



## **FORTY MISSIONARY STORIES**

Collected by M. Eggleston

1934

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## **PREFACE**

NO ONE is heroic all the time; all would like to be heroic in some way at some time. We usually care little to study the lives of those who, when they heard the call to nobler living, or saw a vision of service to others, were too selfish, or too lazy, or too indifferent to choose the way of self-control and sacrifice for the sake of others. Rather, we seek to find stories of those whose lives can be a challenge and an inspiration.

These are stories of decisions made by missionaries or by their native Christian helpers; by young people and children; by men and women who dared to trust and obey. These are stories which tell of physical, mental, and spiritual bravery on the part of those who, for the time, at least, chose to "climb the High Way" while those about them often "groped the Low." They are true stories of people who have shown by their lives that Christianity is a Way of Life which gives to those who sincerely follow it great happiness and great opportunity.

I am indebted to the Church School Journal for permission to retell, "The Friend of the Outcaste" ; to the Missionary Herald for material used in "Marcus," "What Can I Do?" and "Transformed by a Picture" ; to the Mission to Lepers for "The Man Who Missed the Collection"; to Scribners' for "Those Absurd Missionaries"; and to the American Board of the Congregational Church for the use of many letters and reports sent to them from the foreign field, and for the photographs used in making the jacket of this book. The letters and reports form the background of several of the stories. Some of the tales have come to me from missionaries themselves. To each and all who have helped, I am grateful.

1934 Hyde Park, Mass.      MARGARET EGGLESTON OWEN

## **1: THE STREAK OF RED**

BEFORE the tepee of old Long Foot, the Indian brave, sat Deep River, his squaw, weaving a blanket.

Her face was brown and wrinkled, but it was full of strength and purpose and spiritual beauty. Long Foot and Deep River had both been Christians for many years, and they had tried to be loyal to their faith. For nearly thirty years Deep River had woven

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blankets—beautiful ones that people came from far to see and to buy. She was known all over the countryside, not only for her ability weave, but also for the intricacy of the designs which she wove into her blankets. She had made many of different shapes and sizes, but the one before her was the finest of them all.

On a stool beside her sat her granddaughter, Lena Beartracks, a tall, intelligent girl of fifteen, a favorite in the tribe. Once Deep River had had four granddaughters, but the prairie fire had taken the other three, and had left her the tiny baby to love and to tend. It was the old squaw who had dipped her into the icy spring that she might strong; who had hunted far and wide for a rare herb that she might put a bit of it into the baby's mouth to give her a chance to be wise. She had taught the child to weave, and to make rare baskets; to cook and to sew; to read and to pray; and she loved her better than life itself.

During the last weeks Lena Beartracks had often sat on the stool by her grandmother's side, for every line and color, used in the blanket was to be a symbol of some event in the life of the tribe, or the grandmother, or the girl. The yellow in the center ran about like the prairie fire; blue on the edges told stories of the long walks they had taken together; the cross on each side represented their Christian faith. As they sat together, the grandmother told her stories of the events which were symbolized the pattern.

In the corner of the blanket, which was just being completed, there was a streak of red, red wool. It was very beautiful, and the girl liked to look at it.

"When the blanket is done and I give it to you, I will tell you what it means," said the old squaw. "Just now it must be a secret here," and she pointed to her heart.

On that bright summer's day the old grandmother made her hands fly as she wove in the last strands of the border of the blanket. Word had come that the missionary was on his way back to the School for Indian Girls, many miles away. When he reached their village, Lena Bear tracks was to go with him to that school. She had finished the school on the Reservation, and, because of her ability to learn and to lead, she was to be given more training. As they sat together, the old squaw was silent and thoughtful; the girl was dreaming of the new life that lay just ahead. Usually the old grandmother hummed a tune as she wove. Now she sighed and looked troubled.

What would become of the girl when she was alone so far away? It was not right to expect one so young to know how to live alone. Why did she need to go when the old squaw wanted to be near to guide her? She watched the girl longingly as she rose from the stool and hurried down the little street to put more things into, the box which was to go with her to the new school. Yes, Deep River loved her better than her own life.

Just as the, sun went down, the old squaw reached for her knife and cut the blanket from its frame. Then she sat down in the twilight and ran her fingers over one and another of the figures which she had woven into it. How lovely they were! She had done

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her very best work, hoping that the blanket would be a treasure for Lena to cherish as long as she lived. Would it remind her of the love of her grandmother when she was no longer living in the tepee near the spring? Finally her hand rested on the streak of red.

"She must," cried the old squaw as she rose to her feet—"she must, no matter how hard it is. I must help her before she goes. I will ask our God to show me the way." So, there by the tepee, the old squaw knelt on the new blanket and prayed for wisdom and for courage.

The next day Lena Beartracks, in her new dress and hat, stood before the door of the tepee, waiting to say goodbye. Her face shone with happiness as she waited for her grandmother to come out. It was wonderful to go to the Mission School where she could learn to help her race. Looking up, she saw her grandmother with the new blanket on her arm.

"Sit here," said Deep River, slowly, pointing to the bench where they had so often talked together. "Tell me, little one, what this means—and this and this," and she pointed to different parts of the blanket. The girl laughed merrily as the old squaw tried to find some symbol which she did not know.

"Oh! the streak of beautiful red!" said the girl. "Now that the blanket is to go to school with me to use on my own bed, you must tell me what it means. I have waited long to know. Tell me quickly, grandmother."

"I will show you," answered the old squaw. Taking a sharp knife, she quickly cut a deep gash in her arm, and the red blood ran in a little stream down the brown, arm. The girl started forward to help her, but the grandmother pushed her aside.

"See," she said, putting her arm close to the red the blanket. "This red is for blood. All the years of life there have been hard things—hunger, thirst, fire, anger, death, hate—to try to make me forget that I belong to a tribe of strong men and women. Even to the shedding of blood, my tribe has always stood for right. Like this, I, too, have tried to stand," and the old squaw sprang quickly to her feet, winding a cloth about her arm as did so. She threw back her head, put her right foot more firmly on the ground with a little stamp, and wrapped the new blanket about her, throwing the corner over shoulder in such a way that the red streak ran from head to her heart. She was a picture of strength and courage as she stood there, and the girl loved her.

"I have stood, granddaughter, unafraid. Though I have to lose my life by the shedding of blood, I shall still stand for God, and for what I think is right."

Suddenly the broad shoulders drooped. She had heard the sound of wheels. Lena Beartracks was going away.

Taking the blanket from her own shoulders, she wound it lovingly about the girl whom she loved better than life itself, throwing the blanket over her shoulder so that, again,

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the streak of red ran from head to heart. Turning the face of the girl up to hers, she said, almost fiercely:

"You are a part of me—of my tribe—of my race. You too, must stand. You must never be a coward—never run because a thing is hard. Show me how you will stand when I am not there to help you."

Just as the grandmother had done, the girl threw back her pretty head, straightened her shoulders, stamped her right foot on the ground, and looked the grandmother squarely in the face.

"I will try to stand when things are hard, just as I have seen you stand," she said, as she pointed with her finger to the red streak.

"Do not say, 'I will try.'" cried the squaw. "Say, 'I WILL STAND!' I cannot let you go away unless I know that you will be brave and true. My blanket, with its streak of red, will help you, child."

The girl's face grew suddenly very sober—she saw clearly now that it was a great step to take, when she left the tepee of the one who had loved her so well and who had helped her so much, to go away alone. Her hand gripped the beautiful blanket as she said, very slowly:

"Grandmother, God helping me, I WILL STAND."

For a moment the old squaw held her very close. It seemed the hardest thing she had ever done to let her grandchild go into the big, unknown world. Then she took the blanket from Lena's shoulders, wrapped it carefully, and handed it back to her.

"You are the light of my eyes—the sun of my life, child," she said. "Goodbye. May God go with you and help you to stand." Then the old squaw went wearily into the tent, while the girl climbed quickly into the wagon where the missionary sat waiting to take her to school.

Lena Beartracks never saw her grandmother again, but the blanket, though used for many years, still shows the skill and the care of its maker. Some of its colors have faded, but the red, red streak is still bright and beautiful.

The home in which the blanket has been used has been one with little money, but one where there have been great ideals. Poverty, sickness, temptation, injustice, greed, and death have all beat against its door, but Lena Beartracks has stood—a strong student, a good wife, a great mother, a real Christian.

## 2. WE WILL GO

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INANDA SEMINARY, a Mission School near Durban in Africa, had a guest whom they all delighted to honor. She was the granddaughter of Daniel Lindley, the founder of the Mission nearly seventy-five years before. He had been a pioneer missionary, gathering his groups of uneducated black people under the great trees or in rude thatched huts to teach them, and his granddaughter was very proud of the results of his work as she saw them in that well-known school in Africa.

One morning while she was there, she was wakened by the singing of the girls of the school, who had already begun their housework about the buildings. It sound so happy and so spontaneous that the visitor hurried to dress and go out to talk with the girls, and to enjoy the view of mountain and valley spread out before her.

To her surprise, when she opened the door of her room she saw weeping girls instead of singing girls. They were sitting on the steps of the house of a teacher not far away, and they looked forlorn indeed. Their clothing and their general appearance showed that they were not girls of the school.

"What is the matter?" asked the visitor. "Can I help?"

"I don't think so," said a teacher, hurrying up to say good morning to the guest. "These three girls have walked a long way to get here, but I have had to tell them that they cannot stay because there is no room."

"Oh, what a pity!" said the visitor. "Isn't there some place to tuck them in?"

"We have no money with which to feed the girls, even if we had a place where they could sleep," was the answer. "It seems as if some way ought to be found," said the visitor, thoughtfully.

"We shall see what we can do after prayers," answered the teacher, motioning to the three girls to follow her.

Soon the schoolgirls began assembling for chapel, and the visitor looked at the happy group as they passed her, thinking of the squalor and degradation from which they had come to this school of her grandfather's. She had seen it all too plainly on her trip through the country as she had come to the school. She thought of the overcrowded kraal homes, the lack of sanitary conditions, the prevalence of animals everywhere; the lack of anything, in fact, to bring out the character and the personality of a girl, Then she looked at their shining faces, their clean clothing, their eagerness to be of service. She listened to them sing the songs of the church, and she wished her grandfather could see and hear it all.

After the service of worship was over, Mrs. Edwards, the teacher, rose and said:

"Girls, three more students have come from the villages far away this morning. They want to stay at Inanda. They want an education. It is a problem that I do not know how to solve. We have no more room, and we have no more money with which to feed and



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care for more girls. I have told them that they must go home, but they have been begging me to keep them. It is many long miles back to their homes, and they are very tired. What shall we do about it? Tell me what you think."

There was a buzz of conversation as the girls talked it over among themselves. They would all be willing to have less to eat, themselves, if the girls could stay. Maybe they could find places for them in some building. To question, "Shall we send them back?" there was a ready "No." Yet how could they stay?

"Our visitor thinks they should stay," said the teacher, "but I see only one way in which it can be done. Are there three girls who have been here a long time, and who have received the Light of Christ in their hearts, who will give up their places to these three new girls? Are there three who will go home and let these girls stay?"

A frightened look came over the faces in the group. Go home! Leave Inanda! How could they? One by one the girls filed out, and no one offered to go.

"Do you think any girl would be willing to sacrifice her school and her happiness to give a stranger her place? That is a great deal to ask," questioned the visitor, as she joined the teacher.

"We shall see," replied the teacher. "It is the only way that the new girls can stay, I think."

Only a short time had gone by when three girls, with very sober faces, came to the place where the two ladies were sitting.

"We are willing to go home and let the others have our places if you will let them stay," said one of the girls.

"But you have been here only a short time," said the teacher, looking at the youngest of the three. "Do you not want to stay in the school?"

"I love the school, and I want very much to stay," said the little black girl. "But I have received the Light of Christ in my heart, and I am willing to go that these other girls may stay here and find it. I will go home and tell those who are there what I have found here."

So the three Christian girls went to pack up their few things preparatory to going back to their homes; while the teacher sought out the new girls to tell them that they could stay.

"'Tis the spirit of Inanda," thought the visitor. "'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself.' It is the spirit of my dear old grandfather."

### 3. FOR THE HONOR OF THE SCHOOL

"REMEMBER, boys," said one of the teachers of Doshisha, a well-known Mission School in Japan, as they were getting ready for a short vacation, "the honor of our school does not depend upon the beautiful buildings, which we have, nor upon the large number of students who come here. It depends upon everyone who has been, or is, a student here. People judge a school by what they see of its product. You must live right and act right if you want to be an honor to the Doshisha."

As the boys went from the chapel, they discussed what the man had said and wondered how many people really cared what a boy did.

Nearly a year later a big group of the Doshisha boys ran into a little eating-house on Lake Biwa in Japan. They quickly ordered their food and ate it with much good fun and laughter. Then they left a pile of coins in the center of each table and hurried away. Soon the woman who was in charge of the room came to clear the tables. She gathered the money into her hand and carried it to the till, dropping it in without counting it. After she had finished her work at the tables where the boys had sat, she came to serve a man who had been sitting at an adjacent table.

"That was a jolly bunch of boys," he said. "Who are they?"

"They are from a Mission School across the mountain," was the reply. "They often run in for a bite to eat."

"I saw you drop the money which they left into the drawer without counting it," said the man. "How dare you trust a group of boys like that? Don't they ever cheat you?"

"Why, those are Christian boys from the Doshisha," said the woman. "We never bother to count their money, for they do not cheat. We like to have them come here because we can trust them."

The man was much interested, so he asked her many questions about the Mission School, but she could tell him little except that the teachers and students seemed different from other groups that came into the tea-room, and that the school was supported by Christians in America.

"I must know more about it," said the man. "A school that can turn out boys with a reputation like that is worth studying."

So the stranger went to a Christian evangelist in his town to ask about the Doshisha, and as the evangelist explained about the life of Christ on which the ideals and standards of the school were based, the man became more and more interested in the Bible, where the story of that life was to be found. He bought several books to take with him as he went to his home, in order that he might study more of the Christian religion. In time he became a Christian and a worker in the Japanese churches.

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The evangelist, realizing that the actions of the boys had been the cause of the interest of the stranger, sent word to the Doshisha of the incident in the tea-room, and of the compliment which the woman there had paid to Doshisha boys.

"You see, boys," said the teacher, when he heard the story, "it is just as I told you. The reputation of school depends upon the actions of everyone who is, or has been, a student here. People judge a school by what they see of its product. The boys who ate in that tea-room were an honor to the school."

### 4. WE KNOW HIM

THE white colporteur, with his bag of tracts and Testaments to give away, or to sell, stopped when he came to the top of the very steep mountain and looked far into the valleys before him. There lay the little villages that he had come to seek, villages to which he was sure no white missionary had ever gone. He had long wanted to carry his Good News to them, and so he was happy as he looked down from the mountain. Back of him lay the valley of the Yangtze with the river running like a silver ribbon through it. Around him were mountains—steep, rough, and many of them unknown to the world. As he rested, he thought of all the multitudes in the great land of China whom he would like to reach for Christ. Then he hurried on down the slope to the villages. He knew how eager the valley people were for news from the outside world, and he felt sure that they would gladly listen to the story which he had come to tell.

It was nearing evening when he came to the first village and asked for a place where he could cook his supper and spend the night. Soon a crowd began to gather about him, eager to see what a white man would do and how he would eat.

"Where have you come from and why are you here?" asked one of the men.

"I come from the villages along the Yangtze," he replied, "and I want to share with you some Good News that has made my life happy and useful. Gather the people together and I will read to you from a wonderful Chinese book."

By the time he had eaten his supper a large group people were standing and sitting about his tiny house.

Opening his bag that they might see how many books and pictures he carried there, he chose a New Testament in Chinese and began to read. He read of the birth Jesus; of his love for little children; of his healing the leper and the epileptic.

"These were sick people such as you have here in your own town," said the colporteur. "Listen to this story," he started to read of the healing of a lame man. As read, he noticed that their faces were full of a new eagerness and that they spoke one to another. Suddenly interrupted him, saying:

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"We know him. He used to live right here in our town. He healed the sick and the lame here, too. He came to us from England."

"That could not be," said the colporteur. "This man did not live in England. He lived in Syria; he was never away from his own country, which is very far from here."

"You are wrong," they said, all trying to talk at once, "It was many years ago and we were children, but our older men can tell you all about him. His grave is here. He was a good man. He was kind to anyone who needed him."

"No," said the colporteur. "This man, Jesus, was not here. His face was not white like an Englishman's. It was tanned from the sun like the Arab's."

"We do not know our friend's name," said a woman, "but we can show you his grave and the house in which he lived. When the plague came, and all the rest left us, he would not go. He gave us medicine out of dark bottles and helped us when we were sick. If our babies were born blind, he washed their faces and they could see. My mother has told me how he put his hands on sick folks and they felt better, just as you were reading in your book."

"We can show you a lame man whom he made to walk," added another. "Come and see, and then you will know that he lived in our village."

So the colporteur followed the crowd down the street toward the outskirts of the town.

"Here is where he lived," said an older man. "I have seen him sitting here in his door, and once he came to help when my mother was sick. He had a kind face, and I liked to go by his house."

"And here is his grave," cried a boy.

"Read what it says and then you will know that we do not lie," said a man. "We knew him, just as the people say."

The white colporteur stepped quietly to the little marker which stood over a single grave, not far from the road, and there he read the name of a young English volunteer missionary who had lived in the village and who had died of the plague.

"I must know more of this man," he said to those who were watching him. "Take me to one of your old, old men." So they all went together to the home of one of patriarchs of the village. The old man listened to the questions of the colporteur, and then said,

"We called him 'Friend,' for that was the name he gave us when he came. He had just finished learning to a doctor when he came to China. He wandered along Yangtze for nearly seven hundred miles, looking for place where he wanted to live and work. One day he came to us, and here he stayed. He healed those who were sick and lame and blind, if he could. He worked day and night when we had the plague, and then, when we were better, he died. We have never forgotten him, for he was a good friend; he told us

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how to live in a good way. He wanted to stay in our town, so we buried him there in the field. I should like to know of this man of whom you read, who was like him."

So the colporteur told how Jesus came to teach a better way of life, and said that their good friend must have been a Christ-man, trying to follow as closely as he could what Jesus had told men to do. He read to them for a long time from the Bible and gave them part of it, that they might read more of the man who was like their doctor.

"We know Him already," said an eager listener. "We know what He was like, for He was like our friend who lived here in our town."

### **5. THE LITTLE RED BOOK**

IT WAS nothing new for Mariam's uncle to make a gun in his little shop in the mountain village of Hassa Beyli in Turkey, but this one was different, and Mariam often came to see how soon it would be finished. This gun was to belong to a brigand whose home was in the hills, and Mariam had heard dreadful things about what the brigands did with guns. At last her uncle went away with it, and she waited anxiously for his return that she might ask questions. Was the brigand very big? Did he live in a cave? Did he look very fierce? Patiently he answered all her questions, when he was home again, and then he said:

"When I gave him the gun, he said he had nothing with which to pay for it. He should have told me that before I made it for him. I need the money for the gun. When I said he must pay something, he brought out this little red book and said I could have it. There was nothing else to do, so I took the book in payment for my gun. Now you may have it," said the uncle, handing it to her.

Mariam was pleased to own a book of her own. The print was not large; there were no pictures in it; but it was a book, and so she carried it to her house to put it away. When she began to read, she would take the book out and try to make out the words. Soon she could make out sentences. Sometimes she would find an interesting story, but it was a long time before she knew that her little red book was called a Bible.

When Mariam went away to school at Aintab Seminary, the book went with her, and it began to have an influence in her life. In time she became a Christian. Then she married Mr. Koondakjian, a young native pastor, and they used the book in their splendid work in the village.

One day a missionary named Mrs. Coffing came their town and asked to hold a service for the women, the town. When all was ready, Mrs. Coffing found that she did not have her Bible handy, so she asked if one of the women had a Bible. Immediately Mariam Koondakjian passed the little red Bible up to where Mrs. Coffing stood.

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The missionary looked at the book with a start. Why was it so familiar? Where had she seen it before? She turned to the fly-leaf, and there, in his own handwriting was her own husband's name. For a moment Mrs. Coffing could hardly speak. Then, holding the treasured book her hand, she told the women the story of a trip which her husband had taken many years before.

"He went to tell the Good News to the people in the valleys," she said, "but he never came home again. He was attacked by brigands not far from your own village here. They took what he had, and then killed him. This was his book, and here is his name in the front, just as he wrote it. No one ever knew what happened to his things after the brigands took them, but now his little Bible has come back to me and I am so glad. How came into the hands of Mrs. Koondakjian, I do not know, I only know it once belonged to my dead husband." After she had read a passage, she gave the Bible back to Armenian woman.

Soon all the women were crowding around the little red book, and Mrs. Koondakjian was telling them how her uncle had taken it in payment for a gun when as a very little girl. Then, much as she loved her Bible, she placed it again in the hand of the one who really owned it, and Mrs. Coffing took it away with her.

Was the brigand who killed Mr. Coffing the one who bought the gun? Why did he keep the book? One can only guess. Some one killed the teacher, but God sent the red book into the life of a new teacher who is still carrying the Message, even though she is seventy years of age.

When Mr. Koondakjian and her two sons were killed in the massacre by the Turks some years ago, it was to the verses that she had learned from the little red book as a girl that Mrs. Koondakjian turned for comfort:

"I will not leave you comfortless. I will come unto you...: Let not your heart be troubled; neither let it be afraid.... Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

And so, you see, the little red book is still helping.

## **6. THE MAN WHO MISSED THE COLLECTION**

WITH the founding of the United States Marine Hospital No. 66 at Carville, Louisiana, as a Federal Leprosarium, it became necessary to have a Protestant Community Church there, and the American Mission Lepers undertook the task of raising funds for the church. It was decided to ask for ten thousand gifts of five dollars each for this purpose, and letters were sent to friends all over the world—to churches, to schools, to individuals and even to other Leper Homes, saying: "Will you do two things to help us give the lepers at the new Federal Leprosarium in Carville, Louisiana, a church of their

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very own? First, will you pray that the church at Carville may be built? And second, will you be one of ten thousand to send a gift of five dollars toward the building of the church? If you can't give, you can pray, and prayers help more than you know." One of those letters went to Dr. J. W. McKean of the Leper Home in Chiengmai, Siam, and he immediately took it to church with him. He told the lepers about the new Home in Carville, and of the need of a church. Then he read them the letter from the American Mission to Lepers.

"Shall we send word that we will pray with all the rest for the church at Carville?" he asked. Up went the hands and the stumps of arms, and the vote was unanimous—"Yes." "I think we can pray better if we give first," said one of the elders of the church; "I wish that we might take an offering toward the building of the church!" Again the suggestion was voted upon and unanimously carried.

Now each leper in a Leper Home receives each week a very small sum of money with which to buy things that he needs. Because so many are sick or mutilated in body, there are few ways by which they can earn. Some can do cooking, or nursing, or gardening, or police duty. Others can run errands and earn a few pennies that way. But they have very little money; so the collection, one would think, would be small.

But it was not, for those poor lepers brought forty-one dollars and one cent to their church as an offering toward the new church in Carville.

Now Lin An, one of the patients, was not able to be at the service when the offering was taken, though he had known that it was to be given. So when he found that he had not been asked to give with the others, he went to Dr. McKean to talk with him about it.

"I want to help to build that church," he said.

"But you have no money that you can spare, Lin An," replied the doctor.

"Oh yes, I have," said Lin An, quickly. "Don't you remember asking me to make a little cart and haul around, one of the patients who has lost both feet, and telling me that you would pay me four cents a day for doing this? You have been giving me that money."

"I do remember, now that you speak of it," replied Dr. McKean.

"Well, I have been saving that money," said Lin An. Please take this and send it to America to help to build church in the Federal Leprosarium."

Into Dr. McKean's hands he poured a pile of Siamese coins which amounted to five American dollars. Dr. McKean sent it on its way, and that five dollars, sent by the man who missed the collection, was one of the first five-dollar contributions to be received for the fine new Protestant Community Church that has been built at Carville, Louisiana.

## 7. CHIKKI'S QUEER DESIRE

FAR up in the mountains of India there lived a well-known outlaw chief called Chikki. He had built his rough fortification on a great cliff where a few men could hold the place against the assault of many. He could see far away where the roads passed by, and so his men could plan their attacks on travelers and rob them of their possessions. Chikki's round face was covered with a black beard which made him look fierce and dangerous; his daggers were very sharp, his guns were always at hand, and his shot seldom failed to reach its mark. All the countryside knew of him and of his bold attacks. Everyone feared him.

One day word came to Dr. Theodore Pennell, who lived and worked in the hospital at Bannu, India, that one of Chikki's men had been wounded and that Chikki wanted the doctor to come to the fortification to care for him.

"Do not go," said the friends of the doctor. "Chikki is not to be trusted. Perhaps he is going to kill you because you have helped his victims get well. Perhaps he will keep you captive in order to have a doctor with his men. He means no good by this request. Do not go to him."

Dr. Pennell only smiled and packed his bag, ready to start. "Perhaps this will be a great opportunity for me to help Chikki," he said. "I am not afraid. God can care for me there as well as here."

As he drew near to the fortification, Dr. Pennell noticed the great wall and the big gate of the stronghold. It looked very forbidding. Men peeped their head over the walls to see who was asking admittance, and their guns were ready for use. When the doctor had spoken his name, the gate was thrown open for him to enter, and as it swung to again the doctor knew he was at the mercy of the outlaw law chief.

Chikki was standing in the courtyard, waiting for the doctor, and the two stood and looked at each other. Each was curious to know what the other was thinking about. Chikki had an insolent smile on his face, and he was heavily armed. Dr. Pennell had only his medicine-case with him:

"Allah be with thee," the outlaw said, in greed "Didst thou not fear to come at my call?" His dark face looked very ugly.

But Dr. Pennell was not to be frightened by his manner. "Am I not your guest?" he said, quietly, holding out his hand.

Now a guest in a Mohammedan tent or home is very safe, for once he has eaten with the thief, the host had pledged his loyalty to him and, if necessary, must give his life to protect him. This is a part of the Mohammed creed. So Dr. Pennell's answer was a very wise one.



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Chikki was pleased with his guest, for he saw that had great courage. He asked him to sit on a seat covered with beautiful rugs. A sheep, which had been roasted whole, was served, with many other choice things to eat and they drank tea together.

Then Chikki said, "Doctor, one of my men has accidentally wounded while in the mountains, and I fear for his safety. I have sent for you to treat his wound."

Dr. Pennell cared for the sick man, gave him medicine to reduce the fever which had already set in, skillfully bandaged the wound, and the suffering man was very grateful to him for his care.

"What is Chikki going to do with me now?" thought the doctor, when his work was done. "Shall I be allowed to go back to my home again?"

With a wave of his hand Chikki, who had been watching the physician, sent his men away and led the doctor to his own end of the fort. Motioning him to be seated, Chikki said, with no sign of his former bravado:

"Doctor, I have heard that as you heal the sick you preach a gospel. I know of your kindness and your good work. I would know of your gospel, that I may compare our religion with it. Tell me what you believe."

Then Theodore Pennell was glad indeed that he had not been afraid to go at Chikki's call, even though he had had to risk his life to do so. One by one the men gathered about to listen as he told them of the love of God and of the teaching of Jesus, the Christ. As he looked into the faces of the men—outlaws all—men ready to kill at sight—he wondered if ever any missionary had had such a great opportunity to serve Christ. He told his story; he answered their questions. Then the big gate of the stronghold swung open and the missionary was free to go back to his hospital. Chikki had satisfied his curiosity, and Dr. Pennell had made a new friend.

## 8. UNDER THE ELM TREE

"Let nothing bend or break you."

A STRONG, good-looking negro girl read the words from the card in her hand for the fifth time, "Let nothing bend or break you." Her young face was troubled she sat under the tall, spreading elm tree, close beside a bubbling brook.

"Miss Mary always seemed to know what was right do," she said, wistfully. "I wish I could talk to her right now. Why did she die and leave me just when I needed her most? I don't want to bend," she cried, aloud, "but what can I do? How can I please father, and Miss Mary too?" She leaned heavily against the trunk of the tree and closed her eyes wearily. Life seemed very hard to the girl of twenty.

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"S'pose if I showed this card to my father, he would say that my teacher thought as he does—find the right and then do it," she said, as she rose to her feet. "Teaching folks to hate each other isn't being Christian, even if it is helping my race, and I won't do it"

Hepzibah More—called Sheba, for short, by her family—was unhappy in her home. She never remembered the time when she had seemed to fit there, and things been worse since she had been a student at the Mission School. Sheba was naturally neat; her mother and sisters were not. Sheba wanted an education; her parents thought she had more than she needed already. She had learned at school to love Jesus Christ and to try to do what she thought was right; she had learned to work for peace and brotherhood; her father continually talked of the injustice of the white race, and of the new society which he had joined which said it would finally eliminate all thoughts of race, creed, and color.

"We must fight for our rights," her father had said at the table that very noon. "The negro must have justice, equality, freedom, and a living wage, equal to all others. We must fight! fight!"

Sheba had seen her father change with the days as he met with his new friends over the store on the corner; she knew he had lost his faith in religion, and she longed to help him. Instead, he urged her to come with him; to write down on paper what he was thinking; to learn the new songs which he brought home from time to time. She was afraid of his new beliefs.

"Let nothing bend or break you." Sheba turned the card over in her hand. She had adored the teacher who had written those words for her before she left school. Sheba had been her eager pupil in the classroom; she would gladly have been her slave the rest of the day, if that had been permissible. Mary Parks had been Sheba's ideal of justice, sympathy, and leadership. She had told Sheba stories of the great women of the Bible, of literature, and of everyday life. Some of those women had had black skins, and Sheba had thrilled at the thought that there might be work for black women to do in building the new world.     i

Miss Parks had shown Sheba the need for new, and stronger, Christian leadership in the black race, if brotherhood and justice were ever to come; if the whites and the blacks were to live in peace. She had created in the girl the desire to become one of those leaders some day, if possible. She had given Sheba the opportunity to go to school, had taught her most of what she knew of religion, and had interpreted Jesus to her as a Friend. Sheba loved Miss Mary; longed for her; desired, more anything else, to be what Miss Mary would want to her be.

The old elm shaded Sheba as she lay in the grass. "Only God can make a tree like that," she mused. "He cares for the birds up there. Miss Mary would say that He will show me

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the way to go. I wish some one would help!" Near her feet a little brook rushed over the stones as if a hurry to get to the sea.

"It's like me," said Sheba. "It wants to get away. I wish I could go to Miss Mary. If only I could get away from home!"

Sheba wanted an education, but how could she get it without money or friends? Her father had whispered to her several times that his new friends would educate her if she would give up her foolish religious notions and sing for them, or write for them.

"Never!" said Sheba, bitterly. "Never! Not even an education! Not even for my race! Christ comes first. I will never bend there. Miss Mary would be ashamed of me."

Sheba longed for a friend with whom she could and play and talk. Where was such a friend to be found? Not among her former friends. She no longer liked the things they used to do together, and they left her out of their good times.

She wanted some work to do, so that she could earn money to pay for another term at school. Where was work to be found? She had gone from one agency to another but the reply seemed always the same, "We have no work. White girls are doing much of work that you colored girls used to do, and many people are too poor to hire any help today." Was there no work for her? Must she stay at home and do nothing? Her pocketbook was empty; her mind seemed in a daze; life seemed very hard and useless.

Two ways of escape only seemed open: to accept an offer of marriage from a man whom she had known for a long time, but disliked, or to do as her father insisted she should do—help those who were antagonistic to Christianity and to the church that she loved.

"Neither is right," she said, as a tear rolled down her cheek. "I must not bend. I will not lose my ideal that I found at school. I cannot marry when I do not love, and I cannot help father." Covering her face with her hands, as though to shut out anything which might tempt her to yield, she sobbed as if her heart would break. She was lonely, discouraged, puzzled, afraid.

The sound of a child screaming caused Sheba to jump to her feet and hurry to the road dose by. With out-stretched arms and horror-stricken face a little mother-less negro girl was almost flying toward her, followed by a great friendly dog.

"Help me! Help me! Send the dog away!" she cried when she saw Sheba waiting for her. "He is going to bite me!" she screamed.

Sheba gathered the little one into her lap, soothing her as best she could, while the great dog trotted on to the next house, where he belonged. The child's body shook with sobs and she clung to the older girl, looking often see if her enemy were coming back again. Soon Sheba began to sing to her some of the songs that she had learned at Mission School: "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know";

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"Thou Art My Shepherd"; "I Love to Tell The Story"; and many more. After a long time Emmy Lou looked into the face of her rescuer and said:

"Father says if I am good I may go to your M. School some day. I tell him all the stories you tell and he likes them. I told Jimmie about the boy who his lunch to Jesus, and he wants to hear more stories. Please tell me another," and she nestled down contentedly into the story-teller's lap.

"Sheba," said the child a little later, interrupting the story, "I want to be like you some day. I wish you lived in my house."

"Why?" said Sheba, while a warm glow seemed to permeate her whole body.

"Because you are good and kind and I miss mother. I like to watch you go by our house and smile at me", the little one replied.

"Just as Miss Mary told us at school," thought Sheba "Remember, some one always loves you, if you are kind and good; some one is always watching, and longing be like you, if you are really trying to be Christian; somebody needs you to live at your best. I am so glad." She drew Emmy Lou very close to her, kissing the streaked cheeks, and said:

"And I am lonely, too, Emmy Lou. We will make other happy."

"Let nothing bend or break you," the little card in pocket seemed to whisper as she pushed it aside in get a handkerchief with which to wipe the face of the little one.

"Will you tell me about the little girl that Jesus made well?" asked the child. "Minnie is sick, you know. I wish Jesus would make her well. Couldn't Jimmie come to hear this story?"

"Run and get Jimmie, if you like," said Sheba. "I will tell you both one good story, and then I must go home."

Away went the little flying feet; and away went the imagination of the girl who sat under the tree, as a wonderful plan began to unfold itself to her.

"Why shouldn't I teach all the little ones that will come out here under this big tree?" she thought. "When it rains, I could take them under the bridge there, or maybe the farmer would let us go into his barn. If I study my Bible so that I can tell them about it, then I shall know more when I go back to school. If I am kind to the children, they will love me and then I won't be lonely. I will teach the children to love the Prince of Peace. Maybe I can help them to live as brothers. This won't cost any money, so I don't care if I have none."

When the children came back, she was ready to outline her plan to them, and they listened with wide-open, happy eyes and smiling faces. They would have a class each morning, and she would teach them all the songs she knew. If John would come with his

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mouth organ, they could have some music. When they had learned their Bible verses and she had told them a story, then they could play together, and sing together, or perhaps they could wade in the brook sometimes.

"We will come every day," they both cried again and again. "John would like to play. Mike likes to sing, and he will help. Lena will be the first one here." On and on they went, these new missionaries-to-be, naming over their possible recruits.

Sheba smiled at them happily. They reminded her of ripples on the surface of the brook, as they tried to out-run one another. Gone was all her loneliness and distress. Her chance to work and to lead had come. She told them the promised story, sang them another song, and then they all knelt under the great elm tree to ask God to care for and help the little sick sister at home. Hand in hand the three went back over the dusty road to the miserable little houses where they lived, but in their hearts was a new happiness and a new hope.

That is how Sheba's growing, enthusiastic, outdoor school began. It is under no Mission Board; it has no denominational affiliation; it might not please a modern educator; but it is making good American citizens and Christian boys and girls. It is creating a spirit of good will and brotherhood in a section where it is sorely needed. It is helping a strong, fine-looking negro girl to live under hard conditions, and under constant taunts and temptations, with a smile on her face and a purpose in her life. Nothing seems to bend or break her.

She is a negro volunteer missionary who heard the call, saw the need, and answered gladly, "Here am I. Use me."

## 9. WHEN THE LIGHT CAME

"I AM determined that Melanga shall not leave school next year," said the young doctor to the other two missionaries. "I have been watching him ever since I came to Africa last September. He has many of the qualities that are needed in a native worker, and he must stay."

"How can he stay?" asked the nurse. "You haven't been here long enough to realize that when the money is used we cannot keep the boys in school, no matter how fine they are. He has had five years here at the school, and others must have the chance. He can't help himself financially; and we can't help him."

"Where there is a will there is a way," said the doctor. "I am going to find it."

Two months later Mrs. Bruce stood before her large group of Intermediate Christian Endeavorers in a New England city with an open letter in her hand. On the table before

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her was a box containing many small barrels, often used by children for saving money to be used in mission work.

"Here is a letter from Donald Leighton," she said. "It has come just in time to help us plan for our year's gift to missions. Donald is doing a great work in the hospital in Africa, and now he is introducing us to one of his friends.

"'Dear Mrs. Bruce,' she read, 'I haven't forgotten what fun we used to have gathering money in our birthday barrels and trying to see who could get the most. That was one of the best parts of our Intermediate work think. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why I am Africa today. Maybe you don't use the barrels any more, but if you do, I wonder if you won't help me. I have a boy here, Melanga by name, who must leave school unless some one comes to the rescue. He is as black as black can be, but a fine-looking chap, with a merry smile and a ready hand to help. He is bright in school. He sings; he plays several instruments. He hopes some day to be a doctor, and he would make a good one. Here is a picture of the two of us when we are ready for the day's work. Please keep us together next year by filling the barrels once again, and send me a barrel to fill, too. It will cost you just forty dollars to keep Melanga in school.'

"First we will look at his picture, and then we vote whether to use the little old barrels again and help Donald," said Mrs. Bruce. And the aye vote was unanimous.

So Melanga came to be the special project of the young people of that church. They wrote to him, and he to them. They supported him for three years; sent him the things that he needed for his little vacation schools in the kraals or villages; bought books so that he could begin a library of his own, and in many other ways showed their interest in him. He made little things of ebony and ivory, sending them to the church to be sold, and thus helping pay his way.

Five years after he had graduated from the school, had begun his work as a full-time helper to the doctor the hospital in Africa, word came to the young people that the Board of Foreign Missions had decided to send him to America to study in a Western college, and that he would land in New York in August. All those who had helped to support him were eager to see him, so the church planned a week in a camp for all young people who had in any way helped to fill the barrels. Some were already college students, some were in high school, and some were in business.

Well, Melanga came to the camp, and they found him courteous, refined, eager to serve, and a sincere Christian.

Each day he spent a whole hour telling them of African life, of the degradation and ignorance of the village people, the superstitions of their religion, and the lack of anything that would make for growth. Each evening he told them of his own life—first as a boy in one of those villages; then of his school life; and finally of his work with the

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doctor in the hospital. His face glowed as he told them of his love of the work and the missionaries.

Now Melanga had always lived near the coast in Africa, so the hills, the lakes, the great pines and spruces, and the countryside of New England through which he had ridden seemed very wonderful to him. His experiences at the camp, where all treated him like a brother, were almost too good to be true, and the days rapidly sped by. Close by the cabin where he slept there was a very beautiful young balsam tree. Its sturdy branches, with their green needles, reached out even to his window. Many times a day Melanga stopped to look at it and smell of it; sometimes he even stopped to touch it when he came in during the evening, for it seemed so dark and ghost-like.

It was the night before the camp was to close. Melanga was to speak to the group just before they went to bed, so he left them playing games in the big hall and went to his cabin. He felt lonely to think that he was to go to his strange American home on the following day. He pulled a chair to the veranda of his cabin and was sitting there quietly when suddenly a great searchlight, used for boating and swimming at night time, was turned on a tree above him, and it shone directly down on the balsam. It stood there as though it had suddenly t from a dark, dark green to a silver tree, shimmering in the light that came from above. It was very beautiful and Melanga stood as though entranced. Then the light went off and all was dark.

"We are invited to go to the steps of Melanga's for our good-night talk," said the counselor to the young people a little later; but when they reached the cabin, Melanga was not there and the cabin was dark.

Suddenly from within they heard the sound of a queer instrument, the light over the door was turned on, there stood Melanga. But how different! He wore the native African loin-cloth and grass bustle. His brown skin was rubbed with oil until it shone. His hair was standing at all angles on his head. In his hand held a great drum made from the trunk of a tree, and he was beating it with a very light stick of yellow wood. He gave a whoop, and beating the drum faster and faster, did a native dance for them. Suddenly he crouched the floor in a dark corner of the veranda and told a story which his mother had told him, when a boy of six, of the wicked spirit which inhabits trees and sticks and which can only be taken out of a boy, if it gets within him, by being burned out with a red-hot iron at the hands of a witch doctor.

"One day something happened," said Melanga, coming to the front of the veranda. "A doctor came into the bush where I lived. He found a boy who was strong in body like this little tree, which I have loved so much since I came here, but dark in mind and spirit, as this tree is dark when I turn out the porch light. See!"

Then he left them in darkness. For fully five minutes they sat thinking of what they had seen. Suddenly the little tree was again illumined by the great searchlight. Even before

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the exclamations over its beauty had died away, Melanga stood before them, dressed once more in his white suit of clothes. His hair was neatly combed, and he looked very manly and strong as he stood there under the light. He was their Melanga again, and they were glad. In his hand he had a native musical instrument, somewhat like a violin, which had a weird note as he strummed on it.

"You helped to send the Light to me," he said, with a smile, "and it transformed my life, just as the light has changed this little tree. My old clothes, my old beliefs, my old habits I have cast away, just as I have left my native clothes behind me in the cabin. The Light has made the difference, and I am no longer afraid. I reach up to my Father, just as I have been watching this little tree reach up, and I want to reach out to thousands and thousands of others in my own land who need the Light, as I needed it, to make them strong and beautiful. If you will help me, I will work for you over there. Tomorrow I shall leave you. Please let me say good-by now with my song. Tomorrow I shall be sad and cannot sing."

Then his clear voice rang out through the pines and over the lake, accompanied by the African musical instrument:

"Sing, them over again to me,  
Wonderful words of life.  
Let me more of their beauty see,  
Wonderful words of life.  
Words of life and beauty,  
Teach me faith and duty,  
Beautiful words, wonderful words,  
Wonderful words of life."

"Good-night and good-by," said Melanga, as the light went out in the tree above.

"Good-night and good-by," said the young people, as they walked quietly away to their cabins.

They had seen what money, given in missionary barrels, could do, and they were ready to fill them again.

## **10. FOLLOWING CHRIST**

HIDEO, a little Japanese servant, and his American master sat talking one day in the doctor's office in Japan. The man was much interested in the boy because he was so faithful, and also because he had recently found that the boy was secretly hoping to be able to go to school and finally to become a doctor—perhaps to be able to study in the great school in America where the doctor had studied. Thinking he had made his decision, as many other boys do, because he lived in the house with a man whom he admired, the physician said to him:



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"Hideo, why do you want to be a doctor? You know that takes many years of study, and you have only just begun.

"I know, sir," said the boy, "but I want to try to be one just the same."

"But you haven't answered my question, Hideo," said the doctor. "Just why do you want to be a doctor?"

"Well," said the boy, "you know I am a Christian. I want to be like Christ, as much as I can, when I get big. He went about doing good. He gave his life for other people. I think I can best be like him if I am a doctor, for they go about doing good, too. So I want to be a doctor."

"That's a good reason, Hideo," said the doctor, "and if that is your reason, I feel quite sure you will succeed, if you can get an education."

One day, many weeks later, the doctor and Hideo were taking dinner in a foreign restaurant in that Japanese city. Suddenly there came a heavy rumbling noise.

"What is that?" cried the doctor, trying to look of the window.

Immediately there came a cracking and a roaring and snapping. Screams came from the building and street and confusion was everywhere. It was the day of the dreadful Japanese earthquake.

At the first shaking of the walls of the restaurant the doctor and Hideo tried to make their way out of the room, but they could not get through. Seeing it was useless to try any longer, they hurried back to the table, where they had been sitting and dove under it as fast as they could. Almost before they were safe, the walls of the room came crashing down, covering the table, and piling up debris on the sides until the two were all inclosed, with the broken beams and the heavy plaster.

Soon it became hard to breathe, and the doctor, realizing the mass of debris that had fallen about them, said:

"Hideo, I think we are lost. If we try to get out, we shall only pull more debris upon our heads. That was an earthquake. God help us! I do not think we can live until they find us."

"Let me try to get out, Doctor," begged the boy. "See! I found myself with my knife and fork in my hand. With them I can dig a little hole through, and perhaps we can escape."

The boy immediately began pulling away the plaster which was before him. The dust choked him and it was hard to breathe, but finally he had a little hole through. Larger and larger it grew until he could crawl on into an open space and begin to dig there, leaving the doctor to crawl out of the hole which he had already made. '

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When the second hole was almost big enough for Hideo to crawl through, he could see beyond a larger space out of which they could get to freedom—but he could also see a fire which had started near by. Furiously the boy dug with his two utensils, knowing that their only hope lay in getting through before the fire came nearer.

When the doctor had worked his way through the first hole and saw the fire ahead of them, he cried, quickly:

"Hideo, you must leave me to get out if I can. The hole is large enough now for you to get through and you can be saved. If you stay, we shall both probably lose our lives. Please go quickly."

But the boy only shook his head. "I couldn't do that, sir," he answered. "I think we can both get out," and he dug on.

Soon he wormed his way through the hole, broke away more plaster and boards with his hands, which were all torn and bleeding, and then called:

"Quick, Doctor! Push your way through. You can make it if you push hard. I'll help you," and he reached out and pulled the doctor through the small hole. In doing so, the sleeve of his kimona somehow touched a bit of flame that was near the hole, and in a moment the boy was all ablaze. The doctor quickly extinguished the flame with his coat, and then carried him to the street, where others helped to get him into a place of safety. But it was too late. Hideo was horribly burned, and he had used all the strength that he had in trying to get out of the debris. He was too tired to win the battle for his life.

Burned and suffering though he was, he opened his eyes at last to find that his doctor was safe, and then a beautiful smile spread over his face. He had done what he had hoped to do some day. He had given his life for another. He had followed the Christ, even unto death.

## 11. ONE DAY AT A TIME

"AREN'T we almost there?" asked the little Chinese girl of ten, as she tugged at her mother's rag dress. "I am too tired to walk any more. I want to sit here by the side of the road. Please, mother, take my hand;

"Just try a little longer, Sun Mai-dee," said the mother, "Soon we may find a nice place where we can stay all night. Tomorrow we shall get to the big house where are going, maybe," and she sank wearily to rest beside the little one. She looked longingly at the hand of the child as it rested in her lap, but she did not touch it.

"Why don't you know we shall get there tomorrow?" persisted the child.

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"Because I have never been there," said the worn slowly. "I have only heard about it from other people. It is a big place where they are kind to lepers. Kind to lepers!" she repeated, as if to herself.

"What is a leper, mother?" asked Sun Mai-dee. mother started suddenly to her feet as if frightened. "A leper, child," she said, "is the loneliest person on earth. A leper is one punished by the gods. Come, we must be going," and she hastened on.

Three days later they found people who could direct them to a Home provided for lepers by the Mission to Lepers. Then fear gripped the heart of the mother. Would they take her in? Would they send her child back to its cruel grandparents who had forced the mother into hills. Would they punish her if she told them she had stolen the child in order to be with her and care for her?

It was late in the afternoon when, dirty, ragged, hungry, and ill, they presented themselves at the gate and asked to be taken in. The Leper Home was full to overflowing, but they were detained, fed, given clean clothing, and asked many questions. Mrs. Sun told them of the many cruelties that had been forced upon them both, and of her desire to protect the child, as well as herself. Finally they were given permission to occupy a little hut close to the gate for a few days.

When the report of the case came from the doctors, Mrs. Sun was pronounced a leper, but Sun Mai-dee was apparently not a leper. Mrs. Sun would be allowed to stay in the Leper Home, but Sun Mai-dee must be put immediately into a Home for Untainted Children, or else sent back to her grandparents.

"Could she come to see me, or could I go to see her sometimes?" asked the mother.

"Perhaps she could come to see you sometimes, but she will be many, many miles away," was the reply. "You could not go to see her. If you come here, you are to stay." There seemed no alternative, so one day mother and daughter parted at the gate of the Home for Lepers. Mrs. Sun watched the cart as long as she could see it. Then she turned sadly into the yard, a leper and alone.

Five years went by, and Sun Mai-dee was nearly sixteen. Reports from the school which she attended told of her good marks, her love and kindness to the other pupils in the school, and of her cheery smiles. Those who saw her told Mrs. Sun of her beautiful voice with which she hoped to make her living. Those same five years had brought more and more suffering to the mother. Her hands became badly maimed; her face disfigured. Sometimes she longed with a terrible longing to see her one child, but sometimes she was glad that Sun Mai-dee was now so far away that she could not visit her and see how she had changed. Mrs. Sun had become a Christian, and her faith made her brave and uncomplaining in her pain and loneliness.

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One day a minister whom she loved very much came to see her, and they sat together in the doorway of her tiny home.

"Mrs. Sun," he said. "I have some bad news for you. Sun Mai-dee has developed leprosy. We have suspected it for some time, and she has been isolated from the rest of the school. There can be no mistake now, and they are bringing her here to live on Tuesday. We are planning to let you two stay in the two little rooms near garden. Sun Mai-dee loves flowers, and we will let work there for a while. It will help her to get accustomed to living here."

Mrs. Sun had made no sound; she had said no word. She just sat as if stunned by a heavy blow. Her girl a leper! It just could not be. Coming to live there where her only companions would be the sick and the old the maimed. It just could not be true. Surely, she, herself must be to blame. It were better that Sun Mai-dee were dead, and the mother cried as if her heart would break. When she was calm again, her pastor said to her:

"I do not wonder that you feel that she cannot here, but would you have her live in a cave for weeks as you were forced to do? Is it not something that the Mission will give her a home and care for her? Would you have her driven from her home and beaten, as other lepers are? You will not find her crying, as you are doing. She is very brave and is hoping that our treatments here will take her leprosy away. You must love her and be careful of her. You must be brave, Mrs. Sun, for she will to suffer when she comes. Pray that you may be a mother to her now in her need." Having offered a prayer for strength for both of the afflicted ones, he left her alone to think it all over, and then to plan for Sun Maidee's coming.

That night the mother prayed, but she could not sleep. In the morning she began to move her few belongings to one of the rooms by the garden, and she tried to fix the little room next to hers as well as she could. Tuesday afternoon Sun Mai-dee came, smiling through her tears, fresh and sweet-looking in her clean white dress, not a trace of the disease to be seen.

"It is nice to have a mother again," said the girl, as she reached out to take her mother's hand, but she winced when she saw that only a stump of the other hand was left.

"May God make you well again very soon," replied the mother, leading the way from the gate. "Our home is to be here," and they walked in the direction of the garden.

Two evenings later they sat together in the twilight before the door of her mother's room, talking of the girl's life at school.

"You have known of this leprosy for only a few days," said Sun Mai-dee, "but I have known it for a long time. The first time I felt a numbness in my hand, I knew, and I began to try to think how I could ever live here and be happy. Finally I went to one of the

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teachers whom I loved very much. I told her what I had been thinking, and she helped me to put it on paper so that I should be ready when the doctors said I must leave school. Would you like to have me read it to you, mother?"

"I would, Sun Mai-dee," answered the mother. "You are very brave, and I love you for it."

Taking a paper from her pocket, the girl began to read,

"Every day I must try to remember something which to be glad, so on

"Mondays—I will be glad that I am a Christian. I shall never have to be alone, and God will help me bear whatever comes.

"Tuesdays—I will be glad to be near mother where we can love and care for each other again.

"Wednesdays—I will be glad that I can read and write. I will teach those who want to learn, and I will read those who cannot read, when I go to my new home.

"Thursdays—I will be glad that I can sing, for singing will help me to cheer others.

"Fridays—I will be glad that the Mission to Lepers is so kind and will give me a home for the rest of life. I will try to help them for helping me.

"Saturdays—I will be glad that I can see and hear, for how dreadful it would be not to see the birds and flowers. I will try to see beautiful things.

"Sundays—I will be glad that God answers prayers. I will pray that I may be good and kind. I will pray that a way may be found to take away my leprosy. I will pray that I may smile, no matter what happens.

"Every day—I must pray and smile."

"Read it again, Sun Mai-dee," said the mother, quietly, "It is very beautiful. Read it very slowly."

When Sun Mai-dee had re-read the paper, she took from her pocket a pretty silver pencil.

"The teacher gave me this when I came away, so I might sign the paper," said the girl, "but I wanted wait until I had read it to you. It is going to be very hard. Will you help me, mother?" pleaded the daughter.

"I will try, Sun Mai-dee," promised the mother. I will try to help you every day. Let me watch you sign the paper."

"SUN MAI-DEE," wrote the girl of sixteen in a firm, dear hand.

"Now let me have the paper," said her mother. "Please help me, for I want to sign it, too."

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"SUN MAY-LEE" wrote the mother, the daughter guiding the disfigured hand.

For a long time the two sat in silence, the paper placed across the table before them. The girl's pretty hand held the maimed hand of the mother very close in hers. Darkness fell, and the moon rose in the heavens, but still they sat together. Finally the mother rose.

"I must go to bed, child," she said. "God help us both. We will try every day to smile."

## 12. THEIR TREASURE

"WIFE, we cannot leave this book behind," said the man, as he came from the little Armenian church. "It is heavy, and if I take it, something else must be left. But this must go with us. It is too precious to lose, and we shall need it." As he spoke, he laid aside one of the things that he had intended to take on their flight to safety, and put the pulpit Bible in its place.

It was during the massacres of 1909 in Turkey and Syria, and a whole village, having heard that the Turks were coming, was hurriedly leaving the valley. Men, women, and children; animals, bedding, and cooking utensils; food and furniture—it was a motley array of things that go to make up a home. Soon the line reached out toward the mountain over which they must go. All the men were loaded with things; most of the woman carried children, and among the rest walked the church deacon with the Bible which had been given to their church by Dr. Elias Riggs in memory of his daughter. It first been a gift of the father to his daughter on her fiftieth wedding anniversary, so it was a very fine book. It was one of the treasures in the village, and the Christians had been proud to have it in their church.

At first the bundles did not seem to be very heavy, as the exiles hurried on, but as the way grew steeper, articles began to be abandoned. As long as he could strength to do so, the man carried the Bible, but at last from sheer weariness, he placed it tenderly on a stone near the road, gave it a last loving look, and went on his tedious way. All were too heavily loaded to help him; night was coming, and he must hurry along. Strangely enough, no one seemed to notice that the Bible had been left behind.

After darkness had settled over the path, a woman came along, carrying one little child and dragging another after her. She had been left behind because she could not keep up with the rest.

"I must rest," she said at last. "I can go no farther." As she started to sit down on a rock by the road, her hand struck something unfamiliar. She felt of it and turned it over. "It is a book," she said. "I believe it is our church Bible. Who could have left it here? That is too precious to leave. Somehow I must take it."

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A half hour later, when she wearily rose to her feet, she left behind the extra blanket which she had brought for the protection of the children and took the Bible. When she finally came to the next village, she found that the enemy were already there and that the women had all taken refuge in an old Gregorian church for the night. About the streets was an ugly, fighting crowd of men and boys. She crept cautiously to the door of the church and whispered her name. It opened a very little and she went inside. On the floor were several hundred women and children, huddled together, their faces full of terror, hardly daring to speak above a whisper.

The woman came to them lovingly and whispered: "Don't worry, neighbors. I have our Bible." One whispered it to another, "She has our Bible," until the whole room had heard the good news.

"I have a little candle that I found near the door," said some one in a hushed voice.

"And I have one match," whispered another.

The woman carried her Bible into the center of the group and sat down. She lighted the one little candle: the one lone match, while the women shaded it with clothing lest its flame be seen outside the church. Then in the darkness of the church there came to be felt a new Presence as she read from the Word:

"Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee. For He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways." On and on, she read the promises of God.

When the candle had burned itself out they were less afraid and they could still feel the presence of the Book in their midst. So they quoted to each other the verses which they had learned from the Book in their own little church until they fell asleep there on the floor of the old church.

For two days and two nights they stayed there, expecting every moment that the doors would be broken in; but when they went out they were safe, for the enemy had gone.

"It was very strange," said a man to one of the women later in the week. "The enemy tried again and again to burn the church. They even tried to pour kerosene through the roof and burn you, but something seemed to hold them back. Every effort seemed to fail. I do not understand at all."

But the woman did. "God is a refuge and strength a very present help in trouble." The Book said so.

### 13. BABU'S GIFT

HAVE you ever had the fun of opening a big, big box of pretty things which were going to children who would have no Christmas present at all unless you gave them one? If you have, you know just how happy the teachers and helpers in the Mission Station in Sholapur, India, were when, just before Christmas, the boxes from America began to arrive. They left their other work and started right away to put all the pencils in one pile, the crayons in another, and the dolls in still another.

Such a lot of pretty and useful things as there were!

Finally they were ready to wrap them up, and that meant deciding which gift should go to each of their three hundred little brown folks in school and church. There was a little doll's cradle which would make Hira happy, and, ah! Babu should have a harmonica. Babu loved to sing, and the teacher knew that he would make real music on it. So it was labeled for him.

The day of the Christmas party came, and even though some of the presents were not new, everyone had something. Babu's brown eyes sparkled as he took the harmonica from its wrapping. To think that he really had a music box of his very own! He turned it over and over, and tried to play a little Indian tune on it. Finally he wrapped it carefully in the paper and put it into his pocket. He was going with all the rest of the children to sing carols in a very queer place—the Criminal Tribes Settlement.

Now in India there have been, for generations, tribes who were thieves by trade, or killers, or fire makers. Little Children were taught to do these things by their parents.

Finally, in order to get rid of these troublesome tribes, they were rounded up and put together in one place, surrounded by a great barbed-wire fence. Then the government asked the Congregational Mission School to try to help the children to become honest, kind, law abiding citizens. "Little Crims," the children were sometimes called.

It was to this inclosure, which was not far away, that the Mission children were going to sing for the children of the settlement. Some of the Christmas songs were known by those settlement children, and all would sing together to celebrate the coming of Christmas.

Well, Babu started with the rest. He was proud of being a Christian schoolboy and he loved the carols. Then too, he was happy because of what he felt in his pocket when he put his hand there, so he sang lustily as he marched along inside the big wire fence. Christmas a happy time for Babu.

Suddenly he stopped singing and his brown eyes opened wide. He felt in his pocket, and then he turned it inside out. His harmonica had disappeared! Had he dropped it? He turned back to look along the line of march, it was not there. Had one of the marchers



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taken it to tease him? All said they had not seen it. Perhaps one of the tribe who were thieves, and knew just how to steal had reached into his pocket and taken it.

Babu left the line of the marchers and began going to men and boys who lived inside the wire fence. He asked them if they had his music-box, and then he asked them to turn their pockets inside out to prove it. Perhaps Babu might have gotten into trouble if one of the teachers had not seen him and inquired what was the matter.

She helped him to look for the harmonica as best she could, but it was not to be found, and Babu was broken-hearted. He had never had such a fine gift, and to lose it the very same afternoon that he received it was too much for any boy to bear, he thought. He trailed along behind the marchers as they returned to the school, not one bit happy, even though it was Christmas.

Now a group of young people in Dallas, Texas, had wanted to spread good friendship in the world, so they had decided to send a box to India, and for that box a child had brought two harmonicas. Their box was delayed and did not arrive in Sholapur until the day after the Christmas party. There were still some Christmas gifts to be given out, so the teachers started to unpack it. Suddenly one cried, cheerily:

"See what I have found! Isn't this glorious? Now Babu can have his harmonica," and she held up the two harmonicas sent by the child in Texas.

Babu was sent for, and you can imagine his delight when he held in his hand again a music-box of his very own, sent to him by a child in America. Did he put it into his pocket? I leave it for you to guess.

## 14. BIG BILL

ON THE corner of a tiny church in Maine sat a group of boys waiting for their church-school teacher. They were boys whose fathers worked in a lumber-camp nearby. They had big, strong bodies and ruddy complexions. When they heard that a real missionary was coming to the church, they sent Big Bill, their leader, to the superintendent to ask if he might teach their class. No teacher ever stayed long with that class of boys, and they needed a new substitute.

As they sat talking about the questions they intended to ask him, the superintendent entered the room with the missionary. He was tall, thin, gray-haired and very pale.

"Look at him!" said Mike, the mischief-maker. "He never could hunt elephants or tigers in Africa."

"Or fight with men who wanted to kill him, like our book said John G. Paton did," said Big Bill.

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"I ain't going to stay and listen to a white-faced like that," said Tom.

"Then let's stay and have some fun with him," said Mike. So, with minds that were full of mischief, the boys waited for the missionary to come to their class.

"Every red-blooded boy likes to read and hear stories of fights and hunts," said the missionary, a few moments later, pulling his chair up close to Mike's, "so I am going to tell you a little about three hunts that I have seen within a year, and then let you ask me questions. Look at these pictures first," and he drew three from his pocket.

Every boy was on the edge of his chair in a minute for the first picture was one of a great lion, with shaggy mane, lying dead at the feet of some big African men, and having a long spear stuck into his side.

"This old fellow had stolen three little children from one of our African towns before the men finally succeeded in driving him into a place where they could kill him," said the missionary, and then he described the lion-hunt.

"And this old witch-doctor," he continued, holding up a picture of a ragged, ugly, painted man, "was hired by the village to hunt for a woman whom they might put to death for being a witch. One of the head men in the town had died and they were sure some one had bewitched him. This witch-doctor chose a mother who lived far away and who knew nothing about the man's death, but he tortured her until she said that she was a witch and had killed the man." Then he told them about that witch-hunt, and how he had saved the life of the woman.

"Now this boy," he said, holding up a picture of a fine-looking African boy about the size of the boys in the class, "was hunted by men with spears because his own father wanted to kill him. Chivela had become a Christian, and his father would rather see him dead than to see him change his religion. He put poison in the boy's food; he tried to make him fall into a trap. Finally Chivela ran away from home into the woods, and had to hide in caves for many days to get away from the men whom his father had hired to kill him."

"Chivela walked nearly a hundred miles before he reached the school where I am a teacher," continued the missionary. "He lived on raw fruits and the flesh of little animals which he could kill with his knife. Chivela wanted to go to school, so he has been working hard for three years to pay his own way. He isn't one bit afraid of his father now, and he wants to go home, next year and try to win him for Christ. "

For a few moments it seemed as though every boy the class wanted to ask questions all at once about big lion or the witch-doctor or the schoolboy. Suddenly Big Bill, who had been very quiet during the story of all three hunts, said:

"I should like to know what a boy has to do if he wants to be a missionary. I thought missionaries had to preach and have church school, but I liked that story of John G.

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Paton which I have just read, and now I like your story. That's the kind of life I should like to live."

After a little discussion as to what the boys thought a missionary was like, the man told them how the Boards, required that a young Christian volunteer be well in body and have a good education and good habits ; how he must be recommended highly, and have a big desire to work for God in any field to which he might be sent, if they were to invest money in him and send him to the Mission field.

When the bell rang the boys were sorry, for they enjoyed the hour, and they had learned much that they did not know about missionaries and their work.

"Hm-m-m!" said Big Bill to himself as he walked home "I hain't finished our school here. I don't have very good habits, but I'm not afraid and I'm well. That is something. I think I'd like to be a missionary, if I can."

The next day Big Bill began to try to stop swearing. "'Cause I think a missionary oughtn't to do it," he said to himself. When the men laughed at him and tried make him angry so that he would swear, he would think of the African boy, Chivela, and grit his teeth. He tried to be more kind about the lumber-camp. One day he pulled out the Testament which had been given to him in a city Sunday school many years before, and began to try to find out what Jesus was like, and what he wanted a boy to be and do.

Big Bill had always been a good story-teller, and he could tell the story of the lion-hunt in a way that made the boys shiver as they listened to it. When the men sat about the camp fire at night they would often ask him to tell them a story. Sometimes he told of the lion or the witch-doctor, but sometimes he told one of the stories which he had read in his Testament—the cleansing of the temple, the feeding of the five thousand, or the stilling of the storm. Big Bill could make those stories live. Only to his mother had he confided that some day he hoped to be a missionary, but all who knew him realized that something very real had happened to Big Bill.

That fall Big Bill asked to be allowed to go back to school, although he was almost a man compared with the little ones who attended the school in the village nearest the lumber-camp. The children made fun of his mistakes, and sometimes he found it very hard to stick to his purpose. But whenever he wanted to turn coward, he said to himself, "Chivela wouldn't do that," and he stuck to his work.

In five years he had finished the high school with good grades and wanted to go to college. The minister in the church where he had been trying to help during his high-school course had told him where to write, but when September came, he had had no word of an opportunity to study and at the same time to earn money. However; William, as he was now called by his school friends, had become so well acquainted with the life of Jesus that he was banking on the value of work and prayer to open a way. He

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had written many letters, and day after day he prayed that some one would need him. Then one day a wonderful letter came—at least it seemed wonderful to the boy;

"We have only one place in which we could use you," it said. "Some one has to keep the furnaces going in fall and winter, and work in the gardens in the spring. There is a large quantity of coal and ashes to handle, if you care to do this, it will pay for your board and tuition. There is a room in the basement which is not attractive, but which some students in the past have chosen to use. You are welcome to the use of it if you decide to tend the furnaces. If you are strong and well, and if you have good habits, we shall be glad to have you come, we will do our best to help you get the education which you so much desire."

"Strong and well, and with good habits," said Will, "That's part of what the Mission Boards expect. Well this time I can say that I have some good habits, and am still well and strong." So he went to college and shoveled coal to pay for it.

Four years later he was graduated with honor and with fine recommendations for character and service. That fall William La Crosse sailed for the foreign field, a missionary of the Cross.

"Off for a lion-hunt or a fight against a witch-doctor, perhaps," he said, laughingly, to a group of his friends who knew what it was that had created his desire to be a missionary. "If that fight with the lion is any harder than the fight I have had with myself to get ready to go, it will take some courage to win it. I can show you now how the first fight came out. When I come back in five or six years, watch me try to find a group of boys away back in my little old town in Maine and tell them about some other fights.

## 15. THOSE ABSURD MISSIONARIES

"OH, MOTHER, aren't they funny!"

I followed the child's pointing finger and saw them coming up the gangplank. From where I stood, on the promenade deck, I could look almost directly down upon them. They were little and old—both over sixty, the wife perhaps a trifle the younger. She had on an indescribable hat—a flat, rhomboid conglomeration of black and white satin bows plainly dating from the past century; and thrown round her shoulders, but not covering her thin neck, was a sort of overall green cape, or Inverness. The husband wore an ancient blue serge suit and gray fedora, and carried a thin coat in one hand, while he lugged at a large wicker suitcase with the other.

They were just under us, coming aboard, and in spite of the clamor incidental to the departure of the great Pacific liner, must have heard the child's clear treble. The wife brought her left hand to her flat breast in a painful gesture, looked up at the little girl

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leaning: on the rail beside her pretty, overdressed mother--and smiled. Then they disappeared from sight as the main deck swallowed them up.

"Mother," repeated the little girl, "weren't they funny!" The young mother gave a light laugh, somehow unpleasant for all its bell-like sweetness.

"They're missionaries, Clara," she said, contemptuously. "China missionaries."

Next morning nearly everyone was on deck as we went up Takla Bay to Yokohama Harbor.

Off to the left over the green hills towered the cone of Fuji; straight ahead, like a toy city, the settlement rose from the water's edge to the church spire on the bluff.

The *President Adams* sped swiftly over the blue water past white-sailed, outgoing fishing-boats, and at eight o'clock came to anchor outside the breakwater.

We were a little late, a tardiness which caused some fretting. We were to have landed at eight; now, what with quarantine, passport, and customs inspections, it was doubtful if anyone would set foot on shore before ten. . .

The quarantine launch was momentarily expected, and finally sighted picking its way through the shipping inside the breakwater. Rounding the end of the stonework, it pointed its prow straight at us and fairly flew. With a sigh of relief, and with interest, too, as constituting their first contact with Japan, the crowd on deck watched its arrival. How immaculate it was—the black roof and sides of its small cabin shone like polished lacquer! And how snappily the brown little white-clothed sailors stood to their stations and handled their craft!

A young official, also in white, with gold braid on his shoulders and around his cap, danced up the companion and, saluting our officer politely, spoke to him in loud excellent English:

"Are the Reverend and Mrs. Cyrus Scott of Kyushu here?"

Little Mr. and Mrs. Scott stepped shyly forward.

And then a strange thing happened. The young fellow produced a large, important-looking envelope from his belt and, offering it to the old couple, bowed from the waist, respectfully low. And when he spoke, with bared head, it was no longer as an official, but rather as a child addressing revered parents:

"Sensei, His Excellency the Governor, learning of your probable return by this steamer, has sent me to bid you a hearty welcome and to place his launch at your service. His only regret is that urgent business prevents his coming to care for you himself."

It was revealing of Mrs. Scott, I thought afterward, that in that splendid moment she imaged not scenes, however dramatic, but persons.

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"Oh, Cyrus," she exclaimed, raising clasped hands, "it's Saburo San! He's governor now!" Also bowing from the waist, her husband thanked the young official in quiet, but I have no doubt adequate, Japanese.

As for the rest of us—their hitherto supercilious fellow passenger—you could have bowled us all over with a word. With a denouement like a Sunday-school book come true in real life, where, oh, where was the joke now? What mattered clothes? How fruitless snobbery! Many a woman there would gladly have plunged into the sea, if afterward she could have said she had been rescued by an Imperial launch; many a man would have swum ashore had it thought by so doing to reach the Grand Hotel buffet sooner. And here were poor, old, unappreciative Mr. and Mrs. Scott invited guests—surely to the undeserving came all good things. While the old couple were below superintending the removal of their luggage, we were too dazed to think. A deathly silence seemed to have descended upon us. . .

Hendricks, (another missionary) a little apart from the others, leaned on the rail, chuckling to himself. "Now tell me," I said, "who are they?"

"I told you: the salt of the earth?"

"But this reception!"

"Oh, that? That's nothing. I'm surprised they didn't turn out the troops! Half the people on the pier are waiting for them. And they will turn out the schools to welcome them when they cross the boundary of their own province! They are the Scotts, man, the Scotts of Kyushu."

Seeing my continued look of puzzlement, he kindly went into details.

"No; they're not ordinary missionaries. Forty years ago they went into a village in the center of the south island—a real wilderness then. They built a church the first, and in time a hospital, and still later a school. But these things were only incidental—after all, only externals; others have built churches, hospitals, and schools. Their special gift was a supreme genius for friendship. Their hearts knew no guile, something, by the way, simple folk everywhere are quick to recognize. Everyone they touched, they touched personally. They knew no such word as 'converts'—only friends, and in time, as seed sprouted, brethren in Christ. Somehow, in some fashion, something of their own lofty soul entered into those they reached; and now in high places and low their influence is living in many parts of this empire. The governor of Kanagawa Prefecture is not merely the old pupil, but also their present and very loving boy."

Hendricks lowered his voice.

"The secret of their success lies in their absolute devotion to their people and their work. No sacrifice has been too great for them, no obstacle too difficult. They look poor and they are poor; besides daily essentials, they give away everything—themselves and

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their possessions included. If the Board would only let them, they would traveling third class."

And as, like a burnished arrow released from its bow the launch shot toward purple Fuji and then slowly careened in to the Yokohama shore, the humor of the situation burst over me in a flood, and I laughed and laughed until I think even Hendricks was a bit ashamed of me. I pounded the rail with my fist—until the crowd which had been stupidly watching the lessening speck of the launch turned to find out what was the matter. And still I laughed. For they were funny, these missionaries; at least the Scott kind were: as funny as a bracing wind at sea, as funny as the sun at dawn!

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### **16. TRANSFORMED BY A PICTURE**

HE WAS only twenty-five years of age, yet he had been in jail three times, and he was listed in police records of Japan as a sailor, anarchist, communist and a dangerous criminal. His third term had just been completed and he wandered aimlessly about the streets of the villages of northern Japan, hoping that some one would give him work so that he could earn an honest living. His jail terms had made him very self-conscious, and he felt sure that those to whom he spoke, and those whom he passed, must know that he was branded as a criminal. He wanted to do better; he was sure he could do better. But who would help him?

One day, when he had nothing better to do, he stepped into a picture-shop and began turning over the disorderly pile of prints which were laid on the counter, for Koga San enjoyed looking at pictures. As he laid one after another on a new pile, he suddenly found a beautiful fill copy of Millet's "First Steps," the peasant mother, teaching her little one to walk. For a long time he stood with the picture in his hands, silently looking at it. Then the tears began to run down his cheeks.

"I am a grown man," he said to himself, "but I have never yet learned to walk spiritually and morally. I am a little child. I need some one to take my hand help me to stand erect like a man. Who will help me?"

With the small amount of money which he had in pocket he bought the picture, and then he went out into the street. Where could he go? He had no home, and only a few friends. Probably they would not care to help him or believe in him. At last he thought of a Christian friend whom he had known for many years—a man who had talked with him once about his wicked life and had offered to try to help him. At that time Koga San had

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repulsed him rudely, but now he wondered if perhaps this Christian friend would not be forgiving and willing to show him what to do in order to live a better life.

In humility of soul Koga San went to the home of his friend, ready to abase himself, but his friend understood as soon as he looked at Koga San, and he welcomed him to his home. Together they talked about the picture which had made such an impression on Koga San, and of the Christian way of life.

"We need help," his friend said, "not only for the first steps, but all through the journey of life" Then from his own good collection of pictures he chose a copy of the thorn-crowned Christ suffering for others, and he handed it to the young man, at the same time returning the copy of "First Steps" by Millet which Koga San had shown him. "You will need them both to aid you in the New Way in which you have chosen to go," he said

Koga San went back to his lonely room with a new vision, a new purpose, and a new desire. He soon became a sincere Christian. He found work, and after a time he married a charming, educated Christian girl. Soon they began their new home in a town in northern Japan. Both joined the native church and began to serve others.

But Koga San wanted most of all to help young boys so that they would not do wrong as he had done. Finally he and his wife decided to open their home for a little kindergarten for the under-privileged children of their neighborhood.

It was a success from the start, and soon more room was necessary. Then the government, which had once been trying to keep him in jail, was ready to invest money in the kindergarten, and, together with the parents the children and other friends, they made it possible him to rent a building in which one large and three small rooms could be used for the thirty-five children of the school. There Mr. and Mrs. Koga, with Mrs. Koga's sister, still care for the children and teach them to take their first steps in the Christian Way. Their school and their home, where two little boys of their own are learning to walk, both radiate a fine Christian spirit in community in which they live.

On the walls of the guest-room in Mr. Koga's home hang two pictures that are more prized by Mr. Koga than any of the many other beautiful prints which he owns. One is a picture of "First Steps" by Millet, and the other is a head of the thorn-crowned Christ. They were good friends to him once; they helped him when he sorely needed a friend.

### **17. THE GIRL WHO CHANGED HER MIND**

"I WANT my own mother! I want my own mother! It isn't fair for her to go to India and leave me here alone to go to school," screamed the little girl, as she pounded her fists upon the floor and cried as if her heart would break. "I shall never go to India to live. Never! Never!"



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Ida Scudder belonged to a very famous missionary family who had given their lives in service for India. She had lived there herself with her mother for many years, but the family had just returned to India after furlough, leaving Ida in Chicago with some friends who had placed her in Northfield Seminary to get her education.

"I know mother is needed there, and it was hard for her to go," thought the little girl, as she dried her tears. "I'll try to do what she wants me to do, but, oh, dear! I want my own mother. When I have some children, I'll stay with them. I won't go off and leave them alone."

The months and years went slowly by for the school-girl, and she grew used to living without her mother, for she had many new friends. During her last year in Northfield Seminary she began to wonder what she would do after school was over. She thought that she might teach, or nurse, or go into a business house. When friends suggested that she might be going back to India, her answer was always the same: "Never! I shall never be a missionary. I shall live in America, Fifteen good Scudders are enough for India to have had. My work is here."

Just as she was ready to graduate she received a letter from her father telling her of the serious illness of mother. "We need you to care for her," he wrote. "Please come as soon as you can." Immediately Ida made preparations to go. If her mother needed her, of course wanted to be in India. It would be good to see them again. "But I shall come back soon," she said to 'friends. "I shall never live there."

As long as her mother was ill, Ida was contented India; but as the invalid recovered, she longed for America and Northfield. She would often close her eyes imagine herself with the girls again on the beautiful campus near the Connecticut River.

One night, as she lay half asleep, there came a knock at the door. Then another—and another. "Some one must be, in great trouble," thought the girl, so she hurried to the screen door and looked out. There stood a stately Mohammedan, bowing low before her.

"I have come for you, gracious lady," he said."

My wife is ill to the death. You will come at once? She needs you."

"You mean you want my father, the doctor," replied the girl. "'I'll tell him as soon as he comes in. I am no doctor, but he will come to help you. He will be here the morning.

"Oh no!" replied the Mohammedan. "No man has looked upon the face of my wife. We are high-born. I want you to come. If you do not, she will die. I would rather that my wife die a thousand times than to have man look upon her face."

"I cannot come," said Ida Scudder. "I should not know what to do."

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When the man had gone, the girl sat thinking of the sick woman—perhaps only a girl-wife. "If I had only been ready, I could perhaps have saved her life," she thought.

Soon there came another knock, and a second man called eagerly, "My little new wife is very ill. Will you come and help me?"

"I will send my father when he comes," answered Ida again.

"No, no, Mem Sahib," cried the man. "We are Brahmins. She would rather die than have a man look upon her face. You must come."

"I am no doctor. I cannot help," replied the girl a second time.

Several hours afterward a loud knock was heard, and a third man told of a wife burning up with fever. His voice trembled and he fell on his knees before the girl, saying, "She can perhaps be saved if you will come. Please come with me. No man can be allowed to see her."

Ida tried to show him that her father would be able to tell him what to do for the sick one when he returned, but he went away crying: "It cannot be! It cannot be! She will not come to help."

All night the girl tossed and tumbled on the bed in her room. "Father cannot help them because of their religion," she thought. "Their need of a woman to help is very great. If I were a doctor, I could save lives here in India. "But if I were a doctor in America, life would be so much happier and cleaner. I do not want to live in India," she argued with her own best self.

Very early in the morning, she sent a servant to inquire at the homes of the three sick women.

"All are dead," he said, slowly, when he returned. "All are dead."

"Dead!" repeated the girl. "Three are dead! Three knocks at the door; three calls for help. Like Samuel, I think I have been called of God. I must study to be a doctor.

Later, going into the room where her mother sat, she knelt by her chair and said:

"Mother, I am going back to America soon, but I shall return to India. I am going to study to be a doctor, then I can work with God in India. I feel that I am needed here."

That is why Dr. Ida Scudder, famous head of Mary Tabor Schell Hospital in Vellore, India, willingly took her place in the long line of Scudders who served God and their fellow men there.

"God called me and I went," she said to a friend. He knows best where a life should be spent."

## 18. TOMI'S PRAYER

JUST outside the gate of the little Japanese town was the shrine of the Kishibojin god, and every morning, often before it was light, a girl of twenty could be seen throwing herself before the god in earnest prayer. Sometimes she poured cold water over her body as she prayed; sometimes she cut off strands of her hair and offered them to the god. Tomi Kagata felt that she must have the answer to her prayer, so she tried in every way she knew to make the god hear her. Still her prayer was not answered.

Each day, when her prayer was over, she would leave the shrine, go to the factory, work hard all day, and then go home to care for an invalid father and two small children. Tomi was always tired, even in the morning when she went to pray.

Things had not always been so hard. Her mother had died when she was just a little girl, but she had had an elder brother who was kind and who cared for the home. Then her father was taken ill and her brother began to do many things that were not right. He drank, and was ugly when he came home. Finally, when he had struck a policeman, he ran away from home to get rid of paying a fine, leaving his wife and two small children to be supported. Soon his wife ran away also, and so Tomi had her father and the children to care for.

For what was she praying so earnestly? She was praying that her brother might become a good man, and return home to make the last days of his father happy ones.

It seemed as if the Kishibojin god might give her this one request. At last she decided that she must make the promise which was the last resort of those who prayed. After she had made her routine for prayer and sacrifices one day, she said to the god:

"And if you will make my brother a good man, I offer up before your shrine both body and soul."

But the brother did not come home, and still Tomi prayed.

One night Tomi was invited to go to a meeting which was being held for the factory girls by visiting missionaries. She listened spellbound as the missionary told of the Saviour, the Loving Friend who cares for all our sorrows. She thought of her brother and wished this Great Friend could help her to find him. She longed to have some one care for her.

The next night Tomi again went to the meeting, soon she was so much interested in Christianity that she would have asked the missionaries how she could become a Christian except for one thing—her vow to the Kishibojin god. What would the god do to her if she did not fulfill her vow? Could she forsake the god? Had she not promised to give body and soul to him when her brother came home?

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Yet as she reasoned with herself, she found herself wondering why the god had not answered her prayer. Perhaps he did not want her body and soul. Perhaps she did not please him. It was a baffling problem.

One day she went to a Christian Japanese pastor ask him what to do. She told him of her hard home life of the unhappiness of her father, and the wickedness her brother. She told him how many things she had done to please the Kishibojin god and of the final vow she made.

The pastor listened to her story and then said that he had come to see that an idol could not answer prayer, and that he felt she could become a Christian and still pray for her brother. For many days Tomi thought the matter over, afraid to leave the idol god, yet eager to know more of Christ. Finally she made her decision and a great new happiness came into her life as she was baptized and joined the church, and her new friends in that church joined her in praying for the lost brother.

One day, not many weeks later, word came that her brother had been found, that he had tried to commit suicide when he had been trapped by the police, and that he was very ill. Tomi went to him; she was kind to him; and as soon as he could be moved she brought him back to the home again. He paid his debt to the police. He stopped drinking. And at last he began going to the Christian church with Tomi, having made up his mind to be a better father to his little children.

In the town where Tomi lived, people had noticed that the girl, whom they had long admired because of her fine spirit when things were so hard, was becoming more beautiful in character. Little by little the story of her change from the god by the gate to the Christiana God became known, and the villagers watched to see if the new god would bring her brother home, When he finally returned, changed his ways, and joined the church, they felt that a miracle had happened, and they wanted to know more of this new faith. So Tomi became the center of a new interest in Christianity.

Several years have passed by since she became a Christian. She found that she was not content to be ignorant, for she wanted to give the Bible to others; so she began to study. She asked to be allowed to work for her board in one of the Mission schools so that she could study the Bible in her spare time, and that is what she is doing in order to get ready to serve the Master whom she learned to love so well.

"If God wants my life, he will supply my needs," Tomi said to her friend. "God answers prayers, as I well know, and now I am praying for an education."

## **19. WHAT CAN I DO?**

"WOULDN'T you like this little card?" said a missionary to the owner of a rug factory in China, after she had purchased some rugs for a friend. "You may be interested in the verses on it."

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The man took the card and slipped it into a box while he wrote the address of the Mission Station to which the rugs were to be sent. During the day he was busy, but when he went to his home he took the card with him. Only a few days later he appeared at the Mission Station, saying that he had learned all of the verses and liked them. He wanted to buy more cards, and he was given the privilege of taking any cards or tracts that he chose from the table where they were on display. That was the beginning of an interest which finally led him to become a sincere and earnest Christian.

At first his constant thought was, "What can I do to become a better Christian?" but very soon another thought came to him, over and over, as he tried to follow the teachings of Christ: "What can I do for my boys, now that I am trying to be a Christian?" So he started to study his rug factory.

Many months later a man went to China to buy rugs for a large American firm.

"You should go to that little rug factory at the end of the alley before you leave Peking, and see what they have," said a friend; so on a bright Sabbath morning he hurried through the narrow streets to a small building at the end of an alley. As he stood before the door he heard singing; and he noticed that the doors of the factory were all shut; Soon he recognized the song as one that he, himself, had learned in a Sabbath school in America—"Jesus Loves Me, This I Know."

"That is a strange thing to hear coming from a Chinese rug factory," thought the man, as he waited for the song to end. When another was immediately begun, the American knocked loudly at the door, for he was in a hurry. The owner of the factory, a genial native with a winning smile, came to the door.

"I wish to see your rugs," said the buyer.

"I am sorry," replied the owner of the factory, "but I do not show my rugs on the Sabbath. I am here having a service with my boys."

"I am purchasing for a large American firm and I am in a hurry," suggested the American, hoping to get the owner to change his mind.

"I am sorry, sir," answered the Chinaman. "If you will come around tomorrow morning, I can show you some very fine rugs, but I do not sell on the Sabbath."

The American turned away, much disgusted that the name of his firm would not give him the opportunity to look into a man's factory. At first he thought he would leave the city without going there again, but the more he thought about it, the more he wanted to see the rugs such a man would make, and to ask him some questions about his habit of closing on the Sabbath. So he waited until the next morning, and then went back through the alley.

The inside of the factory was very clean, and the boys, sitting before the frames, were seemingly happy and well. The American had seen many children making rugs in the

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East and he felt at once the difference between this factory and others. Soon all the children left their rugs and went into the next room to study reading and writing for an hour. In another part of the factory others were practicing in the factory band. An hour in the afternoon was also given to study or to recreation, the owner told him. The rugs were well made and the patterns were excellent. The more he saw, the more the American knew that he would make no mistake if he bought of this Christian rug-manufacturer, even if he had been refused the chance to buy the rugs on Sabbath.

Finally he had finished his inspection of all the rugs and was ready to place his order. Turning to the owner he said:

"I like your factory; I like your rugs; and I like your boys. You may send us the entire output of your factory."

So the boys had steady work throughout the whole year, and the wise owner had money enough to help the boys in his own factory, and also to continue to pay the rent for the building where many of the blind, the crippled, the paralyzed, and the dumb children from the slums of Peking were being cared for, and taught, through his kindness and generosity. His factory was running on full time that year, when many others were falling far behind, because he chose to try to do what he thought Jesus wanted a Chinese Christian to do.

## 20. MAHMOUD'S VICTORY

WHAT a queer schoolhouse that was! It had no roof over it, no seats for the pupils, and no one had a book except the teacher. Yet it was a real school, and some of the boys walked more than five miles every day to come there to learn. You see it had not always been a school. Only two years before it had been the home of a very rich man. The house was large and was shaded by great fig trees. In front of the house was a beautiful garden, in the center of which was a fountain. Back of the house was an orchard where figs, apricots, and pears grew abundantly. Back of the orchard was a vineyard containing several acres of luscious grapes.

Now the house was empty; not a window pane was left in it; the roof had been blown off; the orchards were ruined, and only a few flowers grew among the weeds. It was a bare, desolate place. And how did it happen to be used for a school?

Well, this was how it came about. One day word came that a band of Turks were coming through the valley, burning everything they found and killing the Armenians. So this Armenian took what he could of his household things and fled for his life. When the Turks came, they ruined his home and his fields, as the man had warned they would do. The old house had stood there empty for two years when a missionary, who was riding

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along the road, saw it, thought how nice it would be to live in the hills for a few weeks, and finally brought his family to stay there during the heat of the summer.

How could they live in a house with no roof? Easily; for it does not rain in that country for six months, and so with the trees above for shade, there was no need of a roof. By bringing their own furniture, the family were as comfortable as in a tent. Soon after reaching there, the missionary found that there were many boys round about who longed to go to school, so one day he told them that if they cared to come each morning while he was there, he would have a school for them and would teach them games to play, and interesting things to do.

Soon twenty boys sat each day on the floor of the largest room, studying and working with their new teacher, as happy as could be. The missionary told them Bible stories, taught them better ways of living, and was, to them, a real friend.

About a mile south of the school lived Mahmoud, a Mohammedan boy. He soon heard of the school and wanted to go; but when he spoke of it at home, he was beaten, and his father told him of the evil eye of Christians which brought trouble and sorrow to others. Mahmoud was warned never to listen for a moment to anything that the teacher had to say. For a time he obeyed, for he was afraid, but boys like to tell others of things that are interesting them, and soon Mahmoud knew some of the stories that had been told in school. He heard of the wonderful games of baseball and volley-ball which the teacher had taught the boys, and he wanted to go to that school.

One day Mahmoud's father found that he had to go away for a month, and so the boy was told that he must tend the sheep, driving them to pasture, and milking the goats at night. This was just what he wanted to do, for the very first day he drove the sheep right up close to the school. He dared not go in and sit down, but he knew he could hear if he sat in one of the holes where a window had been, and that would do very well. The grass was green near by, and the sheep were satisfied, so Mahmoud had plenty of time to listen to the teacher.

The very first day the story was about the Good Samaritan. As Mahmoud listened, he liked the man who cared for the sick man and took him to the inn. The boy had seen much killing and robbing along the road near his house in the few years of his life, and he knew what the story meant.

"I think that that teacher would have been kind, too," said Mahmoud to himself. "He has a nice look in his eyes."

That very night as the boy went home he saw a dog with a wounded leg. Usually he would have gone right along, but this time he stopped, made a rude splint, as had learned to do when a sheep was wounded, and he brought a drink of water from a well for the dog. Another day when he had enjoyed the story of the feeding of the five

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thousand, he brought a great basket of grapes from his father's vineyard for the teacher and the boys.

Almost every day Mahmoud sat in the window, never daring to get inside because of what his father had told him of the evil eye. Almost every night he found himself saying, as he went along the road with the sheep, "I like that man, Jesus, about whom the teacher tells."

Finally there came a day when one of the boys was absent and the ball game could not be played unless Mahmoud would join with the rest. The boys let him handle the ball and taught him the game; soon he was as merry as the rest, and since he was a good runner, he was helping his side to make a good score. At last there came a tie, with only two or three minutes to play. One of the opposite side made a fine hit and the ball went flying over into the field. Soon it came back to Mahmoud who ran to third base to put one of the boys out, if possible. They reached there together and rolled in the dust at the base.

"Out! Game!" called the teacher-umpire. Mahmoud's side had won, and the boys crowded around him, cheering and slapping him on the back. "You must play with us every day," they said. "You are a fine player."

The boys went back to their lessons and Mahmoud to the window: Soon he left right in the middle of an interesting story and all the boys looked surprised. He went across the garden plot and then out to where the sheep were grazing. Finding a tree there, he sat down alone to think. For almost an hour he sat right there. Then he rose and went back to the house, motioning to the teacher that he wished to speak to him.

Raising his voice so that all the boys could hear, he said, "I didn't touch Aram with that ball at all when we slid on that base. It looked as if I did, but I didn't. My hand was right under me all the time, where you couldn't see it I don't want to cheat him like that. I can't be a Jesus-boy, because I am a Mohammedan, but I can act like one. I want to play that over again and play it right."

At first the boys who had won looked very angrily at Mahmoud, but the teacher came to him and, shaking his hand, said, "We would much rather have you do right than to win. That is why we play the games. All want to learn to play fair. Come, boys! Let's see if Mahmoud can help you win again."

They all went to the field, and another inning was played. This time Mahmoud had the pleasure of helping his side to win by two points, instead of one.

When he drove his sheep home, Mahmoud had a happy feeling inside, for he had acted like the man in the stories which he had heard told in the school that had no roof, no seats, and no windows.



## 21. HIS MOTHER'S BOOK

MY MOTHER is dying and I must go home to care for her, for she is poor and alone," said the soldier to his captain in one of the camps in Guayaquil, South America. So, although he had enlisted for three years and had served only six months, he was given permission to go home. He hurried to Cuenca, hoping to be able to save the life of his mother, but it was too late, and in spite of his care, she soon died. Then he began picking up the very few things which she owned. Most of them were in an old trunk which he found in the corner of the poor little room.

"I wonder what book this is," said the soldier, as he took a very much worn book from the bottom of the trunk. "Mother must have read it often, for it is almost falling in pieces. I will see what it tells about" He put the small book, which had no covers and many loose leaves, into his pocket while he finished the other things which he had to do.

When the room was emptied and he was lonely for the one who was gone, her book seemed like a part of his mother, so he read it over and over. Some of the things which he found in it were very beautiful and helped him in his life, but there was a great deal which he could not understand. He wished he might find some one who could tell him what it meant. He had no idea where his mother had bought the book, and he had never seen one like it.

One day, many months later, he went into a telegraph office to see a friend and picked up a paper which friend had been reading. The name of the paper, Buenos Nuevas, meaning "Good News" in English, was interesting, and he began to read. Suddenly he stopped and reread a sentence. There were the very same words that had found in his book at home.

"Where did you get this paper?" he asked his friend.

"A foreigner gave it to me," answered the man. "He had many of them and gave one to whoever would take it."

"And may I borrow this for a day?" asked the soldier "There is something here that I want to compare with a book that I have at home."

Permission being given, he took the paper to his home and then sat down with his mother's book and the paper. He found a verse in a part of his book called 'Romans,' and compared it with the verse which he had seen in paper. Word for word they were the same. How happy Manuel was! He felt sure that if he could just find man who had given out the papers, he could get help in understanding his own book.

A few days later, as he was walking down the street in Cuenca, he saw some very startling signs written the mud walls of the town. "Down with the evangelicos or their

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death!" one said, and a little farther down the street was one which read, "The heads of the evangelicos or their death."

"What is an evangelico?" thought the soldier. "I must find out what the trouble is about." Soon he found man who knew.

"A man has gone through Cuenca giving out papers," said the man. "He is one of those hated Christians who are spreading a false doctrine among the people of Cuenca. He must be put out of the way."

"But I must see him first," thought Manuel. "I must find out what he knows of my book." So he hurried down the street to find the house where the man was staying with two other Christians. He went to the door, but a policeman in plain clothes was stationed there to prevent a foreigner from being killed in Cuenca. The man could be run out of town, but there must be no violence, and he refused to let Manuel in. Again and again Manuel tried, saying that he had come as a friend. At last his patience was rewarded and he was allowed to get into the house where the missionary was staying. He told of his errand, showed his mother's book, and asked for help.

What a wonderful day that was in Manuel's life! For more than three hours he sat with the missionary, listening to the story of Christ's life, of his friendship with the men of Palestine, and of the book called the Bible which told of his life and work.

"And it is part of that book—the latter part—which you have from your mother," said the missionary. "It is the greatest book in the world."

The missionary was not driven out of Cuenca, and for four months Manuel went every day to study and to listen to the word of God. Then he decided that he wanted to become a Christian and try to help others to know of Christ. So he was baptized and became the very first Christian convert in Cuenca.

Out of the small salary which he now earns in a factory he saves what he can, and uses it to buy tracts and parts of the New Testament. He has already won his brother to Christ, and on their free days and on the Sabbath Day they walk about the country telling others what Christ has done for them, offering to give people some of the tracts which they have with them, and Manuel always reads to them from his mother's book— a torn New Testament. Manuel Sarmiento is a light set on a hill which not be hid.

## **22. A BOY WHO WAS WANTED**

SUPPOSE you had no feet, How would you get from one place to another? In a wheel chair? But suppose you were too poor to pay for a wheel chair? Perhaps then you would crawl.

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Chang, a crippled boy who lived in Korea, had found a better way than that. Sometimes he just pushed himself along with his hands as he sat on a leather mat which was fastened to his clothing; sometimes he put two wooden shoes on his hands and walked along, using his hands for feet, and dragging his body after him. Infantile paralysis had left him with useless feet, but he was determined that he would not be helpless.

Chang's father was a carpenter, and he often gave the boy tools with which to make little animals of wood with brightly painted bodies. When he had several done, his brothers would take them out and sell them. In this way Chang had a little money to spend. He had gone to the village school, but often he did not feel well enough to study. Then he would get so discouraged that his friends kept out of his way because they did not like to hear him grumble.

"Why live?" he said to his teacher when she tried to help him to be happier. "I shall never be of any use in the world. I often wish I could die."

"No one knows when he is to be used," said his teacher. "Get ready, and some good thing may come to you."

One day when Chang was seventeen his mother came home saying that she had become a Christian and that she wanted to make a better home for her crippled son. She helped him with his lessons and began to teach him the songs which she was learning to sing. One day offered to take him to the Mission Compound where she had been taught the story of God's love and care, they went together in a queer old cart that creaked its way through the narrow, dirty streets.

Soon Clang began to change. He sang instead grumbling; he wanted to help instead of being helped, he entered the Mission School and began to study as hard as he could, for a big new dream had come to him: wanted to be an evangelist and teacher, and go out with the missionaries to tell the Good News.

"Mother," he said one day, "couldn't we have a little church school in our house? If I am to learn to be teacher, I must teach, and how can I teach if I have no class?"

"That we will do, Chang," replied the mother. "I will invite the neighbors to come and hear you tell the story of the man who fell among thieves. They will know how that seems, for have not the bandits robbed us?"

So Chang's first church school started. He had a great gift as a story-teller, and soon other towns began to hear of the wonderful teacher who had no feet on which he could walk. When his home church school numbered thirty, he said to his mother:

"Let us have a class in the town in the valley. They are eager to know."

"But how will you get there?" asked his mother. "Neighbor Sun, who is a Christian, said he could not talk for Jesus, but he would be feet for me," answered Chang. "He will carry one side of a chair when I go, and father will carry the other."

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"I have been wishing I could find some Christian work to do," said Neighbor Sun, when he came to start for the village. "I can sing, and perhaps that will help."

"And I will go along to pray and to talk to the women," said Chang's mother.

So the second class began, and soon it was larger than the one held in his own home. Each week those who went out to work from Chang's town became more numerous, and they told the gospel story as they went.

One day a man came from over the mountain, saying to Chang:

"We need you. We want you. No one has told us the Good News. We will come and carry you over, and we will take you back when you need to go, if you will only tell us your stories and sing us your songs."

So a few days later Chang went over the mountain, and he did not come back for many months. From town to town they carried him, and all along the way the little classes for the study of God's Word sprang up. No one knew much to teach to the others, but all were eager to learn, and to tell what they knew.

That was five years ago. Today Chang is known and loved for many miles around. In thirty towns there are Christian groups that he watches. He goes about cheering those who are sad because of poverty, of war, or of bandits. He teaches those who know nothing of the Gospel; and he trains those who will be "messengers" for him where he cannot go. He must still slide along on the floor, or walk on his wooden hand-shoes when he is at home, but most of the time he is being carried from one house to another, or from one town to another, to tell his beautiful stories from the Bible.

"Why should I feel badly because I have no feet?"

He said to a missionary one day. "If I had two feet, I might be going where I ought not to go, or doing what I ought not to do. God has shown me that he can use a man who loves him, even if he has useless feet. I can be of use in the world, even if I am a cripple."

## **23. THE COST OF A LIFE**

"WHAT shall we do?" asked Dr. Wang as he sat with his wife at the entrance of a cave on the side of a hill in Shansi, China. "We have nothing left to sell, and the children are starving. Where shall we go?"

"Perhaps the man who was so kind to us last week will take pity on us again and give us food," said Mrs. Wang. "Go once more to the village and see if some one will not help us. Surely God will not let our children starve. We will pray to Him again before you go."

After her husband had gone, Mrs. Wang sat alone, thinking over the dreadful days through which they had just lived. In the city where their home was situated Dr. Wang

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was loved and honored and they had had plenty to eat and to wear. But within the year 1900 the terrible Boxer Rebellion had made them flee for their lives, for they were Christians. Cruel men armed with spears and swords and guns were still going about the country killing foreign and native Christians alike, burning their homes, and destroying their property. When Dr. Wang had first fled from the city they had had a little money with which to buy food, but as the days went by it was all spent. Then they had sold their jewelry, their extra clothing, and last of all their cooking utensils. Starvation now stared them in the face. Word kept coming to them of the atrocities in the cities and they dared not try to go home again. All day long Mrs. Wang, or the older daughter, Obedience, who was seven, must hold the tiny baby who needed both food and medicine. Mrs. Wang's eyes filled with tears as she looked across the fields where the two children leaned against a rock, too weak to run and play, and she prayed again that some one would help her husband in his search for food.

Down in the village Dr. Wang went slowly along streets, begging for help. At last he came to the home of the man who had offered to feed him the week before. Now this man had a son who was of the age of Obedience Wang, and the villager knew that it would be a very good thing if he could betroth his son to the daughter of an educated man like Dr. Wang, so, as they talk together, he said,

"If you will agree to the betrothal of the two children, I will give you three dollars with which to buy food."

"Three dollars!" thought Dr. Wang. "That would buy enough cheap grain to keep us for many days. But how can I betroth Obedience to a villager? What would her mother say?" For a while he was silent. Obedience seemed so young to be betrothed, even though it was the custom of all his friends to promise their children in marriage; but if he had no food for her, she might starve to death. She had been a pupil in the Mission School before Boxers came to Shansi, and he wanted her to have an education. At last he said to the man,

"You have been very kind to me, and I am thankful. Three dollars would save our lives for many days, and perhaps we shall soon have word that we can go home again. If you will let me take Obedience home and send her to school, and if you will promise me to send your son to a Christian school, then I will agree to a betrothal."

"If there are ever any village schools in Shansi again, said the father of the boy, "then I will send him to school"

So the writing was drawn, and Dr. Wang took the three dollars given him by the villager and bought food and medicine to take to his family.

Eight years went by. The Wang family had gone back to their home after the danger was over. They were still very poor, but they were happy to be together and to have enough to eat and wear. Obedience had gone back to the Mission School and by her loyalty and

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good work had won the admiration and respect of her teachers. It was the plan of the school to send her to Bridgman Academy in Peking to train for a teacher, so that she might help in the Mission Schools, and all the Wang family looked forward to the day when she could enter the higher school.

One day Dr. Wang came running into the home of one of the teachers, looking haggard and worn.

"It cannot be, and it shall not be," he cried. "Obedience shall never go back there to live in the heathen village with a boy who has never gone to school. They shall not take her."

"Who is trying to take Obedience?" asked the teacher, much alarmed. "Tell me about it."

"The man from the hills claims her for his son," cried Dr. Wang. "When we fled from the Boxers eight years ago, and were starving in the mountains, I betrothed her to a man's son for three dollars, and now he has come for her. He said he would send his son to school, and he hasn't done so. He didn't keep his part of the agreement, and I shall not keep mine."

"Let me see the agreement," said the teacher. "Perhaps we can do something about it."

"Alas! I have no written agreement about the school," said the doctor. "He had been kind, and had given me food the week before, so I trusted him and said nothing when the paper did not state that his son was to go to school. Now I have nothing to show that he has broken his word. He says there was no school to which he could send him. The boy is ignorant and degraded, and Obedience would be very unhappy there. It were better that she should have starved to death."

"Suppose you go to the man and ask him how much he would ask to break the contract," said the missionary. "Perhaps he is not really eager to have Obedience." The doctor hurried away. When he returned he was shaking his head and walking very slowly.

"He will sell her to me," he began, "but he says he must have five dollars and a half. I have not so much money. I cannot get so much money. I have nothing to sell to get it, and he says he must have the money or the girl at once," and Dr. Wang threw himself, face downward, on the ground, weeping and calling the name of his daughter. A crowd had gathered about the house to see what was the matter, and they talked together to find ways by which the money could be raised, for five dollars and a half is a large sum to a Chinese villager.

When they had about decided that Obedience would have to go back with the man, one of the school-teachers came into their midst with a pocket full of Chinese money. She counted out coins to the value of five dollars and a half and handed them to Dr. Wang, saying:

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"Take this money to the villager. Bring me a receipt for the money and a signed statement that he has no more claim on the life of Obedience. She shall belong to me. I am glad to give that amount of money to save her from such unhappiness."

So Dr. Wang ran away again to buy the girl's freedom. When he came back he had a long, red paper in his hand on which were many Chinese characters stating that Obedience Wang was no longer the betrothed wife of the boy, but had been bought for the sum of five dollars and a half.

With a smile the teacher handed the paper to Obedience, who had come into the yard with her father, saying: "Put it away carefully, Obedience. It gives you a right to live happily, and to prepare to be a Christian teacher in the schools of China."

As teacher and pupil walked away, arm in arm, one of the other teachers, who knew how little money was left in the purse of that teacher after five dollars and a half, sorely needed for living expenses, had been taken out, said to herself:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

## 24. TOO BUSY TO HELP

BEFORE an open fire in his beautiful home a wealthy, manufacturer stood holding out a check for twenty-five dollars to the man who had come to ask him to help in the every-member-canvass of the church.

"Because I like our pastor and want to help him I am giving you the same amount for missions that I did last year," he said, "but each year I believe less and less in sending missionaries across the sea. My son Bob, who is selling oil in Turkey, says that the missionaries are always getting into trouble because they can't seem to remember that their job into tend to the heathen and not do a thousand other things which they are not asked to do. I am too busy to help with the canvass," added the man, firmly.

"Word has just come that another missionary in Turkey is being held for ransom," said the canvasser. "He runs a little hospital and is a very real friend to all that natives in the region round about. The bandits are becoming very bold."

"My Bob doesn't mind them at all," said the man: "Probably the missionary was out on the roads where he had no business to be," and he opened the door of the library to show his caller to the street.

The visitor sighed as he put the check and the church card into his big envelope. "Always too busy to help, except with money," he said, "but what could we do without his money?"

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More than a year went by, and both the busy man America and his busy son in Turkey prospered financially. One day in the fall of the year an Armenian came running into the office of a small hospital in Turkey. Before the desk sat a doctor who was vainly trying to get to the bottom of a great pile of papers.

"This is my busy day," said the doctor, "but can I help you?"

"Have you heard that Robert Brooks, who has been selling oil round about here, has been captured by the bandits?" said the man. "They are holding him for a big ransom."

"When was he taken?" said the doctor, hastily rising. "Four days ago," said the man.

"Where was he when taken?" asked the doctor, putting some of his papers into his desk.

"Near the pass, just beyond the ford of the river," replied the Armenian.

"Who took him?" asked the doctor, reaching for his hat.

"He is in Abdullah's hands," answered the man.

"Abdullah," said the doctor, with a low whistle. "Abdullah's men have no mercy when the ransom does not come. We must do something at once. Can you go with me?"

"But, Doctor, you have not been well, and you are expected to go on the visit to the other hospitals next week. This would be a hard trip and your life would be in danger. Please do not go," pleaded the visitor.

"They will not take me again," said the doctor. "They know that I have no money and that I will never consent to have any ransom paid for my life. I have no fear of them, We must do something at once. Send the nurses to me so that I can tell them what to do if we are delayed."

The man started to go, then he turned and said: "I am told that young Farag has joined that band. You know him, I think. We might do something through him. I know where he lives."

"Farag!" cried the doctor. "That is good. I saved life when he had blood poison a few years ago. If we can find him, I think he will help me."

Several hours later three men left the hospital on way to find Farag, the young bandit As they rode through the night the doctor lived over again the weeks when he, too, had been taken by the bandits and kept in terror. He remembered the dark, damp, cold cave in which they had kept him; the dirty water; the poor food; the long forced marches when their hiding-place had been discovered; the brutality of the men. He could still feel the cold steel pressed against his shoulder as they tried to force him to write a letter begging for ransom. He had refused; he had been told that he would be shot at dawn, but when dawn came, his captors were fleeing for their lives; he had been left behind,



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too weak to stand. Three days later he had crawled to the road, and waited for some one to tell his friends where he could be found. How vividly it all came back as he rode to rescue another!

For four days the men hunted for Farag. Then one night, as they lay sleeping in an inn, some one touched the doctor on the shoulder and motioned him to follow. It was Farag.

"Word has come to me that I can serve you," he said. "I remember my promise to you, Doctor."

"Are you ready to fulfill your vow?" asked the doctor. Farag hesitated. "I will try," he said at last.

"Young Brooks, whom Abdullah has captured, is a Christian, so he is my brother. I want you to help me to free him. I want him brought to the Mission hospital, unharmed."

"But, Doctor—" began the bandit.

"Perhaps you cannot do it," interrupted the doctor. "I risked my life for you when I drew the poison from your wound. I ask you to try to free Brooks for my sake."

For a moment there was silence between them. Then Farag held out his hand, and slipped away in the darkness without saying a word.

Next morning the three men started back to the hospital, two of them feeling that their search for Farag had been in vain. Two weeks went by and the doctor felt very uneasy about the young captive. Had they killed him? Several cables had come from America, offering to pay more, and then more, if only the life of the son of the busy man in America could be saved. No word had been received from Abdullah since the second demand for ransom had been sent from the hills. No one knew where Abdullah's men had gone.

One morning, nearly three weeks from the day when the doctor had talked with Farag, a lame horse was seen coming down the road. On its back was the slouched figure of a man.

"Robert Brooks has come!" Quickly the word spread through the hospital as they helped him into one of the beds. He was bruised, his clothing was in rags, his talk was almost unintelligible. But he was alive, and the missionary quickly sent a man to start the cable to America, telling his father that he was safe.

For many days he lay between life and death, for he had been starved and badly wounded. One day, when his strength had begun to come back to him, he asked the doctor to sit by his bed.

"Farag saved my life," he said. "He told me about you; he said that he had seen you. He made a ladder of vines so that we could escape over the back of the cliff. He started a fire to draw the men away from the cave where I was hidden. He had put food along the

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way, so that I would not starve if he were killed and I lived. When we were followed, he put himself between me and the bullet; twice he was wounded. When we came to the place where the old horse was tied, he said to me:

"Now you are to go alone. Tell the doctor that I have kept my vow. Soon they will surely take my life because I have freed you. Tell him the word of a bandit is sometimes as good as the word of an American. I have saved your life at the cost of my own."

For nearly a month the young man was cared for in the hospital; then he was taken by one of the missionaries to the boat which was to take him to his father—the American who thought that missionaries often tended to things that were not their business—the man who had been too busy to help raise money to keep that hospital, and that missionary, in Turkey.

### **25. THOSE POPPY SEEDS**

I WILL take them to the missionary," said the young Chinese farmer, looking at a package of poppy seeds which he held in his hand. "He will help me, I am sure. I cannot plant them, for opium brings suffering and trouble into the world" So he walked from his farm to the chapel in the town of Kienning. Robert McClure, a visiting missionary, happened to be in the chapel, and the young man told him of his problem. "The soldiers have made me buy these seeds," he said, they have taken a month's pay from me for them; they say I must plant them, but that I cannot do. I am a Christian, and I want to do what is right. I cannot raise opium. Will you not take these back to the soldiers tell them that I cannot plant them because I am a Christian?"

"That is what Christianity will do when it grips a man," thought Robert McClure, as he took the seeds and promised to help. "He is worth watching."

One day, the year following, Mr. McClure was sitting home far away over the mountains when he heard one at the door. There stood the young farmer from Kienning.

"Maybe you have forgotten me, but last year I brought poppy seeds to you that I could not plant," he said. "I've come to you over the eighty miles, of mountain path because I need some advice. I want to become a Christian pastor. I have saved what money I could. I have studied all I can by myself. Now I want to go to a Bible School and then work for Christ. Please tell me if you think I could ever become a Christian pastor."

For a long time the two sat talking together. Mr. McClure was telling him what a pastor needed to be if he wanted to lead others to Christ. The farmer was telling him of his life and of his dreams. When the young man left, it was decided that he should go to school, and he was very happy.

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"Maybe some day I can work with a missionary in one of the American schools. That would be wonderful," he thought, as he trudged back over the long, steep, rough mountain path.

Five years went by—busy, happy ones for Mr. Liao, the farmer youth. He studied for a time and then was assigned to go as a helper and teacher in his home town of Kienning. One day great news came to him. Robert McClure was to bring his family and live right there in his town. How wonderful it would be to be a helper to his friend who had been so kind to him! He spread the good news around the town, and he hurried to get everything in good shape for the new work to begin.

For three years they worked together, hand in hand. They had a boys' school and a girls' school, a church, dispensary, and other interesting things. Other missionaries had joined the staff and work was going nicely. They had even raised the money for a new hospital. Then the bandits appeared.

When word came from the American Consul that the families of all American missionaries in the interior of China must go at once to the coast because of the danger from bandits, Mr. Liao was dismayed. What would become of the work if they all went away?

"I want you to be safe," he said to his friends. "If you stay, I will guard you with my life. I will gladly give mine for yours. If you must go, then I shall go down the river with you until I see you safe in Foochow."

Now Foochow was three hundred miles away on the coast. People had to go by boat—first in a little rowboat that picked its way down the swift river where there were many rocks. Then they had to take one of the clumsy, uncomfortable square-nosed boats used on the large rivers of China. Bandits were numerous on both sides of the river. Sometimes they shot at the boats from the bank. Sometimes they rowed out, stopped the boats, looted the passengers, even taking them for ransom if they thought it worth while.

Mr. Liao knew that the Americans would be much safer if he were along to treat with the bandits. So when the rowboats carrying his friends left Kienning, he was there to go also. For twelve long and dangerous days they went down the river. When they were stopped, Mr. Liao would go ashore, talk with the bandits, pay them a little, if necessary, and on they would go. Finally, when all were safe in Foochow, Mr. Liao turned to go back alone to his dangerous post.

"I must go immediately, for I am sadly needed there," he said "When you are ready to come back, send me word and I will come for you."

Four years later, when he had become known as Pastor Liao, and when many people in his town had given up idolatry because of his good work, he heard that the Communists

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were on their way to Kienning. Because he was a Christian and the head of his clan, he knew that his life was in danger from the men who hated the church. Waiting until they were almost in the town, he fled to the hills, where he lived alone for forty days, hoping that they would go on and he could return to his looted home. Finally word came to him that the Communists were continuing to look everywhere for him, and he decided to try to get to Kiangsi Province, where he would be safe.

Dressed as a coolie, he made his way to the Nationalistic lines, but there he was arrested as a spy and was stood up to be shot. He demanded a trial, and when nothing could be proved against him he asked the privilege of trying to find a friend to vouch for his loyalty. He was allowed to walk through the village street, followed by a soldier. Scarcely a block from the prison he met an old friend who knew him and told of his faithfulness and courage. So he was released.

But where could he go and be safe? If only he knew what was happening in his home and his church! At last he decided to try to get to Foochow, where his American friends were living. He worked his way through the hills down to the Yangtse River, where he could get a boat and finally, after fifteen hundred miles of travel, many of them on foot, he arrived at Foochow, still three hundred miles from his family and his work.

There was great rejoicing among his friends in Foochow when he came, for they had had word that he was dead. They tried to make him comfortable after his long journey, and when he began to talk of going home, they offered him money to make the travel easier.

"The more I have, the more dangers I shall have to face," he said. "I will take a fountain pen so that I can write my reports and pay my faithful helpers when I get back home again. That is all I want you to give me." So, still garbed as a coolie, Pastor Liao started back up the river again, eager to find his wife, who had been taken away for ransom, and to see the little son whom he loved so much.

And there he is today, with his reunited family, at the head of all the mission work in that town of Kienning, lovingly and faithfully caring for his band of Christians who have suffered so much at the hands of bandits and Communists in these last years, and watching carefully what still remains of the property of the Mission. He is loved and respected for miles around. He is what he wanted so much to be—a real pastor and leader of his people.

## **26. MISS LOU'S BABY**

THE rude mud hut thatched with straw was close to the trail that led to the sea. In front of the hut, stood a young woman, looking down the trail. Her hair; shone like gold in the bright African sunshine, and tiny, curls blew all about her face in the brisk wind. Around her were many women whose hair was also curly, but black like burnished ebony. Her

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face was lovely to look upon, as were those of many of the women. But they all, seemed homely to Miss Lou on this day, as she stood looking at them, for she was homesick, dreadfully homesick.

Three years before, when a missionary had spoken in her college chapel in America, she had thrilled at the thought of working in Africa where there was so much need and where the opportunities were so great. When she had volunteered to go, her home town, thinking that she was very brave to go so far away, had made her feel much like a heroine. She had enjoyed the ocean trip, and the adventures, and the new scenes all about her for the six months that she had been in Africa studying the language, but during the last week she had been longing for home. She wanted a clean, attractive place in which to live; she wanted young folks of her own kind with whom to enjoy herself; she wanted some home-things to eat. So, as she looked about her in the little village to which she had come for a two weeks' visit with one of the older missionaries, it did not seem as if she could possibly stay.

"Why did I ever come?" she said to herself. "And I volunteered for life! What made me make such an awful promise? If I only had some one to love—some one who was my very own, it would be different. I seem so dreadfully alone out here by myself."

Suddenly she saw a big black negro running up the narrow street toward her. In his arms he carried a little black girl, perhaps two years old. The child was kicking and yelling, but the man paid no attention to her at all. When he saw Miss Lou standing in the door of the hut, he came to her, talking as fast as he could. Miss Lou knew only a few words in the African dialect used in that town, so she could not understand what he wanted. Sometimes he seemed to plead; then he would look very fierce and seem to scold. Once he shook his fist as he looked at the baby. At last Miss Lou, frightened and ready to cry, rushed past him and down the street to find the other missionary.

Ten minutes later the two women came back, Miss Lou telling her friend about the baby as they hurried up the village street. Suddenly she stopped, for there, fast asleep on her doorstep, lay the little girl, and the man was nowhere to be seen.

"What can it mean?" asked Miss Lou.

"I suppose he wanted to give the baby to you," was the reply. "That's the way they do in this country when a baby's mother dies, or when a man does not want to support his little girl. I suppose he has gone home and left it for you."

"Left it for me!" cried Miss Lou, horrified. "What would I do with a little black baby? We must find him at once." So the older missionary began asking the people of the village what they knew of the man or the baby. Some had seen the man come; some had seen him go.

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No one knew anything more than that about him. And the tired baby slept on, unconscious of her fate.

When the child awoke, Miss Lou was sitting on bench near the door. The big brown eyes of the baby filled with tears at first; then she toddled across the intervening space and held up her arms to be taken by Miss Lou, Miss Lou, homesick for some one to love her, pitied the little one, so she washed the dirty face, brushed the matted hair, and found herself saying to her friend:

"Isn't she a dear? How could any one leave her or give her away?"

The days went by and the father could not be found. The missionaries talked of sending the child to an orphanage, but no one was going to the far-distant town where the nearest one was located. So Miss Lou took the child back to the Mission Station, and had her cared for in her own room. Soon she found that she was neither so lonely nor so unhappy when Baby Lou, as she was called, was there. There was no fund for the care of the child, and Miss Lou's salary was very small, yet one day she sent word to the head of the Station that she would provide somehow for the expenses of the child, and wanted, to educate her.

The years went by and Baby Lou became Little Lou, and then Missy Lou. At first she was taught at home; then she went to the Mission School. Twice she was taken to America and put in school there for a year, but these were hard and discouraging days for the girl. In America she was just another Negro—not Miss Lou's girl, as she was in the Mission—and she was always happy when the time came to go back to Africa. As Missy Lou grew older, Miss Lou found that she had to give up many comforts to pay the expenses of the girl, but she loved her dearly and wanted her to be in the home.

When Missy Lou was nearly nineteen the doctors told Miss Lou that she must go to America to stay; that it would be a long time before she was well again; that she must go for a time to a hospital and then must be cared for at home. What was to be done with Missy Lou? Miss Lou would no longer have money to care for her. The girl had had several offers of marriage, because, of course, she was far ahead of the other girls in the village in culture and education, but Missy Lou had wanted to go to school.

When only a week remained before Miss Lou was to sail, she called the girl to her bedside and said:

"Missy Lou, I want to do for you just what you want me to do. If you want to marry Mvondu, I think he will make you a good husband, and I will give you a wedding. If you want to go to school, I will try to find a way by which you can work your way. But I ought to know today what you would like your future to be."

All that day, instead of singing about the house as she was used to doing, Missy Lou was very sober and thoughtful. In the evening, when the moon was bright and the sky was

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full of stars, she drew a chair beside the bed of her good friend. For a long time she sat silent. Then she said, very thoughtfully:

"Miss Lou, America is a long way off and I wasn't happy there. I like Africa. If I married Mvondu and stayed here, I would be a native preacher's wife some day and would be honored as I am now. Isn't that possible?"

"I think that is true, Missy Lou," agreed the older woman.

"In America they are not always good to me," faltered the girl.

"I know you are happier here, child," said Miss Lou, "and I want you to be happy."

"I could work for Jesus here, and I don't think I could there," said the girl, reaching out to take hold of hand of her good friend.

"Perhaps we could find some place for you to work. I should be glad to try, if you come with me," suggest Miss Lou, not wishing to influence her decision, and yet eager to have the girl feel her love and sympathy.

"But, Miss Lou, you have loved me all these years, cried Missy Lou, passionately. "I love you, and I want you more than any other happiness. Where you are, I want to be. I want to go to America and earn money to make you comfortable. I want to give you care, as best I can as long as you live. Maybe I can study in America and become a teacher, just as near like you as I can be. When you no longer need me, I will come back here and try to take your place."

"But, Missy Lou, you want a home of your own. Mvondu wants you to marry him, and he would make a good husband for you," said the sick woman, almost fearing that the girl would stay with Mvondu.

"You have never had a husband here," replied the girl with a sigh. "Perhaps I shalt not have one if I go away but I can find a little girl who needs me, just as you did and I can help her for your sake. I want to go with you Miss Lou, for I love you best of all."

So the two took ship for America. Missy Lou studied and worked hard for the seven years that Miss Lou, her beautiful adopted mother, lived. She gave her loving care and made her very happy with her gentle ways. Then when Miss Lou had been laid to rest, Missy Lou went back to Africa to find Mvondu still waiting for her. He was already a native pastor, and she took her place happily beside him, teaching in the schools and mothering little girls of the villages, "just trying to be like Miss Lou."

## **27. PANDITA RAMABAI, THE FRIEND OF THE CHILD WIDOWS**

AWAY out in one of the forests of India there once huddled a starving family. They had come into the woods because they had no way to get food and were too proud to let

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others see them die. The father was a well-known Brahman teacher, or pundit, but he had dared to educate his little nine-year-old wife when they were first married, and then he had also educated his little daughter, Ramabai, and had refused to allow her to be betrothed to any man while she was still a little child. For these two reasons he had been forced to leave his home and to wander about, teaching the Indian classics to groups of people who came to him, but making very little money. For many years he had lived with his family in the deep woods, far back from any village, where he could be free to teach Ramabai the best things in Indian literature and to give her a knowledge of nature and of life.

But famine had come all over India, and this family, who had scarcely bread enough to eat at any time, had sold all they had, even to their brass cooking-vessels, to buy food. When that was gone, they had lived for eleven days on roots and flowers and berries. Finally the old father, nearly blind and full of pain, decided to give his body to the gods by jumping into a sacred tank. One by one he called his wife and children to say good-bye to them. Last of all came Ramabai, his youngest child, and the one whom he loved best of all. He held her very close for a time, and then reminded her that he had given her of his best in education and in training.

"Ramabai," he said, "I have given you into the hands of our God. You are his, and to him you must belong. Serve him all your life. If you live through this terrible time, live at your best and do right."

The old teacher-father, however, was persuaded not to drown himself, though he died a few weeks later from exposure and want. Then the family separated, one brother going with Ramabai. Soon her fine education her knowledge of the Sanscrit holy books made her famous among the teachers of India, and at twenty-two she was given the name Sarasvati, which means goddess of Wisdom. She married a graduate of the University of Calcutta and for nineteen months was very happy, but her husband suddenly died, leaving her with one little girl, Manorama, or Heart's Joy.

Then Ramabai was a widow. She put on the coarse white cotton sari for a dress and shaved her head, as all Indian widows did, but she realized keenly how different she was from all the rest. About her she saw young widows; probably there were twenty-two million of them at that time in India. They had been betrothed or married when almost babies, sometimes to men of sixty, or seventy. Because their husbands had died they were hated, whipped, forced to do hard work by the husband's family; all their pretty clothes and jewels were taken away; they were given only one meal in twenty-four hours, and a small one which was denied them entirely on holidays and feast days. Play and happiness were forever denied them when once they were widows.

Ramabai thought of her own education and freedom even though she was a widow, and she longed to help the girls of India. So she began forming groups of women to work for



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the education of girls and for the prohibition of child marriages. Finally she decided that she must go to England to study how to help them. She was poor and alone with Manorama, but for six years she worked both in England and in America, getting ready to serve her country. Then she went back to India with money promised by friends in America to provide a school for child widows for ten years.

While she was in England, Ramabai had become a Christian and had joined the Church of England, but she knew she could best help the little girls who came to her by leaving them free in their own faith, but holding them to the best they knew, and living before them the life of a sincere Christian.

She opened her school with one little high-caste widow, but soon more came, and as her school grew, she had a chance to teach the girls trades, to give them some education, and finally to train a few of them to be nurses, teachers, and helpers in social life. When the girls saw the sweetness and the happiness of Ramabai's life, and heard her teaching her own little girl in her room each day, some of them became Christian. Men, who wanted wives who were not ignorant, began to defy custom and marry girls from Ramabai's school. How happy they were to be freed from their curse of widowhood!

At the end of ten years Ramabai went back to America and told of the work which she had done. Her friends all over the United States who heard her story were again glad to help. Some of the money needed for her school also came from the government in India, as they saw that she was doing a much-needed work. Oft times she was criticized because of the fact that some of the girls became Christians, but still she worked on. In times of famine there were occasionally more than a thousand little mothers, or of little child-widows who had perhaps, seen their husbands only when they were betrothed who were being cared for in the school.

In 1920 Manorama, Ramabai's beautiful daughter, graduated from college and was ready to take the supervision of the work of the school, and also to try to found other schools like it. So Ramabai, who had been for some time deaf, from exposure on the ground when she was small, began to translate the Bible into simple language which the common people could easily understand. As she and her helpers finished a chapter of the book, she would have it printed by the girls of the school, and then she would give it away to any who wanted it. This had been her dream for many years, and she was happy have time to do it.

Suddenly Manorama was taken sick and died. The loss of her helper and her companion seemed too much for the mother whose life had been so full of hard things. She took up the care of the school again, but on April 5, 1922, she, too, laid down the work at her school at Mufti.

Then India realized what she had done for the country. She had been given the Kaiser-i-Hind medal by British government for distinguished service in education. She was

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master of seven languages, and was one of best authorities on the sacred writing of the Brahmins. She had, through her own personality and message, thousands of friends in America for the little ones whom India had chosen to despise and neglect, and she had let the whole world know of that neglect. She had given love and sympathy and care to thousands of little ones for whom no one cared, and who, but for her, would been a menace to Indian womanhood. Many of these she had put into places of leadership. She had shown by her life and work what an educated Indian woman, inspired by the love of Christ, could do for India.

Pandita Ramabai Sarasvati, the little girl whose whole childhood had to be spent in poverty, and under persecution and hatred, because of her father's choice, was at sixty-four one of India's greatest women. She had lived an honorable life and had tried to do what was right. She had given her life to God and had served him. She was a living tribute to her father.

## **28. THE MAKING OF A MISSIONARY**

THE door of the church office opened quietly and the pastor stepped into the room where the Senior Fire Girls were assembled.

"Girls," he said, "word has come that Anton Novak has been killed in France. I want to take your guardian with me to his home, for she can speak to his mother in her own language, and I cannot. Will you excuse please?"

When the door had closed behind the two, the girls as if stunned. Anton Novak! He had been their school athlete, and had only gone to France a few months before. Anton had been loved by all who knew him, partly cause of his sunny smile and his ready sympathy, partly because of his heroic struggle for an education. Anton had been one of their best young church workers. How could he be dead in France? After a few moments of silence, the girls gathered up their work and went home. Anton, their friend, was dead.

The next week those eighteen Camp Fire Girls were at the church, ready to partake of the communion together. They were a merry group of girls, not always given to remembering to be reverent in church. When the service began, Mary, the mischief-maker, was at one of the pew, and the guardian was at the other. Mary had carefully planned it so.

Just as the pastor was announcing the first hymn, a frightened woman of foreign birth made her way to second seat from the front in the big city church, looking here and there as if puzzled where to go. She was very homely. Her black shawl was pulled tightly over her head. A great handkerchief hung down from her left hand, and in her right hand she carried a large, faded umbrella. She seemed very much out of place among all the well-dressed people of the wealthy church.

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The guardian, looking across the girls to the old lady, saw Mary poke the girl next to her and whisper something; then both laughed. Soon the funny speech was being passed from girl to girl down the length of the seat in loud whispers. When the minister stood up to read, the foreign woman stood up also, though everyone else was seated, and this brought more broad smiles. In vain the guardian shook her head. At last the great umbrella went rattling to the floor and two girls laughed aloud. The minister looked from behind the pulpit and frowned; the guardian reached for her purse, and taking a card and pencil from it, wrote;

"That is Anton's mother."

As the card passed down the seat, shame and sympathy alternately came into the faces of the girls. Anton's mother! How could they have been so rude? They remembered that she was sitting in the seat where he always sat, and so understood why she had seemed to be hunting for something as she had come down the aisle. She had come to take his place, although she knew no word of English.

When the minister rose to pray, Mrs. Novak also rose, but this time there were no smiles in the pew where the Camp Fire Girls sat. She stood, old and trembling, watching the face of the minister. Suddenly she heard a word that she knew—"Anton." Ah! he was praying about her boy, and she wanted to know what he was saying. She felt so alone—so dreadfully alone. With a great sob she sank into the seat, saying to herself, "Anton, Anton," and weeping bitterly.

There was a rustling in the pew where the girls sat and the guardian looked up quickly. Mary had risen and was making her way down the aisle to where Anton's mother sat. She put her arm about the little, forlorn foreign woman and tried to comfort her. When the prayer was over, she took from her dress a very beautiful rose, which she had been wearing and laid it gently in the hand of the mother. Twice during the service the guardian saw the girl place her daintily gloved hand on the work-hardened one of the foreigner, and when the service was over, Mary led Anton's mother through the crowd and took her to her home, down near the Gully, in her own good-looking car.

From that Sunday, Mary went at least once every week to that little home to carry comfort and sunshine to the mother who had given her all to America. Each week she carried a great basket of provisions, and often flowers with her. She began to study the Czech language under the direction of the guardian of the Camp Fire so that she could talk to the mother without an interpreter. Soon she was teaching a class of little children in the Gully each Sunday afternoon. After six years, when she had finished college and was working, and Mrs. Novak had become almost helpless with rheumatism, the girl used her money in having her placed in a Home where she could have nursing care as long as she lived, and to that Home Mary gave her best for many years.

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"What are you going to do?" asked a friend one when she had heard that Mary had given up her good position and had entered a School for Social Service Workers.

"I am going to be what I have wanted to be for almost ten years," Mary replied. "I am going to study to be a Christian worker—a real friend to the Poles and Czechs who come to our country to make a home."

"And what ever gave you such a foolish idea?" asked her friend.

"Changing my seat in church one day did it, I suppose," said Mary, with a merry laugh. "I found the best friend that I have ever had that day, and this is the way that I am going to say thank you for all her kindness to me."

So Mary became a City Missionary.

## 29. THE FRIEND OF THE OUTCASTE

"CHRIST is the friend of the outcaste! That is wonderful," said the man as he sat before the door of hut with a puzzled look upon his face. "Christ would be my friend and the friend of my family. We must know more about it. How could Christ be the friend of an outcast?"

He was an outcaste, and he had married an outcaste, for whom else could he marry? Their little family were growing up about them, doomed also to be outcastes, with no education and no chance. As he had worked in the garden with his wife, they had often talked together and wished they had a good friend who could tell them how help their children. Now at last he knew a way to find one. "Christ is the friend of the outcaste." He repeated it over and over. Only the day before he had heard the teacher from the Mission Station say so, and hour after hour he had sat there in the darkness and the cool of the Indian night and thought about the good news. At last he decided that he must walk to the Mission Station ask more about the man called Christ.

Very early in the morning he went to the one owned the land on which he worked and asked permission to be gone for a few days in order to have time to walk to the distant city, but the man was angry and refused to permit him to go, even slapping him in the face when he persisted in his request. This only made the outcaste more determined than ever to find some one to help him, so he renounced his allegiance to the owner of the land and hurried home to talk the matter over with his wife again. He had no other work and very little money. Soon his friends and neighbors began to turn against him as the news of his interest in a foreign religion began to be known. The men in the fields jeered at him, and some threw stones as he passed by, but he did not seem to care.

Late in the afternoon of the next day the outcaste and his wife shut the door of their little home and went with the children across the fields toward the road that led to the

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city, many miles away. They had started out to search for a friend. For two long, hot days they walked wearily along, wondering what would happen when they came to the city. The children grew tired and fretful, and the parents had to carry the little ones most of the way. Finally they came to the Mission Station from which the teacher had been sent to speak to the outcastes of their town.

"We have come to find out more about Jesus Christ, the friend of the outcaste," said the man. "We have walked a long way and we are very tired. Will you give the children something to eat, and then tell us more about Him? We need a friend."

They were treated kindly and were given a place to sleep. When they were rested, work was found for them in the fields so that they could take care of the children and live together in one of the huts in the field. For many months they came faithfully to the Mission to study and to try to help where they could. Then one day both the father and mother were baptized into the Christian faith. What a glad day that was for them both!

Soon they began to talk about going back to their own village to tell the wonderful story to their kinsmen. They knew they would miss their good friends in the Mission Station, but they wanted to serve, so again they took the long walk back to the place which they had called home. But how changed it all was! Their home had been turned into a stable; their few belongings had been given to others. Their kinsmen refused to have anything to do with them until they had renounced their new faith had gone to the temple to pray to the old gods, and this they would not do. No one would give them work, soon they were at the point of starvation in their own town.

"We will go away," said the man to his wife. "We will find work somewhere. God cares for the outcaste, and shall find help again if we trust Him." So the family walked on and on, begging for food or work. After many weeks the father found work in the mill, and a Mission School opened its doors to the older children. One by one the other children were enabled to go, and the father and mother began to prepare to be Bible-teachers.

Many years went by. Two of the children had gone from the Mission School to college. All had been given good education. The outcaste, now old and nearly blind was sitting before the door of his home one day, just as he had sat before the door of his hut so many years before. On his face was a smile. He was thinking of the way in which God had led him and his family. Two of his children were school-teachers; two were Christian Pastors. All had worked and taught in their own little village until every man, woman, and child had been baptized. His family was honored in the village, and his children were kind to him in his old age.

Finally he rose and groped his way slowly down village street. He was going to a new chapel which was to be dedicated that very day. He was proud of that small building. All the Christians in the town had sacrificed for it, so they were all happy that the dedication day had come.

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At the door of the church he heard a voice—the voice of the one who was to preach the opening sermon—the voice of the one who was the leader of his village.

"My son!" said the blind old man. "My son! Christ is the friend of the outcaste. He has been my friend."

### **30. WHEN THE BANDIT CHIEF PAID A DEBT**

WAY back in the hill country of China, many days journey from the coast, lived Dr. Walter Judd, a young American physician who had gone to China in search of a big job. He had had great possibilities America, but China, with its teeming millions and with its few doctors, seemed to offer him a far greater opportunity to use his education and his skill. So he volunteered to go as a missionary under the American Board of Foreign Missions of the Congregational Church, and was assigned to the hospital in Shawou.

When he first went to Shawou, there was a Christian Mission in the city and several missionaries were already at work. Then the bandits came sweeping through valleys, and the missionaries were ordered by the government to leave their homes and their work and go to the coast, where they could be protected.

"You men who have families ought to go," said Dr. Judd, "but I have no one dependent upon me. If I stay, I can try to protect the Mission property. I am needed here among these native Christians more than ever I was before, and here I am going to stay." So he was left behind.

The bandits soon came swarming into Shawou. They looted the village and the Mission Station. They took over Dr. Judd's hospital, filling the rooms with their sick and wounded. Being an American citizen, Dr. Judd was apparently free, but he knew that he was continually being watched and that he would pay with his life for any trouble he might cause.

Now the head of the bandits in that region was Chief Lu Hsin-Ming, a very cruel and wicked man. He was ignorant and degraded. Human life to him meant nothing at all. Yet by his brute force he held his company of nearly a thousand men. Every day they looted and made the life of the residents of Shawou and the region about miserable.

But one day Lu Hsin-Ming was taken violently ill. He took Chinese medicine, and it did him no good. He grew steadily worse. At last he came to the hospital to be cared for by Dr. Judd, and in a little while he was well again. While he was ill he had had a good chance to watch the young doctor and to feel his kindness and his skill. He saw that he was brave and unselfish, and he admired him.

Now malaria is one of the great enemies of the missionaries in that part of China, and Dr. Judd had had one attack after another. Finally in October he became so ill with it

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that he could not get about to do his work. For two months he tried to get it out of his system, but any little over-exertion put him back into bed again. Suddenly word came that a Nationalist army was coming to drive the bandits out of that part of the country. Dr. Judd knew instantly what that meant. When they went, they would take him with them to care for their men. It was winter and they would be living in caves and rude shelters in the mountains. In his weakened condition, Dr. Judd knew that it meant sure and swift death for him. Yet there was no escape.

On New Year's Day a man came secretly to him from the bandit camp, saying, "I must tell you something, Doctor. The army of the Nationalists is only twenty miles away, and we must flee to the hills. We are going tonight, for I heard the men talking about it. They are going to take you. They will take many of the women, also and then they will demand ransom. They plan to loot the city again before they go. You are too ill to go. I told you because you have been kind to us."

Dr. Judd thanked him, but there was nothing to be done. He could write to the home folks; he would get ready a few things to take; but he could not escape being taken along. He felt very ill. Slowly the time went by and evening came.

About seven o'clock Lu Hsin-Ming himself came to the dispensary. He sat down, and Dr. Judd waited for the order to go. Instead the bandit chief said:

"Dr. Judd; we are leaving town tonight. I was going to take you along, as you have probably guessed. I am not going to take you. You have been fair with us. You have willingly and faithfully cared for my men and me. You are not doing it for money. I don't really know why you do it. You have been sick, and if you had to live as we shall have to do, you would soon die. You can do good work, so I am not going to take you. How much do we owe the hospital?"

With a great thankfulness in his heart, the young doctor turned to the books and found the amount of bill. The bandit chief paid him that sum: \$170. The men shook hands and Lu Hsin-Ming went out to command of the retreat.

That night, after all the stores were tightly closed, Lu Hsin-Ming gave the order to march. Not a shop was looted; not a woman was taken along. Lu Hsin-Ming was repaying fairness and kindness with fairness kindness, and Dr. Judd's life was safe.

### **31. JIMMIE'S RESOLUTION**

"RESOLVED, that if God gives me grace, I will be a missionary."

Little Jimmie Dennis was not just sure how to spell the word "resolved" as he wrote that sentence on a piece of paper, and after it was finished, he held it up to see how it

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looked. He had just come home from the church school, and he had a great story to tell to the family at the dinner table. So he hurried to show his mother his resolution.

"Why, James," said his mother, not too well pleased with what she had read, "you aren't old enough to know what you want to be. Why are you writing that?"

"Dr. Henry Jessup, the missionary who has just come back from Syria, talked to us in our class today," answered Jimmie, "and he told us how wonderful it is to be a missionary in the land where Jesus lived, and how much they need folks to help there. He said anyone who thought he might like to be a missionary some day should come home and write the resolution, so as to remember it as he grew older. That is why I have written it."

"But, James, you aren't old enough to know what you want to be," repeated his mother.

"Yes, I know that," said Jimmie, "but I didn't say, 'I will be.' I said, 'If God gives me grace, I will be.' That is different." Then he went on to tell his mother of the queer houses in which the Syrians lived, of the little shepherd boys on the hills, and of the strange beliefs of the Arabs.

The years went by and little Jimmie Dennis grew in height, in mind, and in character. He did not forget the resolution which he had put away in a safe place. Each year he was more sure that he wanted to be a missionary, and that he intended to go to Syria, and this thought kept him from many temptations which the other boys had. He knew he had many years of studying to do before he could be ready to go. He knew that he must be strong in body and have high ideals or he would not be allowed to go. So he tried his best.

Finally, thirteen years after he had written out his resolution, he graduated from Princeton University Seminary. Then he volunteered to go to the foreign field and asked to be sent to Syria. Of course there was man—Dr. Henry Jessup—whom he wanted to see before he went.

That year happened to be Dr. Jessup's furlough and he was in America. He was asked to go to a certain church to help in the ordination to the Christian ministry of a young man named James Dennis who was going to Syria as a missionary.

"Why did you choose to go to the foreign field?" asked Dr. Jessup, as they walked together.

"Because you persuaded me to go to Syria as a missionary," answered James Dennis.

Dr. Jessup was puzzled. He did not remember ever having heard of the young man before.

"Perhaps you remember speaking in the church school of a church in a city in New Jersey thirteen years said James Dennis. "You asked the boys and girls to make a resolution that if God gave them grace, they would be missionaries."



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"Yes, I do remember that," replied Dr. Jessup.

"I was one of the boys who went home and did as you asked us to do, and now, by God's grace, I am going to Syria to find out for my own self what a wonderful thing it is to work for Christ in the foreign field," said James Dennis. "You are the one who inspired me to go."

So Dr. Jessup helped to ordain James Dennis as a Christian minister, and to commission him as a missionary. Then he thanked God that the seed which he had sown in the church school so many years before had born such good fruit.

### **32. HER ONE REQUEST**

"IT WILL do the sick wife good to see some one from home. Please come to see us if you possibly can." That was the ending of the letter which the Secretary of the Home Mission Board held in his hand. It had come from a lonely island off the coast of Alaska—Hoonah Island—where two loyal, uncomplaining missionaries were stationed. Mail came to them once a month during the summer, but perhaps not for many months in winter.

The Secretary turned the letter over to read it again. "I don't see how I can go there when I am in Alaska," he thought. "I will write him that I will try, but that I fear I cannot come."

Several weeks later the Secretary had visited all Mission Stations as far as Juneau and was ready to back to San Francisco, but he had not been able to get to Hoonah. He felt very uncomfortable in his mind, he had heard that the only child of the missionaries was not expected to live. Finally he went to the agent of the steamship company to ask what he could do.

"We couldn't possibly go to Hoonah," said the "That is twenty miles out of our way and the channel is none too good. I am sorry to disappoint you, but it is impossible."

The Secretary stood thinking for a while, and he said: "I should like to tell you why I want to go to Hoonah. Our church has two missionaries out on that island who haven't seen a soul from home for over two years. The wife has not been well for months, and the little child has not been expected to live. Read this letter and you will know why I want to go."

The agent took the letter, read it, and then seemed to be thinking seriously.

"I should like to help those folks," he said. "That must take a lot of courage to stay there and help those islanders. I'll see what I can do."

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When he came back later, he said to the Secretary: "The Captain isn't at all pleased, but he will stop at Hoonah Island for a very short visit."

"Thank you," said the visitor. "I'll tell my friends of your kindness to them."

When the boat whistled for Hoonah Island, the Captain said to the Secretary:

"We have just an hour. If we stay longer, we shall miss the tide and be seriously delayed."

"I shall be ready when you are. Whistle five minutes before you want me to come," said the visitor, as he went down the rope ladder over the side of the Boat and into the little rowboat which carried him to the island.

The missionary and his wife were standing on the beach with outstretched hands and with tears in their eyes as they welcomed their visitor. After he had told them of the short time which he had to stay, they sat right down there on the beach, not wanting to waste time to take him to their crude island home. They talked of the work. —its problems, its successes. The missionary told of things that were needed, and of the loyalty of the men and women who had become Christian. Then the Secretary asked about their own needs, but they were slow to tell him. Their whole interest lay in the work which they loved. Finally they told him of the little one who had been so ill and might have to be sent to the States. "We are trusting God and doing our best," said the father. The Secretary had brought literature, fruit, and gifts for the parents and for the child; these were happily stowed away in the basket which the mother carried.

Suddenly the boat whistle blew. The three silently knelt there on the shore, and then the Secretary asked God to guide and comfort and help the two who were so brave and trusting. As they rose from their knees, he turned to the courageous wife who looked so frail as she stood holding the hand of her husband.

"Mrs. Thompson," he said, "is there anything can do for you—anything at all?"

"Yes," she answered, quietly, "there is one thing."

"And what is that?" asked the visitor, almost afraid that she was going to ask to be taken back to San Francisco.

Smiling up at her husband, but holding out her hand to say good-by to their guest of one little hour, she said;

"Just let us stay here on Hoonah Island and work for the Master."

As long as the vessel was in sight they stood together, waving their hands to their friend. Then went back home, eager to read and enjoy the new that had come to them from the big outside world of they could know so little.

### 33. ALEXANDER'S CHALLENGE

"I NEED your help, Alexander," said the Superintendent of the church school, as a group of boys were filing out of the department. "Will you wait a moment, please?"

A merry, freckle-faced, orphan lad turned quickly about and faced the Superintendent, while all the other boys waited to see what he was about to say.

"Help! Did you say help?" he asked, with a cynical smile. "I am never a help, you know—always a hinderance—a nuisance here at the church. Isn't that right, boys?" he added, turning for a moment to his friends. "But just what did you think I could do?"

"I should like to have you read this book, which is the story of the life of Dr. Grenfell of the Labrador," she replied, "and then I should like to have you take the part portraying Dr. Grenfell in the pageant which we are to give the latter part of the month. There is little to say, but the part is a very important one, and I felt sure you could do it well if you wanted to try."

"Get it, boys?" called Alexander, with a merry laugh. "She wants me to be a missionary."

"Not to be a missionary," said the lady, "but to act like one for five minutes. Thank you just the same. Several other boys have said they were glad to help, if needed, and I will ask one of them," and she went on into her office.

A half-hour later, when all the boys had gone, Alexander sidled up to the Superintendent, saying:

"I wasn't nice to you this afternoon, and you are good to me. I will read the book anyway. Did you really mean it when you said that you needed me? I'm never needed by anybody, you know; I never have been; but I think I should like to be. Thank you for asking me."

Well, Alexander read that book and several others about Dr. Grenfell before he took his part in the pageant. Because he had learned to love the Labrador Doctor through reading the books, he made him seem very real in the pageant, so he was thrilling with the praise he had received as he left the church after the service was over.

"Maybe some day I can do some good work like does," he said to himself. "I just hope they need me again some day. That was good fun."

One day, fifteen months later, Alexander read in the morning paper that Dr. Grenfell was to speak in a church in his town that afternoon, so he secured permission to be away from his work for two hours in order to go to hear him. The church was packed when he arrived, but by making good use of his elbows, he was able to get up close to the platform. There he sat down upon the steps that led directly to the chair where Dr. Grenfell was seated, and the boy found himself longing to reach up and take hold of the Doctor's left hand, which was quite close to his face. He pictured to himself, as he sat

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through the opening service, how that hand had given food, medicine, and courage to the people about whom he had read in the books.

Alexander listened to every word that Dr. Grenfell said, even though he had to put himself in a very uncomfortable position in order to be able to see around a great pillar which was in his way when Dr. Grenfell had risen. But he remembered only a few sentences of all that was spoken. Toward the close the Doctor said:

"I need your help in my work there. Some of you can give money; some can tell others what I have told you today, and perhaps get others to give; others can go to Labrador, if the opportunity ever comes, and help in the work for the fisher-folks. We need diggers of ditches, builders of houses, makers of cement, electricians, plumbers, as well as teachers, doctors, and nurses. I need your help, folks. I need your help."

Alexander heard no following hymn, for he was listening to those four words ringing in his ears again, "I need your help"—the very same words which he had heard once at the church. What fun it would be to help a great man! For a whole half-hour he waited about to put his dirty hand into the friendly one of the Doctor, and then he left the church, saying: "Some day I'll help him. I'll go if the chance ever comes. I could do some of those things that he told about, and I will."

Eight years went by. Alexander had finished high school and was a Junior in college. Every time he had earned money since the day when he had found that dream for his life in the church, he had put aside, a little of it for a trip to the Labrador. Finally he had enough in the bank, so he volunteered to go, and was accepted. He had been on the Labrador coast for nine weeks, digging ditches, piling lumber, caring for children, or doing anything which a husky, willing boy could do. He had never been so happy in his life—neither had he ever worked so hard.

One day, just before he was to go back to college, Alexander lay on the deck of Dr. Grenfell's ship, the *Strathconia*, as she plowed her way through a very heavy sea. Dr. Grenfell was on board and was talking to the boys as they rode along toward the distant hospital.

"God needs us all in his work of making this old world a better place for little children," he said, "even though we do seem to be of so little use in our small sphere of life. When you give your life to God, you are no longer alone, for He works in you and through you, making you one of the lifters of the world. God needs every one of you to help Him in the same good spirit that you helped me."

Alexander sat up quickly. There was that same challenge again, only this time it was, "God needs you." Darkness had fallen, and a bright star had appeared in the sky. It seemed to Alexander like the eye of God watching to see what he was going to do. Finally he said, quietly:

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"Doctor Grenfell, would you tell us how you found out what God wanted you to do with your life?"

A wonderful smile spread over the face of the Doctor as he sat under the deck light. Here was a chance to help a boy. "Alexander," he replied, "you don't have to find out all at once, you know. You just begin by being kind to the first person you meet who has a need, and most folks have needs. As soon as you have done that kindness, another need will be waiting for you, and another, and another. Soon your days will be full of work for God. He gives the opportunity, and you do the work."

"God needs me, too," said the college boy as he looked at the beautiful star, long after the rest had scattered. "That is a wonderful thought. I'll begin as my Doctor says he did. Maybe if I live long enough, I shall be a little like him, and if I am, I sure will please God."

Over Alexander's desk in a busy city office in a New England city today there is a small frame containing a little white card. On the card are printed three words; "I need you." They are the three words which challenged him to a life of great and willing service for the sick and the old of his city, in home and in hospital, and when he looks at them he raises his eyes to a beautiful picture of the man whom he calls, "My Doctor." It is Sir Wilfred Grenfell of the Labrador.

### **34. AS FOR ME AND MY HOUSE**

"AS FOR me and my house, we will serve the Lord." That is what was written over the doorway of Tatyaba's house in Satara, India. Tatyaba had put it there himself when he became a Christian—the only Christian in his entire village. To be sure, Tatyaba was only one of the poor outcastes, as he had come from a tribe of hereditary thieves, but apparently he was not ashamed of the Master whom he had chosen to follow.

Tatyaba had once been a policeman, but, for some reason, he had given that up and was now earning his living by raising peppers in his garden plot. The sale of the peppers must bring in enough money to keep the family throughout the year, for he had no other means of support.

From the time when he and his wife had joined the Mission Church he had pledged to be a tither—to give one-tenth of all he earned to the church, and he had kept his pledge each year. But when he heard of the financial distress of the Board that had been responsible for sending many of the good missionary friends to India, Tatyaba felt that he must surely help them also. The missionaries and helpers were all giving to the Loyalty Fund from their reduced salaries, in order that the work in India might not have to be cut any more than was necessary, so Tatyaba sent word to the church that he would send a gift to the Loyalty Fund as soon as his peppers were ripe.

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Not long after he had made his pledge, the Poona Pact was signed in India, by which the outcastes were given permission to go into the temples for worship and to draw water from the village wells, privileges that had been denied them for centuries. Of course this seemed almost too good to be true, for they had often had to draw the water which they used from dirty streams, either on their backs or by using buffaloes. To be able to draw at the village well would mean having better water, and also the saving of time needed for their other work. Soon after the Pact was signed, there was a big meeting in the village where Tatyaba lived, and an invitation was extended to the outcastes to use the well. So Tatyaba took his water-jar and went to draw water.

But when a law is passed, there are always some who oppose it, no matter how good or helpful it may be, and there were many of the high-caste men in Satara who were determined that the outcastes should never draw water at the same well with themselves, thus polluting the water, as they believed. They planned to punish anyone who was seen drawing water.

The next morning, when Tatyaba went to his fine garden patch, not a plant was left in the ground. They had been torn up by the roots and thrown aside. All his weeks of work had been for nothing. Tatyaba was surprised and sorry to think any one should have been so mean. His neighbors and friends soon gathered about him, much angered by the injustice of the act. They advised him to go to the police for protection, and to ask justice of the courts.

"No," said Tatyaba, "that I shall not do. This is a good opportunity to witness to the power of Christ to keep me sweet under persecution and to show His love to those who hate me." So he went back to his home and made no trouble. On his way he asked the police to say nothing about what had happened.

Crops grow quickly in India, and there are two harvests for many vegetables. Tatyaba soon bought new peppers and set out his garden again, but he did not go near the village well. When the second harvest time came, his peppers were ready, and he had a good crop.

After the produce was sold, Tatyaba said to his wife:

"And now we must pay our pledges for the work of the Lord." They took the rupees which he had received and divided them into parts. Nineteen were set aside for his tithe; then three rupees for the Loyalty Fund. That left him only about sixteen rupees a month (nearly \$3 in American money) on which to live. Out of it had to pay for his food, clothing, taxes, etc., for himself and for his family.

Soon after he had sent the money it was time for the Christmas festival, and both Tatyaba and his wife want to go to it. It was the happiest time in their whole year. But that \$3 which they had to spend in a month would never stretch enough to allow them to pay their fare go to the festival.

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"We can walk," said Tatyaba. "We can walk the twenty-seven miles there and back again. We need not give up just because we have no money with which to go."

So they walked the fifty-four miles, and enjoyed singing the carols and listening to the Christmas stories in their little church. They were too poor to ride, but not too poor to pay their two pledges to the church, even though they had lost half of their year's income through the meanness of other men in the community.

### **35. MARCUS**

"MARCUS, go preach the Gospel!" came a voice, just as a voice once came to Paul.

Marcus stopped his work in a field in Vermont and turned to see who had spoken, but there was no one in sight.

"Marcus, go preach the Gospel!" called the voice again.

"But I ain't pious," said Marcus, still looking about.

"Marcus, go preach the Gospel!" said the voice a third time.

Then Marcus left his work and sought out the woman who was like a mother to him, his Aunt Mary.

When she had listened to his story, she said, earnestly, "Marcus, you believe that God sent that voice to you."

So Marcus started out to get an education ready to preach the Gospel. Aunt Mary was usually right, and he believed what she had said. Occasionally, as he made his way through high school and college, he heard the voice again, "Marcus, go preach the Gospel." At last he had graduated as a minister and then as a doctor, and was ready to begin.

"Will you send me to China to preach the Gospel to the Chinese?" he asked one of the Mission Boards.

"We shall see," they replied, so they sent him to a doctor. The doctor shook his head as he made his examination, and when he sent in his report to the Mission Board, they said to the man who was ready to go:

"Marcus, you have a bad heart. If we sent you to China, you wouldn't live a year. We cannot send you.

But the voice kept on calling, "Marcus, go preach Gospel!" and finally Marcus went to a Mission Board of another denomination. They said:

"We will not send you to China, but we will send to India to preach the Gospel."

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So Marcus went to India and began his work of preaching, teaching, healing, and being a wonderful friend to those whom he found in the villages. When he saw how much sickness there was on the hot, hot plains where so many children had to live, he made up his mind to found a school for children far up on the mountain-side where it was cool and healthy. So he gathered together a group, who were willing to go with him, and they all climbed up and up the great hills near Simla. Finally, very far up on the mountain-side, they found a level place where there was room enough to build a home. Nearby there was plenty of water; the soil was fertile, and beautiful scenery was all about. Right there Marcus built his home out of great slabs of stone, with wooden beams in between, so that the earthquakes might not shake it down, and there they all lived together as one great family. Marcus planted things that he had enjoyed on that farm in Vermont—apples, peaches, plums, cherries, strawberries, and raspberries—and they flourished in the cool and abundant rains.

The boys and girls helped in the home, in the gardens and in the care of the place, and Marcus taught them how to be kind and helpful and good, as well as the things which were to be found in books. Later some of them married and built homes near by for themselves, sending their own little ones, in time, to be taught by Marcus and some of those children are still to be found in the little village on the mountain-side today.

Marcus never went back to America. For forty years he lived in India, teaching, healing, and serving the people with whom he had chosen to make his home. When he died, they tenderly buried him there on a high bank close by the mountain stream, with the narrow valley spread out before his grave and the little homes of those who loved him scattered along the stream. Up, far above, rose the snowy peaks of the Himalaya Mountains, keeping watch; like sentinels on guard. And over his grave they planted slender cypress trees for shade.

The old house still stands, a monument to the man who heard the call so many years before, "Marcus, go preach the Gospel!" and who found health and great happiness as he obeyed that call.

### **36. A STRING OF IVORIES**

TAP, tap, tap, tap came the sound of pounding within a dingy little shop on a back street in Luxor, Egypt, and it was accompanied by the merriest whistle imaginable. There were things to sell in the window, so lady who had stopped outside to listen to the whistle decided to go in.

As she pushed the rude door open, she saw a boy about fourteen working away on a handmade lathe. In a box before him were many small pieces of ivory all shapes and sizes. Near at hand on the floor was a great bowl of soup, surrounded by flies galore. On



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a table at his left was a pasteboard box containing many ivory beads of various sizes, the largest being perhaps an inch in length. When the door opened, the whistle stopped, but the boy's merry smile told the same story that whistle had done.

"What can I do for you, lady?" asked the boy, in broken English.

"I am looking for some souvenirs," she replied. "What are you doing with your lathe?"

"I am making a string of ivories," said the boy, pointing to the box. "I have worked on them for many months but I shall soon have them done," and he lifted the string of beads to show them to her.

"Where did you learn to make them with such crude tools?" she asked. "And where did you learn to speak such good English?"

A merry laugh followed her question. "I will tell you," answered the boy. "My teacher at the Mission School he taught me the English, and he is watching me make the beads. He gave me these broken tools which none of the other boys have," and he proudly held up several old dental instruments. "With them I can make good holes, and he gives me fine sandpaper when I try hard with the making of the beads. He makes me try many times, but he says, 'Make good beads and they go far—maybe to America.' So I try to please him and I make good beads."

"And how long does it take you to make and polish a bead of this size?" asked the lady, pointing to one of the larger ones.

"Perhaps I can do one of those in a day if I work all the time," he replied, "but I have many things to do, so I cannot work long. I drive a donkey for people who go to the Tombs of the Kings. I show people about our temple here. I go to the Mission School, and I help my father. When I am here, I work all I can."

The visitor looked at the ivory beads in the box—the beautiful larger ones, and the many smaller ones that must have taken great patience to make and to polish. She thought of all the hours and hours of work they represented. As she looked them over, she realized that they were as smooth as silk and were beautiful in workmanship. She liked the beads; and she liked the faithful, merry Mission School boy, so she sat and talked with him about his life, his school, and his teachers. When she finally left the shop, she told him that if he could finish the string of beads, and they looked as well as it seemed they would look, she would take them on her return to Luxor a week later. She gave him a small amount of money, and asked him to meet her at the train when she reached Luxor from Cairo.

All that week she looked forward to owning a string of ivories made by a whistling boy, but her friends very sure that she would never see him again. "He has some money and all of the beads," they said. "It will be to his advantage to stay away."

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"A boy from the Mission School who has tried to make so many 'good beads' is honest at heart also," she insisted. "I can trust him."

On the appointed day, as the train pulled into Luxor she looked for the boy, but he was not there. The train was to stand in the station for fifteen minutes, long enough for her to walk to the shop, but she preferred to wait at the depot, as she had said she would do. Finally the whistle blew, and the conductor started to help stragglers on the train, but still the boy was not there. Just then a great shout was heard, and the boy came running breathless, to the platform, swinging the long string of ivories over his head as he ran.

"Lady! Lady! Wait a minute!" he cried. "Here are your beads. I was polishing them once more." He slid them deftly over the head of the lady, who stood by conductor, waiting for him. His face was radiant as saw how beautiful they were against the soft blue of her dress.

"Ah!" he said, with a great sigh of relief, never looking at the money which the lady had put into his hand, to see if it were the right amount. "Ah! My Mission tells me true. 'Make a good bead and it will go far.' My beads go to America where I want to go. Good-by lady! Good-by!" he called as the train pulled out. "I glad my beads go to America," and he waved his hand as long as he could see the train.

"And I am glad, too," said the lady, as she turned to her friends. "I am glad that he came. A boy who does good work can usually be trusted in other ways," and she ran her hand happily up and down her beautiful string of ivories which had been made by a whistling Mission School boy.

### **37. A GIFT THAT COUNTED**

NO RAIN again today!" said the man, as he came into his hut in India at the close of the day. "Surely our crops will not fail so that we cannot have our harvest festival this year. All three of the villages would be disappointed if we had nothing to give."

"Perhaps we can find something to give, even if it isn't all that we had hoped to do," said his wife. "We will trust God to care for us."

But the days went by and the long-looked-for rain did not come. The young cotton plants and vegetables withered and then died. The rich landlords, to whom half of the crop would have belonged, were disappointed at the loss of money, but the poor farmers had no money nor food. Some of the native Christians tried to find coolie work, but none was to be had. The grain from which they made their food, grew less and less in their homes. Sickness and suffering were everywhere. Finally they even went into the jungle and dug wild roots which they ate raw, or dried, pounded, and cooked. It was something to eat, but it was not good food. At last many were having only one meal a day.

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Now the native Christians of these three villages had invited a missionary from Madura, India, to come to them on a certain date and help them to have their vest festival. Not knowing the privations which they were suffering, she came to the village to rejoice with them over their harvest and to take their gifts for God's work.

"We cannot have the festival now," she said to the native leader after he had told her of their poverty and need, "I will hold a service, and we will pray together for courage and for help. Call the people to come to the church and I will do what I can to help them."

So the people gathered at the church and the service was held. Finally, about nine o'clock in the evening, the missionary was ready to start on her way home.

"I am sorry that we did not have the festival today," said a young man, coming to her car. "Though I have no grain and no food in my house, I have a fowl which I can give to God. I will bring it to you," and he started away.

"I have a cock which I want to give," said another man, as he ran off.

"And I have a chicken which I can bring as an offering to the Lord for all his tender mercies in the past," called a woman, as she left the churchyard.

Within fifteen minutes all three were back with their gifts, and many of those who had gone home had returned to the church, upon hearing that some had gifts to bring. They went into the church, sang praises to God, and gave thanks for his blessings. When they had auctioned off the three fowls, two rupees and three minas were given to the missionary for the work of the Mission. Those who had no gifts rejoiced that others had, and all were happy that their festival had been held as planned.

A few days later the missionary presented the money to the Mission in Madura and told the story of how it was raised.

"How loyal they have been!" said the Christians in that city, "We are poor, but we do not have to depend upon our gardens entirely for food. Let us help them in their need."

So those Christians gave what they could, and with the money they bought some cheap grain and sent it to the Christian leader of each of the three villages. From house to house he went among his people, saying:

"See! The Christians in Madura churches send this with their appreciation of your loyalty."

When the bags of grain were empty, thirty-one families, consisting of one hundred and thirty-eight persons had been given food. So one gift brought another, prayer and praise ascended to the God whom they loved and served

## 38. ROSEBUD

IN AND out, in and out, went the pretty little steam-boat among the islands away out in the big ocean off the coast of Maine. Sometimes she carried a doctor and a nurse to help sick folks, or teachers who were to have Vacation Bible Schools for the children who lived on the islands. At other times she was loaded down with little children who were to be taken for a long ride, and then for a picnic on some beach. Sometimes one could see sick children, or crippled children, on the deck who were being taken to hospitals in Maine, and on almost every trip she carried food, and books, and toys, and clothes which had been sent by church school boys and girls of many states to be given to the children who lived on the islands. One beautiful day in the late fall the boat carried something that a little girl in Boston loved best of all her playthings.

Alice was ten years old. She had very black hair and a clear olive skin, for her father was a real Indian, and Alice was very proud of it. She used to listen carefully to all the stories which her church school teacher told her, especially if they happened to be Indian stories, for she liked to retell them to her mother at home—and Alice was a very good story-teller.

One day that teacher in the church school told the class about the children on those islands in the ocean; of their loneliness and their longing for toys and books, and friendship with children of other places. Alice thought about the story that night when she went to bed, and the next day as she went to school. What could she do to make them less lonely when the little steamboat stopped its trips for the winter? She had been thinking what she could give as a White Gift to the Christ Child at Christmas, and she wondered if she couldn't send something to the island children as a White Gift.

Suddenly a little inner voice said to her:

"Why not send Rosebud to those little girls? You have more dolls, and you are getting to be a big girl now. They would love to have Rosebud for their very own."

Now Rosebud was her best doll; one that she had cared for, sewed for, and loved best of all her dolls. How could she give Rosebud away? Yet a White Gift was supposed' to be something that you wanted very much for own self. Rosebud would make a good White Gift. After a few days she began to wash and iron and mend Rosebud's clothes. She had decided to send her away.

"Maybe she won't like it away up there in the north where it is so cold," thought Alice, as she put all the pretty things which she had made for her into one box. "I hope her new mother will be good to her, for she has been a very nice doll."

Finally she took Rosebud to the church and asked the Minister to send her to the Maine Seacoast Mission be given to some lonely little girl who lived on an island in the sea.

"I am sending her as a White Gift present," said "She is my best doll, you see."

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It was hard to shut down the cover of the box go away and leave Rosebud there in the church, but Alice smiled bravely and went back to her other dolls, while Rosebud went all alone more than five hundred miles to a place called Bar Harbor. With her went a letter w Alice had written. It said:

"I hope you will like Rosebud as much as I did She was always a nice, quiet little girl. Write and tell me how she likes the cold north. When I played with her I made believe that she was four years old, for she had lived with me four years. I hope you will like her. I am ten years old. Alice

When Rosebud reached her new home, every one loved her the minute that she was taken from the box, and they knew that some little girl must have been a very good mother to her. Who should be her new mother? There were so many, many lonesome little girls that they did not know whom to choose. Finally one of the teachers, who lived in a little white house very close to the sea on one of the larger islands, said:

"Why not let Rosebud go home with me? You know many children come to see me every year, and often they have to stay for a time. Suppose Rosebud becomes a doll missionary to help with those children. Every little girl who comes to see me shall have a chance to hold her and play with her and sew for her. I should like to have her live with me." So the teacher took Rosebud home.

One week after another went by, and Alice often wished she knew what had become of her dear little doll. Then one day after Christmas a letter came, and with it came a nice picture of Rosebud with the words, "Our New Missionary on the Coast," written below it. Alice looked at Rosebud lovingly for a time, and then she read the letter:

Dear Alice [it said]:

We want Rosebud's little city mother to know that she is loved as she has never been loved before, and that she likes the cold north very much. Even the boys want to make things for her, so she has a cradle and a chair that they have given her. She has many new clothes, and so many little girls want to play with her that we now have to say, "You may hold Rosebud, for ten minutes, or fifteen minutes." She is doing beautiful wok and is helping, just like the grown folks are helping, to make the children happy in their homes on these islands away in the big ocean.

So Alice's White Gift gave her great happiness because it made her the little mother of a real missionary named Rosebud.

### **39. A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM**

DOWN the long narrow trail through the African bush which led to the small medical outpost, Abesolo and her mother walked wearily along. They were nearly a hundred miles from home, and more than half of the way they had walked, so the child's feet

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were blistered and she was very tired. As the day wore to a close it seemed as if they could go no farther. Then, as they came to the top of a small rise of ground, they saw a long, low building about which many black women were squatted, each cooking an evening meal.

"Is this the place where the man lives that makes children well?" asked the mother.

"It is," said one of the women, rising quickly and handing the child a drink of water. "Come and sit with us and we will give you food, for you seem very tired."

She made a place for them quickly beside her own kettle. Then, tearing two great leaves from a tree, she dipped out some of the hot food which she was cooking and put it on the two leaves in front of the travelers. Immediately another woman brought a piece of fruit, and others gave meat and nuts.

"Why do they give us food, mother?" said the child. "We have no money to pay."

"Hush, child," said the mother. "I do not know why they give us food, but I am glad they do. They are very kind."

"Why do you give us food when we have nothing to pay?" persisted the child, turning to the woman who next to her.

"All Christian women here share their food with strangers when they come, until the strangers can cook food for themselves," she replied. "Our doctor tells that is the way Christ would have done, and we want to be like Him. Where is your village?"

"Very far to the north," said the mother. "One day a stranger told me that if I could find a man he had heard about, that man would make Abesolo well again, so I have traveled far. He said the man would help us in the name of a new God. Have you seen the man, and will he help my Abesolo?"

"He has gone away now, but he will come again, you can wait with us here. He is kind and good, and if he can, he will make Abesolo well," said a woman who was also waiting to see the doctor.

As the mother talked, the child walked about, watching the women carrying food to their sick ones in the little hospital, and asking many questions about the man who could make little girls well.

"When he comes, you will love him," said a woman who had only one leg, "and when you go home you will love the God he tells you about, for he is a kind God and loves us all, even if we are poor and sick. He loves lepers, child—lepers!" repeated the woman.

Night came, and all slept under a great shed, but Abesolo could not sleep. She lay thinking of the women who had shared their food with them, and of a God who loved lepers. It seemed like a fairy tale to little girl who had known only hardship all her life.

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"I hope He will love me, too," she said. "I know I shall love Him if he is like the nice women"

A week later, when the doctor came from the Mission station, Abesolo was put on the operating-table, and then for many weeks she lay on one of the hospital beds among the other patients. She could not walk, but she could see and hear, and her eager mind absorbed every song that the patients or nurses sang; every story that she heard told; every kind deed that she saw done. Each day she grew more interested in that man, Jesus Christ who healed the sick and opened the eyes of the blind.

Just as soon as she could walk, she asked to be allowed to go into a class of women who were being taught to read, while they waited outside the building for their sick relatives to go home. Soon Abesolo could read many simple words and recite many texts. As fast as she learned things herself, she went up and down the room teaching others a new letter, or a verse of a song, or a text. Soon she was having a "sing" with the women every night as the sun went down and darkness began to fall. She could tell stories almost word for word as she had heard them told by the doctors and nurses, so she was popular in the ever-changing group of women in the yard, and the children shouted when they heard her coming. She seemed a messenger of hope and cheer to all who saw her, and the nurses knew that she was surely a born leader.

Just after Abesolo had passed her twelfth birthday her mother came back to take her home again. That was not a happy thing for Abesolo, for there was no one in her town to tell her stories or teach her songs except her mother, who had come to believe in Christ during the first weeks of Abesolo's sickness, when she, too, sat outside the building and cooked and waited.

"If you will let me have a Bible," said Abesolo to the doctor, "I can read a little of it. Maybe I can teach others to read, or find some one who will read it to me. Mother and I will sing together, anyway." So she was given a Testament in her own dialect, some illustrated texts, and a book of simple stories.

Two years later the doctor who had helped to make Abesolo well and strong visited her town; he wanted to find the child. Passing down the street, he saw a large number of women and children sitting in a group, listening intently. Thinking they might tell him where to find her, he walked to the edge of the circle.

In the center stood Abesolo telling them the story of Jesus healing the man let down through the roof; then she told how He had healed her, too, and how she wanted them to love and trust her Friend. They sang together, and then several women prayed.

"Who is your leader in Christ here?" asked the missionary as the meeting closed and he saw Abesolo trying to help some little children through the crowd.

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"Abesolo tells us what to do," she said, in surprise. "She went far away, and there she learned about a kind God who loves us every one. She has taught the children to read and to sing. She tells us stories, and she reads to us from God's Book. She says we must be kind and good, and then some day God may give us a church here in our village and send some one to tell us more of the Good News."

"And He will," said the doctor, reaching out his hand to the girl of fourteen who stood smiling before him. "I am sure He will."

"And so are we," the woman replied. "Abesolo says so, and she knows."

### **40. THE LITTLE BLACK HEN THAT BECAME A MISSIONARY**

LITTLE Dorothy Shelton was only five years old when her father, the famous Albert Shelton of Tibet, spent his furlough year in America, yet all that year she was looking forward to the long ride on the river boats in China, and to the longer ride in the sedan-chair over the mountains to her home.

At last they were in China again, and she danced merrily over the plank into the queer boat, ready to start up the Yangtse River. These boats are very heavy and awkward in shape. They are divided into three parts, and Dorothy's family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Shelton and their two little girls, were placed in the middle of the boat. Dorothy would sit happily on the deck, watching the thirty men pulling at the oars if the river was wide and deep, or pulling on long ropes from the shore when there were rapids in the river or when it was shallow and narrow. It was hard work to get the boat up the stream, and the men were often very tired and in danger of their lives. Dorothy would call to them and laugh at their queer actions as they hauled the boat.

Finally the boat trip came to an end and they started over the narrow mountain trails to their home, with coolies for the Shelton family, and mules for Dr. Shelton and for the baggage. The little mules were heavily loaded, but their feet were sure and they seldom slipped on the trail. Dorothy liked the sedan-chair in which she rode. It was carried on the shoulders of coolies who sometimes sang to the little girls as they walked. The flowers, the birds, the waterfalls, the animals, and the people whom they met were all interesting to wide-awake little Dorothy.

After twelve days of riding they came to a place where there were several missionaries who persuaded Dr. Shelton to stay and help them with their medical work for a few weeks. In that time Dorothy and her sister became great favorites in the Mission Station, so when Dorothy's seventh birthday came they gave her a real party and everyone brought a gift. There were sweets in gay boxes, and hand-carved toys made by the mountain folk, and many other nice things. At last one of the missionaries handed her a basket. When Dorothy opened it, out stepped a fat, black American hen.



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"How nice!" cried the little girl. "I have always wished I could have a biddy of my very own. Thank you."

Soon the little black hen, which she named Anna, would follow Dorothy wherever she went, and they were great friends. Then the hen began to get cross and fussy, and seemed to want to stay in her basket.

"She must want to set on some eggs and raise some little chicks," said one of the missionaries. So they found ten of the black hen's own eggs, and she began to set. Meanwhile Dorothy made all sorts of plans for the day when she hoped that she would have eleven pets, instead of only one.

A few days later Mrs. Shelton said to the girls:

"We must be up bright and early tomorrow, for daddy thinks we must start on our way to Tibet."

"What are you going to do with your hen?" asked one of the grown-ups.

"She is going with me," replied Dorothy. "Anna wants to go with us."

"I don't think you can take the hen, daughter," said her father, quickly. "You know it will take us more than three weeks to get home to Batang."

"That's all right Anna will be comfortable in her basket. She wants to go," insisted Dorothy.

"If Anna gets there, she may improve the poultry stock of Tibet, and that is a thing that is sorely needed," said one of the men. "In that case, Anna would be a missionary also, wouldn't she, Dorothy?"

When the Sheltons were ready to start the next day, Anna was setting on her eggs in the basket, but the basket was wedged in under the seat of Dorothy's sedan-chair. How the carriers did laugh when they saw that hen start for Tibet. The road was very rough, and often Anna had to sit tight to stay on her eggs, but she was very patient. Sometimes Dorothy would bend down and pat her head to encourage her. When they stopped, the little girl would feed her pet and let her run about a bit to rest her legs. But Anna was very faithful to her eggs.

Some days they traveled over very high mountains where the snow still lay in great banks; then in a few hours they would be down in the valley where it was hot and uncomfortable; but the little black hen did not seem to mind it as much as the grown folks did.

One day Dorothy heard queer noises, and when Anna stepped off the basket to eat, there were eight little black chicks in the basket. All but two of Anna's eggs had hatched, even if she was traveling in a sedan-chair. How proud Dorothy was then! People in the

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inns where they stopped would feed and play with them when Dorothy let them out on the floor, and all thought the little black hen was very good to be of so little trouble.

But one day two of the little chicks were not quick enough to get out of the way of a cat, so Anna had only six in her family when the coolies set Dorothy's sedan-chair down in front of her home in Batang, Tibet. How glad every one was to end the long, long ride!

Soon people in Batang began to hear of the little black hen, and they came to see it. They had never seen an American hen before, so they were amazed at her size.

When they found that Anna was laying eggs, they wanted to buy one, and that is when Anna began her missionary work, for men would work a whole day, helping in anything that Dr. Shelton had to do, if only they could have an egg. Sometimes Anna's eggs were given as rewards for those who had tried very hard to do some good thing, or some hard thing. Sometimes they were given for faithful church attendance or for good school work. When the chickens grew to be hens, the natives took their eggs and put them under their setting hens. Soon they had hens that laid bigger eggs, better eggs, more eggs, and hens that made better food when they were eaten. So Anna did just what the man had said she might do—she became a missionary in Tibet. Wasn't it lucky that Dorothy decided to take her birthday present with her in the sedan chair?