

GOFORTH ROSALIND

CHINESE DIAMONDS
FOR THE KING OF KINGS

Rosalind Goforth

**Chinese Diamonds
for the King of Kings**

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FOREWORD

Whole libraries have been written on Christian evidences. The resources of philosophic and scientific research have been drawn up in defence of the Christian faith. Yet important as these are, it may be questioned whether any or all of them together bring home to the heart such conviction as does the story of a redeemed soul – a soul lifted out of the fearful pit and miry clay – cleansed, purified and established in righteousness. Whatever intellectual difficulties may occur, a countenance illumined with a light that is not of this world is irresistible.

Henry Ward Beecher spoke of a nest of infidels he had encountered upon whom argument made little impression. There lived in the same village a humble washerwoman of singularly beautiful character. When asked what they thought of her the sceptics were silenced. Harold Begbie says of Old Born Drunk that "he advertised salvation. Before the miracle of Old Born Drunk the arguments of the tavern atheist melted into thin air."

We are indebted to Mrs. Goforth for having gathered from her long experience in China a series of instances as convincing as any told by Harold Begbie in "Twice Born Men." They are not the outcome of generations of development, for China has no religious background. They are miracles of grace. Luther said, "God is the God of the humble, the miserable, the oppressed, the desperate, of them that are naught. It is His nature to give sight to the blind, to comfort the broken hearted and to justify the ungodly."

The divine nature is beautifully and impressively illustrated by these stories of redeemed and glorified ones whose after life verified the reality of the miraculous change. He is able to save unto the uttermost. With Him there is plenteous redemption. Go ye, therefore, and tell it out.

(REV.) R. P. MACKAY, D.D.

INTRODUCTION

The following sketches are as photographically true as my knowledge of Chinese life and people can make them. They are written primarily as an answer to the oft met questions, "Do missions pay?" and, "After all, are there any real Christians in China?"

We missionaries are frequently told that the average church member at home has come to think of missionaries' letters as "too dry to read." Wherefore, my attempt to give missionary facts in a different, possibly more readable, form. With what success remains to be seen. The little book is sent forth with the earnest hope and prayer that those who read these sketches may come to see the truth of what Paul said: "God hath made of ONE BLOOD all men under heaven."

ROSALIND GOFORTH.
Kikungshan, South Honan, China,
July 24, 1920.

SKETCH I

As Silver Is Refined

Part I. THE BIRTH OF A SOUL

One sultry afternoon in June, 19 – , an elderly woman, seated in the shade of her front gateway, the coolest spot she could find, was fanning vigorously in vain attempt to keep cool, discontented mutterings keeping time to her fan. It was time the long summer siesta ended and for folks to get to work, so thought Mrs. Dwan, but "folks" evidently thought otherwise, for the whole village seemed as still and lifeless as a graveyard.

Just as the woman was about to rouse the sleeping household her attention was attracted to a man wheeling a barrow on which lay a sick child. Putting his barrow down opposite the Dwan's gateway the man wiped his steaming brows as he stepped forward saying, "Honorable Lady, my child is very thirsty, we have come a long way, will you give us water?"

"Gladly," said the woman, hastening into the inner court as fast as her excessive avoirdupois would permit. In a moment or two she reappeared, not with ice cold water as in our country, but with a kettle of boiling water and two bowls.

"Wheel the child into the shade and rest yourself," said the woman as she filled the bowls; then setting one down beside the sick child, she motioned to the man to take a seat on the stone steps. "Where are you going," she asked by way of opening the conversation.

"I'm taking my child to the foreign doctor at W – ."

"What!" she exclaimed, with a look of horror, "you are surely never going to venture inside that place! We have heard some terrible things about those people."

"Well," replied the man, "all I can say is this, a neighbor woman of ours went to that hospital perfectly blind and came back seeing almost as well as you or I. A man in my village had a terrible leg, he would certainly have died, but he went there too and came back healed. He told us the doctor treated him as well as the patients who could pay, though they knew he was too poor to pay."

"But, why then do people talk so?" persisted Mrs. Dwan.

"You know the proverb," replied the man, with rather a contemptuous shrug, "You can bridle a horse or a mule, but who can bridle a woman's tongue." With this parting thrust and a polite bow, the man caught up his barrow and hurried on.

Mrs. Dwan's husband was what is known in China as the "leading man" of his region. He was a landowner of considerable means, and was widely known and sought after as a doctor though he had no knowledge whatever of Western methods of treating diseases, nor of surgery, but was an expert in the art of "needle pricking," a common Chinese treatment not infrequently used with fatal results.

As the man with the barrow disappeared in the distance, Dr. Dwan appeared at his dispensary gateway, across the street from where his wife was sitting. Calling him to her she related what had just passed. The Doctor listened, but said nothing; paying no attention to the fierce denunciation of the missionaries with which she ended; her husband had learnt through many years of bitter experience with her to say little but act. When the following morning the Doctor announced his intention of taking the younger son to the foreign Doctor to have a growth on his foot removed, of course, Mrs. Dwan began to storm and rage but to no purpose, except to give matter of interest to her neighbors, trouble to her household, and sickness to herself. Her fits of temper were so violent and sustained that it is little wonder Nature usually had her way by a general collapse, when the naturally strong woman would lie for days as helpless as a child.

As Dr. Dwan started off for the Mission Hospital, it would be too much to imagine that his mind was quite free from fear or doubt, but his intense curiosity to see the foreign Doctor about whom he had heard such conflicting reports, and a desire, if possible, to see something of his methods of treatment, overcame every other thought. A walk of some twelve English miles brought them to the city of W – . On reaching the Mission Hospital they found themselves in the midst of a crowd of sick and suffering ones. Procuring their tickets of admission they joined themselves to the queue moving towards the Dispensary door. The moment Dr. Dwan found himself and his child, with a dozen or more others, ushered into the Doctor's presence, all fears vanished, – who, indeed, could not trust those keen, quiet, kind eyes?

Stepping aside purposely so that the others might be treated first and thus give him his chance to watch the foreigner, Dr. Dwan made the most of his opportunity. At last the assistant called him forward to take his name. The moment he had given it, Dr. Blank, the missionary, looked up quickly and said, "Why, are you Dr. Dwan of C – ?"

"That is my unworthy name," replied the other. Immediately Dr. Blank left the patient he was treating, and came forward with such a friendly smile the Chinese doctor was completely taken by surprise.

"I'm very pleased indeed to meet you," the missionary said heartily, and in a few moments had the other quite at his ease. From their first meeting these two men drew naturally together. The missionary doctor recognized in Dr. Dwan the true instincts of a physician and generously remembered that this man's ignorance and inefficiency as a doctor was not due to lack of natural ability but from the lack of advantages such as he himself had enjoyed.

The removal of the growth on the boy's foot was a simple operation, but it required the administration of chloroform. When this was about to be given the father showed decided nervousness, but a few quiet firm words from Dr. Blank allayed his fears. He stood aside and watched with intense wonder and admiration every detail of the operation.

Dr. Blank saw the man's keen interest in everything connected with the Hospital, and arranged for the care of his boy so that the father could be with him in the operating room, the afternoon clinic, and ward visitation. When the work of the day was over the missionary sometimes invited Dr. Dwan to his study in his house at the rear of the compound. It was at such times the missionary doctor opened to his less favored brother the way of Salvation.

It was not till the close of his stay that Dr. Dwan seemed to really understand. The two men were talking in the study when Dr. Dwan spoke out suddenly as if to get something off his mind:

"Dr. Blank, I have a request I find hard to make."

Dr. Blank's face fell as visions of many past requests came before him, but he said merely:

"What can I do for you?"

"The fact is," continued the other, "people say you have strange things in your home. Would you allow me to see the place?"

The missionary jumped to his feet with a relieved smile saying, "Why, come along now. I'll show you everything." Through the house they went; each room seemed more wonderful to Dr. Dwan than the last, everything was a wonder, but what especially aroused his admiration and astonishment was the school-room where the missionaries' children – girls as well as boys – were at their lessons. All he saw made a deeper impression on his mind than the missionary or even he himself at the time realized.

Some days later when in conversation with one of the missionaries something like the following took place:

Dr. Dwan, looking intently at the missionary, suddenly said with deep feeling, "Do you know what people are saying about you all?"

"Yes, I think we do," returned the other, with a little laugh. "At least we know quite enough."

"Then I cannot understand how you can stay and do what you are doing with my people."

"My friend," replied the missionary, drawing his chair nearer to the other and speaking from the depths of a full heart, "It is like this, Jesus Christ left His home in heaven to suffer and die for us – for me. The love that made Him do that He has given to me and those with me. It is this LOVE that makes us do all this for your people."

"You mean then that you are just following in Jesus Christ's steps – just doing as He did?"

"Yes," came the answer quietly, "just that. Will you follow Him too?"

There was a firm and set purpose in Dr. Dwan's face as, after a moment's pause, he said gravely:

"Yes, I will, I will follow the Lord Jesus."

This man counted not the cost; he simply saw the Gleam and faced for it. Little did he dream how short and stormy the path would be that led from the Gleam to the Glory beyond.

Part II. FROM GLEAM TO GLORY

"The Son of God goes forth to war
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below —
He follows in His train."

When Dr. Dwan informed his family that he had become a Christian, or as they put it, "become a slave of the foreigners," it was as if a thunder-bolt had fallen in their midst.

The first step the doctor felt he must take as master of his own home, was to destroy the household gods. While the first ones were being torn down, the family were too terror-stricken to offer any resistance, but by the time the "kitchen god" was reached Mrs. Dwan had somewhat recovered her senses and stood before the stove over which the god was pasted, prepared to fight.

Firmly, without undue violence, her husband put her aside, and, securing the god crumpled all together in his hands, (for they were made of paper), he faced the crowd which filled the court; here, for almost an hour the brave man preached with intense earnestness of the love of the One True God in giving His Son for them. He then kindled the gods and burnt them before the crowd, who, when all was over, dispersed, but with black looks and ominously quiet.

For many months Dr. Dwan labored among his neighbors and through the whole region trying to win men to his new faith, but public opinion was too strongly against him. It was universally believed, – by his family as well as outsiders – that the foreigners had bewitched him and that the gods would certainly wreak their vengeance upon him. Strange to say, what followed, tended to strengthen them in this belief.

A railway, which had recently been built by foreigners, passed over part of Dr. Dwan's land. One day, soon after he had come out as a Christian, one of the doctor's hired men was ploughing a piece of this land with a yoke of oxen (or mules). When crossing the rails, and blinded by a dust-storm which was blowing, the man did not notice the train which struck and killed both animals, though the heathen hired man remained uninjured.

The most precious possession a man can have in China, next to a son, is a grandson. Dr. Dwan had one such treasure; a fine healthy child, he was the pride and joy of both grandparents. Soon after

the above accident had come to try the new Christian's faith, this child took ill suddenly and died. We can only imagine what a tremendous test this must have been to the grandfather's faith.

Shortly after the grandchild's death the eldest son purchased an animal at a fair; after it had been put with the other animals it was discovered to have a distemper, and, though at once removed the mischief was done, for a few days later most of the doctor's animals were dead. They were indeed dark days, and through all these special testings which I have mentioned, was the unceasing nagging and at times violent raging of his wife; but later the testimony was given that through it all Dr. Dwan's faith in God never flinched.

When feeling the need of help and encouragement, a visit to his friend the foreign doctor, never failed to give fresh courage. But darker days were in store for him, and he surely needed all the help his fellow Christian could give.

One day a deputation waited upon him to ask for his contribution towards the village theatrical held in honor of the village god. Dr. Dwan received them courteously, and endeavored to show them how impossible it was for him to give to such an object now that he worshipped the One Only and True God. When finally the deputation saw that they could not move him, they left in anger, threatening, that since he chose to go against the will of the people, he must take the consequences. The price he had to pay for this stand we shall see.

A few days after the above took place, the doctor's watchdogs were both found poisoned. The Chinese depend very much upon these dogs for protection against thieves, who are everywhere in this land. From this on the neighbors carried on a system of petty thieving of the doctor's property which continued till within a short time of his death. The village people, as is general in China, worked their farms on the co-operative plan, at least to the extent of sharing as common property many necessary farming implements. When Dr. Dwan came to require these as was his right, they were refused. Patients ceased to come, and calls from a distance became a thing of the past. In a hundred ways he was subject to petty persecution. When these failed to "bring him to his senses," more serious action was planned.

One day when the doctor was away from home, the news reached him that his barn and dispensary had been set on fire and burned. A few months later, just before the wheat harvest, his wheat field was set on fire. And through it all he stood alone with his God, – never shrinking, never doubting.

Then, as if God saw he needed but the final refining, malignant cancer of the throat brought his body low. It was then that the tide of Public Opinion seemed to turn. His wife even began to show signs of real change. She no longer opposed her husband, but it was not till much later that she seemed to be really converted. The eldest son, who had all along been secretly with his father, now came out boldly as a Christian; and from the time when Dr. Blank gave his verdict that Dr. Dwan could not live, he devoted himself to his father endeavoring in every possible way to make up for the past. Even his heathen neighbors began to ask themselves, "Have we done this man wrong?"

The missionaries from W – made frequent visits to the dying Christian, and as every detail of these visits was discussed by all the villagers (everything is done openly in this land) there is little doubt but that the love and interest shown by the foreigners on these visits had much to do with the rapidly changed attitude towards Christianity.

Before Dr. Dwan passed away, he had the joy of hearing that his two sons, his elder son's wife, as well as several of his neighbors had become Christians.

As this saint's last struggle ended and his last breath was drawn, we can almost hear the welcome that awaited him, and the Saviour's voice as He said, – "Well done good and faithful servant – enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Within three years of Dr. Dwan's death, the writer witnessed the destruction of the village Temple. – destroyed by PUBLIC CONSENT that the materials might be used in building a Christian Church on the outskirts of the village, the land on which the Church was built being given by one of the men who so bitterly persecuted the first Christian.

It was in this little village Church the writer heard some of the finest personal testimonies she has ever heard. It was the last of a week's special meetings, the leader had given opportunity for any who wished to give a personal testimony; in an instant a poor working man was on his feet, as if afraid lest others would get ahead of him. This is what he said:

"Please, Pastor, I want to tell how I know God answers prayer. I was wheeling a barrow full of coal down a steep place the other evening when it broke down. I did not dare leave my barrow or the coal would be stolen, and I did not dare stay there or I would freeze, so I just knelt down by the roadside and asked God to send some one to help me. As I was praying a man came along, and seeing me on my knees called to know what I was doing. I told him I was asking my God to send me some one to help me mend my barrow. The man then said, "Your God has certainly heard you this time for I'm a carpenter and I have my tools with me, so come along." He mended my barrow and helped me down the hill. *Now I do know God answers prayer.*"

Before the man was seated, young Mrs. Dwan had risen. Putting the little baby she had been holding in the arms of the woman next to her, she stood erect with quiet dignity and speaking in a low but clear voice that all could hear, she said:

"Pastor, I too wish to tell how I know God answers prayer. The first days of these meetings I received such a great blessing I longed to help some one else to know Christ, but I had so many duties with my little children and my home I could not go out, so I just kept praying as I went about my work, 'Lord, make the people go to the Church,' over and over again. Now, hasn't He heard my prayers?" And with a look of triumph she waved her hand first to the women's side and then to the men's, saying as she did so, – "Look there, and there!" The building was packed, aisles, window seats, even the windows were banked with faces, all listening quietly and attentively.

And now the closing scene. The day following the above-mentioned meetings, a number of Christians and a crowd of not unsympathetic villagers, gathered about Dr. Dwan's grave and erected to his memory a stone slab. Well might it have recorded on it that his path had been "by way of the Cross," from his first Gleam of the true Light to his entrance into the Glory beyond.

SKETCH II

Characters From One Village

Part I. WANG-EE

The large and prosperous village of Ta-kwan-chwang is situated twelve miles southeast of Changte. As in most villages in China it had its best, or head-man, and its worst character – the leader of the worst element. In this case the former was Wang-ee; the latter a man named Liang.

In December of – , a Men's Bible Class was being conducted at the main station by Mr. M – when to the surprise of all, this notoriously bad Liang was led in by one of the Christians who begged that he might be permitted to join the class as he was breaking off opium and wanted to be a good man. As the days passed poor Liang seemed incapable of taking in anything. He slept most of the time, would fall asleep the moment Mr. M – began speaking, and his snores, to say the least, were most disturbing.

At last the missionary's patience became exhausted when an unusually loud snore reached his ears. Liang was told he had better leave as his presence was "useless to himself and disturbing to others." The man returned home apparently much crestfallen, and all thought he would never return; but a deeper work than others knew of had begun in him. On his return home his changed life became the talk of the village. Wang-ee, the headman, who was probably the wealthiest farmer in the region, heard of Liang's becoming a Christian, and of his wonderfully changed life. He talked with Liang and soon became interested. The Missionary, Mr. G – , hearing of the movement in this village, was preparing to pay them a visit when he received the following letter from Wang-ee.

"Honorable teacher Keo, – I hear you are planning to visit me, – do not come! When I get one hundred others to believe as I do I will come to you – not before."

This message awakened much interest in the man, and day by day he was remembered in prayer. Several weeks passed when one day Wang-ee appeared at the missionary's door, – a typical, burly, well-to-do farmer. He lost no time in coming to his point. The first greetings over, he said, "I want to see through your home. May I?" The missionary led him through each room. The sewing machine puzzled him – not till it had been opened and examined inside would he believe but that a witch had made such stitches. When at last the kitchen was reached Wang-ee turned and said abruptly, "but is there nothing more?"

"No," replied Mr. G – , "nothing except the cellar."

"The cellar!" Wang-ee exclaimed, "why that is what I wanted to see most of all." Down they went. Then he began a vigorous search, the book boxes, then the coal and inside of the furnace was examined, then, when apparently satisfied, he faced the missionary, saying:

"Well, we Chinese are liars. A neighbor of mine told me he had seen in your cellar great crocks filled with children's flesh salted down."

The two returned to the study, when a long and earnest talk followed, at the close of which Wang-ee asked to have his name recorded as a probationer.

Some days later Wang-ee reappeared leading a large band of the chief men of his village. These he insisted on personally conducting through the house. On reaching the cellar Wang-ee became much excited. "Now look everywhere," he urged, "look now, see if there are any of those dead children you told me of. Will you ever lie to me about these missionaries again?" The men seemed very humble and not at all resentful. Later Wang-ee took them all into the city and treated them to a good dinner before returning home.

Nor was this all. A few days passed when again Wang-ee appeared – this time with a large wheeled cart drawn by six mules, and loaded down with women, all the women he could coax to come. These he led through the same process of enlightenment as the men. This time Wang-ee's face was a study, beaming as it was with delight as he saw the women's fears giving way to astonishment and delight at what they saw. With one or two exceptions all of these women became Christians. Within a very short time a flourishing little church existed in Wang-ee's village. Year by year the church grew till the cloudburst of 1900. Most, if not all the Christians suffered in that terrible time of persecution, – Wang-ee lost heavily, – animals and grain were stolen, his life threatened, but he remained faithful.

The storm passed. The missionaries returned, work was reorganized. The Chinese Government ordered indemnity to be given to the Christians for their losses. Then, like many others, Wang-ee, though brave and faithful in peril and persecution, *fell* under prosperity. He gave in false estimates of his losses and received in proportion. God knew, though the missionaries did not. Year by year the church at Ta-kwau-chwang declined.

Then came a time of wonderful revival at Changte. Wang-ee sent his son to the meetings. The missionary missed his old friend and sent the son home to bring his father. When Wang-ee arrived he met Mr. G – with, "Why did you send for me? I am too old and, anyway, I've no sins to confess."

That night poor Wang-ee seemed shaken as by a tempest. Hour after hour he wept. Those in the same room with him knew not what to do – for Wang-ee would say nothing. When morning came Wang-ee sent a message to Mr. G – , saying, "Oh, Pastor, give me a chance to confess before the meeting, I can't bear this, I will burst." The missionary met Wang-ee a little later near the church door. With their arms around each other, and tears flowing freely they entered the building. Reaching the platform Wang-ee cast himself down on his knees weeping bitterly. For several moments nothing could be heard but the man's sobs and sympathetic weeping throughout the audience. At last he made a full confession. He told how the church had gone down, down, and how when the missionary would question him as to the cause he would reply, "The time for blessing has not come."

He took the whole blame upon himself. He said it was not until he had come to the meetings that his eyes had been opened to the fact that he had been deceiving himself and trying to deceive God and man. He promised full restitution and kept his promise.

From that time Wang-ee's Christian character grew more and more in the likeness of his Master. He is now an old man of well-nigh eighty, ready for the call – beloved and honored by his fellow-Christians and surrounded by his family to the fourth generation.

Part II. WANG-EE'S NEIGHBORS

The great plain of North-Central China stretches for six hundred miles North and South. The villages are for the most part as thick as the homesteads in the more thickly populated districts of Western Ontario.

It was while visiting in one of these villages, Ta-kwan-chwang, that the writer came to know and love the characters sketched here.

First there comes to mind Wang-ee's aunt, the leading woman of her class, the one who chaperoned the women's party on their first visit to the missionary's home. She was the first woman to be baptized and was always for years, till "called Home," the one who most delighted in extending to us the hospitality of her home.

Then there was Wang-ee's gentle frail little wife, a striking contrast to the strong-minded, masterful personality of the aunt. This little woman seemed to spend her time sitting on a low stool in

front of the great family caldron or pot in which the food was cooked. As she fed the fire with long, dried corn-stalks she directed her household, her sons and daughters-in-law, her grand-children, and later even great grand-children, not in the loud and stormy tones usually heard in heathen homes, but with a quiet dignity and self-command which often astonished the writer. What a monotonous life hers was! Day after day, year after year the same! No summer holidays for her! Was it much wonder she appeared always like a worn-out, tired-out human machine? Her faith was the faith of a little child, but she seemed incapable of fixing her mind on *herself*, so long and systematically had she thought of others. She, too, has passed on.

Then there comes Mrs. Lee – one of the first to accept Christ. Long standing eye trouble was fast destroying her eyesight, to save which she came to the women's hospital at Changte. Her one earnest request was that she might be permitted to hold the writer's hand during the operation, which was performed without chloroform. When all was over, she rose and said, "Oh, Jesus was beside me through it all."

Among the first converts in this village were two women, widows of two brothers. For years these women had never allowed the burning incense to become extinguished before the family tablets. They were both earnest devotees of a heathen religious sect. These women accepted Christ as their Saviour at the same time.

The elder whom we called Sung-ta-sao had a wonderful answer to prayer early in her Christian life. A young nephew whom she was bringing up as her own (she was childless) became critically ill with enlarged spleen, a terribly fatal disease. Hearing of another Christian having had her child restored to health in answer to prayer when the doctor had pronounced him past hope, she gave herself to prayer for her nephew who was completely restored. This proof of the reality and power of God made a deep impression on the band of young Christians.

It was the second Mrs. Sung, however, who was next to Wang-ee himself, *the* character of the village. I shall not attempt to describe her appearance, especially as she looked when in winter garb, her clothes being quite as heavily wadded as a bed quilt, but undoubtedly she could truthfully say as another old lady said when seeing her photo for the first time, "I'm certainly the most unbeautifullest woman under heaven."

From the time of her conversion she was eager to preach the Gospel, but her *appearance* was against her. Miss M – tried again and again to use her as a Bible woman. Then I tried her, but in vain. She could not hold an audience for five minutes. And yet of all our Christian women she was the most earnest. She could support herself and was entirely free, being motherless, so she had to return home, and for years did what she could in her own region. Then one day she came to our lady doctor and begged that she might have a place to spread her bed so that she might work among the women patients and try to lead them to Jesus.

The doctor hesitated, knowing the merriment her appearance caused, but decided to try her. That was more than three years ago, and Mrs. Sung is still working faithfully among the patients. She found her "nook." She keeps herself, and is as happy as the day is long in teaching the women to pray and learn the simple Gospel leaflets. Her face so shines with joy and contentment as to appear almost lovely to those who know her.

There are others worthy of being introduced to you, my reader, but there is room for only one more.

Mr. and Mrs. Wang-chang-ling were among the earliest believers. Mrs. Wang was slow to learn. How could she be otherwise, never having read a word in her life, accustomed to the hardest toil in the fields and in the home, her face and hands showing only too plainly what privation and hardship she had come through, and then at fifty years of age trying to master the Christian Catechism. It is no wonder she would sigh and say, "I shall *never* learn to read," and then in her characteristic way look up and say, "But never mind, I can *pray* anyway!" She always had a bright smile of welcome, and would take one's hand and thank us again and again for coming.

Then the Boxer uprising came. Both Mr. and Mrs. Wang-Chang-ling suffered greatly. The Boxers came to their home, bound and carried off the husband. For days the wife knew not what had become of him. He suffered much at the hands of his captors, but finally made his escape. For three months he was driven from place to place, until night unto death, but as he testified God never left him, and always provided a way of escape and raised up friends when most needed and least expected.

While he was fleeing for his life his wife suffered too. The soldiers came, bound her, and carried her off to the Changte official. She afterwards testified that when being taken away thus, not knowing but that even death awaited her, she felt so happy she could not keep from singing. She was beaten two hundred blows to make her tell where her husband was. Then her finger was twisted, but she remained firm and true through it all. On our return in 19 – the writer cannot forget, though many years have since passed, the joy of meeting these dear people, but it was but a short meeting. Both husband and wife died shortly after within a few days of each other, both witnessing triumphantly the hope of the Christians to the Life Everlasting.

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them into living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

SKETCH III

The Man Who Proved God

"Him that honoreth Me I will honor."

The last of a long stream of patients had just gone. It was five o'clock and the tired doctor turned his face once more towards the rear of the Mission Compound, where lay his beloved garden, his one source of relaxation after a day spent in fighting disease and death.

To-day as he reached the inner gate, something, shall we not more truly say, *Someone*, seemed to make him turn about, and he retraced his steps, he knew not why; back past the dispensary door he went till he had reached the main gateway.

Two men carrying a stretcher upon which lay a sick man, came staggering along the road leading past the Mission premises. They were evidently not in the best of humor, for as they mopped their streaming brows, frequent oaths escaped them. Suddenly, as the Mission gate was reached, they dropped their burden with a cruel thud upon the ground, for both bearers had caught sight of the foreigner coming up to the gate. This was by far too interesting a sight to miss, so both men squatted down opposite the gate to rest while they watched with keenest interest this foreign man of whom they had heard many wonderful stories, but whom they had never seen.

The doctor, with true instinct, walked straight to the sick man and raised the cloth covering his face. Hardened as he was to all kinds of "cases," what he saw evidently shocked him, for he gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Where are you taking him?" he asked the bearers.

"Home," was the reply.

"But do you know he will certainly die?"

"That's certain," was the answer. "We were just considering as we came up whether we would *just bury him as he is*, for neither of us cares to stand for forty *li* more (14 miles) what we have stood those last forty *li*."

The doctor knew well it meant for him many months of hard fighting with a most loathsome disease, with only a bare chance of success, yet in the spirit of his Master he did not hesitate but said, "Give him to me. If he can be saved, I'll save him. If he dies, he will have proper burial." After consulting together for a few moments the men turned to the doctor and said, "You can have him." So the man was carried into the hospital.

The following day, at the missionaries' noon prayer-meeting much interest was roused as the doctor told of his strange leading the day before and of the result. Earnest prayer rose for Lu Yung Kwan, the sick man, whose past history made his case seem the more hopeless. He had been a professional juggler (about as low in the scale as one could well get), and had lived a very depraved life.

The history of the year that followed could better be told by the doctor or his colleague who worked, rather fought for the man's salvation, both soul and body. But the day came when he went from the Mission Hospital healed in body and a professed follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Twice in the months that followed Lu Yung Kwan fell; the second time he went back to his old life so deep and so long his Mission friends almost despaired of him. But God had mercy on him, and he rose as the future proved, "*a new creation*" in Christ Jesus.

Barely has there been a more striking illustration of Paul's words, "Put off the old man with his deeds," than Lu Yung Kwan's after life. He opened a small bakery and food shop where many passed to and fro with their barrows of coal, the coal pits being in the region. He was the only Christian in the region. On his counter was always a place for Christian books and tracts; and he was ever on the alert to take advantage of the curiosity and interest these awakened, and to bear witness to what the Lord had done for him.

From the first opening of his business he determined to obey the injunction of Malachi 3:10, – "Bring ye the whole tithe ... and prove me now ... saith Jehovah of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." He not only gave a tithe of all he made to the Lord, but put aside for Him one cash in every hundred, "Just to bless the rest."

He married a bright Christian girl, who proved herself a true helpmeet to him. Four children came to bless their home; one girl whom they named Glory, and three boys, Paul, Luke and Joseph.

One day when visiting near their home, the writer asked the second boy, whom she met on the street, his name. He answered, "My name is the Gospel according to Luke!"

It is not too much to say that the Lord prospered this man in all that he did. As an example of this: – One year almost famine conditions prevailed through Lu Yung Kwan's region, when the missionary paid a visit to the little band of Christians which had gathered around this faithful witnesser to the Truth.

One day Mr. Lu and the Missionary went for a walk. Noticing a fine field of wheat in striking contrast to the almost dead fields of grain surrounding it, the missionary asked to whom it belonged. Mr. Lu replied that it was his, and quietly remarked, "That is how the Lord blesses me."

Some time later when the writer was visiting near his home, Mr. Lu called upon her when he told her the story of his life. One thing he said was, "I know now why the Lord allowed me to fall twice. I was too self-confident. I had to learn that Christ must be all and I nothing."

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