MISSIONARY HEROES COURSE

LIFE STORIES OF GREAT MISSIONARIES FOR
TEEN AGE BOYS

ARRANGED IN PROGRAMS

Mary Porter Gamewell

Heroine of the Boxer Rebellion

SOURCE BOOK

"MARY PORTER GAMEWELL AND HER STORY OF THE SIEGE IN PEKING"

By ALEXANDER H. TUTTLE

Program Prepared by
FLOYD L. CARR

BAPTIST BOARD OF EDUCATION
DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONARY EDUCATION
276 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Course No. 2

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OUTLINE

Program based on Mary Porter Gamewell and Her Story of the Siege in Peking
by Alexander H. Tuttle
Eaton and Mains, $1.50

FOREWORD

THE *Missionary Heroes Course* for Boys meets a real need. It is a series of missionary programs for boys based on great biographies which every boy should know. Courses Number One and Number Two are now available, each providing programs for twelve months, which may be used in the monthly meetings of boys' groups. Other courses are in preparation and will be issued for subsequent years.

It is suggested that the leader purchase two copies of each booklet; one to be kept for reference and the other to be cut up to provide each boy with his assigned part. Some may prefer to purchase one booklet and typewrite the parts for assignment. In order to tie together the life incidents as they are presented by the boys, the leader should master the facts outlined in the biographical sketch and read carefully the volume upon which the program is based. These volumes are missionary classics and may be made the basis of a worthwhile library of Christian adventure.

Boys are keenly interested in stories of adventure and achievement and it is hoped that participation in the programs will lead many of the lads to read these great missionary biographies. Attention is called to the twenty-three other life-story programs now available for Courses Number One and Number Two, both of which are listed on the last page. The books upon which these programs are based can be ordered from the nearest literature headquarters. Portraits of these missionary heroes are also available for purchase at fifteen cents a copy.

While these programs have been developed to meet the needs of boys' organizations of all types—i.e., Organized Classes, Boy Scouts, Knights of King Arthur, Kappa Sigma Pi, etc.,—they were especially prepared for the chapters of the *Royal Ambassadors,* a missionary organization for teen age boys originating in the Southland and recently adapted to the needs of the Northern Baptist Convention by the Department of Missionary Education. We commend these materials to all lovers of boys.

William A. Hill.

PROGRAM FOR MEETING

1. Scripture Reading: Matt. 28:16-20, especially the promise: "Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," which was claimed by the missionaries when the shrieking mob destroyed their mission buildings. Mrs. Gamewell quietly said: "They think thus to shut the door, but are really swinging it wide open." (See pages 127-138 of "Mary Porter Gamewell, and Her Story of the Siege in Peking," by Alexander H. Tuttle and excerpt No. 10, included in the quotations for the program.)
2. Prayer.
3. Hymn: "There's a Land that is Fairer Than Day." This was one of the favorite hymns in the crowded Sunday school at the Asbury Church, Peking. (See pages 152-157 of the source book and excerpt No. 11, included in the quotations for the program.)
4. Introduction to the Life Story* (based upon the brief sketch, following this program).
5. Her Birth and Parentage (pages 1-4).
6. China's Challenge to Christianity (pages 23-24, 27-29).
7. An Epoch-Making Decision (pages 62-63, 67-68, 69-70).
8. The Journey Up the Yangtse (pages 103, 104-105, 110-111).
9. Injured by a Hostile Mob (pages 123-125).
10. Mission Property Destroyed in a Riot (pages 130-132).
11. Securing a New Building (pages 147, 156-157).
12. Undergoing Siege at the Legation (pages 226-229, 262-263).
13. The Siege Raised (pages 276-278, 279-280).
14. The Closing Years of Her Life (pages 284-285, 298-299, 303).

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* In order to be able to tie together the incidents presented by the ten boys, the leader should read the brief sketch included in this booklet and, if possible, the book from which these excerpts have been taken: "Mary Porter Gamewell and Her Story of the Siege of Peking," by Alexander H. Tuttle.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MARY PORTER GAMEWELL

MARY Q. PORTER was born in Allegheny City, Pa., (now a part of Pittsburgh) on October 20, 1848. Both her father and mother were born in England; the father came of an old English family in Stratford-on-Avon, and the mother, of an influential family living near Nottingham Castle. Her mother studied medicine after her marriage, graduating from the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia in 1859. The following year, when Mary was a girl of twelve, her parents moved to Davenport, Iowa, where her mother became a leader in her profession and in Red Cross Service during the Civil War.

After Mary Porter graduated from the Davenport High School, she accepted a position as a teacher in Grandview Academy, Iowa. Three years later she resigned her position to go to China as a missionary. On October 9, 1871, she left Davenport for Peking, China, having been appointed with Maria Brown of Melrose, Mass., to found a Girls' Boarding School under the Methodist Board.

After spending the winter at Foochow, where she studied the language and secured first-hand ideas for her future work by observing the methods of Miss Beulah and Miss Sarah Woolston in their pioneer Girls' School, she finally began her work in Peking in the spring. One of the cottages on the two-acre compound was given over to the young women as a home and a school.

Establishing a school for girls at this period was no easy matter, for at this time, when missionaries passed through the streets, Chinese mothers would still place their hands over the eyes of their children lest they be bewitched by the "foreign devils." When the school was finally opened in August with but two pupils, one of them in terror tried to run away the first day. The decision of Miss Porter and Miss Brown to admit no girl with bound feet did not, naturally, augment the enrollment. But this revolutionary decision was to mean much to China's womanhood.

Eight years after establishing the Girls' Boarding School, Mary Porter faced the need of a Training School for women workers. To find proper candidates for the school, she left in

July, 1880, for her first country tour. The most distant village visited was Tsun Hua, but eighty miles from Peking. Other journeys followed, several of which took her over four hundred miles from her station,—journeys which were fruitful in the securing of recruits and the development of the work for women.

In the fall of 1881, the Mission received a new recruit from America in the person of Rev. Frank D. Gamewell, whose people were prominent Southern Methodists. He became deeply interested in the efficient Miss Porter and asked her to bcome his wife. They were married on June 29, 1882. Mrs. Gamewell continued for two years to oversee the Girls' School and the Training School at Peking.

But in the fall of 1884, after twelve years of service in Peking, her husband was appointed Superintendent of the West China Mission with headquarters at Chungking, Szechuan Province. She reached the new scene of labor after a slow but interesting trip up the Yangtse River. After two years of residence on a damp and unhealthy compound in the heart of the city, land was purchased for the erection of a new compound farther out from the business center. These buildings were nearing completion, when on June 6, 1886 a hostile crowd stoned the buildings and slightly injured Mrs. Gamewell. A month later an infuriated mob destroyed the compounds of several missions in Chunking. Her comment at the time was: "They think thus to shut the door, but are swinging it wide open." The missionaries, however, were obliged to withdraw for a time and the Gamewells returned to Peking, having lost all their possessions.

Mr. Gamewell was appointed to the faculty of the missionary college upon his return to Peking, and Mary Porter Gamewell resumed her work in the Training School after an absence of two years. The growing work at Peking necessitated a new church building and they returned to America to secure funds for the erection of Asbury Church. Mrs. Gamewell had an important part in this achievement, expressing something of her spirit in the words: "I refuse to acknowledge that there is anything I ought to do which I cannot do."

Aroused by the progress of Christian missions and embittered by the aggression of western powers, in 1900 a terrible storm of persecution and devastation broke upon the missionaries in the Boxer Rebellion. The school year had closed and the Gamewells were packed-up ready to leave for America when a telegram was received telling of the destruction of the railroad to Tientsin. After holding their barricaded compound for two weeks, hourly expecting attack, they were escorted to the Foreign Legation on June 20, 1900. At four o'clock that afternoon,

the Chinese Imperial troops opened fire on the Legation, beginning a siege that lasted eight weeks. The Legation with its guard of 450 soldiers, sheltered 1,000 foreigners, representing seventeen nations, and 2,000 Christian Chinese. The missionaries, business representatives, and government officials were thoroughly organized for defensive purposes. Earthen works were constructed with bags of dirt to resist the almost incessant firing of the Chinese troops. Provisions were scanty for feeding so large a number but courageous cheer characterized the besieged Christians.

Finally on August 14, 1900, the Allied Troops succeeded in reaching Peking and raising the siege. The message "Peking relieved, ministers and missionaries safe" was passed from city to city. But the storm had taken a toll across China of nearly 300 Christian missionaries and 10,000 native Christians, who had counted their faith more precious than life itself.

Shortly after the raising of the siege, the Gamewells returned to America, for field work in the homeland. They made their home at Summit, N. J. Mrs. Gamewell, in spite of failing health, traveled extensively, addressing conventions and conferences. During the summer of 1906 symptoms of arterial hardening developed, the disease making rapid progress. On November 27, 1906, this courageous spirit passed on to her coronation.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MARY PORTER GAMEWELL

Reprinted from "Mary Porter Gamewell and Her Story of the Siege in Peking," by Alexander H. Tuttle, by permission of the publishers, Eaton and Mains.

Her Birth and Parentage. (Pp. 1-4.)

Mary Q. Porter, who one day was to become Mrs. Frank D. Gamewell, was the second child in a family of three daughters and two sons. Her parents were born in England, but she came to them in Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, on the twentieth day of October, 1848, some years after they had made the United States their home.

Every positive personality, such as hers, has its spring, like the River Jordan, in some Hermon, which pours out its crystal streams in the fountains of Dan and Banias. Its character is modified by its tributaries and the country through which it passes, but its elemental capacities, which are ever present, are best studied at its sources. Her father, Nathaniel Porter, came of an old English family in Stratford-on-Avon; and the name frequently appears in the annals of that town back to the days of Shakespeare. The father of Nathaniel was a man of strong religious character and a master of a college preparatory school in his native town; and his son received a most careful intellectual as well as religious training.

After he came of age he was given a generous sum of money and came to America, where he met Miss Maria Killingley, who had come here with her widowed father in 1833. They were married at Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, in 1845, and fifteen years later settled in Davenport, Iowa, which was their home for many years. Mr. Porter was a gentleman by birth and by culture. He had a mind alert and acute, was an exceptionally gifted conversationalist, and was widely informed on all the great subjects that were agitating the minds of men. Had nature added to his other native qualities the genius for affairs, his daughter's career probably would have been very different from that which is here recorded.

Mrs. Porter was the daughter of Henry Killingley and Maria Whittaker. She was born near Nottingham, England, and remembered how, when a little girl, she "often gathered daisies

in the shadow of Nottingham Castle.'' Her mother died when she was an infant, and her father brought her to the United States, intending to make this country his home. But his heart drew him back to where the wife of his youth lay buried. His daughter, however, had no longing for the land of her early sorrow, and she decided to remain where she could make her own career unhampered by ancient family traditions. She, however, had been well born, and her past, far more than she knew, was a force which carried her to her destiny. She came of a people of sterling worth, in whom conscience was the law of life, and who placed duty infinitely above gain. She was one who would not weakly succumb to difficulties but would bravely meet and, if possible, master them.

During her residence in Allegheny City, she became intensely interested in the study of a case of illness in her family; and with the generous approval of Mr. Porter, hired a housekeeper to care for her home while she pursued a course of study in the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, from which she graduated with honor in 1859. Afterward she studied Homeopathy and began the practice of medicine in that school, making Davenport, Iowa, her home. It was a brave thing for a woman in those days to enter a profession which heretofore had been monopolized by men, and which was popularly supposed would detract from the charm of femininity of character. But she triumphed, demonstrating in her own person what is now everywhere accepted, that every noble calling is consistent with every womanly quality.

Mrs. Porter was one of the foremost women of Iowa in the organization of women for the relief of suffering during the Civil War and the troublous times immediately subsequent. She was intimately associated with Mrs. Wittenmeyer in the organization of the Soldiers' Orphans' Home of Iowa, which is now located at Davenport. Thus Mary was born and bred in an atmosphere of intellectuality and conscientious endeavor. She grew up in the conviction that a woman's horizon was not to be bounded by the four walls of her home: that world-wide views really sweetened and enriched the home life.

China's Challenge to Christianity. (*Pp. 23-24, 27-29.*)

Miss Porter entered Peking sixty-five years after Robert Morrison, the first Protestant apostle to China, had begun his lonely work in Canton. He, however, had been hampered by governmental restrictions and that temperamental conservatism which had preserved this great people practically unchanged through milleniums from away beyond the origin of Christianity

or, possibly, that of the Jewish nation. It was seven years before he baptized the first native convert, and one year after his death (1834) there were but two Protestant missionaries in the empire, and the Christian Church had but three native members. Two things were required to prepare the way for the kingdom of God in that land. There must first occur certain providential events to break down the external restrictions to the Gospel; and then the evangelists must find a way to let the Gospel light into the minds of a people who, so far from desiring it, sincerely believed it to be a devilish wickedness, the secret of their national shame and disaster.

The history of the propaganda of the faith elsewhere would lead us to look for great world-movements, in which there was no conscious purpose to spread the Gospel, but which would inerrantly serve that end. Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Macedonia, and Rome were the unconscious servants of the Almighty in the ancient days. So in modern times, nations with purposes of conquest and greed have been unwittingly the avenging sword of the Lord. It was England that became the providential instrument of opening the door for the entrance of the Gospel in China. In attempting to protect the interests of commerce, after the retirement of the East India Company from China, England became involved in what is known as the Opium War, which ended in 1842 in the Treaty of Nanking, which opened five ports for free foreign trade, and incidentally threw wide open the gates for the missionary. War broke out again, in which the Chinese government was humbled by British prowess, and another treaty was ratified in 1860, which granted the representatives of foreign governments the privilege of residence in the capital city, Peking, gave them passports to travel in all parts of China, and a guarantee that they should have protection in their religion. . . .

Unaffected by the great events which prepared the Western world for the Gospel of the kingdom, they built up a civilization entirely their own, developing a literature, science and art, which antedated by centuries those of the European world. They had their vices, their rebellions, their frequent changes of dynasties, yet through it all the government moved on in its ancient way, and the normal development of the people was undisturbed. They have had a history long enough to enable them to fathom the deeps of every religious system that had ever reached them, and to properly estimate its value. The mysticism of Buddhism had failed. Its temples are neglected. So far as it relates to the religious life of the people, that imported faith of India is only a broken shell of a nut, the meat of which was decayed. The atheistic faith of Taoism had practically

ceased to be a computable force in the land; an intellectual system as lifeless at Patristic scholasticism is with us. The moral system of Confucius, beautiful as it is, has proved itself in the long test of the years to be utterly inadequate "to make the comers thereunto perfect." The ethics of the ages are a spent force. There is no hierarchy to deceive the people with a form of religion in the place of its reality, for the emperor is himself the representative of heaven and earth and the people, and relegates none of his glory to another. But the recent wars of China with foreign nations have shaken the faith of the people in the divinity of their rulers.

Amid all these changes, there is one thing in the faith of China which stands unmoved and apparently immovable: the people adore the Past. The holy thing is that which *has* been, coming down to them from the dawn of time. They fear and abhor change. The worship of ancestors is the soul of their religion. If this invulnerable conservatism which so appalls the preacher of Christ were the torpor of a stagnant mind or the decrepitude of old age, it would not be so hopeless. But while China outages all other living nations, the individual Chinaman has all the virile traits of youth. He is described by such as have labored with him for many years as "an emigrant of ubiquitous adaptation; a business man, a mechanic, a trader, a sailor, a diplomat." He has not been a soldier, for he has too lofty a conception of the meaning of a man, to honor him whose chief business in life is just to fight and butcher his fellow. He explained China's disastrous war with Japan thus: "We are literary; they are only fighters."

We in these latter days have discovered that old China is, after all, a youthful Hercules who even now is squeezing the serpents in his cradle. But when Miss Porter entered Peking these latent forces were not so apparent. It was her business, with her colaborers, to believe that these forces were there, find them out, awaken them by the Gospel power of life, and at last, when God's hour should strike, send them forth not a horde of barbarians to threaten Christendom, but a redeemed host carrying the banner of peace. How our missionaries did this miracle, and by what means, it is the purpose of these sketches to tell.

An Epoch-Making Decision. (Pp. 62-63, 67-68, 69-70.)

"The questions decided were, should or should not the feet of girls admitted to our school be unbound? And what should be the limit of our intercourse with our brethren among the missionaries? Nowhere else in China were the feet of girls in mission schools being unbound. Some missionaries thought the

movement to unbind the feet hurtful to the progress of the Gospel. And we had been told that if we undertook to unbind the feet of pupils, we should never be able to establish a school for girls in China. Already some of our little band of pupils had been taken away because we had unbound their feet.

"The leaders of our mission were men of vision, judgment, and faith. They were young and had the enthusiasm and courage to give full swing to conviction and make no compromise with expediency. The knowledge that we could count upon their support greatly strengthened our purpose. We decided to unbind the feet, and in so doing emphasize our teaching that the body is the temple of the true God and must not be profaned, Then we should leave the results with the God whom we tried to honor before a heathen people." . . .

The principle might be stated thus. It is a sin to crush and deform the feet that God gives to His children. We missionary teachers will not make ourselves party to this sin by appropriating missionary funds for the support of children with bound feet whose parents will not forsake this particular sin. Other little girls toddled into school and were freed from the cruel bandages. They came with stunted bodies, pinched features, and pale faces. After a while they found the use of their released feet, and running and playing in the open air as they never before were able to do, they gained in vitality, then flesh, and, again, rosy cheeks and bright eyes. In many cases the children changed so markedly within only a few weeks that their relatives failed to recognize them and were perceptibly impressed when assured that the change was due to release from the bandages.

"There were Chinese preachers who for years sought places in schools for their daughters with bound feet, then finally yielded before the steady pressure of the principle and unbound the feet of their girls. Then, first to excuse themselves to the unbelieving, and finally from conviction, they began to preach earnestly against foot-binding." . . .

"The girls of the Peking school returned from their first vacation. Among others were Clara and Sarah Wang (Sarah Fawcett Wang). Clara and Sarah were girls of about thirteen and eleven years of age. They wept bitterly, and said that never, never did they wish to go home again. They had been made to suffer many indignities and insults because they had come into their native village with unbound feet, where girls with unbound feet had never before been seen, and now they never wanted to go home again. We told them of the difficulties of all new beginnings, and how much they could help all who should come after them if they could have the courage to bear

the brunt of pioneer work in these new beginnings. And we appealed to them in Christ's name: "Can you not do this for His sake? Will you not help His cause by bearing this hardship? Go home every vacation and tell your villagers that it is for love of a new-found God and a precious Saviour that you remove the bandages which deform the body which He claims for His temple. Keep on telling, and after a while they will understand; and you will have served your Saviour and made things easier for all other girls who shall unbind their feet." Those girls responded to such an appeal like soldiers to the bugle call, and never after did they complain. They went their way on their unbound feet—a way which led to many another break with ancient customs which lay across the path of Christ's Gospel. *So our young girls helped."*

The Journey up the Yangtse. (*Pp. 103, 104-105, 110-111.*)

In 1884, two years after his marriage, Mr. Gamewell was appointed Superintendent of the West China Mission, which had its center in the city of Chungking in the province of Szechuan. The Mission was in its infancy, having been started in 1881.

It was a severe ordeal for Mrs. Gamewell to part with her friends in Peking, and to leave the work of which she was one of the organizers, and into which she had put twelve of the best years of her life, and in which she had hoped to toil till she was summoned to her reward. It was like repeating afresh the sacrifice she made when she abandoned her country and kindred in obedience to the call of God. But there was no murmuring. When the pillar of fire moved on, she arose and followed. . . .

"At Shanghai our party made preparations for a long journey, for we were bound for Chungking in Szechuan, which empire-province lies on the borders of Thibet.

"To be sure, one thousand miles of the journey would be made in a luxurious river steamboat; but beyond that were weeks of journeying in native boats, when we should be dependent upon our own bedding and food supplies. Fish, meats, fruit, vegetables, butter and milk in sealed cans, are imported in large quantities, and such supplies, as well as portable stoves and everything else needed by the traveler in the Orient, can be purchased at the large stores to be found in Shanghai and other foreign settlements in China.

"The Yangtse River, whose current we were to stem, and whose scenes we were to explore, winds its way three thousand

miles from the mountains of Thibet, where it has its source at an elevation of nearly two thousand feet above the sea level, to the coast where the mighty river joins the mighty ocean. In its course it receives waters from tributaries which drain more than half of the provinces of the empire—an area of 548,000 square miles. Sea-going vessels land their cargoes at Nanking, two hundred miles from the coast; large steamboats carry cargo and passengers to Hankow, about six hundred miles up the river from Shanghai, whence they are carried in smaller steamboats four hundred miles further up stream to Ichang.'' . . .

Contrasted with the monotony we had experienced on the lower Yangtse, we had interest and excitement enough when our turn came to be pulled over the rapids of the upper Yangtse. Long tow-lines were thrown to the trackers. The drum signaled and the boat swung into the current. Then we saw the men bending almost to the ground, as they tugged at the long ropes, but the boat moved so slowly against the rushing, roaring waters, that it seemed not to move at all. At last, after a half hour of tugging trackers, roaring waters, rolling drum, and shouting pilot, our boat passed the two or three hundred yards of rapids, and swung into calmer waters, to repeat the experience at each one of the series of rapids which infest the waters of the upper Yangtse.

''For two weeks our course lay over turbulent waters, through narrow gorges, under frowning precipices, and in the shadow of lofty mountains. A member of our party remarked that she felt oppressed by the continual grandeur of it all—as though she were passing through Hades.

''As we neared Chungking the mountains receded somewhat, and a more restful hill country filled the foreground. One day, a month after we left Ichang, we swung around a bend of the river in sight of the city. The vast and solemn solitudes out of which we had come left us with an impression of having arrived at the end of the world, with the habitations of men left far behind, and the great city, with its frowning wall encircling the rocky spur on which the city lay, seemed an unreal thing, a vision.''

Injured By a Hostile Mob. (*Pp. 123-125.*)

''This 6th of June was the 5th of the Fifth Moon (a great Chinese feast day) and the day of the Chinese Dragon Festival. The people wanted to come in and were rude. One of the servants said: 'Wait until the place is finished and we will invite you in.' They replied: 'We are working people and cannot come any other day. We intend to come in today.' I told

them that people who had no 'li' (manners) and wanted to go contrary to their own customs were not to be trusted; they would be sure to take things from the place if let in. . It was now so late that I knew the gentlemen must be on their way from town, and I hoped to gain time so that they might arrive. But the people grew so rude that the servant who had asked me to come out to the crowd now begged me to go in. Our cook went for a chief of police. When he arrived, the people only laughed at him, and he could not disperse them. When I started in, someone threw at me and the crowd set up a howl. I backed against a wall. The official and cook managed to keep the crowds back until I got away. While I stood outside the last time, a bright-faced little girl stood beside me, and when I started in she came out of the crowd and followed me back, talking in a trembling and yet sympathetic voice. She went on and asked if she might come to the house with me, and if I would teach her to write. She chattered on so bright and cheery, a perfect little sunbeam shining through a dark cloud. I left the cook in the street, and, as it was almost supper time and the gentlemen would soon be home, I thought I would prepare supper. I heard a great pounding at the gate and feared they might get in. Remembering how they ran from me at first, I thought that with Mr. Gamewell's gun I might make them run again, in case they got in, and perhaps keep the place until the gentlemen came. They were expected now every minute. I put the gun together the best I could, and took it, unloaded of course, and went into the kitchen. The little girl stood at the door and soon announced: 'They are in. They are coming.' Sure enough, they had broken down the immense hospital gate and were crowding in. I took the gun and started toward them. When a hundred or more feet away the crowd caught sight of the gun and made off in haste through the broken gate. I went down and stood guard at the gate while one half of the great door was shut and braced up with heavy stones. I saw there would be a struggle if we attempted to have the other half put up. So I stood guard keeping out the crowd, hoping for the return of the gentlemen.

"At this juncture the cook went to Fu Tou Kuan for the magistrate. A man diverted my attention by coming up with a child and pretending to be a friend whom I did not recognize. Suddenly someone seized the barrel of the gun. The crowd sprung to his assistance, the servants to mine. Two servants and I pulled one way and as many as could get hold of the barrel pulled the other way. As I pulled in desperation what thoughts crowded my mind! 'Frank's gun, a gift from his brother, now dead. Just arrived, not yet used. How silly to bring it out!

What shall I do if they get away with it?' How we pulled! We had an advantage in having hold of the butt end. They threw at me and pounded my fingers with their fists, while others pulled. There could be only one end. They made off with the gun, and I stood in distress and shame to see it go. The stampede for the gun seemed to frighten those outside, and the crowd gave away and many ran right away. There was hubbub about me. One said they did not believe in tobacco, and I turned to see the servants looking at me in great concern. The old gateman had some fine tobacco in his hand which he offered to tie about my finger. Then I saw that the index finger of my right hand was cut almost to the bone. The blood had flowed quite a little stream, staining the soft stone quite red. My dress was spattered with mud, my hair and neck on one side were all plastered with mud, and on the same side a big swelling was rapidly rising just below the temple. The crowd had caught sight of me and fled in dismay, afraid of being held accountable, no doubt, for a worse task than they attempted to undertake.''

Mission Property Destroyed in a Riot. (*Pp. 130-132.*)

If the purpose of the officials in exciting or favoring the popular tumult was to expel Christianity from their midst, they could not have acted in greater unwisdom. They started a cyclone which they could not control, black with swirling clouds of insane passion, full of uproar, deafened to every call of mercy or reason, increasing in power with every mad bound, whirling in its furious coils the wrecks of missions and consular agencies, but a power that was sure to stir the conscience of the entire Christian world, and rouse the governments of Christendom to force restitution and to open the way for the entrance and security of all who chose to enter the land. Mrs. Gamewell in the darkest moment of that riot with clear vision saw the outcome, and said: ''They think thus to shut the door, but are really swinging it wide open.''

The mad fury of a mob is far more to be dreaded than a cyclone. It is cruel, pitiless, fiendish. Every brutal passion, long held in leash, is let loose. Every noble feeling of the soul, even the restraining sentiment of fear, is lost in an unthinking impulsion. The muttering of a cyclone is music itself in comparison to the shrieks of an infuriated populace. One might as well reason with the tumultuous sea, or attempt to retain the thunderbolt in the cloud, as to resist this onrushing human cyclone.

This terror struck our little company in Chungking. They heard it from afar, and saw it bounding in frightful destruc-

tion from place to place. It swept away every trace of the foreigner wherever it struck. It paused not for a moment to attack even the British consular agency, which was the second property in the city destroyed. The Methodist compound was the last attacked. Its inmates could see the destructive work on the Roman Catholic Cathedral which was not far away, and they knew that their turn would come next. There was no time for counsel. Mr. Gamewell hastily sent a man to secure a boat, hoping to escape to the river, on the treacherous current of which they might float away to where God might lead them. But it was too late. The shrieking mob had gathered at the front gate which had been barricaded, and began to batter it down. The missionaries lifted their hearts to God in prayer. None of them were terror-stricken, for even then, as Mrs. Gamewell said, they realized the promise fulfilled, "Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

While the mob was forcing its way through the front gate of the mission premises, an officer came to the rear gate and urged the missionaries to hasten for their lives. It seems that the magistrate, however much he may have sympathized with the purpose of the mob to rid the city of all traces of the foreigners, was very unwilling to have any of them slain. He was wise enough to foresee the consequences, and had planned to shelter them in his yamen until he could arrange for their safe conveyance down the river.

Securing a New Building. (*Pp. 147, 156-157.*)

In addition to her training school, there were two things in which she took a very active part and on which she put the stamp of her own individuality. One was the erection of the large and beautiful Asbury Church. Dr. Lowry, after her decease, wrote: "Her letters more than anything else made possible Asbury Church in Peking, with all it means in the life and work of the mission." The story is fully told in one of her letters of appeal to Chaplain McCabe, then corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The substance of this letter is here given:

"We are in trouble. Let me tell you our trouble, and please help us. The Mission chapel is giving way. We began to prop and mend it a year ago, but now the walls lean worse, the cracks are wider, and the timbers bend more threateningly. If you could stand by the old weather-beaten chapel and hear its history, so interwoven with all the Mission's joys and sorrows, and its hopes, past and future, and realize how much depends upon our Mission chapel, your voice would ring out with energy of

speech and song that would win for us the help we need. It is no shame for the chapel to fall. It has stood nearly twenty years and cost only two thousand dollars when it was built. We knew it could not be long-lived because there was not money enough to build substantially. It is now the oldest building in the Mission.'' . . .

''Then a second trouble threatened. The walls of the church had cracked and now they were bulging and it looked as if the heavy tiled roof might fall in some day, and then there would be no meeting place. Besides, how awful if it should fall while the house was full of children! This second trouble passed in as wonderful a way as did the first. Stays were put against the cracked walls and extra supports under the heavy roof. Then a letter was sent to the homeland, out of which came all supplies and much good cheer. The letter was received by one whose great heart abounded in ways and means of winning men and the contents of their pocketbooks, and by return mail he forwarded the first installment of a sum sufficient to build a church large enough to accommodate the work, as all then thought, for the next twenty years. With the money went also a letter full of cheer and inspiring energy.

''In course of time the church was completed, and almost immediately it was filled by the still growing Sunday school. By this time the Sunday school had such fame that it was visited by travelers as one of the sights of Peking, and workers of sister denominations seemed to take as much pride in the Sunday school and its beautiful house as if it were all their own; and all who visited the school said: 'There is nothing else in China like it.'

''The time had been when members of the Mission could not appear outside the Mission walls anywhere in the neighborhood without being hailed by some child at a safe distance, 'Foreign devil! foreign devil!' Now the Sunday school has done its work and the cry heard on every hand is: 'Teacher, teacher, how many days to next Sunday?' And from over walls of the neighbors' courts a passer in the street may hear childish voices singing, 'Jesus loves me,' 'There is a land fairer than day,' and other hymns learned in the Sunday school, where these children find the one warmest, brightest, most joyous hour of all the week.''

Undergoing Siege at the Legation. (*Pp. 226-229, 262-263.*)

Peking lies eighty miles inland from Tientsin, which is its port of entry. Tientsin is situated on the Pei Ho River fifty miles

from its mouth, where are the Ta Ku forts, off which were gathering the war vessels of the nations. From Tientsin and the war vessels alone could come any human help to the besieged in Peking. The railroad was destroyed, mails discontinued, telegraph lines down, thousands of Chinese soldiers and Boxers swarmed the city walls and pressed so closely upon our lines that no word from the outside world could reach us and no one could escape to tell the waiting world anything concerning our condition.

Rifle fire opened upon us at four o'clock in the afternoon of June 20, and never entirely ceased, day and night, until the allies came on the fourteenth of August and put the enemy to flight. There were consecutive hours of many days and nights when hundreds of rifles were let loose upon us at once, and it often seemed as if the whole surface of our walls were simultaneously covered with bullets. Portions of solid brick walls were pulverized by continuous discharge of rifles against them. Mannlicher and Mauser rifles, provided with smokeless powder, were trained against us in great numbers: for the Chinese were equipped with the best modern appliances and, as it proved, with almost inexhaustible supplies of ammunition. At times the firing was limited to sharpshooters, who climbed into the trees and other high places, to which they could not be easily traced because the smokeless powder gave so little sign in performing its deadly work.

One day one of our American soldiers, who was a fine marksman, strode by where I was at work. They told me that he and two others were detailed to watch for a Chinese sharpshooter who had the range of a certain walk of the British Legation which was frequented by the women and children of the Legation. For many hours they kept the grim watch, and then the crack of a rifle was followed by the falling of a human body, and the laconic report was passed in: "We got him." It was a ghastly episode, to the like of which we were well accustomed before the day of our deliverance arrived.

Many have asked me: "Were you under fire?" There was nothing there that was not under fire. The hottest fire was received on the lines held by our brave soldiers and where work on fortifications was being pressed; but no spot within the lines was immune. A soldier, coming from his post for brief rest, sat upon a bench under a tree. A rifle ball, intercepted by a tree, glanced his way, struck and killed the soldier. The seat taken by the soldier was often occupied by women or children. I was going on an errand down a walk of the Legation when a bullet came my way with a sharp swish. I had an impression that it

had passed through my skirts. In an instant I found myself about ten feet from where I had been and did not know how I got there. I turned to see a soldier falling. He had been walking behind me. He stepped into the place which I had just passed, and by so much I escaped and he fell victim to the rifle shot.

One hot night a lady went with me to get a drink at a well in the midst of the Legation. As we made our way through the darkness, we walked into a beam of light that shone from a lantern across our path. Instantly a bullet struck the ground at our heels.

Before many days had passed, shells from batteries of Krupp guns began to scream overhead. Solid shot ploughed through our roofs and fell into some of our rooms. One shot passed over the beds of two ladies, who, if they had been sitting up, might have had their heads taken off. One plunged through the wall of Lady MacDonald's dining room, passed behind a large portrait of Queen Victoria, and tore its way through the opposite wall and fell into the court beyond. Hundreds of shells and solid shots fell into our courts in one day, and rifle shots cut leaves and branches from the trees and lay upon the ground so thick that the children gathered them in hatsful. A large branch of a tree was cut through by bullets and fell across a threshold beyond which lodged a company of women.

The enemy started fires close to our lines and threatened to engulf us in a general conflagration. They brought in coal diggers from the hills and set them tunneling mines under our position. One explosion left only two great holes in the ground where had stood the residence of the French Minister and that of the First Secretary of Legation. . . .

At the close of the day a group sat on the steps of the pavilion known as the bell-tower, whereon stood the bulletin board with its news from a far country. They began to sing. As the strains of "America" floated out upon the night air, in what solemn radiance dawned visions of the homeland! Facing death every moment of every day, the heart had so certainly turned to the home beyond that the home of this life had faded until it was as unreal as the future life usually is.

Now with a bound, the sweet possibilities of home and friends were brought near. We joined the singers, we sang "America," "Star Spangled Banner," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Marching through Georgia," and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," hoping intensely that they were marching our way right speedily. Having sung our own national airs, we tried "The Marseillaise." Then from over the way in the pavi-

lion where the French had their quarters there arose a clapping. British soldiers had drawn near. We sang with them "God Save the Queen." (It was the "Queen" then). Again there was a clapping of hands. We sang "Watch on the Rhine" with the Germans and their song was received with clapping. Then the ladies and gentlemen of the Russian Legation stood forth. They had a prima donna in their number, and they rendered grandly Russia's grand national hymn. And again a clapping of hands cheered the singers. And these airs which were cheered by French, Germans, English, and Russians were the very airs to which their armies had marched against each other in years past! A mutual peril had united their interests, brought to the front the essential nobility of each, and developed an appreciation each of the other. And these singers rejoiced to find a ground of mutual sympathy, and for the time gave no thought to any possible differences.

The Siege Raised. (Pp. 276-278, 279-280.)

August 14. Firing continued from eight in the evening without intermission except the briefest. The machine guns on the west, Colt's Automatic, at the Canal fort, were fired frequently during the night. About 3 A. M., Mr. Gamewell came to say that the troops were really at hand. Gentlemen gathered at the church where the ladies treated them to cocoa and coffee. General rejoicing in our room (ballroom), but I was the only one who got up and dressed. I did not know of company at church. We talked and were full of good cheer in spite of bullets. However, the firing became less fierce after the foreign artillery was unmistakable. They say the Chinese gathered in a mass on the west and seemed to be trying to pluck up courage to make a rush, but after firing two or more hours, scattered to usual positions. The leaders exhorted "Pu p'a, Kuo-ch'u," "Kuo pu ch'u" ("Don't be afraid. Go on across." "We can't get across.")

No doubt the presence of the fearful machine guns on the west did much, if not everything, to restrain the Chinese from rushing. Mitchell, an American gunner, was badly wounded sitting behind "Betsy," the international gun, exposed to fire through the porthole made for the gun. A shell exploded in Sir Claude's bedroom. The buildings along the west are badly shattered by the firing. The Chinese are giving the worst they are capable of in these final hours—possibly days. The troops are supposed to be the advanced guard, in which case they will wait for the main army and we cannot tell when we shall see them.

A German marine recently discharged from hospital was killed last night, August 13. The Japanese doctor was wounded. Mitchell's arm was shattered, and may be amputated. Man beside him scratched by fragment of same shot.

August 14, noon. Heavy artillery at Chi H'ua Gate. Men on wall watch shells breaking over gate tower. Troops by thousands moving west. Some think our troops are surrounding the city.

August 14, 2:30 P. M. I was stitching sandbags on Mrs. Douw's sewing machine when there came a sound of running and of voices, calling. We ran out and soon saw the turbaned heads of India troops. On they came through the south gate, shouting, glad to be the first, and who can tell how glad we were to see them! On they came up through the water gate almost on the run. First the turbaned Sikh warriors led by British officers, then the helmeted British, and last our boys with slouch hats and such pitifully haggard faces. We cheered and waved and wiped our eyes.

The Chinese opened a furious fire. It seemed as if they could not know that the troops had arrived. A Sikh who went to the gate to fire the Colt gun was wounded in the face, and later on a United States marine also was wounded. Our deliverers had heard firing as far away as Tung Chou, fourteen miles east of Peking, and thus knew for the first time that we were still alive; but still feared that they might be too late. They were hollow-eyed and haggard from rapid marching and repeated hard fighting.

My heart throbbed with the sense of gratitude, admiration, and devotion as we greeted the heroes who came to our deliverance. There was, however, a cold clutch on the thrilling gladness when I was reminded of the soldiers, the missionaries, the native converts, and others who were not. . . .

Saturday, August 25, 1900. Arrived at Tientsin about noon. A big mast gave way, caused by bumping into something, and fell, barely escaping crushing us. The poor corporal in charge was dreadfully distressed, because it crushed the rudder and he had to put in at the British Consulate.

A member of the Methodist New Connection Mission was at Wei Hai Wei when news of the relief of Peking arrived. A small vessel came into the harbor at Wei Hai Wei and flew the signal "Peking relieved, Ministers safe," and repeated the signal until it was taken upon shore; and then hurried off down the coast signaling wherever anxious ones waited news from the army advancing to the besieged capital. Men rushed out calling

to one another: "Peking relieved, Ministers safe." One rushed to Mr. Headley's and shouted: "Peking relieved, Ministers safe." Mr. Headley took his hat and shouted: "Peking relieved, Ministers safe." He met a friend and repeated the glad cry: "Peking relieved, Ministers safe." His friend ejaculated, "Good gracious! You don't say so," and immediately ran off echoing: "Peking relieved, Ministers safe."

The Closing Years of Her Life. (*Pp. 284-285, 298-299, 303.*)

After Mr. and Mrs. Gamewell had come to America, her health seemed to improve, and they planned, as soon as the way opened, to return to their work in China, even going so far as to purchase furniture and books, and packing them for shipping. But in every instance, just before fixing the time, there would occur some threatening symptoms in her condition which compelled the postponement of the date.

In the meanwhile Mr. Gamewell was appointed by the Missionary Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church as Field Secretary and afterward Executive Secretary of the Open Door Commission, having his office in New York City. During the greater part of their time, he and Mrs. Gamewell made their home with his sister, Mrs. A. H. Tuttle, Summit, New Jersey.

During these years of enfeebled health, Mrs. Gamewell was indefatigable in labor. While she conscientiously followed the counsel of her medical advisers, and at one time spent nearly an entire year in retirement under treatment in a sanitarium, her unimpaired spiritual force made it impossible for her to be idle. It is astonishing what an enormous amount of work this brave woman did after her return from China.

She was constantly traveling over the country, addressing conventions and Conferences, organizing auxiliaries, and striving by personal interviews to awaken the people to an appreciation of the supreme importance of this hour in the redemption of China.

And her skillful pen was ever busy. She wrote a number of charming tracts on subjects relating to the work of God in China. Two articles in The Chautauquan entitled respectively, "From Sea to Peking" and "Up the Yangste to Thibet," are of historical value. A booklet entitled China, New and Old, reads like a romance and has had an immense circulation. Her most elaborate work, on which she was toiling when her pen fell from her hand, is an account of the siege in Peking, published in this

volume. The story had been written out from her notes and is published without revision. . . .

During the summer of 1906 symptoms of arterial hardening appeared, and by the advice of an eminent specialist, she was taken to a sanitarium for treatment. But as she did not improve, it was thought best for her to return to Summit, New Jersey, where she could be near her physician and have the loving ministries of her home. The arterial hardening, however, was rapid in its progress and attacked the cerebral vessels. While her mind was perfectly clear until a few weeks before the end, a form of aphasia occurred in which it was impossible for her readily to command words. She was thus prevented during eight long weeks of confinement to the sick room from communicating by speech with those who loved her, and who would have prized words from her lips at such a time as gems of incalculable value. But they were not without communications from her, truer perhaps and with larger revelations of her soul, because not confined within the bounds of limiting speech. Her spirit seeking expression, beamed in her countenance with a luminosity that was not of this earth, a solar light such as no artist could possibly paint about the heads of his saints. There was a spiritual communion in that sick chamber, akin to that which a soul has with God, and as real. . . .

On November 17, her last audible word was spoken, and from that time she lingered either fully or partially unconscious till November 27, 1906, when her spirit took its flight.

She has left a precious memory, a character beautiful in its union of gentleness and strength, a life great in courage and in entire consecration to others' good, a religion which has its full expression in the words she loved so well, "All for Jesus." When we looked upon those still lips once so eloquent with the gospel message, it was borne in upon our hearts that this is a part of the immense price of China's redemption.

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