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Desultory Notes on some of the Elements of Chinese Etiquette.*

BY THE LATE REV. A. G. JONES.

THESE notes have been printed for private circulation under the conviction that the matter they deal with is one of importance to missionaries in China. Whether they wear the Chinese costume or not, the question of politeness, courtesy, and a gentlemanly bearing in any case remain; and it can never be a matter of indifference to a missionary and his work as to whether he is acquainted with the forms which give expression to a courteous intention or lives in ignorance and carelessness about these things. No man can hope to be acceptable to a people whose prejudices he is always offending and whose ideas of propriety he is always thwarting; not only that, but as we suffer in their estimation so must our message and our work. Who is it that does not know that our attitude towards others and their opinions is largely governed by the feelings which their conduct and bearing excite in us?

Three other things it is desirable to observe. First. It is not meant that any one should devote attention to propriety and etiquette so far as to make themselves contemptible by doing so. Secondly. It is the decided opinion of the writer that *such*

* These notes were referred to in our July issue, pp. 367 and 407 ff. One of our readers has kindly sent us a copy, and as the pamphlet seems to be out of print, we reprint it for the benefit of the many who have not seen it.—Ed. RECORDER.

Farewell my friend and brother! You have found rest at last in the joy of our Lord, while I, though older than you, am left to tread the dusty road. To this *adieu*, it is, thank God, the Christian's privilege to add an *au revoir* as we look to the day, not far distant, when we shall meet again.

No new recruit can fill the place of an experienced veteran, but let me express the hope that our new recruits will rise to the height of the fallen leader. May they, like him, be men of trained talent and of untiring devotion to the cause of our Master.

PEARL GROTTO, NEAR PEKING, *August 27th, 1906.*

In Memoriam.—Mrs. Alice S. Davis.

BY REV. HAMPDEN C. DUBOSE, D.D.

At the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, 1876, two young lady visitors were introduced to each other by a mutual friend, and casually in conversation they found out that each was considering the question of offering herself for work in China. From that day their souls were "knit" together. They were appointed together by the Presbyterian Board in New York; they came together to China, arriving February, 1878; they were married at the same time, December 4th, 1878; and together they spent most of their missionary life in Soochow. The one was Mrs. Alice S. Parker, the classic scholar, the gifted teacher, the earnest labourer and charming friend, who entered into rest in the summer of 1901. The other, the subject of this sketch, was Mrs. Alice S. Davis, the wife of Rev. John W. Davis, D.D., who died March 10th, 1906, in the 56th year of her age.

Left an orphan in her early years, Mrs. Davis was adopted by her maternal aunt, the wife of Rev. James A. Reed, D.D., who for ten years preached at Wooster, Ohio, and afterwards for twenty years was the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Springfield, Illinois. Her home associations were with the Manse—its sacred environments, its multitudinous calls, its ministrations in sorrow, its social duties, its literary surroundings, its ministerial visitors, and its holy influences. Suffice it to say our friend was a pattern of good works to the youth of the church, with whom she was a great favourite.

Her gifts and graces specially shone forth after she had a home of her own. Quick in her movements, active in her labors, gentle in her manners, joyful in her disposition, merry in her conversation, prudent in her speech, helpful to her neighbors, weeping in sorrow as easily as a child, a kind nurse by the sick bed, a lover of hospitality, she stretched out her hand to the poor, looked well to the ways of her own household, and husband and children blessed and praised her.

She loved the Chinese people and exerted a wholesome influence over those with whom she came in contact. She spoke well in the native tongue, and her two day-schools were of a high order of

excellence. She was always at her place by the organ at service, and exhorted the women to choose that good part which shall never be taken away from them. Her love of her chosen work continued to the end. Her pastor, Rev. O. A. Hills, D.D., wrote after her departure that "her interest in missions was constant and deep. A few weeks before her death, at a meeting of the Ladies' Missionary Society which she attended, all were impressed by a prayer in which she showed a deep insight into the Chinese situation and a warm concern for the success of Chinese missions."

As a mother the finest traits of her character were displayed. Self-denying almost to a fault, watching over her children with anxious solicitude, joining most heartily in their sports, aiding in their education, never seeking her own but that which was beneficial to them, with wise counsel and holy example she strove to fit them for the highest possible sphere of influence in the church which she loved so dearly.

When they returned home to school she went too and abode with them in Wooster, Ohio, the home of her childhood, where she made a home for them. Though in feeble health for some years her great desire was to come back to China to join her husband at the Theological Seminary at Nanking and her son, Prof. John W. Davis, and bright and cheery were her letters, full of expectant hope of the family reunion in July. But just before the graduation of her daughter, Miss Alice, while seeking the mild winter in the "Sunny South," at the home of her brother-in-law, the Rev. W. H. Davis, pastor of Sharon Church, she was called to a heavenly mansion and her body was laid to rest in the beautiful Elmwood Cemetery, Charlotte, North Carolina, awaiting a glorious resurrection.

One by one the little band, who in the seventies laboured in Soochow, are "gathering home."

Soochow.

In Memoriam.

REV. M. B. DUNCAN, M.A., LL.D. (GLASGOW).

BY REV. E. MORGAN.

Every life has its pathos. None more so than that which is cut off in its prime. Particularly is this felt in the case of those who are stricken down in the midst of great usefulness with lives rich in varied experience and minds that have reached the culmination of their powers. Equipped as they are to do "greater things" and ready to exhibit to the full those powers with which they have been purposely endowed to help and lead their fellow-men, their early death brings a keen sense of poignant grief. Though we may not question the inexorable decrees that regulate human life nevertheless we stand perplexed before such apparent wasteful extravagance of nature. Such are the suggestions that spring up when