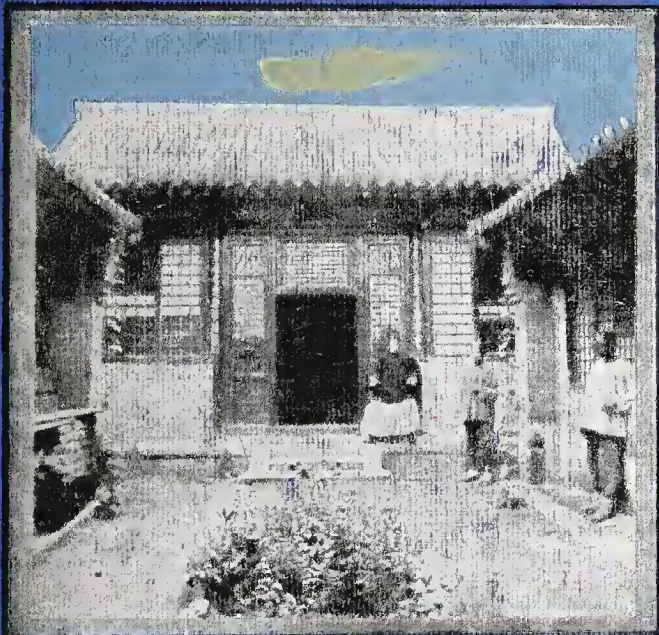


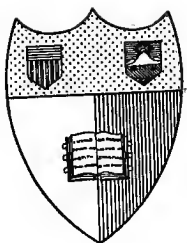
STEADFAST UNTO
DEATH OR MARTYRED
FOR CHINA ❧ ❧ ❧
MEMORIALS OF ❧ ❧
THOMAS WELLESLEY
AND JESSIE FIGOTT

BY C.A. FIGOTT



THE CHAPEL AT SHOU YANG

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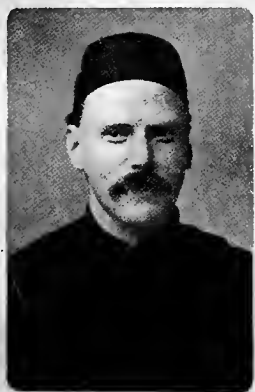


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Steadfast unto Death



T. W. PIGOTT.
W. WELLESLEY PIGOTT.

MRS. PIGOTT.
T. W. PIGOTT
(in Chinese dress).

STEADFAST UNTO
DEATH OR MARTYRED
FOR CHINA * * * *
MEMORIALS OF * * *
THOMAS · WELLESLEY ·
AND JESSIE PIGOTT

BY

C. A. PIGOTT

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY

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INTRODUCTION



I N a few words, by the Author's request, I desire to commend this book to the careful and sympathetic perusal of those into whose hands it may come. To the subject of it, my cousin, Thomas Wellesley Pigott, I was attached from his boyhood, was often associated with him during his early life, and continued in frequent correspondence up to the end. The worthy object of this book is to collect together for the many records that have been hitherto in the possession of the few, and so to prolong and extend the influence, stimulus, and inspiration of lives that have ended.

Nothing, I believe, would have been more repugnant to a man of Thomas Pigott's nature than to think that anything should be written to make much of *him*. From childhood upward, in character and work, living and labouring, he was possessed by one idea, that Christ should be magnified. For this he lived and worked and spent and suffered and died. His was a sterling nature. Through and through he was the same. A strong, simple, brave, tender-hearted, faithful Christian man.

Introduction

In stature and bearing he reflected the manliness that was in him. Of a fair complexion, frank and open expression, bright, alert, sympathetic, full of conversation, anecdote and thought, he was gifted with an attractive and ever-welcome presence. But he lived not for himself. As a good soldier of Jesus Christ he sought to ignore and mortify the self-life, and in private as in public, not of constraint, but joyfully, enthusiastically, lovingly, he served his adorable Master. And his wife was in all things like-minded with himself.

Thus it comes that this record has for its purpose the ruling motive of the lives of which it tells. To stir up young men and women to devote their vigorous strength to the cause of the Gospel; to awaken or quicken interest in and prayer for the evangelisation of the world; to inspire with an ardent and consuming passion for souls the Christian lives that are being wasted to a great extent in shedding light where light abounds; to draw into the ranks of the Army of Jesus Christ those to whom such a life and death as the Pigotts' will be an ambition to pursue, a crown of glory to seek.

China of course and the Chinese were his greatest interest, and possibly to China this book may guide the steps of some who wait for leading. Of his last letter to me, written before the troubles began, the opening words are, 'How strangely fast the Home-land seems to be filling with loved forms and faces, waiting to welcome us there! Who next, I wonder, will hear the word, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without?"' Was this a presentiment? Not many months had

Introduction

passed when Thomas Pigott, his loved wife and darling son had made their strange and sanguinary entrance to that company of the blessed.

How lightly men talk of taking up the cross, as though that meant any kind of trouble that a Christian has to bear! But its meaning is made clear by the manner in which the beloved Pigotts closed their service on earth. 'A servant is not greater than his Lord; if they persecute Me they will also persecute you.' Peter's words—rash at the time spoken, but richly fulfilled by him later—'I will lay down my life for Thy sake,' it was given to them also to fulfil. 'Nothing,' said Jessie Pigott, in one of her letters, 'is too precious for Him.' To these words she was true, when for His sake and the Gospel's she gave up her own dear life, her husband's, and her child's. They take up Christ's cross who for His sake habitually and willingly carry their lives in their hands.

There are generally three principal means or directions in which, as believers, we may make return for the infinitely precious gift of God in the death of His Son, with all its consequences. These are character, communion and work. To keep a conscience void of offence, a blameless character, a high moral rectitude of life—this is the simplest way, and the most essential; without it all else is vain. Then, to walk in close communion with the Lord, seeking to know His will, to cultivate His friendship, to wear His likeness, to praise, to love, to long for Him. And lastly, to serve in His cause among men, to proclaim His name, to publish His glad tidings, to sow the seed of His message, to cast the net for souls.

Introduction

In all these, as the letters reveal, Thomas and Jessie and Wellesley Pigott fulfilled the prayer :—

‘Engrave this deeply on my heart
With an eternal pen,
That I may in some small degree
Return Thy love again.’

But to them was granted the privilege that falls to few, perhaps, because so few allow themselves to come in its way, that of laying down life itself for their beloved Lord. Oh, that this record might bear its appropriate fruit!

How full these letters are of joyful life! Blessed with all earthly comforts of family love, abundant means, and heartiest Christian fellowship at home, it was, as it were, no sacrifice to them to leave it all, once and again, because of the abounding delights, the gains and the rewards of the consecrated life, spending and being spent for those that were out of the way.

Surely the attractions of missionary service have never been better set forth than in these enthusiastic yet simple and loving letters. And if only our young men and maidens could discover these, and catch one glimpse of the heavenly and eternal pleasures and glories that our loved ones are reaping now for their little time of labour and their martyr deaths, how many would cry, ‘Here am I, send me,’ in hope of sharing with them the present joys and the future crowns of such a noble living!

GEORGE F. TRENCH.

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CHAPTER I

Early Life and Call to China

'He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.'

*We muse upon that ministry at Nazareth,
Until it seems to be
A fellowship most sweet, a royal honour
To wait, O Christ, with Thee.*

*And ever as we rest within the shadow
Of Thy long waiting time,
Our waiting years grow better, holier, grander,
Their service more sublime ;*

*Until, at last, we hear Thy dear voice saying,
'Child, I have need of thee
To fill this vacant place of trust and honour,
To do this work for Me.'*

*And then, as fellow-labourer with the Master,
We shall arise and go
Forth to the harvest-fields of earth—it may be,
The reaper's joy to know.*

*Or to some perfect wondrous service yonder,
Within the Holy Place,
Where veilless, in its full transfigured glory,
His servants see His Face.*

JEAN SOPHIA PIGOTT.

Early Life and Call to China

THE life that was ended on earth on July 9, 1900, when Thomas Wellesley Pigott, by a rougher path than we would dare to have chosen for him, followed his Master into the Glory Land, was one for which we who loved him can rejoice through our tears as a life that glorified God. In his case there was no dark past over which a veil must be drawn, no sowing of wild oats in early manhood; but a life whose course was ever directed from boyhood—

‘ Right upward and right onward
To yonder Throne.’

He once quoted the verse, ‘Thou hast given him the heritage of those that fear Thy name,’ in reference to his little son Wellesley, as he counted back on both sides the generations of the child’s God-fearing ancestry, specially rejoicing in his own saintly parents. In talking of instances of parents’ prayers for their children’s conversion being answered, Mrs. Pigott, senior, was heard to say that she could not definitely tell when her son Tom was converted,

Early Life and Call to China

for she never remembered a period of his life when he did not love to hear of the things of God.

Thomas Wellesley Pigott was born on August 5, 1847, and was the eldest son of William Wellesley Pole Pigott, by his marriage with Lucy Trench, niece of the first Lord Ashtown. He was the second of seven children, of whom only two now survive—William Frederick, his youngest brother, physician to the Dublin Medical Mission, and his sister Mary, who was at one time engaged in mission work at Bloemfontein. Their home was at Ryevale, Leixlip, Co. Kildare, close to that of their aunt, the late Mrs. Frederick Trench, at St. Catherine's Park. He was educated at home by the late Rev. Canon Floyd, to whom he and his brothers were much attached. His love of fun and frolic must have sometimes been a trial to his tutor's patience, and years afterwards he entertained some of his friends in China by describing to them how he had carried Canon Floyd round the schoolroom. He had a keen sense of humour, and delighted in funny stories. He never in after years lost that happy faculty of being able to see the comical side of things, and his bright, good-humoured fun made him a great favourite with the children in China, and led people quickly to feel at home with him. At one of the happy Christmas gatherings at Tai Yüan Fu, after much play and romping with the children, one of his nephews was heard to assert that 'Uncle Tom was quite as great a tease as father!'

When the great revival of 1862 spread through the country, many of the preachers came to Ryevale,

Work among Roman Catholics

where crowds assembled to hear them, and Tom, with his cousins Alfred, George, and James Trench, were fired with zeal to spread the good news of salvation through the country round. Tom specially felt the needs of the Roman Catholics laid on his heart, and most of his work in Ireland was amongst them. This led him into very warm sympathy with the work of the late Mrs. Smyly, in whose Homes he was deeply interested to the end of his life.

Tom's cousin, James Trench, recalls one such occasion on which he accompanied Tom. They approached an isolated farmhouse, where they hoped to speak to some men working in the field, but on reaching it saw a very dangerous-looking big dog keeping guard. Mr. Trench suggested the wisdom of retreat, but nothing would daunt Tom. He said they could get a stick and keep the dog off, but that they must not go back without talking to the men, and this they succeeded in doing.

Tom's intense earnestness in seeking for blessing is evidenced by the fact that, it being against his conscience to use the train on Sunday, he used often to walk twenty-two miles to be present at the breaking of bread with fellow-Christians, Brethren, the body of Christians with whom he had united himself in fellowship. Though his parents, who with the other members of his family belonged to the Church of Ireland, did not see with him in his change of views regarding Baptism, they did not attempt to influence him about it, knowing well that he was obeying his conscience, and united as they were in all essentials it did not mar the Christian fellowship between

Early Life and Call to China

them in any way. I can recall with pleasure the very happy discussions, conducted with perfect good temper, in which each could see and acknowledge the fair points in his opponent's arguments. He never allowed differences of view to be treated as sore places which dare not be touched. We cannot but appreciate the liberal-mindedness which made him and his wife willing, when there was no place of worship within walking distance more in conformity with their views, to attend the Episcopalian and Presbyterian services on Sunday.

He held stronger opinions about the necessity for sound doctrine than most people do in this lax age, with its too pronounced reaction from the old narrow theology; but he was always one with those who were loyal to Christ and His Word, no matter how they might differ on other points. As he progressed in the Christian life he felt it a mistake to identify himself with any sect or party, but like Mr. Moody was ready to have fellowship with all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. He had a high opinion of the work of the Church Missionary Society, and warm appreciative references to its missionaries are found in his letters; he also regularly received and enjoyed the *C.M.S. Intelligencer*. Like most missionaries, the longer he was abroad, confronted by the masses of heathenism, the more liberal he became to other Christians, while holding his own views as decidedly as ever.

Referring to some Christians at home whom he highly esteemed, he once wrote: 'I wish they could be shipped out here. It would take a whole lot of

Brotherly Love

narrowness away, and draw them more closely into the great brotherhood. To love the Master truly and to walk dependently and humbly in His simple and plain commands, laying but little stress on the subjects where He leaves a good deal of freedom for different action according to different need, but a great deal of stress on brotherly love and warm assaults on the devil's kingdom in order to deliver the lost—this is the line I am more and more led on.'

He greatly disapproved of the views and methods of a very able missionary at one station where he worked for a long time ; yet his loving appreciation of the man and his motives was very marked, and he sincerely wished him success, while he could not conscientiously employ the same methods.

In May, 1890, he attended the great Conference at Shanghai, where there were gathered over 420 missionaries, representing every Protestant society in China except the S.P.G. They came from Bhamo on the south, Korea on the north, and from Japan in the east to Si Chuán in the far west. He said of it : 'While there is much variety of Christian life and thought represented, you could hardly know that all did not belong to one section of the Church of God.'

Mr. Pigott's father started a mission to tramps and beggars, though he never liked to hear these people described by such appellations in his own family. He undertook this service from a feeling that they were a class overlooked by most Christian agencies. Numbers of these poor people used to come daily to Ryevale, and though it was

Early Life and Call to China

impossible in dealing with such crowds to tell which were the deserving cases, all received some little help, and to all the Gospel was faithfully preached by Mr. Pigott and his sons.

This work was done at the cost of much self-sacrifice ; and it certainly did much to train the family for their after life-work. It often received adverse criticism, specially from those who would do nothing themselves for their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen. It was occasionally stigmatised as pauperisation ; but seed so watered with prayer cannot fail to bring forth fruit some day. And the children of that family knew that their father frequently rose at four a.m. for prayer, when obliged to take an early train to the country, so that no hurry might interfere with his time of waiting upon God.

There are countless allusions in Tom's letters to the happy memories of his Christian home, the dear familiar hymns and prayers waking echoes in far-distant China.

For instance, in 1892 he writes to his mother from Shou-Yang of the hymn-singing amongst the missionaries, that Dr. Wilson,¹ one of the mission band, loved the hymn :—

‘ In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest,
Where the Saviour's gone before me
To fulfil my soul's behest.’

As we sang it the other day I had only to shut my eyes to see and hear you in Ryevale at the old piano,

¹ Afterwards martyred.

His Longing for Souls

and darling father kneeling beside you as we sang in happy days of old, from "There is rest for the weary":—

“ He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand ;
For my stay will not be transient
In that holy, happy land.”

You are to be envied, darling mother, as you shall so soon be in it all ; and yet *our* pilgrim pathway is a happy one, to be in any way light-bearers in the darkness for Him whose love has engraved our names on the palms of His hands.’

From very early manhood Tom had a longing for souls. It seemed as if he scarcely ever lost an opportunity of sowing seed ; in his walks and rides, in the trains, in almost every letter he wrote, he gave some testimony for his Master. The intense earnestness of the Prophet Jeremiah and the Apostle Paul found an echo in him, and those who knew him most intimately and watched his daily life have felt that from his lips too their grand words might have come — ‘ His word was in mine heart as a burning fire, shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay.’ ‘ Necessity is laid upon me ; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel !’ ‘ The love of Christ constraineth us.’ In company with a younger brother he would go about the country speaking in the little cabins and cottages, and often both of them would ride at night for miles round, to put tracts under the doors of houses where they would not have been allowed an opportunity of speaking.

Early Life and Call to China

He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and it was whilst he was there, and in spite of the claims of work, and of acting as tutor to his brother as well, he took part in this evangelistic work. He was able to take his degree without having put his father to the expense of a 'grinder,' as the 'coach' is called in Ireland.

For some time he helped his aunt, the late Mrs. Thomas Pigott, in the management of her property at Togher, Maryborough. Here he used to hold meetings, sometimes in a farmer's barn, sometimes over a shop in the town, and occasionally he went off for short preaching tours. He writes at this time of some of the difficulties which Christian workers in Ireland can so well understand. 'It is hard to fight the good fight of faith, and hard to speak to the workmen when trying to get the work done, and having so many to look after. It is good for me that I have no horse to ride, for the long morning and evening walks give good time for communion and reading, and sometimes speaking a word by the wayside.'

The practice of communion with God was the secret of Tom Pigott's life, and produced that intense earnestness which all who knew him noticed. He and his youngest brother more than once stayed up all night, while he wrestled in agonised prayer for the souls of those for whom they yearned. In later years, even when staying with friends, he would be up and at his Bible, which he seemed to have at his fingers' ends, long before the other members of the household were stirring. And yet he always thought

His Communion with God

himself a poor Christian, and vastly inferior to others. It was this fervent communion with God which enabled him in those days to mount up with wings as an eagle, days in which his letters were full of the earnest enthusiasm, the buoyancy and hope of the very young Christian, when all seemed successful, and 'it was always May.'

During the later years of his life, amid the many perils and trials of China, and the trying separation from the dear Ryevale home circle, that same sweet communion with Christ enabled him to 'run and not be weary.' And in the last years, when the trials of life were keenest, when the petty misunderstandings and unkind judgments of some fellow-workers tortured him in a way they never knew or realised, that practice of intercourse with God was the secret of the controlled tongue and the humble spirit, those sure evidences that by waiting on the Lord he had been taught to 'walk and not faint.'

He had the joy in these early days of leading some Irish Roman Catholics to know Jesus as their only priest. One dear old man near Ryevale, who had been converted, endured much persecution, and his little home was made wretched by the taunts and curses and even the beatings of his wife and grown-up children. Tom felt anxious about him, and the poor old fellow said he often trembled, when he thought how they would persecute him on his death-bed by bringing the priest to him, and trying to force him back into the Roman Catholic Church. Tom and he often had Christian fellowship together. A distillery was being built near Ryevale, and feeling

Early Life and Call to China

what an injury it would be to the Leixlip people, Tom, with his brother and this old man, used to meet together by the river, to pray that the plan might come to nothing. The prayer was abundantly answered, for though three different companies tried to work that distillery, it did not succeed, and eventually had to be closed.

How glad Tom was to hear some time after, when away from home, that his old friend had been found in bed one morning asleep indeed, but in Jesus, with the clothes tucked round him just as he had fallen asleep, showing how gentle had been the passing away. The Lord, who knew what His old servant could bear, had spared him the last trial which he feared. A Christian neighbour who found him said : ' His face was the peacefullest I ever saw.'

A dear old Christian pair in very humble circumstances were among Tom's truest friends. Nearly every letter from China to his brother contains a message to the old woman, Mrs. Rankin. She was bedridden and very poor, having only a few shillings a week to live on, yet she had her Chinese missionary box, and denied herself many little comforts which she sorely needed, to put a shilling each week into it.

I was present the last time that box was opened, and witnessed her unspeakable delight in giving its contents to the missionary's brother to send the gospel of Jesus to 'Masther Tom's people' in far-distant China. 'Lift it down, Masther Willie; feel the weight of it. I'd let no one open it till you'd come yourself,' she said, while her poor old

The Call to China

face lit up with joy. Truly, she had done what she could.

Is it not true that the claims of the millions of heathen who are dying without God are felt most forcibly by those who are keenest for souls at home? Through the message of one of the missionary family bearing the honoured name of Moule, and through Mr. Hudson Taylor's writings, Thomas Pigott heard the voice of the Lord asking *generally* for missionaries for the foreign field, and he undertook for himself *individually* to answer, 'Here am I, send me.' He had the willingness to obey, and left it to the Lord to judge of his fitness.

For five years after his first dedication of himself for China he waited patiently till he thought his father could spare him, and when he saw the way open he wrote to his parents, detailing his reasons for this decision very fully, while humbly asking their consent and blessing. These reasons may be summed up in a few words.

He believed God had called him. He thought that the time had now come, and—

'A million a month in China
Were dying without God.'

To his parents and the home circle, more especially to his eldest sister Jeanie, the prospect of separation was a heavy trial, but grace was given them to offer him willingly for this service to Him who, as Livingstone said, 'had only one Son, and gave Him to be a missionary.'

The offering of their first-born son to China by

Early Life and Call to China

his parents, and their prayers and wishes for him, are touchingly embodied in his mother's verses : ' To my dear son, Thomas Wellesley Pigott, on leaving for China, February 27, 1879.'

Alone, yet not alone ;—
Thy Lord Himself is near,
And thou art still His own,
Be steadfast, know no fear.

Look not upon the waves,
The foaming, surging tide,
Clasp the strong Arm that saves,
'Tis ever at thy side.

Thy Father, Brother, Friend,
Christ will be all to thee,
He loveth to the end,
He calls, ' Come, follow Me.

Whitherso'er I lead,
Far over land and sea,
Follow, for thou must plead
My Name ; I died for thee.

Follow, though all seem dark,
Bright shall the morning be ;
Safely I guide thy barque
Home to the Crystal Sea.

Fear not, though storms are loud,
Thou yet shalt see My face,
Where living streams from God
Make glad the Holy Place.

His Mother's Verses

And if at times thy heart
Yearn for loved friends afar,
Nor time nor space shall part
Thee from them evermore.'

Soon shall His coming feet
Be heard on distant hills,
And thou and thine shall meet
Where Jesus heaven fills.

Wait but a little while
When hours of toil are o'er,
Sweet rest, beneath His smile,
In peace for evermore !

From Sinim, in that day,
If thou some jewel bring
To grace in bright array
His crown—the victor's King !

And if He speaks the word,
'Soldier of God, well done !
Receive thy glad award,
The victory is won.'

Oh ! how shalt thou rejoice
O'er pain and peril passed,
Hearing His gracious voice
Welcome thee home at last !

Till then the Comforter
Shall cheer thee on thy way ;
And to the lonely traveller
Be light and joy and stay.

Early Life and Call to China

Then courage, dearest son,
Look upward, onward still,
After the race is run
His joy thy heart shall fill.

Go, in His holy Name
To the dark millions, go !
His power thou shalt claim,
His lovingkindness know.

LUCY H. FIGOTT.

CHAPTER II

The Voyage Out

*'Thou art my joy, Lord Jesus !
Thou art my glorious sun ;
In the light that shineth from Thee
I gladly journey on.*

*There is a hidden beauty,
A healing, holy light,
In Thy countenance, uplifted
Upon the inward sight.*

*Oh ! lift Thy face upon me,
And keep me by Thy side,
And fill me with Thy presence,
And in my heart abide.'*

From T. W. PIGOTT'S favourite hymn.

The Voyage Out

THERE is a full record of Tom's early years in China, consisting principally of letters to his parents and youngest brother ; but most of his interesting Mongolian journals have been lost. He sailed for China in 1879 as a self-supporting missionary of the China Inland Mission, and we shall let these letters tell the story of the voyage, and of the young missionary's first impressions of China. The parting from his loved ones was very hard, but the strength for the day, to which he alludes in the following letters to his brother, was given.

February, 1879.

'Your notes have been so helpful to me. God bless you for it, old fellow ; you have all through greatly strengthened my hands. I know and am confident that you all will reap more abundant blessing than you think from willingly sending me out for the Lord. The very suffering father and mother may feel in it is just what gives them real fellowship with the great God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

The Voyage Out

who gave Himself to Calvary for us. I have to leave for Paris in less than an hour, so goodbye, old fellow, good courage, good cheer, and good speed in our mighty, loving, living, coming Lord.'

In the Bagster's Bible which was his parting gift to that brother he wrote the verse, 'Praying always, and for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the Gospel.' In fullest keeping with that early earnest desire, a Chinese Christian records that 'Mr. Pigott was preaching to the last moment before his martyrdom.' He was 'faithful unto death.'

He wrote home fully on the voyage out, knowing how every little detail would interest the home circle.

'March 10, 1879.

'On board the Sindh, just having passed Corsica and Sardinia. The sky bright and cloudless, air fresh and balmy, sea deepest, most lovely blue, all the voyage up to this calm as a summer lake, and most deliciously pleasant, so far as every surrounding goes. As I write I stand at a berth in our little cabin, which three of us sleep in together, looking out of a large porthole on the deep blue Mediterranean in front, and in the background some snowy hills and mountains, which are most lovely. Mr. Taylor, worn out by his work, sleeps beside me as I write, the others either chat on deck or write home letters to send with this from Naples, where we expect to be in about six hours. We have delightfully airy, clean, fresh cabins, both to eat and sleep in, pleasant company, and an

On Board the Sindh

abundance of good, wholesome food, that is likely to suit me very well. In fact, our experience so far is a very pleasant one, and I like my companions exceedingly. Marseilles is a very beautiful city, and I, for the first time, addressed through an interpreter a meeting of three or four hundred French, and made acquaintance with some of the Lord's beloved servants there working.

'Miss Grimston¹ sailed about five o'clock on Saturday; our vessel left on Sunday at ten a.m. We, having a little cabin to ourselves, are able to have nice times of worship and reading together. Yesterday we had the Lord's Supper together, and realised much blessing for ourselves, the Lord's work, and our loved ones at home, by faith. Dear Mr. Taylor, besides leaving his six children, leaves also an aged father and mother at home, who parted with him—no longer young—twenty-five years ago, but who have seen him again and again since. Mr. Hunt leaves his parents and six brothers and sisters, also the others leave dear ones, so we each can sympathise and join in bringing down a rich blessing on all our loved friends, and I am as certain of the fact that He is blessing you as that I am standing here, speeding swiftly across the deep blue sea to China. Being in the forepart of the ship, we escape all the disagreeable vibration and the smells from steam, furnaces, and machinery that refresh the first and second class passengers who are aft.

'Most of the cooks, waiters, and attendants are Chinamen, dressed in native dress, delightfully clean

¹ His cousin, a missionary to Smyrna.

The Voyage Out

and fresh-looking, with quick, intelligent, pleasant faces, and they are such pleasant attendants! Some wear the pigtail hanging down the back, some rolled round the head, and there are two Chinese women. One attends on the ladies' cabin, the other is a passenger, and both strike me favourably. Perhaps I am prejudiced in favour of China, but I am already falling in love with these Chinese, and from all that I hear I anticipate good times in the Lord's work in China. We are constrained to praise the Lord's goodness in all things, and, I trust, shall begin to be ashamed of ourselves and to trust God's promises more fully.

'We are much helped by our contact with Mr. Taylor, whose characteristic seems to be a bright *waiting on and expectation from God* every step of the way. He expects continual guidance, and certainly gets it, and abundant answers to his prayers in a most remarkable way. This morning he was relating his experience during his first voyage in most stuffy cabins, not affording any proper ventilation, on a sailing vessel round the Cape, in which he was becalmed for a long time, the voyage taking three months. A wind used to rise slightly at night and bring them on a little, leaving them becalmed by day. One day the wind left them becalmed about thirty miles off a dangerous, rocky coast, in the midst of a strong current running on shore, and driving the ship rapidly on the coast. It was a locality inhabited by cannibals, and they saw them lighting beacons on the hills and huge fires on the shore, evidently preparing to murder and eat them, if, as it seemed likely, the

Mr. Taylor's Prayer

ship should be broken on the shore by the strong sea current. In vain every man in the ship in boats tried to keep the vessel off the shore, but it was of no avail, and at length the captain gave up hope. He was, however, a Christian man, and Mr. Taylor said to him, "One thing yet remains—let us try the power of prayer." The captain seemed to think it almost wrong, because it was well known as a place where no wind usually blew from that quarter at that time. They went each to their cabins, and two other Christians also, and prayed. After a short time of prayer, Mr. Taylor was enabled to grasp the promise, to thank God for an expected answer, and to go on deck, where he at once told the mate there was a wind coming, and to spread the mainsail. There was no time to spare, as they were almost on the rocks. The mate swore at him in anger, and said in that place there was no chance of wind, and he wasn't a fool ; but as they spoke a cat's-paw of wind began to shake a corner of the top flag, and, with another oath, the mate ordered the mainsail up. The captain, hearing the noise and tramping, came then on deck, to see a rising wind, soon so strong that they had to reef the sail, and which blew them on till they were well past the danger, and also took them out of the calms as far as the Philippine Islands. The great secret of his success seems to me the whole-hearted desire to honour God.

'With deepest love,

'Your messenger to the heathen

and your ever-loving son,

'T. W. PIGOTT.'

The Voyage Out

We subjoin another of his picturesque narratives taken from the voyage out.

To his brother, W. F. Pigott, from Aden, March 21, 1879.

‘DEAR OLD FELLOW,—How often I think of you and of the bright day when, the battle won, we shall walk the bright halls of Zion “all jubilant with song,” and have such good things to tell of the Master’s love and grace. The word I like to think of oftenest in connection with our last talks is one in the garden as we walked together, and you said you had large expectations from God. Let us both hold to this, old fellow, and we shall not be disappointed. Look out for blessing and for souls, for I know it is coming, and expect to hear it has already. Tell me all you can about them all when you write. Ask for much boldness and spiritual blessing for me, and power to learn the language. You have a very big place in my heart, old Bill. He is coming. We may very soon meet, perhaps in the clouds, perhaps here before that.

* * * * *

‘Our visit to Aden was a very pleasant one ; it is built in a hollow in the bosom of rugged, naked, rocky mountains, and is very picturesque and strange-looking to us. The natives are most of them Africans, with beautiful, lithe, erect figures and fine features dark olive skins, and short woolly hair. Some of them live almost in the water, and are nearly as proficient as fish. We dined on board, after returning from our drive in two carriages drawn by light, active Arab horses to see the great tanks. Then in the star-

Strange Incident at Aden

light I went on shore again to post letters, and as I was walking along the beach I came to a soldier walking in the opposite direction. As he passed I felt that I ought to turn and talk to him, but I walked on, looking to the Lord, then turned and went quickly after him, making an excuse to ask the way to a coffee-house for soldiers. I entered into conversation with him, and finding him one who had been brought up in the fear of God, and who was under conviction of sin, I had a long and very interesting talk with him. I told him how I had been led to turn and speak to him, and he told me he had left the coffee-house at an unusual hour, and he seemed also struck by the way in which God had led to our meeting. I have good hopes of fruit from our talk. Afterwards I went with him to the coffee-house, and there gave a short address to between twenty and thirty English soldiers, and had a nice talk with the brother in Christ labouring there, also with a comrade of the first man. God grant both may be brought to Him! Will you ask that this little visit to Aden may be blessed, at prayers, when you are remembering in prayer both Mary¹ and me?

‘When I got on board again I found that another letter had to be posted, and again returning with a comrade paid another visit to the coffee-house, and had a nice talk with a Belgian, a soldier in the English army, who gladly accepted a present of a French Bible which I gave him, marking passages in it.

‘We went into an Indian Parsee shop and had

His second sister, then a missionary at Bloemfontein.

The Voyage Out

some capital lemonade on our way to the tanks at Aden. The Parsee was an intelligent man, and with him I had my first talk with a heathen (excepting one at Ryevale, I think), trying to interest him in the Bible. He was a native of Bombay. Ask also for him, that God may use the Word and save him, and make him a blessing in Aden among the heathen there. I felt that God was leading and blessing me in Aden that day, and had plainly sent me there.'

'From the Indian Ocean, March 25.

'I love to get alone on the vessel and have a good talk with the Lord, and then His promises grow so bright and strong, and His presence so sweet, and I seem to be in Him so near to you all. I am, in health, very well, and have at last got my sea-legs. The ship is rolling considerably with the swell of the ocean, quite different to the calm seas already passed, but I have had a good appetite, and am not sick.

'We had a meeting in the first-class cabin last Sunday, and had some of the first-class passengers—it was a nice time. Then we again remembered the Lord's death in a very sweet time of communion, in our cabin. I like Mr. Taylor's thought about the word, "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat." As he said, it is not, "And so let him stay away, but, so let him eat," let him call to mind his own sin and evil, that he may realise all the more clearly the cost of sin, and what that death was—of course not sin held to in self-will, but what we want renewed wills against, "and so let him eat."'

Requests for Prayer

'Off the coast of Sumatra, April 5, 1879.

'MY DARLING MOTHER,—How often you all are in my thoughts, and how much I should like wings to fly home for a little! but if it were best we should be able, and we are very near at heart, and I am sure you and father are finding the joy of proving how dear the Lord is, and how precious His dear will, far outweighing the sorrow of parting for such a little time when we compare it with eternity spent together, when our love to one another, as well as our love to Him, will be perfect. It is a great help to know you are all praying that I may be wise and loving, and bold and unflinching for the Lord's holy name in China, and it adds much to the pleasure and blessing of Sunday morning to know that you, darling mother, are then specially praying for China. Pray for me in visiting Shansi. There are about eight workers there, who are some of them young, and not long in work. Ask that I may be made a great blessing there, and may be drawn closer to the blessed Lord, proving His rich grace and power more. I do richly enjoy the four concluding lines of your hymn:—

“Go, in His holy Name!
To the dark millions, go!
Thy Lord is still the same,
His power thou shalt know.”

“Still the same!” Yes, as when He led forth His people after His resurrection, saving and healing where He would. Yes, and it shall be so now, only may He grant to us heart-readiness to travail in

The Voyage Out

birth for souls, and to hold unwavering confidence in the willingness and power of our God to save by His own chosen instrument—"the foolishness of preaching."

'The thick shade of the woods and the pleasant cool of the sheltered native houses, the pleasant, gentle, bright-looking natives, and the beauty of the scenery of hill and dale and stream and swampy rice-fields, make one think it would be a very beautiful place to live and work in. I wonder if China has places as fair. We stopped to rest in the missionaries' verandah on the top of a hill, with a beautiful panorama of hill and dale lying before us, and we could only hope we should not be tempted with so comfortable and beautiful a spot, lest we might cease to press forward as pioneers, and lose our character as followers of Him who had not where to lay His head. The cows of Ceylon are small and hornless (almost), but very active, and do a great deal of work, trotting like ponies under light carts, or yoked two together in these light carts, covered with wickerwork, like small waggons, drawing fine loads.

To his brother William. Saigon, April 11, 1879.

'The Master Himself *became one with* those He sought, *lived among them*, and so brought to bear on them personally and continually His own life as well as His own words; and so should you and I seek to live, and to make it the continual study, aim, and object of our lives *so* to influence and win all those around us and all we can reach. We should

Letter to his Brother

look upon insults, and the slighting and hurtful actions of others, actions by which we may be tried and may suffer, as the best opportunity of showing the genuineness of our faith and the reality of our ever-powerful present Saviour, so meeting them in His spirit that they may learn in us to know Him. In other things they cannot perhaps so strikingly see the difference—in this they may easily. Singapore is chiefly composed of Chinese, so that it gave a partial idea of what living among them will be.

‘I leave you with Him, and go onwards to where a band of some seven brothers and two sisters are leading the vanguard into the heart of the enemy’s country. Will you all daily at prayers ask God to keep us? Write often. Home letters will be above price—how few Paul could get! Bless God for them.

‘Yours ever lovingly,

‘In Him till He come,

‘T. W. PIGOTT.’

CHAPTER III

First Missionary Years

*'Christ! I am Christ's, and let that Name suffice you.
Aye, for me too He greatly hath sufficed.
Lo! with no winning words I would entice you,
Paul hath no honour and no friend but Christ.*

*Yes, without cheer of sister or of daughter,
Yes, without stay of father or of son;
Lone on the land, and homeless on the water,
Pass I in patience till the work be done.*

*Yet not in solitude if Christ a-near me
Waketh Him workers for the great employ.
Oh! not in solitude if souls that hear me
Catch from my joyaunce the surprise of ioy.*

* * * * *

*Yea, through life, death, through sorrow and through
sinning,
He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed.
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning;
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.'*

F. W. H. MYERS, *St. Paul.*

First Missionary Years

AT last we find T. W. Pigott, as an honorary missionary of the China Inland Mission, at work in China, the land to which his heart had been drawn for so long ; and ever afterwards the needs of China's millions of perishing souls formed one of the foremost topics of his conversations. As his cousin, Mr. George Trench, wrote after his death: 'Whenever he returned to this country from his chosen field of labour his flowing speech in private and public was always and only of China and her people, whom he loved so much. It was impossible to remain indifferent or unsympathetic in the presence of such zeal. It wounded his spirit, it grieved him as something unaccountable, inexplicable, that others should not feel the interest, the sorrow, and the joy with which he was filled. And this was no mere sentiment. It was such a reality that to spend his time, his strength, his mental and physical abilities, and his money, freely and wholly in the cause of China, was to him most natural, and for him the only reasonable and possible way to live.'

First Missionary Years

‘CHEFOO, THE BLUFFS, *July 6, 1879.*

‘MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—After a pleasant ten days or so with Mr. Taylor in Chefoo, I came here with a Mr. Baller, of our Mission, and a Mr. Tomalin. Baller is a devoted fellow of twenty-six years of age, and has been now six years in China and seen a great deal of it, and has travelled much, and amongst other places in Shansi and the famine districts. He speaks the language very fluently and well, and seems to know how to take the Chinese and to win their interest. Tomalin is twenty-three years old, and has only been out about six months; he is a bright fellow, and is learning the language as I am.

‘We are in a little native cottage on a most lovely promontory, about an hour and a half by boat from the town of Chefoo, which lies in front of us across a bay. It is backed by very beautiful hills, and we, too, live at the base of lovely hills. They slope down to the shore on this side, where there is a fine beach and cliffs, about twenty minutes’ walk across. This promontory brings us to the top of the hills and to the ocean, for the hills are as if split in the midst, and form most strikingly beautiful and lofty cliffs facing the Pacific. The air here is most delightful, and my companions, who came for health, are getting up good appetites, and promise to be first-rate before long.

‘We have good bread, fruit, fish, milk, flour, and eggs, and millet, a first-rate grain, from which we make very nice stirabout, plenty of variety in vegetables; so you see we are well off. We rise about four-thirty in the morning and have a bath on

Life near Chefoo

the beach, then private reading and prayer, and meet one another from seven till eight for united reading and prayer, then breakfast, and by that time our friendly neighbours begin to come in. They are sturdy, independent, respectable fishermen, and like to see our things and inspect our ways. In the midst of this I have been interrupted by one of them walking into my bedroom with a friendly greeting, and I read a few lines in Matthew to him, and was able to tell him that Jesus was God come from heaven. I hope Baller, who is having a quiet read among the hills, will soon be in and have a talk with him. Two more have now come in, and Tomalin has handed them a portion of Scripture, which they are examining. As we now live among the people, and are conformable to them in many ways, we have the freest access to them, and abundant opportunities of telling them the Gospel. We hope from God for many souls, and though we have only one mouthpiece between three, we can help with fellowship and prayer.

‘About half of each bedroom is occupied by a k’ang, or raised bed of clay and stone, the size of a large double bed, with a fireplace and flue under it. It is used by the people for a bed. I have put a nice armchair given by a friend upon it, and beside me is my large, flat box, which holds our stores and serves for a table, with a waterproof sheet for a tablecloth. A little box, divided into shelves, with strings and nails, hangs on the wall, on which I hang towels, umbrella, gowns, &c. My big straw hat, nearly two feet wide, my pigtail, which has come off for want of a barber, my thermometer, and big rain boots (all on

First Missionary Years

the wall), with my hammock, complete my furniture, and will give you an idea of my little abode. The floor of our "honourable palace," as the Chinese would call it, is of clay, and we pay for it about twenty-seven shillings a month.

'I would not have missed out of my life the last few months for anything. Baller has just come in, and tells of another interesting talk with some men whom he had asked about the doings of certain priests whom he saw going through sundry heathen rites. They told him it was for the remission of sins of one who had died lately. This formed his text, and he preached unto them Jesus. We expect Frank¹ here, also Cameron, the missionary who has traversed so much of the interior of China.'

To his brother William he writes—August 16, 1879: 'I was so glad to hear from you on last Saturday, when I returned from a walking-tour of eleven days round the Shantung promontory. I went with Mr. Cameron, and we took a mule with two large basket-panniers full of portions of the Word of God and tracts, as well as a few clothes, a rug, and a wadded mienpei (a large, thickly wadded quilt), which answers the purpose of a bed very well. I enjoyed the tour, though the work and walking was pretty heavy, from twenty to thirty miles a day, not on flat fields or roads, but on rough paths, sometimes over hills, sometimes rough rocks, valleys or water-courses, sometimes through beautiful vales and fertile plains, through many villages and hamlets and a few towns, often where a mountain stream had washed a deep

¹ His cousin, Dr. Frank Trench, for some years a China Inland missionary.

Itinerating in Shantung

hollow in the clay, up and down this we had to go. Bless the Lord! we left tracts or portions of the Word, also a few words of teaching from Mr. Cameron, in a good number of places, commending them in prayer to the Great Worker. I did so long to be able to preach, but I was learning and picking up sentences here and there, and helping to give or sell the books.

‘We put up in such funny little Chinese inns, sleeping on the k’angs which I have before described. We met no kind of those small, troublesome visitors, such as B flats or F sharps, although often having visitors in crowds to view the strange men, as a crowd would come round a peep-show at home. We were very comfortable on the whole; the k’angs wonderfully dry and warm, the people kind and friendly, the weather on the whole very fine, and my health excellent. China seems to suit me well. We got generally round cakes of good bread, everywhere sugar and eggs; and you may believe me I made the eggs pay for it, for I used to be desperately hungry, and eat them, beaten up with sugar, with my bread. Sometimes we had a kind of macaroni, sometimes rice, twice chickens, which were sold nicely cooked, cold, in the street. You met a good deal of dirt, but when tired and hungry you get to mind it very little, and enjoy all the more thoroughly the clean food and room when you can find it. We live in lodging-houses much like those the poor put up in at home.

‘Our fellow-travellers, the Chinese, are much like the poor travellers at home as to dress and cleanliness, but rather better. I had not any nasty visitors the whole time, so that is fair proof, but then I had refuge

First Missionary Years

in darling mother's comfortable bags. How I think of her dear, loving, active fingers and beautiful face so full of earnest struggle brightly to cheer and help me those last hours as she made them for me ; but, Bill, we have Christ. He is more than all in all, more and more every day and hour, and often do I prove the bright, blessed reality of the personal presence of the great Holy Comforter, as mother's beautiful lines put it, speaking of that day of meeting:—

‘“ Till then the Comforter
Shall cheer thee on thy way,
And to the lonely traveller
Be light and joy and stay.
Thy Father, Brother, Friend,
Christ will be all to thee.
He loveth to the end.
He cries, ‘ Now follow Me
Whitherso'er I lead
Far over land and sea ;
Follow, for thou must plead
My Name ; I died for thee.’ ”

‘ I love those words, brother. That little hymn is more than a fortune to me ; and then, how many proofs of the tender, watchful care of our Father I have, caring for me in so many ways, keeping me so strong and well, and giving in temporal providings so many abundant proofs of His love and care for us. And now I do hope you are all following me hard with prayer just now, for I am just starting with Cameron for a long journey in the north.

‘ The steamer takes us north to Niu Chwang. There we shall buy two saddle mules, two draft mules,

Itinerating near Niu Chwang

and a cart. We take tracts and Bibles, two native Christians and a cook. We shall ride, they and the luggage go in carts, and we shall be six weeks or two months, or perhaps more, in the interior. We go from Niu Chwang to Pilan and Haning eastward to the borders of Corea, then south to the shores of the Yellow Sea about Ngan, and back again by the coast-line to our starting-point. I hope to write both on starting and when we return, if the Lord will, from Niu Chwang, and perhaps there may be another opportunity ; but I hardly expect to be able to send a letter for the time we are away, and that altogether depends on the Lord's leadings. The work is partly for the Bible Society, partly because Mr. Taylor hopes to start work in that province, and wants it explored and the way pioneered.

'The Lord has graciously sent me for this work through the mission funds enough for the next three months on this journey. Let none of you be anxious for me while the letters cease, for I am not for you ; we are each in God's loving care, and well may say, "How great is Thy lovingkindness which Thou hast prepared for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men!" Then we look on, and in the future we foresee the Lord always before our face. Why? Because in the present, as I sit on a form and write in the mission premises at Chefoo, the Chinese servants bustling round laying the table for early dinner, "He is at my right hand, that I should not be moved," and if He tarry and you read this, all the time between He will have been here with me, and with you all.

'This morning on the rocks I wondered why the

First Missionary Years

Lord had selected me for this work, and went on to wonder why He had chosen our family, called us all, made us all kings and priests and children, sons of God, and given so many of us a call to be His witnesses, and the answer came so sweetly in the words of Deut. vii. 6-8. Not because they were the most numerous people, and therefore best able to destroy God's enemies and take the land for Him—not because of natural advantages, but "because the Lord loved you," and because of covenant promises that God would not let slip; and then I thought of all the inherited wealth of prayer we have in dear father and mother's lives from our babyhood, and I blessed God and was strengthened to go forward wherever He may lead into the dark places. You and I and dear father are more of seed-sowers, it seems to me, but we shall be reapers too if unwearied, and plentiful reapers if we sow plentifully. Never tell me you have not got much to tell; the sweetest bits in all the letters are the bits that just paint me a little picture of some dear one at home, just some little common word they are saying, where they are sitting, what is interesting them—any little bit of home is so sweet, and my mind fills in all the rest.

'I found a fine new English saddle in a store here, no one to buy for so long that they were glad to sell it to me second-hand very cheap for here, 25s. 8d., so I shall ride my mule more comfortably than with the great, heavy, awkward Chinese saddle.

'Your very loving brother,
'T. W. PIGOTT.'

CHAPTER IV

Itinerating Work

*'Ye have not sowed in vain
Though the heavens be as brass ;
And piercing the crust of the burning plain
Ye scan not a blade of grass.*

*Yet there is life within,
And waters of life on high ;
One day ye shall wake, and the spring's soft green
O'er the moistened fields shall lie.*

*Tears in the dull cold eye,
Light on the darkened brow,
The smile of peace or the prayerful sigh
Where the mocking smile sits now.*

*Went ye not forth with prayer ?
Then ye went not forth in vain ;
The Sower, the Son of Man, was there,
And His was the precious grain.*

*Ye may not see the bud,
The first sweet signs of spring,
The first slow drops of the coming shower
On the hard, dry ground that ring ;*

*But the HARVEST HOME ye'll keep,
The summer of life ye'll share,
When they that sow and they that reap
Rejoice together there.'*

BY THE AUTHOR OF *The Three Wakings.*

Itinerating Work

THE early part of Mr. Pigott's life in China, after time spent in language-study, was largely given to itinerating work. One of these colportage tours occupied eight months, and he took several other shorter journeys. During most of the time Mr. Cameron was his companion, with some native helpers. It was sometimes dangerous, though often interesting and encouraging work, selling books and preaching as pioneers where Christ had not been named, for at this time, the autumn of 1879, there were very few missionaries of any society at work in North China.

He was almost impatient to be at work, and would, therefore, often get alone with the Chinese, to learn the language more quickly from being forced 'to stand on his own feet' regarding it. On that first journey north with Mr. Cameron he went by sea from Tientsin to Niu Chwang, and travelled in the Chinese part of the steamer, while Mr. Cameron went overland with a mule-load of books and a colporteur. He found the smell rather

Itinerating Work

trying, lying down at night with a crowd of Chinamen, but soon got used to it, and slept soundly. He says:—

‘I spent one of my best days and happiest in China on the deck, reading, and remembering you all in pleasant company with the Master, and then with my Chinese Testament trying to read, and asking Chinamen who would gather round the meaning of the characters. By this means I was able to get them to read the birth of Christ, Luke ii., Luke xv., and other passages, and as this interested some of them much, I was able to tell them of the true God who made heaven and earth and sea, and all things and man likewise, who was angry when we were bad, who gave to the bad a bad reward and sent them to hell, but who loved us who are all bad, and gave His only Son Jesus to die for us, who rose again, and was now in heaven, but would in a little return, sitting in the clouds, that those who believed in Him would go to ‘Heaven’s Kingdom,’ the Heavenly Father’s home, when they died, for He, Jesus, was our Saviour Lord, and believing in Him our bad sins were not punished.

‘All this with stammering lips and broken words, pointing out that the good Father of Luke xv. was the Heavenly Father, whom their forefathers had worshipped and forgotten, while the bad son meant us, who should return to the Heavenly Father. They seemed to understand, some at least being interested, and I was able to give them tracts, so I bless God for the joy of at last being able to

Efforts to Speak Chinese

speak a word to the heathen. May He watch and water and bless the precious seed which we shall surely find after many days! Two of them, who had heard something of the Gospel before, said the words were very good words, and they did believe in Him.'

Mr. Pigott enjoyed excellent health on these itinerating journeys. At Niu Chwang he said the food was almost too good, very different from what could be had in the south. He was careful to let his mother know about the good food, fearing her anxiety for him on this account. He asked her once in this connection: 'Have you read the life of Billy Bray? He tells that "the Lord would as soon think of starving Michael the Archangel as little Billy Bray."' And it is true, bless His dear Name.'

They had there all varieties of meat and game and vegetables, amongst them the capital yam, sweet potato, and our own potato. He stayed here with a Mr. McIntyre, while waiting for Mr. Cameron to join him. This missionary, being on the borders of Corea, often met Coreans, and had two converts at that time living with him, and by their help was translating the Scriptures into Corean. This people did not then admit foreigners (though the Roman Catholics were secretly at work there, and even had a bishop), but the missionaries often met Coreans at fairs, and found them very accessible. He spent a very happy fortnight with this hospitable missionary, and also visited Kuang Chung Tsi, Mukden, Kalgan, and the adjacent country,

Itinerating Work

acquiring experience and familiarity with the language, and growing in grace. He used to send the names home to Ryevale of those he had tried to talk to, asking that his efforts might be followed by his parents' prayers.

He writes again from Niu Chwang in 1880 :—

'I can't tell you what joy and strength often come to my soul in feeling the mighty grasp one has of God in that one plea, "Glorify Thy Son." Give Him joy, let Him see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied. To stand looking at one of those great heathen cities, and know that they are wholly lying in the bitter bondage of Satan—then to enter them, and see all the friendly courtesy, mingled often, with many who hate the foreigner, but yet the courtesy and respectability and comfort of those wonderful people, and then to find so much dislike to the one Name of names. Then after selling, and preaching with our few weak words, and realising the utter incompetency of the human instrumentality, very little power of language to explain thoughts utterly new and foreign to the hearer, with no miracle to enforce, and the hatred of all that is foreign to add to the difficulty, I find then what a joy and gladness it is to look up to the mighty God of gods, the Almighty, and plead for the honour and joy of Christ, a good portion of the spoil for Him, and then, realising the mighty plea, one can sing even here and now by faith the conqueror's song of joy!

'You will all have been anxious as to how I should get on in this cold north with my throat, travelling

A Terrible Snowstorm

in such strange places, and with so many varieties of sleeping-places, and now I am glad to be able to tell you that after a month in desperately draughty inns, and cold weather such as enables one to drive our heavy cart over the frozen rivers, and freezes everything, on returning here I never remembered better health. All my friends exclaimed how uncommonly well I looked, and how much good the journey had done me, and so it has! No stuffy rooms to go in and out of, and plenty of snug warmth in one's fur robes and hood, cold and draught being of little account, but the fresh, tingling, bracing frost and clear atmosphere and open-air exercise sending the health and strength just coursing through one's veins.'

On one occasion, when Mr. Pigott and Mr. Cameron were travelling in Manchuria with some native servants, they had a marvellous escape from death during a snowstorm near the town of Fuh Chau. Their cart had gone on slowly while they lingered to sell books and preach, and they missed it for some time, eventually finding it upset in the snow. They found it inadvisable to proceed, and they spent the night in the cart after a supper of a few Indian meal cakes and a little of Liebig's extract of meat. They had an anxious, trying night, as their servants were frightened, and began to give way, and in the morning the cart was full of snow, which was drifting more furiously than on the previous evening. We can best tell the sequel of the adventure in Mr. Pigott's own words.

'About midday, as the drift did not in the least

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abate, Mr. Cameron and I opened our boxes, took our silver, and tried, with the aid of two sticks, to reach some dwelling. We had, however, counted without our host ; we could with difficulty keep our footing, and, staggering on, could see only a few yards. We were nearly blinded by the snow-drift covering and freezing on our faces, and after battling some time great drifts caused us to pause, and we resolved, after prayer to God for help, to endeavour to find the cart again. We could not see it, but found ourselves amongst slight hills and drifts which were utterly perplexing. We now were glad to sit, rest, and consider in shelter of a bank ; but it was too cold, so we tried to cover ourselves with snow for warmth, and when this failed, again rose, resolved not to give in without a good fight. We turned our faces towards the direction in which the city lay, in hope of finding it at last ; after prayer we marched on, and, thank God, had not gone far when we saw the cart. Getting in we praised God, and took some preserved milk, sugar, and cocoa ' (their only remaining food), ' distributed some, and felt all the better.

'The snow was beating in again, and all were tolerably uncomfortable. About four o'clock the carter started to try his fortune, and succeeded in escaping with his life, fighting about till nearly ten o'clock at night, according to his story next day, when he found a house. We resolved to spend the night where we were. It was a trying time, all felt how near eternity we might be, and it was a question of strength as to how much more cold and hunger we could endure. Mr. Cameron, though inside the cart,

A Terrible Snowstorm

was colder than I, for he did not get so well covered. I supposed him to be better than he was, while he, dear fellow, would not complain, which last the three poor natives did lamentably. We stayed ourselves on the Lord, and laid our position before Him from time to time, and wondered that the sound of the wind never seemed to abate. But it was now His broom, and when in the morning of December 7 we at last ventured to stir our cover and look out (every stir let in snow), the day was clear, the ground was swept clean, save in great drifts here and there, and oh, joy! how we blessed the Lord!—there lay the city only one-sixth of a mile off, the nearest house but a few hundred yards from us. Between us and the city lay an immense drift, in which, if we had stuck, instead of on high ground where we were, we might have been buried and lost.'

They descended and implored help. At first the villagers refused to do anything for them, but when they heard that they had survived the storm and exposure for two nights and a day, knowing that some of their own people and cattle had perished in it, they changed their minds, and said that they must be good men, or they would never have been so protected, and gave them food and shelter, and were pleasant and friendly. They stayed there a short time, and Tom writes that 'Nearly every house of respectability bought some of our Gospels and tracts or picture sheets explaining the life of our Lord. And he goes on to encourage his dear ones to have no nervous apprehension for him, seeing how God had taken such care of him in this peril that he had

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not even taken cold, and was scarcely frost-bitten, though he had been so susceptible to chills at home.

How often he used to smile at our fears when we talked of possible dangers, and say he felt as safe in China as in England, while he told with gratitude of different wonderful deliverances he had had from death, showing that 'man is immortal till his work is done,' and death would be glorious because it meant home and Christ! He recovered twice from measles in a very bad form, and from scarlet fever while at Tai Yüan Fu, after having had a temperature of 106, and having been delirious for ten days. Once his horse fell with him and rolled over him in the bed of a river, and he was restored in 1883 from the very jaws of death, after the murderous attack of a robber, when he only succeeded in wrenching the knife from him by closing his own fingers over the blade. Both he and his wife, while wonderfully free from apprehension for themselves, yet had counted the cost, and knew that at any time He who loved them best might count them worthy to suffer for His sake.

Mrs. Schofield, widow of Dr. Harold Schofield, first medical missionary at Tai Yüan Fu, alludes to this in a touching letter, written since their summons up higher. She says: 'My memory goes back to eighteen years ago when in Tai Yüan, and to dear Tom saying how we should live out the verse, "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." He said that missionaries should not choose healthy places, but go wherever God sent them. Quite recently, before dear

Troubles Foreseen

Tom went out the last time to China, I had a conversation with him, and he then mentioned that a new and very anti-foreign governor had been appointed to Shansi, and that he thought it meant trouble to all the missionaries and native Christians. I then said, "Had you not better wait and see?" And he said, "No, the native Christians need some one to stand by them, if there is to be trouble." I then suggested leaving dear Jessie behind, and he said he knew Jessie would not stay. It seemed to me he realised the danger, but acting, as he always did, in the spirit of that verse, they both went forth nobly to their work with all its fearful consequences. We know they and their beautiful boy have reached the "Far Better," but China has lost two of its most self-sacrificing workers.'

There were difficulties in the work which we at home hardly realise, the difficulty of growing oneself in the spiritual life, when most of the work consisted in going over and over again 'first principles,' the A B C of Christianity, that there is one God, one Creator, and so on. There is also the want of quiet time for prayer and Bible reading in that busy, unsettled life. He speaks of this in many letters at this time.

'October, 1879.

'Oh, Bill, do all of you pray. It is often hard work to keep near the Lord out here. You at home have no idea what heathen are, and how provoking they can be continually. How they despise the foreigner, and look upon him with contempt! Then again out here one is often tempted to pride. Everywhere

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the superiority of our race makes itself felt, and, in spite of all, the power of mind and will reigns over these poor Chinamen, who are nearly one and all arrant cowards. Even little European children quickly learn to master and order them about. Then, travelling, there are the various distractions by day, and the lack of privacy by night. Pray for us, old fellow; the devil is downright determined. One needs much prayer and watchfulness, for it is hard to be scarcely ever out of the presence of strangers.'

Some of the letters written from inns while away on these journeys are so graphic as to deserve the printing of some rather lengthy extracts. He writes about a journey taken in company with Mr. Carson, an Irish Presbyterian missionary, as follows:—

'We rode two of the mules I had bought, and took Kwang, the colporteur, and an old 'cute Chinaman, to help to buy; for I wanted cart and harness and a mule or horse. We rode through a long, bright day over very flat country ninety li, or thirty miles, and nearly all the way had to be at walking pace, the roads were so bad and the little animals not strong. At night we reached the large city of Niu Chwang, and found a fine large inn and very nice room to ourselves, where we supped on first-rate fare. This is on the great road of traffic from Northern Manchuria to the ports, and in winter, when the weather is bright and clear, and the roads firm and smoothly beaten down and levelled through the strong frost, these roads are often covered with strings of great carts bringing down the produce of

Work in Niu Chwang

the interior to the markets, and often there will be seven, eight, nine, and up to fourteen or fifteen mules to one cart at a time. Here in Ing Tse¹ I had failed to buy a cart except for from £4 to £5, which I thought quite too much, but there we got one for about fifteen shillings, and a set of harness cheap too. I had fun bargaining and working for it, but it took a good time.

'We sold Gospels in the streets, and Kwang and Carson preached every day, and the people were nice and listened well. Here, too, we called on an exceedingly nice and courteous Chinese gentleman, whose poor son, a very nice fellow, a former teacher of Mr. Carson's, was dying. Both father and son seemed anxious to know about the truth, and we were much encouraged by them. I fully expect to meet the poor dying man in heaven—one of the firstfruits of dear Carson's work. Their room was such a nice one. Dark, polished chairs and tables, several looking-glasses and vases, and Chinese pictures adorned the walls, and altogether it was a nice comfortable room with a k'ang instead of fire, which warmed us. The fourth day we returned with the cart in triumph, and now, if I can get beasts to ride, I shall be all right, tight, and ready for a start before long, please God. What good words those are: "Serving the Lord, rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer"; and what a bright, glad hope it is to see His face, to hear His "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." To enter into His joy! to give Him joy! to wake

¹ There are two Niu Chwangs; one was also called Ing Tse.

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angelic choirs to sing, to bring a beam—a fresh beam of gladness to the Face that was marred, to bear the royal banner boldly on into the thick of the foe, never flinching! What an honour, Bill! God has remarkably called us to this as a family, has He not? And shall we not strive to be good soldiers, workmen needing not to be ashamed, winners of souls by His grace, sowers when He will, reapers when He will, ever with heart full of love for the lost? Soon will come the song of victory that tells the battle o'er—

'Soon and for ever
The breaking of day'—

Then the Master Himself!

'Ever your loving brother,
'T. W. PIGOTT.'

We who knew him best can thank God that He enabled our brother to live that life he puts before himself here, and it is a joy to read those vivid words, now that he has seen his Master and heard His 'Well done.' He was very fond of the hymn just referred to, and one who heard him can never forget the glad ring in his voice and the light on his face while he repeated the words beside the body of his baby nephew, Wilfred Pigott, on the morning when the child was laid to rest:—

'Soon and for ever
The breaking of day
Shall drive all the night clouds
Of sorrow away.

A Favourite Hymn

Soon and for ever
We'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
Of things that have been ;

When fightings without us
And fears from within
Shall weary no more
In the warfare of sin.

Where tears, and where fears,
And where death shall be never,
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon and for ever.'

It was with that face of radiant triumph we picture him on the morning of the martyrdom at Tai Yüan, and it is with that face we expect to see him again on the resurrection morning.

Tom wrote home perhaps more frequently while on these itinerating journeys than at any other time, that his beloved parents might have as little cause for anxiety as possible ; accordingly we have many bright descriptions of the places he came through in Manchuria. These letters are remarkably cheery ; he was well, full of hope, and full of the Spirit of God.

'NIU CHWANG or ING TSI, 1879.

'MY OWN DARLING MOTHER,—In my last I hardly told you what a help and pleasure your note of August 14 has been to me—so full of everything I like to hear, and of your own dear, loving, bright words to cheer me on to the fight, my own mother ! How often your prayer for me that I might be a

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good soldier of Jesus Christ comes to my mind! God make me worthy of it, that when we meet at the Lord's right hand when He comes, it may be to rejoice in a fight well fought and a work well done in China, because it is your work and father's work who gave me, and dedicated me from birth to the Lord's service, and keep me here, just as much as it is my work. I think, though you are sixty-six, dear mother, we may and will meet again down here, if the Lord tarry. Look at old Isaac, who gave Jacob his last blessing, and yet Jacob was with him at the end, so many, many years after. It is sweet to entrust our treasures to Christ. You know, it strikes me when one goes to a far country, He will of pure grace and free love do more by us, for and in them, than the man who made the one pound ten pounds. Mother, if He comes soon, would you rather meet me from the distant field of China trying to fulfil His last commands, or from some comfortable nest at home?

'I left this on foot last Tuesday to buy a few mules, and walked about seventeen miles. We trudged along over flat, broad plains bordered by a distant range of hills from one o'clock till dark. These plains are peculiar, they seem to grow fine crops, but ten or fifteen feet down there is salt in the soil, and I often saw the ground encrusted with salt like a slight frost when it had risen during the summer rains. We passed many little villages and left a few tracts; the people were thrashing their millet; it grows with a thick stalk as high as from ten to twelve feet, which they use for fuel (having little or no other) as well as for roofing houses, using it over stronger rafters and

A Backslider

plastering mud over it again, so that the roofs are all mud roofs, and most excellently watertight they seem to be. . . .

'About dusk we arrived at a mud-built cottage inn, a lot of five or six road coolies sat on the long, warm k'ang, squatting crosslegged at a little table, eating heartily millet stirabout with bean curd (not bad when fresh, but not at all nice-looking) and bean sauce. The Chinese surrounded me with curious, scanning gaze and friendly questionings. My old companion, a nominal Christian, though a backslider, when I tried to speak a little and show a book, would talk and explain the Gospel to the listeners. Pray for him! *He* has brought much dishonour on Christ's Name in the past; I found him a skilful companion and faithful, as far as I could judge. I got into my quilt, and was soon asleep. In the middle of the night I woke, some of the Chinese were stirring, and what a strange sight it was, the long warm k'ang covered with sleeping forms! I thought what would they say at home, could they see me now! Started at dawn, when an hour's tramp brought us to the place we were seeking, where we found a large inn, and had a breakfast of beef and boiled dough.'

'January 14, 1880.

'An inn in the large city of Lao Yang, 8.50 p.m. Seated after supper on the k'ang in a nice little room. Opposite sits Kwang and the innkeeper, to whom he is speaking of the Word of Life, now reading a tract, and the innkeeper, who has shown himself most friendly to us, is listening with much interest.'

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Mr. Pigott purposely travelled alone with this colporteur, that he might pick up the language from him.

‘MY DEAREST BILL,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, dear old fellow, and much rich enjoyment of our glorious Master’s presence. Kwang and I have had a busy day to-day selling, and he preaching, to the nice people of this great city. They follow me to see the strange man—my beard, again grown, betrays me quickly—but they are wonderfully peaceable and friendly, and we have had a day to thank God for, as many have heard the Word from dear Kwang, who seems earnest in the work, though, as with us all, he is sometimes slow to speak. Pray that he may be kept in communion and near the Master.

‘Yesternight as the sun was setting we entered this city. I had asked the Lord to guide us to the right inn where He would have us be, and we passed the inns which seemed good and large on the outside of the city. In the streets were also many, but as Kwang inquired, one after another said they had no room to give, and after dark, having been everywhere refused, we came to the last inn in the street, went to the gate, and even there were refused. We had come about a mile through the city, and inquired in many places. Well, we stood outside this last inn in perplexity, not knowing the Lord’s mind, or where to get a place to lodge, when out came the head man to see us, and after some talk he brought us in, and we found in him a warm and kindly host, an interested listener, and one who before had heard the Word, but had not

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understood it. His name is Ting ; pray for him, and for his son and brother.

We are now having very beautiful and enjoyable weather, bright, still, and cold, with brilliant sunshine. The country is, every bit of it nearly, tilled and in drills, which give us great jolting sometimes in the cart when our road lies across them, as it often does. There are here numbers of small villages and nice country people, and very many pretty clusters of trees over the wide plain, as it slopes southward to the foot of a distant range of hills. The bright sunshine has melted the snow, save here and there in hollows, where its glistening whiteness relieves the everlasting brown. In summer I think it must be pretty. Last Sunday we spent among those villages. In one place, in the morning after Kwang had preached a good deal against their idols, the people cursed us, and he, poor fellow, was quite disheartened. But the Lord helped him, for, on our return to the inn, the landlord called him out to the big room to preach to some who wanted to hear, and in the evening he had a very nice talk with a village schoolmaster, to whom he gave the four Gospels and the Acts, also with a knot of villagers who gathered round to listen. He thinks the teacher, Liu, understood and believed his words. May God bless and fructify the precious seed sown in that little hamlet, for we also sold many tracts and books there.

‘Now that for a fortnight or so I am alone with these Chinamen I am picking up more of their lingo, and I have just asked Kwang, who says I now speak a great deal better than when in Chefoo. The land-

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lord is gone, and Kwang is busy cutting out a pattern of a hood, which the kind fellow proposes to make for me; he is quite a tailor in his way. He, Mr. Cameron, and I, have each, strange to say, lost two hoods, dropped on the way. Sometimes they are too hot, and we open or throw them off, and they get dropped. To-day I have sold a lot of books and sheets, and made cash enough to do me several days.

'15th. Again had a good long day of selling and preaching in this big city, said to be thirteen miles round the outer wall, which is about thirty feet high, and it has big entrances with double gateways, and big wooden doors covered with iron plates and big nails, but I fear walls and all would soon tumble down before a troop of artillery. It has about 14,000 families, 84,000 to 100,000 people, and stands in the midst of a fine fertile country full of comfortable clusters of farmhouses, a few trees in clumps scattered here and there over the plain, in which of course there are no hedges, ditches, or fences, so it has a park-like appearance.

'16th. Left for Shung Kyan or Mukden, a two days' journey of twenty miles a day through the same kind of country.'

They used to sing hymns on those cart journeys as they went along, and Mr. Pigott writes that Mr. Cameron's singing just suited him, for he was 'not easily put out of tune.' He loved singing hymns as much as Mr. Moody, but he reminded one of that great evangelist, who once said in Dublin that he had sung 'Then shall my heart keep singing' every

Gospel Books

day for two years, and that Mr. Sankey said he nearly had the tune right now! He goes on to say that—

‘There are many inns by the way, and I tried to leave a nice, simple Gospel book with the innkeeper of each. One often tries to tell them that it is the very good doctrine, the heavenly doctrine, and speaks of the true God, our Father in heaven. The tract begins like this: “The true God certainly is the Lord of heaven and earth. He created all things and all men. If the true God had not brought me up and nourished me, how should I have lived till now? We all belong to the true God, and should trust in Him. He wants you to be a good man, and to make this clear gives these ten commandments” (which here follow, simply given), then the reward and punishment, and then a nice simple chapter about “The Saviour Lord,” another on the Holy Ghost, and then a few simple chapters on conversion of the heart and prayer, with a couple of short forms of prayer at the end.

‘I have blocks of this cut, and will get it printed again at Mukden, where I now sit (January 18), Cameron opposite me, telling of his journey, and how he passed in beyond the Corean gate, where no foreigner, I believe, has hitherto been, and conversed with the Coreans on their own river. He walked about forty miles a day, and arrived here this morning, having preached to many and sold about 1,000 Gospels on his way. I arrived on Saturday evening, and he this morning, and were glad to meet after our lonely journeys.

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'We have had a warm welcome from the dear Chinese Christians here, of whom there are 80, the fruit of four years' work of dear Mr. Ross (a Presbyterian missionary), whom I feel to love even though I have not seen him, for his loving zeal and labour, which God has so much blessed. The Christians seem an earnest set, and three of them preach the Word; two of them do it freely; one is the old elder of the Church, who has charge of it, and gets a little pay. He is a nice, earnest, elderly man named Wang. Pray for him and for this great city of over 110,000 inhabitants. The first evening they sent me in a nice lot of Chinese sweets, sponge cakes, &c.

'And now, old fellow, pay Mrs. Rankin a visit for me, and tell her how often I think of her, and draw strength and hope from the thought of her prayer, and just get her to dictate you a little letter, and write it to me for her. Give her and the Cramptons my Christian love, and bid them be whole-hearted and strong for Christ, and soon they may expect to see His face, and hear His "Well done." God fill you full of His power and love, and give you a harvest of souls at the dear old door. God bless you all a hundredfold.—TOM.'

How important he thought that home-work carried on by his father and youngest brother is evidenced by many allusions in his letters, such as the following:—

'You are all at home just now round the luncheon-table while I write, or leaving it. I can in mind look in and see it all, or perhaps you or dear father are

Visits to Mongolia

preaching for Christ the Lord on the dear old doorstep. How I should like again to have for a while that honourable post!

And again he writes in 1880 from Kalgan:—

‘How often I think of you in the old hall door working away patiently for the Master! Perhaps it seems slow work to you sometimes, perhaps you are tempted to be impatient, like I used to be, and wish for some bigger field in which I could feel more a man amongst my fellows, a worker for daily bread. I know that impatience well, but the oftener I think of the work at the hall door the more important it becomes to me. To few nowadays is it given to do a wider and larger work. Look at the thousands who hear in one year the Word of Life, and that class which perhaps would hear of it very little at all. Twenty a day are 7,300 hearers in a year, and I am sure that is below the average at home every day.’

He found Burns’ *Peep of Day* the book which seemed to be the most useful for widespread distribution to the heathen. It is interesting to observe that it was one of the books ordered by the present emperor for his own perusal when he wished to introduce reform. Tom took 1,500 copies of it with him on his journeys in 1880, and in the month’s journey had helped to leave thousands of portions of the Scriptures on the Mongolian border as well. They took a short trip into real Mongolia in the summer of 1880, travelling up a deep gully in the mountains, which rose nearly 8,000 feet over their heads. They visited a fine Mongolian temple, where

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they were hospitably entertained by the chief lama, and had a sumptuously furnished room, handsomely painted, Thibetan rugs covering the Chinese k'ang. Here they had a refreshing repast, delicious tea, milk, good fresh butter, and a nice cake of white cheese, which was a great treat, there being no grassy sward and so no butter or milk in the parts of China they had come from.

These lamas spoke a little Chinese, so they had some talk with them, and then left some Mongolian tracts. The Mongols dress rather like the Chinese, and, excepting the priests, wear the tail, but they are generally dirtier. Their tents were of thick felt. The Mongolian and Manchurian women do not practise footbinding. How Tom longed for more missionaries for that country, as at that time he only knew of one, the Rev. James Gilmour,¹ working amongst them!

It might be asked here, Were there any results from these perilous journeys and distributions of the Scriptures? Doubtless many other missionaries have reaped what he and Mr. Cameron then risked their lives to sow, but even to himself God gave the joy and encouragement in more than one case of seeing the fruit of this labour. In January, 1883, he wrote to his mother from Tai Yüan as follows:—

'Yesterday a fine young countryman, with blue cloth quilted jacket, white quilted trousers, and white cloth shoes, which is Chinese mourning, travel-stained, covered with dust, but with a bright, pleasant face, made

¹ See *James Gilmour of Mongolia*, by Rev. R. Lovett, M.A.

How the Word Works

his way from the north into this city, inquiring everywhere earnestly for the "Jesus Hall." At first many did not know, and sent him here and there, but at length one man showed him a little book with "Long Life and no Old Age" as the title, and directed him to me here; however, I was out, and my man directed him to Dr. Schofield, where he at last found me. We had just broken up from a prayer-meeting, for we are all keeping the week of prayer, and I was called to hear his story. Two years ago his father had been in a neighbouring town, and had met some foreign men from whom he had a strange book, which he had long ago read, and which had stirred his interest so much that he had purposed to travel here to learn more about it, but he had been taken ill before starting, and had died, on his deathbed charging his son to come to find out about it. Poor fellow! he had died committing himself to "The Ruler of Heaven," with tears in his eyes; and his eldest son had started to fulfil his dying command, and had walked alone, and on foot, over a hundred miles, to do so. He gave me the treasured book, and lo! it was one of dear Cameron's copies of the Gospel of John, with directions printed on the cover directing the reader here for further inquiries, and I can tell you how my heart rejoiced in the promise of blessing, as I thought of the faith of that dying man, and knew there might be thousands more such along the lines of our journeyings, and will for certain, if we seek it in earnest. An earnest, frank, simple young fellow, it was a joy yesterday and to-day to sit and open up to him the wonders of God's grace, as he sat with brows

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knit in his earnestness to get hold of it! I do trust that he is real, and I take it as a special token of blessings to come. . . .

‘Did it ever strike you that Daniel, when between eighty and ninety years of age, fasted and prayed and humbled himself for about three weeks, the first three weeks of the New Year (Dan. x. 2-4), determinedly continuing to do so till the Lord gave him a great blessing. Some here are seeking to follow his example, pleading for a full baptism of the Spirit and great ingatherings of souls, and God has graciously thus begun to answer us.’

Another bit of cheering ‘reaping’ from seed sown on these journeys is referred to in the following letter :—

‘PAO TING FU, *December, 1881.*

‘MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I wrote to you about a week since from Tientsin, where I have travelled by cart so far on my return journey to Tai Yüan, which I hope to reach in ten days or a fortnight. The weather has been fine, cold, and bright, and I have got along so far nicely, seeing what I count a very great token of the Lord’s goodness on my way, which was this. I stopped one night at a little village in a fertile plain, thickly covered with such places, dotted about over its surface. Well, while preparing for supper one of the innkeepers (for there are three landlords) came in to ask that when I had eaten I would tell them about the Gospel. He seemed in earnest, and you may be sure I was glad to comply, for it is very seldom that they so apply to

Preaching at Pao Ting Fu

one. I had supper, and then in he came with one or two others, and we had a good talk.

'The next day was Sunday, and all day I had people in asking about the Gospel. When evening came I spoke of going the next morning, but they asked me to stay and tell them more, as they did not yet understand much, so I stayed Monday, and again had a good time. First early there was a crowd of over a hundred, to whom I preached for about an hour, then again after that a good many interviews with smaller groups, and in the evening a long Bible-reading with three, who seemed, at least two of them did, very much in earnest to understand the Word. I felt quite refreshed, for one seldom finds such earnest ones in Chinese work.

'It was the more cheering as I found one thing which had stirred them up was, that one of them had bought two books which they had read and been much interested by, one of these being a Gospel of Mark, and the other a copy of *The Two Friends*, two books which Cameron and I have scattered great numbers of. I have often prayed God to use them like this, and now here is a case in which He has done so, and I take it as a cause for great thankfulness and hope. I am sleeping here with missionary friends for the night, and they will, I hope, be able to see after these people, and we must pray.

'God bless you all, and keep you at rest and peace under the loved shadow of His wings! That's a nice verse of David's as we look upwards to our Mighty One: "I will hope continually, and will yet praise Thee more and more. Praise ye the Lord, ye servants

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of the Lord, which by night stand in the temple of the Lord." Bless His dear Name, it will soon no longer be a night service.

“One little hour, and then the glorious dawning,
The golden harp-strings and the victor's palm ;
One little hour, and then the hallelujah,
Eternity's long, deep thanksgiving psalm.”

CHAPTER V.

Life at Tai Yüan Fu

*'Oh could I tell, ye surely would believe it!
Oh could I only say what I have seen!
How should I tell, or how can ye receive it,
How, till He bringeth you where I have been?'*

*Give me a voice, a cry, and a complaining;
Oh let my sound be stormy in their ears,
Throat that would shout, but cannot stay for straining,
Eyes that would weep, but cannot stay for tears.*

*Quick in a moment, infinite for ever,
Send an arousal better than I pray,
Give me a grace upon the faint endeavour,
Souls for my hire, and Pentecost to-day.*

*Whoso hath felt the Spirit of the Highest
Cannot confound nor doubt Him, nor deny;
Yea, with one voice, O world, though thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.'*

F. W. H. MYERS, St. Paul.

Life at Tai Yüan Fu

SOME of the happiest years of T. W. Pigott's life were passed at Tai Yüan Fu, the capital of Shansi, where he went in 1880, being among the first missionaries to settle there. His special work at first was the boys' school, afterwards itineration, evangelistic work in the city, and helping at the dispensary. School teaching was new work to him, but he writes very cheerily about it.

'October 17, 1880.

'Mother asks me how I have got on at the language. Well, you see, here I am now in charge of thirty-two boys and their two Chinese teachers, and all their religious instruction I give them. Sunday morning, seven o'clock, we have a prayer-meeting to begin the week, in which the teachers and about half a dozen boys engage, often very nicely. Then an hour's respite, and I have a regular service, which the boys often open by singing Jackson's *Te Deum*, which they have been taught. The grand and solemn words help to solemnise and give an idea of the great God. Then we have prayer and a chapter, and I give an

Life at Tai Yüan Fu

address ; it is rather hard to do so, but God helps me much, and yesterday I felt real power and liberty with the Word, and was able to interest and hold the attention of the boys for twenty minutes or so, which greatly encouraged me. Then in the afternoon I have two classes of boys, and every day morning and evening prayers, at which they read Scripture, which I have to explain, and fix it in their minds. All this keeps me going, as I have much to prepare with my teacher. My boys are bright, nice little fellows, and we are getting fond of one another. This will show you how God has helped me in the language.'

He had anticipated much difficulty in learning Chinese, so was the more cheered by his success ; but from the beginning he had valiantly thrown himself into the study of it, and spent much time alone with the Chinese, to familiarise himself with it. He tells of an amusing mistake made by a missionary when learning. He had sent out his servant to buy a fowl, and the man came back to say that it would be a few days before one could be got, and the price would be according to appearances and quality, from fifty to one hundred dollars or more. At last he discovered that he had been bargaining for a wife (!) and not a fowl, the difference between the Chinese terms for wife and fowl consisting in an aspirate.

What pluck and determination will accomplish in learning the language is illustrated by the progress made by Miss Ellen Brown, a cousin of Mrs. Pigott's who worked with them at Shou Yang. She went to China for the first time at the age of fifty-four, the

The Boys' School

same age at which A. L. O. E., the noted writer of stories, began work in India. Miss Brown had studied Chinese for a few months at home and on the voyage out, so that she was able to start direct missionary work soon after her arrival, and Jessie Pigott writes of her that 'She had written out eight chapters of St. John's Gospel beautifully in Chinese characters while in England, and the name and pronunciation of each character beside it, so that she is able to teach the two Mrs. Wu's on Sunday, while I take the more ignorant ones. She also leads the singing of several hymns already.' Tom goes on to say in that same letter where he was alluding to the language difficulty that when tired by study he used to go out for a gallop on his pony, and amaze the natives, whose ideas of riding were a solemn amble, and that with all his work he never felt better in his life. He thus describes his work at the boys' school:—

'My little boys, some of them, seem getting on nicely, but there are often disappointments, and it is hard to discern where there is life, and where not; but one longs to be full of power oneself by the Spirit of the Lord, and then all would go well. There are endless little worries and things to look to, and time gets frittered away, and I don't get done what I think I ought, and so am apt to get fussy and worried. Pray for me, Jeanie. Lucy's picture of the old nest at Ryevale is very jolly to have, also yours of the bridge over the Rye at the mill. I like to look at them. We birds had a happy nest, hadn't we? and we are going to a far happier Home. The Lord gave

Life at Tai Yüan Fu

us good wage beforehand, well may we Ryevalites serve Him gladly. The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I trust in Him. But oh, Jeanie, to reach those lost millions! One longs to do more, but it is slow, uphill work, ever learning how little one knows of this strange tongue, and how hard it is to reach this strange people! Almighty power alone can do it; our expectation is from Him. Pray, and expect to hear of a great work here in this province.

‘Mr. Taylor has had many trials of faith this year, but it only seems to increase his faith, and he is calling for a praying band, to ask the Lord quickly to send out twenty-eight more sisters and forty-two more brothers—a band of seventy more. When Abraham Lincoln called for 100,000 more volunteers in the American War, how quickly and willingly the response was given. “We are coming, Father Abraham, 100,000 more.” You remember the words? And if such willing response to the call of Lincoln, how glad and willing should ours be, when the Lord calls us to aid in saving souls from hell, and waging war with the legions of darkness! We believe He will shortly send seventy others also. I am glad you have had some Bible-readings at home, and shall pray for much blessing, as I always do, darling, for you!’

Mr. Pigott had sincere and ever-deepening faith in the power of prayer. Whenever he described any interesting case or town he had visited, he was almost sure to add, ‘I want you all to pray for her, or him, or that place,’ as the case might be. The following letter, written to his parents from Tai Yüan Fu, is a

Chinese Converts

sample of many such. Having spoken of two of the boys who belonged to the school, and describing how both their hearts seemed opening to the love of Christ, evidenced by changed lives, and asking prayer for them, he goes on, 'Pray by name, and also ask Mrs. Rankin to do so, for the following teachers, and if you will I am sure God will bless them — Fan, Ho, Chang, Li, four men ; also, please, for two Christian lads, apprenticed out, but who spend their Sundays here, Liu and Lu. Also for my servant Chang, and a boy I am much interested in, and his little Christian cousin who is here at school—their name is Tu, both are orphans. An old Christian Methodist lady was asked by Mr. Hill, who worked in this province, to pray for the conversion of his teacher. She did so, and felt one day that God had answered her, and began a letter to tell Mr. Hill so. She died before it was finished, but her friends found the letter, and soon came a note from Mr. Hill, telling of the teacher's conversion, which proved to have been just when she was grasping the answer by faith.'

Tu's first name was Heh niu, or black-ox. He came to be deeply attached to Mr. and Mrs. Pigott, and after some years with them and with Dr. Edwards in the dispensary, he set up for himself as a doctor in the city of U Tzu. Here he was well known as a Christian, and when attempting to escape from the Boxers was killed by them, with his little boy, whose mother, an earnest Christian schoolgirl, called Er Niu, had died some years before.

In the winter of 1881 the Baptist Mission in Tai Yüan Fu was strengthened by the arrival of the Rev.

Life at Tai Yüan Fu

Arthur Sowerby, who writes of Mr. Pigott : ' I recall the first time I met him. I had then been only a few days in China, and I remember his hearty, genial greeting ; the warm, brotherly handshake, and the pleasant chat in the sitting-room of the C.I.M. premises at Chefoo. A few weeks later I was travelling with others across the plains of Chihli. It was in December, 1881, and we were pressed by circumstances to travel quickly. Mr. Pigott might have joined our party and have enjoyed some pleasant companionship, but it was characteristic of him to prefer loneliness and to lengthen his journey, although the weather was bitterly cold, that he might do some evangelistic work along the way ; for intense zeal for the conversion of men was always a marked feature of his character.'

He found the itinerating work amongst the villages much more encouraging than the work in the city, accordingly we hear of him from time to time starting off for these evangelistic tours.

In December, 1881, he writes to his mother from Shi Tieh, a little town one day's journey from Tai Yüan, as follows :—

' How often I think of you all in these lonely journeyings, trudging along before daybreak after my packs, on through the long day, or after nightfall when sometimes we are still seen trying to finish our thirty miles. Over these rough mountain roads heavily-laden animals go at a very slow pace, and I have often started at four or five in the morning, rested two hours at mid-day, and finished my thirty odd miles after dark—perhaps seven-thirty or eight o'clock. I have now

Evangelistic Efforts

spent three weeks in returning overland from Tientsin to Tai Yüan, which I hope to see to-morrow. It has been a long, tedious, but happy time, for the Lord of heaven and earth has been my companion, my "Father, Brother, Friend," as you say in your dear hymn; and He has let me see His hand very blessedly, working with me more than ever before in China.

' First a carter whom I employed for the first 130 miles became, I trust, really interested, and when parting took note of where he could hear more, and expressed his desire to become a Christian. Then, as I have mentioned in my letter from Pao Ting Fu, I found a friendly village and some anxious inquirers who had been interested by a Gospel of Mark and another little book, and with them I spent two very profitable days. After that I had to spend a Sunday in a city called Huai Luh, a place we considered quite hostile to us. Well, I went out after prayer to preach, feeling rather nervous, and soon was hailed by the name of "Foreign devil" pretty freely, and when I began to preach was received in a decidedly hostile way; but the dear Lord helped me, and I preached away and talked to them, and they soon became friendly and attentive, and I had a very pleasant day's preaching afterwards, leaving thirty Lukes and thirty Acts with them, as well as two Testaments. Will you all pray for this place?

' Here I hired mules to carry my things over the hills, and the mule man, after six days together, has, I trust, received the truth. He is anxious to learn how to serve the true God, and has become quite fond of

Life at Tai Yüan Fu

me, and given me a warm invitation to his home and village, which lies in the hills about 130 miles from Tai Yüan. His name is Wang; he has gone home taking Scriptures and other simple books. The people are mostly wild coal-miners, engaged either in the mines or carrying the coal in packs on the backs of asses or mules to the neighbouring towns. We meet hundreds of these animals every day, as well as great droves of camels; in one day I counted over seven hundred of these.

‘Here I have spent a day with the Christian man whom I once before mentioned, and found him eagerly looking out for me, and I hope spent a profitable day there. Two days ago I also met another who seemed much interested; he is servant to a mandarin, and spent a good part of an evening after dark hearing about these things. Thank God for these encouragements, they cheer one on, as more often one sees little but curiosity and indifference. In this place I have had a hard set to-day, and found it difficult to get a hearing; they appear to be degraded by opium, and to have their hearts set on trading and cheating. Some towns are much more hardened than others, and this place, being a centre of traffic, is of this kind.’

‘*January 5, 1882.*

“Welcome, welcome, strange New Year,
We can greet thee without fear,
For our hearts have perfect rest
In His love who knoweth best.
Knoweth best what things we need,
Knoweth where our feet do lead,
And shall grant us endless day
When the years have passed away.”

Sowing the Seed

‘I had a warm welcome back from my old companions Mr. and Mrs. Landale and Dr. and Mrs. Schofield. Isolated and altogether thrown upon one another’s society as we missionaries are, friendships form quickly, and we get to know more of one another in a few months than we should in years at home. I have had some street preaching, but not so much as I should like, since coming home, and we have large audiences at the dispensary twice a week. This is the time for patient hope and earnest seed-sowing. Oh, mother, what will be the great joy of the Harvest Home by and by!’

His next letter tells of a great sorrow to that happy little missionary community, in the calling home of one of their number, Mrs. Landale, wife of a C.I.M. missionary and daughter of a C.M.S. one. But that sorrow was mingled with joy in her triumphant and happy death. Tom says: ‘As we stood around her bed and saw her fearless gladness, mingled with her sorrow at leaving her dear ones (husband and baby daughter), and heard her talk of our Home, and of the sure glad meeting there, death seemed to lose its sorrow and Home became near and real.’

‘March, 1882.

‘Mr. Richard, of the Baptist Mission, visits among the upper classes, and has many big men as friends. He has all sorts of chemicals and instruments, and gives lectures and shows the magic lantern. The Schofields work at the medical, and have a little hospital where many hear the Word, also numbers come and hear the Gospel at the dispensary. Landale

Life at Tai Yüan Fu

helps there too. I keep school, study, preach, sometimes in the city, sometimes in the villages; there are five hundred belonging to this city alone. My pleasure has been great in hearing from Cameron, who has finished his Bible-selling work, that at the end of his journeys his two servants were baptized.

'An inquirer came in the other day from a place thirty miles distant. He seemed in earnest, and had learnt Mr. Burns' *Peep of Day* by heart. A poor boy whose leg the doctor treated for some time in hospital was also touched while there. He is in employment in the city, but still comes to Sunday service. Oh for a thousand more workers out here! but the work's got to be done, and as a fellow-missionary said to me the other day, "I suppose we are the boys to do it." And another wrote, "I rejoice, oh, I rejoice when preaching to remember the power at the back of the words."

'Our great difficulty here in Tai Yüan Fu is the extreme readiness of the people to profess an interest in truth and faith, if they think that they can gain anything by it, and so often one is grievously deceived, and made thus to live in an atmosphere of distrust that is very trying. All our food being bought by our servants as well as our clothes, and all prices depending on the bargaining of the buyer, they have unlimited chances of stealing, and in most cases soon begin to do so. My old chum Cameron is going to Bhamo; pray for him. Mr. Judd of our Mission is to preach for a year to the foreigners in Shanghai. God has already blessed him at Chefoo, and I believe a revival amongst the foreigners, as the English and

Evils of Opium

other residents in China are called, who inhabit that great and wicked seaport, would be one of the greatest blessings China could have. The conduct of these residents, together with the opium wars, forcing opium on China, have won for all Europeans the unenviable name of "Foreign devil," which in many places in China is continually shouted after you on the streets and roads, and it is the feeling which prompts it which is our great hindrance to the work.'

He refers to this opium traffic in many of his letters. For instance: 'One of the chief cries against us is, "Oh, you are the people that bring the opium. How can your teaching be good?" They will do anything to gratify this master passion of opium-smoking, even to the sale of wife and children, and at length, with haggard form, and sick, naked, and filthy, they become more of beasts than men.'

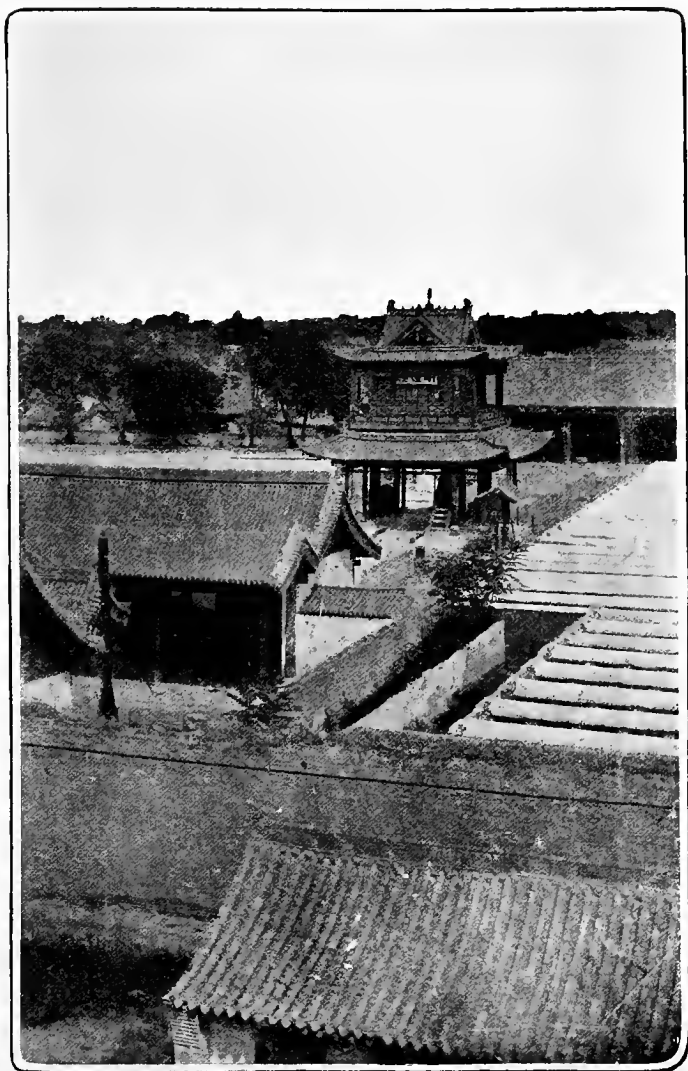
'September 25, 1882.

'MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—We have just had the triennial examinations here, and have had a day of it, distributing to about 7,000 scholars from every part of this province two pamphlets which we have had specially printed for them; one on "Everlasting Life," the other on "The Great Examination," a tract treating of the Judgment Day and how to prepare for it. This is a translation of one prepared for and distributed on similar occasions in India. There were also prizes offered for a set of essays on subjects connected with Christianity. It was a strange sight, this examination. There is a large enclosure with high walls, and some fine large houses for the

Life at Tai Yüan Fu

officials and examiners, the rest of the space being filled up by 8,000 small stalls about the size of horse-boxes open to the weather at one end, built up on three other sides, and roofed with brick and plaster, about the height of a man. These have two series of niches in the walls, one higher, into which the student slips boards for a table in the daytime, removing them to the lower for couch at night. Here these many thousands of students are shut up for three periods of three days each time, writing essays, and coming out the third day. At the end, sixty are chosen as the best, or as those who have bribed most heavily; the rest are all rejected. But these sixty are on the high-road to become officials.

'We chose to distribute on the third day as they came out from the first examination. Going on the ground at seven o'clock a.m., after a united prayer-meeting, six of us missionaries and some natives, with two boys to carry books from the carts to the distributors, took our stand at the three gates to watch for their opening, which took place at about twelve o'clock, when from each a troop of fagged and weary students issued, varying in age from boys of nineteen to old, white-haired men who from youth had been fighting to get through, and hoping against hope. The scene was very amusing. A crowd of porters blocked each gate and seized on the goods of each student as he came through. Each man carried a bed on his back rolled up in a bundle, and in front a large basket full of all sorts of things which he had used for two days inside. Some sturdy men desired to carry their goods themselves, some had servants to



THE EXAMINATION BUILDINGS AT TAI YÜAN FU.

Giving Books to Scholars

meet them, and some wished to select their porters, but nearly all had their bundles seized roughly and fought for by several big coolies, who each would try to pull them off the student's shoulders on to their own. While they struggled, or as they emerged from the crowd we either handed to them or thrust into their basket a book, and very few refused. I left home at 6.30 a.m. and saw the last man out at two o'clock, so you see we had a good long time of it.

'I have had another cheering time amongst the villages. I took my boy, whose name is Pussy Cat,¹ with me and a man. The boy is, I hope, not far from the Kingdom. He sings hymns nicely, and I had singing, prayer, talk, and teaching each day.'

The following is the translation of a simple Chinese hymn which they used at Tai Yüan as one of the first to teach the heathen, being specially easy for beginners to remember :—

'Jesus calls you, come to Him, follow Him now,
Now follow Him, follow Him now.
You must believe Him, you must trust Him,
Pray to Him now, now pray to Him, pray to Him now.
He will hear, receive, love you now.
He will pardon, cleanse, give you white robes now.
You must thank Him with loud voice.
Praise Him, praise Jesus now.
Now praise Jesus, praise Jesus now.'

He goes on—

'It was strange in the little cottage on the mountains

¹ Afterwards known as Ten Ren, their devoted servant and helper and fellow-martyr, who was always with Mr. Pigott when in China.

Life at Tai Yüan Fu

to join that wild group of miners as they sang to the old tune—

“I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home.”

We had also—

“I have a Father in the Promised Land,”

and the hundredth Psalm. There are now seven villages where people live (in one countryside) who sing the hymns, join in prayer, and come to hear when I go to preach. If you want to know how I am, I am well, and how I feel, I feel just like shouting the first few verses of the 103rd Psalm!

‘The ladies here want to start a home for infants, to save and bring up for the Lord, baby girls whose mothers now continually destroy them, and would gladly give them to us instead of drowning or smothering them, as they otherwise do; but this involves expense, and there are no funds provided. Will you try and interest some friends?—perhaps you would collect a little help. They have to hire a wet nurse, and this costs about 8s. a month for each baby. Who will save a baby's life for 8s. a month?’

In the winter of 1882 there came the first heavy trial of Mr. Pigott's life, in the news that his favourite sister, Jean,¹ had been very suddenly called Home. She had been delicate from childhood, and for some years quite an invalid, but recovered a good deal of her former health before her death. Whenever her

¹ Author of ‘A Royal Service and other Poems.’

Death of his Sister, Jean

strength permitted she engaged in work for her Master, and for some time had a large Bible-class of girls at Celbridge, in her leisure time writing the beautiful hymns, which have been a blessing to many a heart, of which perhaps the best known are, "Jesus, I am resting, resting," and one on the will of God which is incorporated in some hymn-books with two verses of Tersteegen's hymn:—

'Thou sweet beloved will of God.'

The verses from this hymn quoted below express the spirit of their author's life:—

'Thy beautiful sweet will, my God,
It holds in its sublime embrace
My captive will, a gladsome bird
Prisoned in such a realm of grace.

Within its certainty of good
My soul doth fearless spread her wings,
Or nestling in Thy perfect choice,
Abides content with what it brings.

Take Thine own way with me, dear Lord,
Thou canst not otherwise than bless:
I launch me forth upon a sea
Of boundless love and tenderness.

I could not choose a larger bliss
Than to be wholly Thine, and mine
A will, whose highest joy is this,
To ceaselessly unclasp in Thine.

Oh, lightest burden, sweetest yoke,
It lifts, it bears my happy soul;
It giveth wings to this poor heart
Whose freedom is Thy grand control.

Life at Tai Yüan Fu

I will not fear Thee, O my God !
The days to come can only bring
Their perfect sequences of love,
Thy larger, deeper comforting.

Within the shadow of this love,
Loss doth transmute itself to gain,
Faith veils earth's sorrows in its light,
And straightway lives above her pain.

We are not losers thus : we share
The perfect gladness of the Son
Not conquered—for behold we reign ;
Conquered and Conqueror are one !

Thy wonderful grand will, my God !
With triumph now I make it mine ;
And faith shall breathe her glad "Amen"
To every dear command of Thine.'

The touching letter of comfort which Mr. Pigott wrote to his mother may bring consolation to other bereaved ones :—

'TAI YÜAN FU, *December 26, 1882.*

'MY DARLING MOTHER,—How can I tell you my feelings of deep sorrow and yet deeper joy so strangely blended, when on Saturday morning on rising from prayer in our weekly C.I.M. prayer-meeting the mail carrier came, and I opened your dear note to find that our bright, sweet, darling Jeanie had flown away from us, and so gently, sweetly, entered the Home she so loved, to be with her Lord till that bright day when she will come again. For He will come again and bring the sleeping ones with Him. My heart yearns for you all, but I know to whom I have entrusted

The Life Beyond

you, and can firmly, gladly trust Him. Strange indeed if I could not after all! How gently, painlessly she has fallen asleep! Dr. Schofield says cases such as hers do not suffer. It reminds me of old favourite lines of hers and mine:—

“It was not that our love was cold,
That earthly lights were burning dim,
But that the Shepherd from His fold
Had smiled, and drawn them unto Him.

For ah! the Master is so fair,
His smile so sweet to banished men,
That they who meet it unaware
Can never rest on earth again.

And they who see Him risen afar
At God's right hand to welcome them,
Forgetful stand of home and land,
Desiring fair Jerusalem.”

His ways and will are always good, and He will His own self comfort my loved ones, and all the more, I do believe, because I am absent on His message and cannot be there to do it. Dear Landale and I were talking over it that evening, and saying how probable it was that our two darlings, his dear wife and my darling sister, had met up there in the glory, and had sweet talk together of us two fellows here and our doings. She is not far off; the bright and tender smile of Christ the Lord may break upon us any day, and leaving these poor clay tenements sealed with the impress of His peace, we shall burst the fetters, and stand with Him in the deathless glory land, where our darling is, up among the bright ones!

Life at Tai Yüan Fu

' Her last notes to me give me the impression that she was freer from pain. To me it makes all here more worthless, but Home, and work, and all the future much brighter and sweeter. She wrote to me in June that she might not cease praying for me till I was endued with power from on high. Just then or a little after I, too, was praying for a baptism of the Spirit. For more than a week I spent a good deal of time seeking it, and when that week was over I started with the native fellow-labourer, Mr. Tung, and had the work in the villages opened up, of which I told you, and of which we are now so hopeful. I can now trace it to her earnest prayers and longings as well as yours, mother. . . .

' I believe the Lord has made my joy to exceed by far my sorrow. Darling Jeanie at Home! How nice! and how lovingly the Lord did it, and sustained you all in it! It has reminded me of nothing more than the old Jewish tradition that Moses died at the kiss of God. I do believe it is but a little way there, and she is having a good time with Him whom her soul loved. It often seems but a short way from here to there, "though seven deaths lay between."

' I know the greatness of the blank that you will feel, though, and my heart clings close to the Lord about it. I am fully persuaded that "His own self" will more than fill the gap for you as He knows how to do. I don't believe I ever loved my dear ones as I did when I left them; but the blank which would have been dreadful to me otherwise was so blessedly filled up by the Lord, that I think that voyage out

Triumph in Death

was one of the happiest times of my life, though so full of deep, longing, yearning remembrance. Oh yes! The Lord will bless you and fill the blank for the little, little time till, with the Lord, a dear united family, father, mother, and seven children, we sing the victory song through the blood of the glorious Lamb of God. What joy for my darling parents then! How I like to think of it! Not worthy to be compared are the trials now to that "exceeding weight of glory."

That verse, Romans viii. 18, would be one of those, we think, Thomas and Jessie Pigott would have quoted, had they known before that God would call them to suffer death for His Name's sake at Tai Yüan Fu.

CHAPTER VI

E. Jessie Pigott

'The Christian is like the pearl-diver who is out of the sunshine for a little, spending his short day among rocks and weeds and dangers at the bottom of the ocean. Does he desire to spend his life there? No, but his Master does.

'Is his life there? No, his life is up above. A communication is open to the surface, and the fresh, pure life comes down to him from God. Is he not wasting time there? He is gathering pearls for his Master's crown. Will he always stay there? When the last pearl is gathered the "Come up higher" will beckon him away, and the weights which kept him down will become an exceeding weight of glory, and he will go, he and those he brings with him, to his Father.'

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND, *The Ideal Life.*

E. Jessie Pigott

JESSIE KEMP was born in London, August 8, 1851. Before her birth her mother dedicated her firstborn to the mission-field if it should be a boy, but being a girl she dismissed the thought from her mind, as at that time unmarried ladies practically never went abroad as missionaries. There was, however, a missionary atmosphere in her home at Beechwood, Rochdale, grandparents and parents being deeply imbued with the missionary spirit, the mother having always felt that had she been a man she would have been a missionary.

Jessie was a thoughtful and intelligent child, and very early became the subject of Divine grace. Her mother writes of her that 'Loyalty to Christ was the dominant note of Jessie's life, and personal inclinations were never allowed to turn her aside from the path of sacrifice. She had a singularly keen appreciation of life, and while possessing many and varied gifts, was always most modest in her estimation of them and of her work. She was truly generous, denying herself in many ways that no needy one

E. Jessie Pigott

might go unhelped, and she had a buoyant and intrepid nature, which enabled her to carry out her various enterprises, no matter what hindrances stood in the way.' A friend of her girlhood writes : ' I go back to the sunny hours of seaside pleasures, and remember that even in those days there were strength and determination and bravery far beyond her years. Then I shall never forget her prayer at the first little school prayer-meeting I was present at, in the front study of Surbiton House.'

When Jessie was a child, David Livingstone once took her on his knee and talked to her. There was always missionary literature in her parents' house, and constant visits and letters from missionaries from different parts of the world. The annual meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society in Rochdale was one of the great occasions of the year, anticipated with pleasure for weeks beforehand. It was, therefore, not surprising that Jessie should have been led to embrace the missionary calling. When she left school, at her grandfather's, Mr. Kelsall's, dying request, she went to live with her grandmother, and was the greatest comfort to her during the remaining years of her life. She used to talk to her about her great desire, and her grandmother would encourage her, saying her longing would be fulfilled when the right time should come. At this time she was an earnest Sunday-school teacher, gathering together rather difficult children, and she also had a boys' class on a week evening. She and her sisters, with some other friends, started a Sunday evening service for children, especially those not in the habit of attending Sunday

Work in North India

school, at which 150 or 200 were often present, and from which good fruit was seen in after years. Another branch of work which she engaged in was a mothers' meeting, and the women were soon inspired by her with a great interest in missions to the heathen, an interest she kept up when in the mission field by writing to them about the work there.

After Mrs. Kelsall's death Jessie's father was in such a precarious state of health that she, with her mother and one of her sisters, accompanied him to Egypt, where he died in 1877. In the autumn of that year her much-cherished wish was at last fulfilled, and she became a missionary. She sailed for India with the late Rev. James Smith, of Delhi, and some others. She was a born linguist, and made rapid progress in learning both Hindi and Urdu, spending her time chiefly in Allahabad and Delhi.

Mr. Smith writes of her (July, 1879): 'I am afraid to tell you what a valuable labourer she is. Her power of adaptation is very great, and her energy and self-denial, coupled with much perseverance, render her more useful than, I think, any lady I remember. After so short a time for gaining experience and learning the language, her Hindi and Urdu are equal to some who have been years in the country. The Lord just sent her to us when He knew we should need her, and no words of mine can explain the blessing she has been in Delhi.'

Of this period Miss Thorn, of the Baptist Zenana Mission, writes: 'She came to Delhi in the autumn of 1878 on a visit, as she was returning from Simla (where she had been staying to recover from an

E. Jessie Pigott

attack of fever). She soon made up her mind to stay here, and sent for her horse and furniture. We lived in the civil lines in the house that had been the hospital on the day of the assault of Delhi, September 17, 1857.

‘Miss Kemp had made great progress in the vernacular, and used to visit zenanas in the morning, sometimes in the company of the daughter of Walayat Ali, the Delhi martyr, but more often alone. Our zenana work in those days was entirely Mohammedan. In the evenings she used to go sometimes with Mr. Smith to his meetings held amongst Christians and non-Christian outcasts, and help him well with the singing of hymns in Hindi. She frequently went by herself to a gathering of outcast women. In the mornings she taught some of the big girls to read Hindi, and women and girls were instructed in the Scriptures. Several of the women and children from that quarter have since been baptized. One woman who was taught by her, years afterwards found two motherless girls in want and danger, and sent them to us for safety. While in the school the elder one proved a good nurse. She is now married to a Christian man. The younger is still with us.

‘On May 15, 1879, Miss Kemp and I went to the workhouse for ten orphan girls the Government had made over to us. We were then alone in the mission house, so took the girls home with us. Two of them were so thin and ill, we felt as if they would die in the bath, but they all recovered. It was summer-time, and we all slept in the open at the back of the house. Abigail, the most

Indian Famine Orphans

wretched of all, used to sleep on a bed between our beds ; she is now a happy wife in Bholpur. Another lives at Rawal Pindi, another is a Biblewoman at Agra ; the rest are dead. The child of one of these, of whom five were married, is in our school, an exceedingly nice girl called Henrietta. Only two of the ten died in childhood. One was blind, and evidently had a vision at the moment of death, for she exclaimed that she saw a marriage company coming with lights. Lali, who was a skeleton when brought in, grew up into a most beautiful Christian character, with no fault to be found in her. She was a teacher till the time of her death, and was one of those of whom no one spoke an evil word. I always date the prosperity of our boarding-school from the taking in of those ten famine girls, who were maintained chiefly by Miss Kemp. God has enabled us to take in many more since, both in the famines of 1897 and of 1900. Of the hundreds saved we only know of one that has not turned out well.

‘ Miss Kemp had a great desire to engage in village work, but through the pressure of other work was never able to go for more than a day at a time on horseback to some distant village. Strangely enough, the Biblewoman Rebecca, who was with us when we took in the famine orphans, is here just now. I enclose what she has written about your sister and the translation. “ Miss Kemp was good and merciful, and sympathised with every one. To the Indian people she showed great love. She gave help to the poor in all their troubles. Ten girls

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she took from the poor-house; about four months she kept them, and then sent them to the school. She taught in Hindu and Mohammedan houses, and caused the people to hear the Word of God. She also went among the outcast leather workers, and into the villages, and in every place caused the Word of God to be heard. As long as she was here she did her work with much labour and zeal.”

Writing to her mother from Delhi in 1879, Jessie says:—

‘How sorely I do long to see you! I sometimes feel as if I must start right off. I suppose this feeling of intense loneliness is what I need to drive me to more real communion and trust in the Lord Jesus. . . . But I cannot feel His presence as real or consoling as yours, and I do so want to be loved. Immediately the cross presses at all I want to shirk it, and it is not any lighter by being partly or perhaps mostly caused by my own imperfections. I came across a beautiful thought in one of Rutherford’s letters, and wish I could find it true in my own experience: “My Lord hath made my cross as it were all crystal, so that I can see through it Christ’s fair face and heaven.” I get so hopeless, and in my thoughts keep harping on small difficulties till they become mountains. What would I not give for R.’s power of seeing the funny side of things and being always in a good humour! I wish I could be like you, and get rid of myself.

‘Miss Thorn has recovered, and I am quite well and so are the children. They take a lively interest

Removal to China

in the story of Christ's life, and can answer very fairly on two-thirds of the *Peep of Day*, and know five hymns. We wake them at 5.30 or 6, and they learn with Aziz Ullah until 8 or 8.30; then they bathe and cook their food. After eating it we read and sing and pray with them, and then they sleep for an hour or two, then sew, write, and learn hymns till 5 or so, when they go outside and play and cook the evening meal. They seem very happy, and do not give much trouble.'

During Miss Kemp's stay in India she had two attacks of malarial fever and ague, and the second time her visit to Simla failed to restore her, so she was obliged to return home. It was two years before she at all recovered, and even then the doctors forbade her returning to India except to a part where she would have to learn a new language.

Her sister Florence (now Mrs. E. H. Edwards) had from ten years old a strong desire to go to China, but when Jessie went to India she gave up the idea completely, feeling that she ought to work with Jessie, as well as wishing to do so. Knowing of this early wish, Jessie herself proposed that they should go to Japan or China. There were decisive reasons against Japan, and their way to China seemed very definitely opened.

In January, 1881, Dr. Harold Schofield, one of the most gifted and earnest missionaries the C.I.M. has had the honour of enrolling, arrived at Tai Yüan to open a medical mission.¹ The influence of the

¹ See *Memorials of R. Harold A. Schofield, First Medical Missionary to Shansi.*

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three short years in which he was spared to work in China has been an inspiration to many, and led to the building of the Schofield Memorial Hospital and Chapel at Tai Yüan Fu. God's call to China to Jessie and Florence Kemp came through a letter from Dr. Schofield, who was their cousin, in which he graphically describes the needs of the people of Tai Yüan, and also the little peaceful God's acre on the hillside, with its fair view, across plain and city and river, to the steep mountains on the west. At that time it contained but one grave, that of Mr. Whiting, of the American Board, who died of famine fever while distributing relief, the first of a long roll to lay down his life for Shansi; then Mrs. Landale, before referred to, was buried there. Year by year the missionaries wended their way up to the cemetery bearing precious seed, the mortal remains of husband, wife, child, friend, often asking silently the question, 'Who next?' till in 1899 twenty-eight slept in Jesus there. How little, when the last was laid to rest, did they who sang of resurrection around the grave think that the next burial would be of thirty-four—not, however, in that seed-plot, for it was too small, so the officials chose another spot some two miles distant for the martyrs' cemetery.

In the spring of 1883 Jessie and Florence Kemp came to work with Dr. and Mrs. Schofield, as associates of the China Inland Mission. They had arrived at Shanghai on December 9, 1882, but as steamers had ceased running for the winter they were unable to go north till the ice broke up in the beginning of March. The interval was spent

Life at Tai Yüan Fu

attending a conference at Ganking, on the Yangtse, and in study at Chefoo.

The first walk the sisters took in Tai Yüan with their cousins and Tom Pigott was to the cemetery, but it was too distant to visit often, and their constitutionals were generally taken on the grass-grown city wall. How fair outwardly was the city, lying four-square at their feet, its low grey dwellings shaded by locust-trees, firs, willows, poplars, and diversified by the old gold roofs of the Imperial Temple, and the red walls and exquisite blue and green tints of the tiles roofing the 350 other temples and shrines. One walk, however, through filthy streets would suffice to dispel many pleasant illusions, and only a little intercourse with the people to reveal some of the wickedness and misery rampant on all sides!

Dr. Schofield lost no time in impressing on his cousins that it was their bounden duty to help in the dispensary. They would have preferred waiting till they knew more Chinese, but threw themselves heartily into the work, and later, when Dr. Schofield was so suddenly taken home, they saw very clearly how God's hand had been in the arrangement. Jessie proved a very apt pupil, and during the two short months in which she studied, chiefly diseases of the eye, she learned to operate for cataract and other complaints. Eye diseases are so common in China that the practical knowledge thus gained was of immense advantage in after years, enabling her to perform many successful operations, in acknowledgment of which tablets extolling her clever

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hand were at various times presented to her, one of them by an official who had been cured by her skill.

Jessie was earnestly desiring holiness and more abundant life at this time to equip her for Christ's service. She says in one of the early letters from Tai Yüan to her mother:—

'I notice in George Müller's life his determination to study the Bible. The less he felt inclined to read it the more he was sure he needed it, and therefore persevered. This is where I continually fail, and I know our work cannot be fruitful without it.

'We have been reading Lord Lawrence's life aloud, and finished the first volume to-day. It is a very stimulating book, and makes us all feel as if we do so little. However, we must not waste time grieving over the past, but gird up our loins in the strength of the Lord and trust Him to help us in the future, for if it were not for His promises we should have no hope for the conversion of the people, and certainly would not stay for any other reason.'

Soon after the sisters' arrival in Tai Yüan Fu, Tom Pigott had the exciting encounter with the robber before alluded to, which so nearly cost him his life, and is thus related by Jessie Kemp in a letter to her mother:—

'Before daylight this morning Mr. Pigott came over the partly-broken-down wall into our yard, being too faint to go round from loss of blood, and it took Harold three hours to bind up the

Struggle with a Robber

wounds on his hands and head! Lizzie dare not help, owing to her health, so after breakfast I went in and did what I could. First I will tell you how it happened. The thief was the same who robbed Harold, for he had the carving-knife he stole from here. Mr. Pigott heard the evangelist Lao Tong coughing, and got up to give him some medicine, when he saw a man crouching under the table. He immediately seized and dragged him out, and had him completely in his power, but unfortunately the candle got knocked down, and the man succeeded in getting out his knife, which Mr. Pigott had not seen. He tried to cut Mr. Pigott's throat, which when he felt he seized the knife by the blade. They had a desperate struggle, and, as the door was locked on the inside, it was some time before Lao Tong could get in, which he did finally by breaking open a window. The other men were too frightened to come at first, but Mr. Pigott dare not leave Lao Tong alone with him, so, as soon as he was secured, Mr. Pigott seized his bath sponge, held it to his head, and rushed down here.

' Harold cannot tell for a week or ten days how it will end, as his hands are so cut it may cause lockjaw. He is also cut across the left eyelid, nose, ear, and forehead, and a large piece of the skin cut off the scalp, about as long as your finger. Harold suggested we should go and see the villain after breakfast, so we did, and were surprised by his nonchalant manner. We went into the rooms, which were a terrible sight, as there were traces of the conflict on the wall, floor, table, benches, &c. The man had come to the house

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as an inquirer, and been very kindly treated, and received a little help in food and money ! No doubt he knew of Mr. Landale's and Mr. Baller's intended departure, and waited for them to go. He had been living in a little temple near, and there in two large jars was found all Harold's stolen property. . . .

'On our return the barber, a youth of seventeen, was there to shave Mr. Pigott, so that the scalp wound might be properly dressed. A small artery had been cut, and the blood was pumping out, so Harold had to tie it, and I held the forceps, and did not feel the least queer. Then his ear had to be sewn, and just in the middle the men from the yamen came to see and write down particulars of the case. Mr. Richard said if appeal were made to the consul the chief magistrate would probably be degraded, because he took no steps to catch the man, although Harold and Mr. Baller went twice to the yamen, besides sending notice at once when it happened. The officials are therefore in a great fright, and the chief magistrate himself came this afternoon, but Harold had left such strict orders that no one was to see Mr. Pigott, for fear of exciting him, that Lizzie did not allow him to come in.

'The thief was tried this afternoon, and confessed himself guilty, but denied having come to Harold's more than twice, so they said, "He lies ! beat him." Then he confessed as they wished, and was ordered to receive 250 blows on one side to-day, and the same on the other side to-morrow. Harold thinks he will also probably receive a private beating from the head of the thieves, in revenge for what *he* suffered

Engaged to Mr. Pigott

by this robbery. He is also to be kept in a wooden cage, in which he can neither lie nor sit up! He said he only wounded Mr. Pigott in self-defence, and it is most unlikely that he would have attacked him first, so you must not be nervous about us, as we certainly should not seize a man, or even run after him with a stick and beat him as he retreated over the wall, as Miss L. did. We have a most affectionate and faithful little dog, which sleeps at F.'s door, and barks well if any one comes near. . . . We got some grapes for Mr. Pigott to-day which had been preserved underground.'

Tom was very feverish, and for some days was threatened with lockjaw, but under God his life was spared, owing to the skill and devotion of those who nursed him. He told one of his nurses when she was feeding him with bread and milk one morning, that in the night, when he was getting very feverish, Lao-Tong, the evangelist, had knelt down beside him and prayed, and at once he was better. He talked to her a good deal about his dear sister Jeanie, and her quick entrance into the Glory Land, and then said, 'Perhaps I may be at home in a few days if I get lockjaw, only I don't think I shall, as I think the Lord has some more work for me to do in China.' He was very bright and patient all through. During the weary days of convalescence he had the everyday opportunity of watching the bright, unselfish life and earnest devotion to Christ of the one whom God had chosen to be the sharer of his joys and sorrows, and he succeeded in winning Jessie Kemp to be his wife. From henceforth he felt no longer a wanderer in

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a strange land, and much as he loved his Irish home, and enjoyed the prospect of a return visit there, China became now to him Home sweet Home.

The marriage took place, as soon as Tom was strong enough for the journey to Peking, on July 16, 1883. While they were away, to their great sorrow Dr. Schofield died, after a short illness of typhus fever, contracted from a patient. The loss was very great both to the Pigotts personally and to the mission. It was very sad after their happy, hopeful parting, and they had of necessity to do their best to carry on the medical work till another medical missionary should be able to take it up.

They had rather an adventurous journey back, which Jessie describes as follows :—

‘We found a man on the road who had been thrown from his mule, and seemed a good deal hurt. There were two men with him, and one seemed delighted to tell him he knew we could help him, as he had been cured by the doctor here. . . .

‘Next day the road was good, and we were able to ride quickly. The scenery was very fine, and the wild flowers lovely, so different from when we passed it in June. September seems to correspond with our English spring and early summer. There are banks of harebells, ragged robin, champions, and ox-eyes of at least four different varieties, varying in colour from palest blue or grey to rose. I put enclosed specimen in my little Testament.

‘On Wednesday we reached Ping Ting Chou early in the afternoon, and stopped in the street for Tom to

Journey from Peking

preach. We had but few books left, and a great many wanted them, so he was able to sell them instead of giving, as we had done before. It takes rather longer to do this, but we disposed of all we had except eight, and spent about an hour in the city.'

It is interesting in this connection to see how the seed sown on this journey had not been lost. Six years later Tom wrote the following to Jessie: 'We came to a village, and when looking for an inn, a man said, "Why, don't you know the inn? you stopped at it once." So saying, he led me to a little inn, where I recognised a dark little room at once, and met with a warm welcome. The women asked for my wife, and were quite pleased to hear of our little boy. It was the little inn to which Liu Kang led us, and where we spent the Sunday on our return from Peking, over six years ago. There was a warm remembrance of us still, and a bench was at once produced for me, when I alighted from my mule, and I was asked to speak the "good words" again to an attentive little crowd. These people seem to have had no chance as far as I know of hearing again since, but the Word spoken had produced some effect, I believe. It was very cheering, and sent me on my way rejoicing. Keep a note of this, to remember them in prayer.'

To resume. 'We then rode on to a small town where we intended to sleep, so as to visit a Christian living about two miles off. We reached it a little before sunset, but unfortunately found the inn, and, in fact, the whole place, full of soldiers, so we had no choice but to ride on eight miles, making forty that

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day. It soon grew dark, and the road led up the riverbed amongst loose stones, so we found it difficult to find the way. Just as we passed through a little village three men came out after us, and called out that we were taking the wrong path. We turned, rode in the direction they indicated, and then feared they had led us into a trap, as there were great blocks of fallen masonry all round, and for a minute we could see no way out. We joined in prayer for help and rode on, and Tom said, "Well, if they wanted to rob us they could have done it before this." So we spoke to them pleasantly, and found their guidance quite a help. Soon a light appeared before us, and as we wondered which way to enter the village, three soldiers with lanterns came down the hill, and led our horses up to where they said we should find room. However, the inn was full, and while we were thinking what to do, some one addressed Tom by name, and proved to be a young man Mr. Parrot had befriended, and who had robbed him of some silver. This led to one of the soldiers taking Tom's part ; he came from Tai Yüan, and had been treated by Harold successfully. He conducted us to another inn, and introduced us to the captain of the regiment, and they both pleaded for us with the old innkeeper until he agreed to give us a room, and put the two men already in it into another. Then our steeds were brought over, and Tom had to feed them himself. Then a number of soldiers came for medicine, of which we had but little, quinine, pills, camphor, &c. Tom preached to them, and gave some pills to one, and promised to see the others in the morning.

Her Skill in Surgery

'Thursday we had to ford the river fourteen times. We reached here on Friday, having ridden 290 miles in seven and a half days. As we approached Tai Yüan our hearts grew very heavy, and we have both felt it sadder than I can tell. . . . We heard that the man in the bookshop had been harbouring a murderer, and two men who were very hopeful are said to be taking opium. . . . All the Americans are going off to settle in neighbouring towns. . . . Everything has looked dark these three days, and I do so dreadfully want to hear from you.

“When earthly comforts fail, and helpers flee,
Help of the helpless, oh abide with me.”

The best cure for sadness and loneliness is to be found in work for others, and Tom and Jessie found comfort in taking up the noble work which Dr. Schofield had left.

The first very interesting case, the result of which gave them much cause for thanksgiving, was the removal of cataract from the right eye of a man of forty-three, who had been blind twenty-four years. The case was an exceptionally difficult one with complications, and before Jessie attempted it, after prayer, Tom called two of the servants and three of his friends, to witness that they could not be responsible for the result, telling him that when the doctor had done the operation in one case the eye was lost, in another the man went home too soon, got cold, inflammation set in, and he was much worse than before, and that Jessie was quite inexperienced.

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However, the man wished the attempt made, seeing he could be no worse off than he was, and was delighted with the result, returning some months later to have the second eye done.

' Jessie says, " The delight of Cheng " (the patient) " was quite touching. He laughed aloud for joy, in describing how well he saw, and my heart just danced, and I felt as if I could sing all day long. He can read a little. He learned before he was blind, and now is picking it up again. He learnt two verses of the Sunday school lesson. He is a fortune-teller, but says he will give that up now, and serve Christ. I am sure you will pray for him. "'

In the same letter she says : ' Tom has just come in to say he is called to see a woman who had a needle broken into her stomach. A native doctor ran it in to cure her of indigestion ! He came back with the instrument he had extracted, as a trophy. It was an iron pin about four inches long, with a head to it, and had been stuck right through to the spine, which bone prevented its further progress, and bent the pin, as the doctor said it was a hard lump in her stomach, and that if he could only pierce it she would be well. It had been in twenty days. Tom did not know it was bent, and pulled it straight out, as the woman would not let him feel about at all. They came this morning to say she was free from pain and doing well !'

Another time she operated for entropion on a man's two upper lids, and succeeded ; though being away from home she had no eye instruments, and had to work with a penknife, scissors, and glove

Her Skill in Surgery

needle, but could not bear to see the poor peasant losing his sight when she felt sure she could save it. Other kinds of medical work came to her as time went on, and she gained confidence, and was able many times to save life. Some of the Chinese methods are very dangerous. One is to stuff a mother's mouth full of her own hair when the baby is born, another to run a needle into her eye, and they nearly always starve her on thin gruel. Many are weak and ill for long after from the treatment they receive.

At Shuen Teh Fu Jessie amputated the thumb of a young soldier, the bone and ball of which had been blown away, and the flesh torn deep into the palm. She tied the arteries and stopped most of the bleeding while her husband kept him under chloroform. They prepared a solution of callendula from the marigold as an antiseptic, and changed it twice a day, and the man got on splendidly.

She writes again about her medical work: 'I feel so thankful to you all for praying so faithfully for us, and we continually receive the answers. In the medical work I feel so grateful that we have been kept from making any serious mistakes. So many have come back cured, or greatly improved. Tom is now dressing a terrible arm, but it is getting better. All the flesh between the skin and muscle had died from the shoulder to the elbow. Harold had explained the treatment to Tom, and it will soon be ready for skin grafting.'

Jessie had a good nerve and steady hand, and was greatly interested both in surgery and medicine, and

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many of the Chinese had cause to bless her for her efficient help. Dr. E. H. Edwards, who afterwards married Jessie's sister Florence, arrived in March, 1884, at Tai Yüan, to take up the medical mission work there, but Tom and Jessie still helped in the dispensary and hospital. It was a very busy life, as a page from Tom's diary will illustrate:—

'December, 1884.

'Dr. Edwards away to escort Mr. and Miss Broomhall from coast.

'Breakfast 7.30. Morning prayers. Preach to thirty people.

'Three eye cases to treat.

'Woman's leg to see after.

'Teacher is about breaking off engagement for marriage between Christian girl and young man who has turned out badly.

'News that clothing has been stolen from our servants, and a long inquiry.

'Settle with masons about house alterations.

'Woman with bad carbuncle to be treated.

'Dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Drake.

'Man with bad broken leg.

'Twenty patients to preach to.

'Florence arrived home from the mountains.

'More patients.

'Visits to patients, including one to yamen to treat a sick man.

'Then a few minutes to sit down, and bed!'

Tom did not recover his former strength after the

Return Home in 1885

shock and loss of blood, and so they were obliged to come home for a long rest. His mother had pressed him to do so long before, but he would not consent, thinking he was better than he really was, and not liking to leave the work.

He wrote to her : ' We are so well and the work so great that until some efficient help is provided I could not think of leaving it ; but the Lord who brought me here and blessed me, will in His own way and time, which are always the best, provide for our making a visit home when He wills. Until then He is with us, and we are having the sweetness of a little suffering for Him.'

Now that there was a doctor in charge of the medical mission their way was clearer, and they returned in 1885.

An extract from a letter written to Mrs. Edwards in the Red Sea on that voyage home, perhaps will help some other Christian in the life of trust, as well as illustrating dear Jessie's humility in her estimate of her own spiritual life :—

' How delightful it would be to have you reposing beside me in a long chair on the deck ! But it is no use to wonder, as I am tempted to do, when and where we shall meet again, and it is an unspeakable comfort to realise that our loving Father will arrange all for us both in the very best way.

' I do not know if I told you how I worried, in my old unbelieving way, at our delay in getting off from Shanghai, regretting we had not travelled by French mail instead of this boat, and prayed to see the reason. I felt ashamed of myself at the time, but

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how much more now! First, then, we had another two days with Mr. T., and important talk, which he may tell you about if it comes to anything; also we had delightful and very helpful intercourse with Miss W. Second, we heard at Singapore that the French mail had been crowded with sick soldiers returning. Third, we find that the canal had been blocked ten days, so we should have had to roast all that time at Suez, or spend some £20 each extra to get home *viâ* Alexandria, at the least.

‘When shall I learn a more childlike, loving trust? The last few days I have been rejoicing in Gal. iii. 13, 14. I never seem to have noticed the connection between the two clauses before.

“Christ was made a curse for us; . . . that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith.” Truly we may be sure the Lord will do great things for us, and if He try our faith by keeping us waiting for the full manifestation of the Spirit, *He will give*. That we may all receive a fuller anointing than ever, be our constant prayer and supplication.’

Jessie took the opportunity of attending classes at the hospital, and devoted herself specially to the study of the eye. While at home, their only child, William Wellesley, called after his grandfather Pigott, was born on August 24, 1887, and Tom had the sad privilege of nursing his beloved father through his last illness, pneumonia. Much of that furlough was spent in trying to arouse interest in China’s lost millions, and meetings were held wherever they could get one,

Return Home in 1885

leading to many new missionaries volunteering. It was during this furlough that Tom was the means of stirring up Mr. Huddle, and also Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, of Aberdeen, to go to China. All three eventually suffered martyrdom with him.

CHAPTER VII

Life at Huai Luh, Shuen Teh Fu,
Pao Ting Fu

*'O Lord, that I could waste my life for others
With no aims of my own,
That I could pour myself into my brothers,
And live for them alone!*

*Such was the life Thou livedst, self-abjuring,
Thine own pains never easing,
Our burden bearing, our just doom enduring,
A life without self-pleasing!'*

F. W. FABER.

Life at Huai Luh,
Shuen Teh Fu,
Pao Ting Fu

MR. and Mrs. Pigott returned to China in 1888, taking with them their darling baby boy, then under a year old. One of Jessie's early friends sent some lines about the child, which were found preserved amongst her papers. Its sad forebodings were happily never realised, for 'his trusting little hand' was in hers to the very end of the pilgrimage, when they crossed the river together.

'BABY HANDS.

'O little hands that cling within mine own,
And clasp yet closer when I feign to go,
Trusting in mother love to guide aright,
In mother love to shield from every foe.

Would I could hold thee thus throughout thy life,
When dangers threaten thee, protect, defend,
Tenderly comfort thee in every fear,
Love thee, and cheer thee to thy journey's end.

Life at Huai Luh

Too soon the speeding years will give thee strength
To reach for joys in which I have no part,
Another's touch must soothe thy discontent,
Another love than mine will fill thy heart.

Yet such is mother love, I ask no more
Than thy full happiness in all to see,
Unworthy of the great good name I bear,
If thought of self could come 'twixt thee and me.

But in the golden present thou art mine ;
For me alone thy smile, thy loving kiss.
Let separation in the future hide—
To hold thy trusting little hand is bliss !'

They went first to Tai Yüan, and were present at the opening of the new chapel in June, and helping generally at the work till the autumn, when they went to Huai Luh to open up fresh work, as there were now more missionaries at Tai Yüan than when they left, and thence to Shuen Teh Fu. Here, in spite of poor health, and much-disturbed rest and anxious nights with the baby, most part of the time without a nurse, Jessie was able to carry on a most successful work amongst the women. Mr. Pigott writes about it to Jessie's mother as follows :—

'Baby is quite a horseman now, riding in front of both his parents. He is a bright, active, golden-headed little rogue, and Stanley Smith says he is one of the prettiest boys he has ever seen. Jessie grows sweeter and more helpful every year ; I believe God is making her grow much in grace. She is loved by many, and has quite a name in these parts. The women's work grows, and as our premises are small, and they have the best of the compound, it rather

Light and Shadow

throws the men into the inferior place—quite a new thing to Chinamen. I have experienced much of our Father's lovingkindness on my long ride back here. The hot weather which Jessie feared for me clouded over, and I rode amidst most lovely cloud shadowings of the hills most of the way. Rain fell very heavily, and there were heavy floods, but always before or behind, and the torrents that I had to cross were always fordable when I came up to them, so you see goodness followed me.'

In Jessie's letter, written at the same time, she says:—

'I feel dreadfully Tom's going this long journey into the great heat, but we just stay our hearts on God. "No man goeth a warfare at his own charges!"'

Probably this was the journey referred to in the following note from Mr. Pigott:—

'We all had stories to tell of our God's goodness. Miss K. of health preserved and blessing given through very trying weather, and of four men and women who seem to be saved. Pray for them. Time will tell how true are these hopes. Meantime, Hallelujah! Jessie had to tell of escapes crossing flooded torrents, and I of journeying mercies, or shelter from heat and sickness during long journeys of seven or eight hundred miles in the worst heat of summer.'

Jessie was well adapted for the life to which God called her. She had plenty of courage and enterprise and a good deal of endurance, besides having natural good abilities, and was a remarkably unselfish character. She made very little of the hardships which she many times was called on to endure,

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and which she must have felt the more keenly from the contrast with her own luxurious home. At one place the same room had to serve for baby's nursery, general living room and dispensary. Tom says : 'We have one long room with a brick platform-like bed at each end, and rough clay floor, and feel much sympathy with poor Irish parents and their dirty children, for it is a regular job to keep baby from creeping on the ground and grubbing in the clay. Outside the door is a small court, and in a covered entrance way our men have rigged up an extempore kitchen, amidst boxes of lumber and wheels. They use charcoal, and small iron stoves made by the natives and sold here. Then beside us is a stable, and near the door generally stands a big deep basket of chopped straw, into which, when at her wits' end, Jessie sometimes pops little W., and out of which he comes stuck all over with bits of straw. Food in one corner of our room, a heap of cash in another, medicine bottles, tins, pill-boxes, Chinese tracts, books, clothes, bedding arranged, but in despair turned into baby's playground, groups of Chinese in the room and round the door—all form a scene needing to be seen to be realised, and not at all so bad after all, for we are busy and happy for the Master, having no time to spend in anything but brisk work from morn till night. Jessie has a nice read and prayer with Sung Ta Sao, her woman, every evening, and is cheered by finding warm appreciation and growing interest, which make us hope she is finding blessing.'

In another letter of the same date from Jessie she says :—

Wellesley Pigott

‘HUI LUH, *November 8, 1888.*

‘I have just put W. on Tom’s back, so as to be able to write myself, as he is rather fretful with his teeth, but here he comes to help mother to write again.’

And then comes this little note, the mother holding the wee baby hand :—

‘MY DEAR AUNT CONSTANCE,—It is raining very hard, and I do not like to play out of doors all day, so mother gave me a ride on her back, and when she stopped I called “ta-ta,” and pulled her hair for reins. I have two more teeth, and they hurt me. I am learning to be a doctor and open people’s eyes, and look what is the matter with them, but then they will laugh, as if I did not know.’

‘You see W.’s patience will not hold out to write you a long letter, but I do wish you could see him and have one of his sweet little kisses. He can walk a few steps alone, and is quite pleased with his own achievement. . . . Tom has made us a sort of little cupboard of two boxes supported by tins of soup, and W.’s great employment is to try and get out the tins and tie some string round them. I do sympathise with the poor more than ever, for even one wet day is very trying, and what must it be to have rain continually, and nowhere to let the children play? Here the floor is clay, and we can only have the k’ang fire, which will not dry baby’s things. . . . I have to dress a poor old woman with a terrible abscess on her hip while baby has his morning sleep. . . .

‘Baby very poorly, not happy except when in my

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arms. Poor little pet! It does make one's heart ache to see him in pain. I often wish I had not weaned him. Then too I often think how lovingly one of you would take a turn in nursing him. Still we have an ever-present and most tender, pitiful Saviour, who does bless and help us, so that we are not over-anxious.

'We prayed to be enabled to leave this inn for a drier habitation this week, and that very afternoon we were shown a nice dry house with brick floor in a village about two miles off, and the agreement was to have been brought this afternoon, so I hope it will come to-morrow. We find that our difficulty in renting a house here is the magistrate, a relation of Li Hung Chang's. He summoned all the district police, and gave strict instructions that we were not to be allowed to take one; but we hear that he is to be removed at the New Year. Four cataract patients are waiting for operation till there is a house.'

The following letter to Mrs. Kemp is specially interesting. It is prefaced with one of Wellesley's baby epistles:—

'HUI LUH, *October 29, 1888.*

'MY DEAR GRANNY,—I see mother is going to write, so I want to help, but she does not know what I want to say, and will not let me do it myself, so I am going to sing what is written on the blotting-paper instead. At prayers I make a joyful noise because I like to join. I had such a nice present from Mrs. Koh on Saturday, a new suit of wadded clothes, a scarlet jacket, edged with blue and white, and a pea-green waistcoat lined with scarlet, and

Persecution

grass-green trousers, with yellow and black round the ankles. I put them on and ran about, and they said I looked fairer than ever !'

'Vain mother to write such nonsense! Sung Ta Sao has finished her breakfast, so the young scribe has taken his departure. On Friday afternoon we went to visit the innkeeper's family by invitation, and W. greatly enjoyed the society of some lively children, running round at a great rate.

'Yesterday Mr. Broomhall's servant came back. He had gone with Wang Sien Seng to a village fifteen miles away, where a house was offered to Wang. When Wang took his silver out to change it, the shop assistants took it inside, and brought out a bad piece instead, and accused Wang of trying to pass bad silver. They threatened to bind and beat him, and he told them to do so, and kept quite calm. They did beat him, and then he went to the head of the village, and said that he was only come to rent a house to open an opium refuge, and that he was not a Romanist but a Protestant.' (The R.C.'s had a very bad reputation in Huai Luh.) 'The news of this frightened the owner of the money shop, because he knew Wang must have friends, and that if he applied to the yamen, he, being rich, would be fleeced, so he offered Wang to be his guarantor, and apologised for the bad treatment he had received. Two days before we had prayed that the efforts of Satan to hinder us might be turned to help us, and so it has been in this case, for we have now a hold on the rich man of the village. Wang's attempt to rent a house here was frustrated by their inquiring very

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particularly if it was for foreigners, and refusing to let them have it.

‘Mr. Koh, whose eye has recovered very satisfactory sight, is well-known, and the fame has gone all round, so that we have patients from villages within a radius of twenty miles, and are kept very busy. The Koh family are most warm-hearted and grateful, and gave us two handsome pillows, and press us to let them do any needlework we want. The dialect here is far more difficult than I imagined, and it discouraged me that I could not make the women understand anything, but patience must be exercised.

‘I might do operations every day, and have done several, there are so many with eyelashes turned in, and with a double row, and granular lids, and pterygium; eighty per cent. at least seem to suffer from the last, so that I wonder what produces it. . . .

‘Our people are quite excited to-night because Mr. Koh is going to present us with a red satin testimonial to-morrow, which is to be brought through the streets with drums and trumpets, so that our fame may spread, for which reason he has chosen a market day. I rather dread the ordeal, and have no suitable dress for so grand an occasion, not expecting to be thus *fêted*.

‘Tuesday. The day is over, and every one was pleased, I think. The procession arrived about noon, and was announced by two or three loud reports like a gun, and Tom in dress clothes and baby in his new suit went out to meet it. The tablet was preceded by musicians, and then Mr. Koh and his friends in full dress came up and made a low

Tending the Sick

obedience, and Tom handed them into our room, while Sung-ta-sao, W., and I went into Mr. Broomhall's room to wait for our lady guests, who came a little later. As it is usual to give a feast to those who honour you in this way, and we are anxious to increase the friendliness of the people, we ordered dinner from a shop for twenty, including ourselves.'

They were very thankful for this demonstration, feeling it would disarm much prejudice, as eight or nine of the men were to come from the magistrate's office in state with the tablet.

Jessie writes from Shuen Teh Fuh in 1889 :—

'I have ten women in from one village owing to success in one case. They all wanted to be treated ever so many times the same day, and seemed as if they could not remember for two minutes how to take their medicines. . . . But some of them are beginning to take in the Gospel, I believe.'

Streams of visitors and sick people came to the opium refuge there, and the people begged the missionaries to remain. Tom visited a place called Icheng, staying once from Saturday till Monday, and was very much encouraged. He shared a room with the keeper of the opium refuge, who at cockcrow each morning wakened him by singing a very loud hymn. Silence followed, and the tired missionary just dozed off again, to be aroused by a second hymn.

The Huai Luh women were very accessible. One who had first heard the Gospel from Jessie's lips with unusual interest said, 'If I follow Jesus only half a life-time, would it be accepted?' We can imagine how gladly that question was answered.

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In Tom's letter warmly appreciative references to other missionaries are singularly frequent. He always strove to look on the best side of others, and even where blame was due he found some excuse, saying they must be over-worked or over-strained and depressed, or perhaps unwell. His remarks show generous appreciation of their work, and are generally accompanied by the request that those at home would pray for a blessing on it.

Mr. Hoddle, who suffered martyrdom with them, was one of their fellow-workers at this time, as were also the Simpsons, who were most kind and helpful. Tom writes of the first named :—

‘Mr. Hoddle lives in the greatest simplicity, his whole furniture consists of three rough forms, one or two stools, and one table, besides the usual brick beds. A few kitchen utensils are about all that he boasts, with mud floors, and walls unwhitewashed, and ceiling of the roof beams and reeds. He speaks of a very happy two months and much of the Lord's company and blessing, mornings spent in study, and afternoons walking in the villages, talking of the old, old story, and selling books and Gospels.’

Of another well-known missionary, he writes :—

‘I had a pleasant peep of S. P. S. and his devoted wife on the way, one day from Lu Nan, with whom also Jessie and I spent a night in going. They were then in their nice mission home, but now in a little, dirty Chinese opium refuge, where they were working for a few days in a large town, thirty miles on my backward journey. His faith and love, and bright, sweet courtesy and hospitality, are very

Separation

refreshing, and he is a great favourite among the Chinese.'

He had a very warm admiration for his cousin, Dr. F. T. Of the many appreciative allusions to him we quote the following, written in 1879, when they were both beginners:—

'Dear Frank lives thoroughly like a Chinaman, and keeps no servant at times. For nearly three months he lived on plain rice, a few eggs and vegetables. He might have had better, but chose to be one of them. He studied every day, and now can give a nice little address, lead in prayer, and tell the Gospel story. He sells books, and is very bold. He stops the people in the streets to reprove them when he hears bad words sometimes, and does not care where he goes.'

Jessie's health suffered very much at this time, and she was obliged to go to the coast for change and rest, taking Wellesley with her, Tom returning to work at Huai Luh. The separation was very trying to both, but it was for Christ's sake. They feared at first it might be necessary for Jessie to go to Japan, and also that perhaps the child ought to be sent home to England. It is this to which Tom alludes at the commencement of the subjoined helpful letter to Jessie:—

'HUI LUH, *January 21, 1890.*

'MY OWN DARLING,—This morning I was much depressed, the devil tempting me to fears for the future. Could not rest, so went out to a solitary place, and laid the whole matter of wife and child

Life at Huai Luh

and painful separation before the Lord, asking for a good place, and health and strength that we might work together through the coming season. Was much rebuked by seeing large crowds of people, and feeling how slothful and careless I am for their salvation, and how much I think of a little trial for myself.

'Greatly refreshed, having rolled my burden on strong shoulders wise and loving. Had a nice preaching, and was much helped in a theatre crowd last night. Our great hindrances are the things going wrong in ourselves. Have been much helped by reading first Mr. Paton's life, and now Arnot's *Garenganze*, an account of his wonderful experiences in Africa. At a time of perplexity he writes, "I am sure that our chief trouble comes from doubting the wisdom of God's ways with us. How strange and how sinful to do so!" Again he writes, "I know you will not think anxiously of me—'All His paths drop fatness.'" I feel the snare that needs much grace to work against is my own will cropping up, and leading me into my own paths, which only end in bitterness and sorrow.'

'Feb. 2. Yesterday again I had you and baby much on my mind, and again spent part of the morning crying to the Lord, and came back much refreshed, resting in the Lord. I often think of your long, lonely hours in the house, love, but how good of God to give you such a bright little laddie to be your companion and comforter, and dear Miss Kerr too! I have had heavy times, and been much in prayer for you and baby and our future. To-day was different.

Progress of the Gospel

My heart rose in joyful praise to our gracious Father. His compassions fail not, and great is His faithfulness, and I am persuaded that He is blessing and will bless you. . . . Mr. Arnot writes in time of need, "The Lord reigneth. Let us look up and take courage. Surely He has taken many ways from the first to show me His desire to guide me. He came down to our weak faith, as he did in Gideon's case, and repeats the signs." That was when deciding as to location in Africa. . . . Four here are nearly fit for baptism.

'Old Li Ta Sao came kneeling to me after prayers this morning before I could stop her, to ask how she could become a disciple. She said the people laughed at her, but she does believe in Jesus. Her little boy is very nice, and is here continually.'

'NUEI-CHUH HSIEN, *February 4.*

'MY OWN DARLING,—Here I am in an inn waiting for my food in the north Kuan of this place. We have come 105 li to-day. Lao Chang and I have the cart which Mr. Huddle brought back with a box of milk. The city is lit with lamps and rockets, and crackers are going as usual. I am glad to be the only guest in a quiet inn away from the row, for the long cart journey is tiring. I had a group on the street for a time, though it was late.

'To-day in two or three villages I was encouraged by attentive interest on the part of the groups that gathered as I spoke, and gave a few books and tracts. Pray for the Word, darling; the seed is of our joint sowing, as it costs us both this separation. How little a thing to give to our beloved Lord, and

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for how great a privilege! Lao Chang, though very stupid and trying at times, yet comes out every now and then with nice things that show a real work of the Spirit, I believe. To-day pondering as he went along, he came out with—"Surely we are all asleep when we do not know the Lord! How great His power is! We can go anywhere with Him without fear!"

'It is sweet to mingle prayer for you two with a cry for these cities and villages as we pass along. I am praying that you may have good nights, and get about again soon.

'Dear Cameron is getting the blessing he used to miss and long for, twenty-nine baptisms last year, and many inquiring. My text just now is, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."'

Mrs. Pigott's health improved, and they both attended the great Shanghai Conference in 1890, paying a visit home immediately afterwards. This visit was necessitated by their separation from the China Inland Mission, which Mr. Pigott had joined in 1879, and Mrs. Pigott in 1883, owing to a difference of opinion with Mr. Hudson Taylor on the new rules then introduced into the principles and practice of the Mission.

On returning to China in the spring of 1891, they worked a short time at Lu An Fu, and then went to Pao Ting Fu, where they spent the winter of 1891-92 with the missionaries of the America Board, helping in their work and enjoying much happy fellowship with them and the Chinese

Pao Ting Fu

Christians. With some of these Christians Li Pai, the shepherd, spent a Sunday in the autumn of 1900. He says, 'Directly they learned that I had come from Shou Yang and could tell them about Mr. Pigott they received me most warmly and treated me most generously. Many of them remembered Mr. Pigott, as he had lived in Pao Ting Fu, and often visited their village. When I told them what had happened to him and his family they could not restrain their tears, and it was a sad scene. They asked me to lead their service, and I tried to speak to them from 1 Pet. i., specially verses 6 to 9, but we could scarcely get through the service for our tears. Most of those at the service had lost home and everything, though on the arrival of the foreign troops they had been to some extent indemnified, and were rebuilding their houses.'

Pao Ting Fu had been opened more than twenty years before the Pigotts' visit, though there were generally only two or three missionaries on the station.

Jessie wrote an interesting description of a week of prayer held with the Christians there. There were then over one hundred Church members. She says:—

'Instead of giving the usual sweetmeats to the Christians here at the New Year, it was decided to invite about twenty men and women from among the village Christians to spend a week in the city, and provide food for them. Twenty-four accepted, and very hearty they all seemed.

'On Monday the subject was thanksgiving, and one

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after another told of special mercies received during the past year, and then so many prayed. The meetings each lasted two hours, but seldom seemed long.

'Tuesday was confession, and several confessed shortcomings in general, and then the whole meeting was moved by a man sobbing and saying he had offended God by smoking opium, gambling, and in other ways. He asked for prayer.

'That night in my room Wang Ta Sao told me with tears that though the Lord would not leave us, she had left Him, and that she had taken poison a little time before she came to us, while her husband was away. She was sick after it, which doubtless saved her life. She was ill four days, and then got the message that I wanted her, which she felt was God's way of saving her.

'On Friday we had a women's meeting, and all the women visiting the mission in the city came out and had tea and cakes with us first, about twenty-four, including the Biblewoman and the pastor's wife. I led the meeting, and asked them to pray audibly and not long. About twenty prayed, and I had difficulty in getting in the hymns. I did feel very thankful for what God has done in this place, and felt that many gatherings at home might well take a lesson from these Chinese women.'

Jessie was a tenderly devoted daughter and sister. How we have seen her face light up over the home letters, as she read out little bits she thought would interest us and get us to know and appreciate those who were so dear to her! And yet she left that happy home with its refinements and comforts and

Character of Jessie Pigott

her very dear mother for Christ's sake, to live and die in China!

What she was to her husband it would be impossible to describe, but it seemed as if she were given to him by God for the most tried and suffering part of his noble life. How they loved one another! How each felt that no important question could be decided till they had talked and prayed over it together! Together they worked at their medical mission, together they yearned and prayed over souls, and planned and hoped and pleaded for China, and together they passed through the grave and gate of death into the glory of the light beyond.

Jessie's letters, even when in poor health or in anxious times of dangerous illness, are calm and sensible, with the evident determination to look on the bright side and to trust in the dark.

Just once we have seen her weeping bitter tears during their last visit home, because of some of the things which she could not understand, some of the things in life which looked like failures, the hardest trials they had ever known, and which they had shared together. These sprang from misunderstandings and hasty judgments on the part of others, unmeant trifles brooded over, some of the little things which Satan uses to hinder God's work and mar the fellowship between Christians.

Jessie did not question God's love, nor censure those who had caused them both such bitter suffering. No, the tears were wrung from her because she said there must be something wrong in her own

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life, some want of faith, or the answer would have come before to their earnest, unceasing prayers that the wrongs might be seen and acknowledged and Christian fellowship restored.

CHAPTER VIII

The Message of a Boy's Life

*'Just as I am, Thine own to be,
Friend of the young who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.*

*In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.*

*I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore to Thee I come.'*

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

*God who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free.
To run, to ride, to swim,
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him ;
Take the thanks of a boy.*

The Message of a Boy's Life

MANY years ago, at a missionary meeting in Dublin, the Rev. B. Baring-Gould, of the C.M.S., told a story which illustrates the message of Wellesley Pigott's short life to the boys and girls who read this book. His testimony is the same as that of the boy mentioned in the story, and they were also about the same age when God called them home.

'In a cemetery in the outskirts of London stands a tombstone on which the following words are engraved: "Sacred to the memory of Frank Hall, born 1856, died 1868. 'If I live to be a man I should like to be a missionary, but if I die as a little boy please write this on my tombstone, that others seeing it may go instead of me.' He being dead yet speaketh."'

When Wellesley was born his parents asked that he might be like John the Baptist, filled with God's Spirit, and truly all his life he seemed to love the Saviour and have a keen relish for His Word. He was just a natural boy, not at all perfect nor of great

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talents. As I knew him he was a merry, bright, eager little fellow, not at all devoted to his lessons, and very fond of a good romp, but there were some things about him not like most other boys—he was quite determined to be a missionary when he should become a man, and God called him before his thirteenth birthday to lay down his life for Jesus Christ.

The first glimpse I had of Wellesley was when he was three years old, peeping roguishly from out of the folds of a blanket as he was being carried upstairs from his bath in his father's arms. Such a jolly, laughing, baby face, with curly golden hair and blue eyes—a child any parent must be proud of!

He was born in England, but was taken out when a baby to China, and he always looked upon China as home, and much preferred it to any other. His aunt, Mrs. Edwards, tells about his first arrival at Tai Yüan Fu in April, 1888, the city from which twelve years later he joined the noble army of martyrs.

'Ten Ren' kept running outside the gate to get the first glimpse of them coming up the street, and at last rushed in with the announcement that they were coming, "the baby on a horse." It was not long before I was outside the gate, as you will readily believe, and there was Henry leading the horse with Jessie on it, and little Wellesley wrapped in the scarlet and black shawl in her arms, his sweet, placid little face peering out of a red and blue Chinese hood, and his poor little pink toes making

† The faithful Chinese servant who also sealed his testimony with his blood.

Accident at Shanghai

way for themselves out of a pair of Chinese combination drawers and socks. I need not tell you that he has made a universal conquest of everybody he has met.' His father used to say that the presence of the winning, fair-haired baby helped to open Chinese hearts to the Gospel.

Wellesley was very near death two or three times when a little child, but God raised him up then, preserving him till he was nearly thirteen, perhaps that the story of his young life and martyrdom, left as a message to other boys and girls, may lead to some resolving to do what he had intended if he had not been called up higher.

When he was nearly three his parents brought him with them to Shanghai to attend the great missionary conference held there in 1890. Mrs. Pigott writes of it as follows:—

'All the missionaries were invited to be photographed, and a stand was erected in the photographer's compound. Some questioned whether it was safe, but still the majority went up and took their seats, I among the rest, with Wellesley on my knee, about three seats from the top. Then I felt it rock and saw the right side sway, and some one shouted, "Keep quiet!" I clasped the darling tight, and then crash we went down, but oh! how unspeakably thankful we were, not the least hurt! Some one came and took Wellesley, who was crying from fright, out of my arms, and then some one else extricated me. All kept very quiet and did not scream or struggle, and not many were hurt. Mr. Taylor was at the very top and Mr. Beauchamp

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beside him. The latter, when he saw what was coming, dropped down over the back, to avoid crushing those below. Tom was not near me, as he came a little later, and you can imagine how anxiously he searched for us. When it was ascertained that no one was fatally injured all joined in singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

'After the excitement had subsided and the injured had been attended to, most of the company adjourned to the Union Church, where they sang, "My times are in Thy hands," and then had a time of silent thanksgiving, followed by a beautiful prayer.'

Another time Mr. and Mrs. Pigott were crossing a river, the latter riding a pony, with Wellesley in front of her and her husband wading, when they floundered in a quicksand, and Mrs. Pigott went under water all but her face. She managed to hold up the child till her husband freed her foot from the stirrup and took him, and both were mercifully preserved. When at Tai Yüan in 1896 Wellesley had a severe fall on his head from the donkey, through the carelessness of a Chinese servant, after which he was sick, and his mother was quite nervous on hearing of it, fearing concussion of the brain. His first thought was that he was so glad she had been out when it happened, so that he would be better before she would know anything of it.

His parents tried most earnestly to teach him from babyhood to be obedient, and it was during their visit home in 1890 that we used to notice how well they had succeeded. Mr. Pigott told me that on one

A Child in China

occasion when they were travelling in China and Tien Pao (Wellesley's Chinese name) and his mother were in the litter, they were surrounded by a large crowd of literati (students) returning from an examination. The cry of 'Foreign devil!' was at once raised, and they felt it was a moment of extreme peril, for such crowds are apt to be fanatical. They told Wellesley to bow, and the child unhesitatingly obeyed, with his frank baby smile, clasping his little hands and bending low, as a well-taught Chinese boy would do. The crowd was surprised and pleased and became quite friendly, so that after a little the travellers were allowed to proceed unmolested.

He had sometimes a lonely life in China for want of young companions, but he was almost always with his parents, and his mother was his other self, so that he did not feel the need of brothers and sisters as much as some would have done. It was a great treat to him when he went to stay at Tai Yüan Fu, and had his cousins George and Marjory Edwards to play with.

When he was five years old he spent some time with them while his father and mother were preparing a home in Shou Yang, and his aunt used to send them letters about him. Here are some of the things she wrote: 'Wellesley says he is mother's boy. "And who is mother?" asked Mrs. Simpson. "Geordie's auntie." "And who is Geordie's auntie?" "Wellesley's mother, and mother belongs to father, and father belongs to Jesus." Wellesley was greatly elated to get your letters, and said he "knew mother

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would write." He says he is going to grow into a big boy in five days and write to "my father" for the mule, and then ride to Shou Yang all by himself. The foxes would not touch him, he is sure.'

When a box of presents arrived from England, and the toys addressed to the other children were being unpacked one after the other, Wellesley was too well behaved to say anything, but there was no need, for his face and half-stretched-out hand told that his heart was set on the little fisher boy, which accordingly became his.

'I was hearing him pray the other night, and suggested, "Take care of dear daddy and mother till we meet again," which he changed into "till they come to Tong Chia Hsiang" (the name of the house in Tai Yüan Fu). Miss Shekleton says she was talking to the children in their Bible lesson about parents, and Wellesley's eyes filled with tears; still he seems as happy as the day is long, and gives no trouble. Harriet was saying how struck she was with his thoughtfulness for others' comforts.'

His parents tried to get a boy companion to bring up with him, but could not succeed, so for the latter part of his life they invited some children of the other missionaries, Flora, Arthur, Ada, and Teddie Sowerby, Carl and Lena Hall, and later Ernestine and Mary Atwater, and Daisy, Norman, and Kenneth Beynon,¹ to live at Shou Yang, where they all learned together from Mr. Robinson and Miss Duval.

The children seemed to be able to have just as much fun together in far-off China as when at home

¹ All five martyred.

Children's Fun

in 'Merrie England.' Wellesley always said China was much more pleasant than England or Ireland. His cousins and he spent some very happy New Years' days together at Tai Yüan Fu. At one of these gatherings Mrs. Edwards had planned a fairy well in a corner of the schoolroom which was arranged with oleanders at each side, and Mr. Pigott put a tiny brass pulley into the blackboard easel for the cord to draw up the bucket, a waste-paper basket. The front was a plant-stand covered with flowered chintz and coloured grasses, and fairy lamps gave a soft radiance and air of mystery. Wellesley was the fairy hidden inside, and great was the amusement of all as the bucket brought up its various gifts. Dr. Edwards asked the fairy to give him something, so Wellesley sent up a bottle of Worcester sauce, which was supposed to be medicine, and therefore a highly suitable gift for a doctor, and which Mrs. Edwards in joke had labelled 'For the sauciest.' This gave great amusement, Dr. Edwards saying it could not be for him, and Mr. Sowerby saying it was the unanimous opinion of the community that it did belong to him.

During a visit to Tai Yüan Fu he and his cousins began having meetings. Wellesley said that George always made him preach. George was the congregation, and Marjory said, 'Me leaded in prayer, and they said me leaded very nicely.' Her prayer was that 'all the Chinese might be converted this year.'

Wellesley once said to his mother, referring to his cousin George, 'Geordie thought he would find me just the same storming beast I used to be, but he

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didn't.' She was very much amused at his characterisation of himself, because he was not a passionate boy, though occasionally fretful.

The following letter from Mr. Pigott, written to his little son while he was away on one of his itinerating journeys, shows how from his earliest days the child had been taught to know and love his Saviour. He was only three at the time.

'MY DEAR LITTLE TIEN PAO,—Dada wants his little boy every day, but Jesus wants dada to stay here and tell poor people who do not know about Him. I hope when dada comes home Tien Pao will know how Jesus was laid in a ma-tsau (manger) and how He loves Tien Pao and mama and dada, and came to save them. Tien Pao's little doggie comes to dinner every day, and dada gives it something nice for Tien Pao, because it is Tien Pao's doggie, and doggie looks up at dada, and wants to say Thank you, so wags his tail because he cannot speak. Give darling mama a great big love for dada. The dear Lord Jesus takes care of dada every day, and loves Tien Pao to be a good boy and take care of dear mama. Goodbye, Tien Pao

'Your own

'DADA.'

In a letter from Pao Ting Fu written to his grandmother his father says: 'Wellesley is improving as he grows; we hope his little heart is opened to the Lord. I was quite pleased when he was praying, and I asked him what he wanted to ask for. He

A Child Christian

said, "I want to be like Him," and then joined his little hands and told the Lord that he wanted Him to make him like Himself. God grant it.' Later on, when he was older, Mr. Pigott again writes of him :—

'The other day Jessie was out walking with Wellesley, and he said, quite of his own accord, "God is with us, mother, is He not? He is walking with us. He sees us though we don't see Him." Jessie told him of the promise, "Behold I stand at the door and knock," and explained it to him. He then asked, "Mama, how shall I ask Him to come into my heart?" Jessie said some simple words of petition, asking the Lord to come in, and then, looking shy, he asked for that wondrous blessing himself, and then said, "Now, mother, He has come into my heart, hasn't He?" It greatly rejoiced us both.

'Yesterday I was telling him of the New Jerusalem.

' "City of the pearl-white portal,
City of the jasper wall,
City of Jehovah Salem,
Seat of endless festival."

We had talked of its glories, and then said how nothing sinful or unclean could enter in, and asked little Wellesley if he was ever naughty. He said "Yes." When I asked him, How could he enter in? he looked thoughtful for a moment and then said, "Jesus died for us." It was the first time I had questioned him like this, and it made my heart rejoice to see that he had grasped the great and mighty Gospel, the salvation of God.'

The Message of a Boy's Life

I like to think of Wellesley's letter to me written that last spring, full of happiness about his pigeons and dogs, and the fun they all had together. From very early days he loved to hear Bible stories; his father often wrote home to us about their joy in seeing his love for the things of God, and noticed, what was so unusual in a child, his deep sense of sin. I do not mean to convey the impression to other boys and girls that Wellesley was perfect. He could shout and make a noise and beg for his own way, and be often very tiresome, and application to study was always hard for him; but there was one difference between him and many others, about his faults. When he did wrong, and realised that he had grieved the Lord, to whom he had given his heart, he was truly sorry, and we know on one of these occasions his mother found him in bitter tears, not because he was afraid of punishment, but because of the sin committed.

Like all other boys he was sometimes led into mischief. His mother writes once that she heard a great outcry, and then Wellesley saying, "See what naughty pussy has done!" showing two scratched fingers. I asked, "What have you been doing to poor pussy?" "Harold asked me to help him put her in the water!" Pussy had made a hole in a newly-papered window, and they thought this would be a suitable punishment. Harold was greatly struck at pussy's manifest repentance, because she tried to lick his scratched finger and purred.'

Wellesley's restless little spirit was often tried by having to sit quiet in the cottages while his mother



WELLESLEY AND HIS PONY : HE HOLDING THE BRIDLE.
A PICNIC PARTY : WELLESLEY DRIVING.

Illness at Tacoma

talked to the people, but he tried to be good when he remembered that it was the old, old story which was being told.

Sometimes he led the pony for her to ride, and felt very proud taking care of her, on one occasion wanting to bring his new pop-gun to save her from the wolves! Ten Ren objected to this, however, saying it would frighten the villagers.

They were obliged to come for a brief visit to England in 1890, and took the route by Japan and America. Wellesley was taken ill on the way, and at Tacoma they found it was pneumonia. He was very ill, and the poor parents' grief and anxiety can be imagined as they watched by the dear little sufferer's bed. He had seemed to be getting much better, when suddenly the temperature ran up to 105 again. His mother writes: 'We just cried to our Heavenly Father in agony, and then telephoned to the doctor and put on a fresh poultice, and he broke out for the first time into a perspiration. His respirations were 60 per minute. He improved during the night and pretty steadily ever since. We feel deeply thankful for the many mercies which have been showered on us and the way in which the greatness of God's love has been brought home to us. When the grief at the thought of parting with our darling to go to such a glorious home afflicted us so sorely, it seemed sad to think how little we feel and plead for those who have no hope. We are terribly slow to learn the lessons of God's love, who spared not His only begotten Son. All the little things Wellesley had said lately seemed to be forebodings. One day he

The Message of a Boy's Life

asked, "Will Jesus come for us presently?" and in the train he wanted to know again and again if this was the way home. He has so longed for a home! However, God graciously restored the little fellow, and he was able to pay his first visit home to England and Ireland to see both his dear grandmothers.

In Mrs. Pigott's last letter to her sister, Mrs. Edwards, she says: 'Wellesley wishes you could bring George out with you. I think the life here is a very healthy one for children, so quiet and free from rush and excitement and over-pressure, simple pleasures delight them; everything goes on punctually and with regularity. They have a little service on Sunday afternoons by themselves, and Daisy borrowed a book of Miss Duval's to read them an address this afternoon, and told me how much they enjoyed it.'

In another letter she says, 'Yesterday we had a picnic to Shen Shan, a hill crowned with fir-trees, and found two or three purple anemones, irises, prickly broom, wild apricots, &c. We are using the cart Mr. Jamieson, of the Pekin Syndicate, left, and find it so comfortable that it is dignified with the name of "the carriage." Yesterday it was drawn by an ox, as the mule was impressed to draw goods for a Thibetan lama on his way to Pekin.' The children used to accompany Mrs. Pigott and Mrs. Beynon, who stayed part of the time with them, in their visits to the poor, and Mrs. Pigott tells how they brought cash of their own saving to a poor creature who had been starved and beaten, and whom a poor Christian woman had befriended, denying herself food to provide for the

Visit to England

needy one. So the missionary parents trained their little ones for the life they hoped was before them. Was it not a fit preparation for the 'very far better'?

During their last furlough Mr. Pigott was sent abroad by the doctor for his throat, and we were with them for six weeks at Ems and in the Engâdine. Wellesley was in ecstasies when permission was given him to accompany us, and confided to his mother when we were starting on the journey that 'it was just ripping!'

His mother had brought some German and Italian picture leaflets, and Wellesley used to offer them to the people when we were out for rambles, as he was accustomed to do in China, and sometimes he came back with a radiant face, saying, 'The man took it and looked quite pleased. Don't you think he will read it, mother?'

A passage in one of his mother's last precious letters shows how he had learned to sympathise with them in the work. 'Last Wednesday, after the prayer-meeting, Lai Cheng brought the thermometer which he had just taken from under the arm of a nice old man, baptized last November; it registered 106.5°, so you can imagine how anxious we felt. He had been feverish for four days, but seemed better. Tom laid cold wet cloths over him, but only brought the temperature down one degree. However, soon after he perspired profusely, and Wellesley said, "Mother, did not God answer our prayer quickly?" Tom stayed up late, and Lai Cheng watched him the rest of the night. Lai Cheng is a great comfort.'

Wellesley was a very sympathetic, tender-hearted

The Message of a Boy's Life

child, and certainly was his mother's little comforter. Their cousin and valued fellow-worker at Shou Yang, Miss Ellen Brown, met with a tragic death while they were at home. She and a fellow-missionary, Miss Shekleton, were on their way to a village to see a poor girl, when the cart in which they were seated overturned and fell into the river. The passers-by would not respond to Miss Shekleton's entreaties for help. This was probably because the Chinese are afraid of having anything to do with an accident, lest they should be accused in the law courts of causing it, or making matters worse.

Just before the accident Miss Shekleton says that they felt the Lord very near. She was saying what a joy it would be in heaven, to have no fight with sin, and Miss Brown, who looked intensely happy, responded, 'We can hardly realise what it will be there.' Then she turned to the two Chinese women who accompanied them, saying, 'The road to heaven is not hard to go.' Within five minutes from the time these words fell from her lips Miss Brown had passed through the pearly gates. When the accident happened Miss Shekleton never dreamed of escaping death, but just commended her soul to God, and remembered only the cart rolling over, and a frantic struggle in the water with the mule, on whose back she must have broken her fall. It was an hour before Miss Brown could be extricated from under the cart, which was deeply embedded in the muddy bottom of the stream.

This sad news was telegraphed to Mr. Pigott while they were in Dublin, and very great was Wellesley's

A Boy's Thoughts

grief and concern for his mother's trouble. He lay beside her for hours with his little wet cheek pressed against hers, while he stroked her face, his loving words of sympathy comforting her as no one else's could. He seemed to take his own part in all his parents' work at Shou Yang, sharing in their anxieties and hopes about particular cases, never living his life apart from theirs.

Once, when he was only seven, he had been feverish, and Mrs. Pigott heard him talking in his sleep and saying, 'How can you get your sins forgiven?' Wellesley explained when he wakened that a man asked him this, and he was going to tell him. His mother had been visiting a woman for some time, but she died in spite of all their care and treatment, and Wellesley cried bitterly at the thought of the four children having no mother. Her mind had been so clear that Mrs. Pigott spoke to her about trusting the Lord Jesus to forgive her sins and save her, and she put her hands together as though to pray, so they were not without hope that she may have looked to Him, and his mother comforted Wellesley with this thought. He replied, 'Then she'll go up to heaven, and be made quite beautiful!'

It was remarkable how he seems to have had the subject of martyrdom in his thoughts. To one friend he said, 'We can't be martyrs in England, but my father and mother and I might be in China,' and he quaintly added, 'Li Pai was nearly a martyr, only God graciously made his uncle ill, and then he died.' He was alluding to the Shou Yang shepherd who was one of Mr. Pigott's most hopeful converts, and

The Message of a Boy's Life

had been then fiercely persecuted by his heathen uncle.

His interest in China was quite striking, and we find many references in the home letters to his resolve to be a missionary there. Mrs. Pigott wrote in 1892 to her mother: 'Wellesley prayed the other night, "Please help me to grow a big boy quickly and be a preacher and give me your Gospel." I had not said anything on the subject to him, but another night he prayed, "Help father and mother to tell the Chinese about Jesus, and me to tell the Chinese boys about Jesus," though we had none of us suggested his doing so.' The boy observed how his parents brought all their troubles and difficulties to God, and he was not slow to learn from them to do the same.

From Shou Yang, when he was about seven years old, his mother wrote:—

'Last night we were told that our neighbour has turned out the man and his wife who live in the little house in our lane, and intends opening it as a gambling den. She intended to annoy us when she let it to the people just turned out, thinking they were very bad characters, but the plan failed, and we trust now God will defeat her purpose. Wellesley prayed about it—

' "Please, God, shut up the door tight, and take the key your own self."

'The other day he prayed that God would "Easy the mandarin's heart, and not let him beat the poor people any more."'

When he was older he became keenly interested in

At School in Hampstead

Dr. Barnardo's work, and belonged to the Young Helpers' League.

During most of his parents' stay on the Continent he was a boarder at Mr. Stallard's school in Hampstead, which he afterwards attended as a day-boy while they lived in London. When his father had recovered, and the time for returning to China came, the question had to be faced whether he ought to be left in England or accompany them. After much prayer, they felt guided to take him, as they could not see it would be right to let the boy grow up away from his parents' influence at the most critical time of his life. The climate agreed with him, education could be satisfactorily arranged for, and other missionaries' children found to share his studies. They did not think of danger to the precious little life as being probable, but, in any case, were ready to trust the future of their only child to a loving Father's choice. So, to his great delight, Wellesley went with them.

His master writes most kindly and warmly of him, and has had a memorial brass tablet put up on the schoolroom wall underneath the school honours list, with Wellesley's name and age and the words in Latin—

'The noble army of martyrs praise Thee, O God.'

One day Wellesley stood watching his uncle, a captain in the Yeomanry, mount his charger. 'I shall be a soldier some day,' he said. 'Yes, and wear a uniform like your uncle,' remarked some one stand-

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ing by. 'No, I mean a soldier of Jesus Christ,' explained the boy.

He had consciously given himself to the Lord Jesus Christ, and when back in China he began, during the last five months of his life, to do some active work for Him, though he had learned from his parents that doing his best at his lessons and trying to be brave and unselfish and obedient were just as much work for Jesus as teaching others. He had a little class of five Chinese boys in the Sunday school, for which his mother helped him to prepare. In his father's last letter home he writes: 'Wellesley is a good boy, and loves the Bible and the God whose Word it is. As far as man can judge, he is a Christian boy.'

We know the worst part of the fiery trial of July, 1900, to Mr. and Mrs. Pigott, was that Wellesley must share their sufferings. Yet there are words in one of his father's old letters, written September 13, 1895, just after the Ku Cheng massacre, which comfort our hearts and give some of the thoughts which we believe came to him again at the last, and show how he looked on martyrdom both for himself and the two others dearest to him.

He says: 'How terribly the poor Smylys must have felt it—and yet for the sufferers they probably suffered less than those thrust out of Szchuän. It seems to have been all over soon, and quick, deep, mortal wounds are not the most painful. What rapid changes they saw in those few hours! A peaceful, happy, home-like evening in their pleasant retreat—then horror and a dark assassin band—then a short

Flight from Shou Yang

mortal struggle, and then another scene! A sudden sight of angel bands, bright escort and sweet, sweet joy, and those ten freed spirits fled in joyous upward flight to the Master's presence and the Master's smile of welcome! Happy, whole-hearted band of bright martyrs, one almost envies them. Surely the Lord who called them by such a fiery path was very near to help and bless and pity their little terrified darlings left so desolate. Truly one's heart bleeds for them and for all who looked on that terrible scene. May God richly comfort all friends at home.'

Of the last scenes in Wellesley's life we know little, but the agony is over now, and he has long ago been comforted, and God has wiped away his tears. Li Pai told Dr. Edwards that when the cart which conveyed the Shou Yang party, Mr. and Mrs. Pigott and Wellesley, Ernestine and Mary Atwater, and Mr. Robinson and Miss Duval, to Tai Yüan passed his hiding-place on the day before the massacre, he could hear Mr. Pigott speaking to the carter, telling him that he had only one son, and that the mandarin at Shou Yang would do nothing to save him. He afterwards heard that Mr. Pigott had promised that official several hundred taels if he would save the life of his little boy. But we know these noble parents would rather far that God would choose for their darling what He saw fit, and God's choice for Wellesley was that he should wear the martyr's crown.

Li Pai also tells us after that sorrowful journey back from their hiding-place in the mountains, when they were compelled to return to Shou Yang, they

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knelt down outside the village to pray. 'It was a sorrowful prayer-meeting,' he says, 'for we were all in tears. Miss Duval, Mr. Robinson, and the children prayed in English, which, of course, I could not understand. Mr. and Mrs. Pigott prayed in Chinese, and then they started on their sad journey.'

We do not want to dwell on that terrible time, but rather think of dear Wellesley as he is now, his faithful witness over, at Home with father, mother, and God. Will some other boy or girl who reads this accept the message of that life, and 'go instead of him?'

CHAPTER IX

Life at Shou Yang

*' O God, the awful need of those
Who feel no need of Thee !
Who wake and sleep and drink and eat,
Tread heedlessly the road that leads
Unto Eternity !
Keenly alive to earthly needs,
Yet feel no need of Thee.'*

ANON.

*' The Present, the Present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing ;
Like the Patriarch's angel, hold it fast
Till it yield its blessing.'*

WHITTIER.

Life at Shou Yang

THE Shou Yang Mission was begun in May, 1892, by T. W. Pigott. The principal reasons for its foundation he gave as follows in the *Shou Yang Occasional Paper* :—

‘Some twelve years ago my attention was first drawn hither by our late beloved fellow-worker, Dr. Harold Schofield, and I believe the present effort to be the fruit of his earnest prayers. He had been struck by accounts given him of the district by patients coming to his hospital from some of its villages.

‘Five years had passed since he was laid to rest, and then, on a journey with my wife and child to open up the western Chihli district, being delayed two days here, we were much struck by the need and the earnest solicitations of the people. Other claims, however, called us forward, and Shou Yang, with its bitter need and lonely darkness, remained only as a sad memory. But early in 1892 we felt the Lord’s hand guiding us to settle here.

‘We do not trench on the work of others, for the

Life at Shou Yang

nearest missionaries live two days' journey to the west of us (at Tai Yüan Fu), while on the east for 100 miles, and to the north and south for twice that distance, the ground is unoccupied. In Shou Yang Hsien (district) alone there are 30,000 families, and several times that number in the neighbouring Hsiens. They are steeped in moral vice, opium, and gambling, and the murder of baby girls and the degradation of women abounds, so that there is deep need. Our effort is undenominational.'

The Shou Yang people in the mountain villages lived mostly in cave houses. One of the missionaries described them as 'burrowing like rabbits. You sometimes would hardly know there was a village, so well was the path to it hidden.' This seclusion had something to do with their strong conservatism, and most of their knowledge of the outside world was derived from the muleteers.

The women were much more inaccessible than those at Huai Luh and Shuen Teh Fu, and were very prejudiced against anything new. Some of the superstitions believed by them about the foreigners, which were zealously fostered and impressed on them by the ruling classes, show what great difficulties often lie in the missionary's way, and how much prejudice has to be broken down. One of the Church members at Shou Yang told Mrs. Pigott that when the missionaries first came, about four years before, she walked most cautiously when at their house, fearing that some unseen trapdoor might open beneath her, and uncertain whether she would get away again alive. Miss Shekleton overheard their

Chinese Superstitions

own Chinese woman reproving a newcomer most indignantly for coming with her hand up to her face, covering nose and mouth. This is the native method for preventing the entrance of an evil spirit that way, and avoiding ill consequences from the 'smell of the foreigner.' In the neighbourhood of Lu Nan there was a long-continued drought, and the idols were carried through the streets in procession to bring down the rain. Reports were spread that the reason of its non-appearance was that the missionaries' Jesus was too strong for the local gods, and that Mr. Pigott rode out whenever the clouds gathered, and with one blast of his trumpet (though he did not possess one) scattered them. Others said that he did it with one wave of his fan!

Soon after their coming to Shou Yang there was quite a wave of suspicion because of a walk or two they took gathering flowers, the people thinking they had some uncanny purpose in it. Both Mr. and Mrs. Pigott were very fond of flowers, and it was a pleasure to them to find in the Shou Yang neighbourhood purple anemones, yellow lupins, blue dwarf iris, a bush like hawthorn but prettier, and the familiar buttercups, dandelions, thistles, wild rhubarb, which they much enjoyed, and small wild asparagus. Tom writes to his mother at this time: 'The Chinese think much of their parents, and I often interest them by telling of my dear old mother who sent me out to tell them of our Saviour's love, and who thinks of and prays for them, though so far away over the sea.'

What a joy it was to be sometimes able to tell that

Life at Shou Yang

mother of her prayers being answered, as in the following, which seems to have been from Shou Yang! Thus he was able to write: 'One of my dear people, Mr. Li, for whom you have been praying, has quite of himself put up the following words, it being New Year's time, and the custom being for the people to write sentences on red paper, sticking them up on the doors and posts of their houses: "The Saviour shed His precious blood to wash my black heart. My old sins are gone; I am a newborn man."'

Other missionaries joined them as time went on, and they were able to start different branches of work, including a boys' school, street preaching, dispensary and opium refuge, visiting fairs, colportage, and visiting out-stations as well as the services in their chapel, which in 1895 had to be enlarged. One of their truest converts, and I think the one who caused most joy to Mr. Pigott's heart, was Li Pai, the shepherd. He wrote a very interesting account of this man, which appeared in a booklet. Li Pai's story of the persecution of the Church at Shou Yang and of the last days of his dear pastor and his wife has been translated by Dr. Edwards under the title, 'They loved not their lives unto the death.' The circumstances under which Mr. Pigott came to know Li Pai are most interesting, and we find the first allusion to him in one of Jessie's letters in September, 1893:—

“Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord.”

Conversion of Li Pai

‘DARLING SIS,—The above text came to my mind very specially this morning as we were returning from Heo Yen, from visiting the old cataract woman. On my way there a man asked the usual question, “Where are you going?” “To Heo Yen.” “To see the blind woman?” “Yes.” “She is not in her own home in the valley, but with her daughter on the hill.”

‘This information saved us going a round of two miles, and I was very short of time, having to be back for the weekday meeting at 11 a.m., so was very thankful. A little boy led us to the house, and we found three very nice women there. Almost immediately a young man came in, and when I spoke of trusting in God for food he took it up very warmly, and said he did not worship idols or burn incense. Tom asked if he knew about the Lord Jesus. He said, “Yes.” “When did you hear?” said Tom. “About a year ago a man with a brass tooth was preaching at the theatrical stage, and I bought this book from him,” taking from his breast a Gospel of Luke, which he kept carefully wrapped in oil-paper. “And I read about Jesus in this book. He was a wonderful man and did great works. Who was He? Why did they kill Him?”

‘He used to keep the Gospel in his breast, and when he took his sheep out to pasture he read it, and had been much impressed by the crucifixion. Tom questioned him, and found that he was the foreigner whose tooth had individualised him; that on his first visit in 1892 Li Pai stood among a crowd to listen. All feared the foreigner, and one struck a child to

Life at Shou Yang

make it keep away from him, lest it might be bewitched. This roused Li Pai's indignation, and made him purchase the Gospel of Luke and the Acts.' Jessie continues: 'Tom was on his return journey from Tai Yüan Fu to Pao Ting Fu when he preached here, and felt very specially helped in doing so. You remember how broken-hearted he was then, and it was specially cheering to meet this man and to notice how God brought them together.

'You can imagine what a good opening this gave. Tom says: "I left him a little book, after telling him as much as I thought he could remember. Several times subsequently in visiting the villages I met him with his flocks, and we had talks together. I invited him to the mission house, but like many others of the better kind he was shy of coming without some one to introduce him, but at last he did come. I had a long and interesting conversation with him, and took the opportunity to introduce him to our evangelist, Mr. Sung, a Chinese graduate, and a very earnest and capable man, also to the schoolmaster, Mr. Mi (afterwards martyred), who both warmly welcomed him, and soon made him feel at home. From this time Li Pai became a regular attendant on Sunday, and though a poor man, often paid for a substitute to watch the sheep, that he might come to the services."'

Li Pai endured much persecution, and being a man of strong will and independence he openly attacked the idol worship amongst his friends, trying on one occasion in their presence to wrench off the head of the temple idol in his own village, in order to show



THE SHEPHERD LI PAI.
TEN REN AND HIS WIFE.

Persecutions of Li Pai

that it was a piece of clay which could not save itself. He had been dared by the villagers to take away out of the temple what he considered his share of their common property. Some time after, one of his uncles was converted, and another uncle who had been foremost in persecuting him died. His brother, who at first was bitterly opposed to Christianity, was eventually led to accept Christ, and was one of the first Shou Yang Christians to suffer martyrdom.

Li Pai became at last one of Tom's most trusted helpers, and acted as an evangelist. Mr. Mi said that the more Li Pai was persecuted the stronger he became. When Mr. Pigott was at home for his health Li Pai succeeded in gaining access with the Gospel to the yamen. Mr. Johnston, one of the missionaries, sent him with his card to inquire if the magistrate would allow a magic lantern to be shown there. The magistrate sent for Li Pai, asked him if he was a Church member, and requested him to read a portion to him. He read John iii. 16 and explained it, and the magistrate expressed his pleasure, subsequently calling in person on the missionaries. He had heard the Gospel before, and seemed much interested. He appointed that evening for Mr. Johnston to go in and exhibit the views. His household were all present, and in addition to the yamen residents he had especially invited the gentry in the neighbourhood. 'For over three hours,' Mr. Johnston says, 'we held their attention and interspersed the views with hymns and Gospel truth.'

At the close all retired with the exception of the invited guests, who were very courteously treated,

Life at Shou Yang

but the crowning dignity came in a most unexpected manner. They had intimated their purpose to go home, and the governor escorted Mr. Johnston to the second court, where his own cart was waiting at the steps of the public reception hall. He had the lamps lighted, and two men bearing them escorted Mr. Johnston in the cart to his own door. This courtesy was a nine days' wonder to the street, and Li Pai says he did not sleep a wink the whole night, he was so full of joy. He felt it an honour done to the Church and to the Lord Jesus, and was full of hope that it would have a good effect upon the people generally. This mandarin invited the missionary to dinner soon after and regaled him with thirty courses, including fat pork and sea slugs! It was no little joy to him to hear the magistrate quote the life of St. Paul to illustrate a point he was discussing, though there were five heathen guests present. Some time after when trying a case publicly he said, 'There is one thing about the Church members which I have proof of, and that is their earnest determination and willingness to meet all just taxes, and why should we blame them if they refuse to spend on worthless objects? Would that half the people in each of your villages were Church members, for then my duties would be minimised.'

Mr. Johnston writes further: 'Li Pai, who is now a somewhat constant visitor in the magistrate's quarters, was in close conversation with him about three days ago, and he was asked if his friends and relations were not opposed to him becoming a Christian, and suspicious about the whole affair.

Li Pai's Evangelistic Work

"Yes," said Li Pai, "they were." "So the Book says," replied the magistrate. "'A man's foes shall be they of his own household.' I am beginning to see that."

The conversation went on, and the subject of Pilate's sin was introduced by the magistrate and commented upon feelingly. In that conversation he told Li Pai that he possessed some land at his home, and it would seem as if he had—at times, at any rate—the thought of leaving public life; who knows but it is the Spirit of God working in him? Chinese magistrates have in the exercise of their duties to take part in idolatry.

Later on he said that for a long time he saw no beauty in the Word of God, but now, he said, 'I have obtained benefit.' Pressed by Li Pai to say what benefit he had derived, he walked the floor for some time under strong emotion, his face turning red, and at length he replied, 'Nothing short of faith in the Lord Jesus.' This mandarin lost his father soon afterwards, and was obliged, according to custom, to go into official retirement for three years, so unfortunately he was not at Shou Yang in 1900. But possibly if he had been he too would have been a martyr.

Li Pai was a great Bible reader. On one occasion he asked Mr. Pigott if he would mind hearing him repeat some of the Scriptures by heart, and on his complying he found the shepherd had committed to memory the whole of St. Matthew's Gospel!

In view of recent events in China it will interest some to know the opinions of missionaries who had

Life at Shou Yang

been as long in the field as Mr. and Mrs. Pigott with regard to the responsibility of the Chinese Government for the attacks on missionaries and hatred of Christianity.

In the autumn of 1895 Tom writes: 'The last mail brought us news that has filled our hearts with sorrow for the loss to China of Rev. Robert and Mrs. Stewart and their fellow-workers, with the deepest sympathy for the children so suddenly bereft of their parents. We cannot but believe this to be the work of the mandarins, not the people, and hope you will pray that the real culprits may be punished, not innocent coolies, as in former cases. There is a general opinion that if the Szchuan riots had been promptly punished this would not have occurred.

'A rich man called on Mr. Kay, and said that it was well known how much money it cost to kill foreigners, but there were plenty of rich people ready to pay to get rid of them. In Shou Yang the talk on the street is how many foreigners have been killed and chapels destroyed, and nothing done to the viceroy! Which shows whom the people would expect to be punished. I hope Lord Salisbury will act firmly, for I do not agree with the opinion that the punishment of evildoers by gunboats will do harm to missions. The Chinese Christians have been greatly persecuted in these districts.'

Mrs. Pigott wrote home from Tientsin, February, 1890: 'C. met Mr. Richard at tea the other night, and he said he is engaged in reading a work of twenty-five volumes by Li Hung Chang. It is an account of all the foreign treaties, and the instruc-

Chinese Government Hostility

tions for mandarins thereon. In one volume missionary difficulties are recounted, and how they are dealt with. Out of twenty cases cited twelve were Roman Catholics, six American, one English, and one Dutch. He particularly condemns the plan so largely adopted by Roman Catholics of taking houses in the name of a Chinaman, and then the foreigner stepping in, and urges mandarins to do all in their power to prevent foreigners from obtaining land in the interior.' (This throws light on the tremendous difficulties put in Tom's way in buying ground for a site for his house at Shou Yang.) 'He thought that if they obtained land they would end in subjugating the whole country, like India.

'Last night the subject at the united missionary prayer-meeting was, "How to help Chinese Christians to help themselves," and Mr. Richard said he had no idea until recently of the strength of the antagonism of the Government to Christianity. He read in one of their Blue Books that it was the vilest, most impure thing that had ever come to their shores! When will the dawn come?'

Jessie also wrote home to her brother from the town of Tai Yüan Fu in 1894: 'All the disturbances in China are got up primarily by the officials, and as long as the foreign Governments do not secure the punishment of the mandarin responsible for the place they are likely to continue to have outrages. In one place a mandarin saved the ladies' lives, and he was degraded, whereas the mandarins who had shut them out of their yamens when pursued by the mob were promoted. Mr. McNair thinks the only way to

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secure this would be to demand that they should be handed over to the foreign Government, otherwise it is easy to profess to punish them and remove them from that post, but soon after give them a better. This has been done over and over again. The officials are quite willing to chop off a few coolies' heads to atone for the death of a foreigner, and pay money too, for that they squeeze out of the people, so long as they succeed in pleasing their own Government and throwing the blame on the innocent. You could find proof of this in the Blue Book of 1893.'

During the time they were at Shou Yang Mr. Pigott's mother and his sister Lucie died from pneumonia within a week of one another. In the wanderings of Mrs. Pigott's last illness she was constantly talking of her son's work, praying for his people, even trying herself to tell them the glad news, and rejoicing that he had his little boy Wellesley with him, whom she felt sure would go on with his parents' work. She and Tom were diligent students of prophecy, both believing the Lord's coming very near, the mother hoping and thinking that it would take place, if not in her lifetime, at least in that of her little grandchildren. Almost her last words were, 'Yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry.' There was constant interchange of thought in their letters on this subject, and books were recommended by each for the other's perusal; Dr. Grattan Guinness's *Light for the Last Days* being one of her favourites, and Sir Robert Anderson's *The Coming Prince* one highly valued by Tom. One of his letters to her, written in

The Second Coming of Christ

1894, the year she was taken Home, ends with the words, 'In bright and sure hope of the nearly approaching dawn of the bright day of His appearing. Ever your most loving son, T. W. Pigott.'

When staying in Dublin during his last furlough home, Tom met the Rev. T. E. Hackett, B.D., of Bray, and I can well remember how they sat up together late at night, oblivious of time and of our sleepiness, to compare notes as to their reasons for expecting the Lord's coming soon. They enumerated thirteen. I can recall a few of these, taken down roughly from Tom's lips, but can give little idea of the face lit up with enthusiasm, and the joy and triumph in his voice while he recounted them.¹

On this subject the Rev. T. Goodall, of the China Inland Mission, in a letter regarding our brother, writes: 'At our English meetings in Tai Yüan Fu his addresses on the Second Coming of our beloved Lord were most helpful. This was a favourite topic with him. One of his most earnest addresses to the native Christians was on this theme.'

I. The Gospel must first be preached as a witness to all nations. The first and very practical fulfilment of this prophecy of our Lord took place by the lips of the Apostle Paul and others of that day and its immediate future. The principle, so to speak, of a universal offer was established. But it has been reserved for the nineteenth century of the era to give

¹ I found it impossible to put the notes into their original shape without the aid of the Rev. Thomas Hackett, who is now absent in Canada, but Mr. George Trench has kindly revised and arranged them in readable form.

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it anything like complete realisation. And if any one will refer to a missionary map of the world with every country shown, wherein the evangelist's testimony has been given, it will be seen how small a part of the 'nations' of the world have failed to hear it. The Bible, or parts of it, has been produced in more than 350 languages and dialects.

2. The Times of the Gentiles must be fulfilled. That is the times during which Israel as a people, and Palestine as their land, remain under Gentile power. (We do not remember if Mr. Pigott referred to the Zionist movement, but its rapid growth and prospects are to be considered in this connection.)

3. The Return of the Jews to Palestine has already begun, in response to the cry of Zech. ii. 6. 'Ho! Ho! come forth, and flee from the land of the north saith the Lord.' And it is beginning to be recognised by many of the world's Governments that by their return to the Holy Land alone can the perpetual friction caused by their presence be removed. The city of Jerusalem, of which it was written, 'My servants think upon her stones,' is being rebuilt, and a natural colonisation (as distinct from Zionism) is progressing steadily. In the *Jewish Chronicle*, 1893, it is recorded that the Palestine Jews sent to America for 100,000 vine-slips to plant there, which is foretold in Isa. xvi. 10 (R.V.).

4. Socialism and Nihilism, and other forms of anarchy are also signs of the approaching end, fulfilling the words, 'They shall be a spoil to their servants.' The 'Lawless one' (2 Thess. ii. 8, Greek) finds in this spirit the nucleus of the support by

Signs of the Second Coming

which he will seize the throne of the world, and exalt himself above all that is called God or that is worshipped.

5. The Revival of Romanism is another sign. The false Church that, abusing the liberties of free countries to its own ends, seeks to dominate all society and control all education, and to become a universal world-power of a spiritual kind. Side by side with this is the tendency of the European Powers to league themselves together, mutual distrusts preventing individual liberty of action, and so preparing for Antichrist, by whose headship the Powers united may for a time become next to almighty.

6. Another painful evidence of the approaching end is that 'Because iniquity shall abound the love of many shall wax cold.' Both signs are present. Whether or not iniquity is greater now, or love colder than they were one hundred or two hundred years ago, it is impossible for us to say, but it may be. Enough that those signs of our Lord's return are not wanting.

7. 'Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.' This is unmistakably fulfilled in the advance of the means of rapid locomotion, and the universal communication by telegraph of all information. Many run to and fro, thinking nothing of journeys accomplished in all the comforts of steamboats and trains-de-luxe. Knowledge of every event of importance, and of millions that are but of passing interest, is increased and spread by wire and the Press beyond the dreams of the world's most advanced thinkers of but a century past.

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8. Taking the words of 2 Peter iii. 8, 'A thousand years are with the Lord as one day,' many have been led to hope that at the end of six of such days, dating from Adam's creation, the World's Sabbath would set in. If so, we have every reason to expect many fulfilments of prophecy to be manifested during the remaining years of the last century of the world's sixth millennium, all pointing to the coming Sabbath, the thousand years' reign of Christ on the earth, when Righteousness and Peace will prevail universally.

Mr. Pigott added to the above reflections a striking comment on the words of our Lord in Mark xiii. 35: 'Ye know not when the Master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cockcrowing, or in the morning.'

He believed that this referred to different ages of the history of the Church, the Apostolic age being evening (which is the time, in Jewish reckoning, at which the day begins), with the glorious sunset of the previous day just accomplished. This was succeeded by the midnight of the 'Dark Ages' of Christendom. Then came the cockcrowing, that is the Reformation, when such men as Wycliffe and Luther uttered their clarion call, to wake the slumbering Church. And now he hoped the morning dawn and the coming of Christ were close at hand.

In respect of the work at Shou Yang there was much encouragement from time to time, and both Tom and Jessie were always ready to write about

Wang, an Opium Seller

the more cheering side of the work to their home people. Jessie's letters tell of interesting work and sheaves gathered in where there had been long sowing, such as the following :—

‘SHOU YANG, *March*, 1896.

‘On Sunday we had a great joy: Wang, an opium seller, who has long been interested in the Gospel, but afraid of the sacrifice it would involve, came up with a face shining with joy, to say he had resolved to close his opium shop the next day. He has been in great perplexity because he is only manager for a rich man, and has so many people owing him money, he feared he could not wind up the business honestly, and was besides bound for three years, only one of which had elapsed. I do not know how he has settled matters. Three years ago they dressed up people as caricatures of us, and paraded them through the streets. Tom happened to be preaching when they passed, and this man, Wang, was struck by the good-humoured way in which he took it, and has been coming more or less ever since. Another thing also encouraged Tom. He was walking to a village and was joined by the innkeeper Miao, a Christian, and presently they fell into conversation with a villager, and Miao told him what a great deal he had found in the Gospel, far more than he ever expected, and said that just as a child was always wanting to drink milk, he was always wanting to come to chapel to hear more of the truth!’

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'SHOU YANG, *January, 1900.*

'MY OWN DEAREST F.,—It is very generous of you and Henry to send Wellesley the tool box after sending him such a lovely boat. He made three little dolls' bedsteads for his Christmas presents to the girls (Ernestine and Mary Atwater, and Daisy Beynon). This morning I was invited to Heo Yen to a woman with severe colic. I put on her a mustard plaster for thirty minutes, thinking that her skin was tougher than ours, and it raised a blister, and that and the medicine took away the pain. The children all went with me, and spent their time sliding on the brook under the trees which you may remember. To-day we began the week of prayer, and I was sorry to miss the first meeting, but did not like to leave the woman in pain so long as it necessitated.

'I often think of you all at Bordighera, and now our first Chinese narcissus is open, the scent brings a vivid feeling of enjoyment and a mental picture of the profusion of lovely flowers you will be having. It also carries me far back to the days when dear Con and I first picked them wild under the olives at Cannes. I do not know if you will remember Lao Tung? He has been a Christian some years, and dear Ellen was very kind to his wife, and nursed and fed her when ill. He has been stableman, and took every opportunity to explain the Gospel to people when he went with me. Tom thinks he may make a good colporteur, and sent him a journey with Li Pai. They came home feeling much encouraged. When Tom went with

Converts at Shou Yang

Li Pai to his village he pointed out a young man and said before the crowd, "That is the man that cursed me so badly." Tom replied, "Don't tell me his faults, but I will write down his name, and I think he will not do it again."

'This time Li Pai and Lao Tung visited the village again, in some trepidation lest they should be pelted and driven away, but, on the contrary, a relative received them most kindly and at once offered to prepare food for both. He said to Li Pai, "You always told the truth from a little boy, but we did not believe you when you said the foreigners were good, but now we know it is so, for did not the pastor say, 'Do not tell me his faults,' when most people would have liked to hear a man's faults." May this be the beginning of blessing! . . . It is nearing midnight.

'Ever your devoted sister,
'E. JESSIE FIGOTT.'

'SHOU YANG, *September, 1899.*

'There are about ten men who come every night to read the Bible and pray. One is the son of a rich man, and his father is very much troubled, and says he has received the bewitching influence of the foreigners, to which he replied, "My only fear is lest I should not receive it." He wants to buy a morocco-bound Bible, and when warned it would cost 8s., said, "If it cost 16s. I must have it."

'Li Pai told us in the meeting to-day that he was feeling very cast down by the bitter and unjust reproaches of his former friends and relatives, when

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he met an old man who said, "I know you are a shepherd, and have long expected you would pass this way, and wanted to talk to you about the Jesus religion." "Very good," said Li Pai, and went home with him. The old man then related the different times that he had heard about it, and the first time was from Tom, who had gone to visit a patient of mine at "Runaway Cow" village, about seventeen miles from here. He said he could only remember two things: that Jesus died for us, and would take away our sins. He told Li Pai that as he only had thirty acres, he had eaten all last year's millet—would he mind having a supper of potatoes and pumpkin, and there would be some of this year's millet for breakfast? Li Pai gladly accepted his kind hospitality and stayed the night. The old man was anxious to be taught to pray, and Li Pai felt quite cheered.'

The following are a few precious extracts gathered from Mrs. Pigott's Shou Yang letters to her mother:—

'Why will our hearts ache so, when we have such overflowing springs of comfort to draw from? Perhaps to remind us continually of our need of resting in our Saviour's unchanging love. Sorely as I often long for my beloved mother, I cannot say I grudge the years spent away, for it is truly an offering to our Lord, and nothing is too precious for Him.' 'To know that whatever happens our Saviour will never leave us is our strength and consolation, and I cannot imagine how people without this assurance can bear the trials and anxieties of life.'

To her sister:—'I do feel for you in all your

Fair at Shou Yang

worries, but is it not a comfort that, however useless, we feel God has need of us? The eye cannot say to the hand, "I have no need of thee," nor again the head to the feet, "I have no need of you." Sometimes when I have grieved at accomplishing so little I think of John the Baptist saying, "The latchet of whose shoes I am unworthy to unloose," and if he felt that, how much more we? and yet we have the precious privilege of pointing the heathen to the Lamb of God. Oh to manifest more of His grace and loveliness to them!

A new method of trying to get hold of these conservative Shou Yang people is alluded to in a letter dated July, 1899. 'The annual fair which is held in the city began last week. We had hired a shop with two large open windows on the busiest street, and Mr. Johnston got a long piece of white calico bordered with red with a text on it, hung outside, and scrolls of blue, &c., hung on the pillars of the verandah. It is a wonderful difference from when we came here seven years ago, and there were none who knew about our Lord, and now there are five Christian men preaching in turn with Tom and Mr. J. all day to the crowds who gather. Li Pai does the most, and has nearly lost his voice with the constant talking. He gave us a beautiful address yesterday on the Saviour's promise to give power to His disciples. He said, "What power? Behold I send you forth as sheep among wolves! Very strange He did not give them armies to fight for them, but He gave them power to endure patiently. 'They shall deliver you up to councils' (Matt. x. 16, &c.).'"

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They opened an out-station at Ping Ting Chou, where the evangelist Sung was the means of leading the native doctor named Tang, to Christ. In the *Shou Yang Occasional Paper* this man's story is graphically told as follows:—

'When Mr. Tang was three years old he contracted smallpox, and a doctor being called in to prescribe when the disease was at its height, ordered that a needle be driven up into the quick under the nail of each finger, treatment which he at once proceeded to carry out. The little fellow swooned at the end of the operation, and was announced to be dead. The parents shortly after took the body, and going outside the city cast it on the hillside without burial, or covering of any kind. Fortunately, however, it was summer time. A few hours later a man came to the house to say that the child who had been thrown on the hillside in the early part of the day was crying lustily, when, hurrying to the place, the mother took the child in her arms and carried it home.

'Forty years later that boy, who had grown to manhood, received a copy of St. John's Gospel from a missionary. He read it with interest, but failed to see any connection between the wondrous miracles and his own state, and saw no link of interest between himself and the Saviour it spoke of. Still he would not part with the book, but kept it beside him.

'Twenty years again passed before he heard the Gospel preached by a fellow-countryman in the city of Ping Ting Chou, when his mind at once recognised the truths he now listened to as the same as those he had read of in the little book. He returned and

Growth in Shou Yang

brought it to the mission premises, where he became at once an earnest and reverential student of the New Testament.'

Sad to say, this evangelist Sung, who was so valued and beloved by the missionaries, married a heathen woman of doubtful reputation, his own Christian wife having died, and his testimony and work were so hindered by this that he was sent back to his own home in Chihli, and Wang, the opium merchant, who had grown much spiritually, took his place. These are some of the lights and shadows of missionary life.

Wang could scarcely read, but Mr. Tang, the native doctor, so helped him with the characters that soon he was able to take the little daily meeting. There was another out-station at Ngan Chi, of which one of the converts, Li Kai, was in charge. In March, 1900, there were at Shou Yang twenty-one Church members, three of these being from other Churches, about forty hopeful inquirers, five of whom had been accepted for baptism, and they had treated six hundred separate cases in the dispensary during the year just ended.

When Mr. Pigott arrived in Shansi in 1880 no Chinaman in that province had as yet been baptized ; in 1900 there were 1,500 communicants in connection with the different Protestant missions. In 1897-8 the attendance at the Schofield Memorial Hospital, Tai Yüan Fu, of out-patients, registered nearly 10,000 per annum, and nearly one hundred had confessed their faith in Christ by baptism. In 1900 there were one hundred and fifty Protestant missionaries, in-

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cluding ladies, in the whole province. But there were still eighty-three walled towns without any resident missionary, and villages innumerable which had never been visited even by Chinese evangelists.

The persecution a native Christian sometimes had to undergo, even before the outbreak of 1900, is evidenced in the following extract of a letter from Mr. Pigott written in 1894: 'The people of Pao Nin Po were much struck by what happened somewhere in the Ping Ting Chou district last year. A man, it seems, got hold of the truth and believed it—anyway he refused to pay theatrical and temple dues, and was in consequence accused at the Chou, where he was refused protection. He went home and was beaten and most shamefully abused, and his crops destroyed, and he is reported to have perished from hunger on the mountains. God be praised for such faithfulness.'

Mr. Pigott wrote home in December, 1899, a letter which illustrates how the good work of sowing the seed of truth progresses in Shansi and other provinces of China.

'I returned two days ago from a week's tour to the eastwards and southwards, over the ground where our helpers have been working for some time. We first went thirty miles due east to the city of Ping Ting Chou, where Wang, once the opium merchant, is in charge. Here I found there were nine very promising inquirers, and seven others of whom there is much hope. I received seven applications for baptism. It will cost some of these men a good deal to take their stand for Christ, and we shall value

Story of Kuo and Ma

prayer for them. I am specially interested in two young Chinese gentlemen who are amongst those who have applied, and who seem to give promise of good and valuable help in life and testimony. One came out boldly and joined in the street preaching, though he knew it would bring shame and reproach. The other is the only son of a rich man, and his father is much opposed, and will probably cause his son to suffer much.

'On my travels I met a strange case, showing how God works out His own will through those who least mean to further the work. There are two acquaintances named Kuo and Ma. Kuo was among the inquirers at Ping Ting Chou, while Ma, who had broken off opium with us some five years ago, had returned to his house, and we had lost sight of him. We subsequently heard that he had taken to opium-smoking again, and was gaining his living by selling it to others. We had been greatly interested in these men, and from time to time had brought up their names before God for blessing. The way which He took of answering our petitions was very remarkable and strange. It seems that some years ago both these men had been leaders in one of the secret Buddhist sects, emanating from the priests of the sacred mountain of U Tai Shan, a great place of resort for Thibetan and other pilgrims, and which is situated a few days' journey north of us. Kuo had led five hundred others to join, and Ma three hundred and fifty. About two months ago the magistrate of Ping Ting Chou arrested these two men as leaders of this secret sect, out of many others, and they found

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themselves chained with one chain face to face in prison. Here they began to compare notes, and in their trouble to pray to the Lord for deliverance and He used the matter in both cases, I trust, to break them thoroughly from their old superstitions and lead them to Christ. Each received one blow with a bamboo for each adherent they had gained to the secret sect, and each acknowledged that it was the due reward of his sin.

‘I had long lost sight of Ma, and had been hoping to hear of him again. I was therefore pleased to learn that he was in the city of Lao Ping, some seventeen miles away, and to hear something of him from Kuo, who was among the candidates for baptism. When, after a good day’s preaching, my helper and I arrived at Lao Ping, it was quite dark, and we did not know where to find Ma, and felt perplexed as to how to set about inquiring for him. We had asked to be led to the right inn, and—rather an unusual thing—we had to go about from one to another before we could find a suitable place. But I was no sooner partially settled in my room than in marched our friend Ma. We rejoiced at this manifest answer to prayer, and it was that night, while they shared a room together, that he opened his heart to Li Pai, my helper, and told him his strange experience and the way in which he had been led back to seek the Lord once more. We hope he will come and stay with us in the first month of the Chinese New Year.

‘We were much encouraged by the many interesting audiences and the friendly attitude of the people

Openings for Work

in most places. I was greatly touched in one place where the people were opposed and the boys had thrown clay and pebbles through the paper windows of the room in which I was resting. An elderly teacher named Yen called my helper aside, and asked him to come and stay with him for the night, on the pretext that the accommodation in the inn was not sufficient for all of us. In reality it was to get my helper to join him in standing guard over my window, lest I should be annoyed in the night. This I found they had done, but not until we had left the place next day. I have much hopes that this man is a really interested inquirer, and know you will rejoice with us in these tokens of blessing.'

Letters like these—and they could be multiplied a thousandfold from the missionary community in China—show what openings for Christian work abound on all sides, and no wonder Mr. Pigott yearned for men to come and take advantage of them, the more so as he felt that the time was short. In one of these letters from Shou Yang to Mrs. Kemp the following remarkable words occur, which come to us with added force, since the writer has been called to 'lay down his life for the faithful testimony he witnessed.

'How shall we look upon the investment of our life and labour here, even from the near standpoint of one hundred years hence?—near, to those whose glorious prospect of life and hope knows no end or limit in the kingdom of God! I am, I can truly say, more grateful every day for the opportunity, and I believe this to be the only true, sober view of realities.

Life at Shou Yang

The work pressed well home now, will make all the difference a few years hence, besides which, with Armenia before us, we dare not count too much on future years. How suddenly the work was arrested and the door shut for much hoped-for labour there!

CHAPTER X

Home Life at Shou Yang, and Last
Months of Service

*Thou art keeping, while the silver moonbeams
Fall soft and clear,
Thou art keeping Thine own tired children
Far and near.*

*Thou art keeping, while the pearly morning
Steals up the East,
Art preparing for Thy waking children
A royal feast.*

*Thou art gently casting o'er them the shadow
Of Thy wings ;
Stilling lovingly the mighty sorrow
This world brings.*

*For oftentimes, when sad and worn and weary
With weight of care,
Thou givest them to catch the heavenly music
For them made clear.*

*Thou givest them to see with purged vision
Their Father's hand
To look upon, though through a lattice dimly,
The Better Land.*

FROM "KEEPING," JEAN SOPHIA FIGOTT.

Home Life at Shou Yang, and Last Months of Service

THE home at Shou Yang, in spite of lights and shadows in the work, with anxiety and sickness from time to time, was very happy for the eight years during which the work was carried on there. Mr. and Mrs. Pigott were only sixty miles from Tai Yüan Fu, and so were able to enjoy something of the society of their brother and sister Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Edwards, with their children. Mrs. Edwards's reminiscences of the Shou Yang life will interest the younger readers of this book.

'If Wellesley's cousins and their friend Harold used to look forward long beforehand to the Christmas holidays and the coming of Wellesley and his parents to Tai Yüan Fu, with still greater eagerness did they count the days to the summer holidays and the two days' journey over the mountains to Shou Yang, delightful Shou Yang! Not every one would have so described it, for there were some not delightful things about it; but to the Tai Yüan Fu children and their parents it was one of the pleasantest places imaginable. Kind Uncle Tom was there with his

Home Life at Shou Yang

merry jokes and fun, and Aunt Jessie always planning for everybody's happiness, and making excursions and picnics fit in with her work of visiting the villages.

'Sometimes the journey to Shou Yang took more than two days, as for instance when Mrs. Edwards had to go there in the rainy season. She set off in a litter carried by two mules with Harold and George, five and four years old respectively, in panniers on a donkey. Wellesley's father came half-way to meet them on his pony, and they spent the night in the house of a good old evangelist of the Baptist Mission, where the missionaries used to enjoy staying, instead of going to an inn. The next morning they set off early, but soon the rain began to fall, and the roads got into such a state of slippery red mud that the mules could not keep their feet, and came down again and again.

'At last the litter had to be left in a roadside inn, and the bedding and baggage put on the mules, the little boys crouching cosily in their panniers under a mackintosh. Even so, however, they were unable to proceed very far, and were obliged to put up in a little dirty inn with ragged paper windows, for two or three days. Here they were somewhat tormented by creatures which George described as "round things like ladybirds without wings!" When their money and provisions were exhausted Mr. Pigott talked of pawning his watch, for every Chinese town has its pawnshop. Happily this was not necessary, for to the great joy of the travellers the sun at length shone out, and the roads began to be passable, and a few

Wolves in Shou Yang

hours' ride, up hill and down dale and through not a few streams, Mr. Pigott and the serving boy walking, brought them to the door of the Shou Yang Mission House, where the welcome from Wellesley and his mother made them feel the difficulties of the journey not worth remembering.

'One of the pleasures of Shou Yang was to go with spade and bucket down to the wide, stony, sandy bed of the stream which flowed not far from the city walls, where the children played or paddled in the river while their mothers talked or sewed on the bank. Sometimes, towards autumn especially, their attention would be attracted by strange cries overhead, and looking up they could see far away in the blue, blue sky great flocks of geese or storks or other birds winging their way southwards.

'The first home at Shou Yang was a rather stuffy little house inside the city walls. The one outside the walls to which they went afterwards, though small, had fields at the back which stretched away to the hills, and here they often walked, accompanied by their fine yellow dog Hoo Bah, with his bushy tail and black tongue. He went for protection as well as play, for there was always a possibility of a wolf springing out upon them from the long corn.'

Wolves were very numerous in that part of China. Mr. Pigott on one occasion saw a child sitting at a cottage door as he passed, and on returning heard that a wolf had seized it! He gave chase to the wolf, but did not succeed in rescuing the poor little child in time to save its life. One of the native Christians lost some of his children through wolves

Home Life at Shou Yang

leaping into his yard and carrying them off, and the neighbours tempted him with the suggestion that it was because of his being a Christian that this trouble came on him. However, neither his sorrow nor their taunts succeeded in turning him away from Christ.

Mr. Pigott bought a wolf-trap in Peking, and explained its use to some villagers in the wolf-infested districts, but found that none of them would use it, from the fear that in killing the wolves they would incur the wrath of some of their ancestors who might be living in the bodies of these animals. Mr. Pigott very often carried a long stick, to defend himself if any of these beasts should attack him when out in the country.

Wellesley's aunt thus describes other pictures of the Shou Yang life: 'We always take a few tracts when we go out, and the children enjoy helping to distribute them. As a rule they are accepted with apparent pleasure, and when refused, as often happens, because the people cannot read, the offer of a tract often opens the way for useful conversation. We went on one occasion to see the policeman's wife, and found her not far from her house getting in her buckwheat, in a very leisurely fashion, it must be confessed. She was sitting on the ground, with teapot and basin close by, pulling up the crimson-stalked grain by the roots and laying it in bundles, a labourer working with her. We sat down beside her and had a talk, and then set to work to help her, and soon cleared a good patch. It was a peaceful, beautiful scene, the fields all aglow with the last golden rays of the sun just sinking behind the hills.

Children at Shou Yang

'The old labourer asked Jessie if it was not true that the foreigners' eyes could see into the ground and get the money out, and when she said, "Oh no! our eyes can see no further than yours," he said, "Then wherever do you get your money from?" He said also that he came to the chapel, and his friends asked him why he did so, as the foreigners could want nothing with such an old man except to do him an injury. "But," he continued, "I tell them the foreigners may cut me up and eat me if they like; I am not afraid, I shall go and see them." He did not seem, however, to know anything of the Gospel.'

The picture facing page 158 shows a merry party of children going out for a picnic. Tom Kay, who sits on the front of the cart, was Wellesley's companion in work and in play for some months. His father, mother, and little sister were martyred some time after the missionaries at Tai Yüan. After Tom Kay went to school at Chefoo, Wellesley was delighted to have Carl and Lena Hall, the children of an American medical missionary, to do lessons with him until he went home in 1896.

The summer of 1894 was made particularly happy by the visit of an aunt from England. This pleasure all too soon came to an end, when she had to return home. The day after she left, with Harold and his mother, they were made still sadder by Wellesley's little cousin, John Edwards, falling ill of fever. He was his Aunt Jessie's special pet, and she and Miss Brown helped his parents to nurse him, till at last, by God's goodness, he recovered, and

Home Life at Shou Yang

great was the joy of the nurses and the jubilation of the children when the little patient began to take notice of what was going on, and ask to 'show pictures of birds to poor puss,' and have the lily and geranium blossoms on the table put in his hands. But in April, 1896, little John was called Home by a sudden attack of croup. Mr. and Mrs. Pigott hastened from Shou Yang at an hour's notice to the comfort and help of the bereaved parents, and arranged to take charge of their work while they went for rest and change to the kind and hospitable American missionaries in the stations a few miles to the south. Ere this visit was over Mr. Pigott had been laid low with a severe attack of scarlet fever, and his life was almost despaired of; but by God's good hand on those who loved him so dearly, and on the needy heathen, he was restored to them for four more fruitful years.

The following extracts are from letters written home by Mrs. Edwards about this time:—

'June 13, 1896.

'DARLING MOTHER,—It is indeed, as you remind us, sweet to think of that happy land not far away, where the inhabitant shall no more say, "I am sick." Tom's illness has been a great strain on Jessie. Now we are very glad in the near prospect of disinfection and renewed intercourse with the children. It has been a great thing having them close at hand in the ladies' house, and thus being able to see and speak to them two or three times a day. They seem very happy. . . .

Last Letters

'We had a very happy celebration of George's birthday. The children came over to meals for the first time since Tom was ill. It was delightful having them back again. We set out for our early constitutional soon after 6 a.m.—some on ponies, the rest in a cart—and took biscuits and cold coffee and cocoa with us.

'I needn't tell you how glad we are to have got through the disinfecting process. We had plenty of help, but the men take some overlooking. The two whom I had set to do the floors with scrubbing-brush and a cloth, J—— found working away with her loofah, which they evidently thought a very superior scrubber.'

The last year's letters from Shou Yang were very bright. There was a great deal of trouble to be borne, but Christ drew very near and strengthened His children to glorify Him. Early in 1900 a Conference of missionaries was held in Tai Yüan Fu, and proved a time of great blessing. It was held in the hospital chapel, which could accommodate three hundred people, and the missionaries and members of all the missions working in the district united. Mr. Pigott took the Sunday morning service, preaching on the saving grace of Jesus Christ, when the chapel was packed to its utmost limits. One of those present wrote about it: 'We had prepared for long, we had sought the blessing, and needed it, and God gave it.' Mrs. Edwards writes regarding it: 'Was not the Lord preparing and strengthening His people for the swiftly approaching fiery trial that was to be the chariot

Home Life at Shou Yang

bearing them to His immediate presence?' Mrs. Pigott wrote: 'Seven of our men and elder boys went to the Conference. Mr. Farthing gave a lecture on the functions of the prophets and their writings. It was decided that this would be too difficult a subject for most Chinese women, and I was asked to hold a women's meeting simultaneously. After giving as long an address as I thought wise on the precious gifts of God, I suggested that any who wished to tell us of any special mercy they had received might do so, and several did very nicely. After this Miss B. said: "I should like to bear witness that God answers prayer. I prayed ten years for my younger brother and he was converted, and three months after God took him home. Do not lose a heart of hope. I knew of a mother who prayed twenty-five years for a very wicked son, and now he is saving many others."'

The missionaries' spiritual life was greatly strengthened by an address given by Mr. Grant, of Singapore, Mrs. Lovitt's father, which was interpreted by Mr. Beynon. This address had been the subject of special prayer beforehand, and that prayer was abundantly answered. Mr. Beynon could hear, what did not reach the audience, Mr. Grant's prayers between whiles: 'Lord, help him! O Lord, help him now!' Mr. Beynon wrote of his share in the meeting: 'My brethren gave to me what was the greatest privilege of the whole—the privilege of interpreting for Mr. Grant. It is only God who knows how much I had shrunk from this duty, but I am very glad over it now. I question whether any one

The Discipline of Life

enjoyed that address as I did. Next day Mr. Pigott preached the best sermon given in that chapel for many a long day—"The saving grace of Jesus Christ." At 10.30 we had a prayer-meeting . . . the manifestation of Christ was there. . . . Friday evening, Communion; dead tired, some of us were, but it proved, nevertheless, the "Cup of Blessing, the Fellowship of the Body of Christ." No jarring notes this time. God helped us to get down to the foundations where we are all one, and kept us there. . . . I believe every missionary present has been really blessed. Do you now pray that the blessing may abide! What has been the leading thought of the Conference? That all we need is Christ, to see Him, to gaze upon Him, to rest in Him, and He is ours.'

We quote some selections from Mrs. Pigott's later letters, written some months before the end, at a time of very heavy trial. Surely her Father was Himself training her in holiness and gentleness, and making her 'meet to be partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light.'

'April 4, 1900.

'Do you remember reading Canon Butler's Life? I have often thought how Mrs. Josephine Butler said every work she visited on the Continent seemed to have passed through a crisis and apparent failure before obtaining success, and it has cheered me. If God's infinite grace is to conform us to the image of His Son, may it not be that in our work for Him we may need to know something of what He suffered in the desertion of those we have sought to help and

Home Life at Shou Yang

serve? Certainly we may have fellowship with Him in suffering, even though ours may be in a measure caused by want of tact. Still, as far as it was in our power, we have striven to do our best for our fellow-workers. It does seem far too great a glory to look forward to, to be like Him. We never could have imagined such blessedness, and yet it is a glorious certainty!

‘Wellesley is much engrossed with the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and reads it every evening.’

The little pilgrim's feet were getting near the end of the journey, for it was only three months more to the end, and the City that shone like the sun was almost in sight.

‘It isn't strange that we should have trials, when the Captain of our Salvation was made perfect through suffering. I only wish I could rejoice always in such tokens of our Father's love.

‘We both felt God's presence and help with us, and can say, “I will bless the Lord at all times, and His praise shall continually be in my mouth.”

‘It is dark, but I feel the morning will dawn yet.’

✓ The letters of 1900 convey no hint of the awful storm that was gathering. Bright, brave, and cheerful, full of hope in God's blessing on their work! We subjoin one such from Mr. Pigott to his brother, Dr. W. F. Pigott.

‘April 29, 1900.

‘We have trials and joys strangely blended, and Satan is active as usual. I have found a trusted

Encouragements in Service

native helper gone wrong, and trying his best to upset others and make mischief. I fear he must go, and our work suffer; but that may not be; God can work with few as well as with many. This is our sorrow; our joy is that to-day six—three men and three women—rose in our chapel to announce their resolve and desire to be Christians, and last week six others, who for a long time have been under teaching and observation, have been accepted for baptism. Two are women, and four men, one of them our young medical assistant, who has been with us now about seven years, and who lately has shown signs of spiritual life, and begun to work for the Lord. Another is Li Pai the shepherd's brother, who once was a bitter opposer, but now is a happy, faithful Christian man.

'Jessie is cheered in that three of those who made profession, and two of those accepted for baptism, are women. The women's work has been very hard and slow, so we praise God for this encouragement. Our faith is often tried, as we look forward now that we have no helpers and are alone in the work. I should say rather we have none on whom we have any claim, for Mrs. Beynon helps Jessie well, and Mr. Robinson and Miss Duval are pleasant and helpful, and both hope by and by to do mission work. Our stay is that it is God's work, and we are His, and He knows, and will supply all our need. Pray that the work of God may not suffer, but that we may be kept in health and strength, and be given the needed wisdom, and true helpers of God's own choice. I should just like to run in to you for a chat. God bless the

Home Life at Shou Yang

Medical Mission more and more. I hope that you see blessing in the work.'

Deeply as Mr. Pigott was interested in China, it did not monopolise all his interest. He had a warm affection for the work of the Irish Church Missions, and the wellbeing of the late Mrs. Smyly's Homes for destitute children in his native land were constantly inquired after by him in home letters. Work amongst the Jews also interested him deeply, and both he and Jessie were almost as full of loving sympathy with the work of the Dublin Medical Mission, to which his brother was doctor, as if it had been their own mission in China.

Some of the letters, however, allude to the long-continued drought, which gave cause for uneasiness lest it might lead to a famine. On April 14 Mrs. Pigott wrote :—

'Mrs. Whitehouse brought the waterproof on Saturday, and it seemed like irony, bringing one to such a dried-up place. Nevertheless, I had the pleasure of wearing it to-day. How we have longed for rain you can imagine better than I can describe. We have had hardly an inch of snow the whole winter, so that the country has been practically dry for seven months. One day clouds came and a few heavy drops fell, but alas! they vanished without leaving us a shower. The natives say if the rain does not come now they cannot sow, and it will be worse than the great famine, because owing to previous scarcity there are no reserves of food, and so many more people take opium.'

The Last Tidings

This long-continued drought was used by the anti-foreign party to excite the common people against the foreigners.

The last notes of their work, written in May, are all in the same bright tone as the letter just quoted. Mrs. Pigott says, May 1: 'You will be glad to hear we accepted six for baptism last week. One old woman had been an inquirer nearly six years, but as she was very ignorant and poor we were doubtful. However, on Thursday the other Christians were unanimous in wishing her baptized. She whispered to me rather mysteriously the Sunday before that she had a poor woman she wanted me to see. So I went the next day with the children, and found a poor creature, a former neighbour of hers whom she had taken in because her husband had been starving her, and then beaten her to prevent her telling any one. He dresses very well, and wanted to keep up the appearance of a gentleman, and his wife had no near relatives to take her part. I found Mrs. Hsueh had been feeding her six days, and when I asked her how she managed to do so she replied that she "Just made her own porridge a little thinner."' "

This was the poor woman to whom Wellesley and his companions gave their own cash.

Owing to the reports in the daily papers great anxiety was felt in June by some in this country, and a telegram was sent to Mr. Pigott on June 20, to which he replied, 'Safe, hopeful.' The brave word 'hopeful' doubtless covered cause for great anxiety. After the courier of May 14 no letters reached the coast, but letters written by Mr. and Mrs. Pigott to

Home Life at Shou Yang

their colleagues at Tai Yüan Fu have been recovered by Dr. Edwards. They bear the dates June 11, one; June 23, one; and on June 27, five.

The first is from Mr. Pigott to Mr. Hoddle.

‘I hear you are working to get up a petition from missionaries to the consul, asking that pressure be brought to bear on those in high places to have this Fu T’ai removed. I would like to pass on some good advice received from a friend who had more to do with consuls than most. This was a warning against giving or seeming to give advice, or point out the right line of conduct. This is often resented, and hinders the attainment of the object sought after. Rather state facts, and leave the choice of the course of action to those in power. Besides this strong reason for refraining to plead for change of Fu T’ai, I fear if we failed the thing would become known through the Chinese about the consul, and might result seriously for us. There are many idle rumours afloat, may we be kept resting in the love and care of “our Father.”

‘He knows and cares and keeps. With love,

‘Yours in the Lord,

‘T. W. PIGOTT.’

The next letter is to the Rev. G. B. Farthing, of the Baptist Missionary Society.

‘SHOU YANG, *June* 11, 1900.

‘MY DEAR MR. FARTHING,—Your letters came in good time, and have gone on with the messengers. Thanks for reassuring news *re* the rumours afloat just now. This place is full of them, the people

Boxer Troubles

being assured that we shall all very shortly be killed; that between the new Fu T'ai and the Boxers we have no chance. It appears that on Thursday last a troop—about 300 they say—of Kansuh soldiers passed through here from the east and spread the news. I am told that all the shopkeepers have received notice, in the form of a circular or tract, and that this states that wherever idols have been put away, there all will be killed. This has made things lively for the time, and I was twice threatened yesterday on my way from our out-station. All this has begun since the new Fu T'ai's appointment. My carter¹ was stopped and beaten on the road near Shih Tieh because he was recognised as belonging to foreigners. This was shortly before the Fu T'ai's arrival, but after his appointment, and the very day he passed, we had stones thrown into our room. His dislike to foreigners may not have anything to do with this, but it is a curious coincidence that the Boxers' propaganda should become so active immediately after he gets settled in office. The consul, I feel, should be kept informed of what passes, but I was once warned that only harm would come of dictating a line of conduct to him. I hear Mr. Huddle wants him to petition for a change of Fu T'ai. I fear such action on our part would only do harm and increase difficulties. Trusting you are all well,

'I remain, yours sincerely,

'T. W. PIGOTT.'

¹ Li Pai's brother, Pai Hen. He was asked, 'Have you followed the foreigners?' and on his replying, 'I have become a Christian, and if you kill me I will not change,' they set upon him and beat him, though not seriously.

Home Life at Shou Yang

'I was surprised to find that my answer to your kind letter *re* the application to the Tao T'ai had not been sent. Please excuse the delay. I now send it with this. It seems to me that it is time some steps were taken by us in this province to communicate with the coast and with the consul along some route other than the ordinary one, and I write to you to suggest that you should consult with friends and send off such a courier. We here are very short of funds, as I believe several others are also, and I should be glad to share the expenses of such an effort. From what I can gather there would be no difficulty in any man getting through, if he had nothing about him to identify him with foreigners. I should judge that if he had nothing but letters directed in native style he could both go and come and bring up bank drafts, which, at present, seem to be the chief need.

'Here we meet with no trouble, and have been quite quiet during the passage of the Tai Yüan troops. They have all gone to Peking by forced marches, and one of our Christians who is employed in the yamen, says that troops from four other provinces are shortly to pass here also. Now the people on the street have been trying to induce them as they passed to attack us. So I am told, and as this might be serious in the case of other troops, I should be very much obliged if you would send in another Ping Tieh, notifying the Tao T'ai of the matter.

'The Fu T'ai is on his way to the capital, and orders have come for his reception here on the 3rd. I hope

Outbreak of Rioting

it may prove that he is to be removed from here. Report goes that he desires to petition for leave to fight the foreigners. I hope things may be better for his absence, and that matters may be righted at Peking before he returns. I hear he brought up Boxers in his staff of followers, and have no doubt that the whole thing is part of a plan carried on by those in high places. If our European Governments see this and act promptly, I expect that the trick will be given up shortly, but if the plea of "We can't help it," and "Beyond our control" is allowed, things may drag on for some time to come. I trust that you are all well, and being kept free of anxiety.'

On June 27, Mr. and Mrs. Pigott wrote four letters to Tai Yüan, one of which was to Miss Coombs, who that day was called, the first of that little band, to lay down her life for Christ. The teacher of the Tai Yüan Fu girls' school, Chang Wen Tsui, gives the following particulars of her martyrdom:—

'It must have been about 10 p.m. when the rioters broke into Dr. Lovitt's court, setting fire to the buildings, and we all, Chinese and foreigners, had to retreat into a tiny court with two rooms. After staying here for some time it was decided to make an attempt to reach Pastor Farthing's house (about half a mile distant). The missionaries had three revolvers. Dr. Lovitt led the way, Mrs. Lovitt, Mrs. Simpson carrying Mrs. Lovitt's little Jack, Mrs. Stokes and Pastor Simpson following. Then came the school girls, Lao Chen carrying a sick one on his back, and Miss Coombs leading Ai Tao

Home Life at Shou Yang

by the hand. Pastor Stokes and Dr. Wilson were behind, walking backwards. Mrs. Wilson and her little boy had previously gone to spend the evening with Mr. Farthing. Every few steps some one would ask, "Are we all here?"

'At the big gate we found the rioters had built a large fire to impede our escape. By keeping close to the wall we managed to pass without being burnt.

'The crowd was very boisterous, and one man who tried to stop the party was shot down. Lao Chen with the sick girl could not keep up with the others, and in the excitement Miss Coombs and we were left behind. With one hand Miss Coombs was helping to support Rong Tsz and with the other led Ai Tao, when I tripped over the body of the man who had been shot. On rising I looked round, but could see nothing of my companions in the darkness. I waited some time at the corner of the street, and at last Lao Chen and Rong Tsz came up, who said that Miss Coombs and Ai Tao had been dragged back, and they saw no more of them!

'Lao Chen was very tired, so we all sat down by the side of the street, wondering where the others were and what we should do. At last we decided to go to Mrs. Beynon's, which was not far away, and which we reached about daylight, receiving a warm welcome from Pastor and Mrs. Beynon and the children.'

It was not till the missionaries had reached Pastor Farthing's that they discovered to their dismay Miss Coombs was missing. Immediately they sent messengers to the houses of Pastor Beynon and some

Martyrdom of Miss Coombs

of the Chinese Christians, in the hope that she might have escaped elsewhere, but no trace could be found of her, and before long Mr. K'ung learned that she had been burnt. Ai Tao, who survived, relates that when they were dragged back Miss Coombs was struck on the head with a brick, and they both fell. Miss Coombs tried to protect her saying, 'Don't be afraid, we shall soon be in a place of peace!' On rising to her feet she begged the rioters to save the girl, even if they killed her. A man then snatched Ai Tao away, while others rushed Miss Coombs into the fire. Twice she came out of the flames, and when thrust in again she knelt in prayer. Then they threw a door and table upon her, and she went to the Lord. The next day, when Mr. K'ung and another ventured to the spot, they found her charred remains, which they buried in the mission garden.

The letter written to Miss Coombs, referred to above, runs as follows:—

· 'MY OWN DEAREST EDITH,—When day after day the clouds are driven away by wind, and we have no rain, we can only say, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" and our tender Father must have some great purpose in thus testing the faith of His children. At the prayer-meeting this evening Li Pai took 1 Pet., "The trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth." The rain began just at the close of the prayer-meeting. Hallelujah! Please share this with Mrs. Stokes, as I am very tired. This afternoon, after dressing the woman's leg, I unpacked stores to send a little to

Home Life at Shou Yang

Mrs. Beynon, as hers have not arrived, and three prayer-meetings take both time and strength, which one does not grudge. Please give my love to the ladies, each one.

‘Have you heard that T’ung Chow College has been burnt down, and the missionaries had to take refuge in Peking? Mr. Bridge writes that they heard 4,000 foreign troops were marching on Peking to rescue it, but what that meant he did not know.

‘This afternoon Li Pai saw a proclamation put up by order of the Fu T’ai, commanding the people to mind their own business and not listen to foolish rumours. He did not read all, but understood that much. You will hear from Lao An what a riot they had at T’ai Ku. I hope Mr. and Mrs. Atwater will soon reach Tai Yüan Fu safely. Please give her my love, and with much to you and Mrs. Stokes,

‘Ever yours affectionately,

‘E. JESSIE PIGOTT.’

Then follows a letter to Mrs. Beynon from Mrs. Pigott, telling of the wild rumours before alluded to, and rejoicing that they were kept in perfect peace notwithstanding, and one from Mr. Pigott to Mr. Beynon. He says in the latter:—

‘We had just risen from our meeting, where our text had been, “I am poor and needy, make no tarrying, O my God,” when we found nice rain falling. I expect full answers to our prayers in God’s good time. “My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus,” has been much of a help to me. This time has driven the Christians

Last Letters

to their Bibles for comfort, and so has been a blessing. One whom I had looked on with doubt made me glad by saying that his Bible was his comfort while reproached and anxious. God grant it may be more and more so! We have a favourable edict out here from the Pu Chen Si Fu T'ai, I believe. The Fu T'ai is going to the capital, let us hope not to return. The yamen has orders to prepare for him on the 3rd. I trust you are all well; you must return here if health needs it.

'Yours in our Blessed Hope,

'T. W. PIGOTT.

'My love to the children.'

These are the last communications extant from Mr. and Mrs. Pigott. They were kept in peace, waiting patiently on God, content with His will, whatever it might bring, believing, as Mr. Pigott wrote, that 'He knows and cares and keeps.'

'Well does He know each chequered vale
As He looks on the joyous band.
All the lights and shadows that crossed their path
In the distant pilgrim land;
The heart's unspoken anguish,
The bitter sighs and tears,
The long, long hours of watching,
The changeful hopes and fears!

They've seen the safely garnered sheaves,
And the song has been passing sweet
Which welcomed the last incoming one
Laid down at their Saviour's feet.
Oh! well does His heart remember,
As those notes of praise sweep by,
The yearning, plaintive music
Of earth's sad minstrelsy.'—*The Harvest Home.*

CHAPTER XI

Faithful Unto Death



THE CHAPEL AT SHOU YANG.
THE CHAPEL AFTER BEING LOOTED BY THE RIOTERS.

Faithful unto Death

THE summer of 1900 will never be forgotten by those whose loved ones were then in North China. Rumours in the daily papers led to sickening apprehension, alternations of hopes and fears, long-continued suspense, and at last the terrible certainty that a fierce persecution was devastating the Church of Christ in China, that in Shansi alone one hundred and fifty-nine foreigners, men, women, and little children, had been massacred, exclusive of native Christians. The religious Press has passed over in comparative silence this most momentous event in modern missions, and failed to bring home the lessons to the Christian Church. ¹

On the morning of July 19 the announcement appeared in one of the Irish daily papers that a terrible massacre of missionaries had taken place at Tai Yüan Fu. Scarcely believing it possible, and yet with heavy hearts, we assembled at family prayer, and it seemed a confirmation of our fears when the

¹ For further particulars on the subject of this chapter see Dr. Edwards' *Fire and Sword in Shansi*.

Faithful unto Death

words of the prayer for the nineteenth of the month from the Gleaners' Union cycle of prayer were heard from the lips of T. W. Pigott's brother, as he led our worship—

'O Almighty God, who hast taught us that if a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it bringeth forth much fruit, we humbly beseech Thee on behalf of those who in the Fuh-Kien province and elsewhere throughout the Chinese Empire loved not their lives unto the death, that their labours and deaths may be precious in Thy sight, and that out of them as well as out of the labours of all others, the missionaries and native Christians, Thy Church may be strengthened to be steadfast, and in all things faithful unto death, to the end that Thou mayest gather into Thy garner an abundant harvest of men and women, and mayest shortly accomplish the number of Thine elect, and hasten Thy Kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

The tidings of the massacre at Tai Yüan Fu came in the first instance from Chinese sources, as all the Europeans were martyred. The Baptist *Missionary Herald* of January, 1901, contained the following account: 'The first authentic intimation of the gathering storm seems to have been a letter received early in June, written by one of the Pao Ting Fu missionaries, telling of the tearing up of the railway between Pao Ting Fu and Peking, and of the murder of the Belgian engineers. Yü Hsien arrived at Tai Yüan Fu to enter upon his office in the latter part of April, at which time there was not the slightest suspicion of trouble anywhere in Shansi. Within ten days the Boxers had broken out in the southern part

The Extermination Edict

of the province. On June 21 or 22, Mr. Farthing wrote a letter to Mr. Dixon, which the latter translated to Evangelist Chao (then in Hsin Chou), in which he said that the Tai Yüan Fu telegraph clerk had told him that there was a secret edict from the empress which had come by telegraph that all the foreigners were to be killed. "I do not know," the letter continued, "whether this is true or not; but, Dixon, if it is true I am ready, and do not fear. If such be God's will, I can even rejoice to die." Mr. Dixon's comment to Chao as he translated was, "And I feel just the same."

'What the telegraph clerk communicated to Mr. Farthing was all too true. Yü Hsien, in his savage gluttony for foreign lives, made the edict known to the people before there was time to embody it in a proclamation, with the result that the riff-raff of the city were seething with excitement. So it was that on the morning of June 27 Dr. Edwards's premises were burnt down by the mob, not the Boxers.

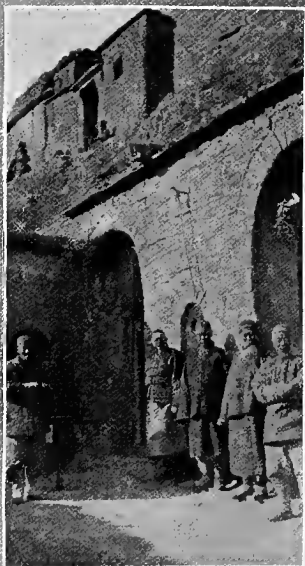
'Soon after the middle of July it was generally reported in Peking and Tientsin that Yü Hsien, the viceroy, had sent a memorial to the empress saying that, having persuaded the foreigners to come to his yamen by offering them protection, he had immediately caused them all to be put to death by the sword, and what reward was he to obtain?'

But few reliable details concerning the missionaries at Shou Yang were known till after Dr. Edwards, return to China in the autumn of 1900 to make inquiries about their fate, and to bring help to the surviving Chinese Christians.

Faithful unto Death

In the beginning of June the missionaries began to feel uneasy as to the condition of affairs. There were many rumours abroad, accusing the Christians of poisoning the wells, of marking their neighbours' doors with mystic signs to bring evil upon them, and of other malpractices. Mr. Beynon had brought his wife and children home to Tai Yüan from Shou Yang, and Mr. and Mrs. Stokes, who had also been visiting Tom and Jessie, had returned to Tai Yüan on the 23rd of June. From the letters that passed between the missionaries quoted in the preceding chapter, it will be gathered that they did not even then apparently anticipate anything more serious than being cut off from communication with the coast, and consequently running short of funds. Early on Friday, June 29, however, a letter came to Mr. Pigott from Mr. Stokes, with the sorrowful tidings of the death of Miss Coombs and the destruction of the hospital, and at the same time he got a message from the Shou Yang mandarin that he was unable to protect him any longer, having been forbidden to do so by the governor.

Mr. and Mrs. Pigott immediately called together Mr. Robinson, Miss Duval and the Chinese Christians on the premises, to consult as to what should be done. One of them and his wife, a patient in the hospital, pressed them to go at once to stay with them at Peh Liang Shan, a tiny village of ten families, five of which were Christian. It lay fifteen miles south of Shou Yang, in a thinly populated district. This noble offer, which in the end cost the greater number of the family who made it their lives, was accepted.



VILLAGE OF PEH LIANG SHAN.

COURT OF HOUSE IN WHICH
MR. PIGOTT AND HIS
FRIENDS TOOK REFUGE,

A BELL TOWER OF A
CHINESE TEMPLE,

Flight to Peh Liang Shan

After sitting down to a hurried meal while a servant went out to pay one or two bills, their bedding and a few necessaries were put upon two donkeys, the three ponies were saddled for the ladies and children, and they set off for the village, which they did not reach till after dark. Their faithful Wang Ten Ren begged to go with them, but Mr. and Mrs. Pigott would not hear of his leaving his wife and children, so they were accompanied by Li Pai, the shepherd, Miao, an inn-keeper, and his son, Heh Keo, a lad of sixteen—all three Christians—and the cook, Yao Chien Hsiang.

The weary travellers thankfully took up their abode in two small cave rooms, dug like the rest of the village out of the loess hillside, and faced with stone, lighted only by little paper-covered windows over the doors. That night passed quietly, but the next day, June 30, they were surprised by the arrival of numbers of people, who kept coming from morning till night to see the foreigners, and talked about the doings of the Boxers, and the destruction of the mission premises in other places. That night brought heavy rain, and the next day, Sunday, July 1, they were left in comparative quiet. Two inquirers came, and related how the Shou Yang Mission House and dispensary had been pillaged.

Early on July 2 a man came with the tidings that that very morning the Boxers had burnt the homes of three Christians in the village of Cheng Chi Po, two miles off. This man had hardly finished speaking when another man came, to say that not only had the houses been burnt, but that five or six Christians had been killed in the same place, and two in a neigh-

Faithful unto Death

bouring village. This news soon spread, and in the afternoon crowds again began to gather, and to steal not only the few things the missionaries had with them, but also the goods of the village Christians. It is said that Mr. Pigott tried to restrain the pillagers by reminding them of the work, medical and otherwise, he had done among them during the past years, but all to no purpose. He then pointed to a revolver which Mr. Robinson had brought as a protection against wolves, and said, "We could kill at least six of you; but we do not wish to do so. If you wish to kill us you may do so." Some of those standing round said, "We don't wish to kill you, but only to get your goods."

As messenger after messenger brought fresh tidings of the ravages of the Boxers, the missionaries felt that the wisest plan under the circumstances was to give themselves up to the Shou Yang mandarin, as by remaining where they were they would not only be themselves killed, but bring the same fate on their kind hosts. The ponies, which had been left in the care of a non-Christian, had not been stolen, so they were saddled, and the little party, after a prayer-meeting outside the village, set forth on their sorrowful return to the city. How it reminds one of that journey taken by their Master who, when the time came that He should be received up, steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem!

The roads were very slippery with the recent rains, and it was quite dark when they reached the river outside Shou Yang, which they succeeded in crossing in safety, though not without getting very wet and

Return to Shou Yang

muddy. Here the Chinese who had so bravely remained with them fled for their own lives, as they heard men calling out, "The foreign devils have come back." And again we think of our dear Lord and Master, when all His disciples forsook Him and fled, and are kept from judging too severely these sorely tempted Chinese Christians, still babes in Christ. May there come to them such a Pentecostal blessing as to the disciples of old, and courage be given them to witness for Him as Peter did after the outpouring of the Holy Spirit!'

On going to their own home in the east suburb the missionaries found it sealed by the official, so they went on into the city to the magistrate's yamen, where they were at once admitted, and given two very dirty little rooms usually occupied by yamen runners. Li Pai says that he hid in an empty shed outside the north gate for several days, coming out at night to listen to the conversation on the streets, that he might know what had become of his dear pastor, during which time he lived on unripe wheat and a little grass.

On July 23, while in his hiding-place, he heard people rushing by in great excitement, and afterwards learned that seven Christians had that day been arrested and massacred outside the city gate. Some months after he was told by Li Lan Su that among the number arrested was Mi Sien Seng, the boys' school teacher, who, when taken before the mandarin and Boxer leader and ordered to recant, expostulated with the official, and was killed with great barbarity. Though all this happened before Mr. Pigott left

Faithful unto Death

Shou Yang, he was not informed of it by Li Lan Su, as he knew it would be such a grief to him. Li Pai gathered from the conversation he heard that the missionaries had been arrested that night, and placed in the guard-house of the yamen. Other accounts are that they gave themselves up, hoping to secure the yamen protection.

The next day the Boxers heard that the missionaries were at the yamen, and wanted to kill them all ; but the mandarin said the matter was in the hands of the governor (Yü Hsien), and that he must hand them over to him. The mandarin appointed Li Lan Su, a Christian who was employed in the yamen, to look after them, but gave nothing for their support, so Mrs. Pigott pawned her ring to provide food. They were kept three days in the guard-house, all seven shut up in the same apartment. Before leaving on July 6, Mr. Pigott gave two of his horses to the mandarin, and one to the head of the warders, and Li Lan Su bought them provisions, eggs and bread for the journey.

On the previous night they had a visit from their devoted servant Ten Ren. Mr. Pigott entrusted him with a letter to his friends in England, but Ten Ren, fearing his life would be sought by the Boxers, gave it into his wife's charge. Soon after Ten Ren was arrested, and brought before the mandarin, a military official, and a Boxer leader. They drew a circle on the floor, and inside it the figure of a cross, and asked him to insult it, to show that he would leave the Christian Church. But Ten Ren was not ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and nobly refusing

Massacre of Native Christians

to deny his Lord, was led away and put to death. His widow, a trustworthy Christian woman, was compelled to marry the son of a renegade Christian. This man took possession of that last sacred message which Mr. Pigott had entrusted to Ten Ren, and there is grave reason to fear it has been destroyed, as its existence was denied to Dr. Edwards when he visited Shou Yang. Will the readers of this book and the story of Ten Ren's martyrdom unite in prayer that his widow and two children may yet be restored to the Christian Church?

On July 11 or 12, nine other Christians and adherents were massacred on the same place as the seven, among them being a father, his son, and the son's wife and child; also a father and his two sons, neither of whom were Church members; but the father was a probationer, and the two boys had been in the school for some time. One of these nine, a man named Ts'ai, had some years ago been a patient in the hospital at Tai Yüan Fu, where he was converted. He was a painter by trade, and earned most of his living by painting idol pictures. When he became a Christian he, of course, could no longer undertake such work, and gave Dr. Edwards his book of patterns of idols. Subsequently he was employed by Mr. Pigott as a colporteur, and was a very fearless preacher. He is reported to have been killed with much cruelty, because he had the audacity to preach in one of the local temples. Another was an old man named Hu, seventy years of age. He had been in charge of the out-station at Shi Tieh in connection with the English Baptist Mission. Of the

Faithful unto Death

forty odd members of that little Church at Shi Tieh, about thirty-six were killed.

On July 6, the magistrate sent a message that in consequence of the governor's orders he could no longer protect the missionaries, but he would send them under escort to the border of his jurisdiction in any direction they liked. Whether it was by their wish or by the mandarin's orders that they were ultimately sent to Tai Yüan Fu is not known. The mandarin is said to have sent them word that it would be well for the gentlemen to wear loose handcuffs on the journey, since if the Boxers along the road attempted to kill them, the escort could prevent it by saying they were prisoners on their way to the governor, and point to the handcuffs as proof. The device was clear evidence of the mandarin's incapacity, if not of his duplicity.

The little company left Shou Yang in two large country carts. Li Pai ventured out of his hiding-place to see an acquaintance, who, however, was afraid to befriend him except by a gift of food, but who let him know the day when the missionaries would be taken to Tai Yüan. He waited along the road, hiding in different places, and saw them being brought along in a cart with an escort of soldiers. His story must be here supplemented by that of another native Christian, Yung Cheng, who states that he was an eye-witness of what followed.

'On July 5, I heard that the Boxers had looted my home, and that my wife had fled to her mother's, taking my children with her. On July 8, I determined to return secretly to my village, to ascertain

Sent Prisoners to Tai Yüan Fu

the extent of damage done to my home, and on reaching the village of T'eh Tsun, three miles south of Tai Yüan Fu, I was surprised to hear there were foreigners in an inn there. On going to see who they were, I found Mr. and Mrs. Pigott and their little son, Tien Pao, Miss Duval, Mr. Robinson and two little girls (Mr. Atwater's daughters). Mr. Pigott and Mr. Robinson were both wearing handcuffs, but they fitted quite loosely. They were all eating dough strings and cakes which the soldiers had provided for them, and Mr. Pigott told me the soldiers had provided them with food on the journey from Shou Yang.

'About three in the afternoon they started for Tai Yüan Fu, the party riding in the two country carts. I accompanied them to the carts at the inn gate, where Mr. Pigott preached to the people for some time. I went on ahead, and returning to the city, entered by the little south gate. They were taken to the sub-prefect's yamen, and then separated, the ladies being put in the women's prison, although Mr. Pigott requested that they might all be together. While waiting at the entrance of the sub-prefect's yamen they were seen by the two young men, Liu Pai Yuan and Liu Hao, who were serving Mr. Farthing and his party. Both these men testify that all the party were travel-stained and looked very weary, and that Mr. Pigott and Mr. Robinson were wearing tight handcuffs, which could not be removed without being unlocked, and that they also had chains round their necks. The soldiers say that the loose handcuffs were first put on by the Shou Yang

Faithful unto Death

magistrate, and that the Boxers who met them on the road compelled them to change them for the tighter ones.'

The young men, one of whom (Liu Hao) had been cared for by Mr. Pigott when he first went to Tai Yüan Fu in 1880, and after passing through the school had been apprenticed to a shoemaker, asked if they could provide the party with food or do anything for them, but they all said they only wanted a little melon, which the young men at once procured for them.

It appears that the Protestant missionaries had been moved at midnight, July 7, to a house in Chu T'eo Street, half of which had been assigned to them, and half to the Roman Catholics. One of these Christians, Liu, tells the following story:—

'About eight o'clock on the morning of Monday, July 9, I went out to ascertain the state of affairs, and found the soldiers had entered the Baptist Mission House, and were looting it. I went at once to tell Mr. Farthing, but when I reached Chu T'eo Street I found it full of soldiers, and could not get near the house. One of the soldiers was dragging along by the hair of the head a Roman Catholic Chinese girl whom he had taken from the house. Unable to enter the house where the foreigners were, I went round by side streets, and to my horror saw two soldiers, each with a drawn sword in his hand, leading Mr. Farthing towards the governor's yamen, and behind him were two of his children, each being carried by a soldier. I was sickened at the sight, and turned away, not wishing to see any more. I went

Yung Cheng's Story

to the shop of a friend, and asked him to send a man to see what was being done, and he soon returned, saying they were killing the foreigners.'

This man Liu saw no more, but heard from eye-witnesses that when Yü Hsien decided to kill the foreigners on July 9, he deputed one of his officers to go and bring them from the house in which they were staying. The officer begged to be excused, asking the governor to send some one else. Yü Hsien then said, 'If you are afraid, I will go myself!' and putting off his official robes he armed himself, and went to the house. The first to meet him there was Mr. Farthing, whom he immediately arrested, and handed over to two soldiers, and then the others were arrested.

We now resume Yung Cheng's story: 'On the afternoon of July 9, as I was walking near the governor's yamen, I found a great crowd, and waiting to know the cause, I was suddenly hemmed in, and could not get away. I found it was the foreign pastors and their wives and children, the Roman Catholic priests and nuns, and some Chinese Christians being brought along by soldiers. I heard people saying they were going to be killed, and I tried to get out of the crowd, but could not, and witnessed with my own eyes the killing of the foreigners. They were taken before the front of the governor's yamen, between the main entrance and the Chao Pei (a wall usually in front of official residences), entering by the east gate. The Boxers closed in behind them, and on the west were many soldiers standing. Yü Hsien was himself standing at the main entrance, and as

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soon as the missionaries appeared he called out in a loud voice, "Kill!" and the soldiers answered with a shout, "Ah!"

'Immediately Pastor Farthing stepped out. His wife clung to him, but he gently put her aside, and going in front of the soldiers knelt down without saying a word, and his head was struck off by one blow of the executioner's knife. Each missionary was escorted by two soldiers past the governor, and through the gate on the west side, and there beheaded. When the men were finished the ladies were taken. Mrs. Farthing had hold of the hands of her children, who clung to her, but the soldiers parted them, and with one blow beheaded their mother. The executioner beheaded all the children skilfully, requiring only one blow. Mrs. Lovitt held the hand of her little boy, Jackie, even when she was killed. A soldier took off her spectacles. She spoke to the people, saying, as nearly as I can remember, "We all came to China to bring you the glad news of salvation of Jesus Christ; we have done you no harm, only good. Why do you treat us so?"

'When the Protestants were killed the Roman Catholics were led forward. Bishop Ai, an old man with a white beard, asked the governor why he was doing this wicked deed. For reply Yü Hsien drew his sword, and slashed him across the face; blood poured down his white beard, and he was beheaded. The priest and nuns quickly followed him in death.

'Then Pastor Pigott and his party were led from the district prison, which is close by, and also entered by the east gate.'

The Last Scene

Having been confined in different prisons all night, the men and women only saw one another again in the governor's yamen. In the outer courtyard the Shou Yang party must have passed the bodies of the massacred missionaries. Yü Hsien asked Mr. Pigott to what country they belonged, and on his saying, 'England,' he replied with a derisive laugh, and uttered the one word, 'Beat.' One man says that none uttered a sound, another account is that one or two of the children did, and that the little girls fell upon the neck of one of the ladies crying bitterly. But the soldiers, not Boxers, immediately fell upon them, wounding all of them, and causing two of their number to fall unconscious to the ground. The final order to 'kill' was quickly given, and all seven were taken to the central courtyard.

Yung Cheng states that the first to be led forward was Mr. Robinson, who suffered death very calmly; then Mr. Pigott, preaching to the last moment, when he was beheaded with one blow. As Mrs. Pigott went forward she led her son Wellesley by the hand, but he was stopped at the west gate, while the mother was allowed to proceed. Then each of the others fell in turn—Miss Duval, Wellesley Pigott, and the two little daughters of Mr. Atwater.

Forty-five foreigners in all were beheaded, thirty-three Protestants, of whom eleven were children from two to thirteen years of age, and twelve Roman Catholics. A number of Chinese Christians were killed. Those who carried out Yü Hsien's orders were not the Boxers, but a professional executioner and the soldiers. As each head fell, the soldiers, to

Faithful unto Death

show their contempt, kicked it along the street towards the prefect's yamen. As it was late, the bodies were allowed to remain till the next day where they had fallen, when they were stripped of their clothing, and then dragged by beggars to a vacant piece of ground inside the main south gate. There they were left for a day or two, and then carelessly thrown on the execution ground, about a third of a mile outside the south-west corner of the city, where they were exposed to the ravages of wolves and dogs, and soon became unrecognisable. It was not till the middle of January, 1901, that the scattered and bleached remains were gathered and buried in coffins by order of the officials.

One of the Chinese martyrs was a Shou Yang school-boy, fifteen years of age, who followed the missionaries to Tai Yüan Fu, and went to Chu Teo Hsiang, where he spent the night, cheerfully laying down his life with his friends on the following day.

So Mr. and Mrs. Pigott and their boy won the martyr's crown, and joined the bloodwashed throng above. Those who mourn them try to dwell on the Glory side, and to think of their loved ones as they are now, happy for ever in Jerusalem the Golden.

'Multitudes, multitudes stood up in bliss
Made equal to the angels, glorious, fair,
With harp, palms, wedding garment, kiss of peace,
And crowned and haloed hair.

Each face looked one way like a moon new lit,
Each face looked one way towards its Sun of love,
Drank love and bathed in love and mirrored it,
And knew no end thereof.



CHINESE CONVERT TU, MARTYRED IN 1900.
FUNERAL SERVICE FOR MARTYRED MISSIONARIES IN SHOU YANG,
JUNE, 1901.

A Christian's View of Death

Glory touched glory on each blessed head,
Hands locked dear hands, never to sunder more,
These were the newbegotten from the dead
Whom the great birthday bore.' †

The previous pages have shown how both Mr. and Mrs. Pigott regarded death, and we believe that even little Wellesley is glad now that God gave them the honour of dying as His witnesses. A few more of Mr. Pigott's words may be quoted, to show how he looked on death for the Christian; they are taken from a letter written to his beloved mother on hearing that her health was breaking up, and from one to his brother, W. F. Pigott, when the news came that she had been called up higher.

'MY OWN DARLING MOTHER,—How I wonder where you are while I am writing this, perhaps safe at home with the Lord Jesus! Oh, how bright and sweet and glad! And then what a group of loved and lost to welcome you Home. How I long to see that bright welcome! Father's sweet, bright, beaming smile, and darling Jeanie's seraph song, and your own father and mother, and uncles and brothers. But that joy, though so sweet and full, only a part of your Saviour's welcome to His own beloved blood-bought child! My own darling mother, if you are safely Home I joy for you, though my way will be so much lonelier, and I shall so sadly miss your sweet, loving, helpful letters. But what joy for us if you are still on this side the river, and if I shall still see your beloved

† C. M. Rosetti.

Faithful unto Death

handwriting. If so, may our Father very tenderly lead and comfort you, and, when the time comes, lay you down very gently to sleep on His own bosom. This is my prayer for you, mother. It would be sweet to be with you, but I know that you prefer that I should be where my post is. . . .

‘I feel I have so poorly expressed what I feel of the deep loss your Home-going would be to me, or of my sorrow ; still, it is so strangely mingled with joy, the whole prospect before you is so intensely bright and sweet, that I can hardly weep for you, mother. Our deep, deep loss is your so exceeding joy!’

The letter to his brother is full of the same holy joy.

‘How strange and hardly to be yet realised the thought that now for two glad months of our slow-moving time, our own beloved sister and mother have been with father and Jeanie in the presence of the King! The joy of this meeting and fellowship we can in part realise, but who can fathom the “far into bliss”¹ contained in the fact that they have seen and received glad welcome from the King Himself.

Well do I remember the tearful and bitter parting when I first left home for China, and well, too, the glad meeting in old Ryevale again, when God so

¹ Alluding to his mother’s dying words :—

‘Safe to the land, safe to the land,
The end is this,
And then with Him go and in hand
Far into bliss.’

The Rochdale Memorial

graciously allowed us to meet once more. We sailed up the Channel in gorgeous sunset to our own land, and father, mother, brothers, sisters' smiles and love welcomed us home, as with overflowing heart we gazed again on long-loved faces. Bright day, long a treasured memory, now a faint image of the meeting where absence from the body is presence with the Lord, where to be with Christ is far better than even in St. Paul's glad service, where is the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, where our beloved have been long waited for by Him who redeemed them, and loves them far more than we could! Joy to the Great Shepherd! Two more folded Home!'

The Baptist Church at West Street, Rochdale, of which Mrs. Pigott had been a member, placed a tablet on the wall of the chapel, with this inscription:—

The noble army of martyrs praise Thee.
In loving memory of

EMILY JESSIE PIGOTT.

A faithful servant of Jesus Christ and
a member of this Church, who, with her
husband, Thomas Wellesley Pigott, and
their only child, William Wellesley Pigott,
suffered martyrdom in the city of
Tai Yüan Fu, Shansi, China.

On July 9th, 1900.

This tablet is erected by the members of this
Church and Congregation, who testify to the grace
of God in His servants.

They counted not their lives dear unto themselves.

Faithful unto Death

But we feel that Thomas, Jessie, and Wellesley Pigott need another memorial—a band of consecrated men and women who will go out and take up that work at Tai Yüan Fu and Shou Yang, for which they gave their lives.

From among the letters of comfort and the many testimonies to Thomas and Jessie Pigott the following serve to illustrate the helpful and inspiring influence they had been enabled by grace to exert over other Christian workers. The Rev. T. Goodall, China Inland Mission, wrote: 'I recall very pleasant memories of both Mr. and Mrs. Pigott. It was my privilege to spend three weeks in their home at Shou Yang, and during those three weeks to make with him a tour of the villages. Mr. Pigott was a most indefatigable worker, a splendid missionary. When visiting the villages on foot I was especially struck with his ardent missionary zeal. In the course of one walk into the country I remember he stopped almost everybody we met, and spoke to them some word about the Lord Jesus.'

The Rev. Hunter Corbett, D.D., of the American Presbyterian Mission at Chefoo, wrote: 'Last year Mr. Pigott preached for us several times. His earnestness, his evident conviction that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, made a deep impression upon all, both foreign and native Christians. Surely God must have some great blessing in store for China to follow such a baptism of blood.'

The Rev. E. Morgan, of the Baptist Missionary Society, wrote: 'The self-denying labours of Mr. and

Present Opportunities

Mrs. Pigott were an object of encouragement to all Christian workers; their death is a powerful call to all believers.'

Mr. Stanley P. Smith also wrote: 'Though my acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Pigott was not of long duration their force of character has left very distinct impressions on my mind. Mr. Pigott was as generous and large-hearted as Mrs. Pigott was capable and courageous. Their love to the Chinese was a characteristic which showed itself as soon as you knew them.'

The following letter, begun by Mr. Montagu Beauchamp in Shou Yang on November 2, 1902, may speak to some hearts, and call out some workers for that desolate station, and lead them to join the survivors of that noble missionary band who have now returned to work.

'The above date for the above place is right, but now it is a week or more later, and we are on a boat nearing Tientsin. How much we thought of you and our dear glorified and crowned friends while there for Sunday; and still more so when in poor Tai Yüan Fu the preceding week. We gathered many sad details at various points in the province, all probably fully known to you long since. How one longs to see every station re-opened at once! There never was such an opportunity for preaching to outsiders; how they listen! they seem to have been stunned, and I can't help thinking that thousands are just longing to know what has really happened, and what is the truth about all the trouble! It is just the Acts of the Apostles over again, and all has been

Faithful unto Death

acted in a very red theatre before these people, so that they cannot but listen now to the explanation. They can now understand Christ crucified, because they have seen Him in the person of His suffering ones. It is heartbreaking to think of the coolness and indifference of the Church at home to rush into the breach and fill the thinned ranks. Let us pray mightily for labourers. Also we need to pray that where the Boxers failed in their work of extermination the indemnity and power now given to native Christians may not do still more disastrous work.

'We reached Shou Yang after dark, and Mr. Wang very kindly turned out of his own little room, which we occupied both as kitchen and bedroom. I should certainly have gone to an inn, had I known what it would involve for him, I having understood in Tai Yüan that native quarters were "Kwan teh hen."¹ It was impossible for us to change to an inn after once getting out there in the dark. It rained heavily all Saturday afternoon, and the same continued all Sunday. Nevertheless Mr. Wang mustered some twenty-five men, all of whom listened attentively. God bless the Word. I felt the responsibility great on that hallowed ground.

'We were so glad to be able to leave two pairs of scrolls written for the occasion, one pair English, one pair Chinese. I hope you may enjoy them when you come out. The poor ruins in Tai Yüan and the fully repaired house in Shou Yang are calling loudly for you and a party of Spirit-filled labourers.'

¹ 'Very spacious.'

CHAPTER XII

A Message to Home Christians

*' Be earnest, earnest, earnest, mad if thou wilt ;
Do what thou dost as if the stake were heaven,
And that thy last deed ere the Judgment Day.
When all's done, nothing's done, there's rest above ;
Below let work be death, if work be love.'*

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

A Message to Home Christians

THE following is part of a letter written by the late T. W. Pigott to one whom he hoped might feel led to join the Shou Yang band as a medical missionary, but who was afterwards prevented from doing so by his health. It comes with a solemn force now, as a message from a martyr's lips—nay, rather it comes as a message from that martyr's Master.

'Who will answer, gladly saying,
Here am I, send me, send me!'

February, 1896.

'The letter was a great joy to me, telling how you were still pondering over the need and the call to work for the Master here. . . . First there comes the need. Four years ago just one or two here knew of the one true God and the Saviour. Now many know, and the Word, we believe, is working in many hearts. Persecution is being cheerfully borne; of heads of business houses, two at least have taken their stand for God, and our work is steadily increasing, so that

A Message to Home Christians

our chapel, enlarged last year, promises to be soon much too small, and our hearts rejoice as we look and say, "What hath God wrought!"

'I have patients daily, and last year my practice doubled, as confidence increased and dread of bewitchment lessened. Last year we had over 1,250 separate cases, and I should think 3,000 or 4,000 attendances, and I expect this to increase. This has been very valuable in enabling us to get the confidence of many, but to me it is becoming increasingly a tie and hindrance, keeping back from larger evangelistic efforts.

'Now if you were here you would soon master enough of the language with my help to take up this branch, which, bringing you daily into practical contact with the people, would help you in the language too. You could live with us at first, to set you free to study more. Then when your head tired, we could walk or ride to village patients, and you would be picking up words all the time. This would soon set us free to open up another large new district, for some of us would be free to move on, and soon another dark region would be having point after point of living light kindled by the Holy Ghost through its varied centres, commencing a work which, we trust, will never cease to spread till the fulness of the Gentiles be gathered in and the Master come.

'*The need is infinitely greater than at home*, where the Gospel is within reach of all; and I would say, "Come, and tarry not." The prospect too is abundantly larger and the opportunity far more stimulating. At home you feel diffident. So many

The Need for Workers

others seem wiser and fitter. Here as a doctor you will be far and away the wisest and fittest in large districts hundreds of miles in extent. There somebody else may love the lost and tell them better the old, old story. Here you will feel, "If I don't love and seek this one now, there is no one else to do it." At home you are diffident, and need to push for work. Here the work will push for you, and you won't get time to think whether you can do it or not. You will just have to go at it in the Master's name.

'But you say, "The language?" Well, it too will be knocking at the portals of your brain, and if it does not knock its way in before long, my name is not Tom Pigott. A friend not particularly clever came out at about forty-two years of age. He is now, though not one of the best, yet a fair speaker, and able to give a nice address. He is loved by the Chinese for his gentle, kindly ways, and has done much valuable work for many years now in China. Ellen Brown came here at the age of fifty-four; she has not yet been two years in Shou Yang, where she came straight on landing in China. Yet she now reads and speaks nicely, and as Jessie is not very strong now, she is for the time taking the women's work and meetings, and the women say they understand her too. On this point, then, fear not; come along and trust the Lord.

'As to health, for chest trouble and bronchitis the clear, dry atmosphere here is in my opinion far better than that at home. Jessie and I certainly find it so; we both suffer from bronchial trouble at home, but are

A Message to Home Christians

practically free from it here, and that although I work my lungs pretty well.

‘The practice is small here, because of course I am unskilled in medical work, but it would be best for me to continue to take the chief part of it, so that you would have time to study. Don’t ask if you are suited as you would wish for the work. Ask rather, as the Lord has opened your door, and given you the means, whether you will leave this people to perish as far as you go or not? In your case it is you or none, for no one else can take your income and use it for the heathen. Be sure that the Lord will fill your gap at home if you are led into the breach here. He will give you joy, too, more than tongue can tell.

‘Ellen Brown’s language is of course not fluent, and there are many subjects on which she might be at a loss, but she is able already to do good useful work. No one counts for very much at the language for the first three years, unless in very exceptional cases. If you mix with the people, and listen, and try to use every word you get, it comes quickly. If you are shy, and stand off till you think you can speak, then it is very hard to learn.

‘The air is very stimulating here, and it suits some well, like me. Others get soon tired; I sometimes do, and some heads cannot stand it. The first year would tell, and you could return if it did not suit. Take eight hours’ sleep, and protect well from sun, and with exercise all would, I believe, go well. With seventeen years’ experience I say, “Come, as soon as you can.” Home claims are against it to a certain

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extent, but I fully believe by sacrifices for Christ's sake matters can be arranged.

'There are large districts and good-sized towns waiting near, where for thousands of years souls have passed hopeless into eternity, and where Christ has been unknown and unhonoured. Will you tarry, when on your coming practically hangs the question of whether they shall or shall not effectively be taken possession of in Christ's name ?

'Anyhow, as my darling sister Jeanie said, her last word to me, "He is worthy for whom we should do this," and joy unspeakable mixes with sorrow's draught when it is received for our God and Lord.'

Thomas Pigott was a brave man; no fear of persecution or martyrdom would have turned him back from duty; difficulties presented themselves both to him and his wife mainly as things to be overcome. Disappointments in the work, seed-sowing on apparently barren soil, backsliders, false Christians among the converts, all these, the usual troubles of missionaries, never daunted them, or drove them to despair. They took these to their Lord and left them there, and did not give up hope.

But what did discourage both Mr. and Mrs. Pigott, astonishing them beyond measure when they first experienced it, was the indifference of the home Churches to the heathen world. When they returned home, burning with enthusiasm, filled with a noble longing to stir up others to come out feeling that, once the need was known, Christians could not stay at home in comfort, they found that but little interest was aroused. Very few, even of those with whom they

A Message to Home Christians

had united and worshipped, cared sufficiently for the work to arrange meetings in which it could be described; still fewer would give a collection, or work up a meeting beforehand.

Is the reproach true that Christians will crowd together at Conventions and flock to the preaching and ministry of the leaders of movements for deepening spiritual life, but that from a very small number will the Master's cry for workers both for the home and foreign fields waken a response? Why is there such a falling off in the numbers of missionary volunteers? Is the missionary enthusiasm of some years ago waning? God grant that there may be a revival of both, and of the practical spiritual life which will alone produce them, for sorely is such a revival needed.

It has been before noticed that the religious Press was but slightly stirred by the martyrdoms of 1900. The siege of the legations, from June 20 to August 14, engrossed public attention — their probable fate was the all-absorbing topic of conversation; but when the suspense was over, and it was known that they were saved, the world cared very little about the fate of the missionaries, and absolutely nothing about the native Christians, those of whom it is as literally true as of the martyrs and saints of old that—

'They have come from tribulation and have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus; tried they were and firm they stood;

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Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented, sawn asunder,
slain with sword,
They have conquered Death and Satan by the might of
Christ their Lord.'

It was said that the South African war absorbed public attention, that people had grown sadly accustomed to horrors. We know how the world regards missionaries, and we cannot *expect* its sympathy—in this case, 'It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master'; but what about the indifference of the Church as to the fate of these heroic men and women in China, and the lukewarmness about sending out others in their place? Is it one of the signs of the last days? Because iniquity shall abound the love of the many shall wax cold. Is the message to comfortable, lukewarm Laodicea, the last of the seven Churches, a message to the Church of the twentieth century?

Shall we not obey the message sent by the First and the Last and the Living One, who is surely coming quickly:—

'Be zealous therefore, and repent. Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him.' 'To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne.'

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