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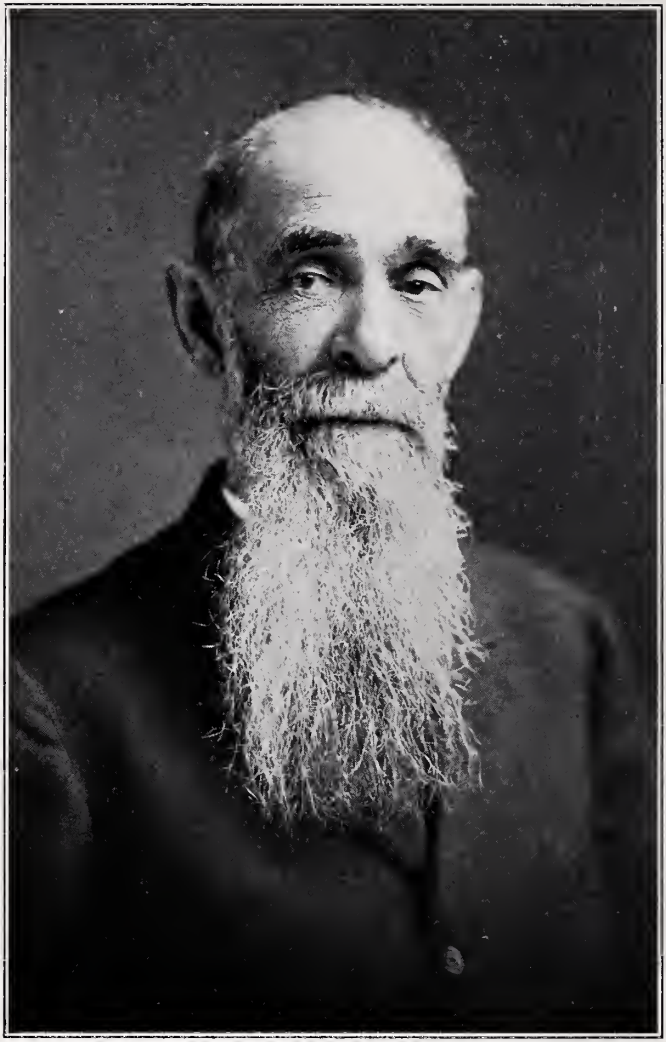
FIFTY-SIX YEARS MISSIONARY IN CHINA



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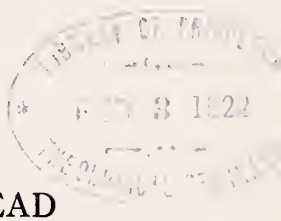

BY

JAMES R. E. CRAIGHEAD

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PREFACE

IN the following pages endeavor has been made to describe a virile type of missionary. The study has revealed an intercessor, a student of the Word, a man sincere in motive, friendly in disposition, tender in affection, mighty in faith and unresting in labor. The conditions and convictions conspiring to make him what he was, the circumstances and difficulties which were a part of his development, and the triumphs and defeats he experienced are sketched that we may take measure of the man and learn by what travail of spirit and perseverance of effort souls are won for the Kingdom. This book is, therefore, submitted to the public with the hope that the record may become a means for stimulating to earnest purpose and zealous action.

J. R. E. C.

Oswego, Illinois.

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I

ANCESTRAL TRADITIONS

THE settlement of Western Pennsylvania was a transplanting of Scotland. The process by which it was accomplished was the evolution of the migratory spirit infused by Oliver Cromwell in placing Scottish families upon Irish soil in the discordant days of his Protectorate. Those hardy Scotch-Irish settlers, who crossed the Allegheny mountains in the early part of the eighteenth century, found among the broken hills at the headwaters of the Ohio river the counterpart of their native highlands, and were content to brave the dangers threatened by savage foes, and the inconveniences of a lonely life in the wilderness. The lure of the clan was felt in the settlements far to the east and in the distant circles across the Atlantic; and in process of time, these frontier colonists were joined by others coming from our eastern borders and from Scotland and the north of Ireland.

Hailing from afar, these sturdy immigrants settled along the water courses and among the hills of Western Pennsylvania and Eastern

Ohio, and developed a strong and independent type of citizen, which has been one of the manifold glories of our nation. They were early called upon to endure fiery trial and bloody baptism through the cruelties of the French and Indian War, as these broke upon their unprotected homes. Out of these sanguinary experiences, however, there was evolved a history which the Scotch-Irish families came to regard as a part of their sacred traditions. Along with the observance of family worship, memorizing the Westminster Shorter Catechism, and keeping holy the Sabbath, there were the tales of adventure and deliverance told by grandfathers and grandmothers which were an unconscious yet characteristic element in the training of the young in those early days.

Into this environment and to such an heritage, Hunter Corbett was born more than three-quarters of a century ago. Forests of pine and hemlock crowned the hills for miles about the family homestead, and during the long winter evenings of his childhood, he listened to the stories of adventure told before a glowing log fire. Intermingled with the accounts of log-rollings, flax-scutchings, apple-parings, spelling-bees and quilting parties, there were tales of the hunt of deer and bear and

panther, the fox-drive, the wolf-chase, the trapping of the beaver, and the taking of wild turkey in rail pens. But dearer than all these to the boy's ears were the stories of battles in which his ancestors fought with the French and Indians, and later in the Revolutionary War.

The adventures of his progenitors in America were of far more interest to him than the fact that the Corbett name was to be found in the Book of English Peers, the Earl of Corbeau, from whom the family lineage is traced, having come over to England from the mainland with William the Conqueror.

One of his great-grandfathers was Robert Orr, who came from Ireland to America under circumstances which marked him as a thoroughly independent character. His father died, leaving the estate to an elder son when Robert was about eighteen years of age. The young man had one day brought a horse from the stable to the hitching post in front of the home, intending to take a ride, and while he was in the house making final preparations, his elder brother removed the saddle and bridle, and turned the animal into the paddock, remarking that he was master of the premises. Resenting this action as an unwarrantable assumption of authority, the younger brother

declared his intention of emigrating to America, and despite the pleadings of the other members of the family, he left the home at Donegal, and came to these western shores, settling in the Kishacoquillas valley in Pennsylvania, about 1772. He was bold, daring and fun-loving, with a dash of recklessness in his make-up, one time shooting a pipe from the mouth of a fellow traveler, and richly enjoying the consternation created by his act.

In the year 1775, he married Fanny Culbertson, and moved to Hannastown, Westmoreland county. Here he was made captain of the military company formed to protect the wilderness town against the incursions of the Indians. In an expedition down the Ohio river, he was attacked by the savages near where Cincinnati now stands. With his troops he made gallant resistance, but they were finally captured. The wounded were killed and the march through the woods toward the Great Lakes was begun. Captain Orr had himself been wounded with the others, but his injury at first escaped detection, and with grim courage he bore the pain of his wound, kept his place in the file of captives, leaped the streams, and held to the long march with the determination of a Spartan. A squaw finally discovered the wounded arm, and bandaged it, and the painful journey

was then continued. Detained by the Indians for over two years, Captain Orr had no means of learning the fate of his family in the burning of Hannastown, rumors of which reached him in his confinement. At last, on one of the marches of the savages, in which he accompanied his captors, the party was met by some men who secured his release by offering the Indians two fox skins and a bottle of whiskey. Captain Orr hastened to Hannastown, and there learned that shortly after his departure the town had been attacked and burned by the Indians. In the hasty flight of his wife from their home, the baby had been left in the cradle. Inspired by mother love, she dashed back into the house, and secured the child and, evading the besiegers, brought him to the fort, where she joined in the defense, melting down her pewter plates to make bullets for the defenders. The rescued babe later became the grandfather of Hunter Corbett.

Robert Orr afterward commanded a regiment of frontiersmen in the expedition of General St. Clair into Ohio, and in the retreat of the army, his regiment was chosen to protect the rear.

Before Allegheny county was formed, and while the courts of the original Westmoreland county were held in the town of Pittsburgh,

Captain Orr served as sheriff of this vast frontier country. Later he removed from Hannastown to Sugar Crest, and became the first sheriff of Armstrong county. He died in 1833, leaving an unimpeachable record of public service, and a line of descendants destined to fill worthy and honorable positions of trust in succeeding years.

Another ancestor of Hunter Corbett was John Mitchell, who also came to Pennsylvania from Ireland under the stress of interesting circumstances, in which the tender passion played a constraining part. Mr. Mitchell was poor, but in the opinion of the persons most vitally concerned, this was not a sufficient barrier to his suing for the hand of Jane, the only daughter of Sir John Ross. Her father, however, was of contrary mind, and the young people left their native country by hidden trails, which ended finally in a happy home in the forest land of Pennsylvania. Here, in course of time, the noble ancestor himself came, bringing forgiveness and blessing, and finding the atmosphere of the home congenial, permanently established himself there.

John Mitchell's son, William, the great-grandfather of Hunter Corbett, served his country faithfully in the War of Independence. He fought in the battle of Brandywine with

commendable valor, and in the Dry Valley Cemetery near Lewistown, Cumberland county, Pa., a stone now marks his resting place, bearing the inscription, "William Mitchell, a soldier of the Revolution, who died in the hope of a glorious resurrection."

Interesting traditions of the pioneer period also centered in one of the grandfathers, John Corbett. In the summer of 1800, he went into that part of Armstrong county lying north of Redbank creek, and in the woods about three miles from where the town of Clarion now stands, he cleared a patch of land and planted it in potatoes. At the close of the season, he dug trenches in the forest, in which he buried his crop, and over it planted bushes and scattered leaves so skillfully as to completely deceive the Indians, who several weeks later ranged through that section of the country, on their annual hunt. In the spring of the following year, when Mr. Corbett returned from Mifflin county, where he had retired for the winter, he found that the red men had fruitlessly dug holes in many places in their search for the coveted supplies, but that his potatoes were safe and sound in the hidden trenches. This John was one of ten brothers, sons of William Corbett, from whom descendants have sprung in numbers sufficient to exert a dis-

tinctly religious and political influence in the affairs of Clarion county.

The other grandfather, Samuel Culbertson Orr, who as a babe had been rescued from the burning house in Hannastown, was a son in every sense worthy of his lion-hearted father. He was the first sheriff of Westmoreland county, after the division which resulted in the formation of Allegheny county. In the summer of 1804, he came into the wilderness portion of Clarion county, purchased land, cleared the timber and built a cabin; and here he brought his young wife the following year. This wife was Margaret Sloan, a woman of strong character, quiet and gentle, but firm in her convictions. One evening a number of rough men were spending the evening in the Orr home, according to the neighborly fashion of the time, and their conversation became boisterous and profane. In the midst of their wild hilarity, she appeared and simply said, "Gentlemen, let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil," and instantly the swearing ceased.

Samuel Culbertson Orr was an active ruling Elder in the Presbyterian church of Rehoboth for forty years, and in the nearly half a century's membership, he was never known to

miss a Communion service. Ten children were born into this home. The eldest, Robert, served as a missionary in Singapore until impaired health compelled him to return to America, where he recovered and became a professor of languages in Jefferson College. Another son, Franklin, became a minister, and served congregations in Pennsylvania. The other sons of the family became Elders in the Presbyterian church, and the daughters also were married to men who were active in the offices of the church. In this family of godly influence Fanny Culbertson Orr, the mother of Hunter Corbett, grew into womanhood reflecting the character of her ancestors.

II

THE LEATHERWOOD HOME

ROSS MITCHELL CORBETT, the father of Hunter Corbett, was married to Fanny Culbertson Orr, February 27th, 1834. They first met at a singing school, when Miss Orr was about seventeen years of age, and Mr. Corbett twenty-two. The acquaintance thus formed was consummated by their marriage two years later. The wedding occasion was a red-letter day in the history of the community, for the contracting parties represented two of the most influential families of that region. About sixty guests rode on horse-back from Kittanning, Brookville, and the surrounding country, to the Orr homestead. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. John A. Core, and a bounteous feast was served. The evening was spent in playing games and singing until a late hour. Many of the guests remained over night, and the next day about thirty couples rode over to the home of the groom's father, Mr. John C. Corbett, to the "in-fair" where hospitality and entertainment were continued on a like generous scale.

Ross Corbett had not been idle in anticipation of his approaching marriage. He had learned the trades of carpentry and millwrighting, and had saved his earnings and purchased a farm near Strattonville. This in turn he sold and invested in the purchase of a 600-acre tract of land in the unbroken forest of Leatherwood. The first week after the wedding, he spent in making furniture,—stands, chairs, tables, and a dough-tray. The following week he shouldered his axe and left for Leatherwood in company with his brother, Isaac, and his brother-in-law, Hunter Orr. Here on the banks of the creek, they felled the trees and hewed them into shape for building, and then sent word to distant neighbors to come and help with the raising. Anticipating the usual wild carousal customary on such occasions, the pioneers gathered, but much to the chagrin of many of them, learned that whiskey would not be served to the workers. This was an innovation far in advance of the custom of the times, and two of the men left the spot, muttering against the incivility of such treatment. The others, however, remained to help, and thus the house was built without the aid of John Barleycorn,—the first so erected in that neighborhood.

When Ross Corbett brought his bride to this

new house in the spring of 1834, their belongings consisted of three cows and their calves, six sheep, several pigs, and such few goods as could be brought over the rough woodland roads in three wagons. Before the wagons could be turned for their homeward journey, it was necessary to cut three trees from the forest which crowded close to the walls of the home. During the summer and autumn months, Mr. Corbett built a sawmill. This was followed by a flouring mill the next year. A large barn then succeeded in the list of buildings, and finally the brick residence constructed in 1841.

On the eighth of December, 1835, the first babe was born in the Corbett home. He was named Hunter after the mother's brother. The other children of the family in order are: Elisa Ann, John Newton, Samuel Culbertson, Mary Lester, Winfield Scott, and David Lawson. The four younger children were born in the brick house which at this writing is occupied and in an excellent state of preservation. The old log house in which the elder children were born is still standing on an adjoining property.

Ross Corbett and his wife confessed their faith in Christ, and united with the Presbyterian church at Licking early in the year 1836,

shortly after their son, Hunter, was born. The family altar was soon established, and prayers held each morning and evening. As the head of the home, Mr. Corbett was a sterling example of consistency. He was a man of tremendous energy, but in the thick of toil never forgot his obligations to God. During the week, it was his custom to devote a part of the noon hour and a little while each evening to the study of the Sunday-School lesson. On Sabbath, he took his family to church in the wagon or on horseback, and in the more than fifty years in which he served as elder at Licking and Leatherwood, he is remembered to have been absent but once, and on this occasion, his failure to attend was due to the fact that his eyes were swollen shut as the result of bee stings. On Sabbath evenings he never failed to have the catechism recited in the family circle, the custom being for the youngest child who could read to ask the questions, and the parents to take turns with the other children in reciting the answers. So carefully had he committed these answers that if any of the group failed, he could immediately give the correct answer from memory.

While his children were attending the public school, they would gather for study each evening, and he would ask their spelling

lessons, and hear them read, and keep oversight of their progress in other branches. In times of deep snow and stormy weather, he would take his own and his neighbors' children to and from the school building.

He was public-spirited, generous, and kind to the poor. He showed a liberal spirit toward all religious denominations represented in the neighborhood, contributing to the support of their pastors, and giving the sites for two church buildings from his land. He was a power for good in the community, and the most delicate matters were quietly and tactfully adjusted by him. In one instance a family had arranged to have the mother sent to the poor-house. Mr. Corbett went directly to these neighbors, and showed them the dishonorableness of such action, with the result that the mother was speedily provided with a home without the aid of the county. One of his oft-repeated expressions was, "Never give a verdict until you have heard both sides of the case." When the family conversation had a tendency to drift to objectionable topics, he had a way of changing the current of thought and speech by remarking with a wave of his hand and a twinkle of the eye, "This is a *mountaiñious* country," and the subject was immediately changed.

Mrs. Corbett also did her part to develop worthy character in the lives of her children. She looked well to the ways of her household, and nothing escaped the scrutiny of her observant eye, from the folding of the supplies of linen in the guest chamber to the last scrap of food that went to feed the chickens at the back gate. Endowed with an exceptionally clear mind and excellent judgment, and unfailingly kind, capable, and firm, she possessed energy sufficient to direct and stimulate a household of workers. The prophet's chamber was kept in constant readiness for the passing men of God, and her hospitality was unbounded. The interest which she manifested in the care of household affairs was multiplied manyfold in the loving devotion and concern for the members of her home.

Back of the soldier-like precision which marked the preparation for Sabbath-School, from the committing of the memory verses, to the supplying of the collection money, and the week's duties in school and on the farm, every member of the family knew there was a consuming love within her heart, taking in the entire circle, and widening constantly to embrace the neighborhood, the church, and the mission work of many lands. Supreme tests came when she was called to endure affliction

in the death of beloved babe, grown daughter, soldier son, and devoted grandchild, and in still other form, when with broken thigh she was compelled to relinquish all active duty, and lie helpless on a bed of suffering for the last eight years of her life. But none of these things moved her, and strong in faith, love, and cheerfulness, the bow of her spirit abode in strength to the end.

Under the tutelage of such parents, the children grew to maturity. As the waters of the purling Leatherwood led to the wheels of the Corbett mills and contributed their energies to the maintenance and comfort of the family, so other streams of industry, affection, and obedience flowed in through the brick mansion which bore the family name, and enriched the lives of its inmates with priceless legacies.

At the breaking up of the home in 1898, the youngest son of the household wrote from Dubois, Pa., to his missionary brother in China,—"Can you think of a home from which more real blessings went out, where so many were made welcome and entertained, where such kindness and hearty greeting were given by both father and mother on the return visits of their children, where the very air seemed to be filled with a welcome, and where prayers

were offered, and blessings given to the ones who had gone out from under the roof. Have you not often felt that God was hearing and answering the prayers that went up to Him night and morning?"

III

THE MOLDING OF THE MAN

TO a lad reared in the pines of Western Pennsylvania eighty years ago, life had but few diversions. The season for play was short, and the introduction to toil was early given. It required full days of strenuous labor to fell the forest trees, extend the area of cultivation, plow the clearing, plant, harvest, thresh, and garner the grain. In well-ordered households, each member of the family had his allotted task. Children grew naturally into this environment, and unconsciously absorbed the seriousness of life.

The first recollections of Hunter Corbett were of days spent in the shadow of the forest home in the company of his mother and playmate sister; of a busy father coming and going upon his errands to the mill, the barn, and the clearing. The stream outside had the usual attraction for the wide-awake boy. He played on its banks, and learned to cast the hook in its pools for chub and "cat." Later the mill-dam became a favorite spot where he and his brothers learned to swim with the ease of the

miller's ducks. On the hills the boys gathered their supply of chestnuts each autumn, and supplemented their store with the hazelnuts plucked from the thick bushes by the roadside. Winter came with its deep snow, which often lay late into the spring season under the protecting boughs of pine and hemlock. This was the time for a country boy's most wholesome pleasure, and either with sleds on the hillside or with their pet calves hitched to a crude sleigh of their own manufacture, the Corbett boys made the woods ring with their shouts of enjoyment. The trapping of rabbit and fox, and the shooting of squirrel and pheasant gave added spice to their sport.

But play was a secondary consideration in the home where Hunter Corbett was reared. In summer, all the children were occupied in the fields, and in winter they were busy in school. As soon as he was old enough to ride a horse, Hunter was given a share in threshing the grain. The sheaves were laid in a great circle on the barn floor, and the horses were ridden round and round this straw-covered course till the grain was tramped from the heads. The straw was repeatedly shaken, and finally thrown aside for fodder and bedding, and the grain was scraped together and passed through a windmill to separate it from the

chaff. In this labor the boy helped, first in riding and leading the horses, and later in keeping the straw stirred and turning the windmill.

From the time he was strong enough to hold the handles of the plow, and scratch the soil among the stones and roots of the clearing, the boy also did his full share in tilling the steep fields on the Corbett farm at Leatherwood. As a little toiler scarcely larger than the bundles of grain at which he tugged, the lot fell to him to build the sheaves upon the wagons. It required care and judgment to build a load so that in turning on a hillside and driving to the barn the wagon might not be overturned, nor the sheaves slide off. Yet so efficiently was the work done, that no such accident ever occurred with his wagons. Under the instruction of his father, he learned to use the tools of the carpenter and to adjust the machinery of the mills; and thus unconsciously prepared himself for duties demanded of him at a later day, and in a country where he was often thrown upon his own resources to solve problems requiring mechanical knowledge and skill.

Ross Corbett was a man of prodigious strength and energy, and quietly pursued his work, whether it was felling trees, pitching hay, cradling grain, or doing any of the myriad

tasks on a farm, with apparently little thought that his companions in toil were not as strong and capable as himself. This method was rather trying to an ambitious set of growing boys, and sometimes urged them to work beyond their strength. It had the redeeming quality, however, of making them unwilling to be left behind in their tasks, and of giving them the ability to sustain work to the full capacity of their powers, a quality which has been of incalculable value throughout their lives.

The training Hunter Corbett received in the public schools near his home was not always of a high order. The teachers in the forties of the last century were a pathetically amusing aggregation, long on birch and short on brains. One of Hunter's teachers suffered from impaired vision and wore two pair of glasses. But even then he could not see distinctly. The pupils sat in two long rows, one on either side of the building. Tricky youngsters were always working on the short-sightedness of this teacher, perpetrating some noisy prank, then gliding away from the scene of disturbance to their accustomed seats. He retaliated by descending with a big wattle upon the row from which the noise came, and trouncing it from end to end. He would justify this action by

declaring that if all his victims did not deserve punishment on this occasion, there were other times when they did, and this whipping would even up matters. The teacher had a nephew among the pupils, whom he never touched with the rod, and Hunter observing this, arranged to sit next the favored relative, and when the angry uncle advanced with his avenging rod, he would crowd his seatmate so closely that the infuriated man could not well strike one without hitting the other, and so he frequently escaped punishment.

One of these men set for the fashioning and refining of the young idea, used to stand before the school and threaten the smaller boys with a big ruler, telling them that if they didn't behave, he would cut off their heads and send them home to their mothers. Then when the mothers would ask, "What's the matter, little boys?" they would have to reply, "We were such bad boys the teacher had to strike off our heads." It was all morally certain to happen, so Hunter Corbett and his young companions thought.

There was a sugar camp in the bottom land not far from the school building, and the owner never lacked offers of help from the pupils during the sugar-making season. The place was beyond the sound of the teacher's signal

for assembling, and it had magnetic charms for the boys during the dinner hour. It sometimes happened that the passing of time was not realized until some keen-eyed youngster detected in the distance the teacher leaving the school building on the hunt for his delinquents. This was the signal for circling through the woods with all the slyness of a fox to avoid the master and get into the school room and down to study before he returned. Rarely did they receive punishment when they effected this ruse successfully, but otherwise the birch was sure to descend upon them. Despite the deficiencies of the system and the limited qualifications of many of the teachers, a good working knowledge of the three R's was obtained by the pupils. The oversight of the parents in the Corbett home prevented serious deflections from the line of duty, and corrected tendencies toward negligence or carelessness in habits of study; and the children were thus prepared for pursuing their studies in more advanced schools.

Moreover, the training received in the home circle on the Sabbath was of a nature calculated to develop both mind and character. Before the church was organized at Leatherwood, the family attended services at Licking, five or six miles distant. Going to church and Sab-

bath-School was accepted as much a part of the day's program as eating breakfast or dinner. The parents generally rode horseback with their children behind the saddle. Frequently two long sermons were preached with an intermission between for lunch which usually consisted of cakes. The boys' share was given them before leaving home that it might be carried in their pockets. It had always disappeared before noon, sometimes even before they had reached the church. During the afternoon and evening, Scripture verses and the catechism were committed to memory, and recited, and thus these Sabbaths were made replete with positive religious training.

The character of the growing boy was still further affected by certain events and incidents which took place during this period. When seven years of age, his playmate sister was smitten with scarlet fever and died. The funeral was held on a bitterly cold day, and the sight of the open grave in the snow made such an impression on the boy that never afterward could he see a body lowered into the ground in the winter season without the old desolate feeling of separation.

At ten years of age, he fell from the driving platform of one of the old-fashioned horse

power generators, which connected with a threshing machine by means of a tumbling shaft, and almost lost his life. He was caught on the great circular cog-wheel surrounding the platform, and carried into the teeth of the connecting shaft, where he was so firmly wedged into the machinery that only with the help of an axe could his father release him. The wheels chewed inch bites of flesh from his body, and he escaped with life only because caught at the less vital parts. This accident confined him to his bed for six months, and left scars upon his body which he carried to the grave.

One of his first duties after his recovery was to help in the clearing where he was given some of the lighter work in cutting away the brush. While at this task one day his axe was deflected by a branch, and cut off two of his toes. The doctor was speedily sent for, but could not be found. Ross Corbett promptly decided to undertake the surgical operation, and sew on the dissevered members himself. He did so, and bound the injured foot to a large shoe-sole; and later the doctor inspected the work and declared the operation to have been performed as well as he himself could have done it. This second accident had the effect of arousing prayer in many homes of

the community in behalf of the unfortunate boy.

When about fifteen years of age, Hunter Corbett's most intimate boy friend, George Boyles, was killed by a falling tree, and this accident also left a deep impression upon his mind, making him feel the need for preparation for eternity. He was even then as he had been for years, a praying boy, but did not realize his need of taking Jesus as his personal Savior. There is something pathetic in the loneliness of the lad, retiring from the family each evening, and praying to God in secret under a certain tree near the old home. It escaped the observance of his father, but his mother frequently detected his absence, and failing to discover the reason, plied him with questions, which had the effect of making the lad still more vigilant and reserved. In these seasons of devotion, the boy was being trained like Samuel. Although the definite decision was not made until several years later, when God spoke he also was ready to respond, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

IV

IN THE SCHOOLS OF THE PROPHETS

THE horizon of Hunter Corbett's life expanded into a wider circle with the decision of his father to send him to the Academy at Elder's Ridge, Pa. This was a well-known secondary school at that time. A Scotch-Irish pastor of heroic mold had founded the institution in the heart of his parish, and ambitious boys from among the best families of Western Pennsylvania gathered here for their preparatory training.

It was on an April day in 1855, when Ross Corbett drove the forty miles between Leatherwood and Elder's Ridge, taking his eldest son and a horse-hair trunk, in which the young man had packed his belongings. Arriving at the home of Mr. David McComb, where a room had been previously engaged, a welcome was extended by the family and the students lodging there; and the next morning the father, in an open carriage, returned to Leatherwood in a drenching rain. Before leaving home, Hunter had split the oak rails with which he had fenced forty acres of his father's farm,

and the change from this vigorous life in the open to that of a student was too sudden for nature to accommodate herself readily, and the first few weeks at "The Ridge" were extremely depressing. He soon found himself, and happily caught the spirit of the school, and in an atmosphere where every student worked, he found congenial employment for his mind.

The forces here contributed to develop an energetic type of student. The family circles in which the youths found themselves established showed a genuine interest in the welfare of these boys, both in the home and in the school. It was as if that whole Scotch-Irish community looked on to applaud every worthy effort. They cheered their favorites in the annual literary contests and exhibitions, they knelt with them night and morning in family prayers, they prepared little surprises for them, they opened their homes to these pupils as though they had been their own children, and they followed them with loving interest to classroom and playground. The homes at which the students boarded were sometimes three or four miles distant from the Academy, yet they took their daily tramps to and from the school, recited their Latin rules on the way, and developed brawn, brain, and a mastery of inconvenience with a cheerful spirit.

In the school room there were processes in operation which made for scholarship of a commendable order, coupled with character of sterling worth. The *modus operandi* was one of example rather than method, and the students invariably learned its secret and spelled work into their after lives. There were scholars of fine mind, famous "Greek grinders," keen mathematicians, and inspiring instructors in Latin and English, who sat in the professors' chairs in this golden age of Elder's Ridge Academy. King among them was "Pater" Donaldson, the principal, who imparted to every student who came in close touch with him, the desire to get to work and keep working. This man rose at five o'clock each morning, read his Bible in the original languages, outlined the work to be done on his farm during the day, taught in the Academy from 9 A. M. till noon, prepared his weekly sermon and prayer meeting lecture, and ministered to the needs of the members of two widely scattered congregations during the afternoon and evening, and preached in both his churches each Sabbath. Dying at the age of eighty-one, it was to leave this record of results in the church: Sermons preached, 6893; prayer meetings held, 2596; communions, 405; admitted to the church on con-

fession of faith, 1720; adults baptized, 116; children baptized, 1121; marriage ceremonies performed, 324; visits to the afflicted, 2553; funerals officiated at, 437.

Not less striking is the record of his labors in the Academy, where he left the impress of his powerful personality on the minds and hearts of his pupils. During his life time, no less than 2600 students sat under his instruction; of these about 160 became ministers of the Gospel, 11 went to foreign lands as missionaries; nearly 100 were admitted to the bar; about the same number became practicing physicians. There is also a long roll of judges, editors, college presidents, and professors, high-school and Academy instructors, state and county officials, and best of all, the impetus given to the intelligence and morals of a large rural community traceable in marked degree to the high standard set by one honest hard-working man. From among his "boys," two became moderators of the General Assembly, one a secretary of The Board of Ministerial Relief, and one rode on the Staff of Sherman from "Atlanta to the sea." It was from this teacher in his preparatory instruction as from his parents in the Leatherwood home, that Hunter Corbett unconsciously absorbed his genius for labor.

Late in the summer of 1855 the young man returned to Leatherwood and entered a store which his father had purchased, intending to have his son trained as a merchant. The store was not wholly distasteful to him, but he felt there was more congenial work in professional lines, requiring further education. He had an inclination toward the practice of medicine, and during the winter he read several medical volumes. The conviction that he should pursue his studies further became so strong that he went to his father and told him his desire. That his son should not follow the course marked out for him was a disappointment to Ross Corbett, who feared it might indicate a streak of instability in the boy, for whom he had planned, as he thought, better things. With characteristic discretion, he said little, but prepared the way for Hunter's entrance to an Academy which had been recently opened at Leatherwood. Here the earnestness of the young student revealed itself in his devotion to his lessons. With the regularity of clockwork, he rose each morning at four, studied till breakfast at dawn. Then he resumed work at his books till ten o'clock, saddled his horse, and rode to the Academy, committing and reciting rules by the way and remaining in the classroom until three in the afternoon, when

he returned home and ate the hearty meal which his mother had prepared for him, then went back to his books and studied diligently until ten o'clock each evening. Six hours of sleep, and two meals a day, with every moment of time he could command devoted to his books, was the program for the entire term.

In the autumn, he returned again to Elder's Ridge, and the following spring left the Academy to attend Jefferson College, where he entered the Sophomore class in its closing term. Jefferson College was then at the height of its career. It was to Western Pennsylvania what Princeton was to New Jersey, and a measure of spirited rivalry existed between the two institutions. Of the instructors who here made deepest impression upon the mind of Hunter Corbett were the polished president, Dr. Joseph Alden, and the versatile professor of Mathematics, John Fraser.

Hunter Corbett was graduated in the class of 1860. Forty-four persons received their diplomas on Commencement Day. Of these, eighteen studied for the ministry, and as the path of a student theologically inclined and hailing from Western Pennsylvania, invariably led from Jefferson College to the Allegheny Seminary, Beatty Hall became the resort for the majority of these prospective divines. The

park in front of the site at that time was a common where goats, sheep, and cattle were indiscriminately herded for the Pittsburgh markets. The hall was a four-storied fire-trap, which escaped the ravages of flame, despite the short-sightedness of the authorities, and was full of students from cellar to garret. Hunter Corbett roomed on the fourth floor for two years. Like the other students, he cared for his own room. The furnishings were not such as to develop pampered aristocrats. Nails and hooks driven or screwed into the wall and covered with a calico curtain served as a wardrobe; a chair or two, a pine table, with box-like shelves for books and papers, a bedstead with a hard mattress and scanty covering, a stand with washbowl, basin, and towels, a wrought-iron poker for the grate, a coal-scuttle, and a broom behind the door, completed the furnishings. Four professors looked after the theological training of the 160 students then in attendance. Their names, Elliott, Jacobus, Plumer, and Wilson, still abide as household words in very many Presbyterian homes, and the aroma of their consecrated influence still lingers in many hearts.

Feeling that a broadened education might be secured by himself as a western man in an eastern school, Hunter Corbett decided to

change from Allegheny and take his last year in Princeton Seminary. The New Jersey school was then in the jean and homespun stage of its history. It had few buildings, little endowment, but plenty of brainy students, and its aim was then as now to send out a scholarly ministry. Of the instructors who left their impress upon Hunter Corbett during this year's stay in Princeton, Dr. Charles Hodge was easily chief. There was no intimate social tie which bound the two men together, and yet the admiration begotten in the mind of the pupil for his teacher was ardent and continued to the end of life.

Dr. Charles Hodge neither knew nor sought to know his students, and yet he bound them to him with the strong hooks of a master's commanding personality. Whatever the impressions may be upon a student's mind in reading his Systematic Theology, and however varied may be the estimate of his critics regarding his conclusions, his pupils, in hearing his lectures, were convinced of the humility and evident fair-mindedness of their instructor in seeking answers to truth. "We are all poor shoats," was the oft-repeated expression with which he summarized the efforts of himself and others in attempting to learn the mysteries of the Word. Yet so conscientiously

and honestly did he deal with the views of his opponents that many a student who entered his classroom with a polemic chip upon his shoulder often stayed after recitation to present it as a love token to his instructor, and thank him for the fairness of his contention.

As he had a vacant period at the hour when Dr. Hodge lectured each day to the Middle Class, Hunter Corbett took advantage of the opportunity of joining in the recitations, and so secured an extra year's work in Theology, and in this way added materially to his store of knowledge.

V

THE CALL OF THE SPIRIT

CONTEMPORANEOUS with his training in the schools which he attended, Hunter Corbett experienced a development of his religious nature in response to the call of the Spirit. The evening before he left his home to attend Elder's Ridge Academy, his mother came to his room, and placing a small morocco-bound Bible upon his table, asked that he would read a chapter from it each night. He gave her the desired promise, and although that little volume has long since been laid aside, the habit then formed was faithfully continued until death.

At the close of his first term at the Academy, he called at the home of the principal to say good-by. He was never able to get away from the parting words of his instructor, who said to him with his wonted simplicity, "You have been a good student, Hunter, and I trust that you will be as good a Christian." The words followed him through the long forty-mile drive to his home, and with other goodly impressions which came trooping out of the

past, warmed his heart to the mercy of God and brought him to the realization of his need of Jesus Christ as his personal Savior. A few months after he returned from the Academy, he made a public profession of his faith in the Lord and united with the Presbyterian church at Leatherwood. During the quiet hours of the winter weeks which followed, while he sold goods in the little store at Rockville near his father's home, came the conviction that he should seek further education and devote his energies to the uplifting of his fellowmen. His mind inclined toward medicine, and in line with this desire the decision was made to become a doctor.

Other forces, however, had already been in operation and were still working, which were to lead him into a different channel of service. It was toward the close of his Junior year in Jefferson College that occasion arose to make a double decision. The revival of 1857, which at the time had so stirred the institution and the town of Cannonsburg, was now a matter of past history. The students who had been affected by it had for the most part gone elsewhere, but occasionally one of them came back to recount the evidences of the Spirit's power. A prayer meeting still held at day-break each morning no doubt deepened the religious life

among the students with whom Hunter Corbett associated. But aside from all transitory efforts and feelings, there was for him the ever-abiding question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" His was not such a nature as could resist the Spirit as He sounded His call. With the young man there was the conviction that if he were sincere in his consecration, and should be led into the Gospel ministry, it would be into service for his Master in the foreign field, and from the ministry and the work of a missionary he shrank, feeling his utter unworthiness to proclaim the Gospel message aright.

About this time he returned to Leatherwood for his annual vacation. While at home he called upon Mrs. Wm. Henry, the widow of an elder, who for many months had patiently suffered as a shut-in. This woman might be said to belong to the school of Anna, serving God with fasting and prayers night and day. The two chatted together for some minutes, and the young man had expressed his sympathy for the elderly woman in her affliction, and she answered by saying it was true she could do very little work now, but she could pray; pray for her family, her church, and her neighbors; and then turning to her visitor and looking straight into his eyes, she said, "I

have long been praying for you that you may become a minister and be used for the salvation of many souls." Deeply touched by these words, Hunter Corbett immediately left the room. Returning to college, it was to continue in prayer, seeking simply to know the will of God concerning himself. He earnestly sought to give an honest answer to the Heavenly Father why he should not preach His Gospel to perishing men. He found there was no satisfying reason that he could give why he should not preach Christ and Him crucified. He found further that the conviction, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," was burned into the fiber of his soul. From this time the surrender was more easily made, and the question of minister and missionary was settled in one decision. And it was unfalteringly determined. The fact which later came to his notice, that of the more than one hundred students in his classes at Allegheny and Princeton Seminaries, he was the only one to go to the foreign field, did not deter him nor shake in the least his convictions of personal responsibility. Without entering into judgment upon the conclusions reached by others as to their particular fields of labor, the call of the Spirit sounded clear and unmistakable to him: "Your field is China. Go to that part of the

world, and with My help, make of it the most you can." That the particular field specified should be China, was probably due to impressions made in childhood, in hearing his uncle Robert Orr tell of the needs of the Celestial Empire.

Another glimpse behind the scenes may here be given to illustrate how prayer was operating among the silent forces which played upon the life of Hunter Corbett. On his way from Leatherwood to Allegheny in 1860, he visited at Elder's Ridge, and from Mrs. McComb, at whose home he had boarded while attending the Academy, he learned a hidden chapter. His friend expressed her pleasure upon hearing that he was on his way to the Seminary, and said to him, "It is just as we hoped, for often when I heard you say you intended to be a physician, I would retire to my room and ask God not to allow you to become a doctor, but to make of you a minister instead."

Of course there were many friends of good intention fifty-five years ago who were ready to give advice upon the foolishness of Hunter Corbett's "throwing himself away among the heathen." In common with others, Seminary Professors emphasized a call to a home church as a call sufficient. When he went to one of his instructors near the close of the Seminary

course for the indorsement required by the Foreign Board, the sage man asked him, "Did you preach for a vacant church last vacation?"

"Yes."

"Did not the church contemplate extending you a call?"

"Yes."

"Was this not a temptation for you to accept?"

"Yes."

"Well, do you not consider it a call of the Lord?"

"No, I consider it a call of the devil."

So firmly rooted was the conviction he should go to China, that any suggestion to remain in the homeland was as the voice of the tempter.

His response to the call of the Spirit led Hunter Corbett to make most thorough preparation to preach the Gospel. His decision to labor in China did not have the effect of making him slight his duties in the classroom, as though this work would prove worthless in a strange land and language; but on the contrary, it urged him to master every detail as something which might have its appropriate setting in his future work. He rarely preached while he was in attendance upon the sessions of the Seminary, believing that it was a stu-

dent's first duty to give his time and energy to learning the assigned lessons, and that if this was thoroughly done there was not room in the curriculum for the proper preparation and delivery of sermons to congregations. He was keenly alert to embrace opportunities of service, however, and each Sabbath forenoon gathered in the Central church at Pittsburgh a dozen boys who did not attend Sabbath-School, and instructed them in Bible truths and occasionally visited them in their homes. On Sabbath afternoons, he conducted a Bible class composed mainly of factory people in Allegheny, and the attendance grew to fifty. He held himself in readiness for supply service with the coming of vacations, but as no opportunity presented itself at the close of his first year in the Seminary, he engaged to work upon an oil well three miles from Oil City. He managed the drill on the shift from noon till midnight, and helped in establishing one of the two best drilling records in this region during that interesting period of the development of the oil industry in Western Pennsylvania.

His vacation during the following year was spent in supplying pulpits in Clarion Presbytery, and his ministrations there met with marked favor. During the summer he was licensed by the Clarion Presbytery, which met

at the Rockland church. The following December, during the Christmas holidays, he served under the Christian Commission in ministering to the soldiers in Parole Camp, two miles from Annapolis, Md. When he reached the place he went directly to the officer in charge and stated his object in coming. He was bluntly told that he had a hard job on his hands, but was given permission to attempt it.

That afternoon he met some of the men in a little assembly, established friendly relations in the first few sentences of a brief address, and ever after received a respectful hearing from the soldiers. In the hospital tents he wrote letters for the wounded, and prayed with them, comforted the dying, forwarded their farewell messages to distant friends, and in many ways rendered acceptable service. It was further preparation for future emergencies in a foreign land. After more than a month's service under the commission he returned to Princeton, intending to resume work among the soldiers at the close of the Senior term, as the Foreign Board to which he had applied had been so depleted in its finances by the war that there was no immediate prospect of his being sent abroad. About three weeks before the close of the term, however, he received a communication from the secretary at New

York, asking if he could at once make ready to take the place of another who had been unexpectedly prevented from going to China as had been arranged. He was not yet ordained, and it was necessary to have a meeting of Presbytery called for this purpose. This he arranged for through his pastor, Rev. Joseph Mateer.

Two years previous, he had met Miss Lizzie Culbertson, of Derry, Pa., and in the intervening time, a mutual understanding concerning their affections had been concluded but no marriage day had been set, owing to the uncertainties in which their conditions placed them. Miss Culbertson's father had died when she was still a child, and her mother when she was sixteen years of age. She had found a home with her brothers, and later while securing her education in the families of Rev. Alex Donaldson and Mr. Jas. Elder, at Elder's Ridge. She had been graduated from Blairsville Seminary in 1858 and had gone into the southwest to Wapunucka, Indian Territory, to teach in one of the Indian schools there, but the conditions arising out of the Civil War compelled her to return to the east again. Beautiful in spirit, she left a trail of gracious memories in all the places of her sojourning. She was at this time teaching in the Seminary

at Blairsville, and Hunter Corbett, hearing the imperative call of the Spirit in the opportunity to go at once to the foreign field, laid the case before her. She acquiesced in his plans and they were married on June 4th, 1863, at the home of Mr. James Elder.

Shortly after the ceremony, they left for Leatherwood, and in the church at that place the ordination service occurred five days later. The many relatives and friends gathered from far and near and made the occasion a farewell reception. Dr. Elliott, the Senior Professor of Western Seminary, preached the sermon, and after the ordination a generous free-will offering was taken and presented to the missionaries, but at their request it was sent directly to the New York Board.

As the Pennsylvania railroad was at this time under government contract for the transportation of troops, passage could not be secured over their line, and it was necessary to go to New York via Pittsburgh and Cleveland. After visiting relatives in Ohio, the bridal couple went on to the eastern seaport the latter part of June. Hunter Corbett had meantime arranged a bond of $1000 to be paid for a substitute in case his name should be selected in the draft. It was in keeping with the patriotic action of the family to which he belonged,—

his brother, Newton, giving his life in battle, his brother, Samuel, serving as a soldier throughout the entire duration of the war, and even his father and young brother, Scott, volunteering for action in the hasty call for troops when Pennsylvania was threatened with invasion. From New York, on July 3, even while the savage guns of Gettysburg were booming in the crucial battle of the Civil War, their sailing vessel weighed anchor and dropped down the bay and out into the sea, on the start of her long voyage across the ocean and around the Cape of Good Hope and on to the ports of China.

Rev. and Mrs. Calvin Mateer took passage on the same vessel,—the St. Paul. The experiences of the passengers during the weary six months it required to bring them to their desired haven proved to be among the most trying in the eventful lives of these missionaries. They were in constant fear of being captured by privateers. It was a hundred days before they learned the result of the conflict at Gettysburg. The passage around the Cape of Good Hope was so rough that they were tossed about in their staterooms like baggage in the hands of a truckman. They were finally compelled to use ropes to tie themselves in their berths to prevent being flung to the floor.

They were drenched with the salt spray, and their books and baggage hopelessly damaged. They were becalmed for seventeen days near the equator, with a scorching sun beating upon the deck with the fierceness of a blast furnace. Sailing by the Philippine Islands they were drifting to wreck upon the coast, when within a stone's throw of the rocks the wind suddenly changed and they were carried by in safety. Their food throughout the entire voyage was wretched in the extreme, and from it Hunter Corbett contracted a serious intestinal trouble which continued for a period of twenty years. More dead than alive, the little company alighted from the ship at Shanghai, where they were received into the hospitable home of Rev. and Mrs. J. M. W. Farnham.

VI

GRAPPLING WITH THE DRAGON

THE foreigner coming into China for the first time is impressed by the representations of the dragon so frequently seen. Under the old régime it was the national emblem. The figure was stamped upon the coins of the country; it was woven in the flags, and worked into silken banners in elaborate design. It was portrayed on posters in flaring colors. Postage stamps had it designed upon their faces. It has been burned into the tiles and built into the temples, palaces and houses. Representations in bronze and clay are set to adorn the walls of the cities. It figures prominently in their works of art. It is painted upon the kites flown by men and boys. In their processions it is often the chief attraction. To the Chinese it is significant of power, avenging might, and a consuming terror to their enemies. Apart from all national significance, however, the dragon of the Book is expressive of the forces of ignorance, superstition and sin which bind, terrorize, and destroy men's souls. Wherever Satan has estab-

lished the seat of his power most firmly, there the ravages of the dragon are most cruelly realized. China, like other nations, has long suffered from his dominion. The new order of things will be experienced when in the ordained succession of events, the emblem is changed to represent the coming power of China's manhood, crowned and triumphant, and standing with conquering heel upon the head of the dragon.

When Hunter Corbett first set foot upon Chinese soil, the dragon of the pit was holding well-nigh indisputable sway in northern China. True, it was fifty-eight years since Morrison had begun his labors in the empire, but the wheels of the Gospel chariot had dragged in the sand, and the warriors had died in the faith of better things to come, even while the realization of the vision tarried. In all the Shantung province of 65,104 square miles, with its estimated population of 29,000,000 inhabitants, there were in 1863 probably not twenty native Christians. The people in the port cities hated the very shadow of the foreigner, and not without reason, for the outrages visited upon them by the brutal European soldiery were of like nature with those recently recorded in the Great War. In the interior, the natives were hostile and fearful. Women

and children fled at the approach of the missionary, and if the men collected to hear the preaching, it was generally out of motives of curiosity to see the foreign devil, as he was called. They came as they would to see a circus freak. The Taiping rebels were even then sacking the villages of the province, and leaving frightful trails of devastation behind them. Here and there, wells were full of women and children, who had drowned themselves, and trees bore the hideous fruit of human bodies hung by their own hands to escape the barbarous treatment of their captors. There was not a single mile of railroad in the empire, and journeys into the interior could be made only by foot, boat, wheelbarrow, horseback, or mule litter, with the likelihood of attack by robbers. Inn doors were slammed in the faces of missionaries, and lodgment refused. There were no well-established stations where newly arrived workers might be welcomed and assigned comfortable lodgings. The proposition of manning the field in the early sixties was a vastly different one from what it is to-day.

Wretchedly ill from the miserable diet of the sailing vessel, Hunter Corbett consulted a physician at Shanghai, who with two others, ordered him to leave for northern China at

once if he wished to save his life; so on the third of January, 1864, he and Mrs. Corbett left for Chefoo. On board were five other missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. Calvin Mateer, Rev. and Mrs. Alexander Williamson, agents of the Scottish Bible Society, and Rev. Mr. McClatchie, of the Anglican church. The one child of the company was that of the Williamsons, later destined to play an important rôle in their gaining admission to a Chinese home in their hour of extreme need.

During a stormy night, while yet thirty miles from their destination, the officers of the ship, mistaking their location, permitted the vessel to be driven upon the beach. Here it was threatened to be overturned by the violence of the waves breaking against its sides and dashing over the deck. The captain regarded the situation as hopeless and told the passengers that all was lost. The missionaries knelt together in prayer, asking for deliverance in this time of peril. The vessel held its own against wind and wave, and shortly before midnight the passengers succeeded in reaching the shore. The steamer's misfortune occurred at a time when intercession was being offered in many parts of the world for missionaries and their work, for the wreck took place during the Week of Prayer

and on the very day on which Foreign Missions was being made the subject of general and special prayer, and this remarkable preservation is its own striking commentary on the hearing ear of the Heavenly Father open to the cry of His children.

On the shore the company spent the time till nearly daybreak, wading through the snowdrifts, and wandering up and down the beach and over the hills in search of some sheltering village. At length they heard the barking of a dog on the hillside. As they went in the direction of the sound, they saw a native disappear behind the gates of his house, which he locked, and no amount of persuasion by word or gesture could induce him to open to them. Another house was found. The knocking at the gate brought out the owner, who, with a lighted fagot in his hand, peered from face to face until he discovered the little Williamson child in the arms of its father. His features relaxed and he threw open the gate and beckoned the company to follow him. He entered the house, and going to the kang, the heated platform which serves as bed in a Chinese lodging, he routed four or five men who were sleeping there, and with a low bow, welcomed the foreigners to the hospitality of his home. Morning soon came, and with it a breakfast

of millet. Sweet potatoes were served in the afternoon. Meantime, two of the company decided to walk to Chefoo and secure help. After two days, a British gunboat came to the scene of the wreck and took the passengers to Chefoo. There the missionaries were received into the home of Dr. D. B. McCartee, the representative of the Presbyterian Board at this station. After a short stay it was decided that the Mateers and Corbetts should take shendzas, or mule litters, and go on to Tengchow, fifty miles distant. Here they were welcomed by Rev. and Mrs. Chas. R. Mills. Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Hartwell, of the Southern Baptist Mission, were also most cordial in their reception.

The history of Presbyterian Missions at Tengchow had been peculiarly tragic. A succession of sorrows had overtaken the station, which had left Mr. and Mrs. Mills the only occupants upon the field. In May, 1861, the Revs. G. R. Gayley and J. A. Danforth had arrived with their wives. The following month Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Nevius joined them. Mrs. Danforth died before the close of the year, and the serious illness of Mr. Danforth necessitated his leaving for America. Mr. and Mrs. Mills came from Shanghai to fill the vacancy. Just as they were leaving the

city one of their little boys died of cholera. Mr. Gayley came to Chefoo to meet their vessel upon its arrival. The party left at once for Tengchow, as cholera was then raging in Chefoo. Four miles to the west of the latter place the remaining child of Mr. and Mrs. Mills sickened and died of the dread disease. Before the company reached Tengchow, Mr. Gayley had been smitten, and died soon after reaching home. A few days later, one of the Gayley children also died, and Mrs. Gayley, with her one remaining child, soon left for America. Two years later, the illness of Mrs. Nevius compelled her and Mr. Nevius to return to the United States, and thus the Mills were left alone to occupy the station. The Chinese had kindly received the Americans upon their arrival, but after the first few converts had been secured this cordiality turned into bitter hostility. They would neither sell nor rent buildings, and by every means at their command, strove to thwart the purposes of the foreigners.

This was the condition of affairs when the new missionaries reached the city in January, 1864. The three families were compelled to live in cramped quarters in an old temple where the missionaries had succeeded in securing a foothold. A large idol had been

carried out in the dead of night and buried in the courtyard to give additional room; other idols were stowed away in unused recesses, but still their habitation was distressingly crowded. Altogether, the prospect was dreary, but the newcomers happily made the best of it. They spent long hours in study, attempting to learn the language. They manufactured furniture, took long walks, read, prayed, worked, and built in the hope of a brighter future.

After eight months, word was received at the station that a house could be rented two miles out from Chefoo. To relieve the crowded situation in the temple, Hunter Corbett and his wife decided to pass on to these new quarters. When they brought their few belongings to the place, they found it a great rambling block of buildings which had formerly been occupied by a Chinese family of some means, but owing to a shocking tragedy that had happened there, it had been deserted and was now known as the Haunted House. Here in these isolated surroundings, they established themselves, and during the winter months passed from room to room through snowy courtyards, and endured the lack of conveniences with uncomplaining fortitude. After fourteen months in these quarters came the opportunity to reside in Chefoo, as Dr. Mc-

Cartee was leaving the village, feeling the hopelessness of accomplishing anything permanent in the place.

Missionary enterprise had been begun here in 1859, when Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Holmes, representing the American Southern Baptist church, arrived at Chefoo in a little sailing vessel, and began their work. Conditions were such that they made the vessel in the harbor their headquarters, going upon shore by day and teaching, and returning to the boat by night for safety. The English Baptists came here in 1860, but did not confine their efforts to this station, as they pushed on to another place in the interior.

When Dr. McCartee decided to retire from Chefoo and go to Ningpo, this enabled Hunter Corbett to secure the house which had been occupied by the physician's family. It was a miserable little structure, good enough in the eyes of the Chinese, but a dwelling sadly at variance with an American's idea of decency and comfort. It stood upon swampy ground, beside a foul-smelling stream. Across the muddy bridle path, which served as street, was an inn where donkeys and mules kept up an incessant braying day and night. It was the only house in the village which could be secured, and the wonder is that Dr. McCartee

was able to remain in it as long as he did.

It was to this place Hunter Corbett brought his young wife in 1865, and began to look about him for a building in which to gather the Chinese for instruction. He noticed some ground adjoining a temple in the heart of the village upon which the people who came from the interior were accustomed to pitch their tents. It was their custom to allow the person first getting his tent upon the ground after the Chinese New Year to have right of way there until the return of the holiday season. This time among the Chinese is always the signal for breaking up business and the usual order of affairs, while the people gather at their native villages. It is the national homegoing occasion of all who can afford it. This was the reason why the ground near the temple was to be vacated at this season. Hunter Corbett, anticipating the opportunity, concluded to avail himself of a "squatter's rights," and went directly to consult the American Consul, who, if not fully approving the plan, did not oppose it, saying, "You may at least try it, for I find nothing in our treaty arrangements to prevent. Only you must keep the peace." The missionary's next step was to have some logs sawed into boards in the courtyard of his house, and

fitted together so as to make a portable building about ten feet square. These sections he piled to one side and patiently waited his chance.

It came; one afternoon just before the New Year, he observed that the men occupying the ground he wanted, were taking down their tent preparatory to returning to their native village in the interior. That evening they left, and at two o'clock in the morning Hunter Corbett and a line of coolies bearing heavy loads of boards stood before the entrance of the temple grounds. The policemen had all accommodatingly disappeared. The gatekeeper was induced to open the heavy doors and allow the strange procession to enter. Once inside the grounds the missionary speedily evolved into a master workman, and next morning when the people thronged upon the streets, they saw the little board house, which had been erected during the last few hours, now fronting the main thoroughfare. Moreover it was open and ready for business, its tables and shelves full of books and tracts. The Chinese looked upon the structure with wondering eyes as though it had fallen from heaven. They crowded in front of it, received a hearty greeting of welcome from the proprietor, and bought his books and tracts. Some one stayed in the

building continually till the people grew accustomed to the structure and accepted it as an established part of their town.

Meantime, the temple priest had been adjusting his thinking cap to harmonize with changed conditions. He saw the location chosen for the new shop was a good one for commercial purposes and thought if he could get the foreigner off, he could use it himself for similar purposes. He gave orders that the building should be vacated, but the foreigner stood upon his rights. The priest continued to insist, but the foreigner politely but firmly refused to budge, except as the man of the temple would use his influence to secure an equally good location elsewhere for which Hunter Corbett was willing to pay the customary rent. The priest at first refused to help, but seeing business still continued prosperous at the depository, he interested himself to find new quarters for the foreigner. He came back from his search to report nothing found.

"All right," said Hunter Corbett, "I'll stay right here, then, unless you yourself will put up a good building in the place of this one and give me a written contract that you will rent to me at the usual rate."

Again the priest refused and went away. Time after time he returned and sought to

persuade the foreigner to vacate, but at last, tiring of the squatter's persistency, which he failed to recognize as the perseverance of the saints, he yielded and erected the building upon the stipulated terms.

VII

THE LIGHT ON THE HILL

IN approaching Chefoo by vessel, one sees ahead a broken stretch of mountainous land with an irregular coastline to the left, upon which are houses of a strangely mixed character. Certain of these are commanding in appearance, others small and dingy, as though abashed in the presence of their more pretentious neighbors. The shore curves to the base of a hilly promontory, whose slopes are covered with large, roomy residences which give dignity and beauty to this thriving port city of Northern China. Crowning the hill is a white building which gives the suggestion of a princely Caucasian in the midst of a throng of swarthy retainers. This is the Chefoo light house, and every evening as darkness settles upon the city on this high point a strong light shines from the tower, restlessly disappearing and re-appearing on the city side, and sending shafts of light across the waters to warn the sailors coming in from the sea. As seen from an anchored vessel in the harbor, it is like the eye of some great unsleeping

monster crouched upon the mountain. Tourists never fail to admire the house-crowned promontory, and to watch the striking flashes of light streaming from this high station, for the beacon adds to the remarkable beauty of this northern port.

Another light of different nature, shining from a second hill further removed from the shore is far less prominent. Here on an irregular strip of land stretching across the shoulder of the hill and thus extending almost continuously for more than a quarter of a mile into the broken plain beyond are the buildings and grounds of the Presbyterian Mission. On the higher ground above is a Tauist temple, surrounded by a grove of stunted evergreens. On the lower level are the wide stretches of native houses. Between the heathen temple above and the village below is the little Christian community set for the reflection of that Light which is the Light of the world.

When Hunter Corbett first came to Chefoo and established his home in the dingy little house in the marshy land of the village at the foot of Temple Hill, he and his wife looked over their surroundings and their eyes rested upon the commanding elevation to the southwest. They saw its possibilities, and prayed

earnestly that they might be enabled to secure this land for their home. That it had long been sought by other foreigners, who had failed to effect a purchase, was no barrier to their faith. It would seem that God speedily heard their prayer, for before the end of two months, it was in their possession. The original lot was almost perfectly square. It overlooked Chefoo and the port and is beautiful for situation. At the time of purchase, six villages lay around the hill, no one further than half a mile distant.

The plan to buy and build, independent of the New York Board, was not of Hunter Corbett's choosing, but one of those exigencies of necessity which confronted the missionaries in the beginning of their work at Chefoo. The missionary felt that he could not continue in the restricted quarters among the natives in the village without endangering the health of his family, and knowing the straits to which the Foreign Board was reduced by the decreased gifts of the churches following the Civil War, he concluded that if the needed grounds and buildings were to be secured, it would be through his own efforts, aided by those of his relatives in the homeland. He made his arrangements accordingly, and after the purchase, proceeded to build. This was a difficult

feat in those early days. The Chinese have unwritten laws of procedure by which they advance in such work at the rate of the proverbial snail's gallop. Their ideas of architecture were at wide variance with a westerner's, and this meant that every part of their labor had to be done under the eye of the missionary. Glass windows, grooved flooring, and paneled doors were things practically unknown among the native workmen. In building, it had previously been their custom to labor seven days of the week, with intervals of rest for smoking and talking during working hours. To bring a Christian order into these chaotic conditions was a part of the building program. The ground for the new home was broken in the little wheatfield on the brow of the hill on the twenty-eighth of May, 1866. In the contract for building it was stipulated that the workmen were to be given fixed periods for resting and smoking, and that these intervals might be filled in with preaching by Hunter Corbett or Elder Wang as they could find time to conduct the services. It was further arranged that no labor was to be done by the workmen on this building or elsewhere on the Sabbath, but that they should be given food equivalent to that received on work days, provided they came to the place and attended serv-

ices conducted at different times during the day.

The brick walls went up so rapidly and the roof tiles and flooring were put in place so expeditiously that on the Fourth of July operations were sufficiently advanced to permit of a patriotic demonstration in the new home. A flag was borrowed from an American sailing vessel then in port, and raised upon a pole over the new house. In the evening a little company gathered here, and after tea, the United States Consul, the captain of the ship, and the other gentlemen who were present, made speeches suited to the occasion. Fireworks gave a finishing touch to the happy time, and the Chinese learned that there were occasions for rejoicing as dear to American hearts as the New Year time to themselves. A week later the family moved in, and the house has been occupied by the Corbetts ever since. This Chefoo home probably bears the distinction of being the building serving as the continuous residence of a Presbyterian missionary longer than any other now extant in China.

From time to time additional ground was purchased for new buildings, and as these were erected the hillside came to have the appearance of a little village. In September, school houses for the boys and girls were bargained

for, and these were completed before Christmas. In February of the following year word was received from the Board that $500 had been granted with which to build a church. The letter telling of the grant reached Hunter Corbett while he was in Shanghai on his return from Korea, where he had served as interpreter on the American man-of-war, Wachusett, sent by the United States to inquire into the conditions attending the destruction of the ill-fated General Sherman, a vessel which had been wrecked in the Ping Yang river in the early autumn and all on board murdered. At the earliest opportunity, he hurried back to Chefoo, and contracted for the building of the chapel. The structure was forty-five feet in length, twenty in width, and fifteen in height. The contract price, exclusive of windows and seats was 660,000 cash, about $660.

On July 7th, 1867, "this little church on the hill above Yentai," (the native Chinese name for Chefoo) was dedicated. At this service two Chinese were baptized and received into the church membership. One of these had heard the truth from a blind man at his native village more than 130 miles in the interior. He had been an opium smoker, but by the grace of God had broken the habit, and came

confessing his faith in Christ. The church was built to accommodate two hundred hearers, and with characteristic faith, Hunter Corbett added a tower to receive the bell, which he believed would some day be provided and hung there. Moreover, he erected a cross upon the building, mute emblem of the sign by which he was to conquer. Presbytery was held here in October, at which time the little church of eighteen members presented a call to Hunter Corbett, and that "he might be free from all worldly care and anxiety," the salary of 12,000 cash, equivalent to 5 or 6 gold dollars, was promised each year in quarterly payments. It was a fruitful mustard seed, and in the day of small things was not despised. The call was accepted. Rev. Calvin Mateer delivered the charge to the pastor, and Rev. Chas. R. Mills addressed the Chinese upon the importance of performing well their parts as Aarons and Hurs in the support of their leader. It was not until fifteen years later that the expected bell arrived, and was placed in the tower prepared for it. On the fourteenth of June, 1882, however, faith and patience had their reward. On that date a large congregation assembled to dedicate a bell which came from friends across the sea, bearing the inscription, "Cast by A. Fulton's Sons & Co., Pittsburgh,

Pa., 1882. Presented to the Presbyterian Church of Chefoo, China, by the Sabbath-School of the Thirty-ninth Street Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S. A., 1882."

Following the furlough of 1885-1886, the First Presbyterian church of Wichita, Kansas, gave an offering of $2500, which was used for the erection of the High School buildings on Temple Hill. After Dr. Thos. Marshall had visited the station in 1888, he was so impressed by the results of the work witnessed there that he gave funds with which to build a hall to be used by students taking a prescribed course of instruction in the Bible, and this was named Marshall Hall. Meanwhile, residences had been built for Mr. Eckhart's family, and Miss Downing, and the "Nan Lo" (South Mansion) for Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Nevius, and thus the Mission plant flourished upon the hill-top, and the church of the white tower became established as one of the landmarks of the growing port city.

The home in its shadow became synonymous with blessing to a continually increasing circle of friends. Missionaries weakened by their labors in the heated cities of the south, or broken by the discouragements of other difficult fields, came here to find rest, and gather

strength and courage for renewed conflict. Travelers took the road leading toward the Tauist temple, and many found their way into the shade of the veranda of the house upon the hill, and carried away a saner conception of missionary work when they left. Distressed sailors found the path which led from the shore to the hilltop, and followed it to find sincere welcome and helpful counsel. Mourners came to the Foreign cemetery upon the slope just across the highway from the church and often tarried in the missionary's home to receive the uplift of a heavenly consolation. Chinese inquirers found their way to the study and learned there the story of redeeming love. Children played in the compound and turned to the gray house of brick, which was to them the palace of love.

Each Sabbath a white flag floated above the church to mark the day of rest and worship. The signal brought its little stream of worshipers up the slopes and the song of praise in a strange tongue floated out into the sunlit open and was heard in the streets below by them who knew no day of rest. From this center, too, the message of life was carried into the distant interior. Far more wonderful than the transmission of the news of Troy's downfall by the blazing beacons on the mountain

tops of Asia Minor and the islands of the Ægean sea to the homes of the Greeks, was the passing on of the Light of Life from Temple Hill at Chefoo to Weihsien and Ichowfu and the regions beyond.

VIII

WARP AND WOOF

THE testing time of missionary spirit, according to witnesses on the field, is not so much when volunteering for the service in foreign lands, as in the stress and strain of the period while becoming accustomed to new conditions and surroundings. Among a people of strange language and custom, far removed from every familiar scene and association, recognizing the immensity of the work to be performed, and realizing the meagerness of equipment with which to cope with the powers of darkness, it is not strange that feelings of loneliness and depression frequently overtake the missionary. It is the feeling akin to that soldiers experience when compelled to lie inactive under the shelling of the enemy. To retain optimism and faith, and to sing the Lord's song in a strange land, requires the soul of a hero, and a continual refreshing at the Hidden Fountain, but they who learn in this school, learn also the secrets of triumph and happiness.

It may have been that this schooling was

necessary to the further development of character in Hunter Corbett and his wife during those first ten years of mission life in China. It was no Commencement week program, with flowers and music by which the work was built up at Chefoo. All the lessons that had been learned by the young man at the Leatherwood farm, in his father's mill and carpenter's shop, and in the schools where he had studied with fidelity, together with the training acquired by his wife in her school days and in her experience among the Choctaw Indians, now fitted into their intended niches in securing results upon the Chinese field. Their clothing wore out. It required a year in which to send an order to America and receive the goods in return. It developed foresight to provide and maintain a wardrobe and required ingenuity to meet its contingencies. The making of Hunter Corbett's first suit in China is an interesting study in the evolution of the tailor's art. An old pair of trousers was carefully ripped apart, and from the pieces a pattern was secured, by which a new garment was fashioned and worn with satisfaction. The coat was more refractory, but despite all tendency to sag and bag, it was finally made to serve with becoming propriety. To send a letter of half an ounce to friends in America

cost forty-five cents for postage, so that correspondence had to be limited. It was necessary to provide furniture for their quarters. Much of that used by the Chinese and sold in their shops was of such odd design and purpose that it was wholly unsuited to the American's needs. Rev. Calvin Mateer was of a mechanical turn of mind, and while the missionary company was still in the old temple at Tengchow, he fashioned a turning lathe, and some of the furniture still used in the Chefoo home was manufactured by Hunter Corbett on this lathe, and most of their household conveniences, during the initial period of their missionary service were the handiwork of his hammer and saw. In the erection of every one of his buildings on Temple Hill, Hunter Corbett was his own architect, and he served as the foreman of masons, carpenters, glaziers, and plumbers.

The acquiring of the Chinese language in the sixties was a more formidable task than today. Suitable text-books with capable teachers at the elbow were not in the order of instruction at that time. The process was rather that of two individuals of diverse nationality, language, and manner of thought, getting together, and by means of signs, jabberings, and imitated repetitions, reaching uncertain con-

clusions. There were long forenoons of study by this process, from which Hunter Corbett and his wife came out with weary bodies and aching heads. As a result of these first attempts, their teacher confided to a foreigner, "It is possible that I may be able to teach Mrs. Corbett the language, but I doubt if Mr. Corbett will ever get it." Yet despite his bodily weakness, owing to the chronic ailment which had fastened itself upon him during his ocean voyage, he persisted in his studies, and at the end of fifteen months he was able to go upon his first itinerating journey, and tell the Gospel story with such success as to win for Christ one of the staunchest disciples of his entire ministry. But far from resting content with his first acquisition of the language, Hunter Corbett kept his teacher by him for six years, perfecting idiom, pronunciation, phraseology, and all that might enter into his future reading, speaking, and translating. He read tedious Chinese novels to gain a command of choice classic expression. He translated a church history for his growing class of native preachers, and so acquired an extended knowledge of the mandarin Chinese.

Coupled with the study of native language, his journals show a wide range of general read-

ing during the first ten years of his missionary experience. Among the volumes read by him were Carlyle's "Life of Frederick the Great," Gibbon's "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire," certain of Max Muller's works, and others of a lighter vein. He studied the Analects of Confucius with great fidelity during these earlier years of his residence in China, in order that he might have a definite point of contact with intelligent Chinese listeners whom he might address. However, the main trend of his reading and study was more directly in those volumes bearing upon the work of the Gospel ministry, and the efforts of his mind were to make the methods applicable to the conditions in his own immediate field of labor. A number of his printed addresses show the importance which he attached to this form of preparation, and he was his own witness as to its efficacy. The evidences of Bible study, however, outweigh those of all other books. "The book of the law departed not out of his hands day nor night." His Bibles were literally worn out by constant usage, and this fact has been frequently commented upon by Chinese pastors and evangelists in urging the reading of the Word upon their auditors. On the flyleaf of his journal, and repeated elsewhere among his papers at this period, we find

recorded Luther's aphorism, "Bene orasse est bene studuisse."

Although some of the labor entering into the warp and woof of the everyday activities at the Chefoo station was necessarily of an experimental character, it was never blind, haphazard skirmishing and fitful effort concerning itself for a time with some real or fancied need, then dropping the incompleted task before results could be either expected or secured. It is surprising how little labor has been expended in such channels. The enterprises inaugurated by Hunter Corbett, which are to-day bearing excellent results, are the same which were begun before 1870 and pursued with patient perseverance, in the belief that they were approved by God. They have been extended and re-inforced, but they exhibit the same commendable features which were recognized in their inception. The preaching of the Word has been ever kept in its legitimate place in the center of all the work. Daily services were held in the little street chapel in the heart of the village. Curious throngs crowded into the building to hear what the foreigners had to say. Among the hearers were sailors from the junks lying rows deep along the jetty; countrymen from their farms on the surrounding hills and mountains, and villagers from far

back in the interior. All these carried the news of the "Doctrine" to their friends and neighbors. Instruction of a more detailed nature was undertaken in behalf of the inquiry and convert classes in the study and at the home of Rev. J. L. Nevius, who came to the Chefoo station six years after Hunter Corbett reached China.

In the spring and autumn of each year extensive itinerating trips, generally covering from 1000 to 1200 miles, were taken among the towns and villages of the province. To supplement this work, a native ministry was trained, converts of promise from all parts of the province being gathered into Chefoo each winter and instructed, the more likely among them being encouraged to continue and perfect their studies, and to give exercise to their gifts in preaching in the street chapel and in their home villages. As schools, colleges, and seminaries were developed under the mission work in China at a later day, the students, whose abilities and inclinations made it possible for them to do so, were urged to complete courses in these institutions and in this way a large number of able native preachers and helpers have been added to the missionary force.

The amount of personal work which Hunter

Corbett did during this period cannot be estimated. He was always ready to speak a good word for Jesus Christ to the people in the market and by the roadsides. He approached men in the fields, or while they flew their kites on Temple Hill, and told them the Gospel. He frequently spoke to little companies who had brought their bird cages to a favorite meeting place outside the compound wall. When he walked to the harbor beach, it was to search out knots of men to whom he could tell this same message. Oftentimes he found muleteers and laborers passing in groups upon the roads. They would not have time to stop long enough to hear his story, so he would walk with them a mile or more into the country, and return with another company coming to the village, always telling the same story of redeeming love.

The work by which present results have been secured was carried on from dawn until ten and eleven o'clock at night. Only as Hunter Corbett had inherited from clean-lived ancestors an iron constitution was he enabled to endure the fatigues of those first years of his ministry in China. Especially was this true in view of the weakening effects of the internal malady from which he suffered. On his itineraries he would lie down upon his hard bed

with the needed medicine within reach of his hand, and this course he followed through long years of suffering and weakness. In the loom of pain, prayer and work, the warp of every-day mission life was fastened and the design took form and color, as it was built up by the woof of consecrated toil. The shuttle of constant duty was continually plying, and the ends of the threads were fixed in the hearts of the devoted missionary and his wife, in the home where love abode, in the study at the rear of the house, in the little church hard by, in the schools for the boys and girls in its shadow, in the street chapel down the way, and in the out-stations across the hills, and the pattern set was the face of the strong Son of God.

IX

INK AND OIL

THE study of a missionary, like that of his brother minister in the homeland, is frequently a marvel unto many. In it there is an order which defies rule. In miniature, Ossian is piled upon Pelion, and the wonder grows that a methodical arrangement of ideas can issue from the midst of such confusion. The Corbett study at Chefoo was no exception. The order there was that which was established by everything falling naturally into its place by the law of gravitation. A woman's hand was neither needed nor desired there to arrange furnishings with Martha-like precision. The study kept itself. Its contents were well known to but one man. Yet theoretically this study was the most orderly of places, for facts, accounts, lists, and reports issued in constant stream from it with unquestionable reliability. Occasionally in some article appearing in print a statement made by Hunter Corbett would be challenged, but he could always readily cite the proof which established his position beyond controversy.

The study where he labored so industriously was an interesting spot. The window on one side looked out into a little court containing a number of trees of the owner's planting, and upon the pyramidal roof of a great cistern. Across the court was the old church built in 1867, until this was torn away within the past decade and more modern structures graced the site. From the windows on the other side of the room, one formerly looked over a stretch of garden and a hillslope where natives came on spring days to fly their kites and hold their bird cages in hand while they wooed strains of song from their inmates. Further down the hill was an extension of the native cemetery with scores of conelike graves, and beyond a wide expanse of dark-tiled roofs, till the vision rested on the sea reaching its blue arm into the land girt pocket among the mountains. The islands in the distance gave the appearance of great water monsters almost submerged in the blue of the ocean.

It was here within the four walls of this room, lined by cases of books and stacks of papers and magazines that battles of faith affecting the future of Chefoo and Shantung were fought and won. For like George Muller's, Hunter Corbett's faith was accompanied by dynamic energy, and when he prayed, he

prayed as though all success depended upon prayer, and when he worked, it was as though it all depended upon work. On the table between the windows was a well-worn Bible padded with notes for use in church and classroom, keeping company with a copy of Chinese Scriptures, and the two were always within easy reach of the hand. One of these Bibles seen there in 1911 had recorded upon its last leaf no less than a dozen dates—an entry for each time the volume had been read.

There was also in the study a consecrated inkstand, and out of it the lines have gone into all the earth. A plain kerosene lamp was brought into the study in the hand of a servant each evening as daylight began to wane, and labor was pushed perseveringly into the night hours. Although as a custom pursued during later years, Hunter Corbett generally did his evening's reading and lighter work in the cheery sitting-room where his children studied their lessons and the tasks of the day were brought to a close. Thus the oil fed the flame, and the flame gave light to the worker, and the ink and the oil became significant of work done in the study. The ink flowed like a stream to join a larger volume in the printer's ink at the local press, at the Shanghai mission plant, in the Board rooms at New York, and

through the rollers of numerous weeklies in America. The oil in the lamp merged into the beaten oil of the sanctuary in messages that were conscientiously prepared for the local chapel and the native churches and in other messages that were delivered in the pulpits of America from the Hudson to the Willamette. He never permitted his mental machinery to rust nor his messages to grow stale through repetition. He continually added to his homiletic material by observation, reading, and conversation, and brought to his hearers the spoils thus collected. It was in keeping with the advice and warnings he gave in the little book, "Counsel to New Missionaries," which he helped to prepare, a paragraph of which reads,—

"A very great and easily besetting danger, which every missionary should prayerfully and carefully guard against in chapel and outdoor preaching, is preaching practically the same sermon day after day and to the end of life. The constantly changing audience and manifold duties always pressing, making new preparation very difficult, is not a valid reason for lack of constant preparation. Freshness, variety and new and growing power can only come from intellectual effort, careful, prayerful and diligent study. Without this, the speaker does an irreparable wrong to himself, and robs his

audience of the freshness, variety, and charm which are their due, and which should be expected from all who are called to be ambassadors for Christ."

Here in the study were immense stacks of manuscripts and lectures for the students in the Bible Training classes. The subject matter had been collated and translated with assiduous care and patience, for thorough preparation has been a law of the study in this line as well as in arranging his sermonic material. In delivering his lectures before the students, the manuscript was thrown aside, but the principles were so followed to their conclusions that nothing was left to guesswork in the hour of recitation. Perhaps it is only those who have taught in similar schools who know how to appreciate the vastness of the labor connected with working out a system of truth into one's own phraseology, and then turning the thought into another language in order to give correctly the proper shades of meaning.

There are extensive files of sermons in the drawers of the study tables and cabinets, bespeaking exhaustive research and generous expenditure of gray matter. Four volumes of church history have been written and translated for the use of Chinese students. A standard work on Benevolence has also been

prepared. Another volume on the Ten Commandments has been brought from the press. A Health Primer compiled by him has been given a wide circulation. He has written many tracts as need arose for them from time to time, and they were printed in ten thousand lots and used for distribution at the street chapel and on his itineraries.

In the beginning of his student career, Hunter Corbett formed the habit of keeping a journal, in which he wrote the happenings of each day, descriptions of places visited, interesting items gathered from persons, newspapers and books. These accounts he found helpful in fixing in memory the facts he wished to retain. This habit he continued through life, and despite the weariness which must have attended his long itinerating trips and manifold labors, these journals have been kept with painstaking fidelity, and the strong graphic touch with which he describes a conversation or a scene is never wanting. Several of these large journals and a number of smaller ones are extant, and had not his study been looted one time during his furlough in America and others of these journals stolen by the thieves, the entire course of his work from his entry into China to the present day could have been traced. As it is, the scholar, who in the future

writes the history of the Christian church of North China, will find in these records a veritable treasure of information. In the thousands of pages written there is scarcely a line of florid composition, only rugged facts and ejaculatory prayers as though they burst from a heart longing for the salvation of the Chinese. Sometimes a poem from an accredited author was inserted, showing that the poetic in his soul was not lacking. Milk and water sentiment and introspective twaddle, which are characteristic of so many diaries, are absent in these journals.

The extent of Hunter Corbett's personal correspondence will not be known until the Judgment revelations are made. The stream of letters from his pen has been constant. Returning from his itinerating trips each spring and autumn, it has been to find letters requiring answer, piled a foot high upon his desk. Counting it as one of the privileges of friendship and stewardship, he has gone to his task of replying like a strong man rejoicing in some congenial task. Aside from his personal letters, during the fifty-seven years of his residence in China, he carried on a voluminous correspondence with the press. He aimed to write frequent letters to the *Presbyterian Banner,* and as he could find time, to other re-

ligious papers. The clippings from these sheets fill two large scrap books, and like the record of Paul's missionary journeys, they give wide reaches of experience and labor in little compass.

Here are the opening sentences from several of these articles: "During the past two months, I have traveled on mule upwards of 700 English miles." . . . "About three weeks since I returned from an interesting journey of two months. I made a circuit of about 1000 miles." . . . "During the past fortnight I have held meetings and administered the Lord's Supper in eight centers in this district. Nineteen persons have been received into the church." . . . "A journey of about two months has brought me to the churches of Chi Mi. Thus far seventy-one have been received into the church on profession of faith, and one by letter, making 123 additions during the last eight months."

X

SHENDZA AND WHEELBARROW

IN the southern provinces of China the houseboat is largely in favor as a means of transportation and into his floating home the missionary piles bedding, books, food, and cooking utensils, and with a trusted servant or two, is rowed along a river or canal to some strategic point where he makes his headquarters for a limited time, and then shifts to other moorings as occasion requires. Further north, this favorite mode of travel is replaced by others less convenient. Frequently a seat or light platform covered with matting is attached to two long poles and borne upon the shoulders of two or more coolies, and in this slow-going but comfortable carriage the traveler is carried from point to point.

Small caravans of shaggy ponies frequent the highways everywhere, and the insolent and inquisitive mule is equally ubiquitous as a common carrier. Loud-voiced and raw-backed, he threads the path leading to every village of the north. Sometimes bedding is slung across his

back and the missionary perches upon it, until the mule appears to be the least conspicuous object of an itinerant outfit. If the animal can be persuaded to share his individuality with a cart, he is put into the shafts of a springless vehicle, which jerks him almost off his feet on a rocky road. His one consolation, could he only know it, would be to learn that on the rough highway the passenger he is drawing is gradually being battered into pulp. The other alternative afforded the mule is to pass his days in company with another of his kind at the other end of a pair of poles, to which is attached a miniature hut in which the missionary can lounge, read, doze and grow seasick, as mood and circumstances may determine. This latter conveyance is the famed shendza, and as if to keep it from growing lonely in its peculiarity, another mode of locomotion has been employed for many centuries in the Celestial Empire, which, for its unique grotesqueness, outclasses camel-car, donkey cart and goat-wagon.

This other is the Chinese wheelbarrow. With some owners the wheels are rarely ever oiled or greased, and they protest with every revolution, but this high-keyed creaking is said to be music to the Chinese ear. A frame or platform five or six feet in length and about

two-thirds as wide is built over a stout wheel in the center and furnished with a pair of handles. On this platform the missionary can stow himself and his belongings, till a weight of over 500 pounds is aboard. Then the slow journey is begun. Sometimes the conveyances are fitted out with a sail to take advantage of favoring winds. More often the help is given by fastening a rope to a ring in the front beam and adding more coolie power. Occasionally a mule is attached, but it is well to know the mule before the attempt is made, unless the passenger invites disaster.

Hunter Corbett has pursued his missionary labors using all these modes of travel, but generally his itineraries have been made either on horse or mule back or by the shendza. In his first trips he sought to reduce the outlay of funds to the lowest possible figure in the desire to economize in the use of the Board's money. He spared himself at no point, took as little baggage as possible, ate Chinese food, and endured privations and hardships of no ordinary character, some of which might have been averted or at least alleviated by a more generous expenditure. He soon found the policy by which he worked was suicidal, that it was burning the candle at both ends, that the outlay in medicine and physical discomfort

was greater than the few additional coins necessary to conduct his tours on a basis more compatible with the demands of his training and nature. So he increased his outfit, and in addition to the one or two native preachers who generally accompanied him, he took along a cook, who prepared the meals and looked after the belongings, and an extra donkey, and with the added expense of about twenty-five cents a day, found that he could increase the volume of labor very perceptibly and the better maintain his health. The purchase of his own food was paid from his salary, and the expense of animals, servant, horse-feed, carriage of books, rent at inns, etc., he charged to the account of itinerating. Every detail of the outfit was carefully planned, and the mules weighted with loads not to exceed 250 pounds. A complete list of things needed for an itinerary of 1000 miles included clothing, bedding, toilet articles, cooking utensils, food supplies, dishes, medicines, stationery, books, a variety of reading material, horseshoes and silver in 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 tael packages. Thus equipped, and carrying his passport with him, the missionary made his excursions each spring and autumn.

These itineraries were prosecuted under trying conditions during the early years of

Hunter Corbett's experience in China. He was ill and his trips were frequently made in great pain. At the close of his day's labor he would ride to some inn and lie down upon the hard bed of the hostelry, weary to the point of complete exhaustion. Sometimes it was difficult to secure even the poor lodging afforded by the miserable inns of the interior villages. The hostelry gates would often be slammed in his face when the proprietor became aware that his guest was to be a hated foreigner. Hunter Corbett soon learned to gain entrance to the inn by sending his coolie ahead to feed the mule he was accustomed to ride, but even then the gates were likely to be barred if the owner saw him coming in time to effect his purpose. Diplomacy was then resorted to through the crack of the gate.

"Does Confucius teach you to do this?"

"No," would be the reluctant reply.

"Does he not say that we should be kind to the stranger?"

"Yes," would come the still more reluctant answer.

"Then should you not let me in to my mule and boy?"

This time no answer, but soon the gate would swing back and the proprietor would be ready with his deceitful answer, "I am so glad

to see you. If I had known that it was you, I would have been out to meet you."

These Chinese inns were no sanctuary for a weary missionary. Animals and men were housed together. The kangs were insufferably hard. The rooms dark and miserably furnished, the space occupied by coffins, boxes, chests, baskets and whatever else the landlord might choose to store within the rooms assigned to the traveling public. The mules and donkeys brayed through the night and the irregular feeding times of the keepers were sure to start oft-repeated and long-continued torrents of discord. The fleas were incessantly active and seemed to find special delight in feeding on missionary flesh. People subject to every species of native peculiarity were packed into these hostelries. Some drank, others smoked opium, many gambled, and all talked, and sometimes they fought by reviling one another. They were awake at all hours of the night and engaging in violent discussions. When they slept it was to take away the sleep of the just by their snoring.

However, in these places of sojourn, little groups of men were drawn into conversation by Hunter Corbett and instructed in the Way. Sometimes they refused to hear, but the missionary's understanding of Chinese nature and

his rare tact in dealing with his listeners invariably secured him a respectful hearing. Thus he traveled through the province sowing the Gospel seed beside all waters. One of the objective points sought by him on his itineraries was the hwei or market of the inland villages. Here the natives came in great numbers drawn by the commercial instinct, and with unlimited time at their disposal they were ready, like the Athenian loungers, for any new thing. The missionary frequently furnished this diversion, and if able to stand the insulting gibes of the natives with unruffled temper and deftly turn their rude attacks to good account, he could make of these occasions an excellent opportunity for extending the Gospel.

To the Chinese mind fifty years ago, the outside world was wholly barbarian and the idea was preposterous that foreigners should come to teach them. The missionary's message was apt to be treated with contempt and ridicule. "What are you here for?" they would often shout. "We do not want you nor to hear your message. We have a better doctrine in the teachings of Confucius." Some such remark as this latter was what Hunter Corbett was waiting for, and he would seize upon it for a favorable turn in his open-air address. "Does not Confucius say all who dwell between the

four seas are brothers? You have parents,—I have also. Your parents and mine also had parents before them, but who was first? I come to tell you that, and show how we are brothers, and how we should assist in putting down the opium trade, help one another in times of famine, teach how children should obey and respect their parents, and how parents should love their children. As we are brethren, we have a great Father in heaven. He has given us His Son to save us from sin and to keep us from doing evil and strengthen us to do right. He raises us from the dead and gives us a home in heaven."

In this way he would reason with his hearers, speaking to them of those features of their religion which we hold in common and so pass to a consideration of things Christians hold as being most precious. And that the human element might not be lacking, a personal invitation was frequently extended at the conclusion of his remarks, "Come to our Chapel at Chefoo when you are there. The men will tell you some of the best things you ever heard in your life. Then they will let you in to the museum to see the monkeys, birds, lions, tigers and other curiosities and it will not cost you a cash."

The evident relish with which Hunter Cor-

bett engaged in this phase of work was an inspiration to his co-laborers. Rev. W. O. Elterich, long associated with him in many of his later journeys, thus describes his observations on his first trip in his company,—

"Hardly were the mule litters put on the ground when Dr. Corbett was hard at work, preaching to the gathering crowd. Market preaching and preaching in the villages is a feature of his evangelistic work in which he has been quite successful. There is not a market town, scarcely a village in Dr. Corbett's field, in which he had not preached and distributed tracts, and as a consequence he is well known all over the country. At every station that we visited, the native Christians, old and young, of both sexes, had to recite portions of Scripture which Dr. Corbett had assigned to them to commit. It was wonderful to see how much some of them could recite. This I noticed was one of the best features of his work—the grounding of the native Christians in the Scriptures."

Despite the indifference with which his messages were often heard, there were compensations and responses of a gratifying nature. On his first tour, Wang Tsei, who afterward proved such a valuable fellow-laborer, was won for the Kingdom out of conditions of street preaching like those described

above. On another occasion a priest in one of the heathen temples was converted. He had about twenty-five idols as his personal possession. These were purchased by the missionary, and are to be found in several public and private museums in America. One of them was among the exhibits of "The World in Chicago." The converted priest became a faithful follower of the Master.

These itineraries during the first years of the missionary's labors were somewhat barren of results as compared with those of his later ministry in these circuits. For example, in 1883 he returned from one trip when 250 persons were baptized—more than the entire number during the first fifteen years of service. They were also interrupted by sorrows which came to his home circle. On September 27th, 1870, a son named Ross Herbert was born into the household, but when a year old, lacking only a few days, the little child was laid to rest in the foreign cemetery almost within the shadow of the church upon the hill. The entry of this first breaking of the home-links occupies a page of his Journal and is summarized by the line, "Our hearts ache, yet we know that 'it is well with the child.'"

Following upon this separation came the decline of the mother. The rigorous demands

made upon her during the trying six months' voyage to China, the distressing privations in the heathen temple at Tengchow and the unavoidable exposure in the haunted house at Chuki, combined to undermine her health, and on March 10th, 1873, she passed on to be with her Savior. There is something singularly pathetic in the picture presented in the simple account recorded in his Journal when Hunter Corbett, with an assistant, planes the boards with which to frame a coffin for his companion, covers them with black broadcloth from their storeroom, and with his three little children follows her to the grave. Out of the experience his faith and submission emerged triumphantly acquiescing in her oft-expressed wish, "How I should like to go to sleep some night and awake in heaven."

XI

THE SONS OF BELIAL

THE tender mercies of the heathen are cruel and their wrath as billows of flame. No rage is more pitiless nor hatred more unresting than that shown in the treatment of converts in the non-Christian lands. A man's most bitter foes are they of his own household. To choose Christ in China has in the past frequently meant that the disciple called upon his head the persistent persecutions of his clan. The advance of the Christian church in Shantung province has been over a path of blood. Revilings, intimidations, threatenings, defamations, slanders, banishments, beatings, tortures and death,—all are in the list of afflictions borne for Christ's sake by those who have been bought with redemption's price.

The journals and scrap-books of Hunter Corbett show an appalling array of persecutions coming under the eye of the missionary. Ducks and pigs were killed, mules and cattle driven off, wheat and millet trampled into the ground, sweet potatoes up-rooted, the unripe

fruit knocked from the branches and the trees hacked and girdled, because the owners have made open confession of Christ. Cues have been torn from the scalp, betrothals broken, divorces secured, and the Christians treated as outcasts, simply because they had chosen Christ as their supreme portion. Upon their refusal to support the heathen temples and join in ancestral worship, the converts were brought into the presence of the officials, falsely accused and unjustly convicted of crimes and then scourged without mercy.

In a district to the southwest of Chefoo, one man so persecuted was beaten three hundred blows with the bamboo, and another seven hundred. The flesh was often reduced to a jelly by these beatings. Sometimes the converts were maimed for life and occasionally they died as a consequence of their cruel treatment. Money was often times extorted from these poor unfortunates in order that they might escape punishment and imprisonment. Their buildings were fired by their malicious persecutors, and the officials have been known to refuse to take steps toward securing redress. In one case a man was severely beaten with clubs by his neighbors after his house with all its contents had been burned. The village official refused redress and the man left the locality for sev-

eral months. At length, in the hope that he might rebuild his home and resume his farming, he returned to his native village, only to be seized by the same neighbors, suspended by his thumbs to a beam in an idol temple and beaten unmercifully with sticks of wood. He was slapped in the face with the shoe soles of his tormentors until his eyes were swollen well-nigh shut. At one place the Christians were beaten in the presence of the officials till the blood flowed. Chains were then fastened about their necks and they were led through the streets to the public market place and tied up like cattle while the policeman in charge kept shouting, "These are not Chinese subjects, but of the order of inferior, or second-class devils."

Through conditions like these Hunter Corbett conducted his itineraries. There was scorn, hatred, and reviling on every side. So often were stones and clods hurled in his direction that the pony he was accustomed to ride never met a group of men on the way without visible trembling and shying as far to one side as the road would permit. The missionary's ears were filled from morning till night with vile epithets and insulting remarks. To liken a man to an animal or compare him with a beast is peculiarly insulting to the Chinese mind, hence it was that he was called "the

lion" or "the tiger" by his enemies. More often he was reviled as "the devil" or "foreign devil" with all that the name signified implied in the appellation, and as though to give variation to the opprobrious epithet he would be reviled as "the great devil" or "the unclean devil."

In 1873, when he took his three motherless children into the interior in response to a written invitation of about a hundred representatives in the Chi Mi district that he should come and teach the Gospel in their villages, he met with a spirit of hostility which broke into open persecution before he returned to the coast. The account is given mainly in his own language as taken from his Journal and from the review of the court trial published at the time the case was tried. "When riding along the road or passing through the towns and villages we constantly hear the people saying to one another, 'Here comes the devil,' 'Come and see the old devil, come quick!' Boys will run to call their mothers and sisters. Often the people at work in the field will yell to one another, 'Hi-ya, do you see the devil?' One will take it up and repeat it to another. It will be echoed from hill to hill until by night your ears are fairly stunned by the constant reiteration and you rejoice night has come and you escape for

a few hours the epithets so freely and loudly applied. When I traveled with my children and came near enough to be seen distinctly, the people yelled at the top of their voices, 'Hi-ya! here come the great devil and the little devils, too.' This was too much for the people. Every one left his work and rushed with all haste to get a closer view. When I reached a new village the news spread like wildfire and the entire village, old and young, men and women and children, rushed out to get a sight."

The coming of the Corbett children seemed to open the way into the hearts of the people, and little classes of inquirers were soon formed at several centers in the district. The preaching of previous years and the instruction given on the present itinerary were greatly blessed of God, and after several months of labor, within three weeks, one hundred persons were baptized on the threshing floors, which served as places of assembly. This success was the signal for widespread and bitter persecution. The new converts were everywhere reviled and had all manner of evil attributed to them. Many of them were beaten, some were driven from their homes and others subjected to the vilest abuse imaginable. Nor did Hunter Corbett and his helpers fail in receiving their share of persecution at the hands of the evilly disposed

in the villages where they preached. The hostility of the baser element in these communities manifested itself in such manner as to call for a reckoning in the courts, and an examination of the evidence as recorded shows the following facts.

One Sabbath morning early in December, 1873, while Hunter Corbett was still laboring in the Chi Mi district, he left his children and their nurse in the village where he had established his temporary home, and passed over to Nan Pei Ling to hold service and administer the Lord's Supper. On returning it was necessary to go through the market town Wong Yen, a place notorious for its gambling and wine drinking. A great crowd was attending an open-air theater as he rode into the street leading through the town. Many of the people ranged themselves along the narrow thoroughfare, and as soon as he was well into the crowd a volley of stones was hurled at him. His spirited horse was hit and dashed ahead at a rapid gait and the rider barely escaped with his life. The magistrate, to whose attention these irregularities were reported, issued a proclamation stating the treaty rights of missionaries and forbidding interference or persecution, but was remiss in posting copies of the same in the markets and temples of the

district. The attitude of this official plainly fostered a spirit of lawlessness which speedily found expression in an attempt at violence.

Toward the close of December, an annual festival was being held in Uh Wang temple about three miles from Kwo-pu, the village where Hunter Corbett was stopping with his children. The Christian helpers thought this would be a good opportunity to preach the doctrine, so he went to this place and began to speak near the temple walls. A large crowd gathered, and urged on by some rough fellows, began reviling and throwing stones. The missionary retired into the temple thinking the crowd would soon disperse, but he was followed and missiles were thrown at him from every direction. Finally a native of courage and influence came to his side and said,

"You must get out of harm's way at once."

"I have no way to get out," said Hunter Corbett.

The man answered, "Give me your riding whip and follow me."

He took the whip, and sharply striking those in front, opened the way through the crowd and the missionary followed close behind him. Reaching the doorway the man said, "Now rush for your life and I will try to keep the crowd from overtaking you." As the rioters

saw their victim about to escape they charged toward him, but their leaders stumbled over the raised doorsill and fell. This checked the advance of the crowd for a few precious seconds and gave Hunter Corbett a chance to regain his horse, which was tied near by. Mounting it he dashed through a shower of stones and clods and hastily made his way back to Kwo-pu. Here he was soon joined by messengers, who informed him that his helpers, Sung Yung-Shieu and Wang Li-Tung, had been wounded and a mob was planning to make an attack upon his home during the night. A conference was held with the Christians in Kwo-pu, and it was decided to leave at once for the county seat. The little company left as soon as darkness fell and traveled by paths so as to avoid the villages where the rioters lived. The native Christians carried the three Corbett children upon their backs, and throughout the cold bitter night, in which the party made its escape, they gave unquestionable proof of their devoted loyalty.

On the day following the flight from Kwo-pu, protection was sought from the officer of the city, but later evidence showed him to be in sympathy with the lawless element which was causing the missionary trouble in Chi Mi, and rather than avail himself of the very

unreliable guard which was offered, Hunter Corbett hired a horse and cart and left the city before daybreak the next morning and pushed on toward Chefoo. He left behind the faithful Lin-Lung-Me to advise and assist the native Christians, instructing him also upon his return to Chefoo to hire conveyances and bring along the belongings left at Kwo-pu. Soon after Hunter Corbett reached home, he received a letter from Lin-Lung-Me, stating that two days after the missionary left, "he had hired a donkey with which to take certain effects from the city to Kwo-pu and had sent a man with the donkey before him, promising to go himself in the afternoon. This man returned about noon, reporting that he had been overtaken on the road by men, who seized the donkey with the articles it was carrying, and threatened him with a beating, in consequence of which he fled, leaving the animal in their possession.

"At night messengers came from Kwo-pu, saying that a number of persons had gone in the afternoon to that place, had broken open the door of the foreigner's house, smashed the windows, torn open the boxes and girdled and injured trees in the yard." The rioters drove off the cow and calf which the missionary had been keeping on the rented property, but later,

in the fear of punishment that might be inflicted upon them by their officials, they returned these animals, together with the donkey, and a lamp and some other articles of loot. The destruction and pilfering had been quite general, however, as only four boxes were required to bring back from Kwo-pu the contents of the ten boxes which had originally been taken to the village in September.

The messenger who brought the letter from Lin-Lung-Me to Hunter Corbett brought word also of the spread of mob violence to the homes of the Christians in the Chi Mi district. The missionary promptly placed the matter in the hands of Mr. Shepherd, the Consul for North China, and twenty-eight of the rioters were later summoned to Chefoo, where they were tried before the Taotai, and the American Consul, who came from Tientsin for the purpose of assisting in the trial.

The trial was held during the latter part of May and early in June in 1874, and the contention of Hunter Corbett was fully sustained by both the Consul and the Taotai, and sentence passed upon the rioters. Two of the officers were beaten and degraded from office, six of the ring-leaders were whipped, and all the accused made to enter into a bond for Hunter Corbett's personal safety while he re-

mained in China. This last proviso was so faithfully kept that when he next appeared in China the natives scolded their dogs if by chance they barked at him.

The hostility of the natives was variously shown in different localities of the province. At one place his enemies fiendishly cut off the tail of his horse; at another they so stirred up the villagers that he was compelled for safety's sake to seek the inn only after nightfall and leave before daybreak. Once a robber sought to intimidate him and secure the silver he was carrying for the relief of the famine sufferers, but met disaster by the prompt action of the missionary. The list of his persecutions and revilings during the earlier years of his service is a lengthy one, and the attitude of mind on the part of the Chinese generally was far from friendly prior to his first furlough in 1875.

When he returned to China a year later the harvests had failed, and in the autumn of 1877 a great famine gripped five extensive provinces of Northern China, and it is estimated that nine or ten million persons perished from hunger and fever. Generous sums were contributed by foreign merchants and others in China, and money was sent also from Europe and America and distributed by the missionaries, and through their efforts many thousands of lives

were saved and untold suffering alleviated. These gifts and labors on the part of the foreigners and the missionaries effected a marked change in the feelings of the Chinese. They could readily see the good results of such efforts and gradually came to respond to them so that instead of meeting the itinerants with reviling and hostility, they were now willing to talk with them as friends and listen to the Gospel message and study Christian books. The sons of Belial were thus supplanted by the disciples of the Galilean.

XII

CHINESE TIMOTHIES

IN a land where the public school is wanting, the problem of educating the converts to an understanding of the principles of the Christian religion is a difficult one. The larger cities and the port towns of China have schools, but they are altogether inadequate to supply the need. In the interior are hundreds of villages without a school, and there the young grow to maturity in densest ignorance, a prey to superstition and the intrigues of cunning men. To bring the light of true knowledge to these benighted souls is indeed to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. There are large villages in China with no more than fifty pupils in their schools, leaving thousands of young people without proper school advantages. It is difficult for the Occidental to correctly estimate the strength inherent in the customs and habits of thought which shackle the Oriental. Vested with the sacredness which comes with traditions centuries old, these customs are as firmly fixed in Chinese

life as were the laws of the Medes and Persians in the time of Cyrus. To break through this crust of adamant, ten thousand spears of modern enterprise have been shattered. Only the sword of the Spirit has been able to pierce through and discover the warm heart-beats beneath this immobile exterior.

With the winning of his first convert to Christianity within 16 months after he had reached China, Hunter Corbett was impressed with the necessity of giving such religious instructions that a convert could in turn impart the knowledge of the Savior to others and so extend the truth as it is in Christ. He believed that if the Shantung province and the Chinese Empire were to be Christianized, it must be the Chinese themselves who, as Spirit-filled agents of the Kingdom of our Lord, should spread the message and win the people. After fifty-six years of earnest and successful labor this conviction still remained with him wholly unshaken. This first convert, Elder Wang Tse, came early to the study each morning and was patiently instructed in the Word. From the Gospel record he studied the life of Christ. To this was added a knowledge of the miracles and the parables. A compend of systematic theology was imparted through the Westminster Shorter Catechism. Then the

epistles were studied and almost before it was realized, the Pauline method of instructing his Timothy was happily established. Meantime other converts had been added to the church and from these first members some who gave promise of future usefulness were added to the class and given similar training. Gradually it was found necessary to extend the curriculum, making the course in theology more complete and adding Church History and other studies. Lectures were prepared and given to the growing classes.

Dr. J. L. Nevius came to the station in 1871, and the two missionaries joined forces and more effectively systematized the work. Converts added to the church through their itinerating labors were brought to Chefoo, and by the process of selection described in a previous chapter, certain of their number were passed on to other schools and more thoroughly furnished for their work as pastors, evangelists, colporteurs, teachers, and helpers in the main centers and at the outstations of the interior.

The earliest efforts of the missionary in trying to establish elementary schools were not specially successful. Native prejudice and hostility had to be overcome. The first attempt made at the haunted house was a failure. After removing to Chefoo, another effort was

made. A small building was rented in the village and three pupils secured, but the loafers and neighbors filled the ears of the boys with tales of killings, and intimidated the native teacher. These meddlers partially accomplished their purpose for soon two of the boys lost their nerve and ran away and the teacher slipped out between two days and sent back word that he did not have the grace and courage to become a martyr just yet. One pupil in a rented building with a hostile neighborhood picking at him was not a very promising outlook for a school, but Hunter Corbett held on. Soon a widow came to him in great distress, telling him she had lost all her children except a twelve-year-old boy, and he was at the point of death with fever. The native doctors could do nothing for her son. If he would only help her and save him, she would give him the boy for his school.

Hunter Corbett took her at her word. He got down his doctor's books and read instructions; then going home with the woman, preparations were made to give the boy a dry sweat. The mother was barred out of her own home and operations began. The boy wailed and besought. The mother weakened and vainly sought to rescue her son, but it was too late; the heroic treatment went firmly on; the fever

was broken and the healing reputation of the missionary established. Later the boy entered school according to agreement and so the fight for the life of the embryonic institution was continued. The entry in the Journal on March 16th, 1866, tells the odds to be confronted in the struggle for maintaining the school. "Four of our school boys have left us. People interfered, telling them they would be taken to the foreign country, have but three boys now in school. Several have wanted to come but I would not receive them unless they gave papers that they would come permanently." In order to avoid the mischief-makers, who congregated about the building in the village, the school was removed in September to the Chinese guest room at Hunter Corbett's home on Temple Hill. New buildings were contracted for in the rear of the lot to accommodate, not only the boys, but certain girls also.

These buildings were erected with money furnished by the Brick Church of New York. Miss C. B. Downing, a friend and associate of Mrs. Corbett, who had assisted in the work at the Indian school at Wapunucka, had come to Chefoo in April, 1866, and before the close of the year, buildings had been erected and six girls secured as pupils for the school which was placed in her charge. Thus side by side these

two branches of the educational work were developed. In the wake of these beginnings numerous schools under native teachers were also established throughout the province, the policy being to organize such schools wherever Christians in sufficient numbers could be secured to assist in maintaining them for their children. In this way, instruction has been given to the young in scores of villages where otherwise nothing would have been done for their training. In these schools many boys of promise were trained and transferred to Chefoo and given still more advanced instruction.

The gift of two thousand five hundred dollars from the First Presbyterian Church of Wichita, Kansas, in 1887, made possible the erection of the buildings for the High School. This work was specially fathered by Hunter Corbett, and from the graduates he has secured some of his most trusted and efficient helpers. It has been by those of older years, however, the converts of many itinerating labors, that the work has mainly been built up into its present substantial proportions. These men have been gathered to Chefoo each year for sessions lasting from one to three months and there thoroughly instructed in the fundamental truths of the Bible. During the remainder of the year, they have gone to the villages

of the interior carrying the message of life from market to market as evangelists, teaching in the schools, and preaching in the congregations assigned to them, and doing a vast amount of pioneer missionary work.

Referring to the Personal Report for 1908 as published by Hunter Corbett, some knowledge of the nature and extent of this itinerating work as carried on by him and his native helpers in the outlying districts can be gained.

"During the year it has been my privilege to spend upwards of four months preaching in the interior. Services were held in organized churches and wherever there are groups of Christians. Examinations were held in the village schools to see if teachers and pupils were faithfully doing the work assigned them. The aged, the sick, and all in need were visited. Much of my time was given to preaching to the non-Christians in towns and villages extending over five thickly populated counties. Eighty-eight men volunteered to spend from five days to a month in going from village to village, without pay, to do whatever they could to make Christ known. Leaders were chosen and bands of two or more sent in all directions so that no place should be passed by. During a period of thirty-two days, tracts were distributed and the Gospel preached in 824 different towns and villages. After pastor Wang's return, I left for a two months' journey, chiefly preaching in villages not already

visited. I had with me an average of twelve preachers and at times the volunteer help of men whose farms did not require their full time. On this journey we were able to preach in 602 towns and villages. At every place not only large numbers of men assembled and listened orderly, but in most places many women and children came within hearing and listened attentively. In September I started on another journey in the interior and during the first month we were able to preach in 215 centers; many of them we had not reached in the spring. I had with me six faithful and earnest preachers, who cheerfully endured hardships as good soldiers and did excellent work. Later I made another journey of forty days and had a golden opportunity to aid in seed sowing, and confidently hope much seed has fallen into good ground and will soon yield an abundant harvest."

Twenty-five men were immediately prepared for service in regular evangelistic work in the Bible Training School under the instruction of Hunter Corbett and Dr. Elterich and these men gave proof of their ministry as shown by the report to the Foreign Board in 1910. Under Pastor Wang of the local church, they went out in eight groups. "They began at Chefoo and extended operations to the south and southeast, covering a territory of one hundred miles by thirty, and visiting over eight hundred villages. Dr. Corbett followed later

continuing the work still further to the southeast, near the sea coast and thus touching territory not usually reached by missionaries. In all these campaigns, the Chinese Christians rendered most efficient help with voluntary service, both old and young taking part. These campaigns made a great impression upon the country people."

The matter of support for his growing schools and native helpers lay heavy upon Hunter Corbett's heart at many times. The church at large failed to respond with sufficient gifts to meet the budget as outlined before the General Assembly, and of necessity the Foreign Board, as the agent of the church, was compelled to reduce the appropriations for the various stations abroad. These were trying occasions to Hunter Corbett. From the record of one of these experiences, we can picture him gathering together his thirty self-denying assistants, men whose salaries were only from three to six dollars a month according to the size of their families, men who had seen from ten to twelve years' service for the Master, and telling them the straits to which the Mission was reduced, but promising out of his own resources while they continued faithful in the work, "As long as God gives me bread I will share it with you."

XIII

THE CARE OF THE CHURCHES

IT is not in the power of the pen to describe the feeling of depression which sometimes overtakes the missionary when the novelty of new surroundings has disappeared, and he finds himself confronted by the conditions of raw heathendom. A strange speech fills his ears. Motley throngs surge past him with the restless moving of the anthill. Looks of contempt and hostility are cast upon him. Even the men of his own country whom trade has called to the city where the mission is located, are not in sympathy with his efforts. From his first conquests of the native language, he learns that neither he nor his message are wanted by these to whom he is sent. Their mode of thought is different. The traditions and customs of centuries have bound them hand and foot. They grovel at the feet of their idols in the blind worship of superstition and ignorance. They cheat their gods and then cheat one another. There is no support to be gained by an appeal to authoritative Scripture and an intelligent public sentiment. The Sabbath is

unknown. Morals are low. There is very much religion. There is very little righteousness. Waves and billows roll over the soul of the missionary in this waking hour and only they who have faith in God can overcome. Some call it the "horror of heathen darkness," the "cloud of depression," the "stone wall of indifference," "a dry desert where there is no water." Realizing its nature they cry out like Xavier, "O rock, rock, when wilt thou open."

It requires considerable time for the missionary of modern times to get a correct measure of the situation after his arrival upon the field. He is generally received into an environment prepared for him before his arrival. If not in a house of his own, at least in quarters provided by the mission, he begins his study of the language, and shielded by the companionship, experience, and labors of others, he loses the sharp impact which comes to the sensitive when thrown directly in touch with native life and conditions. Herein lies the temptation peculiar to the new missionary. Housed from the harsh inclemencies of heathenism and not compelled to grapple with them first hand, the tendency is to follow the line of least resistance and content one's self with secondary things—theory, machinery,

and the methods of other men. It was into an altogether different environment missionaries to China were conducted fifty years ago. In the spring of 1865, when Hunter Corbett made his first itinerary from the haunted house to the west of Chefoo, he had no church into which to gather believers other than the church in his own house. When he removed to the village, it was still to advance the work without a church building. But in his study he gathered little groups of servants and workmen, and by and by inquirers began to come so frequently that it became necessary to provide regular instruction for them.

Among the mercies he enumerated on New Year's Day 1867, is the fact that during the past year he had organized a church of six members "which at this date numbered 17." This little band included the fruit he had been able to gather from his labors at Chefoo and three months' itinerating in the interior. As he found men on these itineraries who were interested in learning the way of life, his plan was to give them what instruction he could during the time of his rapid passage from village to village. He would then arrange with them to come to Chefoo at the close of the itinerary when he would form an inquiry class and extend the instruction and so ground the con-

vert in the principles of the Word. These disciples were then enjoined to return to their native villages, seek out their friends, relatives, and neighbors, and tell them the Gospel story, and have those who might in turn be interested meet the missionary as he passed through their part of the province on his next journey. In this way the itinerating circle and the number of converts continually increased until eventually it required the traveling of over a thousand miles on each of the semi-annual trips to cover the districts thus opened by his endeavors and those of his converts. Generally about fifty persons were sufficiently interested on one of these journeys to seek baptism and admission into the church, and from these a continual replenishing of the training classes was secured. One year, more than three hundred were received into the church, and naturally the number of those seeking further instruction was considerably augmented.

The shepherding of these sheep was no easy task. Far removed from the nourishing fold at Chefoo, they were ofttimes a prey to devouring wolves,—persecutors, proselyters, busy-bodies,—who wrought havoc with the flock rescued from their wilderness condition. Many of them were the victims of China's besetting curse—the opium habit—and after a

struggle toward freedom and seeming victory they would again become submerged by their old sins. In a land where people work seven days of the week without thought of a holy rest day, it was exceedingly difficult to instruct the converts to observe the requirements of the Fourth Commandment. Then, too, when the storm of persecution broke upon them as it was well nigh certain to do, a few of them would be sure to give way before it and choose to go back to their people and the customs which had kept their ancestors in idolatrous chains for centuries. Moreover, many of these converts were dependent upon non-Christians for employment, and the loss of the goodwill of their masters often meant serious complications in the matter of earning a livelihood. To know how far the necessary discipline might be exercised without alienating these weaklings from the church, was a question which constantly required the exercise of rare tact and discernment on the part of the missionary.

"What is right and what would the Savior do?" were the two questions which Hunter Corbett kept continually before him in dealing with his converts. As fast as it was possible, native evangelists were trained and placed in charge of these inland congregations.

Each out-station had its little school and a map of the province seen at the Chefoo mission station in 1911 showed it to be dotted with no less than fifty-three churches, preaching stations and schools which were an outgrowth of the work at Hunter Corbett's headquarters. As certain of these out-stations developed into centers of missionary importance, permanent missions would be located and the work throughout prescribed districts would be assigned to them. In this way has the work been opened at Wei Hsien, Ichowfu, and Tsing-Tau, from influences set in operation by the missionaries at Chefoo and Tengchow.

The itineraries of Hunter Corbett taken each spring and fall were the means, besides that of correspondence, employed by him to keep in touch with the inland congregations. It required two or three months to cover the route each season. He was greatly aided on his journeys by the native preachers and evangelists whom he employed and who kept the work well in hand at many of the villages through which his trails lay. His labors were greatly extended by the recognition given to his humane endeavors to relieve suffering and distress in times of national calamity. The baneful shadow of a distressing famine fell across Northern China in the autumn of 1876, and

for more than a year lay heavy upon the land, causing untold misery and wide-spread suffering. By the spring of the following year the starving people were trying to support life by eating the branches and bark of trees and the dried vines of the sweet potato. Grain and liberal sums of money were sent from many parts of the world for these sufferers, and were distributed mainly under the direction of the missionaries. Hunter Corbett began his work of relief in the Chi Mi district and carried it on until the first harvests came, when he returned to Chefoo and found great numbers of starving refugees congregated there, a ready prey to the wasting famine fever.

A meeting of the foreign residents was held and he was authorized to make the necessary provision to meet the distressing situation. Inns were rented as a substitute for hospitals. Mat tents were erected on the sea beach to provide shelter for the most serious cases. Men were employed as cooks and nurses; others were hired to bury the dead. Dr. I. R. Carmichael, an eminent Scottish physician residing in the foreign settlement, volunteered his services and was joined by a native Christian doctor connected with the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland Mission. This man soon fell at his post, then Dr.

Carmichael died. The cooks and nurses, one by one, succumbed to the fever and only a few of them recovered. So far as could be ascertained, Hunter Corbett was the only one daily and closely connected with this special work at Chefoo who escaped the terrible disease. In the midst of the dangerous and exhaustive demands made upon him, his duty seemed plain that he should do all he could to relieve suffering, save life, and tell the sick and dying of the only Savior. His colleague, Dr. J. L. Nevius, did a like noble and difficult work in a large district in the center of the province with grand results. This unwavering fidelity on the part of the missionaries was an "open sesame" for their future labors and secured a response on the part of the Chinese which led to the conversion of many of them, the establishing of additional churches, and the extension of wider itineraries.

The oversight of the work developed by this itinerating was a continual joy to Hunter Corbett, and the letters which he would write to the religious press and to his friends in America after returning to Chefoo from these laborious rounds, teem with interesting facts touching upon incidents noted by the way. After each furlough in America, upon his return to China, one of the first duties that

would claim his attention was the visit to the interior. These were occasions of glad reunion with the members of his widely scattered parishes. It was his feeling that until he had once more visited them and endeavored to strengthen their faith and establish them, he could not say, "I am free from the blood of all men." Sometimes in these far inland journeys, he would be without mail or a word from home for six weeks. He tells of his experience in the interior following the furlough of 1896-1897. "It has been a rare privilege to meet hundreds of converts to Christianity, some of whom I baptized from ten to thirty years ago; also to meet many who have recently come into the Church. Not only has my heart been made glad, but my faith has been strengthened in the power of the Gospel to change lives and make happy Christian homes. Many of the Christians, especially the aged ones, wept for joy, saying they had long been praying and hoping that they might again be permitted to see their pastor's face before death. Many of the members whom I had known had been called to their reward; others, on account of famine or other causes, have removed beyond this province; others have back-slidden. The constant wonder, however, to me is, that in the midst of so much dark-

ness, superstition, persecution, and often living far from churches and Christian society, so many remain steadfast and witness for Christ."

On these inland trips Hunter Corbett was keenly alive to every incident that came within range of his observation, and his note books are stocked with accounts of interesting happenings and experiences by the way. He is at once counselor and comforter, entering into the homely pleasures of the people and sharing his sympathy in their affliction. On one such round he tells of a faithful disciple who was arrested by the magistrate and beaten four hundred blows with the heavy bamboo and then led about the streets with a chain around his neck while the policeman having him in charge reviled him. The man's only offense was that he had become a Christian and refused to deny his Lord. He tells also of an old father who appeared before the session of one of the little inland churches asking for baptism and when questioned as to what led him to believe in Jesus and desire to be a Christian, he pointed to his son about thirty years of age and said, "The changed life of that boy. He was a gambler, idle, disobedient, and a continual grief to me. No sooner had he begun to study the Bible and meet with the Christians on the

Sabbath than a mighty change came over him. He became a new creature, and since then has been all that I could wish. I could not but think that a religion which had such power must be true, and not the evil thing so many said it was. I began to read the Bible and learned to pray. The love of Christ now fills my heart and I wish to be his disciple."

One of his narratives tells also of his meeting a blind elder in a little village among the mountains more than three hundred miles back from the coast. He was a man of fine education and taught school until the age of thirty-eight when he lost his sight. The account proceeds: "Seventeen years ago he heard the Gospel for the first time. The Lord opened his heart to receive it. His little daughter spent hours daily sitting by her father's side with the New Testament before her, and with her finger she made the shaping of the character on her father's hand. This enabled him to recall the sound and the meaning of the character. In this way the daughter learned to read, and the father committed to memory the Gospel of Matthew and John, also Acts, Romans, and Revelations—in all, one hundred and twenty chapters. He told me his custom is to repeat all he has committed every twelve days. Each morning he repeats five chapters and the same

in the evening. He said often when he had recited a chapter he stopped to meditate and fix the meaning in his heart. When the Christians meet for worship and each reads a verse in turn, this man takes his turn and is able to correct any mistakes made by others. He has become mighty in the Scriptures. He can state the way of salvation in the clearest manner and defend the truth against all opponents. The Roman Catholics who are doing their utmost to proselyte our members and destroy our work, have learned that it is best not to try to meet him in argument. He quotes the Scriptures and shows them their departures therefrom in a way that they cannot answer. Two years ago, within less than one month, his mother aged eighty-five, his wife, sixty-four, and an only grandson, nine, all died. He says he first gives thanks that they were the Lord's disciples and the Lord took them to himself; second, he fasts in memory of the sore bereavement and bitterness of this life."

XIV

THE GOSPEL AND THE TIGER

TO be all things to all men, if by any means some may be saved, has been a principle of sincere evangelism from the time of Paul to the present day. Missionaries have not been slow to adopt it and employ means to bring themselves into sympathetic contact with the natives. The street chapel has been one of the methods used in China. Its success or failure depends upon the man giving the general invitation to passers-by at the chapel doorway and the use he makes of his means and message when he has secured his company within. Preaching to a street crowd in the market place is subject to untold interruptions. The speaker must be quick and resourceful in answering the numerous questions and in meeting the attacks of his audience, all the while hastening rapidly from one fundamental truth to another, and leaving the way open for further discourse with those desirous of learning more concerning his message. Preaching in a street chapel is an improvement upon this method. The speaker is relieved of many of the scenes which serve

to divert the attention of his hearers in the market places. Though he may not be wholly free from interruption, he is in much better position to exact a respectful hearing, and can with stronger emphasis drive home the truth to an audience which he is likely never again to address.

Sabbath preaching in the regular station church may be attended with still more satisfactory results, but until the native is sufficiently interested in the Gospel to inquire the way of life, he is not likely to concern himself with the meetings of the Christians in their appointed place of worship. It is to interest the native in his customary haunts and have him stop, look, and listen for his eternal welfare, that the street chapel has been established. If there can be coupled with it some inducement which will draw the audience like a magnet, this can be turned into good account to the glory of God. So it is, that the curiosity of men and the cages of stuffed animals can be made a means of grace. This is why the museum has been attached to the street chapel in the mission at Chefoo and other centers, and the results have justified the union. Seeing the way it has worked in bringing the people together, a missionary of Chefoo remarked one day, "That chapel and museum are a man trap

for the Lord." Certain it is, that a large mounted Bengal tiger, a den of lions, numerous cases of stuffed birds and fishes, and many other exhibits, have played an important part in drawing audiences and advancing a knowledge of the Gospel through the northeastern section of Shantung province. A street chapel where preaching services were held, and religious books and tracts sold, had been in operation in Chefoo ever since the eventful night when Hunter Corbett and his men successfully enacted their squatter's coup during the first winter he spent in the port of Chefoo. During the subsequent years of service, he collected numerous curios which he placed in his home and in one of his school buildings. It has always been one of the principles of his ministry to bring himself into sympathetic relations with the Chinese, and he uses whatever will rightly serve to gain their interest and good will.

Early in his missionary career, Hunter Corbett noticed that the Chinese were interested in his few curios, and as the collection grew, their interest increased. Then came the thought, why not use these objects to gain an audience. He felt that with a thousand dollars at his command to supplement his collection and provide quarters for them, he could do a far reaching work and multiply manyfold his present efforts at chapel preaching in

Chefoo. With this plan in mind he laid it before certain friends in America while at home on his first furlough, with the result that Mr. D. Wilson Moore of Clayton, N. J. gave the initial thousand dollars with which to build and furnish such a plant as he desired. This gift was followed by others of like amount in after years by this same friend. Singularly enough, the second thousand dollars given at this date was contributed by another benefactor bearing the same family name. This time it was Rev. Braden Moore, a friend of college days. The fund grew, and when Hunter Corbett returned to Chefoo at the close of his furlough, he had sufficient money in hand to begin negotiations for a site in the heart of the city.

Chefoo was now no longer the little town of fishermen's huts that it was when he first saw it thirteen years before. It had grown in size and population as but few places in China. Prices had risen accordingly, and first efforts to secure the proper site for the museum and chapel were doomed to disappointment. In the midst of his search, however, a wealthy business man who lived in a commodious house on the main street of the city and conducted a flourishing business in buildings attached to his home, sent for him and said that he had heard the missionary was looking for

a building to be used as a museum and street chapel, and then asked, "How would you like to have my home property?" Hunter Corbett replied that it was a splendid place but supposed it would cost twice as much as he could pay for it. "Well," said the man, "you are doing a good work and I will put the price just as low as I can and give you an additional gift of five hundred dollars." The figures were submitted, and the price agreed upon was about half what the property would have actually realized. In this way a valuable block of buildings reaching from one street to another was secured and made over to the Board of Foreign Missions in New York. The curios and mounted birds were brought from the Corbett home and the school building and arranged in their new quarters. Local taxidermists prepared numerous exhibits, exchanges were made with collectors in America, friends in different parts of China sent miscellaneous specimens; missionaries interested in natural history added to the collection, and Dr. Paul D. Bergen rendered valuable service to the new enterprise by his efforts and contributions. In a short time a surprisingly good collection of natural history objects had been gathered and arranged. To these were added certain mechanical toys and devices which were a never ending source of wonder to the Chinese,—the elec-

tric engine with its attendant train of coaches proving a ready favorite. Exclamations of delight continually fill the place while the exhibits are being surveyed, and surprise never ceases that the birds do not fly away, the beasts of prey remain stationary and harmless, and the snakes do not shut their widely extended jaws and glide to cover. It is a veritable Smithsonian Institution to these plain people of the ocean craft and the mountain huts.

On one of his itineraries Hunter Corbett had heard of a dwarf about three feet in height residing at one of the inland towns. This little man had never seen a foreigner nor heard the Gospel preached, but in response to an invitation, he came to see the missionary. He was asked if he would be willing to come to Chefoo and be doorkeeper at the museum and show the visitors the exhibits. He was too greatly agitated by the sight of the foreigner, and the prospect of a new calling to know his own mind, but with proper Chinese caution said he would think over the matter, and went away. The next day he returned and leading Hunter Corbett away from the company which he had been addressing, he said to him that if the missionary would be a father to him in that strange place he would go. This was promised, and arrangements were made to bring him to Chefoo. His legs were so short that he could

not ride the mule that was hired to carry him. So he was placed in a basket on one side of a pack mule and his weight balanced with merchandise on the other side of the saddle, and thus for five days he traveled to his new home.

When the Corbett boys learned of their father's promise to be the dwarf's father, they said they must have their part in the program of adoption, and so these stalwart six-footers called the three-footer their "big brother." The dwarf was to many visitors the greatest curiosity in the museum. He became an earnest Christian, and daily in his special way witnessed for Christ. When the people were looking at the great variety of mounted birds in the glass cases, he would say to them, "Do you know who made the birds? If there were no birds, insects would soon multiply so that it would be useless to either try to farm or have vegetable gardens and all would starve. Men do not have to build houses for the birds nor feed and clothe them. Our kind Heavenly Father sends the birds and provides for all their needs that they may help us to live. Not only are all dependent upon the birds, but they constantly fly about teaching us lessons of contentment. They also sing so that God is glorified and our ears are made glad. Should we not daily learn lessons from these teachers God

has everywhere provided for us, and learn to trust, love, and honor our loving Heavenly Father, who gives us every blessing we enjoy." He then tells of the joy and peace and hope God has given him since he became a Christian and learned to love and trust his Savior Jesus Christ.

The street chapel became the arena for exercising the gifts of the students in the Bible Training classes at Chefoo. Hunter Corbett would take these young men with him to the room near the main street where the people gathered for a preaching service of twenty or thirty minutes before they were passed into the other rooms to view the exhibits. There the young men were trained to express themselves clearly, and forcibly set forth the fundamental doctrines of the Word. It required skill to be able to tell the Gospel story so as to interest people not accustomed to listen to any extended form of address, and the young man who had the talent for putting the truth forcibly and illustrating it properly here was sure to make a success elsewhere.

When Hunter Corbett preached in the street chapel, it was always to present a skillfully prepared message. He bound himself by no hard and fast rules, and avoided repetition. He studied to get at the hearts of his hearers, and

this gave his preaching the effect of continual freshness. His general method was to begin upon the truths held in common by Christians and Chinese, as, respect for parents. He then passed on to other subjects, throwing in brief, pointed questions which kept even the dullest listeners awake. "What is most important? Is it not important to eat and drink? Is it not more important to be good? A man may burn houses, steal, and commit murder, and have enough to eat and drink, but what if he is not good? What if he does these things against his father's wishes, does he show respect for his father?" When he got the desired admissions from his audience he proceeded. "There's a greater Father than the one you know in your home. He is our Heavenly Father. He sent His Son here to die for us and teach us how to live. He expects some things of us, and that is why I have come from America to tell you what He wants of you." Then he proceeded with the very cream of his message. After this service the people passed into the other buildings, where they were shown the exhibits by the dwarf and other attendants, and just before they left by the door on the other street they were gathered in another room and a final word of good will and encouragement was spoken, and any having a desire to know more of the doc-

trine were given opportunity to receive further instruction. Thus the human grist was ground through the Gospel mill.

In the years since its founding, more than three million admissions have been made to the chapel and museum. These are nearly all different auditors. Chinese sailors come and carry back word to their friends in the junks along the wharf. Country men come from their districts far back in the interior. Every man tells another of the wonderful things he has seen at the museum and the welcome he has received there, and so the tidings spread like the message in a chain letter. It breaks down prejudice against the foreigner and gives the missionaries favorable approach for preaching in the interior. Here in the chapel and museum the vast floating population of the city is given something interesting. From seventy-five to one hundred thousand persons attend annually. At a certain season each year a day is appointed when only the women are admitted to the buildings. Mothers, wives, and daughters come in great numbers and carry back a favorable report of what they have seen and heard. It is always very proper in China for a son to attend a place his mother commends. So the museum is crowded by the sons of many households following the days when women have the right of way. The lion's cage is the center of

attraction, but the two-headed calf, the wild boar and the monkeys are scarcely less interesting to many, but best of all, the Gospel seed is freely sown by the preached message and the printed tract. Moreover, the place has been made a means of extending friendships which have run their helpful lines in every direction through the province and so paved the way for the advance of the Kingdom.

Here, in this chapel, a boy who afterwards became an evangelist first heard the truth which led him to seek the Lord. Here an old woman of eighty returned after a year, not to see the animals, but to hear more about "that Jesus doctrine." Here two men, one eighty-four years of age and another of seventy-four years, heard the truth which led them to an acceptance of the Savior. Here a man of eighty-six was led to embrace the Christian faith and continued steadfast throughout the remaining ten years of his life. Forty years previous to his baptism a religious tract had fallen into his hands and changed the current of his life and led to his final act of consecration. Here, instances of the Gospel's leavening power might be chronicled for many pages, and wisdom justified in the presence of the tiger.

XV

FRUIT OF MANY LABORS

"WHAT are the returns?" is the question asked of every modern business enterprise. In missionary concerns the same question has a like just claim to an honest reply. Although complete revelations are reserved for the final judgment on high, God has here given partial answers for the encouragement of the church militant.

The year 1865 found the Presbyterian work in the East Shantung province in an extremely discouraging condition. The hostility of the natives at Chefoo had apparently triumphed. Most of the workers upon the ground had decided to abandon the field for another of greater promise. A letter from the New York Board had come into the hands of Hunter Corbett at the haunted house, intimating the wisdom of a change of field, but leaving him free to join Dr. Martin in the work at Peking, or remain. Dr. McCartee was returning to Ningpo. The only asset left was the conviction in Hunter Corbett's mind expressed in un-

written language, "Here at Chefoo lies your field, now make the most of it." Like Paul, he was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision, so to Chefoo he came and occupied the dismal little home in the marshes. With harmless yet persevering guile he set up his portable chapel in the temple court, and with money borrowed from his father, in the Foreign Board's inability to provide him a suitable house, he purchased the ground and built on the hilltop overlooking the harbor. It was an humble and unpretentious beginning, but it was the start of a determined man of faith. The little house with which he squatted upon the temple grounds in Chefoo was probably not valued at more than twenty-five or thirty dollars. To-day the Presbyterian Mission holds property in Chefoo worth many thousands of dollars.

For fifty-six years Hunter Corbett and his companions in toil blazed their trails across the province and opened up new fields of labor. Other stations were established and assigned a share of the territory, so that it is difficult to arrive at a correct estimate of results. The territory, which was formerly covered by the missionary forces at Chefoo, is now managed from four different stations. However, it may be stated that the establishing of stations at

Wei Hsien, Tsing Tau and Ichowfu may be fairly credited to the early efforts of Hunter Corbett and his co-laborers at these points. Fourteen churches have been organized as the direct result of his labors. In 1908, when he severed relations with the work in the Chi Mi district to devote more time to his training classes at Chefoo, there were 808 adult members in the seven organizations in and around Tsing Tau, each congregation having its own well-built brick church with tile roof. The work in the Chi Mi district lay near Tsing Tau, and he therefore recommended that its supervision be transferred to that station. All the fourteen churches thus organized by Hunter Corbett had Christian schools operated in connection with them. The same is true for the twenty or more out-stations now conducted from Chefoo. Literally scores of schools were organized by him and maintained with success during the years of his labor in the province. Certain of these were continued only so long as there was actual need for their existence.

Naturally the church at his own doorstep in Chefoo received the greatest share of his time and attention. It is a beautiful stone building, and has long had a membership of over 300. For years it has supported its own native pastor, a preacher in the interior, a Bible

woman, and five teachers in the inland schools. Many of its members, down to the youngest among them, like those in other of the native Christian churches, were contributing a tenth of their income.

To Hunter Corbett figures smacked of boasting, and were consequently distasteful to him. Had he sought to juggle with numbers rather than deal honestly with human souls, the opportunity was unlimited. Had he adopted methods of evangelization, sometimes employed upon mission fields, the number of converts baptized by him would have been very much larger. With him the fact that he must render an account in the day of Judgment was uppermost, and records padded by ingatherings, which were false and farcical, were to him an abomination. What he has always sought was to have the souls of his Chinese converts brought into such vital relation with the Lord Jesus Christ that they were indeed new creatures redeemed by the blood of the Lamb. That he was sometimes deceived by those upon whom he bestowed much prayer and labor goes without the saying; nevertheless, the many hundreds who have been led to a consistent profession are his living epistles known and read of men. In the manner in which many of them broke with the opium habit, ancestral worship,

and the whole catalogue of nameless heathen sins is to be found the record of results, the fruit of many labors.

When Hunter Corbett first entered the province in 1864, as nearly as he could ascertain, there were not more than twenty native Christians in all that thickly populated region of twenty-nine or thirty millions of people, and only about 2000 in all China. Before his death, the roll of communicants and catechumens in Shantung alone showed 32,478 names, and throughout the entire republic there were not less than 400,000 Christians.

A reader takes up the 82nd Annual Report of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., 1919, and reads concerning the Equipment of the Chefoo Station that the list includes

Temple Hill English School; Graded High School and Normal Academy; Girls' High School; Men's Bible Training School; Women's Bible Training School; School for the Deaf; 36 Day Schools, including one Kindergarten; Temple Hill Hospital; 10 Churches.

Comparing this list with the statistical table of the Shantung mission we see that the Chefoo Station is further credited with

Thirty Out-stations; 20 American Missionaries; 116 Native Helpers; 40 Churches and Groups; 4 Self-supporting Churches; 1,395 Communicants; 190 added during year; 1,667 Catechumens and adherents; 2,283 Field Contributions for Church Expenses and Missions; 848 S. S. Members; 40 Schools; 1,166 Pupils in Schools; 1 Hospital; 361 In-patients; 1 Dispensary; 14,171 Out-patient Visits.

With certain of these items and results, Hunter Corbett has had nothing directly to do beyond giving them his moral support, but with others he has been so closely identified that it is impossible to disassociate his name from their past history and present development.

Nor were his efforts confined to the institutions under the control of the church which he served. Many other laudable undertakings in Chefoo and elsewhere received encouragement from his counsels and personal endeavors in their behalf. This is particularly true of the New Missionary Home at Chefoo, which, through the united efforts of Mr. John A. Stook and Hunter Corbett and their associates, was successfully launched in the spring of 1906. Its purpose was to provide a rest center for missionaries who came north each summer from the crowded cities of the coast and from

their isolated inland posts. Hundreds have thus come to these comfortable quarters and many of them saved from serious breakdown in health and enabled to return to their fields of labor with bodies strengthened and spirits refreshed.

Neither should the service rendered by Hunter Corbett to the Foreign Mission cause in the churches of America be overlooked in making an estimate of results. Few speakers could inspire and convince better than he when he addressed congregations in the homeland. Beginning this line of public service while at home on his first furlough at a time when the ignorance of conditions abroad was appalling and the indifference still more distressing he went at his own charges among the churches to tell them of the facts as they were to be faced in China. He lived to see a time when a knowledge of missions was more universal and the interest correspondingly great and the announcement that he would speak a guarantee that the church would be filled.

XVI

CROWN JEWELS

THE pages of Hunter Corbett's Journals disclose conditions at once pathetic and inspiring. The spiritual declensions and disappointments which attended the history of the founding of the little church at Chefoo and the extension of the work through the province, at times, brought untold suffering to the heart of the missionary. Realizing the depths of the heathen pit from which the professed converts had been drawn, knowing their weaknesses and struggles, and loving them as with a father's compassion, the cry of agony was wrung from him again and again as he saw those for whom he had labored and prayed rush back to the mouth of the pit and leap down into their old sins and heathen customs. Those were the occasions when, bruised and broken, he retired under the shadow of the Almighty and poured out his spirit unto God and refreshed himself anew with the promises of the Word. The pathos and loneliness of his situation in the heart of heathenism, while contending against the powers of darkness,

make the record of these early labors at times one of sadness and depression.

The outnumbering triumphs of grace were the gladdening compensations which refreshed his heart, and of these faithful followers he could say with Paul, "Ye are our glory and joy." They endured affliction for Christ's sake and the Gospel's; suffered their fields to be despoiled by their persecutors without reviling; underwent scourgings by the bamboo without denying their Lord, and even laid down their lives as a testimony to the faith, that their Savior might be glorified. Scores of them witnessed for Christ by consistent living and in the hour of death gave evidence of His sustaining power. Hundreds of others are still living, and by their walk and conversation give the seal of sincerity to their profession.

Among those who have fallen asleep in Christ is Elder Wang Tse, Hunter Corbett's first convert. When the missionary had brokenly told the story of the cross on the streets of Lai Yang city, and gone back to the inn followed by the crowd intently curious to see more of the foreigner, this man came with the inquiry, "Can you not tell me more of the doctrine you were preaching to-day?" He was given a copy of Mark's Gospel, in Chinese. The man was educated and per-

fectly capable of measuring the teachings of the book in his hand with those of Confucius and the Chinese sages. He stayed up all the night to read and ponder what he found in the little book. In the morning he came into Hunter Corbett's presence and said, "How long have you known what this book tells?" "It has been known for a good many centuries," Hunter Corbett replied. "Why, then," continued Wang Tse, "did not your people bring this Gospel to us sooner? My ancestors have had to die without it." A question and an observation leaving an impression from which Hunter Corbett never escaped.

Later the inquirer followed the missionary to his home, and with the keenness of a hawk, watched to discover whether he practiced what he preached. Soon the light came to his soul, and like the fishermen on the Galilean shore, he forsook all and followed Christ. He had expected to find the missionary beating his wife, reviling opposers, and promising one thing and doing another—occurrences common enough among the Chinese; but not finding such conditions, he became an imitator in spirit and practice. The change was noted in the new convert's home. His wife at first thought he was crazy, but his patience and kindness won the day and soon she, too, came to the missionary and said, "If this is what

your religion does in the home, it cannot be the evil thing men say it is, and I want to share in it, too." Mr. Wang was elected an elder when the church was organized at Chefoo in 1866, and became an able and successful preacher, traveled with Hunter Corbett on long itineraries and continued faithful until his death.

Lin Shu Tong was another crown jewel. He had long been an opium smoker. His sins were hastening the night of death, but one day he heard the Gospel story from Hunter Corbett's lips. Hope was kindled in his heart, and he prayed day and night for pardon and the power to break with his habit; both were given and he never smoked again. He became a sincere Christian, and for twenty years followed Hunter Corbett on his itineraries and did the work of a peacemaker. He was calm and gentle in disposition, and whenever he found converts at variance he sought out the disputants, singly and patiently went over the case, then when he had heard all, he would say, "Now granting that it is just as you have described it, is it not the better way to do as the Lord Jesus would do and forgive?" He would get the admission, then the two would pray together, and he scarcely ever parted from the one with whom he had talked till he had secured the promise of willingness to seek an

adjustment. Going then to the other convert or converts involved in the quarrel, he would proceed along the same line, and thus bring the offenders into amicable relations. The utmost confidence was reposed in this man by those who knew him most intimately. When one time a new missionary arrived in Chefoo and his goods were left in Elder Lin's hands, the newcomer expressed some fear of the result. Hunter Corbett quickly replied, "You need have no anxiety. That is one of God's own children." When eighty-five years old, this faithful disciple passed on to be with his Lord.

Yu Shu Fa was a young school teacher, who, at eighteen years of age, became a Christian. He went out into the new districts and taught the Word with the glowing earnestness of an Appollos. The reviling with which men greeted him did not lessen his ardor. They would neither hear nor let others listen. They would shout that the Bible was a foreigner's book, and Jesus a foreign teacher, and that the Chinese should not regard them. Despite all opposition, however, this man preached the Gospel from village to village for thirty years and brought only joy to his pastor's heart. At one time, as a result of his efforts in winning souls, four persons were baptized, aged eighty, seventy-seven, sixty-five and fifty-five, respec-

tively. At another time ten converts were brought into the church through his labors. In far distant fields he sowed the seed which in later years yielded abundant harvest.

Associated with Mr. Yu was another earnest disciple, Yuen Kong Teh. As the new fields were opened in the outlying districts, he and his co-laborer entered with the message of salvation, and despite whatever persecution arose as a result of their preaching, he continued faithful as a witness bearer.

Among those received into the church in 1866 was a brilliant young scholar named Tsung Yuin Shing. He was a fluent speaker and became the first ordained pastor settled over three churches in the part of China where he labored. During the famine, which wasted that district in 1877, he yielded to temptation and was cut off from the church. Later he was restored to membership, but not to the ministry. He gave evidence of his fidelity, however, and in 1900 he, with his married daughter and several grandchildren, was beheaded by the Boxers in Peking.

When about thirty years of age, an artist named Li She Yuen became a Christian, and until his death, twenty years later, did an excellent work in many villages in Shantung province. He went from place to place distributing books and tracts and telling men of

Jesus, with the result that many persons were gathered into the church.

There was a carpenter also, Kin Who He, who widely circulated the message of salvation as a preacher of righteousness. He traveled among the villages repairing gates, buckets and wheelbarrows, and was most earnest in preaching "the Jesus doctrine." In the evening, when the people gathered in little clusters to rest on the streets, he would tell them Bible stories and explain the belief of the Christians. He came to be known as a most earnest teacher of the Truth, and many persons were afraid to have him come to their village lest he should bewitch the people and make them Christians. In his own village, largely as the result of his teaching and consistent living, a church of more than one hundred members was organized. He was elected one of the elders there and remained faithful until his death. A few moments before he passed away, one of his three sons, who was standing near his bed, bent over him and asked what message he had for them. He replied, "Only love Jesus and serve Him faithfully until death, and all will be well."

Ding Ke Yuen, an uncle of the noted Chinese Evangelist Ding Le Mei, accepted Christ and united with the church when about

fifty years of age. A few years previous, his father, then almost eighty, had become a member. His entire family was led into active Christian service. Ding Ke Yuen represented his family as an official. With the organizing of the church in his home village, more than thirty-five years ago, he was elected an elder, and his last years were spent in preaching through an extended section of the province. His favorite method was to go among the schools and talk with the teachers. He was a scholarly man, and having once been a school teacher himself, was thoroughly acquainted with the Chinese classics, and could readily adapt himself to the conditions of the school-room and the ability of his fellow-teachers. He was thoroughly conversant with the Scriptures, and this enabled him to contrast the truths and teachings of the Word with those of the Chinese sages, and show the superiority of the Bible and the imperative need of Jesus coming into the world to teach the truth, to die for sinners, and to save all who would come unto God through Him. As though they were monuments to this man's efficient work, there is in his home village a self-supporting church, a girls' school of more than sixty young women, and also a boys' school.

Forty-five li to the south of Wei Hsien lived an old saint, Wong Hiong Shang. Nearly fifty years ago Hunter Corbett heard of this man, a farmer, who had a reputation for doing many good works. The missionary sent a native preacher to see him and give him books and tracts to read, and invite him to come to Chefoo and spend the winter there in the Bible and Inquiry class. He accepted the invitation and soon became a most earnest Christian. Later, after enduring much persecution, his two sons also were persuaded to come to the Chefoo school. They were soon advanced to the College at Tengchow, where both were graduated. One son became a teacher in the University at Peking, and narrowly escaped with his life at the time of the Boxer uprising in 1900, but died soon after. The other is Rev. Wang Chang Tai, formerly the able pastor of the Chefoo church, whose sterling qualities have won for him the esteem and confidence of the entire missionary force in East Shantung. The father spent most of his time going at his own expense among the villages telling men of the Savior. In his own village the Christians had a church and school, and among his people this aged disciple exerted a most benign influence.

Chao Pei Leu, the leader of a sect known

as Wu Ming Kiao (the nameless sect), accepted Christ near Chefoo many years ago. Before becoming a Christian, Mr. Chao used to meet with others of the sect in the homes of the members and repeat phrases they had been taught, meditate upon them and exhort one another to do good and abstain from all wrong. These actions were misconstrued by certain officials, and he and his elder brother were arrested upon the charge of meeting secretly to plot against the government. The brother was tortured, and although confessing to no evil-doing, he was banished for life to a district three thousand li to the north, and his family never again heard from him. Mr. Chao also suffered severe tortures and was imprisoned three years, but through all this persecution he remained true, and would neither confess to wrong-doing nor reveal the names of the leaders or members of the sect. The officials failed to secure any incriminating evidence against him, and he was at last released and permitted to return home. His followers received him with great joy and feasting. Shortly after his return he heard the Gospel for the first time. The Lord opened his heart to believe and make profession of his faith. He became an enthusiastic witness to the truth and went among his friends to tell

them of the Savior he had found and persuade them to believe also. The fact that he himself had been true to the members of his sect throughout his tortures and imprisonment gave him great influence among his people, and many of them were led by him to an acceptance of the Savior. It was largely through this man's efforts that Hunter Corbett was led to undertake the rich soul-winning campaign in the Chi Mi district in 1873, at which time more than one hundred persons were added to the church.

One evening, years ago, a poor widow and her ragged eight-year-old boy came to the gate of the mission compound at Chefoo. They had been directed there by a soldier, who told them that a man lived at that place who was kind to widows and orphans. They wanted to find some means by which to earn their living. A place was secured for the mother in the home of a British merchant. She proved very efficient and faithful, and was held in high esteem by the family. At the risk of her life, while the house was one day in flames, she rescued a bride and groom, who, without her help, would certainly have perished in the flames. For this deed a much-prized gold medal was given her. The boy, Lui Shu San, was worthy of such a mother. He was received

into the Chefoo school, and proved himself to be a good student, and later was graduated with honor from college and completed half the theological course, when, on account of failing health, he was obliged to give up indoor study and enter upon work which kept him in the open. When the Germans established the port of Tsing Tau, he moved to that city where he has been deservedly successful in business. Before the Great War he owned property worth probably fifty thousand dollars, and was interested in many benevolent works. As soon as he was able, he paid to the mission the principal and interest on the money which had been spent in his education. When the new church at Chefoo was built he sent a check for five hundred dollars for the building and another for fifty dollars for the pastor's salary. At Tsing Tau he took the lead in building a new church and making the organization independent in the support of its pastor. He is also one of the liberal supporters of the local Y. M. C. A. and an ardent worker in the Association as well. He has done much to aid his kindred and friends in securing education for their children and in helping the destitute. His character bears the stamp of consistency, for he and his family are widely known for their liberality and just dealing.

XVII

THE HEARTH STONE

MANY congregations in America have heard Hunter Corbett deliver his forceful addresses and instinctively recognized in him a man of purpose and prayer, large in the faith of what God was doing for China through the church. Those who met him at closer range found him the soul of optimism and friendliness and his conversation interesting and edifying. In their homes he was courteous and kind from the head of the family to the youngest child, and also to the servant of the household. For the little ones, his pockets were as full of wonders as those of a school boy, and from their depths he fished out guardian angels, pictures, foreign postage stamps, Chinese cash, toys, and gewgaws galore to the delight of young America. On his furlough journeys he probably became intimately acquainted on board the steamers with more persons than any one else on the ship. It was the same when he crossed the continent on his railway travels, and it was a hard-shelled recluse through whose armor his

friendliness and interest did not penetrate. When he went upon his itineraries, it was with the swing of tireless energy, friendly in manner, cheery in voice and patient under the vexations of inconvenient and interrupted travel.

However, a man may be all these in the rôle of traveler, visitor and public speaker, and yet be an unpleasant member of the home circle. This was never true of Hunter Corbett. If he appeared to good advantage before the public, it was to still better advantage to those who knew him best at the hearthstone. "Even a man's cat ought to know he is a Christian," he often said. And his did. Not that he took the cat into confidential relations and gave it theological dissertations on the duty of loving one another, but by the practical demonstration of being kind to it as to all else.

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast."

Hunter Corbett had many arenas for the exercise of his energies. His study was one of these. Here long hours of unsparing toil were spent. Here his Bible training classes were started. Here the little assemblies of believers first gathered to hear the Word preached. Here, too, came the inquirers to be

instructed in the principles of the Kingdom. Here, also, the native preachers were given their parting injunctions as they left upon their missions into the villages of the province, and here, too, innumerable conferences and prayer for the enlargement and development of the station work were held. It was always a busy spot, where every minute was held at a premium. Another sphere of strenuous action was the place of his preaching, whether it was in the pulpit of the little church close by, on the platform in the street chapel, in the appointed meeting places at the out-stations, in the inn-yards where he lodged for the night upon his itineraries, or at the market places of the villages he visited. From one point to another he moved in the Master's work with the ceaseless swing of the pendulum.

Apart from his sleeping hours, there was but one spot where he appeared as if released from the pressure of work. This was in the privacy of his own family circle. He came to his seat at the table, bringing the cheery bits of news gleaned from letters received through the mail or gathered from the workers of the station as they came to consult him during the day. He re-inforced such conversation with the recital of events which had occurred in former days, and with observations

gathered from newspapers and magazines and men of note with whom he had come in contact. A remarkably tenacious memory had catalogued his facts, and he brought them from their mental pigeon holes without an effort. He added the spice of many good stories to the daily bill of fare, and the seasoning of a marvelous charity accompanied all his personal remarks and expressed opinions. The table was a cheerful place in the Corbett home.

There was always sunshine by the fireside, too, where he had his favorite seat. This was the throne of the hearthstone. Through the busy years of strenuous toil he kept the path to his heart open and the line of intimate relation established so that wife and children could always approach without fear of rebuff. The path led to a particular chair where the occupant was seated when at home for a little time after the noon meal and during the evening hours. Here amid his reading he seemed to know intuitively all that took place about him. Here and at the mother's chair the confidences of the family centered, and the letters were read from the widely separated members of the household. And here each day they were remembered by name at the throne of grace, for family prayers were observed night and morning in this home. On Sabbath morn-

ing in the summer time and during the evening of that day in the winter months, a chapter of the Bible was regularly studied and commented upon, followed by the reciting of a part of the Westminster Shorter Catechism.

Nine children have grown to maturity in this circle, two others are sleeping in the foreign cemetery just across the street from the mission compound, and a third, a boy of fifteen, lies beside his grandparents in the little graveyard at Leatherwood, Pa. There have been sorrows which have thrown their shadow across the hearthstone in the Corbett home, but these were never allowed to consume the energies of the living. Although the afflictions were keenly felt, the promised grace was supplied by which the heart could say, "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight." Hunter Corbett has taught both Chinese and foreigners, and chiefly them of his own household, the ground of confidence secured through the hope that maketh not ashamed.

In the midst of busy days on his itineraries, hundreds of li back in the interior in past years, he could find time to send letters to each of his little children and adapt his message to their limited understanding. The kindness of the man is interwoven with every line of these letters, and in them he has sketched the pictures

of birds, fishes and animals, and drawn lessons from them that even the youngest can understand. A birthday was never forgotten in this home, and to the last he followed the custom of writing a personal letter on the birthday of each child, and one to all of them on his own natal day, December 8th. The Journals tell, too, how constantly his hearthstone circle was in his thought and prayers, how great the joy of the return from the itinerary, and how heartfelt the thanksgiving for the mercies of God upon his home and loved ones. In the pages of these records there are frequent written prayers which, in the sweep of their affections, take up each member of the household and bear them to the mercy seat. Then, too, among the records relating to the advancement of his work, and in the scrap books containing numerous articles and items pertaining to the welfare of China, are found his children's notes to him, their class-room exercises and compositions, their grade cards, and the programs of entertainments in which they figured. The fiber of the busy man's work was strengthened by the tenderness of family affection.

While working untiringly in the interests of the Chinese and giving them large measures of his love and time, Hunter Corbett did not neglect the members of his own household.

For each one ample provision was made for the development of individual talent. Liberally educated himself, he recognized the value of trained intellect, and after the preparation had been made in the home and the excellent schools of the China Inland Mission, there was added for the training of his children the instructions of American institutions. With keen interest and unceasing love, he followed the careers of his children through the passing years. The volume of his correspondence with each son and daughter was considerable in the course of a year. He followed the work of each of his children and the progress of his grandchildren in home and school with a sympathy and interest which were truly remarkable in the pressure of consuming duties. The last child of the Corbett home at Chefoo has now gone out from the parental hearth to build upon independent foundations, but the lessons of a wholesome religion learned there will abide with succeeding generations.

XVIII

THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE

IN Hunter Corbett men saw friendliness, cheerfulness, courtesy, and diligence of no mean order, but these were merely the externals of his character. To know what reaches of soul lay back of them one must have traveled with him over the weary stretches of distance to the ring of out-stations, learned his habits, known his longings, measured his labors, lived in his home, heard him pray, read his letters, followed him through his journals, glimpsed his faith, and experienced his love. So many graces of character were developed in him that an analysis is similar to reducing a composite photograph to the numerous subjects entering into its makeup.

In appearance he was extremely patriarchal during the last thirty years of his ministry. The long flowing beard, which was the crowning glory of his physical manhood in the eyes of the Chinese, aided in heightening the impression. Sprung from an ancestry tall and angular, he developed the figure peculiar to the family. He possessed a head of intellectual

cast, features rough hewn and determined, and a countenance in which dark expressive eyes reflected the flow of genial, energetic thought within. Animated by the intensity of his message, face and figure would catch the enthusiasm of his theme and swing into line with the appeal of his voice in eloquent harmony. The earnestness of a Titan characterized his public addresses,—the same ardor, which, in other form, enabled him to outclass his companions in the wearying journeys through the province. "If you want to take notes there is no way to record them from outline, but you'll not forget what he says in a whole life time," is the way in which a hearer once described his impressions.

Hunter Corbett's mental machinery worked well. He studied hard during his entire school life, and kept it up till life's school was out. His every public address was prepared just as carefully as the limits of other duties would permit. Nature's bequest of a good memory was held as a trust, and like the pound of the parable which gained ten other pounds, it brought its own reward. It was little short of the marvelous how his mind retained dates, events, names, and details, and brought them forth, as occasion required, with the readiness of the birds at the call of their keeper. He

kept abreast of the times by a careful reading of the news of the day, the best of which he circumspectly winnowed and remembered. As his labors and means permitted he secured and read the most authoritative modern books as they issued from the press. Pre-eminently he was a man of the One Book, which he found best met his own needs as well as those to whom he ministered. The precepts and promises of well-nigh every page of this Book have been compared with the writings of the sages, and just as they have been tested and found to be of more excellent worth, he has given them the supreme place in his study and life. It is the prayerful assimilation of these truths which has operated most mightily toward making Hunter Corbett what he was as a man of faith, friendliness, humility, courage, courtesy, and love.

That he was a man of faith is attested by the manner he began and built up the work in Chefoo and throughout the Shantung province. Without a convert and without buildings he began. The condition was something vastly more than indifference. It was hostility wherein civility was answered with gruffness, and altruistic effort by reviling. Looking back upon those first labors of love he often said, "China was a great mountain of marble, and

I had nothing to break it down but a little hammer." Yet as he cut the steps by which other generations of workers and converts were to follow, it was to make them broad and lasting as a highway for his God. If it were to build a church in the early day, it was to provide a belfry, believing that the needed bell would some day be provided, as it was. If it were to erect a new church, it was to build the base for the steeple, which, after many waiting days, was erected. If it were to train a class of preachers, it was also to send them out at his own expense, confident that the means to support them would somehow be forthcoming, and his faith was not disappointed.

His friendliness was a part of him. Reserved manners speedily broke in contact with it, and before they were aware of it, strangers were drawn to the man and interested in him. Dean Bosworth has stated that the whole art of living consists in being friendly. If behind the art there be the clean heart and the right spirit the life is indeed a triumph of success. Hunter Corbett had this art as well as the substance which made for happy living. In his contact with others, from whatever angle one may choose to observe, he was seen to be a man of contagious friendliness. The Chinese were

quick to recognize this, and readily responded to his approaches. In the market places, in the inns, and among the groups of men he found along the streets and highways, his cheery greeting invariably called forth a friendly response. Like a busy shuttle in his passage through the villages, his interest touched many lives, from the little child whose burden he sometimes carried, to the old native who was given a happy word of recognition.

And while he was the soul of friendliness to the common people who thronged about his path daily, he was not unmindful of the proprieties of custom and etiquette which the wealthy and influential practiced. He courteously sank his own opinions and preferences and graciously submitted to the exactions of a foreign people's love of red tape, and so avoided doing violence to the feelings of those whom he desired to approach and win. When he traveled by steamer or railway coach his passage was marked by a continuous series of little kindnesses—stories which made tired travelers forget the weariness of their journey, —tea, which he brewed with skill from some choice brand he had purchased inland and served with hospitable hand,—curios which he fished from capacious pockets for the children, —these he made the servants of his friendly

disposition. Then in the homes here in America, which he visited, his friendly spirit was continually reflecting his glad sunshine. He seemed to forget no one with whom he had once become acquainted, and it was surprising how he held these acquaintances in memory even down to the little children, and followed their courses through the years and in line with one of his favorite aphorisms, "kept his friendships in repair."

Hunter Corbett's humility was one of his crowning graces. He preferred to do his work in a quiet nook in a modest way, to having his deeds blazoned abroad and himself dragged into the limelight in the rôle of benefactor. He was more concerned that his fellow-laborers should receive due credit for their share of honor in what was worthily done in their mutual efforts than that he should receive recognition. Only by close questioning could he be brought to the admission that he had had any considerable part in the achievement. This willingness to minister and see that proper recognition was accorded his associates, endeared him to the members of the Chefoo mission in no ordinary degree.

His courage was of a positive type. He met mountain-like difficulties during the years of toil with an optimism born only in strong

hearts. He refused to see the discouraging side of an enterprise or to dwell upon the disagreeable features of people and projects as long as there was any more desirable part to engage his thoughts. One must not think that because a missionary's main efforts are to develop the truest and manliest qualities in other men upon the foreign field, that he is, therefore, spared in those surroundings from experiences which test his courage just as rigorously as though he lived in America. The manner in which Hunter Corbett had sometimes to deal with hostile natives, frenzied mobs, turbulent spirits in the markets and even robbers who beset him by the way marked him as a decidedly courageous man,—one who never courted danger but who never flinched when once it was met.

His courtesy was one of his knightliest graces. It was born of his soul of kindness. It expressed itself in the cheerful greetings given to all whom he met. He had

"A heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize."

There was a group of persons in Cannonsburg, Pa., many years ago who were making friendly comparisons of a number of gallant Scotch-Irish students who were in attendance

at Jefferson College there, and the verdict of the little company was that the most princely student of them all was young Corbett. The genuineness of polite address won for him this distinction. This courtesy came naturally from his love of people, and this love he never outgrew, and so retained his courtesy to the very last. The raggedest child along the foul-smelling bund of Chefoo shared it with the taotai at the yamen. This love of people, next to the love of his Savior, was the crowning grace in Hunter Corbett's character. He never forgot that men had souls to be saved, and his love for them made possible the long journeys over the Shantung hills and mountains, the uncomplaining delays in the wretched inns of the interior villages, the cheerful salutations with which he greeted the rough men in the field and on the foot paths, and the patient labors by which he gathered the harvest sheaves to bear back to his Master at eventime. It was this love for his Savior and his fellow-men which became the constraining motive of his every message and led him to regard with optimistic vision the hopeful and assuring features of his life enterprise. It determined his attitude toward others and his estimate of the Chinese character. From such a viewpoint he spoke while on fur-

lough of the worth of those among whom he labored, "I will say that nowhere on earth will you find more faithful friendships or more conscientious observance of the principles of right and justice, as they understand them, than right there in what we call heathendom."

If proclaiming the good news of the Gospel meant privation, it also spelled compensation, for this is his testimony: "It has been my privilege to travel around this world three times, to cross the Pacific ocean eight times, to meet missionaries from all countries, and I have yet to meet an unhappy missionary, whose heart was in the work. We must undergo many things which nothing else could persuade us to undergo except the joy of serving God and winning souls. But it seems to me the joy of winning souls in heathen lands is far greater than winning them at home, for we have the joy of unfolding the blessed truths to darkened minds for the first time." Such testimony was rooted in definite conviction such as is expressed in one of his sermons:

"The broad foundation of Christian life is unwavering faith in Jesus Christ as the only Savior. 'Going on to perfection' is the only way to realize a truly progressive career. If Jesus is our life we have been renewed by the Holy Spirit. We have new hearts wherein

Jesus dwells by faith and love. We have new natures, new hopes and new powers to do God's will. This glorious, merciful and all-powerful Savior is our Savior. Christ said to His disciples, 'I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly.' When days of sickness, temptation, doubt, and discouragement come upon us, when bereavement and aching loneliness come into our hearts and homes, when we are called to part with loved ones dearer than life, what are we to do? Believe. Trust God's promises. Joy cometh in the morning. What inexpressible comfort to feel that Jesus is ours! A friend who sticketh closer than a brother! Able to sympathize and comfort and bind up the bleeding and aching heart as no friend on earth can do."

The secret springs of action are perhaps no more evident than in the two Scripture texts he quoted as he took the Moderator's chair in Des Moines in 1906: "What doth Jehovah require of thee but to do justly and to love kindness and to walk humbly with thy God?" "And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving each other, even as God also in Christ forgave you." "These," he said, "have been the guiding stars of my life. Let us follow these things, my brethren, and we shall be true followers of the Lord Jesus Christ."

XIX

COMRADES OF THE CROSS

THE work of Foreign Missions was regarded by Hunter Corbett as a distinctively co-operative business. He thoroughly believed that each member at the station had a particular and individual line of work to which he was called, and that these varied lines of action should fit harmoniously into one vast undertaking. Nor were his estimates of value confined to work upon the foreign field. They were commensurate with the far-reaching forces of prayer and influence. They embraced the workers in the homeland and the toilers abroad, irrespective of denomination, and this made them all comrades of the cross. It was because he knew the lines of missionary labor repeatedly crossed and recrossed in the Shantung province, that he was averse to take honor to himself in the results of organization and ingathering. "It is all one work, and all of us have had a share in it," he often remarked in reviewing the history of missions in China.

During his lifetime he witnessed the rise and development of the China Inland Mission

under Hudson Taylor, and he had that gifted organizer and man of faith come before his Bible Training classes repeatedly and address the students. Early in his service in China he was also thrown into intimate relations with Rev. J. B. Hartwell, one of the members of the Southern Baptist Mission at Tengchow. Mr. Hartwell sailed from New York in November of 1858, and the following spring arrived at Shanghai, and later located at Tengchow, where, in October, 1862, he organized a Baptist church with eleven members, and so far as is known, this is the first Protestant church to be organized north of Shanghai. He was thus established upon Chinese soil when Hunter Corbett arrived at Tengchow in 1864, and the friendship of these two men dates back to the time when the latter reached this treaty port.

But naturally the ties of Hunter Corbett's friendship were strongest with the men who were closely allied with him in the experiences of those years during which his most strenuous service was rendered. The three thus claiming this primal relation were Drs. Calvin Mateer, John L. Nevius and Chas. R. Mills. Mr. Mateer was a friend of seminary days, and together with their wives they had sailed from New York on the six months' voyage to China. Each of the friends was possessed of

a strong will, good mind, and tireless energy. After the first few months in China their chosen work carried them to separate vocations and localities, but as they met frequently they planned and labored together. Their conferences were often the case of Greek meeting Greek. They were unsparing in their criticism of each other. It was given face to face with amazing frankness and received for profit, then putting their heads together they planned and prayed for new conquests. Their first itineraries were made together with never-to-be-forgotten experiences on long journeys, and in crowded inns, and thronged markets. They wrestled with problems of transportation when wheelbarrows broke down, pack mules rolled in the mud, floods blocked their way along indescribable roads, and dishonest coolies stole their belongings, but through all these experiences their souls were knit together with a friendship akin to that of David and Jonathan, and the stations of Tengchow and Chefoo bear evidence of the mutual regard of these stalwart veterans in the King's service. Dr. Mateer accomplished a remarkable work in his college at Tengchow, and died in 1908 and was buried at Chefoo.

Rev. John L. Nevius, D. D., was another associate much of whose missionary effort was interwoven with that of Hunter Corbett. He

came to the Chefoo station in 1871. Previous missionary experiences at Ningpo enabled him to readily adjust himself to the opportunities offered at the northern port city. He built the commodious Nan Lo, within a stone's throw of the Corbett house on the slope overlooking the Chefoo harbor. He taught, preached, and itinerated in close association with his colleague. His busy mind was continually observing the manners and customs of the Chinese and noting the distinguishing features of the land through which he was constantly passing on his preaching journeys, and his prolific pen gave to the public many interesting books and newspaper articles relative to China and the Chinese. Under his direction orchards and vineyards were planted on the hilltops and mountain slopes around Chefoo, and are to this day the living monuments of his skill and ability as a horticulturist.

The list of these early associates in the work would be incomplete without reference to Rev. Charles Rogers Mills, D. D., who, with his wife, passed through the tragic experiences of the Tengchow station during the first years of its history. The Mills were established in a heathen temple at this northern port city when the Mateers and the Corbetts arrived from America, and they invited the newcomers to share with them their strange home. In

these congested living quarters an intimate friendship was developed which stood the test of enforced and oftentimes inconvenient contact. The Presbyterian church at Tengchow was organized in 1865, and Dr. Mills was its pastor until the time of his death thirty years later. He carried on an extensive itinerating work around Tengchow, superintended numerous out-stations and country day schools, supplied the Ning Kia church from 1872 to 1877, and with scholarly care prepared the manuscripts of several translations and original volumes. His wife died on February 3d, 1874, and he was left with four children, one of them a deaf mute, who was sent to the School for the Deaf in Rochester, New York. On his furlough to America in 1882, Dr. Mills married Miss Annette E. Thompson, one of the teachers in this institution, and thus in the providence of God came about naturally in course of time the establishment of the School for Chinese Deaf Children, now located at Chefoo, and which, through the patient and capable ministrations of Mrs. Mills and her niece, Miss Carter, has brought blessing and brightness into the hitherto sealed lives of many. Dr. Mills died in Tengchow in 1895.

Miss C. B. Downing, an associate of Mrs. Corbett in her missionary labors among the Choctaw Indians, came to the Chefoo station

in April, 1866, and began her work as teacher in the girls' school, which was opened during the fall of this same year. She built her own house on a site adjoining the church, and the Corbett children had free access to "Dantie's" home, as it was familiarly known. She remained a constant friend to the family until her death in 1911.

Among the comrades of the cross during the early years of Hunter Corbett's service in Shantung were Rev. L. W. Eckhart, who shared in the responsibilities of the Chefoo station and preached untiringly in the villages of the province until it became necessary for him and his wife to return to America; Rev. Jasper S. McIlvaine, who, with the zeal of an apostle, pushed into the interior of China and carried the message of the cross from Peking to Tsinanfu and even 125 miles further into the regions beyond until claimed by death before completing a decade of service in the empire; Rev. J. Fisher Crosette, who, with like indomitable spirit, shared in the privations of a lonely life far inland, and gave unstinted measures of service to the blind, the poor, the sick, and the famine-stricken along the Yellow river; Rev. John Murray, the veteran missionary still at his post of duty in Tsinanfu, training evangelists for their work in this most thickly populated part of the republic.

Of a later period were others who, in saddle and shendza, school room and pulpit, shared the labors and triumphs of missionary experience with Hunter Corbett. One of these was the late Rev. Geo. Cornwell, who spent seventeen years abroad. He planned many comforts and attractions for the American sailors visiting the Chefoo port, and rendered a devoted service in many lines of activity, and with his wife fell a victim to the ravages of the cholera in 1909. Another companion of Hunter Corbett's toil was the late Dr. Paul D. Bergen, with whom he spent many happy days, both in the work at Chefoo and on the trails to and from the out-stations. Dr. Bergen was an omnivorous reader and possessed a good memory and was further gifted with ready expression, and the two men seemed to find special delight in each other's company, and their friendship became one of the traditions of the station long after the versatile doctor passed on to his seat of honor at Weihsien. Rev. W. O. Elterich, Ph. D., was for about twenty-five years associated with Hunter Corbett in the work of the Bible Training School, and later in his itinerating labors, and to him has been intrusted the responsible task of training and directing the native workers. The responsibility for the itineraries, however, has fallen chiefly upon Rev. Paul R. Abbott, as Hunter

Corbett's successor. With the growth of the country work requiring constant supervision and the institutional church in the city demanding more care, this young man has expanded with his tasks, and it was one of the satisfactions of Hunter Corbett's last years to see with what favor the Chinese received the ministrations of his younger associate.

The trail Hunter Corbett followed to the hearts of other of his co-laborers in China is too long to be followed and the stops too frequent to be enumerated. It ran from the hospital and schools on Temple Hill where were other comrades who shared in his confidence and love to the homes of the workers at Tsingtau, Weihsien, Tsinanfu, Tengchow, and the mission stations beyond; it stayed not for denominational barriers, for there were none such when he traveled in the seven-league boots of affection; it led to the doors of thousands of Chinese homes where he was bidden a friend's welcome. There is a long list of personal friends whose names are frequently met in his Journals and mentioned as household words in the Corbett home—familiar names they are, like Farnham, Martin, Smith, Leyenberger, Fitch, Happer, Kerr, Hayes, Hamilton, Neal, Scott, Chalfant, and Hunter.

When his love passed over the sea, the trail continued to run wide and far through the

homeland to the offices of the Foreign Board in New York, to the scenes of his boyhood and school life, to the churches of his early associations, and to the many other churches where he preached during his furloughs. For the secretaries of the Foreign Board, he cherished a great admiration which was coupled with warm, personal attachment. His missionary career began under the secretaryship of the Hon. Walter Lowrie, and for that statesman-like servant of the church he entertained the high regard which strong men of noble impulse and purpose feel for one another. With Dr. Ellinwood at a later date, there was the same bond of attachment, while the cords of a still closer friendship bound him to one of the present force, Dr. Arthur J. Brown. It was this friend, who, without prearrangement, placed Hunter Corbett before the 118th General Assembly as a candidate for the Moderatorship. For two of the Field Secretaries there has also been developed an attachment of more than ordinary strength,—the one with the late Dr. Thos. Marshall, who co-operated in many ways both in America and China to make the work at Chefoo a success,—his benefaction to the enterprise following his visit to China in 1888 made possible the erection of the building known as Marshall Hall.

The close attachment with the other field

secretary, Rev. C. E. Bradt, D.D. of Chicago, dates to the time when Dr. Bradt was called to become the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Wichita, Kans. The history of this church in its missionary development under its new leader unfolded like a romance. Hunter Corbett was selected as its representative on the foreign field and his support pledged by the membership, and before Dr. Bradt resigned the pastorate to accept the Field Secretaryship of the Board, he had the joy of seeing six foreign missionaries and twenty native pastors supported at one time by the local organization.

Another devoted friend, whose benefactions together with those of others secured by him, mounted into thousands of dollars, was the late Rev. S. T. Davis, M. D., of Kansas City, Mo. Dr. Davis continued his interest and efforts in supplementary support of Hunter Corbett's activities from the year 1879, "working out of sight," as he said, "like a mole to bring hidden treasures into light." In 1913 he went to China and visited at Chefoo, and in company with Rev. Paul Abbott, itinerated through the province of Shantung quite extensively, and there saw some of the results of his thirty-four years of devoted benefaction.

XX

BACK TO ANTIOCH

FOUR furloughs in fifty-six years of service, with a brief release of four months, during which time he made a flying trip to America, is the record of Hunter Corbett's so-called vacations. These cessations from labor in China were little other than change of scene, for the work was pushed in the homeland with much of the same vigor that characterized it abroad. But in the change there was rest. Hunter Corbett was patriotic to the core. Feelings of loyalty for his native country were accentuated during the time of his absence from America, and upon his return the views of her cities, mountains, valleys, fields, and peaceful homes, were refreshing nectar to his soul. They were also the unfolding of the leaves in God's great book of the nations, and as a wide-awake student of events and conditions, he read his lessons there as the train rushed by.

Then, too, these periods of release gave him opportunity to keep his friendships in repair,

which was one of the cardinal principles of his life. It is difficult to picture Paul and Barnabas returning to Antioch from their missionary journeys with more genuine happiness of heart than Hunter Corbett experienced when landing at San Francisco or New York. He had tasted some of their experiences, had been gladdened by similar blessings and had rejoiced in them, and like those first missionaries, it was his delight to gather the church together and rehearse all that God had done and how he had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles.

His first furlough was taken in 1875. The records of this first visit to the homeland are extremely meager, but they are freighted with interesting occurrences. He came with his three motherless children to the home of his parents at Leatherwood, Pa., and went out as occasion offered, to present the cause of Foreign Missions and to speak particularly upon phases of this work in China. The foreign missionary and his message were not then as popular in the church as to-day. Ignorance of conditions was appalling and matched only by indifference. In going among the churches, Hunter Corbett was compelled to pay nearly all his expenses without remuneration, and expended five hundred dollars of his little capital

in order to sow the seed of missionary information. It was galling to his soul to present the facts and have them lodge against the narrowness of natures which never saw anything beyond the greed and gain of their own accumulations.

Sometimes the foolish questionings of his auditors drew fire, as once when a member of a purse-bound congregation in Kansas inquired of him, "If the Chinese can live on three cents a day, why can't you?" "I can, and so can you, but until you do, you have no right to demand it of me," he retorted. "Here," he continued, "look at your cornfields. You are burning the corn for fuel, the pumpkins are rotting between the rows; around the edges of the fields the tall prairie grass is bleaching in the wind and rain. In a week's time each of you men could gather corn enough to do your family for a year; in another week you could preserve enough pumpkins to last for the year also. Then during the third week you could collect enough bundles of grass and cornstalks to serve as fuel for an entire year if you used it as do the Chinese. But at the end of three weeks you must stop collecting supplies of food and fuel, for you will then have far more than the average man in China can hope to have by working from dawn till dark

the whole year through. Now until you are willing to live on this scale, you have no right to ask me to do it."

Hunter Corbett's visits to the churches at this time took him over eight states. He spoke with great earnestness but made no appeals for gifts and took no collections, for he was not after money, simply sowing the seed in a campaign of missionary education. The harvest was gathered by others in after years. Meantime he planned his own routes and paid his own expenses. It was during this first furlough that he met Miss Mary Nixon of Pittsburgh, Pa., and was married on Sept. 16, 1875. She accompanied him on his visits to many of the American churches, and on the 15th of June 1876 they sailed from New York on the State of Virginia, and after spending some time in Scotland and the countries of Europe, passed on to China.

It was ten years before he again returned to America,—a period of intensely active service and enlarged opportunity made possible by effort to relieve suffering during the famine of 1876-1878, and the response given by the Chinese as a consequence. It was while returning from one of his strenuous itineraries during which he had baptized over 250 converts, that he received the news of the drowning of his

son Merle. The boy was a lad of exceptional promise and had already dedicated himself to the foreign work, and was entertaining the hope of joining his father in China upon the completion of his course in College and Seminary. It was while Merle was watching the waters of Leatherwood Creek near the old home in Clarion County, Pennsylvania, that the current of the flood undermined the rock upon which he was standing and so flung him to his death in the raging stream. When the news of this sad fatality reached Hunter Corbett it was as though the oak of his nature had been stricken in the throes of a storm. He returned from his itinerary completely prostrated. His feet and body began to swell and the consulting physicians gave no hope of recovery. The school at Chefoo was dismissed and the seventy-two men in training there scattered through the province and stirred up the Christians everywhere to pray for the recovery of the missionary. In answer to their petitions, Hunter Corbett's life was spared and he was restored to health.

On his second furlough Hunter Corbett reached San Francisco with his family on Oct. 23, 1885, and with his usual energy and friendliness, visited the churches of the city, and before leaving two weeks later, had met many of

the Christian workers in that western metropolis and identified himself with the agencies there employed in the spread of the Kingdom. It was a repetition of the same story in Tacoma, Washington, where he went next. Here he established himself in more permanent quarters, and immediately proceeded to become acquainted with the ministers of the city and place his services at their disposal. Thus he passed the time preaching and speaking as occasion offered, sometimes in the pulpits of the city or in the nearby churches, and frequently through an interpreter to the Indians on the neighboring reservation. The work was further varied by efforts in the interests of the Chinese in America, and the writing of numerous articles for the press, particular attention being given to an article for the Foreign Missionary on "Twenty-five Years' Work in Shantung, China."

In May of 1886 Hunter Corbett left Tacoma for the eastern states. On the way he attended the sessions of the General Assembly which met in Minneapolis. He then passed on to visit his parents in their Leatherwood home, and later toured through the east, speaking in a number of prominent churches and visited at Clifton Springs and Chautauqua in New York. His further itineraries carried him through

Colorado, Iowa, Nebraska, Wisconsin and Ohio, and then again to the states of the east and even into Canada, the path of his wide journeys during the summer converging three times at Niagara Falls. At daybreak on the morning of Feb. 28th, 1887, after a sad parting with his aged parents, he again set his face toward China. The route of departure, however, led him into many pulpits on his zigzag tour to the western coast, the record showing no less than 18 churches visited before he sailed with his family from San Francisco on April 16th. The many friends who gathered at the wharf sang together "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," as the steamer, The City of Peking, weighed anchor and steamed west.

The family arrived at Chefoo on May 20, and again Hunter Corbett turned to his chosen work on Chinese soil with happy enthusiasm. He was now fifty-one years of age, physically toughened by itinerating experiences which would have broken a less rugged physique, and the labors of the succeeding decade are a marvel of accomplishment and physical endurance. Twice each year the long and laborious journeys were taken into the interior to make the round of the inland churches and schools, to preach and receive candidates, to examine pu-

pils and supervise the work of the teachers, to adjust the thousand and one details centering in these numerous activities, to visit the wheys in village and fu, and to open new preaching stations in remote regions where some of his trained workers had preceded him and blazed the trail for a still more extended work. His experiences among the Shantung hills and valleys, amid the perils of lonely mountain roads and raging rivers, and in the thronging cities, were singularly like those of the great apostle to the Gentiles as he labored centuries before among the villages of Asia Minor and the cities of the Mediterranean coast. Nor were the sorrows of separation lacking during this period, since bereavement came to him by the death of his faithful wife on October 7th, 1888. He was called back to Chefoo from his itinerary too late to see again in life her who by her beautiful Christian character and gentle refinement had left a lasting impress upon his home and the mission.

In 1893 the mother of Hunter Corbett sustained an injury which resulted in a long term of invalidism terminated by death eight years later. News of this accident determined him to make a speedy trip to America during the summer months. He left Chefoo on the 8th of May for Shanghai where he attended

Synod, and shipped on the steamer Mogul for Tacoma, Washington, reaching the western coast on June 23rd. After a hurried visit to Chicago he hastened on to the bedside of his mother in the Leatherwood homestead. It was a visit which brought unspeakable comfort to the aged invalid and well-earned rest to the missionary. He remained continuously with his mother and daughter Elizabeth for 35 days, leaving the home for one night only, and two lines from his Journal tell what the visit meant to him: "The five weeks fled like a dream all too quickly. I have not enjoyed such solid rest in thirty years." On the 12th of August he started on his return trip to China, looping back to the west by way of Chautauqua and Toronto, and was soon again at Chefoo ready for his autumn itinerary.

Prior to this trip to America he had been happily married to Miss Harriet R. Sutherland who had been sent to China as a missionary by the Canadian Church and three years after the visit to the homeland, in the summer of 1896 came the time of his regular furlough. The Chinese Christians in the Chefoo church, with their inborn sense of courtesy, wholly upon their own initiative prepared for Hunter Corbett's mother a letter which was inscribed on silk and signed by more than 300

members, and this they sent with him. The translation follows:

Chefoo, Shantung, China
The 18th Day of the 3d Moon of the
22nd year of H. I. M. Kwang Su
(April 30th, 1896)

To the Honored Mother of our Beloved Pastor Rev. Hunter Corbett, D. D.

We, the members of the Presbyterian Church of Chefoo, Shantung, China, would herewith respectfully send our regards to you. Though we have never had the pleasure of knowing you personally, and have only seen your picture, yet, because of our beloved pastor, Dr. Hunter Corbett, our hearts go out in love to you. We know that a few years ago you met with an accident which has since confined you to your couch. We can realize how much you must have longed for the presence of our pastor, and how anxious also he was to be with his mother. We remember how the Mission granted his request to return home for a time to attend to the wants of his beloved mother. Since then our esteem and respect for you have grown because of the fact, that though you were more than eighty years of age and had received a severe injury which prevented you from going about, yet you did not claim your right—though no one could have objected under the circumstances—to keep him with you. We know it was from your desire not to hinder the work of the Lord that you so willingly permitted our pas-

tor to return to us, in order that he might continue to feed us with the bread of life. For this we cannot but truly thank you.

As to our beloved pastor we truly cannot refrain from praising him because of his many noble qualities. Has he not for more than thirty years here in China undergone innumerable hardships for the sake of the Gospel? Has he not during this time received more than a thousand pupils, and had the pastoral care of several thousand Christians? Did he not give all his strength and mind to the work, and how many of the poor have been the recipients of his noble generosity? And as to his devotedness to the work we cannot but mention how his footprints are to be found in nearly every part of this province, and his words of exhortation still echo in all places, so that when the seed thus sown shall spring up and bear fruit, the harvest thereof shall be truly great. We have still more cause for praise when we think of ourselves, church members and pupils, how according to the Scriptures, in season and out of season, our pastor exhorted us, reminded us most earnestly of our duties, and prayed for us day and night. Of him can be truly said what Paul testified of himself to the Ephesian Elders, that he shrank not from telling unto them that which was profitable. (Acts xx:20). Therefore when he is now about to return to his home we can scarcely give him up. We rejoice however in the thought that he will see his beloved mother again and sincerely trust that he may be able to return soon

to China and shepherd us as formerly. We are also hoping that his dear sons and daughters may be enabled to finish their studies, and in due season return to China and take up and continue the work for which you yourself and their father have already sacrificed so much. We are

Most Respectfully,
The Members of the Presbyterian
Church of Chefoo, Shantung, China.

The days of this furlough were as usual filled to the limit of his endurance by his preaching and missionary addresses. During the autumn months he attended a number of meetings in the Synods of the east and middle west. The remaining time was fully occupied and in August of the following year he again returned to China and reached Chefoo on Sept. 6th, 1897, where he and his family were accorded a warm welcome at the mission by Mrs. J. L. Nevius, Miss Bainbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. E. Speer of New York, Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Shoemaker of Ningpo, and other friends together with more than a hundred Chinese Christians. A week later he was in the saddle swinging across the Shantung hills on one of his far-ranging itineraries, and with no abatement of energy his labors were continued through the succeeding decade.

The year 1906 brought him once more to

America. This was to be for him an eventful year in that he came as a commissioner to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., and as the time of meeting drew near, many of his fellow-commissioners frankly told him they intended to make of him something more than a mere commissioner. The Assembly met in Des Moines, Iowa. So also did the Hoo Hoos, a convention of the state physicians, and a conference of the Brethren in Christ, to say nothing of a circus, and a meeting of milliners, and moreover they all chose the same date for convening, so that when the trains unloaded their thousand Presbyterian commissioners and visitors the hotels of Iowa's capital city "out-sardined any box of sardines." This congested condition may have contributed toward generating ecclesiastical interest in producing candidates for the Moderatorship, for when the speeches of the afternoon were at an end, the names of five Doctors of Divinity were before the Assembly, —A. B. Marshall of Minneapolis, T. J. Cleland of Duluth, John F. Hendy of Jefferson, Mo., J. L. Barkley of Detroit, and Hunter Corbett. The nominating speech for the last named was made by Dr. Arthur J. Brown of New York, one of the secretaries of the Foreign Board. His masterly address coupled with the record

of his candidate appealed to the heroic in the commissioners, and at the close of the third ballot Hunter Corbett was declared elected.

This meeting of the Assembly was especially noted for its action in effecting the union of the Cumberland and U. S. A. Presbyterian churches, and while Hunter Corbett may not have been classed as a strict parliamentarian, the fine spirit of the man was evident at every turn of the deliberations, and this led to a happy issue for every problem confronted. By the action of the Assembly in accepting the recommendation of the Foreign Board, an extension of his furlough was granted to Hunter Corbett until after the meeting of 1907. This privilege he accepted in part only, and throughout the remaining months of the year visited many of the prominent churches of America as invited, and left for China late in the following winter. One of the pleasant incidents of this furlough which he delighted to relate was his meeting with Theodore Roosevelt who was then in the White House. Hunter Corbett was presented by the pastor of one of the Washington churches, who said, "Mr. Roosevelt, this man has been in China almost as many years as you are old." The President gave his hand a vigorous shake and responded with characteristic

cordiality, "By George, I am glad to meet you." Then with great earnestness he proceeded, "I want you to tell the Chinese people I am determined that justice shall be done them. Tell them that they must help me, and that mobs such as at the killing of our missionaries in Lien Chow hinder me and all others who are urgent to see justice done to the Chinese."

In February, 1907, more than a thousand Presbyterian men from New York to San Francisco, and from Texas to Minnesota, gathered into Omaha, Nebraska to attend the sessions of an Inter-Synodical Mission for Men. At the close of this great gathering and shortly before leaving for the western coast on his way to China, Hunter Corbett delivered "A' Parting Word to the Men of America," while the entire assembly remained standing throughout the brief address. He said in conclusion:

"The great privilege which I have enjoyed the past year in being permitted in many assemblies to tell of God's work in China; the intelligent and sympathetic interest many have shown in the mission work: the opportunity of renewing and keeping friendship in repair, together with the kind hospitality I have received in many Christian homes, have given me a treasure of happy memories and an inspira-

tion which will make all my remaining life in China more glad and hopeful. More than forty years spent in China have deepened my faith in the exceeding preciousness of the Gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. An imperative need of every Christian, as well as all men, is to have an experimental and growing knowledge of the Gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. The Gospel is also the antidote to despair and countless ills. All who love the truth and earnestly desire to have a richer experience of the full and overflowing life promised to obedient disciples must make unwavering loyalty to Jesus life's keynote; all must honor the Holy Spirit and implicitly follow His guidance. . . . Shall we not all hope and earnestly pray for God's richest blessing not only to follow and abide with every member of this Assembly, but that every Church and community here represented shall share in a great revival that will sweep over the world and establish a Universal Brotherhood of Christian Men? Farewell!"

XXI

SUNSET ON TEMPLE HILL

IT is very beautiful to see the sunset shadows close in upon Temple Hill at Chefoo. The purpling lights shift and change on mountain and sea. The steamers and junks lying at anchor in the harbor are bathed in the golden glow of eventide. Like a filmy veil the smoke hangs over the dark roofs of the native city. A flag is waved in parting signal to an outbound steamer and the sea seems restful and quiet in the far view. The men who have been upon the hill for the afternoon, remove their bird cages, each with its singing lark, from the limbs of the evergreens in the shade of the temple walls and start down the slope in little groups. On the treeless levels below, the boys draw in their bright winged kites and turn homeward. The deeper shadows that have long filled the hollows on the gray mountain sides creep down the sunken water courses and silently steal upon the city. From a position close by the native church one looks across the highway to the foreign cemetery stretched along the hillside only a few rods

away, then back to the house of many pillars, and while the waning light fades over the darkening city, the restful sea and the ashen mountains, there is the feeling of fitness coupling the close of a perfect day with the sunset glory of a life triumphant. The scene and the season are somehow significant of the passing of Hunter Corbett.

The steamer which on March 13th, 1907, bore him from San Francisco rent by its earthquake and blackened by its fire of the preceding year, carried him to Shanghai where he attended the sessions of the Morrison Centennial Convention and then hastened on to Chefoo. The news of his coming had preceded him, and 500 Chinese Christians and other friends awaited him upon the wharf with banners and singing. It was a glad return after an absence of eighteen months. The threads of work were speedily caught up and he was almost immediately engaged with his labors in the school room and pulpit and once more resumed the oversight of the inland schools and churches.

At the conclusion of forty-five years of missionary service, when he was seventy-four years of age, with beautiful Christian spirit he concluded the supplement of his Personal Report for 1908 in which he reviewed his

work in the Chi Mi district with these words:

"As I think of the forty-five years which have passed since my first arrival in China, I am reminded of the Chinese proverb 'The life of an old person is like a candle between two doors, easily blown out.' Reason therefore tells me it is best at this time that this field should be transferred to the care of younger and braver men, perpetually stirred by the enthusiasm which comes from fresh views of duty. In saying farewell to all the dear people of that district, it is but human that there should be a heart wrench. Surely there is reason why my heart goes out tenderly to that people, and while life lasts they will have a large share in my sympathies and prayers, even though I have ceased to be their pastor and official director."

His natural force, however, was not abated, and when he was seventy-six years of age he could yet out-do most of his companions in the exhausting work of a long itinerary, and would return from his journeys through the province to engage in his correspondence and resume his duties as preacher, teacher, and administrator, with a freshness and vigor that was the wonder of all. A younger missionary wrote of him after one of these far journeys into the country, "I was simply amazed at the recuperative powers of this man of 76. It was

no easy task for the younger man to keep up to his pace. He is like a battleship in full action delivering broadside after broadside. He is preaching all the time and to every one."

But with the summer of 1913 came a threatened break and an enforced suspension of activity. The unremitting toil of long journeys into the interior during the past years, the unavoidable exposure on the mountain highways, and the necessary privations in the hostelries of the villages through which he traveled, naturally exacted a toll of physical suffering which he endured with quiet fortitude during a portion of the sunset period. The days and nights of pain were cheered and relieved by the loving devotion and intelligent ministrations of his wife and a similar service of love on the part of his children and fellow-workers. Wooed back into a condition of comparative health, it was to take up his tasks again according to his strength and pursue them perseveringly to the end. Every phase of the enlarging work of the station made possible by the Kennedy benefaction and the decision of the Foreign Board at New York, challenged his interest, and it was delightful to see with what enthusiasm and hearty co-operation he entered into the plans of the younger members of the station. Every step of advance made

in the churches, the schools, and the hospital, was warmly seconded by him, and his appreciative enthusiasm over the achievements of others, together with the welcome given to his counsels and efforts by his co-laborers, combined to make this feature of unanimity one of the outstanding triumphs of the Chefoo station.

During the period following Hunter Corbett's last visit to the United States, he was repeatedly honored by his friends in China and America. In addition to the degrees of D. D. and L. L. D. which had already been conferred by Washington and Jefferson College in 1886 and 1902, the Chinese government bestowed on him the decoration of the Double Dragon, and on numerous occasions expression was given to the feelings of appreciative regard in which he was held by all. His seventy-fifth birthday was one of these red-letter occasions. Word of the approaching event was quietly passed among his friends in many parts of the world, and the postman fairly staggered under the load of responses which he bore to Temple Hill on Dec. 8th, 1910. Nearly 700 letters, postals, and other expressions of good-will were received by Hunter Corbett, and all were acknowledged,—very many of them being answered by a per-

sonal letter written during the time the pneumonic plague of 1911 kept the city of Chefoo under quarantine.

The celebration of his eightieth birthday took yet more substantial form. It was proposed that the Boys' Academy which he had founded fifty years before, should on this occasion be renamed the Hunter Corbett Academy, and that funds for new buildings be provided. An excellent sketch of his life was prepared by his daughter, Mrs. Harold F. Smith, and this, together with a statement of the need for the proposed memorial, was given extended distribution among his friends with the result that $8,248.50 were contributed toward the project. On his birthday, Chinese, Americans, and the representatives of other nationalities gathered in large numbers on Temple Hill and heartily entered into the spirit of the celebration. A delegation of British missionaries came to present a copy of the New Testament in Chinese and a silver plate as a token of an organ they had ordered for the new Academy. The Chinese came bringing banners and scrolls bearing legends expressive of their regard for "Gwoa-Musa" (the equivalent of Pastor Corbett). One of the banners was prepared by the thirty-one churches of Shantung Presbytery and its characters signified Long Life and

Love. Seventy of his pupils presented three satin banners citing the fact, "that to-day, staff in hand at the age of eighty, meeting any teacher he speaks to him of the Truth and of the Truth alone in a thoroughly clear fashion." A group of prominent business men gave a banner of blue portraying him as "a revealer of virtue." Among the numerous scrolls presented was one reading "Long Life, as great as the mountains and the stars, as high as imperial favor. Happiness, as deep as the ocean and the clouds, as favored as a chosen site."

Early in 1918 Hunter Corbett wrote:

"During the last year I have passed the eighty-second milestone on life's journey and rejoice that strength has been given me to assist daily in teaching the twenty-five choice young men in the Bible Training School at Chefoo, and also each afternoon in preaching in the street chapel and museum, where for more than fifty years the Gospel has been daily preached, scriptures sold, and tracts distributed. The influence of this work has been far reaching in many inland towns and villages. The seed thus sown has been blessed of God in bringing many to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. I have been able also to visit the sick in Christian homes and help in pastoral work."

Through all these sunset years time was

given for reflection and this he improved by re-inforcing with abundant prayer. Often he would appear in the family circle with the impress of the wicker chair showing clearly upon his forehead where as he had prayed, the strands of willow set the seal of the intercessor upon his brow. During this period he followed the affairs of his children and grandchildren with loving concern. He was specially interested in the movements of his grandson Lieut. Geo. P. Hays of Oklahoma, and justly proud of the Congresssional Medal bestowed upon the young officer for his conduct at the second battle of the Marne. With the recollection of Civil War experiences stirring him, Hunter Corbett thrilled with every advance of our boys in France, and many were his fervent prayers for victory and a righteous peace.

Annually as the eighth of December arrived, he would unfailingly send out a special birthday letter to the members of his widely scattered family. That of 1918, to relatives in America, is characteristic of his spirit, and is here reproduced in part:

Chefoo, Dec. 8, 1918

My dear Children and Grandchildren in America:

On this my 83rd birthday I send you all very hearty greetings. Surely to me has been fulfilled "With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation." On my birthday I always read and meditate Psalms 90 and 91. Surely I should rejoice and give thanks for all God's goodness to me. For the happy restful home I have had; for all the dear children who have made glad my heart; for the many friends who have constantly remembered me at the Mercy Seat; for work and the joy I have found in preaching in Chinese. Near the sunset of my life "I am nearer my home to-day than I ever have been before." To-day I saw six Chinese women kneeling at a new-made grave and wailing as only those living without hope can wail. Who has made us to differ?

His letter of Dec. 8, 1919 was received in America several weeks after the announcement of his death by cablegram. It reads:

My dear Children in U. S. A.

I would rejoice if I could meet you all, children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren to-day. All I can do is to wish you joy, peace and happiness and pray for you. . . . Here I was called out of my study to meet the teachers and pupils from the various schools who came to wish me a happy birthday. They seemed to almost fill the court. What a contrast to the first school I opened here with three pupils,—two of whom ran off after two

days to escape the threats to take their lives if they remained. . . . I have just returned from hearing the students of my Bible Training school recite. The Scripture lesson for this day was Ecclesiastes 2nd chapter. Happy are those who do not aim to imitate Solomon in his earthly career. I have found life "good and lovely, sweet and peaceful," and daily thank God for having guided and blessed me the past 84 happy years.

With the closing of the year it became evident to his friends that Hunter Corbett's sunset was fast deepening into night. No overshadowing cloud arose and obscured the mental horizon. There was simply the natural waning of the intenser light of life's long bright day. On Christmas morning he attended an entertainment given by the Chinese, and that evening shared in the community dinner served at the home of his daughter. A few days later he was stricken with paralysis, and the end came peacefully in the early morning of Wednesday, January 7th, 1920.

It was his expressed desire that the Chinese Christians take charge of the funeral, and to accommodate the large numbers who wished to attend, a double service was arranged. His body was carried into the Temple Hill church on Friday morning where the pupils of the mission schools gathered at ten o'clock. The

great building was thronged to the entrance way, and an atmosphere of sincere sympathy and genuine love marked the entire service. Nothing could have been more appropriate and impressive in closing than to hear those hundreds of fresh young voices sing together Hunter Corbett's favorite hymn, "Jesus Loves Me."

In the afternoon the Chinese adults and almost the entire foreign community came together for the service at three o'clock. Native Christians had come in from distant counties to be present and show their respect for their friend and spiritual father. The Chinese members wore upon their sleeve a black band of mourning which also served as a sign for admission. The hillside around the church was thronged with a vast crowd which had surged up from the city below. At the conclusion of the impressive service conducted in both Chinese and English, sixteen stalwart men, most of whose parents had been brought to Christ by Hunter Corbett, bore the heavy casket from the church doors to the cemetery gates, passing through a double line of school children and students who thus acted as a special guard of honor. At the gates of the cemetery, which he had himself helped to mark out upon the hillslope more than fifty

years before, the Chinese friends were replaced by the foreign pall bearers, including the Commissioner of Customs, two leading merchants of the city, teachers, and missionary friends of years. As the body was committed to the grave in the plot adjoining that of his colleague, Dr. Calvin Mateer, and near to the one where Dr. J. L. Nevius was laid to rest twenty-five years before, a double quartette from the Hunter Corbett Academy sang with peculiar fitness and feeling in their mother tongue, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." The brief Committal service was then read by Dr. Elterich, and the great throng went away in the waning light of the winter sunset comforted with the assurance that we shall rise again.

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