GLEANINGS
FROM
CHINESE FOLKLORE

NELLIE N. RUSSELL

Wilbur F. Wilson
Pleasant Valley

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Nellie V. Russell

Gleanings From Chinese Folklore

BY

NELLIE N. RUSSELL

With Some of Her Stories of Life in China, to which are added Memorial Sketches of the Author from Associates and Friends

COMPILED BY

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To Miss Russell's fellow-workers, who still have the joy of service in the great old-new land which she loved; and who tread the unfamiliar ways with more strength and courage, because in many of them she was the Pathfinder, this little volume is affectionately dedicated by

M. H. P.

La Mesa, California,
January, 1915.

FOREWORD

IT was in the autumn of 1890 that I sat one evening looking into the face of a young woman who was passing through Tung-chow on her way to her new field of work in Peking. A few words about her work in the past explained the sadness of the brown eyes which had already seen many life tragedies in her five years of city mission work, but their merry sparkle when she entered into the happy flow of talk about her showed that her sympathies were as full and rich for joy as for sorrow. Hers was one of those rare natures in which all the lives about them are relived. Such lives are intense, but their earth span is short.

Before many years Miss Russell knew the life histories of most of the thousand Christians connected with the Peking Congregational churches and outstations, knew them with her heart as well as her head. The timepiece was never made which could tell her that the night hours were passing when she sat in a humble, dirty home in a far-off outstation beside some toil-worn, heartsore woman, listening to the details of the sordid daily life, and the wrecked hopes, then resurrecting hope, and

ennobling life by linking it with the Divine life. She took no note of the lapse either of time or strength when, in her city home, she entertained guests of high or low degree with equal courtesy and charm. Hers was the gift of making even the brief, formal call an opportunity for speaking the word which might lead to an upward look or an outward vision.

The Chinese pastor came to Miss Russell with his problems, also the child with her new toy. She loved flowers, animals, and children, the latter with the passionate love of a mother-heart. One who watched her taking a little dead goldfish out of the water said, "Don't keep goldfish any more, it hurts you so when they die." But the things which hurt could no more be put outside of that wide-embracing life than could the things which gave a thrill of joy, or enraptured her with a sense of the beautiful.

The tragedy of 1900 brought to one of such wideness and depth of friendship and intimate knowledge a sorrow whose outward tokens were whitening hair and a physically weakened constitution. The first massacres in the country brought refugees to Peking, to whom she ministered day and night. In the British Legation she went to the hospital to nurse wounded soldiers when she needed herself to

be carried there on a stretcher. Naturally sensitive not only to pain but to danger and to all that was unsightly or repulsive, her sufferings during those two months cannot be measured. The year that followed was a drawn-out agony, as she heard the stories of martyrdoms, listened with tense sympathy to the tales of returned refugees, gathered orphans and widows into schools, and with a faith that never faltered planned to build up the waste places. She might indeed have said, with Paul, "I die daily."

Miss Russell was large in her plans as well as in her feelings. The past could not chain her, the present could not bind her. A Bible school for women rose in her future, and after it became a fact, and others were doing most of the routine work, she passed on to work into a reality dreams of a school for women of the higher classes, with lecture courses, mothers' clubs, and training for social service, a work which for many years to come cannot reach the proportions of her vision. There could be no more fitting memorial for Miss Russell than buildings which would help to make her dreams come true. If Mark Hopkins, one student, and a log made a college, Miss Russell, a Chinese woman, and a tiny Chinese room made a Social Settlement.

Miss Russell was not always logical and judicial. Her virtues carried their dear earthly defects with them. From those who disappointed her hope after long patience of love she might recoil into an attitude which seemed like prejudice. Sometimes she walked so far with others into the Valley of Baca that no strength was left to make it a well.

It might seem that the outpouring of her life was too lavish, and so injudicious. But who knows? The impulse which went upward in prayer and outward in loving service had its fruition in a clearer vision of the earth mission of the Master, a vision for herself, and a vision for the thousands with whom she came in touch. And China needs nothing more than she needs this vision.

For those who find their richest fruition in deeds accomplished, we crave the threescore years and ten, crowded with achievement. Those whose gifts lie in loving and befriending may sooner rest from their labours, for their works do follow them, and love and friendship are deathless. Those of us in Peking who walk where Miss Russell's feet have trod still see the spiritual blossoming of that beautiful life.

LUELLA MINER.

CONTENTS

AN APPRECIATION OF NELLIE N. RUSSELL

By Charles Frederic Goss,

Her Pastor in Chicago

IT is common enough to find persons endowed with one, two, or even three of those four great elemental qualities out of which the noblest souls are made—an inviolable conscience, profound intellect, irresistible will, and illimitable affections. But to meet a man or woman having all is as moving as it is uncommon. Our Nellie Russell had all. For four years she was an inmate of our home and, during all her remarkable career as a missionary in China, we kept in the closest possible touch with her and her work. As a result of this intimate acquaintance we learned to look upon her as an unique and even wonderful woman. Life took hold of her with tremendous power and so did she of life. To see all things clearly, to feel her solemn responsibility to every soul that crossed her path, to act with decision and determination in every emergency, was as natural for her as to breathe.

Her great dark eyes were at some times like deep wells at the bottom of which truth lay, at others like stars emitting a tender light, and at others like hot coals flashing fires of generous and righteous wrath.

Righteousness never went unpraised nor unrighteousness unrebuked or unscourged by Nellie Russell. She loved the good and she hated the evil of life with equal ardor. Her sympathy for those in trouble cost her a sort of agony, her love for her friends was an undying passion. When she went to China she took its great people into her very heart. All men, women, and children were brothers and sisters to her, and to spend and be spent for them was a spiritual hunger.

During a memorable week of one of her vacations spent in our summer cottage we were made to marvel at her insight into human nature and into the great problems of life. As we listened to her modest story of her experience in the siege of Peking, or heard her merry, ringing laugh whenever the ludicrous elements in social intercourse or surroundings appeared; when, in our little motor-boat, we saw her great eyes beam with delight at some fresh form of nature's loveliness and heard her exclaim with irrepressible enthusiasm as we floated here and there among the islands, " Oh,

it is as beautiful as the Orient!" we seemed to be in contact with the very soul of the universe in some peculiar manner.

And when we heard of her death! oh, that was hard indeed! Again and again we had written her that there was a room in our home reserved for her perpetual use. It was a cherished hope to have her with us when her work was done, but it was too good and great a hope for realization here.

If this seems like overpraise to you, just let it go at that. You did not know her, or you did not appreciate her. We never heard her overpraised! She has ever been and ever more must be a pure, inspiring presence in our lives.

NELLIE N. RUSSELL

Historical

THE enduring charm of a rich personality is ever found to be in devotion to a chosen cause. Such a personality is here presented in a brief study of an earnest life of effort and high purpose.

Nellie Naomi Russell was born in Ontonagon, Michigan, March 31, 1862. The family removed to Wisconsin when she was very young, and there her father died when she was about eight years of age. She was the second of four children whom the widowed mother took to Vermont to live with one of their uncles. He also was soon taken away, and the family removed to Ludlow, in that state. Nellie, however, spent much of her time at West Rutland. Here she united with the church, and attended school, until her mother's death in 1877. At this time the eldest sister, Janet, was in Michigan, and the following spring Nellie, with her brother William, joined her there, while the younger sister remained with their guardian, Dr. D. F. Coolidge, in Ludlow.

Nellie attended school in Ontonagon, but she longed to return to New England. Dr. Coolidge, at her earnest request, advanced the money for her travelling expenses from the funds of a small legacy left her by her uncle, on condition that it should be returned to the fund from her first earnings.

In the autumn of the year 1879, Nellie, although so young, taught a country school, boarding around from house to house, as was the custom at that time. The sum advanced to her was returned from her first earnings with the scrupulous integrity which, throughout her life, marked all her business dealings. She won the admiration of the school district by her industry and capacity for work and service both in school and out.

At the close of the session she went to North Bennington, Vermont, where she spent two years in the family of Mrs. Coolidge's sister, Mrs. H. W. Spafford.

All this time her great desire had been to prepare herself for missionary service. In order that she might get the education requisite for it she toiled and saved until she was able to enter Northfield Seminary, which had just been founded by Mr. D. L. Moody. After the first year she was given a scholarship. With this as a help she was able to meet all other

expenses by what she earned during vacations. All she had received from the scholarship she later returned to the institution she had learned to love. At Northfield she spent four years in study and congenial work. During the last two years she roomed with Lila Peabody, now Mrs. Edward F. Cragin of Brooklyn, New York, with whom she formed a friendship, one of the most intimate and strongest of her life. It is to this friendship that we are indebted for the few details of the years between her entrance into the seminary and going to China. She was an eager, enthusiastic student and was recognized at once by her companions as a leader, was made president of her class, and of the first missionary society formed among the pupils of the Northfield Seminary.

Mrs. Cragin says of her, "She was of a deeply spiritual nature. I remember her telling me that from her early childhood she loved no stories so well as those of foreign missionaries, and that she hoped, even when a little girl, that some day she might become one.

One June morning, just before graduation, Mr. Moody took us for an early drive. He told us of a plan he had for us to go together to Chicago, to be pastor's assistants and Sunday-school workers in Mr. Moody's, the Chicago Avenue Church. The Rev. Charles F. Goss

was the pastor at that time. It seemed a large undertaking for two inexperienced young women to go from the little village of Northfield to the great city of Chicago, and to engage in such a work. But Mr. Moody felt confident of the results and assured us that we could do it, and so we made the venture.

Our experiences the first winter were strangely new and varied. We worked under Dr. Goss's directions, calling upon church members and others who we thought might be influenced to attend the services. We also visited the sick and helped such as were in need in the neighbourhood.

Our Sunday-school work was among the very poor, and in localities where we went with not a little trepidation. Our custom was to select a street and to call from house to house, from family to family. We asked the children of those visited to come to the Sunday-school, and gave them cards telling them when and where to go. In many cases the parents could not understand English, but, as the children practically lived on the streets and so picked up its language, they understood us when we asked them to come and to bring others with them. In this way we gathered the children into Sunday-school, the boys into Miss Russell's class and the girls into mine. Miss Rus-

sell soon had a class of one hundred and fifty or more boys. In connection with this there were organized evening classes. The help of young men, who taught the boys carpentry and other kinds of manual work, was secured, and they were encouraged to seek other vocations than those of newspaper venders and boot-blacks. Some showed unusual talent, but had no opportunity for study or advancement. Miss Russell wrote to Mr. Moody with regard to them and asked if an arrangement could be made by which the most promising could be admitted to Mt. Hermon. He gladly entered into the plan and carried out her wishes. A number of these boys thus entered Mt. Hermon school and afterward took college courses. They were accompanied all the way upward by the sympathy, advice, and assistance of Miss Russell. She kept in touch with many of them all her life, corresponding with them after going to China, and hunting them up during her furloughs in this country.

Miss Russell's great characteristics were, I think, the giving of herself unsparingly for others, and doing this with sympathy, tenderness, and love. One incident, among many which I recall, strikingly illustrates this. During the anarchist riots in Chicago, when even men did not dare go into the disturbed neigh-

bourhood, Miss Russell went without fear, and without protection, to the anarchist headquarters to comfort the little old mother of one of the condemned men.

After five years of earnest, successful work in Chicago, Miss Russell, well fitted by such training, felt that the time had come for her to go to the distant field, which she always had kept in view. The way was opened for her to enter the work in China under the Woman's Board of the Interior in connection with the American Board of Foreign Missions. She accepted the opportunity as the fruition of the hope and desire of childhood, girlhood, and young womanhood, and in twenty-one years of devoted service made "good proof of her ministry."

The record of the rare life of Miss Russell is in the hearts of many to whom she was very dear. It is suggestive of some of her loveliest qualities that it has been difficult to secure anything beyond the bare historical facts with regard to her early years.

The brief outline, given by the only sister who survives her, Mrs. J. R. Branaman, and a lifelong friend, Mrs. D. F. Coolidge of Ludlow, Vermont, show how heavy were the burdens of her youth and explain, in a measure, her peculiar and yearning sympathy for toilers

struggling under difficulties for an entrance into a larger intellectual and social life; for widowed mothers, caring for groups of children, and for young students making their way with little aid through courses of study. Of her own early experiences she rarely spoke. In years of close companionship I learned little of them beyond the ever-recurring suggestion of her rich inheritance from a father of deep religious faith and a mother brave and tender, with the highest standards of duty. These so impressed her daughter that, in incidental ways, they were often implied in the reasons given for her choice of lines of conduct.

Her warmth of affection for her own was apparent in every mention of them, and knowing this, one can realize what separation from them, even in childhood, meant to her. She truly "Bore the yoke in her youth" and learned to carry it so buoyantly, and walk under it with such elasticity of spirit, that one's memory of her is always that of largeness and joy rather than of mere patience or resignation. She knew better than most of God's children how to delight in all the beautiful things her Heavenly Father had placed in the earthly environment, and it was not until disease and sorrow had wasted her reserves of strength that she began to speak often of the life be-

yond. To that she looked and for it she longed, not as rest from service but as larger opportunity and wider vision. The springs of her life deepened as the physical resources were depleted, and we who were much with her during the last years often realized that she drank from celestial fountains and in weakness found courage and power among the Hills of God. In the long night watches when pain was her companion, and the burdens of those about her who claimed her never-failing sympathy pressed heavily upon her loving spirit, she would often light the candle at the head of her bed and read from some author of insight a poem or other glowing page, ponder it for relief, and bring to us at the breakfast table the result of her thought upon it, in a radiant face and a gentle aloofness from everything petty and trivial, which banished mere gossip or small talk and sent us refreshed to our tasks. She, worn with sleeplessness and anxiety, was yet the inspirer and comforter, and all with a self-effacing sweetness which sought no recognition of what she gave! Indeed, in her quiet dignity, she made any allusion to, or expressed gratitude for, such obligation difficult.

So it was with her intercourse with the Chinese. She came from interviews with individuals or groups of women with the most

delightful stories of those she had met. There were almost always among them "Such a charming" or "Such a bright and lovely lady." She set their striking characteristics before us in racy, sympathetic stories to which we, in the Ladies' Home, listened with delight, and went from the recital to our routine duties with a sense of having been introduced to a fresh circle of attractive friends from day to day. But of herself and what she had done for them, rarely a word! She who gave herself so lavishly, who had by her wonderful tact and charm won from each their best, had nothing to tell of how she had come to learn so much of these strangers. One of her sentences was rarely introduced by "I said" or "I told her." Yet we, who sometimes caught a glimpse of the inner life, knew that she made a constant study of methods of approach and went with prayerful preparation to meet the various calls.

She, more than any other missionary whom I have known, held herself conscientiously free from the restrictions of fixed hours and a teaching schedule, that she might be at liberty for large social and individual service. It was her aim to come into intimate touch with many and to order her days so that she might be ready to respond to every call which came.

In this, as in everything to which she really set herself, she was singularly successful.

It was beautiful to see her welcome a group of curious visitors and make them feel that their interests were hers and, for the time, the thing of most importance. In a little while she knew something of their personal history and, before most hostesses could have gotten beyond the merest conventionalities, she was touching, tenderly, the sore spot in some life, with words of help and healing.

From the very beginning of her life in China Miss Russell realized the importance of the country work. For years she spent more than half her time in the outstations connected with the Peking church as a centre. This work involved long and trying journeys and great physical fatigue. On these trips she established herself whenever practicable in a room or rooms of which she could have control. Here she could receive guests and give, by the attractiveness of her surroundings, object lessons in home-making. To any who desired to follow her example she gave advice and help so unobtrusively that it never seemed like criticism or an assumption of being wiser or better than they, but just ordinary neighbourliness. She knew so well that "It is more blessed," and also more comfortable, "to give than to

receive," that in the happiest ways she made herself debtor to those about her. She learned from the Christian women many Chinese household arts and liked to show her missionary associates of less dexterity that she could feed a fire under a native kettle with as little waste of fuel and as large result in the boiling of porridge as those to the manner born.

The stories published in this volume were gathered in long evenings when she wanted relief from the constant giving out from mind and heart, and were sought also that those who had treasured them in memory might, by imparting, feel themselves her aids and instructors. In those days the kerosene lamp was a luxury almost unknown outside the large cities; never seen anywhere in the homes of the poor. Even foreign candles gave so much clearer light than the smoky open lamps, filled with the native bean or cottonseed oil, that her room seemed brilliantly illuminated even though she had only a tiny lamp or a candle on its table. It was sure to be daintily clean, for, whatever her surroundings, she was a lady always and everywhere and tidiness was a part of herself. So was her love of beauty, and one can never think of her without some flower or picture to attract the eye and give a touch of brightness to the room in which she sat. On these coun-

try trips she wore the native dress and her dark eyes and hair made her seem more at home in it than many Western women. She was careful so to select and combine colours as to be attractive to Chinese tastes. As she had advisers on every hand, in this also she seized her opportunity to rely upon them, and let them feel their importance to her as counsellors.

As I have read over the tales I could well imagine the scene in her little temporary home; the small room with its brick kang—the brick platform—on which her folded bedding was piled; her books on the table, and her guest or guests in the seats of comfort, if such there were, certainly in the seats of honour, for in all such matters of Chinese etiquette she was punctilious; she, sitting with eager attention, listening to the one who told the story as it had been handed down in the home or the village for generations. Perhaps she had been off for a long drive over bad roads during the day, had spoken to a restless crowd in a court, or by the roadside to a group of women gathered on the river bank, each with her bundle of clothes to be washed on the stones in the flowing stream. She was very weary and how tempting a quiet evening by herself, or with only her dear Bible woman helper as com-

panion, must have seemed, but she had the engagement with this teacher or that Christian brother to listen to his tale. She asked many questions as he went on and her pencil jotted down names and a point here and there, that when he was gone she might write out a skeleton, with the hope of using the material some time to help friends in America to a better understanding of these neighbours of ours on the other side of "The Great Eastern Sea" for "Eastern" the Pacific is to China and so her people name it.

These manuscripts she had put into shape roughly in summer vacation days and so we found them after she had gone.

It had been her cherished plan to edit them carefully, add to them other stories of Chinese life as she had seen it, and make a volume which should be the contribution of her leisure, after retirement from active work, to the new understanding of the people whom she loved by those of her own land.

She had come to realize, as the later years brought increased physical suffering, that the time might be short and said many times in the last few months, "I must get my stories together on my next furlough, whether I come back to China or not."

The furlough never came, but instead, the

call to "Come up higher." During the brief final illness she seemed to have no thought that it might be the end. There were no farewells, no last expressions of a wish that this or that should be done, before she passed into the unconsciousness from which she never wakened here. Her friends, knowing the purpose and desire of the years, have felt the fulfilling of it by the issue of this little volume, a sacred trust. The first thought was to do the editing which she planned, but every attempt seemed to take from the stories that which made them hers. Characteristic phrases and little turns of expression were her very own. The pages have, therefore, been left with only such alterations as were necessary to complete sentences or make meaning clear, with no attempt at such improvement of literary style as she herself would have given them.

They are issued for the sake of the many who loved her and who will prize them as coming from her hands, and as representing one of the activities of her many-sided life. As the expense of publication is borne by friends, whatever money returns come from their sale will go directly to the work to which Miss Russell gave her latest strength, "The Hall of Enlightenment," or Ming Lung Tang in Peking, which is a growing social centre and the

point from which radiate lines of influence which touch the lives of the women of that city in a variety of ways. She was its originator and her memory is still its inspiration.

Mrs. Goodrich's appreciation, on page 31, gives the story of these later years and presents forcibly many of the especially striking characteristics of Miss Russell. To this has been added Mrs. Ament's account of the funeral services in Peking. Miss Russell died at the summer resting-place, Pei Tai Ho; from thence the casket was taken by rail to the city, an eight-hour journey. The desire of the women, that the monument at her grave should have a Chinese as well as English inscription, has been carried out. Every spring a company of those who loved her, and looked upon her as their leader, meet at her grave to sing Christian hymns, place flowers upon the mound, and recall the beautiful life from which they learned how full of fruitfulness and blessing fifty years of Christian discipleship could be made.

MISS NELLIE N. RUSSELL'S UNIQUE WORK

By Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich

An Appreciation

THE twenty-second day of August the cable flashed across the Pacific the news that Miss Nellie N. Russell of Peking had succumbed to illness and was no more.

Those who had not known Miss Russell intimately can little guess the grief that came to every heart which knew her in China, whether belonging to the missionary body, American or British, the Legation circles of these countries, or the countless hundreds of Chinese who had felt the beautiful uplift of her personality. While at school at Northfield, Dwight L. Moody came to know her, and this reader of men at once saw her rarely winsome gifts. I, who have known and loved her for these twenty-one years, would like to write of her life in China, hoping perchance that some whiff of that beautiful fragrance may enter the hearts of those who read and make them more beautiful for God.

It was in 1890 Miss Russell came to Peking. One never could think of her as being a bachelor maid, she was so womanly. How we revelled in her pretty clothes, so dainty and becoming—so fit. The home-making instinct was so strong that she was not content, as others had been, to live in the families of married missionaries, but just as soon as possible secured a house, that she might have a home. It was simplicity itself, but every nook and corner breathed the woman,—home-maker,—and it was always open to her friends, Chinese and Western.

Very early in her missionary life she felt the call of the country village work. Dressed most carefully in Chinese garments, for many years she spent months at a time away from Peking, living at some branch station, making trips to nearby villages, holding classes for women or visiting them in their homes. She purchased a cart and mule, and with a young serving-man from the better class who respected her every whim, consenting to be carter, cook, protector, whatever Miss Russell wished, she went everywhere.

And how wonderfully she entered into every one's life, whether of the evangelist, his wife, the Christian school teacher, the wife of the richest man in the region roundabout, the old

lady tottering to her grave, or the young daughter-in-law, the bride, or the little mischievous boy. "With heart at leisure from itself," she drew out from each one his story. She never went in the spirit, "Now-I-am-holier,-more-civilized-than-thou,-therefore-hear-ye-me," but rather in the spirit of one who sought to find out the interest or the hunger of each one's life, and so somehow bring it in touch with the Lover of all. Such discoveries as she made of possibilities in the lives of this one and that!

On returning to Peking for work in the city, she again wore the European dress. There was something in her nature that compelled her to have things suitable if possible, and she at once felt the dress that other foreigners wore would meet with greater acceptance in Peking.

When the Boxer storm began to gather, being so much in the country in the winter of 1899 and 1900, she saw, as few did, the blackening clouds. The persecution of each Christian took a mighty hold on her sympathetic heart. Ah! no one who was out of China can ever realize the strain of the months preceding that awful cataclysm, the agony of those months in the siege itself, not because of self, but because of missionary friends, and because of the chil-

dren begotten of the Lord, who were out unsheltered in the fury of that wild and awful storm.

At its close, with no reserve, Miss Russell poured out her love and sympathy on the one hand, and on the other sought to regather the church in city and country, and to find work and help for men, women, and children. The situation was all abnormal, and Satan slew many with the poisoned darts of revenge and greed, whom he could not slay otherwise. Oh! but these things almost broke her tender heart. Her hair grew grey and the power to resist disease and overweariness lessened, yet the spirit of our friend rallied, and she entered into the joy of the Conquering Christ.

When she saw that she could not take as long country trips and endure the same fatigue as formerly, she set all her energies to work in bringing the Bible school for training women workers into being, and in reaching city women. This did not mean giving up her country work, only less prolonged visits.

Following the sudden but prolonged sickness and the death of Dr. Ament, no one knew as did Miss Russell the work of the pastors, evangelists, teachers, and chapel-keepers, in the city and in the large country field, which reached into a few walled cities and many

market towns and villages. It was she who gave her days and nights for many weeks, and even months, to helping Dr. Charles Young, the only gentleman then in the Peking station, settle and rearrange the work. More than once the midnight hour found her still in conference with Chinese workers, strengthening those who were strong, exhorting the weak, and in some cases reporting and removing those who were proving inefficient, and even unworthy of their trust.

The pastor of the North Congregational Church, after the Hague Conference, invited a Chinese friend who had been on the commission to come to the church and tell about the meetings. This meeting he advertised widely, and it was enthusiastically attended by many non-Christians. Miss Russell, seeing the opportunity, began both at this and the First Church to have simple lectures for women on the great Fair days, three times a month.

These lectures were given sometimes by Chinese, sometimes by Westerners. and covered every kind of subject. She invited noted ladies to come and address these meetings. In this way she and her associates made hundreds of friends among women of every rank in society. Her associates helped receive and entertain, sometimes for hours afterward, the many

guests who came, showing school, kindergarten, museums, etc.

With rare tact Miss Russell showed her appreciation of all things in Chinese life that were really beautiful. She read the papers, learned the newest phrases, found out what Chinese women loved, the motive of their acts, and, best of all, helped every one to be her best.

How they confided in her! The wealthy, aristocratic sisters, whose brother, drawn away by the skilful efforts of some European gambler, was gradually losing all their property; the ardent Confucian lady teacher, who was using her property for the establishment of a school for girls, and who so longed to bring to Chinese and Manchu women the teaching of Confucius to make them forceful in their lives; the high official's wife, who would learn from her how best to work to banish polygamy; the princess who in Mongolia would establish a school for Mongol girls; or the wives and sisters of high officials who would open schools or work against the evils of the cigarette or of opium. Chinese youth and Chinese women are in that sensitive state—the state of real life and growth—when they long to originate and execute for themselves. It is the sign of independence, and while it leads to mistakes, in the end it will lead to more vigorous thinking and ac-

tion. No one unassociated with Miss Russell can understand the tactful way in which she made suggestions.

This past winter (1911) Miss Russell and Mrs. Ament opened rooms in a court directly opening from a gate on the main street, where they received their lady guests, held classes and small lectures, etc. Nowhere in Peking was there a daintier, prettier reception-room. It was a joy of every Chinese heart. There were always flowers, the flowers they loved, and tea served in the daintiest manner. The Chinese, in the desire to be " enlightened " and like Europeans, which has temporarily seized them, have too often banished their beautiful furniture from their reception-rooms, substituting an inferior European article. In this room there was a beautiful blending of European and Chinese furnishings, with Chinese largely predominating.

Some of the ladies, when they found they would be free to have meetings here, said, " So often we want to meet together, we who are interested in the progress of our women, and plan and talk over matters. It is not easy. We come from different ranks in society. We are not free to open our homes, as we do not control them, but we are so grateful that we may come here. You do not laugh at us. We are new

to all this and we know are often bungling."

Another said, and she a lady of high rank and highest breeding, "One thing I have discovered. If ever Miss Russell encourages any movement for our betterment, I am always sure I can indorse it. Some of the suggestions of the Chinese ladies I cannot favour, but Miss Russell is so wise, so careful, so good a friend of the Chinese, I can always trust her."

Our friend, not content in keeping this means —the lecture and class courses—of reaching women confined to our Mission, one day a year ago invited the representatives of all the Missions in Peking to her study. There she unfolded a plan by which these might be repeated in every Mission and each of its centres of work in the city. This eventuated in a plan for fifty lectures, often a missionary and a Chinese lady speaking on the same subject, and thus reinforcing each other.

Seeing, too, the great result following the union evangelistic meetings for men during fairs held in the spring and early summer at the temples, her fertile brain conceived a plan for a union effort on the part of all the various Christian workers for women. Tents were erected, seats rented, tea served, and there large and small groups of women heard the Gospel message for the first time. The result has been

that several of the Missions have opened new centres of work in the city, near city gates, or in the suburbs.

The tireless brain is still—the living heart has ceased its beating. The loss to our work in Peking only those who knew and saw what she was able to do and to inspire done can fathom. Miss Russell always carried with her the dignity of her womanhood, yet with never a sense of independence. She sought the help of men and in some way drew out all their manhood and chivalry by her belief and trust in it. Her nature never was distorted by her work, but her power to love and enter into others' lives increased with every passing year.

Her love for little children—the new-born babe, the toddling child, the merry boy or girl, was peculiarly reverent and beautiful. Her face often expressed an abandonment of joy as she watched the children play, or laughed at their wise and witty sayings. She took time for friendships, of which she had a few very close and dear. She never failed a friend in time of need.

She loved, too, the social life, being always most punctilious about her calls at the Legations and Customs, and on her Chinese friends of official families. She went not from a sense of duty, but from real pleasure. She heartily

enjoyed intercourse with the cultured ladies and gentlemen of these circles and was often able to bring them into touch with her Manchu and Chinese friends with real advantage to both sides.

"And was she perfect?" you ask. Ah, no! She had her strong likes and dislikes. She had her battles to fight, but each year, as her thoughts dwelt more and more upon the Lord and Master of us all, His power to uplift and to save, she grew in likeness to Him, and now she sits radiant in the Heavenlies, enjoying Him who was her life, and who can doubt but that He whom she loved and lifted up will draw the souls she knew and loved, up and up, even to Himself.

MISS RUSSELL'S FUNERAL SERVICE

Mrs. Mary P. Ament, who has been closely associated with Miss Russell during the past year, sends the following account of the last loving services rendered to our beloved missionary:

MANY friends had roamed the hills and meadows, bringing a variety of flowers—wild pinks, fine everlastings peculiar to Pei Tai Ho, also a feathery foliage, and had massed them on piano and organ before the pulpit with beautiful effect.

Intimate friends went slowly down from the service to Ivy Lodge, the Stanleys' pleasant home, where Miss Russell had been spending the vacation days and where she died. As we entered the room and saw our friend of many years, she seemed asleep, yet in repose one felt the power of her personality, her high purpose, her dignity. The casket was covered with heavy pongee and lined with cream-white crêpe. She wore a white embroidered dress, and about her lay sprays of cypress vine. Her beautiful silvery hair made her look so queenly!

The long journey to Peking accomplished,

a large number of friends, foreign and Chinese, awaited us, and next morning followed the flower-laden bier to the cemetery.

There, as one listened to the discriminating words of Pastor Li in his address, and Pastor Wang in his prayer, it brought keen satisfaction to think that the fragrance, the real essence of such a life, was perceived by those for whose welfare she had laboured. Rev. Mr. Stelle, speaking in Chinese, emphasized our opportunity to show our respect for her by seeking the things which she valued. In English, he told us of the comfort sought by the dear friend in the Twenty-third Psalm, which she asked to have read to her the day before she left us. He read the Psalm and offered a prayer in English.

At early dawn the messenger came and, taking her by the hand, ascended the heavenly heights. "And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever."

These words are full of comfort, but as yet we feel the need of her ministry so keenly that only the knowledge that the same God who strengthened her is with us still enables us to move forward and conserve what we may of her lifework.

With severe limitations of health she yet wrought with delicate touch and a beautiful fabric was merging from beneath her hands.

I must allude briefly to the beauty of the day, with its clear shining after rain, the deep sorrow of the devoted friends who followed the bier on foot over miles of roadless distance from Ch'ienmen to the cemetery, that quiet, ivy-walled inclosure in which stands the chapel where the service was held—a tender, impressive service.

We had thought that few American or English friends could be present at this time of year, when the foreign residents are away from the city, but we were mistaken. Two secretaries of Legation, physicians of the Union Medical College, fellow-workers, and old-time friends were there; native pastors, Bible women, and church friends, servants and guards of honour sent by the military governor of the city and by the chief of the civil administration. The chapel had as many people standing as there were sitting. The casket with its covering of beautiful vines and white flowers, roses, day lilies, tuberoses, spirea, stood in front of the altar and was carried by the friends to the grave, where loving hands had arranged the beautiful wild date branches and vines as a lining. There, a short service with Pastor Jen and

Teacher Ch'uan taking part, and a prayer and a hymn.

The mound as we left it was beautiful with the sides covered with the green vines and date branches, and on top the lovely floral pieces and coloured flowers, two great wreaths of the long palm leaves and roses, and at the head a floral cross. There in the quiet and peace among the trees we left it. Some of the Chinese are already saying, " When a stone is erected, let it have one Chinese word upon it, just her name, then we can find her grave and every spring at the ' Ch'ing Ming '—feast of all souls—we will go out and honour her memory."

There is a hush upon us all. God has come very near and taken our Great Missionary from us. We shall not look upon her like again.

GLEANINGS FROM CHINESE FOLKLORE

BY

NELLIE N. RUSSELL

A TARTAR JOAN OF ARC

MANY hundreds of years ago, there lived far away in the northern mountains of China a very beautiful girl, named Liu Chin Ting. She was an only daughter and having no girl companions came to spend most of her time with her brothers. For long years the country had been rent by rebellions and wars. The children, breathing in the spirit of their fathers, played at sham battles and dreamed of rescuing their land.

Chin Ting came gradually to be looked upon as their leader, her wise little head was full of plans, and her eyes would flash fire as she gave her orders to the youths who followed her.

Her deeds were talked of far and near and the people began to say, "Surely a God has come down to lead us, and help us hold our mountain against the roaming tribes of banditti.' When she was but sixteen years old she was placed at the head of the mountain clan. The men and boys looked upon her as the French did upon Joan of Arc and gave her their fullest confidence and devotion. She knew their mountains, all the paths leading up and down, the places which needed to be

guarded, the caves where she and her soldiers could hide and spring out upon an unsuspecting foe.

The men of the land had either been away fighting, or at home tilling laboriously their poor lands, so there was no one who knew the hills and valleys as did Chin Ting. In every attack she was successful until the neighbouring tribes were subdued and left the little kingdom in peace, for, they said, " We cannot fight against a god! "

When their enemies were thus overcome Chin Ting's father and mother thought that the time had come when their daughter should marry. From the north and the south, the east and the west, came offers for her hand, but she would listen to none of them, for she said she had still to rescue her land from their great southern foe, the Chinese.

Her parents laid their commands upon her until at last she yielded so far as to say, " I will marry none but the man who can defeat me in my own mountains." She wrote her vow on a tablet and had it set up in the main pass through which all must go to reach the heights.

Many were the battles fought by the heads of the other tribes, but she easily held her mountain.

One day the general of the northern Sung

dynasty, Kao Chun Pao, on his way to report to the Emperor, crossed the pass and seeing the tablet read the inscription, and in disgust broke the slab into bits, saying, "Is it possible that in our great land there is a woman with so little self-respect as thus to proclaim her want of feminine delicacy? She must surely be some great overgrown ugly creature. I would stamp upon her even as I do upon the broken bits of this tablet," as he ground them under his feet.

A man of the mountains, who had heard from his lookout post the bitter words, ran in hot haste to Chin Ting and told her all that the General had said and done. The proud maiden was furious at being thus scorned, and blowing her horn summoned the men of the mountains to hear the insult offered her and to revenge her wrong.

Meanwhile General Kao had decided to give battle and punish this woman.

While he was making inquiries as to who she was, her men came upon him with great fury. With amazement the famous general saw the young girl who led them. The engagement was long and severe, but resulted in the defeat of the Chinese leader, who was made a prisoner and carried to the home of Chin Ting to be beheaded.

Now, General Kao was a very handsome young man of distinguished bearing.

His admiration for his conqueror was so evident in his looks and words, that he not only disarmed her anger but won her heart. She decided to marry rather than to kill him. The wedding was hastily arranged, and the General with his bride set out at once for Peking, to take his report to the Emperor and to take command of a large force which was to move southward from the capital to recapture the city of Yang Chow, which was in the hands of southern rebels. According to the law of the land, any officer, under orders, who married during a campaign should be beheaded. When the Emperor heard the story of General Kao he ordered that he be degraded and at once executed, but later, as he heard more and more of the valour of the wife he had taken, he said, " If she will take the city of Yang Chow, her husband's life shall be her reward." She was given command of the army in place of Kao Chun Pao, who was allowed to accompany her as assistant.

She led the army to the south and attacked the city day after day with resistless energy and resourcefulness. After a long siege the stronghold fell into her hands. The Governor was taken prisoner and sent as voucher for the

completeness of her conquest to the Emperor. On his arrival the papers granting pardon to her husband were sent to Chin Ting, and she was made Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial forces. For thirty years she led them in many victorious battles and recovered much territory which had been lost by the northern kingdom in previous years. A picture showing her attack on the gates of Yang Chow is a great favourite with the Chinese, and always on sale at the New Year when Chinese homes are freshly decorated.

A DAUGHTER OF THE ORIENT

TWO thousand years ago, in the time of the Han dynasty, there lived in China a man by the name of Chun Yü I. He was a small official and, because of some offence by which he had angered his superior, he was sentenced to have his feet cut off.

Great was the sorrow in the home when the decision was made known. No fires were lighted in the kitchen, for no one could think of eating. With deep sighs and bitter tears Mr. Chun bewailed his fate. "Alas! alas!" said he; "how bitter is my lot! Had I a son he would suffer for me. To me have come five daughters. Ah! had the gods only been good and given me one son! What can girls do? Indeed I am accursed."

Hour by hour he thus lamented. His wife and children mourned and fasted, but "Alas! what can we do?" was their hopeless cry.

The fateful day came when the father must go to the capital, there to receive his punishment.

In the early morning his little daughter "Glory," only ten years old, came and knelt down before him, and with many tears be-

sought him to allow her to accompany him. He refused, but she persisted with prostrations and knockings of her head on the brick floor.

"If you do not let me go I can but die. How can I live through these days and not know how you are? I must go. Indeed I either go or die." All of these words were accompanied with so many knocks of the little head on the bricks at his feet that the father gave way and told her mother and the servants to get her and her nurse ready for the journey.

On the road she told the servants that, as early as possible, after reaching the city they must find a way for her to see the Emperor, for she was going to plead for her father.

Now, in those days the Emperor of China was not shut away from his people as he was later, and little Glory was taken by her father's steward to the palace gate. Here she knocked her head to the soldiers on guard and asked to be allowed to see the Emperor.

The hearts of the rough men were touched by her distress and sweet, pleading little face and the request was sent in to the palace. Word came back that little Glory was to enter. With trembling hands and quivering lips, but shining eyes, she knelt before her Emperor. Many times did she make her prostrations, and

at his command she told her story with much weeping.

She told him how good and kind her father was; that every one loved him; he had never made a mistake before, and indeed the thing for which he was to be punished had been much exaggerated. She finished with, "O Great Emperor, I entreat you to allow me to become one of your slaves and thus redeem my father's mistake, and secure his pardon. I shall have long years to serve you, and my father is old. Alas! alas! the gods have given him no son to plead for him, and I am but a little girl! I entreat, I beg, oh, hear me, Great and Glorious Emperor, spare my father and let me be your slave forever."

The Emperor's heart was melted within him as he looked upon her distress and heard her voice so full of anguish; and, telling her to rise and stand near him, he said, "You are indeed a filial daughter. A country with such an one is blest like the possessor of a precious jewel. I pardon your father and restore his official position; and you may go home with him."

The Emperor then called his ministers and commanded them to have it published abroad that from that day the punishment of cutting off the hands and feet of criminals was to be done away with forever. "This," said he, "is an

expression of my pleasure that such a daughter of the gods lives within the ' four seas.' "

When little Glory was taken to the prison where her father was confined, she knelt before him and told him of her visit to the palace and the Emperor's promise. Great was his surprise that his little daughter had saved him, and it was with difficulty they convinced him of the truth of her story.

When he could no longer doubt he said, " My life is sweet because the gods have given me such a daughter. What need have I of sons? "

THE WILD GOOSE AND THE SPARROW

THE great Chinese sage, Confucius, had a son-in-law, Kung Yeh Chang, who understood better than any one before or since his day the habits of birds. So much time and study did he give to them that tradition says he understood all bird language and many stories are told of him in this connection. He built a beautiful pavilion in his garden, which was rich in flowers, trees, shrubs, and ponds, so that the birds loved to gather there; thus he was able to spend many delightful hours in their company listening to their wise and unwise talk.

Many of these conversations have been handed down the past two thousand years in the wonderful folklore of China, and from these one can see the influence they have had on the customs and traditions of the people.

Among the Chinese the wild goose has the reputation for having more virtues and wisdom than any other bird. This is brought out in the following story. One day, while Kung Yeh Chang was resting in his pavilion, a small house-sparrow lit in a tree near-by and com-

menced singing and chattering. A little later a wild goose dropped down by the pond for a drink. Hardly had he taken a sip when the little sparrow called out, "Who are you? Where are you going?" To this the goose did not reply and the sparrow became angry and asked again, "Who are you, that you should be so proud and lofty you cannot pay attention to my questions? Why do you consider me beneath your notice?" and still the goose did not answer. Then, indeed, was the little sparrow furious. In a loud, shrill voice, he said, "Every one listens to me! Again I ask, who are you with your lofty airs? Tell me or I will fly at you," and he put his head up, and spread his wings, and tried to look very large and fierce.

By this time the goose had finished drinking, and looking up he said, "Don't you know that in a big tree with many branches and large leaves the cicadas love to gather and make a noise? I could not hear you distinctly. You also know the saying of the Ancients, 'If you stand on a mountain and talk to the people in the valley they cannot hear you,'" and the wild goose took another drink.

How the little sparrow chattered and sputtered, shook his wings, and at last said, "In what way are you, with your long neck and short tail, better than I? In what is your value

greater. Tell me, and if you can prove it you shall be my teacher. What, for instance, do you know of the great world? Now, I can go into people's houses, hide in the rafters under their windows, see their books and pictures, what they have to eat and what they do. I can hear all the family secrets, know all that goes on in the family and state. I know who are happy and who are sad. I know all the quarrels and all the gossip. All the other birds are glad to see me because I can tell them the latest news, and I know just how to tell it to produce the best effect. So you see that I know much that you, with your great stupid body, can never hope to know."

"We consider," said the wild goose, "that the highest law of virtue and good is to give others an equal chance with ourselves, or even to give them the first choice. Because of this we always fly either in the shape of the character 'Man,' or the figure one. No one takes advantage of the other. We believe in the 'Three Bonds,' i.e., Prince and Minister, Husband and Wife, Father and Son. Also in the five virtues,—Benevolence, Righteousness, Propriety, Knowledge, and Truth. With us, if the male bird dies, the female flies alone; if the female dies the male flies alone; if both parents die their young fly alone for three

years. We have our unchanging customs of going north in the spring and south in the winter. People come to depend on us, and make ready for either their spring work or the cold of winter. Thus, while we have not known the family or state skeletons and the gossip of the women and servants, we are a help to man.

"Now, you have no laws binding you. As a family, you sparrows are selfish; you gossip, chatter, steal, and drive away every one else, only thinking of your own good. Even among yourselves you quarrel. Because of these things you are treated with contempt and looked lightly upon by all. Indeed, so much so that you are a by-word. Now, we are respected and held up as models. Do you not hear parents and teachers tell their children and scholars to come and go quietly by themselves to and from school; to go straight ahead without looking to the right or left; not to gather in groups and chatter like house-sparrows? Do not the respectable people do the same on the street and in the house? Is there not a proverb that 'There are many people without the wisdom and virtues of the wild goose'? You do, indeed, chatter about small affairs like foolish women and girls and thus are beneath my notice and I bid you good-day."

All this time the poor little sparrow was

trembling with rage, and so great was it that she could not fly away nor keep her hold on the branch of the tree, and so she fell to the ground, and thus she died.

Kung Yeh Chang exclaimed as he looked at her and then at the goose away in the distance, "Ai ya [sad, sad], most of mankind are like the sparrow, but the truly superior man will be like the wild goose and follow the rules of the Three Bonds and Five Virtues."

A CHINESE HERO

Han Hsin

THE youth of Western lands know very little of the great land of China, with its long history reaching far back into the dim past. How little is known of the fierce, stupendous struggles in the long ago, when China was not one country but was composed of many small kingdoms whose people were constantly fighting with each other for supremacy.

It was in those early days that were born China's heroes who have been remembered ever since in song and story. To the Chinese but little stage setting is necessary for their national heroes. In their theatrical plays their imaginations fill in, with the help of mere suggestions, all that is needed to make their surroundings very real to them.

One of China's greatest heroes was Han Hsin. He lived in the kingdom of Chin, very many centuries ago. When he was a small boy he showed remarkable wisdom, and, although he was very small of stature, his teachers predicted a great future for him.

One day, when Han was only six years old, he and another little boy were playing ball, when the ball came down into the deep hole of the millstones. They could not get it out at first and the other lad wanted to call for help. Little Han Hsin said, "No, I will think of a plan." Finding a long stick, he began filling the hole with earth. As he poured the earth into the hole, he kept stirring the ball around, thereby keeping it on top of the earth until he could reach it with his hand.

Another time he saw a woman, in rage, jump into a large earthen water-barrel. He was not strong enough to draw her out, and no one was near, so he found a stone and beat with all his strength on the barrel until he made a hole in it near the bottom, and the water running out, the life of the woman was saved. Many such stories, and more wonderful ones, were told of him, and his fame spread all over the kingdom.

In those days every prince had a wise man, or a group of wise men, about him to give him advice regarding the affairs of his kingdom. Han Hsin was presented to his Prince by his teachers as worthy of holding such a position, but when the Prince and his officers saw how small he was, they laughed and said, "We do not want a child," and would not accept his services.

Han Hsin then went and presented himself at the court of the Prince of Chin Chou. Now, this Prince, Chin Pa, was noted for his strength. It was said of him that, if he tried, he could breathe the roof off the house; also that he could lift himself up by the hair. When he was small he was fed on the milk of the tiger. Thus his strength was not the strength of man.

When Han Hsin was presented to this Prince by his teachers as a wise man and one who could help him make his country strong, he laughed and said, "What can such a boy do? If I hold out my head and tell him to cut it off he has not the strength to do it, even though I stand still and do not resist him. How can there be wisdom in such a small boy? How can such as he help me? He cannot fight for me or wait on me. Take away the child, I do not want him."

The teachers urged the Prince to give the young man a trial and at last he said, "Here is my spear—let him hold it up straight for half a day. If he is strong enough for that, he may find something to do in my service." Alas! Han Hsin could not even for half an hour hold up the great iron spear, and he was driven with laughter and derision from the court.

When the teachers remonstrated with the Prince he said, "I want no such weakling in my kingdom."

"But you have made an enemy of him," they urged, "and if you do not use him, you should kill him. Although you, our Prince, will not believe us, we know if you let him go he will, in the end, be used by some other kingdom to destroy yours." At this Chin Pa laughed loud and long, but seeing the anxious and serious faces of the teachers he said, "I will take some soldiers and go after him, and if you wish I will kill him."

Now when Han Hsin, in bitterness of heart, was driven from the court he took the road leading to the mountains, and was part way up when, chancing to look back, he saw the mounted band coming. They did not see him, but he knew that they were in search of him. He knew that he could not escape, so he stretched himself out on the side of the hill with his feet toward the top and his head toward the bottom of the hill, and pretended that he was asleep.

When Chin Pa came up and saw him there he smiled to himself and called to his men to remount, and away they went back to the castle, laughing and making merry over the thought that any one who would sleep in such

a position, could rend the kingdom away from their great Prince.

When the teachers heard of the outcome of the pursuit of Han Hsin they were troubled and said, "It is craft and not stupidity—go back again, overtake him and kill him." To please them and for the sport of it, the Prince started out again. By this time Han Hsin had crossed the mountains and was walking on the plain. Again he saw them coming, and looking about he discovered a very ill-smelling hole, and bending over it he exclaimed, as his pursuers came up, "Ah, how sweet, how fragrant!"

This time the Prince declared that Han Hsin was entirely foolish, and he would not kill a fool, for a man who did not know the difference between the sweetly fragrant and the offensive was not one a Prince need fear.

Thus Han Hsin was left to himself, and returned to his own country and village. His own Prince, Han Kao Lin, again refused him. At that time this Prince was at war with Chin Pa and was very hard pressed by the latter, and anxious to surround himself with wise men. He could not see, however, how there could be wisdom in such a small man as Han Hsin. But, at last, after much persuasion, he gave a reluctant permission for him to be made

leader of the army which was about to set out to attack Chin Pa.

Old pictures show Han Hsin seated on a throne and worshipped by the military men and soldiers under him. They believed that he was to lead them to victory and save their country. It is said that he knew every soldier, and could tell at a glance how many there were in a company passing before him and who were absent from the ranks. He was one of the greatest military leaders, if not the greatest, in Chinese history.

One time, when engaged in war with the Kingdom of Chao, he drove the enemy to the bank of a river, but they got over in their own boats and destroyed them on the other side. Feeling secure in the thought that the army under Han Hsin could not cross that night, they made a camp and had a feast. But Han Hsin was not an ordinary man and he commanded every man to get a board of some kind and in the darkness to swim across quietly. This they did, and fell upon the merry camp and won a great victory.

Another time Han Hsin insisted on camping on the shore of the great river. His officers and men protested, and said that he was not leaving any path for retreat in case of defeat, as they had no ships or bridges and few could

swim so far. All the comfort they could get was his reply, "When defeat comes we will discuss the question." The enemy were seen coming upon them from the front, and then Han Hsin called to his men to fight for their lives, for death was certainly behind them in the river, but, if they fought bravely, they could defeat the enemy in front. This they did with great slaughter.

At another time, when fighting with the great Chin Pa, of the Kingdom of Chin, the latter shut up all but one of the roads over the mountains and awaited Han Hsin in ambuscade in a very narrow place, the only one where it seemed possible for him to get over the mountains. He did not even then know the military master that he had to deal with in Han Hsin, as it was still early in the war. Han Hsin sent out his spies, disguised as countrymen, and learned the condition of things. So, calling up his men to make a lot of bags, even turning their clothes into bags, his army set out.

On reaching the steepest place in ascending the mountains, he commanded the army to halt and fill the bags with earth. This place was not guarded, as it was supposed to be impossible of ascent. During the night, however, Han Hsin ordered an advance, and, using the bags to make a series of steps, his army went

quickly up and over to the other side, to the rear of Chin Pa's army. Here Han Hsin attacked the enemy in force and easily put them to flight. Later they recovered themselves and in many battles afterward between these two great generals neither could obtain any great advantage.

Now Han Hsin had a friend and helper in Chang Lang, a literary man who was wise and safe to trust, and who often helped him in his plans. They talked over the situation, and Chang Lang said that the strength of Chin Pa was in a company of three thousand soldiers who were all related to each other, and whose officers were also of the same clan. In some way that company must be disbanded or Han Hsin never would win the final victory. Many plans were formed, but the soldiers of the clan seemed to possess charmed lives.

At last Chang Lang came one night to the tent of Han Hsin and said, "I have found a way, and, as there is a fine wind and it is on the eve of a battle, I will try my new scheme." He then produced a large kite, the first ever made, and disclosed his plan. All these years Han Hsin had remembered how Chin Pa had laughed at his small stature, but he was that night to show him that, though small, he was formidable as an enemy.

Some of his officers were called in and fastened him by ropes to the kite and then let go. Gradually the kite ascended, and, in the twilight, appeared high over the camp of the three thousand soldiers. They were filled with terror, for never before had such a thing been seen or heard of. It was dark enough to prevent them from seeing Han Hsin at the height and distance he was from them. The kite came to rest for a few moments, and they heard a voice say, "You all have old and young in your homes. Why do you not go home to them? If you stay on, you will some day all be killed; then who will worship at the grave of your fathers and hand down the name?"

The men said, "It is a voice of a god, a warning, let us depart at once," and that night they left the camp.

The battle the next day was terrific, but in the end Han Hsin won a great victory. When urged to kill his old enemy he said, "No, let him go, for he will kill himself, and that will be better." So, Chin Pa was set at liberty and started with his army to return south. The battle had been near a river and Han Hsin knew that Chin Pa must cross it on his retreat. So, before the battle was fought, Han Hsin had written, in honey, on a big stone slab near the ford, these four words, "Heaven Destroy

Hsiang Yi." The last two words were Chin Pa's name. A swarm of ants scenting the honey crawled up to eat it, and thus outlined the characters very distinctly.

When Chin Pa came over the river and saw the stone with the four large characters he said, " Woe is me, even the worms and ants know that Heaven has deserted me. I will kill myself." And then and there, almost in sight of his enemy, the man he had regarded with contempt, he killed himself.

Thus ended a strife of nearly twenty years between two kingdoms, and Han Hsin came to be the Prince of his kingdom. Often during the time of kite-flying in China, away in the heavens one sees a kite in the shape of an old-time warrior, and few of the many beautiful and fancy kites to be seen have such an interesting story. The kite has come to be, in Western lands, merely an amusement, but in China, where it was probably invented, it ever carries with the sport the message, " Strength of mind is greater than strength of body."

A CHINESE TEA-HOUSE STORY

Chi Hsiao Tang

ONE day the Emperor Chia Ching called his scribe, the great and crafty Yen Sung, and said, "I want four poems immediately, one on each of the seasons."

The word was sent out and within a few days poems were presented and accepted on Summer, Autumn, and Winter, but not one written on Spring pleased the Emperor. Again and again the literary men wrote on the subject, but only to fail of his approbation. At last he declared in a rage that unless a poem that could be set to music and sung by the ladies of the palace should immediately be produced there would soon be fewer literary men in the country, and commanded his minister to see that his wishes were at once carried out.

Yen Sung, almost in despair, went to his steward and told him his dilemma. Now, Nien Chi, the steward, was as bold and bad a man as his master, shrewd and cunning withal. After a moment's thought he said, "Rest your heart! I know a teacher of great ability, who

lives at my inn; I will see what he can do." He called his cart, went in great state to the inn, and asked for a man by the name of Chi Hsiao Tang. When Teacher Chi appeared Nien Chi with profound bows and his most pleasing manner said, " The fame of your literary ability has come to the ears of my master, Yen Sung, and he desires you to write immediately a poem on Spring."

Chi Hsiao Tang replied, " I am a man of mean ability, but that is indeed an easy subject which you give me. Return in a few hours' time and my poor production shall be ready for you."

Nien Chi thanked him and took his leave. He returned later and the poem was awaiting him as promised. He read it with delight and said to the author, " The gods have indeed given you a great gift. One of them must have spoken to you from the Imperial heavens. My master will surely call and thank you in person." He then withdrew and hastened to the palace of Yen Sung, who seized the manuscript and read it eagerly, exclaiming, as he finished its perusal, " Thank the gods, we are saved! This is simply perfect."

Then his face fell, for on the corner of the sheet were the name and seal of the writer. " This will never do," said he. " I want to send

it in as my own, and how can I? Alas! I must still delay to copy it to-night."

The next day he presented it to the Emperor as his own " mean effort," and humbly begged for pardon that he could do no better for his great and mighty sovereign. The Emperor was much pleased and gave Yen Sung costly presents and high literary honours.

Shortly after came the triennial examinations for the advanced degrees.

Yen Sung was one of the judges of the essays. He knew that Chi Hsiao Tang would probably be promoted as he was a man of such ability, and he feared that the story of the poem would in some way reach the ears of the Emperor.

After much thought as to how to avert such a calamity, he issued a proclamation that no one by the name of Chi be admitted to the examination.

Chi Hsiao Tang presented himself at the hall on the opening day, but was refused a place among the aspirants for degrees, the only reason given being that an order barring all of his surname had been issued by the powerful minister and judge, Yen Sung. In great sorrow and disappointment the scholar returned to his inn and wrote to his wife, telling her to sell some of their land and come to Peking to await

with him the next opportunity for examination, three years later. This she did. They rented a place and there, day by day, he studied, hoping to see the ban lifted.

One day while out for a walk he saw a great crowd gathered. Drawing near he found that a man of eminence was to be executed. He asked, "Who is the prisoner?" and was told, "An official by the name of Pai."

"What has he done that he should be so degraded?" asked Chi Hsiao Tang of a man standing near. "How can you ask that?" replied the man, "when Yen Sung is the head of the Empire. He has but to nod and officials lose their heads."

As the already disappointed scholar turned away he said, "What can I hope for when such a man as that is executed?" Sadly musing, he continued, "I had hoped to become an official, serve my country, and receive honour, but I see the life of a minister is a most dangerous one. If he would be upright, he has not the rest and quiet of the common citizen. All is weakness and evil under the sun. I will no longer mingle with men, but will go apart and seek to prepare myself for a higher existence among those who by contemplation and renunciation have become fit for companionship with the gods."

He went home, told his wife what he had seen, and said, "I have given up my plan for an official life. At our home in the country are houses and land, all you can ever need." "Why not return at once, care for our property, and live in quiet?" asked his wife. "No! There is no hope for me. I give all our possessions to you," was his reply.

"What is your purpose?" questioned the now anxious wife. "If you will not return to the home of your ancestors, what do you mean by giving the land to me? Are you going to enter the Eternal?"

Chi Hsiao Tang looked thoughtful for a moment, and then said, "I will go to some quiet place in the mountains. There will I live and purify myself from this evil world. I care or hope no longer for earthly joy or position. It is all vanity—vanity."

"But what of me?" urged his wife. "Am I nothing more to you? Are you casting me off also? This you shall not do. We will go together to the country and there you will forget your disappointment, or I too will go with you to the purple hills by Buddha's help. Possibly by long years of tears, prayers, and self-denial the great Buddha will have compassion on me, and I too may find Peace. I cannot hope to enter into your spirit life, I

who am only a woman, but surely the effort I make will at least be seen by the god. Do you think, because I am a woman, my heart does not long for that which can give rest? Why do I sit every night, hour after hour, with my tongue pressed against the roof of my mouth, my hands and feet crossed, trying not to be conscious of any bodily sensation. Is it not that I too may come in touch with the great pure Holy Ones? Why do I repeat the name of the great Buddha hundreds of times each day, before anything to eat or drink crosses my lips? Why am I almost a cripple? Is it not because of the long hours of kneeling on the cold brick floor praying to the Goddess of Mercy? Have I not kept the fast days most faithfully since coming into your home? Have I eaten meat? When you were ill did I not promise the gods that if you recovered I would go to the highest temple on the mountains, crawling all the way on hands and knees, and when you were restored to health did I not fulfil my vow? Did I not wear single garments all one winter? Did I not take flesh from my own arm to make a broth which cured our mother when she was ill? Do none of these things appeal to the Holy Ones? Can I not hope that I too, a poor woman, may attain to the Eternal Rest?" The tears streamed down her cheeks as she added,

"Have compassion upon me, your wife, and let me go with you."

Chi Hsiao Tang looked tenderly at her for a moment and then, with a great sigh, which showed that he too suffered at the parting, replied, "What I have said I have said! You would prevent me from seeing the Eternal Light. You would hold me still to the earthly." He ordered dinner, and as he sat eating he saw a new bench drop down into his court.

"This," said he to himself, "must have come from the gods, whether to help me to leave the earth or to keep me on it I will test and see." So he said to the bench, "If you are to help me leave the earth move up and down three times." This the bench immediately did. His wife coming in at the moment, he called to her "to look at the magic bench." She replied in astonishment, but with a sense of relief, "What is this, are you bereft of your senses? You a Teacher to talk of a magic bench." He answered gravely, "You shall see me sit on the bench and rise in the air," and before she realized what had befallen her, he was rising into space and was soon beyond her sight.

"Ah!" said she as she wept; "he has gone to the purple mountains to attain the god-life. He has left me here; I will seek it in my home." She called to him and a faint sound came from

the distance, " The gods have had pity upon me and taken me from the evil of the world," and here he was seen no more. The bench carried him to a mountain far from all with which he was familiar, and there came to rest. He rose to his feet and as he did so the bench disappeared. He looked north, south, east, and west, nothing but stones and hills, not a human being in sight.

He said to himself, " What can I do here? I will walk until I find some living thing." Far in the distance on a high mountain-top he saw what appeared to be a man. After hours of weary climbing, faint with hunger and thirst, he reached the spot. He found two men sitting on a stone; one had on a yellow robe, white stockings, and striped shoes. His face was very white and he wore a long beard. At his side was a cow's tail, used to brush away flies. The other man was dressed in black, had a dark face, protruding eyes, and a long black beard. One was facing to the east, the other to the west, and they were playing chess. Above them was a beautiful spruce tree, by their side a dish of peaches and one of pears, two wine-cups and a bottle of wine. When Chi Hsiao Tang came up to them they did not lift their heads or look up, seemed only interested in their game. But he thought,

"These are surely two gods in disguise," and kneeling before them he said, "I prostrate myself to you, my Teachers. I wish to prepare myself to join the Immortals."

The man in yellow lifted his head and asked, "Where do you come from and why are you not going in for the examinations, for I see that you are a man of no mean ability?" Chi Hsiao Tang replied, "It is all vanity."

"You are rich; why are you not satisfied with the things which money will buy?" was the next question. "They also are vanity," was his answer. "Name, honour, riches, luxury; at the end of all is death," continued Chi Hsiao Tang. "I have looked at it all, tasted much of it, and it does not satisfy beyond the passing moment. I do not desire it, and I have come to you, my Teachers, for instruction as to the way of attaining purification and the true life." "To attain that you must suffer much. Can you endure?" said the sage. "I can," was the reply. "Difficulties are many. Can you meet them?" Still he answered, "I can. I am not afraid of difficulties." "But," urged the wise man, "if you desire to attain the true life you must be ready to save, not to destroy men. No one can wear fine clothes like yours and put away the world. You will have to put on coarse cloth garments. When

your shoes are worn out can you go barefooted on these rocky hillsides?" "I can in time," was the reply. "We have no dainty food to eat, only grain and wild roots without salt. Can you eat these?" "Yes, this also in time." "At home you have wine, tea, and hot water to drink. Can you give up all these and drink from the holes by the roadside?" "Yes! In time I can do even this." The sage added further, "You will have also to serve us, dig roots, and prepare our food, you who at home have always been served. Can you eat * all this bitterness, even to becoming a servant?" Chi Hsiao said earnestly, "All this I can and will do." "One thing more," said the man in yellow. "I have a dreadful sore on my foot. You will have to wash and dress that every day. I will show it to you!" It was indeed a shocking sight. For a moment Chi Hsiao Tang's heart failed him, but he resolutely put down the disgust and nausea which the sickening sore produced, and answered as before, "I can dress it, Worthy Teacher." "But you must press the poison out with your *lips*. Will you do that?" "Yes!" "Then try it now." As he stooped and put his lips to what seemed a most loathsome sore, behold! it was a beautiful

* A common Chinese expression for discomfort, pain, or sorrow.

ripe and luscious peach, bound with invisible bands about the foot.

When the two Worthies saw the settled purpose of the man they said, "You may remain with us. We will teach you how to become one of the Perfect Ones." At the close of his novitiate they sent him among the mountain people to help those in distress, to cheer the sad and discouraged, and found him always ready to serve as a messenger of the gods. Thus in a life of unselfish service of man was he made pure, until he reached that perfection which is absorption into the Divine.

THE JADE TREASURE

AMONG the ancient dynasties of China that of the Chou, 1123 B.C., ranks as one of the most important. The name of its founder, Wu Wang, means "Warrior Prince," and, though an usurper, he was a most exemplary monarch. At that time there was constant conflict between the many petty states, or kingdoms, each striving for the first place.

An interesting story is told of one of the great treasures of the Kingdom of Chou. One day a poor workman found in the mountains a piece of jade in the rough. He saw that, with polishing, it would be most beautiful; and, making his way to the city, he sought the gatekeeper of the Imperial Palace and asked to see his Emperor. As he declined to give a reason, other than "I have business," his request was refused. Day after day he came until the officer in charge mentioned the matter to the Emperor, who said that the next time he was to be brought before him. Coming again some days later he was taken to the audience-room. Here he prostrated himself before his Emperor and, holding out the stone, said, "My Master,

my Lord; in all the world under Heaven there is no second piece of jade equal to this."

The Emperor looked and laughed, saying, "You are a fool; that is only a stone, common stone." The man plead so hard that the Emperor sent out and called in some expert workmen in precious stones, and they also looked lightly upon it and said, "Only stone, only stone." The Emperor then commanded that the man be beaten and driven from the gate. This was done. A few days after the man again appeared and plead his cause so earnestly that a more expert workman was called who said, after careful examination, "Only stone, common stone." Then the Emperor was very angry and commanded that the man's legs be cut off and that he be sent home. Months after the man was again carried to the palace gate; here he pleaded so pitifully that the first workman in the kingdom be called, saying, "If he says it is not good you may have my life." The Emperor was deeply impressed with the man's persistence and had the most expert lapidary known called. After looking at the stone carefully he said, "Great Emperor, you are most favoured of the gods. I give you joy."

"And why say you so?" the Emperor asked.

"Because," was the answer, "this stone is the most perfect jade under Heaven. You will

be the envy of all the kingdoms of the earth." The Emperor was distrustful, but he commanded that it be cut and polished and the man who brought it be put in prison. After three days the master-workman returned and delivered, with great reverence, the stone, now indeed the most beautiful in all the world. "No words can describe its loveliness. It is indeed from the gods, and only the gods should wear it," exclaimed the Emperor, as he held it in his hand. The poor workman was given a great reward. Soon the fame of this wonderful treasure spread over "all the earth"; songs were composed about it; wonderful stories grew up around it until every king who heard of it was filled with envy and sought, by fair or foul means, to possess it.

At last, when the Chou dynasty was going into a decline and the Chin was coming into power, the Prince of Chin sent to the Prince of Chou and promised him twelve cities in exchange for the jade treasure. The Prince of Chou was very sad. He knew, if he did not accept the proposal, the Prince of Chin would make war on him and take it by force, and he also felt sure he would not get the promised cities. In his despair he called his most trusted minister, Lui Hsiang Jui, who, after hearing the demand, said, "My great and mighty

Prince, do not be troubled or anxious; let me take the treasure to the Prince of Chin. I promise, on my life, to send it back to you if indeed he does not make over the promised cities." At last it was so decided, and the minister started on his errand.

On reaching the palace of the Prince of Chin, he was welcomed with great state and pomp. After the feasting and festivities were over he presented the jade with great reverence and asked for the twelve cities. The Prince of Chin said nothing in return, but feasted his eyes on the beautiful stone. At last he said, "The residents of the inner palace" (i.e., ladies) "have heard of this wonderful stone and are most anxious to see it. I will send it in to them and you make ready for a second feast I have prepared in your honour." The minister went to the apartments appointed for him, in great distress of mind. He felt sure the Prince of Chin was not to be trusted, and he must think of some plan by which he could recover the jewel. At the feast nothing was said of the cities, though he inquired about them, and at last he pointedly asked, "Prince of the Great Chin, do you know what it is in the jade that makes it the most beautiful the gods have made?"

The Prince replied, "No, tell me."

The minister replied, "Have the jade brought and I will show you." Immediately a servant was sent to bring the jade and at the command of the Prince handed it to the Minister of Chou, who, on feeling it once more in his hand, put it in his bosom and sprang to his feet. Putting his back against a pillar, he said, "Great Prince, you think to deceive my master, the very Great Prince of Chou; you do not intend to give him the twelve cities. With my life I will protect this treasure of my country, the pride of my Prince, and if any one attempts to take it from me I will dash it to the ground and destroy it first."

The Prince of Chin was afraid the jade would either be injured or destroyed if a struggle for possession took place, so he caused the minister to be locked in his rooms until he should willingly give it up.

The news spread all through the kingdom. One day a poorly-clad stranger came to the city and went from house to house begging. When he came to the court where the Minister of Chou was confined, he managed to communicate with him and let him know that he was a countryman of his and would take the treasure home. The minister, Lui Hsiang Jui, folded it in a paper and gave it to him. The next day the Prince of Chin sent and demanded the jade.

The minister said, "Tell your Great Prince I have sent it back, as I promised, to my Liege Lord." At first they did not believe his story and a great search was made, but they could find no trace of the treasure. The Prince of Chin was terribly angry and commanded that the minister be killed; then, for fear of the Prince of Chou, he allowed him to depart to his home and country, hoping that the fortunes of war would bring the desired jewel into his possession. He himself did not live to secure it, but long years afterward one of his descendants overthrew the Kingdom of Chou and the much desired and long struggled for jade treasure, "The joy of the gods," came to the Kingdom of Chin.

CHINESE HEROISM

DURING the days between June 8th and August 14th, 1900 A.D., many brave deeds were seen and applauded by the foreigners shut within the walls of Peking. They will go down in history and make fascinating the story of the siege of Peking. The world will never tire of reading of the charges made to capture cannon that were sending their shells into the British Legation, and of the bravery of the Japanese who held the Prince's palace through fire, shot, and shell: Only twenty-five in number when they entered the city, by August 14th only three had not been killed or wounded. The brave British soldier went to his dangerous post not knowing when a stray bullet would pick him off. Only those who held the outposts can know what bravery it required during some of those awful night attacks. Those who worked in the hospital know what courage it required in the poor wounded men to keep on their beds when it seemed as if the enemy were breaking in. The experiences of the brave messengers have been given to the world; and the story of the rescue party, headed by Dr. Morrison of

the *London Times,* by which several hundred Catholic Christians were saved, has also stirred the hearts of many.

The brave deed to which the writer calls attention is known to but few, will probably never be recorded in song or story, and yet it took the truest courage, and reveals as true heroism as was ever heralded abroad. Those who have read the events of the past summer carefully will remember that the missionaries and many hundreds of converts were in semi-siege at the M. E. Mission for twelve days before going to the British Legation. We had a guard of twenty American marines. The chapel there had been barricaded and was to be the place of retreat in case of an attack from Boxers. Captain Hall had asked some of the foreign ladies to have charge of getting the Chinese women and children into the chapel when the order was given. He also had told us we must impress upon the women the necessity of keeping the children perfectly quiet. In case of an attack the crying of children would not only annoy the soldiers, but might interfere with their hearing commands, and would also give a range to the enemy. Much was said to the poor mothers along this line because Chinese women, as a rule, have little thought and less method in training their children.

June 13th, about half-past six, we were startled by the news that the front chapel was in flames; a moment or two after came the word for all women to get to the chapel. The Boxers had started down the street toward the place we were in, but had been charged and driven back by the marines, under Captain Hall. It was feared that they might rally for another attack and come with a stronger force. We were given five minutes to get the women and children into the chapel. They came along very quietly and without any disturbance.

After we were all in we asked the soldiers on guard to let us go once more through the house set aside for the Chinese. We feared some might have been left behind. At first they said no, but finally gave us five minutes, and we fairly flew from court to court and room to room. At last we reached one of the school-rooms, and there in the dark, crouched among the seats, were two women and four little children. "Why are you here, did you not get the message? Hurry, hurry, or we shall be too late!" were our questions and exclamations. "Yes," they said, "we did, but we were afraid our children would cry and endanger all the others. Our babies are sick and cry all the time and we thought it better that we die outside than to make others suffer with us." It

took but a moment to get the story, get them out from under the seat, and on the way to the chapel. We promised to help them with their little ones and their look of gratitude was most touching. The fathers of these children were out protecting the courts, and the two brave women were ready to die rather than seek shelter when in so doing they might endanger and bring disaster upon others. When they decided to stay outside they were as true martyrs as any who went to the block. They gave up their lives in order, as they thought, to save others. "Greater love hath no man than this."

"For such Death's portal opens not in gloom,
But its pure crystal, hinged on solid gold,
Shows avenues interminable—shows
Amaranth and palm quivering in sweet accord
Of human, mingled with angelic, song."

LITERARY GLORY

"Give me the grace to bear my burden so
That men may learn the secret of my power,
And meet each trouble with their face aglow,
And voice their praises in the midnight hour;
For when our helplessness cries unto thee,
Thy power descends in Christ to set us free."

FROM of old the scholars and writers of all lands have desired and sought for literary glory, and have considered it far more precious than gold or gems. In no country has this been more true than in China. Some of the greatest of this land have passed through much privation and suffering to attain this end. It is not of one of these I wish to write.

"Literary Glory" was the name of a young girl who entered the Bridgman School twelve years ago. She was a bright, pleasant girl, and had many friends. She was a good student and during the years of her school life her teachers came to see there was in her the making of a strong, true woman. She was engaged to a young man of good character, but neither he nor his family had any interest in Christianity.

Seven years ago she left her school home for

the home of her husband who lived in the village of Lu T'ai, fifteen miles northeast of Peking. A year ago the writer visited her in her village and at night shared the same room. It was a wonderful story she told as she poured out her heart to her friend. Would you could have heard it. I give it to you as best I can remember. She said, "When I went to my husband's home I made up my mind that I would work and pray with all my might to bring him and his mother to know and love Jesus. God only knows what I had to endure. I was so homesick for my school friends, so longed to go to church and prayer-meeting. There was only one other Christian in the place and he was away most of the time. The day after I was married my husband took all my books and cards and put them in the fire. I did not dare let him see me cry, but in the dead of night I poured it all out to God and was comforted."

"In this home I have been but a servant to his grandmother, mother, and sisters, but my reward has come to me because they all love me, and my husband and his mother have become Christians. I have had to work very hard from early morning till late at night. In summer time I have worked all day, ploughing, spading, hoeing, and cutting the grain. Five

years ago, during the heavy rains, our house fell down and we were too poor to hire enough men to rebuild, so I helped make the mud bricks and when they came to building the walls I sent up to them all the mud and plaster used. With my own hands I plastered the inside walls and cleaned up the court, but," said the dear girl as she took my hand, " it is such a joy now and God has been good to me."

Much more we said in the hours of the night. How my heart ached as she told me how she had longed with such a longing for Christian fellowship and companionship. She talked of her school life, and the comfort she had as she recalled what she had learned. She was teaching her two little sisters, hoping they could go up to the Bridgman School.

Little did either of us dream how short the earthly joy was to be, or how soon the Heavenly reward was to begin. Very early the next morning she was up helping to get breakfast, and from her mother-in-law and a neighbour who came in I heard much that filled my heart with joy and pride. The mother said, " When I heard the girl my son was engaged to was a Christian and in school I was very angry and wanted to break off the engagement. I looked with great dread upon her coming to us; but I want to tell you, she is the best daughter-in-

law in the place. In all these years we have not had a single quarrel and that cannot be said of any other family. My youngest children love her and mind her better than they do me. I thought she would want to read all the time and so had my son burn her books. I thought she would be above farm work, and all these years she has worked so hard and with never one word of complaint. One year we lost all our crops and in the winter had to send to the market town, six miles away, for the famine relief grain. She had to go early, walk there and back, and carry our portion. She did not have any warm clothes that winter, but she did not say anything."

"Yes," chimed in the neighbour, "I had to go too that winter, and your Wen Jung (Literary Glory) was so modest and ladylike, never pushing or crowding, that the official asked who she was and gave her more grain." Again the mother-in-law said, "When I saw how she endured the hardships, always so strong and true, I knew it must be her religion, for I too have been a daughter-in-law. She is always kind to the old grandmother, who has a terrible temper. I have known Wen Jung to stay up all night to make her a pair of shoes. Yes, my daughter-in-law is the only one of the family who has not felt her stick or been reviled by

her. When I saw how her God helped her I just wanted to know Him. Now for months Wen Jung has had evening prayers and has taught me to pray."

It was so delightful to sit there and hear all these sweet things of one of our schoolgirls. It was a joy to see her pride in her poor home where everything was very clean and neat, and as she moved about getting breakfast I thanked God for this "new woman" in China. With what loving care she waited on us. How she did want to show her love; later on, when the neighbouring women came in for a little service she came and sat with her arms about me. I said to the women, "She is our girl student and we love her." "Yes," said some one, "she is always talking about her foreign friends. For years we have wanted to see you. You may be proud of her, she is the best daughter-in-law in the place." About noon I left, promising to visit her on my return from the place I was going to visit and hold a station class.

Alas! the death of a member of our station called me to Peking by the shortest road, and the next month the Boxer storm burst upon us. After the fury was spent and we could get news of those distant from us, we found that nine of the ten who belonged to us in that place had

been cut down. The Boxers came at sunrise one beautiful morning in June and the mother-in-law was killed at once in her own room. "Literary Glory" ran out of the house and out into a field, but was overtaken and most brutally hacked to pieces. Her husband was taken to a temple, tried, and beheaded. Brave, true-hearted, humble "Literary Glory." If ever any one heard the "well done" she did. She gained two souls for the Master she loved and left a name that will be fragrant for long years in that village. Faithful in the small things, she filled the cup to overflowing by giving her life. What is her "new name" up there, think you? Is it "Heavenly Glory"? My young readers who have given your money for Bridgman School and helped to educate this dear girl, does the result of your investment satisfy you? Can you not say with her, "My reward has come to me, God has been very good to me"?

"We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less;
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve or wait for thee.
Thy will be done."

HOW THE DOG AND CAT CAME TO BE ENEMIES

OF the thousand and one stories the old women of China love to tell their children and grandchildren, none is so great a favourite as the one, " How the dog and cat came to be enemies for all time." The little black eyes grow bright as diamonds as they listen, and no bedtime story of Mother Goose of Western lands is more treasured. Let me tell you the story, and as you listen possibly you can see the dear little children of the great flowery kingdom, many of them looking like little flowers gathered about some old grandma who loves and pets them as do the grandmas of all lands.

In the long, long ago there lived in the country a poor widow who had only one son; but he was very kind and good to her, working early and late to support her. She was his one thought, but with all his efforts it was but a poor living that he could give her, and it was a great sorrow to him. One day the gods said, " Such a son must be helped; " so after talking the matter over, one of them, dressed as a temple priest, went to their gate and knocked. The

widow came and opened the gate, but seeing the guest, she said, "Too bad, too bad. I am so poor I cannot give you any help to-day." To this the priest replied, "I have not come to get your help but to help you." When the woman heard this, she said, "I never heard of such a thing." The priest said, "It is a fact, and I now give you this gold ornament. When you wish to cook a meal you put this in the kettle, put on the cover, light your fire, and then repeat to the kettle several times what you want to eat. When the water boils the food is ready; take off the cover and eat, and you and your son be happy." With his joyful but incredible news he was gone. The old lady looked at the gold ornament in her hand, thought of what had been said to her, and wondered if she was asleep and it was all a dream. To make sure, she said, "I will try this charm and see if it will work or if the priest has lied to me; I want some meat dumplings for supper." She put on her kettle, lighted her fire, and then repeated over and over again till the water boiled, "I want dumplings, meat dumplings. Come, dumplings, come." When the water boiled she took off the cover, and behold the kettle was full of the most delicious-looking dumplings. "Ah," she said, "what good fortune is mine, what good fortune is mine!" Never had she

tasted such food in all her poor life. After eating all she could, she fed the cat and dog, and they, too, were wild with delight. How their sides filled out, and they jumped upon her to express their thanks. "Now," said she, "I will get my son a good supper," and again she repeated the process. When he came home looking so tired, she said, "I have a good supper for you to-night, my son; all you want and more." "A good supper," thought he; "how can that be, since all we ever have is millet and cornmeal?" But to his mother he said, "Nothing you make is bad; it all tastes good." When she took the cover off and told him to look, he could hardly believe his eyes. He had seen such food but never tasted it. The mother said, "Son, eat, and I will tell you all about our good luck." When she had concluded her story she showed him the golden ornament. "It is from the gods, my mother, and they have taken pity on you. I am indeed a happy son."

After this, day by day, the mother and son and the household cat and dog had plenty to eat and all was happiness in the little family.

One day some relatives came to call, and the old lady urged them to stay and eat with them. They refused at first, as they thought they could not provide anything worth eating, but finally, at the old lady's most earnest request,

they consented. Such a feast of good things as she prepared for them; how surprised they were! They exclaimed again and again at the delicate flavour of everything, and the quick time in which she had prepared them. At last one of them asked how she could afford to provide such expensive food, and the old lady in pride of heart brought forth her treasure and told her secret to the guests. They were filled with envy, and later on, one day when the old lady was away from home, one of them went into her room and stole the precious charm. Only the dog was in the room, and though he saw, he did not know how great the loss was. When the mistress came home and went to get her son's supper, she discovered her loss. She was filled with great sorrow and distress. When her son returned she told him, and together they looked everywhere. The old lady wept most bitterly and refused to be comforted. The cat and dog came and begged for their supper, but she paid no attention to them. After that they had to eat millet and cornmeal again, and hard indeed it was, as they had become used to good food. The cat and dog grew thin and refused the poor food. Finally the dog concluded that the reason was because the bright, pretty ornament their mistress always put in the kettle was

no longer used and must be lost, and that was why the mistress cried so much. Then he remembered the neighbour who came and went into the closet, and came out after a while with the treasure in his hand, and how he saw him put it in his pocket. The dog then called the cat and told her all, but said, "Alas! I am but a dog. I cannot get it, but you can, for you are able to get on the roofs of houses and crawl in windows, and you must get it." When the cat heard where it was, she said, "But the river, how can I get across the river?" to which he replied, "I can swim, and when you come to the bank you get on my back and I will take you across." So together they went. When they reached the river the cat jumped on the dog's back and he took her over safely. Then he said, "I will wait here for you while you go to the house for our mistress' treasure."

Over the roofs and along fences the cat went till she came to the right house; then she found a window open, and walking in she curled down in a warm place to take note of what was going on and to make her plans. After a time she spied a rathole, and going over to it she waited patiently till a big mouse came out; then she sprang upon it and held it fast. How the poor thing plead for its life! The cat said, "Mouse, I will save your life if you will do me

a favour." The mouse promised gladly, and the cat told of the lost treasure and that it was in the house. The mouse said, " I know about that; every day the family eat good food; let me go and I will get it for you." " No," said the cat, " I cannot let you go, for you would not come back. I will hold you closely, but you call your companions and tell them where it is, and when they bring it I will let you go." Then the mouse called out and all the mice came running, and when told what to do, away they went in search of the gold ornament. After a time they came back with it and the poor mouse was allowed to go, while the cat made her way back to the riverside with the ornament in her mouth.

She found the dog waiting for her, and when he saw the treasure in her mouth he barked and jumped for joy. Before she got on his back he said to her, " We are both very hungry; now, if in going over the river you see a fish or anything good to eat, don't try to get it, for if you do you will drop the treasure." This he repeated once and again and they started for the other side. Just before reaching the other side a fish jumped up in the cat's face, and before she thought, she made a grab for it and so lost the ornament in the river. How the dog did scold and howl then; he was so

hungry, and such visions of a good supper had filled his eyes all the way over. The cat was so sorry, and promised she would think of a way to get it if only he would not bark so loudly. Looking around she saw a big frog who looked very friendly, and to her she told all her troubles and said, "I know you like to do good deeds of mercy, so please help me." The frog agreed and jumped into the river, and after a little returned with the lost charm. Then after thanking the frog, the cat and dog started home; so happy were they they could not get over the ground fast enough. The cat mewed at the door, and when the old lady opened it and saw her with the lost treasure, she caught her up, made a big fuss over her, took her in the house, and shut the door, thus leaving the dog out in the court; as she did not know how much he had helped the cat, she did not pay any attention to him.

Soon a big supper was ready, and once again the mother and son were happy. This time in their gratitude they fed the cat first, all she could eat, but forgot the dog, so absorbed were they in their own supper and in planning a good, safe hiding-place for the most precious charm. After a little the cat went out into the yard, and seeing the poor, hungry dog, she told him with great pride of all the good things

she had had to eat, and the nice things the family had promised her. "There is nothing left for you," said the cat, "and if you are hungry you had better fly around and find a bone." When the dog heard this he sprang upon her and bit her so she died immediately. Then he went and told all the dogs about it. When they heard the story they were most indignant at such ingratitude, and then and there took a solemn vow of eternal enmity to the cats for all time to come. Thus they have kept their vow, and to this day in all lands the dog is the enemy of the cat.

A DAUGHTER OF THE PRESENT

IN Manchuria, not far from Mukden, lived a well-to-do farmer by the name of Lee. For some years the country had been much troubled by mounted banditti who terrorized the people, stealing from them right and left.

Mr. Lee called his neighbours together and after talking over the existing conditions, they bound themselves together to act as watchmen and resist the thieves even to the death.

Mr. Lee then went to the neighbouring villages and helped them to form little companies of volunteers for the same purpose. This, in time, reached the ears of the robbers, and they laid their plans accordingly.

One night in the midst of the autumn harvest, while the farmers were celebrating with wine and music the "harvest festival," the bandits came upon the village. Mr. Lee called his followers together and a great fight took place in the moonlight. At last the robbers set fire to several houses in the village, and after stealing all they could carry away with them, departed.

Every one was left weeping—grain and clothing gone, and some with their homes in

ashes. Every one was so busy with his own losses that it was daylight before it was known that Mr. Lee was missing. After much searching in the fields and at the near villages, they decided that he must have been taken captive and carried to the robbers' stronghold in the mountains.

Now, Mr. Lee had a little daughter, thirteen years old, called "Jade." She was devoted to her father, and his constant companion. When, as the day wore on, he did not return she refused to be comforted. She pleaded with her mother and brothers to go with her to the neighbours and get them to form a rescue party, but the neighbours were so full of their own losses and fearful of another visit from the robbers that they refused. They said, "If we go, we shall certainly be captured, and either killed or held for a big ransom."

Little Jade and her family knew it would do no good to appeal to the magistrate, as such raids were frequent, and nothing was done to prevent or punish; and all the family but the little daughter made up their minds that nothing could be done, and they must await whatever the gods had in store for them.

"Not so," thought little Jade; "I will either save my father or die with him." Without saying anything to the other members of the

family she learned from questioning the villagers the location of the "Tigers' Nest," as the fastness of the thieves was called. She then started off alone and after miles of weary walking she reached the place at nightfall. She made direct for the cave and prostrating herself before the entrance she began to weep and wail for her father. The robbers came and looked fiercely at her. How she pleaded with those hard-hearted men! They offered her food and money to go away; but she only pleaded the harder. They then became angry and tried to drive her away. For two days and nights she knelt in front of the cave; she would neither eat nor sleep. Many of the robbers were fathers and their hearts grew tender toward the little maid as hour after hour her wail fell upon their ears, and they saw her little face swollen and drawn with long weeping and fasting.

At last the robber captain could endure it no longer, and after one final effort to drive her away, he commanded that Mr. Lee be set free, and that he and his little daughter be escorted beyond the hill region by the robber band. At the close of the fourth day they arrived at their home, where there was great rejoicing and much praise for brave little Jade.

When Jade was seventeen the young man she

was engaged to marry died and she took the vow of " widowhood," and also that she would help support the aged father and mother of her betrothed. Although she had never seen any of the family this was considered very meritorious in Jade, and she was held up as a model girl to all others in the region.

She took in sewing and embroidery and the money she thus earned was sent to the old people. She is at present living near Mukden, and it is rumoured that she is to be one of the teachers in a girls' school to be opened in that city.

T'ANG SUNG'S JOURNEY TO GET THE BUDDHIST CLASSICS

IN the year 629 A.D., a very devout monk, T'ang Sung, hoping to achieve merit by which he might avoid death and that he might become one of the Eternal Holy Ones, accepted the proposal of his Emperor that he should go to the west in search of the famous Buddhist Classics.

Alone he set out on his journey to the Yellow River where the caravans to India were wont to form. On his way he met a wonderful monkey. The monkey asked the priest where he was going, and on being told, decided that he would go along with the good priest! "But what can you do? Why should you go?" asked the monk.

The monkey replied, "I am a famous jumper. With one jump I can touch the heavens; I can walk on water and on the air; I can change myself into seventy-two different shapes." After some more conversation the monk consented to the company of the monkey, and giving him the name Sun Hou, he fastened a string to his neck and started on his way. The monkey was very changeful in his

disposition and the monk had a hard time making him mind. After going a few miles he met a holy man who said, "If he does not mind you I will tell you something to say to him which will make his head ache, and he will go quietly with you." Going along a few more miles they met a pig, and on hearing from the monkey where they were going, said he also would go and help find the books.

"What can you do to help?" asked T'ang Sung?

"I can catch thieves and have power to do many strange things," was the reply; "and the only trouble with me is that I walk slowly." The monk considered the question, and as he did not like to be unkind to a pig said he could go. Afterward on the road they met a very stupid simple priest, and he plead so hard to be allowed to join the party that the monk also consented; thus the four travelled slowly along until they met a white horse. He asked the errand of the strange company, and after hearing the story, said he also would go and T'ang Sung might ride him. The foolish priest carried the baggage, the pig carried the gun, and the monkey was sent on ahead to make all the arrangements.

On the road to India they had to pass

seventy-two caves, where demons lived, who were ever on the watch for travellers.

One day they travelled till night; all day they had been without food, and as darkness came on and no village was in sight the monkey said, "I will jump and see where a village is." He gave a great jump and saw they were not far from a village; he heard a great noise which frightened him; he gave another jump and saw the village was on the bank of a great river eight hundred yards wide. The monkey returned and got his companions and led them to the home of the rich man of the village.

He struck the bell the priest carried, and the servants, on opening the gate and seeing the queer procession, were very much frightened. Sun Hou said, "Don't be afraid. We are from the Emperor, and going to India to get the sacred books of the great Buddha. We want something to eat and a place to sleep, as we are very weary."

The owner of the place replied, "I am able to give what you ask, but not to-night as I am in great trouble."

"What is it? Perhaps *I* can help you," said the monkey.

Then said the rich man, "For long years a terrible demon has lived in the river and every year we have to prepare a young boy and a

young girl as an offering for him or he will destroy the village by causing the river to overflow. To-night is the yearly sacrifice and it falls on me. I am a large householder, but I have only one little boy and one little girl, and my heart is breaking with my grief, but I must give them up to save the lives of the many in the village." Sun Hou said, after a moment's thought, "Don't be anxious. I have a plan. Get us something to eat."

After eating, Sun Hou commanded that the children should be brought into the room. After looking at them Sun Hou said to the pig, "You impersonate the girl and I will the boy;" the pig shook himself three times, and the father said, "Well done." Soon after the procession, which had been forming in the village, came for them, with drums beating and banners flying. They carried the supposed children to the temple on the river bank. Cooked chicken was placed on the table, the incense lighted, then all went out and the door was locked.

Then when all was quiet Sun Hou said to the pig, "You take one side and I will the other and don't be afraid." About midnight there was the sound of a great wind, and then Sun Hou said, "Be careful, the demon, Yao Ching, is coming." Immediately the door

opened and a great fishlike being came into the temple. They heard him say, "In the past I have taken the boy first, but to-night I shall eat the girl first." With that he seized the girl, who immediately struck him, and then, with the help of the boy, fought a terrible battle and injured him so that he fled, leaving two great fins on the floor.

The river-demon sought out the king of the demons and told him the story. He said, "You call up a great cold wind, bring snow and ice and freeze over the river, then when they get half-way over the river, you call your friends to help you and put your strength together and cause the ice to give way and precipitate them all into the river."

The demon was pleased with the plan and in three days the ice was so thick that farmers could cross in their carts. All this time the four strange companions were living in great comfort with the rich man of the house, who gave them many rich presents and much food. On the fourth day they started on, and when they got to the middle of the river the ice broke and all went into the water except the monkey, who gave a great jump and landed on the top of a high mountain. The others were taken captive, and put in a deep cave by the river-demon to wait until they had caught Sun

Hou, when all should be eaten together. Day after day, Sun Hou went down on the river bank and reviled them. Many were the fierce battles they fought but neither could get the victory. At last one day Sun Hou took a mighty jump and arrived at the home of the Goddess of Mercy, who was in her palace in the Southern Sea.

"Ah!" said she; "I knew you were coming. I have waited for you." She was making a fish-basket of bamboo. When she heard his troubles she said, "Wait. I am making this great fish-basket to catch him in. He used to live in my sea, and is my special food fish, but he rebelled and ran away and for many years has lived in the great river. You go back and call him and fight again, and I will come and get him in my basket." In the terrible battle which followed the Goddess of Mercy let from Heaven a basket and took him in and up to Heaven.

Then Sun Hou called some of the Heavenly Soldiers to his aid, and they went with him and found his companions in a cave, but alas! the men could not swim. While Sun Hou was pondering, a big turtle came along and said, "I knock my head to you. You are my preserver. Many years ago this cave was mine, but the river-demons took it, and now, to

show my thanks, if you will all get on my back I will carry you over the river." This they did, and on the way the turtle said, "You are going to India to find out how one can live forever? Will you ask the merciful Buddha what my after-life is to be like?" Sun Hou promised, and as they would need help in crossing on their return he was to look out for them.

As they travelled on they came to the country of Pú Táo. The king asked them where they were going and also demanded a proof of their Imperial mission. Now, this king had three famous ministers called Fox, Deer, and Sheep. They said these persons must first prove their strength before they could go on their way. To the question as to whether their contest was to be of military skill or a contest of mind, the monkey chose the latter. A platform thirty feet high was built. Then Minister Fox said to T'ang Sung, "We two will go up there and see which can sit without moving an eyelash for the longest time; the one who moves first is to be killed." While thus sitting the sheep changed himself into a worm and crawled up on the bald head of the priest, and bit his head in many places. T'ang Sung was most uncomfortable and his face showed it.

Now, Sun Hou saw the look and so

changed himself into a bird, flew up over the monk, and seeing the worm, flew down and in picking it up saw that it was the "Minister Sheep," to whom he said, "If this is the trick I will show you what I can do," and changed himself into a centipede, and crawled upon Minister Fox. He entered his nose, got into his ear, and up into his head, and so distracted did the minister become that he could not endure the pain, and threw himself from the platform and thus died. When the "Minister Deer" saw the calamity he said, "Our great elder brother is dead, I will see what I can do," so he said, "Let us see who can cut his head off, throw it away, get it again and grow it on." Sun Hou said, "That is good. It is not the monk's turn; this is my turn."

Minister Deer asked, "Who will try first, you or I?"

Sun Hou replied, "I can cut my head off and grow it on again ten times." The Deer replied, "I can only once." So Sun Hou said, "I will try first," and immediately cut off his head, upon which Minister Deer said, "I can only cut mine off once and I won't do it now."

"If you don't, we will fight," said Sun Hou.

Thus driven, he cut his head off, and the monkey, changing to a dog, ran away with it

and was gone two hours,—so long that the man died also.

Then said Minister Sheep, "You must conquer me or I shall kill you."

"Well," said Sun Hou, "what shall we do? You decide."

"Well," said the Sheep, "we will build a fire, put on a big kettle of oil, and when it boils we will take turns in getting in and staying two hours. The one who can do it will be the victor."

So all was ready and Sun Hou got in; before getting in he repeated a charm to the dragon, who came and changed him into a nail and kept the oil in the bottom of the kettle cold while it boiled on top. After two hours Minister Sheep said, "He is dead," and getting a skimmer he felt around and brought out a nail, which changed to a man, saying, "Ah, I was asleep; having such a good rest. Now it is your turn and I shall not sleep any more." Thus the Minister Sheep was obliged to get in. Then Sun Hou called the king and said to him, "Look at your great ministers; how can you expect the country to grow and improve when your three greatest ministers are such demons? See what frauds they are, and how they impose on you and the people."

To this the king replied, "I see you are great

men and wonderful. You cannot go yet; it is a famine year and you must call down rain for us."

Sun Hou said, "I will go to Heaven and plead with the great Lord of the Heaven (Yü Wang)."

With a jump he was in Heaven; to his petition the great God said, "There is no rain for Thibet for three years." After much pleading from Sun Hou the God replied, "I will give you two inches only."

When the king heard this he said, "That is not enough, I must have more. If you can get two inches you can get more, and then I will let you go." So Sun Hou said, "I will get you two feet."

"That is too much," replied the king, "but a little more than we need is no great matter, only get it." When Sun Hou told the great God of Rain, he said, "I will not let them say how much I am to give, I will give enough."

When Sun Hou took this message to the king he thanked them and let them go on their way, promising to entertain them on their return.

They went on their journey; the monk, T'ang Sung, riding the white horse, the priest praying and reading. At night they came to the foot

of a high mountain where there was a temple where lived a demon. This temple was called the "Temple of Thunder." Sun Hou told the priest he did not think the temple was safe, but the priest said it must be because it was a temple, and he was sure they would find rest and food. When they saw the name of the temple they knocked their heads and went slowly forward until they saw what seemed a great image of Buddha. When Sun Hou came close to it he said, "That is not the Buddha," and refused to knock his head. Just then a voice said, "Why do you not knock your head?" to which Sun Hou replied, "I do not think you look like Buddha." Immediately they heard a bell strike and something was let down from above and enveloped them in darkness. Sun Hou felt of it; it was hard like copper. They walked all around it but could not get out. They exerted all their combined strength but could not remove the darkness. Then Sun Hou repeated his wonderful charm and twenty-eight soldiers from the great lord of the Heaven suddenly came in the shape of a great cow. Sun Hou called to him to make a hole with his horn; this he did, but when he pulled out his horn the hole closed up; again he did it, and Sun Hou changed into a mustard seed and was pulled out by the cow.

Then he let the soldiers out of the iron cow—and the great demon got a great string and bound them and put them in a cave. Sun Hou gradually grew smaller and his rope loosened and he escaped; with one jump he reached Heaven and brought down many soldiers from the great God. When the great demon saw them he said, " I am not afraid of you, even if you are from Heaven. I will yet eat you."

Among the Heavenly Soldiers was one very great one, and he wore a wheel of iron on one foot and a wheel of wind on the other; on his wrist was a beautiful bracelet and he wore a Heavenly chain. A terrible battle was fought in the air between the soldiers of the demons and the Heavenly band. The great demon threw up his charmed lasso and brought down the bracelet, and again, and brought down the chain. Then Sun Hou saw him lasso all the Heavenly Soldiers, and just as the string was to envelope him he gave a jump and turned a somersault—and landed on top of a mountain. There he gave himself up to despair in a cave. Along came a man who asked why he was crying and he said, " I promised to take a monk to India and to protect him. He and his companions are bound and in a cave. I got twenty-eight servants from the great God,

they are also bound; and now all the Heavenly Soldiers have been defeated and are bound."

"You are too impatient," replied the man. "Do you not remember that a great iron beam can be rubbed to a fine needle if you but take time? You go to the demons who live in these caves in the mountains, and find out what kind of a demon this is."

Sun Hou went to them all and at last found one who said he knew the demon of the Thunder temple. He had one time been his servant but had stolen his treasure and run away. "You can only take him by craft and I will help you. He is most fond of melons, and we will plant some melons and test him. I will be the gardener and you go and call him out."

Then Sun Hou went out and reviled the demon and he came out in great anger; Sun Hou changed into a fine melon and the demon, seeing him, ate him. Sun Hou said, "Now I will tear your heart out of you." In his great distress the demon pleaded so hard that Sun Hou came out by the demon's ear and together they fought all over the melon patch in the moonlight. After the battle, worn and weary, Sun Hou liberated the soldiers and his companions, and then looking about him saw there was no mountain, no temple, but a

fine restful road with eating-houses and rest-houses on the way.

"Ah, monk," said he, "so it ever is with earth's power and glory. It is all vanity—vanity—empty—empty."

In restful travel they reached their journey's end and found the book. On their return journey they had many adventures, but they had all grown wiser and learned much. When they reached the bank of the river the turtle was there waiting to carry them across. They got on his back and when half-way over he asked if they had found the "Book" and seen the "great Buddha." "Yes," they said. Then the turtle asked them if they had remembered his request, and when they said they had forgotten it, the turtle was so angry he dropped down from under them and left them in the water. They had a terrible time getting to the other side, and as the book was paper all they could rescue of it were the words, "Ah-me t'on Fo," and this they told the Emperor was all there was to the Classic.

A STORY OF OLD CHINA

IN the reign of Chia Ching, Emperor of China from 1522 to 1537 A.D., there lived in Peking a powerful official by the name of Tu ("Du"). Unknown to him he had a great enemy whose daughter was one of the wives of the Emperor and who was himself the teacher of the Emperor. This man, Yen Sung, was the most powerful man in the Empire at that time, and also one of the most unscrupulous. He made and unmade officials and no appointment could be secured except through his influence. He was very rich, and lived in one of the largest and finest palaces. His entertainments were second only to the Emperor's.

Mr. Tu was appointed to superintend the distribution of famine relief in the province of Shan Tung. The silver was inclosed in logs, and loaded on long carts. The caravan had just reached the city gate when they were met by Yen Sung and his riders, just returning from a feast. He inquired of Mr. Tu when he was going, and on learning that the relief caravan was just starting, he said:

"It is too late for you to go to-night; come

to my palace, all of you, carts and all, and spend the night. We will have a big feast, and you can get an early start in the morning."

There seemed no harm in this, and as no one liked to refuse Yen Sung anything, they decided to accept his invitation.

That night after the great feast was over and, much under the influence of wine, all were sleeping, Yen Sung, with his steward and henchmen, removed the relief money from the logs, placed broken bricks in the holes, and closed the logs as they were before.

Early in the morning the caravan started, and when but a short distance from the city they were overtaken by Yen Sung and his servants, who inquired how much silver was being taken, also made the demand to see it. Mr. Tu said that he had in his charge forty thousand pieces of silver; and caused the logs to be opened as proof, only to find to his dismay the silver gone and brick in its place. Yen Sung immediately seized him, took him before the Emperor, accused him of using the funds, and punishment by death was pronounced. A few days later he was secretly beheaded and his body was placed in a temple near one of the city gates.

Mr. Tu had a son, who was married to the daughter of a well-known official who, on the

murder of the father-in-law of his daughter, came forward and saved the family from the murderous hands of Yen Sung. The Emperor punished the family by changing their name to Kao and this son was called Kao Ching Chi. He was a student by nature, and on the death of his father and the confiscation of his property, spent all of his time at the "Hall of Classics," studying for promotion.

His young wife, Yü Yüch Ying, was very beautiful, according to tradition in song and story one of the most beautiful in all the Empire; not only noted for her beauty of face and form, but even more beautiful character. (The story of her life, set in song and always sung in tears, praises her in words seldom given to any woman.)

One day after the death of her father-in-law she took a serving-woman with her, and went in her chair to weep at his grave, and burn incense for his departed spirit. On the road her chair passed Nien Chi, the wicked steward of Yen Sung, who was out with some of his companions for a ride. He caught a glimpse of the beautiful woman inside, and said to his companions:

"Come on; we will follow her and see who she is and where she is going."

When they reached the temple he saw her

at the altar, prostrating herself and worshipping; kneeling beside her he said:

"I too have come for worship."

Yü Yüch Ying immediately rose and went to the grave of her father-in-law, followed by the servant. Together they wept and knocked their heads, but only to be joined almost at once by Nien Chi. They moved to the other side of the grave, and again he followed, upon which she said to her woman:

"This man means to annoy us; he is an evil man."

The serving-woman turned on him and said:

"You are annoying my lady, you certainly lack all marks of the superior man," and with that she threw a handful of incense ashes in his eyes, and taking her lady by the hand, they ran to the chair and told the chairmen to go home at once as fast as possible.

Nien Chi was very angry, his eyes pained him furiously, and as soon as he could open them with any comfort he called to his friend:

"Mount at once and give chase."

Some of his companions did not want to, but he insisted and, owing to this delay and the ashes in his eyes, they did not overtake the chair till just as it entered the gate of the ladies' home.

The gatekeeper closed the gate and did not

notice the horsemen just entering their street. Nien Chi inquired of a "street keeper" who lived in the place, and great was his delight when he heard that it was the family hated by his master. He sought the latter on returning home, told of his morning's experience, of the beauty of the lady, and his desire to secure her if possible.

Yen Sung was greatly pleased, and soon a way was opened to degrade the official who had saved his enemy's family. He said to his steward, "This is well; you shall have her for wife, and I will help you and thus reward your many efforts in my behalf." Together these two black-hearted men plotted against the life and happiness of the one little woman, who did not tell her student-husband of the experiences of the day, as she did not like to trouble him when his heart was so sad.

A few days later a servant of Nien Chi's came with a letter and some very beautiful presents. The servant said "his master had heard much of the wisdom of young Mr. Kao; he was most desirous of calling on him, making his acquaintance, and would he please accept the small, insignificant gifts as an expression of friendship." Mr. Kao inquired who his master was, and when he learned it was the steward of the great Yen Sung, who was almost as power-

ful as the Emperor, and at whose word a man was made an official or deposed, he was greatly troubled, but he did not dare refuse. A day was set when Nien Chi was to call, and he came in great pomp and glory, and was invited to the guest house, where Mr. Kao received him.

Together they talked on the surface of many questions, Nien Chi, in a most subtle manner, praising the wisdom and great insight of his host. Much wine was consumed, especially by Mr. Kao.

The latter part of the call Nien Chi said, "Shall we not seal our friendship by the rite of blood brother? You are older than I, so according to our custom it would be proper for you to introduce me to your wife, my sister, if indeed you will stoop to accept so stupid a man as a brother."

To this Mr. Kao replied, "The lady, your sister, is in the inner court with her women, another day you may meet her."

Nien Chi urged Mr. Kao to introduce him that day, but the latter changed the subject of conversation, and then Nien Chi proposed that they should see who could take the most wine.

Alas! Mr. Kao did not dream of his plan, and very soon was fast asleep; seeing this, Nien Chi went to the family court in the rear and seeing her with her women, he said:

"Most beautiful of great sisters, I salute you."

Yü Yüch Ying immediately arose, and seeing the man who had troubled her so, there in her own court, she said:

"Who are you, and how do you dare to come into this inner court?" and then turning to a servant, she said, "Call your master."

Nien Chi smiled and said, "Don't be anxious, lady, your husband is my good brother by rite of blood. We have drank the wine and made the compact and that, you know, as he is older than I, gives me a right to meet you and call you 'sister.' My great brother is now asleep. He is a poor, stupid man who cannot let wine alone. Now, most beautiful and virtuous of all women, leave him to his books and marry me. You shall have, by promise of my master, the great Yen Sung, the finest of the land, in robes of silk and satin, servants by tens, jewels fit for an empress, and a most royal home."

In great fear and rage the lady spurned him, and called to her women to bring her husband, asleep or awake.

The loud voices had awakened him, and when the women met him, telling of the fright of their lady, he picked up a stick and, entering the court, demanded how he had dared enter there.

Yü Yüch Ying said to him, " How did you dare enter friendship's bonds with such as he? Take him from my court and presence at once. He is more hateful to me than a serpent."

Nien Chi saw his plan had failed and, with rage and vowing vengeance, he took his departure and once again sought his master.

That night a slave in the home was bound and killed and taken in the early morning and placed against the gate of Mr. Kao's house. Mr. Kao always went early to the " Hall of the Classics," and that morning when he opened the gate the dead body fell into Kao's court; Nien Chi and soldiers were waiting just around the corner for this moment, and immediately, before Mr. Kao had taken in the situation, they had seized him and thrown him into prison, on charge of killing one of the great Sung's servants. He was tried and condemned to death.

The beautiful Yü Yüch Ying saw through the plan and disposed of the place at once for a small sum of money and, taking one loyal, good serving-woman, she sought her father.

Everything was done that could be done to save her husband; her father had lost much of his property and standing, and could help but little.

It seemed as though nothing could be done to save him when, at the last moment, a " great

day of forgiveness" was announced on the birth of an heir to the throne. This did not mean freedom, but instead of death came banishment for life to some other and distant province.

The news was made known to the wife by a Mr. Wang, an old-time friend of the family, and he arranged with her a plan by which she might have a parting visit with her husband; this was to be in a cemetery just out of Peking and off a little from the great road over which his cart was to go. She had not been allowed to see him in prison, though she had used every means possible.

When the day set to take him away came, she went with her woman to the place arranged, and then waited, with sad and heavy heart, for the cart which was to bring her husband for a short talk and then take him away from her forever. When Mr. Wang told Mr. Kao of the plan, he said, "She won't come; a woman is like a garment that one can take off at pleasure and it is all the same to them."

Little he knew the true-hearted woman, or how she would prove her fidelity, that would hand her name down to all coming wives as the pattern of all that is most truly virtuous.

When the cart reached the place, by the use of a little money Mr. Wang arranged with the

carter and escort soldiers to allow Mr. Kao to get out of the cart and have this quiet last talk with his wife.

Much to his surprise, Mr. Kao found his wife waiting for him. She came forward and, kneeling before him, she said, "We are about to separate, possibly forever; what commands have you for me? I will follow them to the letter."

"I have no commands," replied her husband. "Our affairs have reached this state: we can do nothing and be nothing to each other. I am banished for life; you cannot go with me, and I cannot help you. There is no use in our talking. You will forget me. Our fate is unlucky, the gods and man are against us."

With tears streaming from her eyes, and her beautiful face full of trouble, she said, "Alas! alas! You do not believe in and trust me, that I will be true to you. What can I do to prove to you that I mean what I say? You say I am beautiful; the gods have made me so. Because I am so you think that fair promises of wealth and luxury will buy me. If I were homely no one would want me; see, this I do to show how true is my heart to you," and before he saw what she was about she took some scissors from her sleeve and dug out one of her beautiful eyes, and then, raising her poor disfigured

face to his, she said, as she tried to smile, " Do you believe me, is it not proof enough? Would anybody want me now?"

Her husband was greatly moved and, as he tried to stop the flow of blood, said, " You are a daughter of the gods, the most true of all women."

They then talked over their sorrows, and she said, " If in a few months' time the gods give us a son, what is your wish to name him? If a little daughter comes, name her also and your wishes."

" I have no wishes or commands, you are able to instruct and have wisdom for all. If the gods give us a son, call him Ting Lang."

The wife said, " Alas! I may not follow you into exile, I shall go to my old home, but if the child is a son, when he is old enough I shall send him to you."

Then she took from her sleeve a small mirror, a comb, and a handkerchief. These she divided into two parts, gave one part to her husband, and placed the other in her inner pocket.

" When a boy finds you, producing these, you will know who he is, and wherever you are you must own him."

With this and many tears they embraced each other, then with much weeping she knelt

before him, and touching her head to the ground three times, she said her good-bye.

Her husband raised her and gave her into the command of the serving-woman, with many words of instruction to the latter, who was in great distress at the condition of her mistress's eye. He told her what medicine to get, and how to care for it, and made her promise to stay with her lady as long as she lived. And then the friend came and promised the wife to stay by her husband to the end of the journey and care for him, and urged her to go home as it was late and the cart must be starting.

With one hand covering the poor wounded eye, the two women watched the cart until it was lost in a bend of the road, and the servant said, "My great lady, return to your home. Sad, indeed, is your fate, but the gods know all." Together they went back to the city, and some weeks later the poor heart was comforted by the birth of her little son.

Years passed; Yü Yüch Ying's parents died, after great reverses and reduced to poverty, all by their powerful enemy. The mother took in sewing and washing and most of all gave herself to the care of her son, and in this quiet manner twelve years came and went. No word had come from her husband and no word of their life-story did the mother tell

her son. Their great enemy year by year grew richer, and more powerful, and more unscrupulous.

The year little Ting Lang was twelve the display of the Lantern Feast, the fifteenth of the first month, was most beautiful, and among all displays none exceeded Yen Sung's. Hither little Ting Lang bent his steps, and as he was running along he pushed against a small boy who fell down, and at once began in great anger to revile Ting Lang's father. Little Ting Lang did not understand what he said, as his mother always told him that his father was away on government business. He no longer cared to see the beautiful lanterns. Home he went as fast as he could, and rushing in, he prostrated himself before his mother, and implored her to tell him who his father was and why he didn't come back.

The mother's heart was centred in the boy. He was "the point of her heart," as fond Chinese mothers say when the Western mother would say "my sweetheart." Taking him by the hand she raised him up, and said, with all the mother-love shining in her eyes, "My son, you are too young yet to know all. Some day when you are a little older I will tell you the history of our sad lives. We have a great and powerful enemy and it is only by this quiet liv-

ing that you and I have lived in peace. Wait a little longer, son, and you shall know all."

The boy was quick and impetuous and said, "Mother, unless you tell me now I cannot live. I am no longer a child. I will to know now."

"Not now, my son," was the quiet but sad reply.

Hearing this, the boy rushed from the room and out into the back court where there was a well and, as he ran by, he kicked a brick into the well and dashed into a grape arbour.

The mother, rushing out after him, only able to see with one eye, and not seeing her boy, but only hearing the splash as the brick struck the water, concluded that he had jumped into the well. Sitting down by the well, she exclaimed:

"Ai, ja. What have I to live for now? My son is in the well, his father in banishment in Hsiang Yang, all is gone. I cannot keep my promise and send him to his father. Alas! alas! My fate is indeed bitter. I too will end my sorrows in the well. At least in death I can be with my boy. His shall also be my grave," and rising, she gathered her skirt about her head preparatory to jumping in, when Ting Lang rushed out from his hiding-place and, grasping her, shouted:

"Mother, don't. I am alive. I hid to

frighten you. Why is my father in banishment? What promise did you make him about me? Tell me, or I truly will beat my brains out against the bricks."

Seeing the desperate look in his eyes, she said, as she took him in her arms, "Little son, you were nearly the death of your mother, but never mind, you shall know all. I see, indeed, you are not a child," and leading him into the house, she told him the sad, sad story from first to last, showed him the priceless keepsakes. As he looked at them and at the dear, patient, disfigured face, he said:

"Mother, I am going now to seek my father. You must not prevent me."

Could she let him go, out into the great unknown world, her little boy, her baby; how could she? And yet her promise to his father; her vow that she had lived over every day of his precious little life. "Yes, the boy should go." What mattered her sorrow at the parting? With breaking heart and bitter, sad tears she gave her consent, and pawned almost everything she had to give him money to use on the journey.

When the morning came for him to leave her, she got his breakfast, feeling as though the life was going out of her, and yet, with words of wisdom and many instructions, she clasped him

to her, then allowed him to make his prostration, and the door closed.

As Ting Lang went down the steps he heard a fall and, going back, found the dear mother like unto one dead. He called to her and wept and plead, and at last the dear eye once more looked into his, and he said:

"You must not grieve thus. I must fulfil your promise to my father. I will tell you a plan; you buy a coffin and put it under your window. Put all my old clothes and shoes into it, and when you are lonely and miss me and must weep, you go to the coffin and say, 'My son is dead. Here will I weep for him.' Consider me as dead and here, and you will be comforted."

The mother replied, "You are wise, my dear, beyond your years; I will do as you say, and weep for you there."

"If I live, my mother, I will come back for you if I can find my father."

The boy went by boat down the Grand Canal for Tientsin. On the boat were some wicked men who took his money and clothing, and when they reached Lui Ching, sold him to a theatre man.

This man was very unkind to him, and he was determined to make his escape; one day he was less carefully watched, and taking the open mo-

ment, he ran to the river bank just as some men were landing from a boat. The boy sought their protection, told his story, and before he was through, he was in the arms of one of the men, who proved to be the friend, Mr. Wang, who had taken his father to the place of banishment.

The theatre man came up and declared the boy was his; upon which Mr. Wang quarrelled with him, and in the fight that followed the man was killed. Mr. Wang was arrested, but managed first to get the boy out of the city and, giving him a little money, went back to stand his trial. After many long, weary days of travel, but without serious trouble, the hungry, footsore, and weary boy found his way to the city to which he had been directed.

Let us turn and follow the footsteps of the father during the twelve sad years. Mr. Kao was greatly depressed by his many sorrows, and when he parted from his wife, he felt he should never see her again, neither did he even then comprehend what a true and remarkable wife was his. After reaching the city of Hsiang Yang, to which he had been banished, he was obliged to walk about with chain and ball attached to his feet, carrying a gun on his shoulder. For food he was given permission to take a handful of grain from each bag of tribute

rice that he saw on carts passing through the city. This he could cook and so keep from starving. This kind of life was very trying to him and he endured it for some months, and then, being a proud, spirited man, he determined that he would either die or change for the better in some way. He begged a few bits of money, bought a pen, ink, and some paper, and as he was a very beautiful writer, he employed his time in writing Chinese characters and selling them on the street. This was a wise change, and as he sat writing day by day by the roadside, his fame spread all over the city.

One day a very rich old gentleman, who had been observing him quietly for many days, drew near and entered into conversation. After passing the time of day, he remarked on the beauty of Mr. Kao's writing and his evident familiarity with the Chinese Classics; " Neither do you look to me to be a man of the common people or one who should be in this prison dress."

As he talked his kindly manner warmed the heart of Mr. Kao, who had come to feel that all the world, even the gods, were against him, and little by little he told the story of his father's life and their deadly enemy, the great Yen Sung. He did not tell of his wife and the great sorrow of his family life, but said

his father's enemy had been the cause of his banishment for life.

The old gentleman said, " My name is Hu. I have been observing you for days though you did not know it, and I was certain that you could not be a guilty man. Have you any family in the north? "

" No," said the unhappy Kao. " All is lost to me. I am alone in the world. " On hearing this the gentleman said, " I have a proposition to make to you; I am a rich man and have large estates, but I have no son to inherit them or care for me when I am old. I have a beautiful daughter; will you marry her, come and live with us, take my cares upon you; when I am old care for me? If so, when I am gone all shall be yours."

The young man could hardly believe his ears, and looked in amazement, and at last said, " How can that be? I am a criminal, under sentence of the government, a man whose very name has been changed."

" That is easy for me," said Mr. Hu. " Did I not tell you I was rich; is there anything money will not do? I can buy your freedom at the magistrate's here and if you are ready and willing we will receive you into our family. I ask you again only this: have you a family in the north? "

Again Mr. Kao replied, "No, I am alone."

"All is well then," replied Mr. Hu. "I will see to the rest," and in a few days what seemed as a dream to Mr. Kao, or Mr. Tu, as he took back his old name, became a reality.

Mr. Tu was much overcome; the temptation to a life of luxury after his suffering had been too great, and after his marriage to the beautiful daughter of the "House of Hu" he did not dare to tell of the brave, true-hearted wife and mother in the city of Peking. He put it off from month to month, but it did not become any easier as time went by, and the riches, beautiful home, and family were driving all that dark past more and more from his mind. Their home was all the heart could desire, and later a little son came to share it with them, and then indeed were the bitter days of the past cast out of heart and mind as far as possible.

Thus, in comfort and joy, the twelve years passed away; Mr. Hu thanking the gods for giving him such a son, content that old age should come to him and his old wife under these most auspicious circumstances. How different a life was this from that of the wife and mother in the far north.

One day Mr. Tu went with some companions for a ride outside of the city. As they neared the gate they saw a lot of people gathered about

a young lad of remarkably fine face and form, but in very poor clothing. He had in his hand a broken comb and, spread out before him, a part of a silk handkerchief and a broken mirror, and with tears in his eyes Mr. Tu waved the men aside and asked the boy who he was and where he came from.

The boy said, "I am Ting Lang and am come in search of my father, Tu Ching Ling, known by the name of Kao. He was banished to this city and I am in search of him. He came here twelve years ago. If any of you know him or where I can find him, will you please tell me."

Not a word was spoken for a moment, then Mr. Tu said, pointing to the keepsakes, "What are those things? Do you call such stuff treasure?"

"Yes," said Ting Lang. "My mother gave them to me, the other half of each my father has and he was to know me by these."

A man standing near said, "This must be your son. You have not told us all the truth about yourself."

Mr. Tu was angry then and also afraid, and striking the boy with his riding-whip, he said, as he threw him some silver, "Get you gone, you are an impostor; you are not my son, but because you are a poor boy I will help you a

little and not put you in prison." Saying this, he rode on, followed by his friends.

As the men rode away, the bystanders all said, "That is your father. He is Tu Ching Ling, also Kao Ching Chi. He was banished here twelve years ago."

When the boy heard this, he gathered his treasures together, and went into a temple near, where he sat down to think. What had he to live for? His father had disowned him; had struck him.

"Alas!" said he. "There is for me no living road, I will end it here. I have failed in my promise to my mother."

Taking his girdle, he was fastening it about a beam in the temple when an old priest came in and said, "Son, what would you do? I may be able to help you."

The poor lad poured out his sad story, and at its close the priest said:

"Son, listen to me; I will help you find your father again, and a plan by which he must own you. You dry your tears and stay here with me a few days, and I promise you, you will yet be a happy boy." Then he thought a while and at last disclosed his plan in part to the lad.

He taught the boy some songs and helped him put his own life-story into rhyme, and one day

said, " I want you to sing for the ' foundation beaters,' who are preparing the ground for a beautiful pavilion in a flower garden belonging to a rich man. They are in need of a leading voice such as you have, and you can sing for them; you may also sing your own song at that place."

Ting Lang went with him, and his beautiful voice and handsome face won the hearts of all the workmen, and they joined in the choruses with a will, throwing all their strength into the work.

For a day or two he caught no glimpse of the family, and his heart was sad and heavy; so also was the heart of the father, had he but known it. The sight of the boy had brought back the memory of his early life and the parting with the boy's mother. The boy was in the city; people would know all and talk and it would come to his father-in-law's ears, yet he could not bring himself to tell him first.

The third day Ting Lang was singing he caught sight of a lady sitting by the window listening. She was greatly interested in this child-singer as she had heard him leading the workmen, and what was her horror when she saw one of her servants go up and strike the child a sharp blow, knocking him from the bench on which he was standing. Seeing

the child did not get up, she called to the servant and berated him soundly for his brutality.

"Why did you strike him?"

To which the servant answered, "He used the name of my master."

"Fool," said the lady, "you are more than stupid. Can there not be many by your master's name in all these provinces? Go and bring the boy in here at once and revive him, and I will pardon you this cruelty."

The servant obeyed her, and the boy was brought to the lady's room. After he revived and was quite himself again, she asked him who he was and how old; why he had left his mother and come to another province, as she could tell by his voice that he was from the north. He told her he was twelve years old; had come from his home in the north to seek his father, and then he went on and told her how his mother fainted when he left her, and of his own sad and lonely journey.

"How old is your mother?" asked the lady.

"She is thirty-six," was his reply.

"And your father, how old is he?"

"I remember hearing my mother say that he was older than she by two years, and so he should be thirty-eight."

"What is your father's name?" was her next question.

" Tu Ching Ling," was the answer.

The room was quiet a moment, and then came the question, " How does your mother live? "

To this Ting Lang replied, " At first we were supported by my grandparents, but they are dead now; died poor, and my mother, for some time, has had to take in washing. She has only one eye, so she cannot see to do fine sewing. She is reduced almost to a beggar."

" Have you any proof of your father? " was the next question.

" Yes, I have the three mementos. The half of each are in my father's possession. These I have are the half my mother kept, and I was to present them when I found my father."

" When she gave you these, did she tell you when she gave the other half to your father? "

Ting Lang said, " Yes." Then he told of their parting as he had learned it from the lips of his mother. Then he went on and told how he came to start out in search of his father, the long, lonely road; how and why his father was banished. It was with many sobs and tears that the story was told, and before he was through the lady was weeping with him. As he closed she put her arm around him and said:

" I am your second mother."

When the boy heard this he was frightened and said, "Alas! alas! what have I done!"

"Nothing," was the reply; "rest your heart, you are indeed my son, for I also am your father's wife." Then she told him the story of his father's coming to the city, her father's interest in him, and her marriage. "He said he had no family when we asked him and I could not know of your mother. You have a younger brother, my little son, who is nine years old. His name is Kan Lang; that corresponds with the name your father left you, and I believe all your story. The mistake is all your father's. You are indeed his son."

Ting Lang knelt and knocked his head to his second mother.

As she raised him up she said, "You have indeed suffered; you are the best and bravest boy I ever heard of; you shall never leave us."

This mother, Hu Yüch Ying, was also a very beautiful character, and her sweet, gentle manners won the heart of Ting Lang and he believed her word. She sent a servant to call her own little son, Kan Lang, and when he came he asked, "Did you call me, mother?"

"Yes," she said. "This is your older brother. Greet him first."

"But, mother, I never saw or heard of him before," was the reply of Kan Lang.

"Greet him as I tell you, and afterward I will explain matters to you." The boys then bent the knee to each other and then the mother told her son that she was a second wife; that the first wife was the mother of Ting Lang, and she was also his mother; that Ting Lang was also her son, and they were to care tenderly for each other. Then she sent a servant to find his master and invite him to come to her apartments.

When he came in she asked, "Do you know this lad?" Her husband replied, "I saw him outside the gate of the city. Who is he and what does he want here?" Then his wife said:

"You are an ungrateful man. You deserve the severest punishment Heaven can give. When I asked you if I had an 'older sister' you said no! My father and mother treated you as a piece of fine gold. You had nothing when you came to them. You should have told them the truth, and after marriage told me the truth. You dress in silk, satin, and broadcloth; you eat the best of the land, live in a great house, read, write, and have tens of servants to wait at your door. You go out; it is either on horse, in chair, or by cart, and ever with your outriders. You left my poor sister in sorrow and poverty for twelve long years, while

you have lived in luxury and pleasures. Twelve years for her of bitterness and death, forgotten by the man she trusted and for whom she gave her beauty of person. You with your four seasons' clothing, she almost a beggar. Look at this your son, and think of his twelve years; ah! they have made him a stronger man, though a boy yet, than his father. Think of the long, weary way he has come seeking you; ah! the heart of an iron or a stone man must have cried out at such sorrow as has been theirs. How can you call yourself a man? How can you see my parents? Above all, how will you ever be able to look in the face of my sister, the mother of Ting Lang?" Then turning to the latter she said:

"Son, your father is not worthy, but kneel to him and make your greeting and give him your mother's message."

Ting Lang knelt at his father's feet, and when the father saw him there he felt as though a knife had entered his heart. He put out his hand and said:

"My virtuous and filial son, son of my suffering wife," and then fell back in a swoon.

The boys and the mother sprang forward and caught him and placed him in a chair, a son standing at either side of the chair, the sweet mother at the back.

As he came to and opened his eyes and saw them thus, he took his wife's hand and said:

"I have sinned against you and your house. I was afraid to tell you all the truth. Ah, you are a better woman than I am a man. You are a great daughter of a great house."

Then Hu Yüch Ying said, "If indeed you will listen to me, I will forgive you."

He replied, "Whatever you say I will do."

Meantime the old father and mother, having heard the crying and loud voices, came to the door. It was opened and they came in, saying, "For the first time we have heard what sounded like a quarrel, and have come to see what it is about."

Their son-in-law came and, kneeling at his father's feet, said, "Honoured and great father, I have sinned!" Then came the daughter and, kneeling before her mother, she said, "His sins are my sins," and after that the two boys, who said as they knelt, "Our parents' sins are ours," and the four wept with loud and bitter tears. The old man said:

"Arise, my children, all of you," and lifted up his son-in-law; the mother took her daughter in her arms, and two servants came forward and lifted up the boys.

"Now," said old Mr. Hu, "tell me all the trouble." Then said Tu Ching Ling:

"I have lied to you."

"What about, my son?" asked Mr. Hu. "What could you possibly do that I could not forgive?" Tu Ching Ling told of his wife, how he had lied about her, of her virtue, and all the sad, miserable story, including his fear to own his son, and sending him off. He concluded with:

"I am not worthy to be your son. Your goodness is as high as Heaven and as deep as the earth." As he closed the old gentleman looked at Ting Lang and said:

"Thank the gods, thank the gods, that from your house has come forth such a son. My house is honoured in him. You are forgiven."

Then the father called Ting Lang to prostrate himself before his grandparents, which he did, knocking his head to each three times. As old Mr. Hu looked at him his eyes filled and he said, "He has the virtues of Heaven and the strength of the gods; this is a son for the gods, and the glory of his father, grandfather, and most worthy mother; be comforted, son-in-law, we cannot divide the house; the child to seek his father was ready to die, and to our house has come glory, and because of the virtues of this boy the broken household shall be reunited. To-day is a great day in our family. To honour this event, for three days the work-

men shall feast on meat and flour, and we will have a great house-feast for three days, that all the friends and relatives may know of our joy. We will call the best teacher in the land and the boys shall study together;" then again he put his hand on Ting Lang's shoulder and said:

"You need not mourn for your mother. I will send for her. She shall come in state and live in luxury all the rest of her life."

Thus were husband, wife, and children all comforted, and made ready for the great feast and theatre in honour of the oldest son. After which the oldest family servants were sent north to Peking with letters for the mother of Ting Lang.

Hu Yüch Ying wrote a beautiful letter of invitation to her, telling of the home that awaited her, of herself, the little sister who would care for her, of two sons instead of one, who longed for her instruction and help. She wrote of the comforts she could have and the welcome that awaited her.

When the servants reached Peking they had a hard time to find the small court where she had her little room. They asked for "Lady Yü," which much surprised her neighbours. They said:

"The only one in that court by that name is an old woman who is almost a beggar; she

has a small son, but he is off seeking his father."

"Please call her," said the head steward, and the neighbours went and said, "Mrs. Yü, some men at the gate are seeking you. They seem to belong to some big man, but their dialect is not of this province."

Yü Yüch Ying said, "Tell them my room is small, I have no man at home, and it is not, therefore, proper for them to enter my place. Whatever business they have they are to tell you."

As they returned to the gate the neighbours said, "Although she is so poor, she is most particular as to observing good customs."

Then the servants sent in the two letters. She read the one from her husband, asking her pardon for his neglect, saying he had no means of expressing his deep regret, telling of his present circumstances and comforts, and thanking her for sending the son. He said he had no words to praise her virtue, it was as high as Heaven; told of the son's finding him and how he was studying under a great teacher who pronounced him a remarkable scholar. Then he urged her "ten thousand times to come and live with them. The servants had come to bring her, and he and her sister would only be happy when she came. They hoped

for her day and night, and their hearts were hungry for her friendship, even as her two sons needed her instruction."

As she closed the letter she said, "Thanks to the gods who took my child in safety. My husband has then a wife and son. My own son is provided for; my heart is at rest." She then wrote the following letter:

"My little sister and virtuous husband: your letters of invitation are at hand. I cannot thank you enough for your goodness to my boy. I do not desire comforts and luxuries for myself. I only desire his best good. That has come. I have suffered only that the boy and his father might be united. You need not be anxious about me. I am entirely satisfied. The Superior Man may be poor in bodily comforts, but he is not poor in wisdom or virtue. The tiger may be very thin, but the strength of his heart is not diminished." Then she called the servants, who came and gave her a greeting. They said they had everything ready to take her back with them. Also two women-servants were waiting in the cart for her. Yü Yüch Ying said:

"I am poor, I have nothing to give you for all your long, weary journey. Please return and take this letter; I will not go with you now." The servants all urged her and plead

with her; showed her the boxes of garments, the silver sent for the journey; praised the beautiful home waiting for her, told of the kind old people, and most charming younger sister. To all she turned a deaf ear.

"My son has found his father; the latter has comforts and riches; I will abide here; here where I have suffered will I live my life; I care not for riches; although I am poor I am not covetous. Our great sage said, The Superior Man may be poor, but he will never be covetous. Although I am poor you must not try to make me ashamed, and you need not praise their riches; I may not always be poor and they may not always be rich. The gods deal out to men their lives, I am content. In the spring the grass sends up its shoots; autumn comes and the leaves fall. In the autumn of life we will compare our fates."

As she said this the tears came; all the years of loneliness and sadness swept over her; she could not accept comforts from him who had been untrue to her, or from the one who had her place. The servants said:

"Lady Yü, you are indeed a Superior Woman. If we go back without you, you must at least keep the garments and the money."

These she at first refused, but at last, to sat-

isfy them, as she knew that the servants would suffer if she did not, she said:

"I do not want the silks and velvets; take those back with you. How would I, a beggar, look in such garments. Give me a few changes of cotton garments; they will fit my station better and I will not appear to be other than I am."

This was done after much protesting; then she accepted a few ounces of silver, and told them they might use the rest on the journey back. They said:

"We have a plenty for all; we will put this in the care of a big store here; our master is part owner in it, and you must go to him for it when you need it. You must promise us this for the sake of your son. You must not cause him to weep, and be sad, because of your living in useless poverty." She promised them she would go when she had need of money and get from the store for her use, and with great reluctance the servants, again prostrating themselves, left her; they returned to the south and she entered her poor little room.

Years came and went; to all the letters Lady Yü returned an answer that she was in need of nothing and would not leave her native city. The boys grew up together. They were very bright, and year by year took high honours in

the examinations. In all the province there was no other student equal to Ting Lang. He was the talk of the city; and people predicted a great fortune for him.

When he was seventeen, he and his brother went to Peking to take the examinations for the higher degrees; for these they not only wrote the three-page essay, but also a two-page "Chin Tsin," or a short account of the family, going back several generations and giving the official positions of any of their ancestors.

When Ting Lang entered his name and his brother's for the examinations they had given the name of Hu and as he had not sought out his mother, no one knew that the much-talked-of young student was of the old house of Tu. His enemy, Yen Sung, had no thought of fear from the family. He was the great examiner, the head of the Hau Lin College. In all the Empire no one could write such characters as he. (At the present time, characters written by him hang in the Hall of Classics in Peking as a model of perfect writing.) Year by year his power had grown until the Emperor was almost a figurehead and hated him, yet no one dared to impeach him.

Ting Lang came with three hundred and fifty-nine other men who had the degree of "Chin Shib," to be examined for "Chaung

Yuan," the highest degree in the Empire, and a degree only given to one man once in three years. This year it came to Ting Lang and the degree of "Pang Yen" to his brother. Ting Lang's writing was pronounced perfect by the Emperor, the style most elegant.

At the close of the examinations a great feast was given; among those present was a powerful official by name of Hai Jui. He was noted as a man of great ability and as an honest and upright minister. He knew the story of Ting Lang's life; felt that the time had come to expose the great Yen Sung, so at the great feast following the examinations he wrote the following on slips of paper and sent them quietly among the students:

"A great man has come among us in our new 'Chuang Yuan.' Although a boy in years, he is a man, yes a son of a god in ability and talent. He will be of great use to his country. There are officials—yes, great ones—who are traitors to the good of their country; these we must put down and give men of ability a chance."

Every one knew this referred to Yen Sung though no name was given. After the feast the students all waited outside the Hall for Yen Sung to come for audience with the Em-

peror. As he came near to his chair, Ting Lang walked up to him and said:

"You great traitor to your country; you crafty minister; you control and insult the Emperor, hold under as slaves all officials of the Empire; you oppressor of the people, your sun is set. Your sons are like you in wickedness; your steward is a devil, and you plan with him. Your great literary name is wild and worthless; judgment awaits you, the judgment of Heaven."

The great Yen Sung looked around; not a friendly face; his own grew a little fearful, and yet in a loud voice he called out:

"What does this mean?" and turning to the officials he had created he said, "You stand there and see me reviled; you make no motion to help me; life and death are in my hands and you will suffer." With that he attempted to get into his chair, when Ting Lang and all his student friends set upon him. They tore off his audience cap, his royal robes, beat him, reviled him, and were in the midst of a free fight with him and his chair-bearers, when Hai Jui came from the audience hall. In a few words quiet was restored, and the great Yen Sung, torn and tattered, beaten, and raging like a lion, rushed into the audience hall and, bending before the Emperor, cried out for revenge. The

Emperor had heard the commotion outside and had asked who and what it was. They had told him that the three hundred and sixty literary men who had been at the feast had set upon and were beating Yen Kē Lao. When the Emperor heard this he said:

"For literary men, men of high degree, to do such a thing means, can but mean, that they have a good clear reason, otherwise they would not act like beasts," so he waited, and was waiting when Yen Sung rushed in.

"Great Emperor," said he, "I have been beaten by the students, and without cause. There is going to be a rebellion, have a care, your Majesty." When he was through the Emperor said:

"How could so many people attack one man unless there was a good reason? We will examine into this thing. Call the new 'Chaun Yuan,' I will ask him." Ting Lang came and knocked his head and said:

"My lord, live ten thousand years; I have sinned, I have beaten a 'Kē Lao.' I ought to die." The Emperor said:

"You are a new and very young Chaung Yuan. How can you have a death sin?" Then, turning to another official he said, "Call Hai Jui, I will have his witness." Hai Jui knelt and said:

"I dare not look on thy face, great Lord; for a Chaung Yuan to beat a Kë Lao, there must always be a reason." The Emperor replied:

"That is right and fair; to attack just outside of my door, there must be a clear reason and a great one," then he turned and commanded Ting Lang to tell at once. Ting Lang said:

"Most mighty one, one word would not explain; I have it all in a document which I have here and would beg your Majesty to read. It will explain all." He held out his document and, at a bow from the Emperor, a eunuch came forward, took it, and placed it on the table by the Emperor's side. The latter took it up and read it: the sad story of the three generations. He read as in a dream the entire paper; he saw, as one thing after another came before his mind, how for years he had been a tool of his minister, Yen Sung. Saw how he had kept back and brought to death many a good, worthy official. At last, lifting his head, he looked at the trembling Yen Sung and said:

"Ai, ya! This is true, all of it. I know it; you are the greatest traitor under the heavens. I give to Hai Jui power to strip you of all rank, and hand you over to the Board of Punishments. You shall be tried and punished for

your evil deeds." Then, turning to Hai Jui, he commanded him to call soldiers, to then and there take him to prison; to see that a day was appointed for trial. Then he commanded that a palace be found and put in order for the new Chaung Yuan and his brother; that in the third day all officials were to call on him and make his acquaintance.

With great luxury was the palace prepared, for all rejoiced at the downfall of the great Yen Sung, and all desired to do homage to the great son of the old official house of Tu.

During these days in the city, Ting Lang had not dared to seek out his mother, as he wanted first to expose their enemy; he came to the city under the name of Hu, and while Lady Yü had heard of the very wonderful young man, she did not dare to even hope that it might be her son; she asked no questions and no one mentioned the downfall of Yen Sung. The next day a steward came and told her he suspected the young man was her son; but she said:

"No, that cannot be; no such glory awaits our house. I have heard a little of the two brothers, but you have made a mistake." The day after the downfall she was busy at home when a neighbour came in and said:

"Some great men have just entered our

street and are coming this way." Just then a servant rushed in and said:

"They have come to get the Great Lady."

The neighbours laughed and said, "What great lady? There is no great lady in this street."

But the horsemen drew near the gate and awaited the chairs. The servant came and said:

"The great man, the new Chaung Yuan, has come for his honoured mother, the Lady Yü." Then came the other servants one after another. Yü Yüch Ying put up her hand and protested:

"I am but a poor lone woman, living my life quietly. You have made a mistake, there is no great Lady Yü here." Then in came Ting Lang, followed by his brother. In beautiful robes and special official cap, that told of his high rank, with all the glory of his position, she knew him; knew her boy who left her a little lad, returning to her with glory honestly won. As the sages truly say, "The son, though he goes thousands of miles from home, never leaves his mother's heart; the son, though separated from his mother years, never forgets her, but carries her in his heart." He now sprang forward and knelt before her, saying:

"Honoured mother, don't come a step, I am unworthy." To test his heart she said:

"And who are you that call me mother?"

"Only your own small son, Ting Lang, my mother."

Kan Lang came and knelt beside him and said, "Great mother, I do you reverence. I also am your son." Yü Yüch Ying came to put both hands on her son's shoulders and said:

"Ah, son! son! I have longed for you to the death; did you not think, while you were away, of my sadness and loneliness?" Thus she put out her hand and took the hand of the younger boy, and together they wept.

"My mother, if you weep to your illness, of what joy is my promotion? Word has already gone to the southern home, and they will come to us. Our sorrows, yours are over; I shall never leave you or you me. The bitterness is over and the sweet has come, be comforted and we will all rejoice together." Yü Yüch Ying lifted her hands and said:

"I thank Heaven and the gods that the mother and son are united again. I thank Heaven that I also have a younger son. I thank Heaven and Earth for giving such an honour to poor sightless me."

The sons lifted her from her knees, called the servants who took her to her room, and after arranging her still beautiful black hair, they robed her in garments of honour brought

by her son. When all was ready the sons came and, bending the knee, said:

"We invite our mother to take her chair, leaving this little court and room, and go with us to enjoy the pleasures and blessings granted by Heaven to the restored House of Tu." The mother said:

"My sons, these poor neighbours have been kind to me always. Thank them for me." This the sons did in a most respectful manner and promised to reward them. She herself then thanked them, and they escorted her to her chair, and to the palace where she was given great honour.

Later in the day, father, mother, and grandparents of Kan Lang came, and thus, after eighteen weary years, the family was reunited, and joy came in every form to them for many long years. Yü Yüch Ying lived to see and hold her great grandchildren, and to see great glory come to their house. Their great enemy was tried and punished by loss of all rank and estate; his last days spent in poverty and seclusion. Tradition says he was given a silver bowl and made to beg from door to door for the rest of his life, and a small street called "Silver Street" is said to have been named for his bowl and the fact that there he died on the street a beggar. History only records the loss of

rank and estate. His steward, Nien Chi, was tried at the same time, and was sentenced to be burned alive in the street,—"A fine lamp for one dark night." Thus was meted out punishment to the enemies of the House of Tu.

NOTES

1. The song of "Ting Lang Seeking his Father" is never sung by the "foundation beaters" of China except they are given a special gift of money or a meal of white bread. There is no other song among the many they sing that produces the effect that this one does; man by man they seem to live over the little lad's life. A leader sings the main part, they coming in in special parts as it is arranged. When one of the British Legation buildings in Peking was being built, they paid five dollars to have the song sung, and it is always *the* special for all large Chinese buildings.

2. The place where the wicked Nien Chi lived is the site of the American Board Mission in Peking and was bought by them over forty years ago. It adjoins the grounds of the great and more wicked Yen Sung. This is now the home of a Mongol Prince. The palace has had for hundreds of years an unsavoury reputation. It was the underlings, servants, and Boxers, supported by the present owner, who was also a Boxer leader, who destroyed the Congregational Mission in 1900. It was the place where the Mission made its headquarters until the rebuilding of the Board property. It was here many Christians were taken, tried, and sentenced to death. So the present record is similar to that of the days of Yen Sung.

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