which he placed in charge of an elderly Christian man. From then till now this school has served the work nobly, creating a supply of teachers for girls' schools and a noble lot of devoted women. Their first station was in the centre of a fertile district about sixty miles square, and they endeavoured, successfully, to convey the message of salvation to all the towns and villages in that district, gradually working southward to the capital of the province, Si-an-fu, and northward to Sui-te-chow, till to-day they have shed the savour of the Gospel over a wide district, such as may be represented by an oblong tract of country that you could cut out of a map of England stretching from Liverpool to Sheffield, and from these points down to the English Channel—to Bridport and to Southampton.

They were helped later by Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, by Miss Beckingsale, and for a time by Dr. Creasy Smith and Mr. Cheeseman. The indomitable energy and endearing affection with which they laboured, getting the people to build their own chapels and schools, and impress-

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ing on the general mind an affectionate regard for them, is marvellous. For their work was no easy task. The hopes which had allured the colonists seemed for long doomed to disappointment. Their first year was a year of stern famine, with its starvation; the next year saw the famine repeated; the third year there was again famine, attended with all the horrors of Eastern want; in the next year their experience was varied by an awful epidemic of famine fever, which seemed to enter every dwelling, and carried off multitudes of those enfeebled by starvation. Mr. Moir Duncan was one of its sufferers; for a while his life was despaired of, and probably his early death, about ten years later, was due to the mischief then wrought. True, they had salaries which would have sufficed to give them bread; but pity moved them to share what they might have eaten. And other feelings came in. I remember that in the thick of the famine Shorrocks casually mentioned in a letter to me that they could have got a fowl for threepence, but to eat such a thing when those around were starving would have looked like shameful luxury.

With the famine came other temptations.

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The Catholic leaders pointed out that they could feed the starving, and would support them and be their guardians in all lawsuits, if they would only join the Church of Rome. And some persuaded themselves that the saving of life was sufficient excuse for the straining of the conscience.

Again, the opium habit was very widely spread in Shensi. After each famine, with the hope of a better season coming, there was the temptation to grow opium instead of grain, and by the large profits of the crop, get on their feet again more rapidly. These first four years—three of famine and one of fever—were years of intense agony. The people had to knock down the houses they had extemporized, and sell the timber in them to get crumbs of food. Many had to sell their children to keep them alive. Again the wolves harried them. In a group of villages visible from their gate our friends reported fourteen children carried off in ten days by wolves. But with a resolution which amazes us they kept at their work—cheering the sufferers.

They had not ventured at the outset to form the converts into a church. But at last they did so, and, of the eighty-seven converts and

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nominal Christians who had left Shantung, thirty had survived want and illness and temptation, and became the nucleus of a new Mount Zion—city of the Living God—which continued to grow, till, in spite of the Boxer Rising in 1900, and the awful famine that occurred in 1899 and was repeated in 1900 and 1901, and in spite, too, of the Revolution of 1911, the thirty members of 1892 have become more than 1,200 members now—fortyfold in twenty years.

From what I have just said, it will be evident that gradually the centre of gravity of the mission has changed with the development of its enlarging activities.

It began with the Gospel Village, Fu-yin-tsun, about forty miles to the north of Si-an-fu; then the real headquarters became San Yuan, about thirty miles north of Si-an-fu, and the second largest city in the province; and then the beginnings were made of work in the great city of Si-an-fu, as it is called to-day, or Hsi-ngan-fu, as it was called by the Jesuits, and by which name it is better known to history.

To Moir Duncan chiefly belongs the opening of the work there. He was impressed with everything about it—its antiquity, the capital

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of China for a longer period than Peking ; its vastness, a city fifteen miles in circuit, a good deal larger in area than Manchester, with a population oscillating, according to famines and wars, between a million and a quarter of a million. It was a place of great commercial activity and a great centre of learning ; the best-built and best-kept city in the Empire.

It is worth while lingering a little on its memories. It is one of the ancient cities of the world—like Damascus, existing in the time of Abraham, already famous for taste and art, for the settlement of a calendar, and for the production of silk. Even then it was the capital of the Empire. It was the link with the outside world, for the policy of isolation was only adopted by China under the Manchu dynasty, recently overthrown after ruling China 250 years.

In ancient days there was abundant communication with Asia, and Si-an-fu was the gateway. Judaism had entered China through that gateway two centuries before Christ. Buddhism worked its way through Central Asia into China through Si-an-fu about the time of Christ. Syrian Christians, holding more or less the views subsequently called

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“Nestorian,” worked their way into China by the same road at an early period, possibly (according to Arnobius) before A.D. 300, certainly by A.D. 500. Mohammedans followed through the same road later, and carried with them their Theism, and their Mathematics, and their Astronomy, and their Medicine. The medieval missions, which went at the invitation of Marco Polo, went by that same route. And the vastness of the place, the glory of its walls, its fame as the seat of highest learning, kept it eminent, proud, and glorious, even when Peking, about 650 years ago, was chosen as the capital of the Empire.

Undoubtedly, the keenest element of interest to us in all its history of four or five thousand years was the Nestorian mission. There is no departure from truth that is harmless. The error grows, and the reaction against the error generally attains dimensions equally mischievous. Nestorius himself (Patriarch of Constantinople, A.D. 428-431) does not seem to have held any doctrines essentially different from those of Protestant Christianity. But as Lutheranism and Calvinism came to differ widely from the doctrines that Luther and

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Calvin taught, so Nestorianism became widely different from the doctrines taught by the man whose name it took. Nestorius objected to the Mariolatry which was beginning to rise in the Church, and especially to the title given to Mary—"Mother of God." His followers started, with keen logic and lessening reverence, to analyze the nature of Jesus Christ. They held Mary was the mother exclusively of the manhood of Jesus, whose Godhead they held was merely associated, later and temporarily, with the manhood. No *Union* of the Godhead with the Manhood took place such as will make Jesus immortally our Saviour and Brother; such as permits us to feel that in every act and word when we see Him we see the Father; such as lets us see in His death on Calvary the glory of God's heart of love, and the Atonement for our guilt. Calvary was the mere finish of the earthly phase of Christ's human life, and all saving significance evaporated from the Saviour's death.

Still, before these views had petrified into doctrines missionaries had entered into Si-an-fu. It is a blessed thing that though no admixture of error with Gospel truth is harmless, yet

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it never completely nullifies it. The greatness and goodness of God was still taught. The Saviour was a bond and inspiration of brotherhood. Prayers rose daily, and especially on the Lord's Day. They allowed no Christian to keep slaves. Some measure of communism existed, as, according to the Si-an-fu tablet, they threw their property into a common fund. A hope of heaven cheered them, and precepts of the Gospel guided their lives.

The huge "Nestorian tablet," discovered, happily, in perfect preservation, nearly 300 years ago, is the oldest stone monument of Christianity found anywhere in Asia. It was erected in Si-an-fu over 1,100 years ago, in A.D. 781. It gives us the fullest account we have of Nestorianism ; of the welcome it found, and for five centuries kept, in China ; of its wide expansions, as far as the eastern coast. At last its witness faded away. A gospel without atonement or salvation could not survive savage persecutions. Corruption of morals assisted other forces of decay, until its "Candlestick" was removed out of its place, and the first great missionary movement in China came to be regarded as one of the supreme failures of Christianity.

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And yet no thoughtful and informed person would deem it a failure. Thrice over in the last sixteen centuries a missionary work in China has seemed to be quenched in blood: that of the Nestorians, just noted; that of medieval Catholicism led by John of Monte Corvino, and in which many missionaries from England had a part; and the Jesuit Mission, by which, after the Reformation, the Church of Rome sought to recover by conquest from the heathen world what it had lost by the adoption of Protestantism in Europe. But it is questionable how far what disappeared has in any degree been lost. Often it has only been driven underground. Amongst the secret sects by which China is said to be "honey-combed," many are sincerely and even deeply religious; many are vitally Monotheistic; many strong in inculcation of mercy; many are strong in their dissuasives of gambling and opium and indulgence in strong drink.

Some have strange bits of Gospel mixed with them. Among them a Rite resembling the Lord's Supper is found; a phrase, "Where two are, there is always a third"; a Doctrine that "righteousness is not the price we pay to

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God for salvation, but the thanksgiving we render for the gift of it." And in some Buddhist blends of Gautama's teaching with the Gospel strange hints of God working the salvation of men by the sacrifice of Himself are also met with. So that everything testifies to the permanence of truth and the omnipotence of well-doing.

It was no wonder that the enchanting past of Si-an-fu and its vast opportunities engaged the devoutest consideration of both Shorrocks and Duncan. A few years before—in 1888—a Mr. and Mrs. Botham, of the China Inland Mission, had managed to get an entrance into the city and commence a little opium refuge there. Pastor Hsi, of the China Inland Mission, undertook the superintendence of it; and some Swedish brethren that joined that mission made the city one of their headquarters in Shensi. Duncan especially sought to gain entrance in the city. He started a bookshop, and frequently visited the city. And being a man of keen intellect, highly trained, soon became a friend of many literati, who enjoyed the illuminating converse of one learned, wise, and gracious. He set up a lending library, where men with questions on history, on science, on mathematics, on

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religion, would find books giving Western light, and a man that could interpret their meaning.

In going through his University course in Glasgow, he had taken some medical classes which, without giving him a legal qualification, still made him a valuable helper in the healing of the sick and the injured.

In the three terrible famine years, in which the mission began, he sent for large quantities of raw cotton, and paid poor people for spinning and weaving it. He was familiar with all scientific questions and with the use of his theodolite. And when from 1898 to 1901 there was another stretch of awful famine, he developed a large scheme for the irrigation of the neighbourhood. This commended itself to the Viceroy and the authorities, perhaps the more readily because it was on lines which had many centuries before been tried, and now needed a new beginning; and on their recommendation it was adopted by the Government at Peking, and the necessary expenditure sanctioned. But for the war between China and Japan, which interfered with so many things that would have blessed the land, it would have been carried out.

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It was a great thing for the mission and for Shensi to have one who won the respect and confidence of the rulers of the province by his generous nature, his scientific knowledge, and his devotion to the good of all.

The deputation sent out ten years later, consisting of C. E. Wilson and W. Y. Fullerton, were profoundly impressed with the results of the first few years of the mission.

By the labours of the three men, Shorrocks, Duncan, and Morgan, splendidly helped by Mrs. Duncan and Mrs. Morgan, the church of thirty members in Fu-yin-tsun grew in six or seven years into a church of two hundred.

In 1898 the Duncans came home on a much-needed furlough. They left England on their return in January, 1900, accompanied by Miss Maud Douulton, B.A., engaged to Mr. Shorrocks. The marriage took place at Shanghai, and the party—Mr. and Mrs. Duncan and Mr. and Mrs. Shorrocks—arrived at Si-an-fu on May 24, 1900.

They were somewhat disturbed by finding a subtle change in the temper of the people. Former friends did not come to greet them. The meetings in the preaching-shop were

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smaller than they used to be, and fell off more and more. At length intimations from friends in the city foreboded danger and advised their immediate flight. When they had been four or five weeks in the city, telegrams from Dr. Timothy Richard urged them to leave at once; and these were confirmed by a despatch from a friendly telegraph clerk in Tai-Yuan, a Chinaman, intimating the seizure and imprisonment of all the missionaries there. Even this did not immediately lead them to take action. They thought it well that Duncan should, if possible, see the Viceroy. Duncan went, uncertain whether he would be admitted. He was, however, admitted, and received a warm welcome from the Viceroy, Yuan Fang, who took him by the arm and led him into his own private room. He had received the edict of the Dowager-Empress instructing him to slay all foreigners. With great courage he had suppressed the decree. He talked with Duncan privately on the position of affairs; would not give advice, but said he would feel relieved if they went away. He told them while he was Viceroy they were safe, but at any moment he might be superseded by one who would act as

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their enemy. He promised the safe-conduct of his own bodyguard to escort them should they decide to go.

He was probably supported by the judgment of the best men in the province in suppressing the publication of the edict, for they disapproved what they deemed the vulgar methods the Dowager-Empress adopted. All the converts urged the missionaries to leave, saying they themselves would go into hiding.

On July 6, seven weeks after Mrs. Shorrock had entered the city as a bride, they left the city secretly. Three days later forty-five persons, missionaries, wives and children, were slain by the order and in the presence of the Viceroy of Shansi, the neighbouring province. When a little more than halfway to the coast, the great heat brought on Mr. Duncan an attack of dysentery. Happily, they found refuge and treatment in the house of Dr. and Mrs. Parrott at Lao-ho-kou, on the Han River, who were themselves just preparing for flight. After a few days' rest they started again, and in due time reached Hankow, where they were safe, and thereafter in due course Shanghai.

Duncan was unwilling to be a charge to the

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mission and to be useless, so he applied to the commander of the British troops, on their way to relieve the Embassy in Peking, and was appointed interpreter at headquarters, going with the troops to Peking, happy in being able to lessen the friction between foreigners and natives by enabling them to understand each other. By his presence he lessened looting, and his representation of the service rendered by the Viceroy of Shensi enabled the British commander to protect his palace in Peking and secure the restoration of much that had been "looted" out of it.

He did more than this. In the first three years of their mission life in Shensi, each year, as stated above, brought a famine which desolated innumerable homes. In the last three of the eight years that limited our first stretch of service, 1898 to 1901, each year saw another famine. In seven-eighths of the entire province, whose area is larger than that of England and Scotland together, not a drop of rain fell for three years. The inevitable dearth which ensued was augmented by the fact, so often a cause of immense mortality in India, that there was no easy carriage of food from other

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provinces. Huge mountain ranges on the south, the west, and the north-west, and the great distance from the coast on the east, cut off all supplies.

It is computed that two millions of the Shensi people died in these three years. *The price of wheat increased fifteenfold.* On the morning of each day for three months in Si-an-fu 600 bodies were collected and buried outside the East Gate. Special appeals were made by American missionaries in Shantung, and Moir Duncan pleaded earnestly in this country and America for contributions to the relief of a community suffering so bitterly.

In response to his appeals, a sum of £12,000 reached him—nine-tenths of it from America—and later additional sums were sent in charge of Mr. F. H. Nichols, to be spent by him in connection with Mr. Duncan. Duncan's duties as interpreter with the army took him nearly a year, and so soon as peace came and permitted travel he started again for Si-an-fu, going by way of Tai-Yuan-fu. The Empress-Dowager, when the allies gathered for an advance on Peking, had left that city to take the 800 miles journey to Si-an-fu. With daring

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diplomacy, she did nothing which suggested flight. Her journey was attributed to the repugnance she felt to the presence of foreigners in Peking; and further to her desire, like illustrious Emperors in the past, to visit the various districts of the Empire and learn by personal observation their well-being. Accordingly she and the Emperor travelled with imperial dignity.

The Chinese Government, which had been strengthened to make peace with the allies, requested Duncan to help them in settling questions of compensations to be paid to Christian natives for the loss of their relatives in the outbreak, as Dr. Richard was asked to deal with the claims of the Catholic missionaries.

The English missionary societies made no claim for compensation for the lives of their missionaries. Dr. Richard proposed that the Chinese Government should take what they were ready to give as compensation for life, and devote it to the establishment of a University of Shansi, which would help the East and West to understand each other better, and prevent mischiefs such as had recently occasioned the invasion of foreign Powers. This suggestion was favourably regarded by the Government,

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and they asked Duncan to make the preliminary enquiries necessary before a conclusion could be reached. These matters detained him some time in Tai-Yuan ; but even so, he was able to reach Si-an-fu earlier than he could have reached it by any other route, and was accompanied by Dr. Creasy Smith and Mr. Nichols, the almoner of the American gifts for famine relief.

Moir Duncan reached the city, exactly a year after leaving it, while the Dowager-Empress was still residing there. He had intimated to the Viceroy his coming and the charge he had undertaken to carry famine relief, and expressed the hope that he would have the help of the authorities in distributing it wisely. The Dowager-Empress, having learned much of Christian foreigners in her year of strange experiences, gave orders that he should have a distinguished reception, that a large house should be placed at his disposal, and that all the authorities should give him their help. The £12,000 he brought with him afforded huge relief, and as, shortly before, the drought had ended, and rain gave promise of a harvest, though small, the hearts of all seemed to revive. *Thirty per cent. of the*

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entire population of the province had died in the second triennium of famine, reducing the population from about eight and a half millions to six millions. The residence of the Court for two-thirds of a year had been a ground of fear, in a year when want was so universal.

As a matter of fact, it had helped rather than hurt the starving multitudes. For not only had Government relief been given, but in addition a service for transport of grain had been established for the benefit of the Court, which proved of great advantage to the people as well, bringing grain into the public market.

Before leaving Peking, Duncan had been appointed Principal of the University of Shansi, and six months after his arrival in Tai-Yuan had been made LL.D. by the University of Glasgow, in which he had graduated.

While in Si-an-fu he had been able to secure a large house in the centre of the city for use as a hospital, which Dr. Creasy Smith partially, and later Dr. Stanley Jenkins more effectually, transformed into an institution approximately worthy of the name.

By the end of 1902 Mr. and Mrs. Shorrock

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had returned to Shensi with Mr. Madeley, and the Baptist Missionary Society now commenced its second stretch of missionary service in the province, and especially in its capital, Si-an-fu.

Brief as the first stretch of service had been in the eight years preceding the Boxer riots, a wonderful work had been done. Both Shorrocks and Duncan, by their culture, their kindness, their esteem for the Chinese people, and their devotion to the Saviour, had won the hearts of many of the best people in both the province and the capital. The impression of the requital of Boxer wrongs by contributions to famine relief gave a commentary on the Christian law of love and the power of Divine grace which was widely read and regarded.

It had been feared that much harm would have come to the infant Church. Superstition was apt to interpret the famines as an indication of celestial disapproval of Christianity. Human nature murmured at the taxes imposed to meet the losses occasioned by the invasion of the allied forces and pay the indemnities (67 millions sterling) demanded by the foreign Governments. Yet the zeal of converts had not evaporated, and the missionaries could report that the things

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that had happened had tended rather to the furtherance of the Gospel.

We have now to consider the years of history filling the interval between the Boxer rising in 1900 and the Revolution in 1911-1913, during which Dr. Jenkins did his life-work in China.

CHAPTER III
THE SECOND STAGE OF SHENSI WORK
1901—1913

CHAPTER III

THE SECOND STAGE OF SHENSI WORK 1901—1913

THOUGH the results of this were even more marvellous than those of the first eight years of their labours, the workers found themselves unequal, through the fewness of their numbers, to render the service they would have liked. Duncan had gone to Tai-Yuan to arrange about the building and the start of the University, of which he had become the Principal. All the missionaries in Shansi at the time of the Boxer rising having been slain, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan joined the first few who, returning from furlough, took up their work again in Shansi. So the Shorrocks, with some help from Dr. Creasy Smith and Madeley (who both, however, had to leave shortly on grounds of health), had almost the whole work on their hands, in a district as big as Wales and one without any rail-

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ways. Yet there was life in the Church, and an "open door and effectual" welcomed their labour. There must be few that have such an experience of life and of the rewards and results of faithfulness. Though for two years the work of the Shorrocks was almost unaided by any other helpers, within these two years their stations had become fifty-five. The 200 converts they had left in church-fellowship when they were driven out of China had in three years become 600; and though the people had passed through a famine that killed off thirty per cent. of the population of the province, their joy made their "deep poverty abound to riches of liberality." On all sides "the pleasure of the Lord prospered" in their hand.

Towards the end of their first year's work the Society secured for them a helper in Mr. Cheeseman, who had already been engaged in Chinese work in Peking. He arrived in November, 1903, and helped them happily for just under a year. They rejoiced in his work, and still more in the promise of an increase of his usefulness by a happy marriage, which took place in Shanghai in 1904. Within six weeks of his marriage,

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and only five days after the arrival of his bride and himself in Si-an-fu, an attack of malignant typhus took him away.

Still, as opportunities and offers allowed, the little staff of workers was increased. Stanley Jenkins went out in 1904 with Mr. Keyte. Dr. Young and Mrs. Young (an M.D. like her husband), Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Borst Smith, and Mr. Mudd, came later. Later still Mr. Ellison, Mr. and Mrs. Bell (Mr. Bell had been a missionary on the Congo), Dr. and Mrs. Charter, Mr. Shields, Nurse Watt, Mr. Comerford, and in 1909 Dr. Cecil Robertson, joined the staff. Mr. and Mrs. Madeley had, after a further brief period of service, been transferred to Shantung.

These carried on the ever-growing work in the capital, in San Yuan, in Fu-yin-tsun, in Ye-nan-fu, and in Sui-te-chow, till through the whole of the second stretch of ten years' history "the word of God grew mightily and prevailed."

CHAPTER IV

ENTRANCE ON MISSIONARY WORK

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ENTRANCE ON MISSIONARY WORK

As has already been said, Stanley Jenkins applied for acceptance by the Baptist Missionary Society as a medical missionary on April the 13th, 1904. His application gave a simple exposition of his motives and an expression of the things most surely believed amongst us.

If any feeling lingered anywhere against the union of medical and evangelistic work, it had long disappeared from the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society. They had learned that the "candle" of truth needs a "candlestick" of mercy, and that, of all forms of mercy, medical mercy is the one most needed and least likely to be abused in heathen lands. And in China the medical service of our brethren, Dr. Russell Watson and Mrs. Watson and Dr. Paterson and Mrs. Paterson, as fully qualified workers, and the more casual but still

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valuable medical work of Mr. Herbert Dixon in Shansi and Mr. Moir Duncan in Shensi, and others, had increased our sense of the value of such service. The religious fervour, also, that seems universally characteristic of medical missionaries in all societies impressed alike the Committee and the medical men of our denomination.

A Bristol man, John Kenneth Mackenzie, had in a brief medical service in Tientsin rendered splendid help to the cause of missions, and the biography that commended his example had helped to deepen Stanley's purpose to go and do likewise. It is therefore not surprising that, notwithstanding the pressure brought to bear on him to give himself to the home organization of the Student Christian Movement, and despite all allurements of professional distinction and success at home, he sought to help the Good Shepherd to seek His lost sheep. And when, much to the joy of the Committee, he applied in 1904, he was gladly accepted by them, and the hope of his help gave great joy to the missionaries in the field. Some knowledge of the field which he had gained through the Shorrocks and Dr. Creasy Smith led him to wish to go there ; and the great opening there and pressing

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need of workers made the Committee equally glad to designate him for work in Si-an-fu.

He reached Shanghai in the end of October, 1904, and shortly after started for his post in company with Mr. Keyte and Dr. and Mrs. Creasy Smith. It was easy work sailing to Hankow, and thereafter going by rail to the point where they had to leave it for a ten or twelve days' journey to Si-an-fu. He had his first experience of road travel, with its early start, its long days, its springless carts, and roughest of all roads. Mr. Keyte remarks in a letter to me on the eager accuracy with which he marked even on this his first journey all the usages of inns and travel, so that at a very early stage in his Chinese experience he was master of all he needed to know to face the exigencies of the road.

On the road, also, he had his first piece of medical work. They came on three men seeking to help a companion in travel who had been badly kicked on the head by his horse. The cut was deep, and there was considerable likelihood of his bleeding to death. They had unsuccessfully tried tobacco as a styptic. Stanley was able to stanch the wound and start him on

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the line of recovery. He reached Si-an-fu on November 19, 1904, a few days before Mr. Cheeseman and his bride returned. A fortnight later, Cheeseman died of typhus fever, of which Stanley was afterwards to have an experience only too extensive.

He had enjoyed his journey, especially the last stage before arriving, for a mineral spring of hot water supplied an enterprising innkeeper with an easy means of arranging hot baths, and even a swimming-bath, and the luxury of a hot bath was crowned by a *Feast*, sent in by the mandarin of Lin-Tung out of respect for the foreigner.

He gives us his first impressions of the work. Chinese cities are walled, and the gates are closed between sunset and sunrise. The inconvenience of finding the city gate closed, and the shortness of the twilight in low latitudes, necessitates some provision for housing, even if less securely, outside the gate. At Christmas-time in Si-an-fu the sun sets about five, and it is pitch-dark about half an hour or three-quarters after—a period too late to look for other quarters. Accordingly, in all cities of any magnitude "Suburbs" have grown round each

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of the gates, and in many cases the suburb is protected by a wall of its own, though not of the dimensions of the city wall.

The mission headquarters were in the East Suburb, a little way inside the suburb gate. It was modest, and therefore wise, for the missionaries to begin in the suburb, as not thrusting themselves on the city as residents, where at the outset they would not have been welcomed. The Shorrocks had managed to make the house homely. For the sake of the children they kept cows, and thus had supplies of milk. They could grind wheat in a hand-mill, and give Keyte and Jenkins some English bread and butter. The school for boys was on the premises, and the little chapel where they had their services. Across the road were the headquarters of the Zenana Mission, and in the compound of the house occupied by Miss Beckingsale and Miss Russell and Miss Turner was the boarding-school for girls.

Jenkins was charmed with the home feeling that pervaded the place, and with the tone of thought and feeling that the high spiritual and intellectual natures of both Mr. and Mrs. Shorrocks made natural. He had met both of

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them as guests in his own home at Bristol, and they met again with the knowledge of each other's worth. He was delighted with the boys' school. Already they had the pick of the boys from all the forty or fifty stations in the wide area. He noticed their behaviour at prayers, when morning by morning something like a hundred — boys, servants, Christian neighbours, and others—united with the family, and were reinforced by the friends across the road.

He was particularly struck with the keenness with which both boys and girls pursued their lessons. The Shorrocks inspired their own ardour into those they taught. The faculty for arithmetic seems to be innate in Chinese children. Long ago I was told in China, and saw much to confirm it, that to teach arithmetic was superfluous. Jenkins reports somewhat later that many of the boys were in mathematics up to the matriculation standard of London University. One of our three native pastors, who is supported by Russian Baptists, was considered the best mathematician in the province, foreigners not excepted, though amongst the latter there were many English graduates. When

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Jenkins arrived he could report that in algebra they were doing "permutations and combinations."

The religious earnestness was equal to the mathematical keenness. Some of them had just volunteered to visit the surrounding villages and tell what they knew of the Gospel.

The girls' school similarly commanded Stanley's high approval. Miss Beckingsale had taken her B.Sc. and B.A. degrees, and was strong both in mathematics and science, and her goodness waked and confirmed that of the girls. Some of them also, in the dearth of missionaries, were volunteering to act as Bible-women, and did effectual service.

He was impressed with the roughness of the roads, with the thickness of the population in the vast city. He describes the elements of a feast given them by the friendly Abbot of a Buddhist monastery, who was much interested in Christianity; is struck with the bowls of sweetmeats, peeled oranges, sugared walnuts, peanuts, apricot-kernels, and melon-seeds; vermicelli stewed in syrup, mushrooms in syrup, beans in syrup, lotus-seeds in syrup, and with other vegetarian excellencies treated with salt,

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and then, much to their surprise (and satisfaction), some roast venison.

As already noted, Moir Duncan, before leaving for Tai-Yuan, was able to purchase within the city a house with a large compound for a hospital. It had awaited the arrival of Drs. Jenkins and Creasy Smith to be got into order. A month or so elapsed before Jenkins' goods (including instruments and *materia medica*) arrived, and close on that came the Chinese New Year holidays (commencing the beginning of February), during which hardly any work is done. So that, save for planning, nothing could be started till March, when a good deal of pulling down and building up was to be done, and done, as it turned out, under Jenkins' almost solitary superintendence; for Creasy Smith was already showing signs of the ill-health which led to his retirement from the Society some months later.

About a week after he arrived—December 3, 1904—Mr. Cheeseman and his bride, who had travelled with Jenkins and Keyte from England, arrived. Their coming was hailed with great gladness. Mr. Cheeseman had been an agent for the Scottish Bible Society in Peking,

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associated with Mr. Murray in teaching the blind to read the Chinese language, not from Chinese characters, but from Chinese spelt in English letters, as these are represented in "Braille's system" for the reading of the blind. It is remarkable that the blind could learn to read Chinese in this way in fewer months than it would take years to learn to read the ordinary characters, although the vocabulary was necessarily limited. Mr. Cheeseman had joined our mission a year previously, had approved himself as an admirable evangelist, and was looking forward to developing the country work of the mission.

Unfortunately, as we are apt to say, he had caught some ailment in his journey, and, thinking it a cold or a bilious attack (to which he was somewhat subject), he rested in bed on the Sunday, in Miss Shekleton's house, in which they were to stay for a week or ten days before starting for Fu-yin-tsun, which was to be his headquarters.

Sunday's rest brought no improvement, and on Monday night he had a high temperature—104°—and Creasy Smith came over to Shorrock's house to fetch Jenkins. The tempera-

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ture rose still higher. They both felt it was typhus, and did their utmost to abate the fever and sustain the patient's strength.

There were points about his case that kept them from despair, especially because he took nourishment well; but on Thursday night he turned rapidly worse, and about an hour before midnight died, in the presence of his wife and Miss Turner, who had nursed him admirably, and the two doctors.

His recent marriage—less than two months before—gave an overwhelming force to the bereavement which all felt; for their sympathy with the dear lady, whose high delights of marriage joy had been enlarged by a rapture of satisfaction in being allowed to share his work and its rewards, added the burden of pity to the sense of loss. He was the first of the Shensi staff to fall. The next day they buried him. "In the same place was a garden."

Such an event upset all plans. Mrs. Cheeseman, under the advice of the other ladies, came home, bearing nobly the grief that had come to her. The cry for men became more urgent; the need for reconstructing the hospital became more urgent; and all moved about their work

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with the hush that comes to the spirit when it hears the Divine voice, "What thou doest, do with all thy might."

Stanley Jenkins wrote home that he was pleased with the possibilities of a house that had been bought. There was room in it for sixteen beds for male in-patients, for an out-patient department, for an operating-room, for a meeting where the preacher for the day could address those waiting to see the doctors, and rooms for the residence of the doctors. The house was somewhat damp when they took possession of it, but it was thought that by good firing it would be dry before it was used. Some of the rooms were floored with deal. They had secured an adjoining house to accommodate sixteen female in-patients. On two days a week they saw the male out-patients, and on two other days the female.

In the March after Jenkins arrived, Dr. Creasy Smith's health necessitated his leaving Si-an-fu for a couple of months, and not long after his retiring altogether from the Society. So that almost all the work in getting the hospital into order fell on Jenkins, who did seven years' work before he was obliged to

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return home in the beginning of 1911. Mr. and Mrs. Madeley reached Shensi a few months after Jenkins, and were appointed to work in the country district; and after Jenkins had been in Shensi about a year, Dr. Andrew Young came to his aid from Shansi.

At the outset of his work he was virtually the only doctor in Shensi, a province the size of England and Scotland together.

CHAPTER V
THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

CHAPTER V

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

JENKINS' work began under the deep shadow of Mr. Cheeseman's death. This brought vividly before his mind the fact that nowhere in China are zymotic diseases ever extirpated.

In Europe, a century ago, the Bavarian army, serving with the French, found its 28,000 men reduced to 2,250 in eight months by typhus chiefly; and the French garrison of 60,000 at Mayence in six months lost 25,000. Less than sixty years ago in the Crimea the French army in less than three months lost 17,000. It was estimated that deaths from typhus exceeded in all our armies deaths from injuries received in actual fighting. And even in our home population it was responsible in all our large cities—Glasgow, for instance—for a great proportion of our deaths, though now it is hardly ever seen.

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In China all the fevers linger ready to respond to any stimulus. Smallpox and cholera are hardly seen in our country ; they generally recur under circumstances favourable to their production in the large towns of China. About thirty years ago our entire staff in Shantung were ill with fever, and consternation filled the Committee. Happily, all recovered.

In Shensi we have suffered. Moir Duncan all but died from typhus in 1896 ; Charter has had it twice ; Mr. Li Li, Jenkins' Chinese medical assistant, had it ; and Cecil Robertson and Jenkins both died of it. So that the guarding against these ailments was itself a great charge.

In addition, underfeeding is an almost universal cause of illness in China, especially where famine prices have been persistent. The fine dust blown about in the months in which there is no rain induces much ophthalmia, and the rough, uncleanly way of treating it makes it seriously mischievous. All wounds and ulcers get poisoned either by their treatment or their neglect.

The Chinese have their "simples"—some hundreds of medicines—and some of them valuable ; but these have little force in dealing

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with injuries or diseases of virulence. Their surgery consists chiefly of Acupuncture—the insertion of sharp needles wherever there is a swelling. Sometimes this treatment disperses the swelling, sometimes it kills the patient.

It will be readily understood that, where all our usual diseases abound and some additional ones special to the land, the advent of a learned physician, who is also a skilful surgeon, is a “beam from the Father of Lights,” whose value is readily realized. When, for instance, in an epidemic of cholera in 1889 in Shantung, Dr. Russell Watson treated 800 patients without losing one of them, it was natural that both the medicine and the physician should attract a great deal of confidence. At the same time there are difficulties a medical man has to contend with. He is only sought when others have failed, and many illnesses that might have been cured, had they been taken early, when they are brought in are found to have passed the stage when cure is possible. Besides, many ailments due to constitutional weakness baffle science there as well as here.

Still, Jenkins, so soon as he could get his hospital into order, came into it to live, leaving

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the Shorrocks' house in the suburb, and set himself to work, first on the language, and second in doing what he could to help the patients who were, he had hoped, to have been those of Dr. Creasy Smith. Unsatisfactory as it was to deal with a patient whose language he did not know, through an interpreter whose knowledge of English and of science was limited, his thoroughness and patience saved him from many mistakes, and endeared him to those who profited by his care.

In his home correspondence, which press of work gradually compressed, we get glimpses of the work he is doing. There is a child of a mandarin with tubercular disease of the joints of the arms whose life he hopes to save, but cannot. There is a journey of nearly thirty miles he makes by night, taking nine hours, to do his best to help a Catholic missionary who had broken his leg. There is a scholar whose disease he had cured, who becomes his teacher, not for employment's sake so much as for the opportunity of learning the heavenly wisdom which he had begun to taste. Later still there comes the time when the first baptismal service takes place, in which one of those baptized

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is the first Manchu that had joined them. He was an officer in the army, and one of his men had sorely needed the surgeon's help, and profited much by it. He loved the surgeon for loving his man, and awoke to the force of that religion which, proclaiming the redeeming love of God, awakes a kindred love in the heart that believes it. He took to coming to the services, and for doing so was jeered at, insulted, ill-treated, and even degraded in rank. But nothing moved him, and he eagerly confessed his Saviour with the first group of twelve or fifteen who were baptized in Si-an-fu. Constancy had its reward in an order from his superior officer that all interference with him was to cease, and that those who liked were to be free to attend the Christian services.

He had a beggar-boy for a patient, whose intelligence and gratitude greatly charmed him. He adopted him in the sense of taking all responsibility for his home comforts, his clothing, and his education. To his grief, the trouble from which he suffered—consumption—could not be mastered, and the little fellow—beggar, patient, friend—left him for the world where “the inhabitant no more saith, I am sick.”

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The women, who had something of the Indian objection to be treated by a man surgeon, felt the delicate purity and kindness of his life, and willingly submitted themselves to operations at his hand.

The hospital had not been open fourteen months before he could report "seeing forty out-patients a day, and having treated more patients in the previous two months than had been treated in the previous twelve, besides seeing eighty-four in their own homes."

So the work proceeded, till at the end of the first year Dr. Andrew Young joined him, and later Dr. Charter from Tai-Yuan-fu.

Though the growth of the work and the removal of workers—Creasy Smith returning home, Mr. and Mrs. Madeley going to Shantung—left them dangerously overweighted with labour, it is amazing the success which attended their work. The lads' school (for it was more than a boys' school) and the girls' school supplied them with invaluable fellow-workers. The devotion of Moir Duncan and Shorrock in past years to the well-being of the people, and the courteous culture of Shorrock and his colleagues, increased their

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acceptance with the rulers and the leaders of the people. The dews of heavenly grace settled richly on truth proclaimed, and Christian character developed gave them continuously large additions to their numbers.

Jenkins had not been known to have any special power for languages, and, as the Committee knew how medical work and additional labours in other directions had left him only a fraction of the time usually deemed necessary for acquiring the language, they were prepared to extend the time for passing his first examination. But at the usual time he passed his examination, taking 90 per cent. of the total number of marks possible. He never had leisure to master much of the literature of China, but he was a master of the spoken language, and, according to Keyte, was, next to Mr. Shorrocks, the best preacher in Shensi. The keenness of his eye for all characters, and of his ear for sounds, and his determination to have a perfect grip of every new word that came to him, stood him in good stead.

With the advent of additional help the work became more satisfactory to himself. The visit of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Fullerton in 1907

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cheered the missionaries, and the deputation were astonished by the greatness of the work that had been accomplished and the roots that it had struck deep in the hearts of men. Both of these brethren have left on record their admiration for the spirit in which Stanley Jenkins worked and the savour of good which seemed to flow forth from him.

In 1908 he married Miss Loveridge. He knew her family in England, and had met her in China, where she had been a missionary connected with "the Brethren." She had returned home to nurse her sister in an illness which proved to be fatal. After the sister's death she returned to her work. Able to share all his purposes, worthy of his love, and returning his ardent affection, she made a home for him full of delight.

Their hopes were realized during the four years of wedded life allowed to them. There was a happy harmony of motive and of feeling; she "set like perfect music unto noble words," and when two children came to gladden their home, their peace "flowed like a river."

Dr. Andrew Young had arrived at Si-an-fu a year after Stanley, and married, the year

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following, one of Dr. Campbell Morgan's helpers at Westminster Chapel, Miss Charlotte Murdoch, of Baltimore, U.S.A., who like himself was a duly qualified medical practitioner.

In 1910 a policy of expansion had been adopted which quadrupled the length of the line of stations from Si-an-fu northward, and placed Mr. Borst Smith and Mr. Shields at Yen-an-fu, and Mr. and Mrs. Watson and Mr. Comerford at Sui-te-chow; while Dr. and Mrs. Young were removed to San Yuan to take charge of a new hospital (built there in 1911 by the Arthington Trust).

After-thought always has its regrets, as forethought has its anxieties. It had not been realized how greatly the strain would be increased on those responsible for the work in the capital; nor how slowly reinforcements would arrive; nor was it known how vast would be the enlargement of work caused by the Revolution, and especially of the medical demands it would make. Had these things been foreseen, the mission would have hesitated at "lengthening the cords" until it had "strengthened the stakes." But regrets for action taken from right motives have something of unbelief

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mixing with their wisdom. Anyhow, the line of stations was extended from 60 to 250 miles in length on what seemed then the best grounds. It is only right to say that the chivalry of Stanley's nature, though the increased strain came especially on him from the removal of the Youngs to San Yuan, led him to support the "forward movement," as Mr. Shorrock, who shared the great increase of labour, also did from the same chivalrous devotion to "the cause."

From all the surrounding country districts the suffering came to the hospital. One came 250 miles. One old woman who came from a place twenty-five miles away, with cataract in both eyes and other eye troubles, making the prospects of success unusually dubious, went home with her sight restored. On one occasion, when a Christian had been addressing a meeting on the works of the Saviour—"giving sight to the blind" and healing to the leper—an objector expressed his doubts, because He did not do these things to-day. To the objector's surprise, a man in the audience contradicted him, saying Christ did these things to-day, and instanced his own experience in the "Jesus Hospital," which he had entered a blind man, and had

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left with his sight restored. So the various activities of healing went on, and the most daring operations of surgery were successfully essayed, until, in the year 1910, not six years after the hospital had been opened, they were able to report 401 in-patients in the year and over 2,000 out-patients.

When that year had come—the ninth from the recommencement of the mission after the Boxer rising—consideration was given to the redistribution of workers, and in connection with this to the order in which a number of furloughs, due or impending, should be taken. In 1910 the reports of the brethren as to Jenkins' health led the Home Committee to urge his return home at once. He, however, was more concerned about the health of his colleagues. He felt and represented strongly to the Committee the damage which overwork had wrought on both Shorrock and Keyte, and would not return.

In 1911 the urgency of the Committee, on the one hand, and representations of his brethren, on the other, of the services he could render by helping in preparing the plans for the new hospital in the Eastern Suburb, and securing a complete instalment of all necessary provisions.

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for coping with disease, reconciled him to take his furlough, and he set out for home with his wife and one child.*

He arrived in England in June, 1911, cheerful, making light of the heart-weakness that had moved his colleagues to urge on the Committee the importance of his having furlough at once.

Dr. Cecil Robertson, leaving Yen-an-fu, took his place with Dr. Charter at the Si-an-fu Hospital; and after all the terror and anguish of the Revolution had been borne and hallowed by them, Mr. and Mrs. Shorrocks, both sorely needing rest, followed Jenkins to England.

The only further missionary work he did was after his return from furlough, when he spent a few months of heavy toil in helping Dr. Cecil Robertson and Dr. Scollay in the duty of ministering to the wounded of the armies collected in Si-an-fu, and to the civilian sufferers from the three years' famine, from fever, and from the hardships which the Revolution inflicted with terrific severity upon the poor.

* Stanley's other child was born during his furlough in England, on the very day (October 22, 1911) that the massacre occurred at Si-an-fu referred to on pp. 98 and 99.

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It may seem to some that seven years of service was too short a period to justify the outlay of such a life. Life is not measured by its length. Thirty years of preparation were followed by barely two years of service rendered by John the Baptist, and the Master's ministry extended only to about three years. Stephen and most of the noble army of martyrs had a short career. Many have been glad to run all risks in war, and some of the most inspiring lives have been mighty despite their brevity. So it was given to Stanley Jenkins to fill his life with great charm and impulse to goodness. There were in him so many elements rarely combined together that we are not surprised at the weight he carried.

I am helped in my notice of some of his most distinctive features by notes of friends as well as by my own knowledge. According to Keyte, the people recognized that he "understood them as no one else did." I have already noted his thoroughness in his language studies. Usually the first two years of a medical missionary are devoted almost entirely to the study of the language. But medical work had already commenced, and after three months it devolved

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almost exclusively on him. Yet when a mere fraction of the time usually available was at his service, he passed admirably the prescribed examination. Those with him note the same thoroughness in all his work. Whether he was learning the patients' ailments, or teaching the assistant to dress a wound, or occupied—as, alas! he had to be for part of his time—in keeping the accounts and acting as paymaster to the mission, the same feature is noted. It is remarked when assistants were slow in learning, and he could have done what they were doing in a fourth of the time, he preferred to guide them to do it themselves—superintending them—with the result that he trained men to do things thoroughly.

His temper was a great asset to the mission. His courtesy was simple, cheerful, and charming; and whether he was dealing with mandarins, or patients, or colleagues, all felt in the way in which he “honoured all men” a great force. As there was something deeper than doggedness in his thoroughness, there was something deeper than good breeding in his courtesy. Someone has remarked of Lord Granville, who was conspicuous for amiability

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as well as for ability, that he was a "perfect amalgam," indicating the fact that the charm of his kindness operated powerfully in producing harmony amongst all with whom he was co-operating. Jenkins undoubtedly was, in the same way, a fount of harmony amongst all his fellow-workers. This is a supreme quality where fellow-workers in the same mission have not chosen one another, are men and women of strong views, and all tempted to criticize, at the outset of their career, lines of action they subsequently approve and follow.

His faithfulness to truth and conscience were not less remarkable. From his early start in the religious life, amongst other lads whose sole object was the conversion of their fellows, and whose hold of Jesus Christ was of the heart exclusively, it would not have been surprising had something narrow marked his religion, and something censorious his judgment. But there was a fine equity of soul that precluded all stereotyping of early views, and all suspicion of those whose active spirit of intellectual inquiry prevented their endorsing all his views. He was always inquiring into the truth of every article of faith, and always

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faithful to his own convictions, while at the same time faithful to those who did not share them, but served and loved the common Saviour.

He was devoted to children. No trouble was too great for him to take in dealing with their ailments, and the cheer of his hopeful love helped the treatment he gave.

Above all, his godliness impressed all. It had nothing rigid in it, and it did not lessen the play of diffusive humour which marked him. But evidently he lived and moved and had his being in the animating conviction, "Thou, God, seest me"; and all felt he was a man who sought and found and followed the leading of the Lord.

It is striking to note how growth in grace proceeds with every venture obedience makes, and how character grows rounded and complete under the necessities which a life of service brings. In Stanley's case there was power to make a noble sacrifice, "and the house was filled with the odour of the ointment."

CHAPTER VI
THE REVOLUTION

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THE REVOLUTION

IT is easy to generalize on the causes of revolutions and on the characteristics of the people moving them to seek change. It is not easy to master either.

In the West energy is restless. Cæsar notes as a peculiarity of the Gauls of his day that they were always seeking new governments. Such a remark might be true of Western Asia, but could not be truly made of Eastern Asia; for the Far East seems to be of the solid, changeless type, that made great advances early and then stopped.

The dynasty that rules Japan has ruled it through all the Christian centuries. The records of China go back 4,000 years. Its two great teachers both wrote about the time of Isaiah. Confucius is still the guide to conduct whom most deem without equal; and Lao-tse, their

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other greatest sage, laid the foundation of religion in preaching the doctrine of TAO, *i.e.* THE WAY, The Line of action, revealed in conscience by the God of conscience ; the path opening at our feet—which we may continuously pursue with great advantage in this world, *and in the next.*

If Confucius gave the laws of Prudence and Lao-tse hallowed the instincts of Conscience, the people sagely supplemented both by adding to them later the philosophy of Gautama, the Buddhist Sage and almost Deity. The Buddhist doctrines certainly enriched their thoughts with teaching on the persistence of Life after Death, the power of Acts to create Habits ; and the Law of nature which makes our actions decide our destiny.

The force of these three teachings continues operating to this day, and explains not only the high grade of Chinese heathenism, but the stability of all their institutions. In their view, the precept “ Honour thy father and thy mother ” is indeed “ the first commandment with promise.” And, obviously, obedience to parents is a principle which naturally tends to extend itself into obedience to “ Kings and all in authority.”

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Early in their history the Sovereignty descended from father to son, though the continuance of the monarchy was always conditioned on royal fulfilment of royal duties. When there was conspicuous inability to fulfil the proper functions of the guardian of the State, there was little hesitation in selecting a fitter Sovereign and changing the line of succession.

Still, though men and even dynasties changed, the same principles of government continued to be acted on. Somewhere about twenty-five dynasties are named in the Chinese annals. The last dynasty—the Tsing—commenced in 1644, and lasted till 1912. Its earlier Manchu Emperors were very able men and excellent rulers, especially the second—Kanghi—and during the nearly 170 years of their rule the prosperity of the land was maintained at a high level. But during the last seventy years they have come into contact and into collision with the foreigner. In the first Opium War they learned the power of “the ferocious barbarians,” as they termed us. The persistence of our demands for a treaty of commerce resulted in a refusal; then in the making of a

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treaty; then in its being broken by China, and avenged by England and France in 1862. Succeeding years inflamed the Imperial authorities more and more against the foreigner. We had taken Hong-Kong. France annexed Annam in the south. Russia, virtually, took possession of Manchuria, and, spreading down the Liao-tang Peninsula, fortified Port Arthur, making it, as it seemed, impregnable against the world.

Germany claimed Shantung as her "sphere of influence," a phrase in her mouth not very distinguishable from annexation. China had despised Japan, but Japan, which had profited by Western learning, conquered her in the war that broke out in 1894. It was, if possible, a more crushing blow still when Japan conquered Russia ten years later, and virtually annexed Manchuria, which Russia was proceeding to Russianize, and took possession of the Chinese island of Formosa. European nations began to discuss, and Lord Charles Beresford injudiciously wrote a book on "The Partition of China," as if the only question remaining was, Who were to get the various portions into which it was to be carved?

By a people who had been accustomed to

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look down on all other races as inferior, all these surprises were resented. It became a widespread and ominous feeling that "the dynasty had lost its Luck"; and amongst a superstitious people, especially a people with no legislative powers that could restore "the Luck," the space between the discovery that the Luck was gone and the disappearance of the dynasty was necessarily brief. To arrest the downward course which a new Emperor seemed to her to be pursuing, the Dowager-Empress seized his person, kept him in polite captivity, and ruled in his stead. In 1900 she made the false move of sanctioning the Boxer rising, involving the slaughter of hundreds of missionaries, Protestant and Catholic, and thousands of converts, and leading to the invasion of China and the taking of Peking by the troops of England, America, France, Germany, Russia, and Japan.

Those who have read the recent book, "The Life of the Dowager - Empress," by Messrs. Backhouse and Bland, will understand that things had come to such a pass that it was almost impossible, on the deaths occurring almost simultaneously of the Dowager and the

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Emperor, who was her captive, to enthrone a youth without experience.

Other things besides the humiliation received from foreign Powers assisted to produce the Revolution.

The south of China was always less warmly attached to the Throne than the north. It had a better knowledge of the foreigner and his power; it had more turbulence in its blood; a larger portion of its people had received foreign training; a few had been trained in America, and republican institutions naturally captivated their imagination. Amongst these a man of great power and daring—a Christian—rose, Sun-yat-sen, who sought to be a new Moses who would lead his people out of their house of bondage. A society—the Ke-Ming-Tang—composed chiefly of educated men, gathered round him, and fomented in the south the revolutionary movement.

In the north, and especially in Shensi, another secret society had risen, vastly stronger in numbers and physical force than the Ke-Ming-Tang—the so-called “Ko-la-hui” Society. Literally this means the “Elder Brethren” Society. It was not, is not, socialistic; for

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the respect and obedience due from younger brethren to elder is fully recognized, with all that it involves. But the need of the peasant was great, and the use of the Emperor not very obvious, so that their principles and purposes worked out chiefly as a strong power operating against the Manchu dynasty. Both these societies met in Si-an-fu and combined. Other forces complicated the problem. The Mohammedans, who were dominant in Kansuh, wished to intervene, fighting for their own hand, like Rob Roy, hoping that, siding either with Imperialists or Revolutionists, they might make some advance towards turning their 8,000,000 or 10,000,000 in the north-west of China into an independent Mohammedan kingdom. The Revolution broke out in Szechuan on October 1, 1911, in Wuchang and Hankow on October 10. On October 22, some days before the date agreed on, it broke out in Si-an-fu.

One-third of the whole city, occupying the north-east corner, constituted the Manchu quarter—given up to the military and their families, and holding a population of about 20,000. Arms of precision had been shortly

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before brought into the city for use of these Imperial troops, but by the negligence or the revolutionary sympathies of some in authority these had not been distributed. While the Manchus lived in the north-east quarter of the city, the arms had remained in the southern part, in charge of the city authorities. By the swiftness of their movements the revolutionists had seized the building containing the arms, and distributed them to all who would use them against the Manchus, before the latter were apprehensive of any attack. They woke to find themselves assailed by numbers armed with repeating rifles, to which they could oppose nothing but old-fashioned muskets. They at once began to melt away. Before the day was over their dead were numbered by thousands. Their women threw themselves into wells, and in the course of a few days a number computed at from 10,000 to 15,000 had perished. Girls were saved, alive, to sell; women were abused. Some were able under various disguises to make their way into dens and caves of the earth outside the city. Some of the rich in their pity befriended the survivors, whom in their days of power they had

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hated. Numbers sought and found shelter and help with Mrs. Shorrocks, who had the privilege of befriending and saving multitudes, and amongst them the daughter of the very Viceroy of Shansi who had ordered and witnessed the slaughter of our missionaries in Tai-Yuan-fu. She ultimately succeeded in securing a pittance for the 2,000 or 3,000 women who survived. The whole city was given up to looting, and the Manchu quarter burned.

Before word had come to both parties in the conflict—Revolutionists and Imperialists alike—that the foreigners had to be protected, the missionaries were in great danger. For the Ko-la-hui classed all foreigners as of the same sort as the hated Manchu. Assaults were made on the Swedish Mission, and some, with their children, slain. Mr. and Mrs. Donald Smith, being caught outside the city, were assaulted and left for dead, Mr. Smith having both his arms broken. They both recovered. Soon, however, a change came. Those wounded in battle, and whose wounds were often left to fester, needed help, and the only two men in all the province who could treat their wounds were Dr. Robertson and Dr. Charter. Robertson

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was in the East Suburb. The authorities sent for him, and, as they dared not open the gates, they drew him up the wall of the city.

The record of medical work which followed does not admit—happily, does not require—description. No London hospital, Sir Alfred Pearce Gould has said, could have met the demands now made on the little hospital in Si-an-fu. There were 1,500 seriously wounded. The total provision of the hospital consisted of thirty or forty beds—half for men and half for women—and the wounded of three armies, in addition to the citizens ill from disease or hurt from injuries in the conflicts and conflagrations in the city, were to be added. To deal with these there were at first only the two doctors, Nurse Watt, and Mrs. Shorrock. About a fortnight later, having learned that Dr. and Mrs. Young, who had been living at Sui-te-chow, were making a perilous journey towards Si-an-fu, the officials sent out a large escort to find and welcome and bring them into the city. Still, all told, even then, counting Mrs. Young, who had medical qualifications, there were only four, and the patients amounted to nearly as many thousands. Bullet wounds and sword wounds,

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wounds from shrapnel, broken limbs, burns, and all the added aggravations due to delay of treatment, created for the four surgeons such a task as men have rarely faced, especially considering that nurses and anæsthetists had to be manufactured on the spur of the moment from such material as were to hand. For a good while, 600 cases per day were to be seen. Within four months smallpox and typhus appeared. They managed by seclusion from other cases to keep these diseases for the time from spreading.

As more and more space was needed, house after house was set apart by the authorities for hospital uses, until they had either seven or eight filled and used. One of the most anxious experiences was towards the end of April, when Dr. Young fell ill with appendicitis. They tried all measures to stave off the necessity for an operation, hoping to get him down to the coast, where it could be performed under better sanitary conditions. They thought the illness was abating, but it was only for a day or two, and the day came when operation seemed the only possible way of saving his life. Dr. Charter and his wife had

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gone away nearly three months previously, at the constraint of those remaining, with the relief expedition, which by the devotion and daring of Mr. Keyte and seven companions had reached Si-an-fu by a six weeks' journey, and had started back with forty-two missionaries and as many more Chinese, who were all landed safely at Peking or the coast.

The only persons who could help were Dr. Cecil Robertson and Mrs. Young. It was a hard necessity for a wife to take part in a life and death operation on her own husband, but she bravely took her share, and gave Robertson all the help that science and love could render; and they had the satisfaction of seeing him recover, and regain the strength necessary to journey home.

With experiences only slightly shadowed forth in this brief account, those whom Jenkins left behind him "held the fort." They rendered priceless service to the multitudes of sufferers, and to those who successively held authority in the province. It is remarkable how the Chinese authorities sought and followed, with admirable results, the advice of the missionaries which their courage and wisdom and love for the

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people enabled them to give. "Other men laboured, and ye have entered into their labours," is a word of wide applicability. All that do good prepare the way for those who follow them, and all who anywhere seek to do good find they have had forerunners whose action is making their service more intelligible and more useful. None of us have any adequate estimate of the work which resulted in twenty years in a gathering of confessed disciples forty times as many as they were when they began. Let us rejoice that no "labour in the Lord" is ever vain.

CHAPTER VII
THE LAST STAGE

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THE LAST STAGE

JENKINS had left China in March, 1911, arriving in England in June. He seemed as if the rest—which, however, did not include much repose—was going to restore him completely. His friends had almost forgotten that some rheumatic disorder had strained his heart in his boyhood. The weakness was renewed by the years of labour he had endured. The brightness of his disposition made him ignore his personal ailments. There was work to be done which interested him, as work always had a fascination for him. Dr. Moorshead was ill part of the time, and Jenkins gladly took part of his work in the mission-house. He enjoyed his deputation work. He delighted in perfecting the plans for the new hospital in the Eastern Suburb, in collaboration with the Building Committee. He keenly entered into and sought

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to master the newest experiences in medical science, especially in ophthalmic surgery and town sanitation, and he enjoyed his home and his children.

Then the news was flashed of the Revolution breaking out in October, 1911, in various places hundreds of miles from each other—in Hankow on the Yangtse, and in Tai-Yuan, in Szechuan, and then in Si-an-fu.

The news every few days grew darker. We learned that half of Tai-Yuan was burnt down ; a large portion of Wuchang, the neighbour city to Hankow, was destroyed by fire ; then that a large part of Si-an-fu had shared the same fate. Then the news of the murders of foreign missionaries in Si-an-fu, of missionary children and native school-children, alarmed all still more. Mr. and Mrs. Donald Smith were at first reported killed, though, happily, both survived their injuries.

Then, a month or six weeks later, some hints of the brave and generous effort of Mr. Keyte and his friends to relieve those left in Shensi were received, until at last, about the end of 1911 or the very beginning of 1912, the safety of all whom the relief party had brought from

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Shensi was wired home. And then it was learned that Drs. Robertson and Young and Mrs. Young, and Mr. and Mrs. Shorrock, had refused to leave Si-an-fu, where their services were so much needed, and where all the authorities represented that their staying would be of great service to the city and help them to quiet the anxieties which all the people felt.

That such an appeal should outweigh even the urgent message of our Ambassador at Peking, who had taken the keenest interest in the safety of our brethren, did not surprise us. Nor did the wish of brethren to return to China.

Jenkins felt keenly his absence from work which must overtax the strength of those left behind. But for a long while—indeed, till autumn—they could get no permit to travel inland from the coast. But the moment permission was given for *men* to travel, he and Mrs. Jenkins and their children started for China; Mrs. Jenkins and the children staying at Shanghai, and Dr. Jenkins proceeding from Shanghai alone. He arrived a few days before Christmas, 1912, warmly welcomed, and intensely glad to relieve the additional strain thrown on his beloved colleague by the neces-

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sity of Dr. Young leaving for home after the operation for appendicitis left him well enough to travel.

The two colleagues were glad to meet, not merely to recount the trials and triumphs which those who had been on the field in the last nine months had endured or achieved, but to make plans for the future. There was the long line of stations they had planned out towards Tai-Yuan. Who was to go to Sui-te-chow, the most northern station, which in Jenkins' opinion, long before expressed, ought to have two medical men? Were they going to get the additional missionaries they had sought from England?

There was a question as to co-operation with the Chinese medical men who had been appointed to supply the city with medical wisdom. These men were raw youths in comparison with Jenkins and Robertson; but "office" made up for want of knowledge in their authority, and they invited the assistance of the two Fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons with some condescension in their manner.

The two missionaries felt that no question of

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etiquette or precedence must prevent the cooperation, on any terms, with the New City Medicals, with all it might involve. They valued the access to the quarters which, under the name "Chelsea Hospital," they had got the authorities to provide for those gravely damaged in the war. They had to consider how the medical work in San Yuan, in Fu-yin-tsun, and Yen-an-fu, could be effectively met, without the capital, with its supreme necessities and opportunities, being stripped of its staff. The new year commenced. Stanley conducted the service, in which all the missionaries in the city joined, speaking on the word which for between three and four thousand years has been the Church's comfort in all changes, "Lord, Thou hast been OUR HOME in all generations" (Ps. xc. 1).

About the middle of February a message came to Robertson from a Swedish or German missionary who had been stationed in Kansuh—the province dividing Shensi from Thibet—saying his baby boy had smallpox; that he was bringing him down to Si-an-fu, but asking if Robertson could send any help by which their travel could be made at once more

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swift and easy. The message was dated Pinchu, a place on the road four days' journey from Si-an-fu.

He got the note at four o'clock, and while arranging for a sedan-chair, and an extra horse for a servant, he had his tea and started to meet them. The sun set at half-past five; in that latitude twilight is very brief. The moon (in its first quarter) set about midnight, and he rode out into the dark at a pace which let him do the four days' journey in two. They, unfortunately, passed each other on the way.

In the issue it was found that the little child, thus blessed with the solicitude and love of parent and doctor, was not suffering from smallpox, and soon was better. Robertson returned, getting back in three days, and rejoiced that he felt so "fit" after such a strenuous ride.

There was nothing to throw light on the origin of his illness, but evidently he had met with some typhus contagion on the road, for he ailed a little for a fortnight, and then, on March 5, Jenkins insisted on his keeping his bed, his temperature being 104° . Eleven days

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later, on Sunday, March 16, 1913, he entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

For him that Sabbath-day was "a morning without clouds," but for the rest in the city the clouds were heavy. For Keyte, writing on the day before Robertson died, writes: "Jenkins is gone to bed with typhus fever." In the morning, before they got him to lie down, he had performed some operations with a high temperature. Some fear from the beginning moved them. He himself had said: "If this is typhus, I shall go, because my heart won't stand it." Still, the attack was lighter than Robertson's, and he never had the excessive temperatures that were so overmastering in his case. He wanted to see his wife and the children. They wired for her to come without the children, in order that she might travel more swiftly, as a fortnight's journey left little time to reckon on. He was conscious all the time up to within a few hours of the end, and, strange to say, enjoyed his illness, which brought leisure for helpful memories. "You know," he said to Keyte, "this has been a great privilege; I have appreciated this week." He felt that

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“he had been bathed in Christianity since the moment he was born”; he had “taken many things for granted, but now, with nothing to do but lie here and have time for rest and thought and prayer, he could face the eternal verities.”

And the result was “absolute” conviction that his hope was well founded.

When the typhus abated, they had great hopes he might still be spared. But the heart weakness had been increased; two or three bad heart attacks, lasting twenty-four hours each, oppressed him, and restlessness wore down his strength. His wife was with him the last two days of his life. The last moments of consciousness were occupied with the whisperings of faith and hope, and then, on Sunday, April 6, 1913, three weeks after Cecil Robertson died, his soul took its flight to “the mountains of myrrh and the hills of frankincense.”

* * * * *

It seems hardly right to close the record of personal experiences without adding that the roll of our missionary losses was not completed by Stanley Jenkins' death. Two and a half months later—June 22, 1913—Miss

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Beckingsale joined the great cloud of witnesses. She had started for China fifteen years before. Greatly gifted, she had studied at Cheltenham College, and then won a scholarship, by which she went to Somerville Hall, Oxford. She specialized in science and mathematics, and her degrees of B.Sc. of London and B.A. of Dublin witnessed to her power. Big as the intellect she consecrated, her heart was bigger, and she was the embodiment alike of kindness and faith. She was, first, at Fu-yin-tsun, but had hardly got into full power before she was driven out by the Boxer movement. She returned in 1903, and put in ten years' noble work in the capital. She was roughly treated in the outbreak of the Revolution; and as she was still suffering from an illness brought on by her journey north to Sui-te-Chow in the beginning of 1911, she was constrained to depart with the relief party in January, 1912. She remained in Shantung, and returned to Si-an-fu with Miss Shekleton as soon as return was possible.

It seems strange that three workers, all so brilliant, all so genial and so full of creative or contagious goodness, should be removed in just over three months. There will still be

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murmuring about "waste of ointment." The Lord saw no waste in Mary's offering, and none in theirs. It is something of immeasurable worth that they stamped their likeness on so many souls, and filled a province with "the odour of the ointment."

CHAPTER VIII
SOME GENERAL REFLECTIONS

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SOME GENERAL REFLECTIONS

THERE are some impressions made on one's mind—especially on the mind of one who has been associated with the work of our China Mission during the whole of its labours in our present fields of work—which seem worth accentuating. As I have already stated, no missionary in China excepting Dr. Richard was on our staff when I joined the Committee in 1870. He had been appointed to Chefoo, and did good work in that immoral city, but it gradually became a deep conviction that it was a mistake to commence Christian work in a city with all the characteristics of the Wapping Highway of fifty years ago. So he resolved to strike inland, and in 1874 took up his quarters at Tsing-chow-fu, handing over our fifty converts in Chefoo to the care of an American Baptist Mission.

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Less than forty years ago the Baptist Missionary Society had not one convert in Shantung, Shansi, or Shensi. To-day it has about 7,000 church members, notwithstanding a persecution worse than Nero's.

To these you have to add the dead who died in the Lord, and some who, under strain of temptation, "hid their faces" from their Saviour, but whose faith was eclipsed rather than destroyed. To estimate aright this harvest, you have to weigh the converts whose courage and steadfastness were supreme, as well as count their names.

Can that be a losing cause which, despite the strangeness of the Gospel, despite the conceit of the Chinese race, despite the antipathy of a self-respecting nation to a nation that had introduced the opium curse to them, can commend itself to the hearts of Chinamen with such power? The 300 communicant converts that Hudson Taylor found in China when he arrived in 1853 have become 200,000 now—sixtyfold in sixty years.

It is not our wisdom to overlook the triumphs of the Gospel abroad or deny its claims at home. And if here in England and

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there in China the Gospel brings saving and blessed light, it can only be because the same God who is the Maker of the soul of man is the Author of the Gospel.

We do not wisely in despairing of the continuous and ever-growing victory of truth. "God has made us for Himself, and our hearts are not at rest until we rest in Him." The great faith of the old prophets in the expansion of the Messiah's dominion "from the river to the ends of the earth," which would permit all men to "see the glory of the Lord" and to rejoice in His salvation, was due, not to imagination, but to the vision of the pure in heart, which sees what God is sure to do and man to welcome.

Add all collateral and secondary blessings to the supreme blessings of grace—Western light, Western science, Western literature, Western ideas of liberty—and a great amazement at the results of a *very little labour* will possess us. It is only a "handful of corn on the top of the mountains" that has been sown, but the fruit thereof already "shakes like Lebanon."

A second reflection, apt to be overlooked,

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but important to be remembered, is the effect of Christian missions in developing greatness in the missionaries. We feel rightly that often the greatness of the work done is produced by the greatness of the man who does it. We forget easily that often the greatness of the man is due to the greatness of the work attempted and, by developed force, achieved.

The heroism and the faith is effect as well as cause. Dr. Richard's greatness in accepting responsibility in daring great dangers—the famine fever from which every worker that fought the famine of 1876-1878 suffered; the toil, *lasting for some years from sunrise to midnight*—was further developed in obedience to the impulse of mercy and the gradual conflict with difficulties and dangers. And the heroism which went through the Boxer troubles, and returned the first moment it was possible to the place of danger, was something that on-lookers could almost see growing.

The heroism shown by Keyte in the relief party he led to Si-an-fu, and in the second relief party he led to rescue Swedish missionaries on the borders of Mongolia, dignifies the story of our Mission and of our country. It is

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only explicable when we remember how swiftly virtues grow when they meet and master a strain that threatens to destroy them.

And the doctors and the ladies amid the perils arising from three hostile armies bending their energies each to capture Si-an-fu, pursued their work with cheerful, sometimes even humorous, energy; and their heroism grew under the tasks they took in hand.

The force of faith that made all calm the day they dreaded fire and sword, and that maintained the heavenly hope in death when our friends went through the dark valley, was a faith hardly possible to those of us who live at home at ease.

The biggest personal reward that comes to any of us who serve Him is not what God gives to us, but what God makes of us—by developing in us the daring will, and the power to see Himself.

We pay too large a price for pleasure, gold, or ease. The gift of the large heart is God's exceeding great reward. For want of it the other things men covet cannot even be enjoyed.

Our missionaries risk health, suffer hardship,

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face death, live in poverty, but "their reward is great in heaven." "Christ dwells in their hearts by faith." Rooted and grounded in love, the highest harmonies of delight are in their spirits, and they know as none others do what is the hope of Christ's calling.

But these do not exhaust their rewards.

The vast results of their actions augment their delights. "They see of the travail of their soul, and are satisfied." Lord Lawrence declared that India owed more to the missionaries than to all our Civil Service there, noble as that service is.

We have had experiences in our own national history which illustrate the results of all quickening that touches the souls of men. To the Reformation we are bound to trace many revivals in other forms of national life. The heroism which made the times of the Armada so brilliant in history grew directly from the religious stimulus. The glorious literature heralded by Shakespeare, Spenser, and Ben Jonson, owed much to the same stimulus. Science took a new start and glory under Sir Isaac Newton from the same great stimulus. The liberties of England owe more than can

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ever be realized to the Puritanism which the study of the Bible produced. Without the religious revivals under Wesley and Whitefield in the eighteenth century, raising the tone of the nation, the political and social advances of the nineteenth would have been impossible. "The Second Adam is a quickening spirit" is a text whose proof and illustration are world-wide. And all that Christ by His Gospel is doing, everywhere, He has been doing for the last few generations on a large scale in China. We are not "spending our strength for naught and in vain" in telling our fellow-men the Gospel story. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

CHAPTER IX

WORDS FROM THOSE WHO KNEW HIM

CHAPTER IX

WORDS FROM THOSE WHO KNEW HIM

THE following words from intimate colleagues—Mr. Keyte, Mr. Shorrock, and Mr. Evan Morgan ; from Miss Shekleton ; from a Catholic priest who, with his colleagues, had felt the charm and been benefited by the services of Dr. Jenkins ; and from one of the native pastors who wrote condoling with Mrs. Jenkins, will be a fitting finish to this record of a friend's life :

From the Rev. J. C. Keyte.

SI-AN-FU, SHENSI,
NORTH CHINA,

April 8, 1913.

MY DEAR MR. JENKINS,

I hardly know how to write. Any words of ours must seem so empty, and we here are feeling numbed. Whilst the nursing continued one could scarcely think. Now I lie awake, and if it is not Stanley, it is Robertson who comes

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to the brain and heart. I have asked Miss Shekleton to write to Miss Jenkins, as I thought that it would be something for her and you to have a woman's word about it all, and one who was with him throughout.

For the first day or two we all hoped it might be the old rheumatic trouble. Stanley had had twinges the week previously. On the Monday, March 3, coming home from Mr. Ross's * in the evening, he fell and twisted his knee. It was not serious, as it turned out, but very painful, and Robertson, who was with him, sent a boy here for the stretcher and brought him home. Robertson had that day sickened for typhus, though none of us knew it. Stanley kept to bed with his knee. On the Wednesday Robertson was 104°. He had kept up till then, fearing Stanley would get up if he knew. Robertson hoped it was only a touch of the sun. For a day a conspiracy of silence kept Stanley in ignorance; then he found out and got up. He attended Robertson till March 14. The day previously he had performed operations with his temperature at 101°. On Friday he insisted on seeing out-

* The Postmaster.

Words From Those Who Knew Him

patients till dinner-time ; then I found out he was 102°, and got him to bed and undressed. Robertson died on the Sunday, and we had to nurse Stanley and keep a bright face. But he found out by the Monday or Tuesday, and after I came back from the funeral on Tuesday he wanted to know the details.

His typhus was less heavy than Robertson's, and he had the benefit of Miss Shekleton's skilled and devoted nursing. It was very evident that nursing was almost everything in such a case.

When he first was ill he said to me : " If this is typhus I shall go, because my heart won't stand it." Then he asked, did I think his wife could get up in time. He worked it out, and wanted her so badly that we wired for her to come if possible, and to come without the children. Only so could she come quickly enough.

He did so well after this that he set himself to make a good fight for it. He used his wonderful brain and will right through. He was doctor and patient in one ; and when Miss Shekleton was not on duty he was nurse also, till he felt assured we had learnt how to do

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things properly. He himself had not known before how to *nurse* such a case, and he got me and Dr. Scollay to learn from Miss Shekleton.

Like Robertson, he asked us to read to him ; but as he never had the dreadful temperatures Robertson did, he could follow the line of thought. Once he made me read in St. Francis de Sales. I tried not to, as I feared the tax, but he insisted. All through the typhus period he never fully lost his hold on consciousness. After a time he would talk as if in his sleep, but whenever you addressed him you could pierce through to his consciousness, and he understood and answered brightly. This made his medicine and food taking quite simple, and whenever he felt he needed any attention he could ask for it. A letter from his wife brought a lock of each of the children's hair, and he showed them me, and wished me to look at a message for me in the letter. He fought so well partly, at any rate, because, as he put it, "I should like to see my kiddies again."

After some days of it he said to me : " You know this has been a great privilege. I have appreciated this week. I have been *bathed* in Christianity since the moment I was born, "

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should think, and inevitably have taken many things for granted. But now, with nothing to do but lie here and have time for rest and thought and prayer, and faced with the eternal verities, I have had to examine for myself into the very fundamentals."

And I said: "And you find that the fundamentals stand fast?" And he replied: "Absolutely, absolutely."

We all noticed a marked maturity in his Christian grasp and his whole outlook. He was ripening for heaven. He was older and graver in every way.

The old fun would flash out at times, and he would complain across the table at the way "Ma" treated her lodgers—I kept house for Stanley and Robertson and Creasy Smith—and he enjoyed general conversations and books. But he always quickly fell back on what had become an habitual seriousness of thought: there was so much to be done, and so few of us, and so little time for the doing. Many times I told him he had grown wonderfully like his father, and even without beard and pince-nez he seemed graver than you. He tried hard to keep his bargain of a half-day's

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holiday a week, but it was often difficult. He and Robertson had both been increasingly feeling that the hospital administration, and particularly the nursing department, needed keying up, and they threw themselves into what to me seemed an appalling amount of detail work. In spite of a Red Cross and a Military hospital opened by the Chinese, the hospital here was busier than ever, save in the war-time. Robertson had at last got the medical storeroom put in good order, and was so proud of its appearance.

On the Sunday evenings we always have a hymn-singing with the boys and patients. Stanley thought a lot of this. He led the singing and service; I was his organist, and Robertson and Ross and Behrens (the two postal men) often helped. We tried to keep down his preaching work, but he would get a deal of it in.

After the typhus was over he had two or three bad heart attacks, each twenty-four hours, for some days. On Sunday, March 29, we feared it was the end. He pulled me down to him and held me. I had heard from his wife at Shenchow, six days away, but had not told

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him, as I feared he'd weary himself trying to reckon out dates and stages; but now I told him, thinking it might be a spur. He understood. I leaned over and kissed him, and said, "You'll stay with us if you can, won't you, Stanley?" and he roused and assented. His rallying power was wonderful, and he seemed to fight with his will and intelligence. Once in the night, seeing Miss Shekleton and me looking, I suppose, troubled, he whispered to me: "It's all in God's hands; it's all quite right." We were strengthened and rebuked and enlightened by it.

He got daily a very little better and stronger. By the Thursday we were hopeful. It did seem as if, with great care, he would pull through. The great enemy was the restlessness, and the doctor dared not give morphia, Stanley's heart being what it was. Creasy Smith got back on the Wednesday from Hankow, and he and Dr. Scollay carefully went over Stanley, and were very hopeful. But nothing could keep down the restlessness, and he wore himself out. I suppose heart trouble is mostly like this. But it was a bitter disappointment.

His wife was wonderfully brave and good,

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and so far bears up splendidly, much better than I. Till the end I had to ward off the sorrow for Robertson as best I could in nursing Stanley and keeping bright for him. Now the place is desolate. And yet it seems more necessary than ever to try and keep things going, if we may help in some small measure to conserve their work. But my heart aches for you and Miss Jenkins. I could not be with you those days at Conway House without finding out something of what he was to you—how you planned to get his telegrams and to meet him at the east coast.

For your sake as well as for his, I am deeply thankful that I was here through it all. You at least feel that someone you know was with him. He and I had got over trying to hide our affection from one another years ago. He was always the same—always strong and faithful and loving. I think he was comfortable these last months, as far as he would let himself be, and with the longing for his wife and family. We happened to have good boys, and the housekeeping ran easily. Sometimes after the evening meal I would lure them to stay awhile. Often I would play hymns quietly on the little

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organ, and Stanley and Robertson and Creasy Smith (if here) would sit and read papers, or chat or hum, and for a little time forget their everlasting "si-ch'ing" (affairs to be seen to). Sometimes one would read and the rest listen. We had times in the morning after breakfast for prayers, and Stanley liked to talk over the passage. His prayers had grown richer and fuller, and very beautiful and strong—like his life.

He was conscious till within a few hours of the end. He held his wife's hand in his, and stroked my face as I knelt by him. His wife breathed over him the words, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit"; and the message that came to our minds was, "To be with Christ, which is *far* better." If only some of us were as ready as he was to go to the Saviour!

With Christian greetings and deepest human sympathy to you and yours, I am, dear Mr. Jenkins,

Yours faithfully,
J. C. KEYTE.

Herbert Stanley Jenkins

From the Rev. A. G. Shorrocks.

TIENTSIN,

April 21, 1913.

MY DEAR MR. JENKINS,

It was only two days ago, on my arrival here, that I heard of Stanley's death. It has come as a great shock, and we cannot realize our loss. You know how we esteemed and loved him, and how we have been his debtors. We share your sense of deep loss. His life, though short, has been thorough and whole-hearted, and will not be—*has* not been—in vain.

I am grieved deeply for Mrs. Jenkins, whom I hope to see in a few days. May the God of peace and all comfort be with you and sustain you all in this most heavy trial!

Yours affectionately,

A. G. SHORROCK.

From Miss Shekleton.

SI-AN-FU,

April, 7, 1913.

DEAR MISS JENKINS,

It has been suggested to me that you might like to have a letter from me, as one of those who nursed your brother through his illness. I know how precious every detail of

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the last weeks of the life of your loved one must be, and that you will be thankful to hear what we can tell you. All that I have to tell is of patient hopefulness in suffering and of thoughtful consideration for others in all the conscious hours ; when delirious, there was no distress nor a word that was painful to hear. His illness showed forth as clearly as his active life the beauty and loveliness of his character and his perfect trust in Christ. I can only look on it as a privilege, to have helped to care for one who lived so close to his Master, and who must have been so dear to Him.

I was first asked to nurse Dr. Jenkins on March 15, when he had been two days ill, but was unwilling to give in. He was at the very first inclined to think that there was very little hope, but after the first day or two he became very hopeful as to recovery, of which we felt thankful. He made a splendid patient, being most docile in doing what was felt best for him, especially when I asked him not to try to move himself, so as to save his strength as much as possible. His mind kept perfectly clear for much longer than is usual in typhus, and he clung pathetically hard to consciousness.

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On the first few days he liked me to read to him a few verses at a time. On the third morning he asked for some verses in Philipians, but could not remember which chapter he wished, and asked me to choose. I read to him about Paul's choice—"to live is Christ, to die is gain"—and he was so delighted, saying that was the passage he had been trying to think of. He then talked for quite a little time, very thoughtfully and clearly, about his willingness to go, except for leaving his dear ones. He made one feel how *very* near to Christ he was living.

The next morning he chose the fourteenth chapter of St. John, and thanked me, saying, "That is very comforting." After that it was too much effort for him to listen to reading. Once, in an interval of consciousness, I said, "You do feel Christ very close to you, don't you?" and he said, "Yes; it would not be possible without——" But could not finish clearly.

It must have meant everything to your brother to have had Mr. Keyte with him all through his illness. He loved him so much, and, when conscious enough, used to have such a beautiful smile for him when he came

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in to take his turn in nursing. After the crisis there were days of great anxiety, but in the following week Dr. Jenkins seemed to gain strength, and Dr. Scollay, who helped to nurse him devotedly, became more hopeful. Reassuring telegrams were sent to his wife, who was getting nearer stage by stage, and he was very happy in the prospect of seeing her soon. There was some fear as to whether the excitement would not be too much for him, but he was carefully prepared, and on the Friday morning Mrs. Jenkins was taken to his room, and was able to help to nurse him all day. There were two happy days given to Mrs. Jenkins, in which she was able to be a great deal with your brother. What a comfort it will be to her always, that she was able to be with her loved one at the end! Soon after I went to take my turn of nursing on Saturday night, I saw a change in the breathing and pulse of the patient, and sent for the doctor. Later on Mr. Keyte came in, and we watched anxiously all night. The change for the worse was very evident, and a terrible disappointment. Later on Dr. Smith was sent for, and Mrs. Jenkins was told of the change. She

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was very, very brave, and was with her husband all day, till the moment when the Lord called him to be with Himself, at a quarter to seven on Sunday evening.

It is not possible to describe to you how deeply the loss is felt by both his fellow-missionaries and his Chinese friends; he was in every way such a splendid worker, and his Christian character so true and beautiful. It will be a heart-breaking sorrow for you and for his father. I trust that God Himself will comfort you as only He can. Your brother's life has been such a beautiful life, lived so entirely for Christ, and I am sure that his memory is enshrined in many loving hearts, and that blessing *must* have come to some for all eternity through his life and his words. With very deep sympathy,

Yours faithfully,

MARY E. SHEKLETON.

[TRANSLATION.]

From Stanley's Teacher and Hospital Clerk.

April 7, 1913.

BELOVED MRS. JENKINS,

How sad that our so dearly beloved Dr. Jenkins has left us to return to heaven!

Words From Those Who Knew Him

It causes me wholly to grieve. I know the doctor's so beloved wife must also be wholly sorrowful.

But it is very important, we must not be like those that have no hope, because the Saviour Jesus whom we believe in, everlastingly, will not betray our trust.

He says, "I go in order to prepare a place for you" (John xiv. 3).

For this reason we know that we afterwards shall all go to Him there.

I exhort you, lady, never again to sorrow beyond measure. I hope that the lady and her children will always receive the Lord's protection and peace.

YUAN HSÜ.

From a Roman Catholic Priest (Father Hugh).

April 7, 1913.

DEAR MRS. JENKINS,

I beg to be allowed to convey to you the expression of the deep sympathy I feel in your sad bereavement. All who have known Dr. Jenkins—and to know him was to be attracted to him by his unwearied kindness and the charming refinement of his personality—share in your sorrow.

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Happily, where human consolation fails, faith teaches that nothing which concerns us happens without the eternal decree and co-operation of an all-wise and loving Providence. This Job expressed in the words, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; as it hath pleased the Lord, so it is done." And Christ, in His terrible human agony in the garden, fortified Himself with the thought that His sufferings came from the hands of a loving Father : "The chalice My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?"

Our supreme solace in affliction is the Divine will. May God, who has laid a heavy cross upon you, give you the necessary grace and strength to bear it, after the example and following in the footsteps of His beloved Son.

Yours very respectfully,

HUGH.

From Father Hugh.

April 7, 1913.

DEAR MR. KEYTE,

Our mission offers its heartfelt sympathy in the double sorrow which afflicts yours.

Dr. Robertson's loss was heavy to bear ;

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how heavier it becomes by the loss of Dr. Jenkins!

You can best speak of him; but from the moment I knew Dr. Jenkins I was attracted to him by an indescribable charm, due, I should say, to a combination of high intellectual faculties, refined sensibility, and a rare courtesy of manner; his kindness to us was inexhaustible. His public services were such that his name has become a household word in Si-an-fu.

If we feel sad because his life has closed so far as our limited vision extends, we are comforted in the thought that it has only begun in the eternity of happiness to which God has called him.

Yours very sincerely,

HUGH.

From the Rev. Evan Morgan.

143, NORTH SZECHUEN ROAD,
SHANGHAI,

May 7, 1913.

DEAR MR. JENKINS,

I wish to send you my deepest sympathy in the loss and bereavement which has overtaken you by the loss of your son. Our mission has suffered an irreparable loss in his

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death. He was so well qualified by disposition, experience, and training, not only to advance the medical branch of the work, but he also had administrative gifts of a high order, such as would be of great help to the Church in service. And besides all this, his linguistic abilities and natural courtesy of manner assured him at once an entrance into the Chinese affection and esteem.

Now we, with you, are called on to mourn the unexpected and lamentable death of this gifted son of the Church. We feel it deeply, and our sorrow helps us to some extent to enter into yours. We mourn with you and grieve with you. I did not think he looked at all well when he was in Shanghai, and when I went to see him off on the river steamer, it was evident to me that he was far from strong, and hardly fit to go up to distant Shensi. But his sense of duty and cheerful courage were so strong, and the one helped the other in such a way, that he was animated by a calm resolution to proceed and help in the work of that needy province. I pray that God may abundantly bless you and yours and his widow and young children, and that we all may emerge from

Words From Those Who Knew Him

these trials stronger, purer, with our hearts more fixed on the things that are above.

With very kind regards to you and your family, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

EVAN MORGAN.

From the Rev. E. F. Borst Smith.

"ROSEMONT," QUEEN'S ROAD,
FRINTON-ON-SEA,

April 8, 1913.

MY DEAR MR. JENKINS,

I have just heard of your very sad loss in the passing away of your son, and my wife and I wish to hasten in sending an expression of our very sincere sympathy.

My wife and his travelled to China together in 1908, and we were married at one service, and have all along known him intimately. We cannot fully realize yet how great even to us is the loss; but we know how much deeper is yours. May you be sustained in this time of sad bereavement! We pray that our Heavenly Father's consolations may be richly yours. With deep sympathy,

Yours very sincerely,

E. F. BORST SMITH.

Herbert Stanley Jenkins

From Dr. Charter, Tai-Yuan-fu, and Si-an-fu.

42, LONSDALE ROAD,
BARNES, S.W.,
April 8, 1913.

DEAR MR. JENKINS,

Although I have not the pleasure of knowing you well, I feel I must write and offer you my most sincere sympathy in the great loss you have just sustained. I, too, feel as if I had lost a brother, for I had grown to regard Dr. Jenkins as an elder brother. A better colleague and a more considerate one I could not have wished for. I shall always regard it as one of the great privileges of my life that I was allowed to know him and work with him.

It is hard to understand why God should have taken him in the prime of life, but He knows best, and some day we'll understand. With kind regards,

Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE A. CHARTER.

The following letter from Dr. Creasy Smith gives replies to some questions forwarded by me to Mr. Keyte. Coming at the last moment,

Words From Those Who Knew Him

when the MS. was going to the printers, it is added here :

SI-AN-FU, SHENSI,
December 14, 1913.

I have been asked to answer a few questions regarding Stanley Jenkins and his life and work in Si-an-fu. It is indeed a "labour of love," for we had been brothers from the time when he came out to China with me in September, 1904, until his death this year. Though not living with him continuously after the first year of work together, I have paid frequent and extended visits to Si-an-fu, often staying with him for months at a time, and so speak from experience and observation.

1. How far had the Si-an-fu Hospital developed when Jenkins took charge ?

The *out-patient department* was in full going order, with an attendance of from 50 to 120 patients on men's days (according to weather and the time of year), of from 10 to 40 on women's days (Mondays and Thursdays; and Tuesdays and Fridays respectively). Wednesdays and Saturdays were reserved for operative work on in-patients and the more serious out-patient cases, which would have taken too

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much time to attend to properly on out-patient days.

In-patients were not numerous as yet—10 to 15 would be an average—for it takes years to win confidence and break down prejudice; and whereas thousands were quite willing and anxious to avail themselves of the “foreigners’” help and medicine, taking it in their own homes, still, he needed to be a bold man who would venture in those days to come and live *with* the foreigner, submit to taking his “dream medicine,” and allow him to use the knife on his body.

There were only *two assistants*—Mr. Li Ren and “Sonny,” both of whom had been in England and returned at the same time as Stanley. Others were raw men or boys without any training.

2. What is the size and population of Si-an-fu?

According to Colonel Pereira, a British officer, Si-an-fu city walls are $2\frac{1}{4}$ by $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. North, south, east, and west, are walled suburbs, the east being much the largest and most populous.

Population of city is between 250,000 and

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300,000. Within a radius of ten miles there is quite easily from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000.

3. Site of hospital is on the south-east edge of the most densely populated part of the city.

4. The relation of Stanley's medical work to the evangelistic.

In his estimation both were of equal importance; and when he had gained a sufficient knowledge of the language, he took a full share in the morning and evening prayers with patients and assistants, in the larger preaching services, and in conferences and larger gatherings of the church. Latterly his command of language and flow of speech were wonderful, and his addresses were clear and lucid, instructive and helpful.

5. What sort of a soul-winner was Jenkins?

I cannot say. I believe only God knows such things. I cannot mention any definite man's or woman's name as being won by his instrumentality, but I have ample evidence of his earnestness in prayer and solicitude for the salvation of his patients' souls and those of his assistants and helpers. I know he spent seasons of private prayer for the souls of men and

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women he had to do with daily, and it was a frequent thing for him to have a man or a lad in his room to reason with him and pray with him. I do not doubt there are "stars in his crown."

6. What of his methods in dealing with Chinese (*a*) helpers, (*b*) patients?

(*a*) He strove to be helpful to his helpers, to be just, kindly, and instructive. He was not slow to point out their faults, but he did it in such a manner that it was almost impossible that offence could be taken. With some he took much pains, and spent much time instructing them; and I know he gave liberally of his means in helping to pay for the education of prospective hospital assistants.

(*b*) With patients he was patient, gentle but firm, considering the prejudices and fears, winning their confidence and trust.

7. What of his influence in the province (*a*) with foreigners, (*b*) with Chinese officials?

(*a*) I believe his influence amongst his fellow-missionaries was very great. All had great confidence in his opinion and judgment, his skill and ability, and I have met many in other provinces who have had need to consult him

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when passing through Si-an-fu, and who have expressed to me in no measured terms their admiration for his manner, character, and bearing.

In all the years I knew him I never saw Stanley show temper, or say bitter or sharp words to or about persons. He was wonderfully patient and forbearing, persuasive and kind, and I have frequently heard others remark upon his sweet and gentle disposition and winning ways.

(b) With Chinese officials: I cannot say; I cannot speak from experience.

8. What of his skill as a surgeon and in overcoming difficulties?

His surgical skill was really wonderful—quick, neat, sure. His diagnosis was seldom mistaken, and he undertook many an operation which older men would hesitate about, and saved many a life which would have perished under other hands.

Considering the outfit, the assistance available, the unsuitability of native Chinese houses for hospital purposes, he certainly did marvellously.

The writer was under his skilful hand for

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three different operations, and so speaks feelingly and from experience.

Doubtless you have from other sources all details of his last months and days here in Si-an-fu. A year ago I came up to this city from Hankow with him ; saw a good deal of him through the winter ; was with him when Cecil Robertson was taken ill, and was able to help in nursing Robertson until within four days of his death, when I was obliged to return to Hankow. Stanley saw me off in the early morning, apparently in fair health, though not strong ; he had had a touch of his rheumatic trouble a few days before, but had recovered. I heard afterwards that he had to go to bed that very afternoon, with high temperature, and did not rise again. This I did not know until many days later, when, on my way back from Hankow, I received a wire. Hurrying as fast as possible to render any aid in my power, I was only in time to be with him for the last four days of his life. Not a word of complaint did I hear from his lips, though he suffered at times sorely. Putting his hand on my head only a few hours before his death, he said :

Words From Those Who Knew Him

“Dear old Jack!—dear old Jack! . . .” And the brotherly love and tenderness in his voice was a benediction. He was truly one of God’s gentlemen.

J. A. C. SMITH.

* * * * *

His Lord said unto him :

*“Well done, thou good and faithful servant ;
thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will
make thee ruler over many things : Enter thou
into the joy of thy Lord.”*



SKETCH-MAP OF BAPTIST MISSIONS IN NORTH CHINA, SHOWING PLACES MENTIONED IN THIS VOLUME.