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God's Dealings

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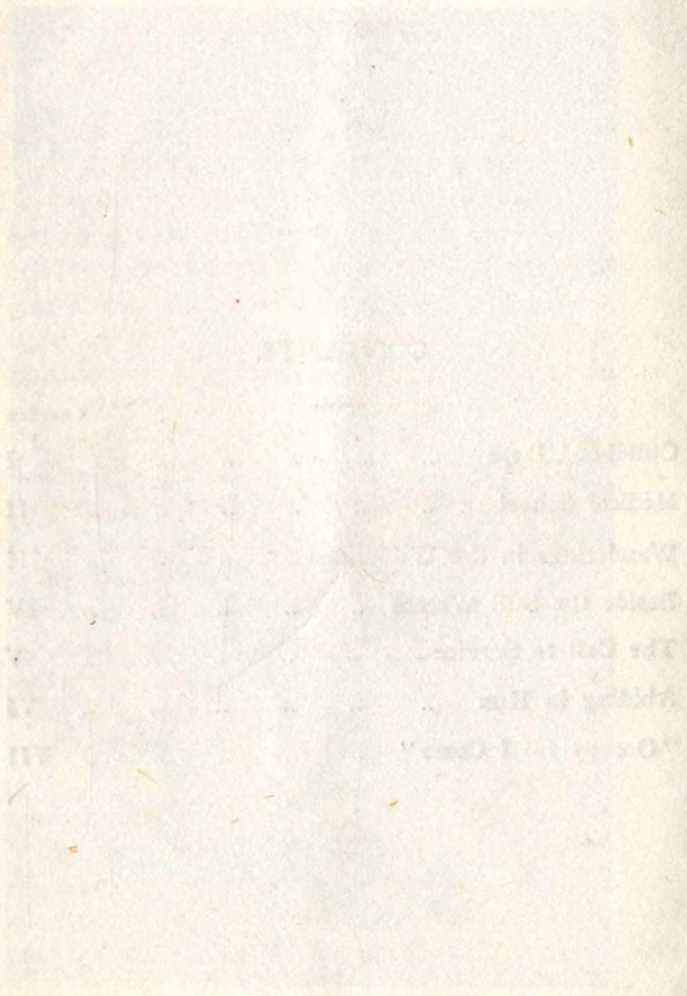
A Chinese Messenger of the
Cross



DORA YÜ.

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PREFACE

FOR many years I have been asked to write the story of my life, but have hesitated to begin it for many reasons. However, as I realize more and more that different ones are passing through the same trials and difficulties that I have met on my life's journey I feel that the telling of God's gracious leading in my life may be of help and encouragement to others. I believe, too, that the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ is near at hand, so I wish to do it quickly. Another reason that has greatly influenced me to do it was reading the life story of a friend, written after his home call, in which there are various things stated that I think he himself would have related somewhat differently. The thought led me to ask my sister not to write my life if I should be taken away suddenly. No one knows the true innermost experiences of our lives, the deep-seated sins and weakness which God's grace alone can overcome, the mistakes and the failures as well as victories, but we ourselves and the Lord, Who has with such infinite love and patience borne with us.

This is simply a testimony of God's faithful dealings with me, and there is no desire to criticize the instruments that He has used in my training, but rather is there a grateful heart for all who have been as stepping-stones to a higher life, even though at times I was tempted to resent what seemed to be interference and misunderstanding on the part of my friends. I wish to

record my gratitude for all the help I have received from many of God's servants in my life and work.

I often think that when I stand in my glorified body for the first moment in the presence of my Lord, my first exclamation will be—"Grace! Wonderful Grace!" Did He ever see anything in me to cause His love to be poured out so freely upon me? No, nothing but sinfulness, vileness and need.

I am sending this little book out with the prayer that God may use it to comfort any who may be going through similar experiences in life. We may rest assured that our loving Father will, without fail, bring us into the land of rest and victory in His Beloved Son, Jesus Christ, as we obey Him *unconditionally*.

May He prepare us for that glorious day in which we shall see our beloved and long-awaited-for Lord face to face, Who redeemed us by His own precious Blood. Amen.

Don't you.

INTRODUCTION.

As I write this brief introduction, the sound of the waves is in my ears and the vast boundless waters of the Atlantic Ocean are all around me. It is a remarkable fact that however frequently we look at the sea it never has on any two occasions exactly the same appearance, and even so in the study of human life we are in the presence of endless variety. Here we have the biography of a Chinese lady, written by herself in English and not translated. No western reader will peruse it without recognising that while it speaks the language of the one Church of God, it does so from another standpoint than our own. In this fact lies not a little of its deep interest and permanent value. It is essentially a record of the inner life where the human heart is in contact with God : and the circumstances of the outward life are referred to always as they have influenced and moulded the development of spiritual character, or as they have given expression to that which God has been working within.

“I have heard Thy voice, O Jesus,
Speaking to my heart ;—
Thou hast called me from the earth-life
To Thyself apart.”

Miss Yü was a child of Christian parents ; and the Spirit of God was evidently working in her heart from the earliest years as she writes in reference to them :—

"Christ was a very real Person to me, and I loved Him"; but let no reader expect to find here a colourless description of a smooth and easy path. There is the pathos of deep sorrow in the early death of parents deeply loved and loving, and the loneliness of a life with no brother and only one sister; the romance of an attachment and betrothal deliberately and finally set aside; and the tragedy of long years of impaired health; and a spiritual experience which sounded the depths of conviction and conflict and almost despair, before it emerged into the sunshine of the fulness of God's love in Christ.

"God His noblest lessons teaches
Through the discipline of pain,
And the darkest valley reaches
Out to our eternal gain."

It is told of a man of mature experience that he set himself to consider why, in the light of the wonderful provisions of God's grace, so few really attain to a life of holiness and steadfast communion with God. His first thought was that the hindrance lay in the lack of prayerfulness, then he saw this to be the result and not the cause of the want of spirituality. Next he saw how the hurry and the pressure and the anxieties of life stood in the way of some people; but there were others under no lighter pressure who had the victory so he felt the cause could not be there. At last it came to him that the true deep reason was to be found in the absence of a sufficient sense of the sinfulness of sin and

this he considered to be true in universal Christian experience. This note is full and sustained in Miss Yü's account of her life's experience, not only at one period of her student days when for two weeks she knew God's heart-searching to a terrible degree, but on through the years she never permitted herself to regard any known sin slightly, but always as a thing that had to be confessed for pardon and cleansing and had to be forsaken at all costs.

There is a remarkable readiness in these pages to acknowledge the transgressions and failures of the past wherever the telling of them is likely to be of benefit to others, but no one who reads this record with an opened eye, will fail to see how the grace of God has triumphed until the life has come to be lived in "the secret place of the Most High."

"Yea,—I know, O my beloved,
Wondering I know—
That Thy love is fixed upon me,
And I long to grow—

"Nearer to the heart that seeks me—
Claims me for Thine Own—
Long to live in sweet communion
With Thyself alone."

The standpoint from which Miss Yü's life has come to be regarded by others may be told in one brief instance.

Some years ago she was called to go to a part of China which was unknown to her, and a missionary lady undertook to escort her. Describing the days spent together in close personal converse the missionary wrote:—"It was not a case of the Chinese sister sitting at the feet of and learning from the Western sister, but the Western sister sitting at the feet of and learning from the Eastern one something of "the secret of the Lord" which is "with them that fear Him."

Let us recognize anew that God is no respecter of persons but whether it be in the East or in the West "they that receive the abundance of grace and of the gift of righteousness reign in life through One, even Jesus Christ." Rom. 5.17 R.V.

Walter B. Slown.

CHINA INLAND MISSION,
Newington Green, London, N.

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CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD DAYS.

I was born in the compound of the American Presbyterian Mission, in the city of Hangchow in the year 1873. My father was then studying to be a preacher. My sister, three years older than I, and myself, were the only children.

My grandfather belonged to a large and wealthy family, and was a sincere follower of Confucius, of whom I loved to hear when I was a child. He was also an ardent lover of peace and on one occasion, rather than prolong litigation which seemed inevitable, let 500 mow of land (over 80 acres) go to the Government. His home in the country was built at a cost of \$200,000 (Mex.). The wall enclosing the property was a mile in length. A fire that swept over the neighbourhood, burning for three days and three nights, consumed a large part of his fortune, though the home was left.

After this my father studied medicine and practised as a physician till the time of the Taiping Rebellion. His parents, having died before this, were spared the sufferings then experienced, but my father was taken prisoner by the Taipings. However, he gained the favour of their officials by practising medicine among the soldiers. He was ever a sympathetic and faithful physician, and came to be truly loved by the rebels. But in spite of this he felt that his life was not safe among them. He endeavoured, therefore, to escape, and one night succeeded in doing so. After the Rebellion

he went to Hangchow, where he heard the Gospel and became a Christian. At the age of forty he married my mother, who, with my grandmother, had been brought to Christ a few years previous to this time. As I look back now I praise God for the privilege of being brought up in a Christian home.

My earliest memories are of the time when I was two-and-a-half years' of age, and my parents moved to the country not far from Hangchow ; there were only twenty-four families in the whole place, but all around were beautiful tea-plantations among the hills. I have loved nature from my earliest childhood and delighted to ramble among the fields and flowers on the hillsides when my father would take us out for walks. One day a girl of our neighbourhood whose parents were members of the Church, of which my father was then in charge, saw me wandering alone, and took me with her to the tea-plantation, where she was picking tea-leaves. My father sought me in every home, but in vain, and finally in despair he went out to the hills among the tea-plantations, loudly calling my name. After awhile he recognized my baby voice crying out in reply, and following on he found me. This experience was ever to us a very real picture of Christ seeking His lost ones. I do not remember whether or not I received any punishment, but I know of the great joy in the family when I was found, as my parents so often referred to it afterwards.

After two years my father was sent back to the work in Hangchow, and I had to bid adieu to my beloved country walks and hills, but those two years had put the stamp of nature's love upon me. I love it better

now because I realize that it is my Heavenly Father's handiwork.

I attended a mission day-school as soon as I was old enough to go. My sister was very much brighter than I, and I remember feeling rather humiliated when my father held up two of his fingers to the master to signify that I was to be taught to memorize only two lines a day for my sister was learning at least twenty lines. At this time my mother's mother often came to visit us, for though she spent a good deal of time with her other children, my mother was her youngest child and she was very glad to be with us, and also I was her favourite grandchild. I used to wonder why my grandmother loved me so much, but a short time ago an old friend explained it to me without my asking. She said that when I was a child I loved to be with one who was alone, and especially when grandmother was ill I would sit by her bed by the hour, and so became her constant companion.

As far as I can remember I scarcely ever forgot to pray since I knew how to pray by myself; Christ was a very real Person to me, and I loved Him. My sister had such a fear in the dark, but I used to say to myself, "If Jesus is here, why should I fear?" And I was never afraid.

As to my nature; I believed in everybody and never doubted anything, so that, in a sense, I was quite a laughing-stock among all our friends, for I took everything in "dead earnest" and was never able to understand a joke; this still remains with me and often makes my sister and brother-in-law laugh. When a small child

I was once eating some parched rice and my mother asked for a spoonful of it; when I gave it to her she took a second, and I cried out—"Why, mother, you told a lie; you only asked for one spoonful." My mother was so amused that she fairly choked with laughter, but to me it was a very serious matter. Another time my father was sharpening a knife and a neighbour, whom I called "Auntie," told me that he was preparing to kill me; with tears in my eyes I ran and asked him if that was true. He had a twinkle in his eye, but made no reply. Any other child would have known, but so slow was my comprehension and so strong was my belief in everything told me that in many things like this I was what people would call stupid. Another incident to give you an idea of my single-mindedness; as I was going out one day I met my father, who had just returned from visiting my grandmother who had been ill. Instead of coming home with my father, as any child would have done, I went straight on, for I was going for some special purpose and that must be done before anything else. Upon my return I found that my beloved grandmother had passed away. I often offend my friends, as I do not seem to be able to take in two things at once, and if I am speaking to one person I do not seem to notice others around. If I were told to do one thing, that thing had to be done, no matter what hindrances might be in the way; and I have caught myself acting thus over and over again without realizing it and making myself appear quite stubborn to my friends.

At the age of seven I had a dream, which I have never forgotten, though I do not rely on such dreams as

always being visions or revelations from God. I seemed to be in Heaven and, though I did not see anyone, I heard musical instruments being played and voices indescribably sweet, tender, seraphic, singing heavenly music—nothing like it has ever come to my ears.

When I was eight years of age we moved again to another place, where my father was pastor, and from that time on till I was fifteen, I went to school part of the time but was mostly taught by my father at home. I indeed was more of a home-lover than a student, and I can never be sufficiently thankful for the careful attention my parents gave me at this time. Very valuable were my father's explanations and comments upon things and life in general, which in after years have proved to be a priceless inheritance.

Our beloved parents were ever faithful in their training of their children as well as in that love which was lavished upon us so freely and so tenderly. They used to speak of the short-comings of myself and my sister, and sometimes we resented their frequent allusions. Then they would say, "Later in life you will not find many friends who will remind you of your faults, and though you may long to know them, people will speak of them only behind your backs." How I realized the bitter truth of this in later years when I went out into the world! "Whom He loves He chastens." How many of God's people are often tempted to resent His workings, mostly because they have come through human instrumentalities. Oh, it is love that points out the defects in our lives, so that we may be willing to forsake them, for our loving Father is unwilling to take

violently from us anything to which we cling, and to injure us thereby. The way to get a child to let go of anything that is dangerous is by showing it something more attractive. And so the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of His people is first, to show the sinful nature of all that belongs to the flesh, and then pointing to that spotless Lamb in Whom is all beauty and victory to make us willing and glad to be separated from these things, for separated we must be before He is willing to be called our Father (2 Cor. vi: 20).

CHAPTER II.

MEDICAL SCHOOL.

In the year 1888 I left home ^{to} study medicine, and my beloved father was taken away from us to glory three months after I had entered the medical school. Though known only to the Lord and myself, for six months before his death it had been shown to me that this was coming, but I had tried not to think about it. It was the beginning of my life alone in the world, for our mother was also taken within two years, after long suffering, so patiently borne. For six winters she was unable to lie down on account of heart disease, and at times I almost wished that she could be set free from her sufferings and be at rest with her Lord; only the sense of loneliness in losing both of them was unutterable, and even for years afterwards I could not see a family gathering without its giving me such a feeling of loneliness that I could hardly endure it. Their prayer had been that they might be spared until my sister and I were old enough to be left alone; that prayer was answered.

In the year ¹⁸⁹² 1892 came the time when I was to be married, and for the first time it dawned upon me that marriage was a very serious act, and I found myself unwilling to consent to it though I had made my own choice. There were several reasons in my mind for this. First, I did not really care to live a married life; second, the fear of having my love to God divided, for I had not learned thus to differentiate between heavenly and

earthly love; third, I did not wish to share my will with another. But what was I to do? According to Chinese custom at that time, engagements could not easily be broken without definite reason. For two weeks I wept unceasingly at the thought of it, and pleaded with God that if He would deliver me from this I would be His servant for the rest my life. A missionary friend who had been very kind to me since my parents' death (though I never depended upon anyone financially), tried her best both by prayer and in every possible way to help, and at last in answer to prayer the loving Father did set me free, though I had to be willing first to say "Yes"; if He willed for me to be married I would be married. I shall never forget the day when word came that the engagement could be broken, and of course there was no little excitement among my friends, and not a few of them criticized; but God kept telling me to take it all quietly and to show my sincerity by my life and not by word.

Having started out into the world when fifteen years of age, in many things I was still childish, careless, and unwise; though I read my Bible and prayed three times daily, many were my shortcomings. What I thought to be right I expected others to think was right, and what I considered wrong I expected others to consider as wrong; and as I believed every professing Christian to be a true child of God and never to be suspected, great was my surprise if others ever suspected me.

There were many happy days during those years, after I became more used to my lonely life; but not a few were the cloudy days, too, especially when summer

and New Year holidays came and every student went home but myself. The house which was mine, I had not even seen, and gone were those who would have made it home to me. Father had so wished to take us to his home while he was yet living, but somehow the way had never opened, as traveling in China in those days was slow and tedious. My only sister and her husband were very kind to me, and always welcomed me to their home, but I felt all the while that I was alone in the world.

It was in 1895, just a year before I was to graduate in medicine (the course of study was prolonged from five to eight years because of inadequate teaching force), when one morning I awakened with an awful sense of condemnation, feeling that I had committed an unpardonable sin and that it could not be forgiven. I went on with my work as usual, but my friend noticed that something was the matter with me and asked me to tell her about it, so that she could help me in prayer, but I refused to do so as I felt that I just could not tell anyone of this awful struggle in my soul; the only thing I knew was that I was a condemned sinner and felt as if I were standing on the very brink of hell and ready to be hurled in at any moment.

After much persuasion I told this lady a little and she prayed with me and asked me to pray for myself, too, as she said that she knew God was going to forgive me; but I thought to myself—you do not know what you are talking about, for I know that I cannot be forgiven, for my sins are far too great. So I did not pray. But when by myself, I would cry aloud day and night,

asking God to have mercy upon me, even me. This went on for two weeks; I was almost beside myself with fear, and would often cry out in the night at the top of my voice, pleading for mercy; but all in vain! I scarcely ate anything, I saw nothing but depravity and misery in the world and pitied everybody if they had to go through the same experience as mine. I went so far that I even wished that I had never been brought into the world. My friend tried very hard to help me, and said that if I would only believe in Christ Jesus for forgiveness, it would be all right; I tried to believe, but did not know how. The question was put before me whether I wanted God to forgive my sins badly enough to be willing to give up anything in this world and do anything that He would have me to do. I said, "Yes, anything to get peace in my heart." A further question was put before me that if it was God's will for me to spend the rest of my life as an invalid, would I be willing. Just then I paused, and Satan instantly brought a dark future before me if I said "yes" to that! Oh, it was a time of deep agony! I did not know what to say or where to turn; there was darkness and death all around me; but at last I said to myself, "I do not believe that there is any physical suffering that can be compared with such terror of soul as I am in at this moment." And in my desperation I cried out, "Yes, Lord, I am willing."

During those two weeks God had searched my heart and brought many sins to my memory and revealed to me that I should show my repentance by confession. I had not known that confession of sin and restitution was

in the Bible. One sin that He brought before me was that one day when in charge of the Dispensary in the Hospital, and a friend came and asked me for a handful of corks, I gave them to him without asking permission, and the Lord showed me how this was a sin of stealing. What was I to do then? The answer came, Make restitution. And so I did. But for two weeks this conviction of sin continued, till it seemed as if my mind must give way. At the end of that time, one night before the light was put out, all of a sudden God opened heaven to me, and filled me with His divine love. I seemed to be lifted right into heaven by this love. Oh, the glory and joy that filled my heart then! I cried out to the Lord and said, "Lord, is this Thy love? I have never known it before." I thought I had known how to love, but no, I had not! I did not hear Him say to me that my sins were forgiven, but His love so filled my heart that all the condemnation and fear were expelled. I got out of my bed and tried to pray, but the only thing that I could say was—"Lord, I thank Thee," and this I did three separate times. Words failed me to express the joy and gratitude which filled my heart. The next day the very world seemed to have changed its countenance,—even the sun shone more brightly.

I lived a year and a half in this heavenly joy and then gradually went back into the world, for I grieved the Holy Spirit by my ambition. I do not mean to say that God withdrew Himself at once, but my disobedience brought something between the Lord and myself, so that soon after the joy of His presence seemed to decrease, and in prayer I did not have the same sweet

fellowship with Him. I found myself enjoying the world again, but there was something in my heart which brought dissatisfaction. As soon as I went back into the world, earthly things seemed attractive and real to me again. What people did and said was finding a lodging in my heart, either in bitterness or in self-confidence, in prejudice or pride. I was occupied with earthly things instead of with God Himself, for I was on the same level with the world and therefore unable to overcome. It is only when we are seated in "heavenly places in Christ Jesus" our Lord, that we are able to triumph over the temptations and trials below. Praise God for our safety in Him when we obey His commands.

CHAPTER III

WANDERINGS IN THE WILDERNESS.

In 1897 my missionary friend asked me to go with her to Korea, and at once I accepted without asking my Heavenly Father's consent. I thought in my heart if only I could get away from my present post I should be able to do better service and avoid all those temptations which seemed very strong to me; so I left my own country without permission from the King, and you can imagine the things that, in consequence, I met on the path. But he is ever a loving Father as well as a Righteous Ruler of the universe. He took me right into His own hands and taught me many precious lessons, which at the time I did not understand nor did I appreciate the hand of love which drew the plan of my path, for I fought hard against the instruments held by the Almighty God instead of acknowledging Him in all things.

Upon my arrival I naturally soon found much that was strange to me, and the first disappointment was the language—which was more difficult than I had expected, although in a sense what I had been told may be true,—that it should be easy for a Chinese to learn. I remember at the end of the first week, when we came to recite the Lord's Prayer to our teacher, my friend, though much older, did better than I. I had often wished to have the talent that my father had for language, though he never learned a foreign language, but he could usually pick up a new dialect in a few days, and so could my

sister ; but God had pity on the foolish one, and in His tender love He gave me enough of the language so that I was able to speak soon after.

There came over me such a sense of hunger to be filled with His Holy Spirit that one night, together with another lady who was also seeking for the same infilling, we went to God in prayer, earnestly entreating that He would grant our petition. We knelt for three hours, waiting for the manifestation of the Holy Spirit, as I thought something unusual would happen when it came. Of course I was disappointed. Though I believe that at times God chooses to reveal Himself to certain of His people with unusual signs, it is not for us to say that all must receive the Spirit in the same manner, for who are we that we should dare to dictate to God as to the way in which He should come to us ; it only gives Satan a chance of presenting himself in the form of an angel of light to deceive us. I thought afterwards I must go by myself alone to seek Him. So one morning after breakfast I shut myself within my room determined not to leave the room until I had received the Holy Spirit. Not ten minutes after I had gone down on my knees there came a knock at my door. I made up my mind that I would not open the door to anyone, for I was before my King, presenting a special petition, and I thought that to arise from my knees would be to disregard God and in that way I might fail to receive the blessing. But the knock became very loud, and still I made no reply, and finally the one who was knocking came around to the window and knocked there, more and more loudly until I thought the glass would break,

so to my great disappointment I rose from my knees. Finally I came to the conclusion that I was not to receive the Holy Spirit that way. For a year or so I was in constant fear of being left to go through the "great tribulation," as I expected Christ to come and take away His Church,—and I was not ready. But as my physical health became worse and my spiritual life paralyzed, I did not seek to be filled with the Holy Spirit as I once had, though I was never satisfied.

In the spring of 1899 I was compelled to return to China on account of my health, the physician believing that only an operation could relieve my sufferings, but the doctor in Shanghai was unwilling to perform it, so I returned to my old hospital. I can never forget my feelings when the doctor said that there was no hope of my complete recovery, but that I was likely to be an invalid for the rest of my life, of which I was quite aware. My first thought was that I would never see my friend again. The second, that I could not reconcile myself to being laid aside and not being allowed the active service which I felt to be the one thing that could please God and show my love for Him, not realizing that He has far more delight in "obedience" than in "sacrifice."

I went to my sister for the summer, and for some months was unable to sit up in my bed except for a few minutes at a time. During that time I read a paper which contained an article on the Lord's healing of the body. I continued to take medicine and prayed earnestly that if it was the Lord's will I might be healed. To the great surprise of my friends when I

went back to the hospital for a visit in the fall, I was so much better that permission was given for me to return to my work the following January. But I confess that there was a great deal of will and self-effort in all this.

Just about a month before I was to leave China, my sister was taken seriously ill, and from a human standpoint it was a fatal case. Oh, how I seemed to be almost crushed under the weight of it! If the Lord should take her, she would be leaving six children, the oldest being eight years of age and the baby only a week old. Besides the pang of the last link with my family being severed, I would have to give up my work and stay in China for a time at least, to help my brother-in-law in the care of his children. My sister had made a special request when I left China the first time, that, if in case she should be taken before the children were grown, I should take care of the oldest daughter, as she thought the child's disposition was different from the rest, and that perhaps it would not be as easy for her as for the other children. I was much better at that time, but not allowed to nurse my sister, and one night when I went to my room, how I poured out my heart to God and asked him to bear this heavy burden. I tried to go to sleep, but my heart was too heavy for that, and as I lay awake indulging myself in thoughts of my dark future, God spoke to me: "What did you say a little while ago in your prayer? Did you not ask Me to bear this heavy load for you? But how can I do it unless you lay it down? If you really meant what you said in your prayer you would have been sleeping, and resting yourself in Me." Upon hearing this I felt so

ashamed of my unbelief, and asked Him for forgiveness; after which I went to sleep, not daring to think another thought. I woke up the next morning at five o'clock and went to see my sister. She was almost well! The fever had left her and she knew me, although she had been unconscious when I left her the night before. How grateful I was to God! Wilful and wayward as I was, He was ever loving and faithful.

It was January 1900 when I returned to my work, and soon I found myself again getting worse, as I entered into the work once more. Besides doing a Bible-woman's work I had charge of the Industrial Department in the School. As the Korean ladies usually make their calls in the evening we often had to entertain them until ten or eleven o'clock at night. It seemed very tedious to teach the girls to make Chinese embroidery, lace, and drawn-work, etc., for it seemed to me they were not so quick as our Chinese girls, though I loved them very dearly and they were sweet and lovely in many ways.

My physical condition became worse and worse, but I kept on working. Nobody but God knew the sufferings that I went through those days; the physical and the spiritual affected each other until I became a perfect wreck. When my physicians gave me up, I prescribed for myself, and for years I seemed to be living on medicine. The sleepless hours I often spent in the night, of course, unfitted me for the work in the daytime. My nerves were in such a condition that I wept over the least thing that happened. In many ways I became a great trial to my dear friend. I began

to take bromide and almost wholly depended on it for two years. I was irritable and fell before the enemy over the least temptation; I asked God to give me deliverance, but to no effect. Often after a restless night I had to force myself to arise when morning came, fearful and trembling, to face the day, and extremely weak. When too late to have the usual time for prayer before leaving my room, I would just say the Lord's Prayer, hoping that that might keep me from falling. Oh, I was very slow to learn, notwithstanding all that God had taught me. I kept on struggling in my own strength, to overcome, and God let me alone until I came to the end of myself; but alas, how much of His precious time I wasted!

In the midst of all my failures and weakness God gave me a most precious revelation of His love. In a dream I was told that Christ was coming to examine our work, and I seemed to be so anxious to see Him that I gave little thought as to whether my work would be approved by Him or not. Suddenly I realized that I was in His presence! Oh, the glory and the inexpressible tenderness and love of His face! The moment I saw Him, my whole being seemed to become transparent, and I knew that I had been made white as snow—according to Isa. 1:18. And I looked right up into all that glorious and compassionate Face, and said, "Lord, I love you." And He answered in a most tender and loving voice, "Yes, I know you do, and I love you, too." Since that time I have never wanted to look at a picture of Christ, for I am sure that it is impossible to in any way represent Him as He appears in glory.

I was on diet for five years, and for a time I was allowed to drink nothing but milk. It was suggested that I should have a cow of my own, and this I did, and tried to milk it myself, as the "cow boy" was neither clean nor careful, but it was a hard task as well as great fun. Two people were required to hold the cow while I milked, as the cows in the East are not used to it.

I grew worse and worse. On two different occasions I asked God to remove me from the world. One day Satan suggested, "Why do you not take some of that strong drug and be done with yourself?" But I said, "No, I am going to wait God's time." Oh, what a terrible time of darkness! Life was a perfect misery and burden to me. It seemed as though I was all alone in the world, for God was stripping me of human confidence and love,—which always bring disappointment to those who live in the flesh. But I was ever slow to learn and did not seem to realize His hand in it all. I was almost beside myself, and would even take my cat (I have always been a great lover of cats) under a great elm tree on our compound and talk to her in my own tongue; it seemed as though she really understood my sorrow, as she looked up at me so intelligently and sympathetically. Oh, the foolish things which I did in those days! Finally I said to God that if it was His will, He could make me strong, without any medicine; and if not, there was no use in my taking any more, as I knew I was going down all the time (I was almost nothing but skin and bones). From that day I began to improve, though I never became strong until I

returned to China. Indeed I had a number of attacks of illness, tonsillitis, diphtheria, pneumonia, etc., but the Lord raised me up from all of these. I hope, dear reader, you will understand me that I do not agree with those who think it a sin to take medicine, for indeed God has made them (medicines) and blessed them to the healing of many, many people; but God does reveal His power to certain ones—that He is able to heal our body as well as our soul. God works differently with His different children, just as a father tries to study the nature of each of his children and deals with them accordingly: some of us need a much stronger hand than others, as in the case of my own life. God has had to deal with me strongly, while others who are more ready to yield may not have to go through the same experiences. I feel sure of this one thing—that all who would live to please God must walk *alone* with Christ Jesus, in *implicit obedience*, at the same time not causing others to stumble. He was “obedient unto death, yea, the death of the Cross.” We must come to the point where we can “rejoice in the Lord” through health or suffering, popularity or desolation, through happiness or sorrow. We are *in* the world but not *of* it. We will find that the world will remain the same until the end, even becoming more wicked than ever, for we are living in the last days when the “mystery of lawlessness” is already working. The only way the Apostle Paul tells us to overcome the world is by our dying to it. Romans 6:7. Gal. 6:14.

For two years before I returned to my own country God had been telling me to go back, but I lingered on,

not because I enjoyed being away from my native land, but because I was clinging to a thing which He had again and again told me to put aside. Finally I asked Him, in prayer, to remove it from me or I would never be able to put it away myself. Just then Satan whispered to me and said, "How foolish you are; do you not know that all things are from God, and that to which you are clinging is one of His gifts?" I was foolish enough to listen to him because I really was waiting for some excuse to keep it; and the evil one always knows when to speak. Oh, to have no preconceived ideas of our own when in prayer!

In the summer of 1903 God blocked all the ways around me, but one. He had to hedge up my ways with "thorns." How badly I hurt myself in trying to go through these thorny ways to escape that Way of Life! At last I said, "Lord, if Thou dost want me to return to China, give me some money," for I found that I had only twenty-six cents in the Bank at that time. Within a month that which came to me was five times more than the usual amount, and for no reason I ever discovered, except that God answered prayer. So my way was clear, and once more I returned to China, and in the path of obedience He again filled my heart with His own love and joy unspeakable.

CHAPTER IV.

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS.

In September 1903 I returned to China. I can never forget the first Chinese dinner I had with my friends in Shanghai! Oh, how I enjoyed it! Food never tasted so delicious before.

Some of my European friends feared that I might have been spoiled by living with missionaries, and one dear friend warned me, out of her heart of love, saying that I must not be disappointed if in any way I now found myself treated somewhat differently. I thought to myself that it had not all been spoiling, though it was true that I had had the privilege of learning much of Western customs, and though because of physical weakness I could not avail myself of the opportunity of increasing my knowledge of English to any considerable extent, still I had been greatly helped by listening continually to it, and my timidity in speaking was overcome; for all this I am ever grateful.

I met my sister and her husband and their seven children on my way to them. It was a happy meeting. But I found that though they were exceedingly kind and loving to me, yet they could not seem to enter with me into the joy of things pertaining to the Kingdom of God, as I was then once more brought back like the prodigal son and was enjoying the presence of my Father. Soon after my arrival I asked my sister one day if we could have family worship in the evening, but she said, "No, we have not time for it." It was such a grief to

me to find my only sister, who had been brought up under the same Christian influence as myself, gone so far from God as not even to appreciate family prayer, although she would do anything for me, because she loved me very devotedly and still does. As time went on, I thought of another plan, which I hoped would get them to read the Bible, and that was to ask each one of them to repeat a verse from the Scriptures at the breakfast table. They consented to it, but only for my sake, as I could see quite plainly. One morning when my sister had forgotten to prepare a verse, and did not wish to go back to look up one, she just said, "Jesus wept." And that was the end of Scripture at breakfast.

I was told afterward that when I first came to them they used to tell their friends that though they were very glad to have me back again, they feared my mind was not quite right, for some reason, and so my brother-in-law, being a very clever doctor, often tried to get me to read some new books with the hope of diverting my mind from the one direction. At last God made plain to me that I had tried enough plans of my own and that I should leave it with Him, and speak quietly, by my life, rather than by my words. How little I realized the truth of being a "living epistle read by all"! During that time God assured me that He would save them in His own time and also bless the Church with which they were connected.

I had felt for two years before I returned that God had a work for me in China, and it was my intention not to receive any salary for my service as I knew that I could support myself by practising medicine or by giving

primary teaching in English. It became clear at that time that I was to rent a house in the same city in which my sister was living, and preach the Gospel to all with whom I might come into contact. A dear missionary friend suggested that I should make this plan known to some of my friends among the official class with whom I had come into touch when I was in the hospital, and with the help of my kind friends some of these subscribed a certain amount for the work. Another friend, because of her interest in me, advised me to take a Bible-woman's salary in case I might need it, but I refused at first; however, upon further urging by my dear friend, I consented, with the understanding that the money could be used for another Bible-woman if I did not need it myself. Shortly after the Lord led me to go to the part of the city near to the church, so that I would be near the pastor and his family. I asked God that if it was His will for me to work there He would show me a suitable house; and in a few days I found a new house for a reasonable rent. My brother-in-law was very kind in helping with all this, as I had not had any experience in business of this sort at that time. I had been asking my Father to give me two servants, a man and a woman, and one day upon my return with my brother, after settling about the house and paying the first month's rent (as it had to be paid in advance), I found that God had already answered my prayer by giving the two servants; and so one thing after another proved His hand in it all.

Just a few days before I was to move into the new house my sister and her husband said to me that, if in

any case I should fail financially, it would be a very sad matter, seeing that I had the house-rent and the two servants beside my own living to provide for, and would it not be wise for me not to undertake this work at present. At the moment, I could hardly understand how they could have changed their minds so suddenly, as they had been so interested in the work and had helped all they could to get it started. I replied that it was too late to draw back for everything was arranged and I did not think that God would have me withdraw from what had been planned. About half an hour later there came a letter from a dear Chinese sister in the Lord, written somewhat like this: "My dear Sister: I want you to reconsider the work which you have been trying to undertake, and look into the matter more prayerfully, for I hear that things have taken an opposite course; the subscriptions are not to be collected and the money already given is to be returned because of some misunderstanding." This was confirmed shortly after by another letter. As soon as I read the letter I went to my Heavenly Father, saying that if it was His will that I should withdraw from the work I was even willing to confess that I had made a mistake, though it would be a great humiliation, as I had told my friends that I felt it was God's will for me to take up this work. The answer came through His Word, "I will give you an expected end." Jer. 29: 11. With this I went ahead in preparation for moving. On the morning when I was to move there came a pastor from another city, who was also a dear friend in the Lord, urging me not to move; I told him that I was only obeying my Heavenly

Father's will in all this. Then my sister came in and said to my friend, "Mr.——, you might as well cease talking to her, for when my sister decides to do anything there is no going back, so come and help her to move." It seemed that God had just sent him for that purpose, as he was a very experienced man in such work.

While my sister and brother-in-law feared and trembled for me, they did all they could to help, and I ever thank God for it all.

Many have been the troubles caused by my own simplicity and slow comprehension, and often I have been misunderstood, even by my nearest friends, but God has in His great mercy and love given me true joy in obeying, and in walking quietly alone with Him if He so desires, and being perfectly satisfied, when He says "I know it all." I know I have grieved my dear Lord many times since He has brought me back to Himself, but it is the sincere desire of my heart to walk so as to please Him.

It was in January 1904 that I entered upon new work. The first night in the new house with two strange servants, I wakened up in the middle of the night with a deep sense of loneliness and fear, but was strengthened again by that ever sweet and almost audible voice saying, "I am here and there is no need of fear." Most of the money was now to be withdrawn from me, but the Lord assured me that He would make it right, though I did not know how He was going to do it. At this time I was still hoping to practise medicine, but I soon found out that it was not His will; God gave me, however, perfect peace in my heart. My

sister and brother-in-law were very anxious about me, though I was ignorant of it. They told my friends that they were quite sure that the time would come when I would have to sell my things for living expenses and they were going to advance the money for me,—they told me all this afterward, themselves. At the same time they pitied my deluded mind and would send me things which they thought I needed.

Two months later a call came to take a meeting at the Women's Conference in connection with my friend's mission, and God showed that I was to accept it at once in order not to show any ill-feeling about what had happened; and indeed He had so undertaken for me that I could really say from my heart that I took it all from God, and He kept telling me to look at it from their standpoint and perhaps I would have done the same thing. I was tempted again and again to wonder how my Christian friends could so suspect my sincerity. At one time, when talking with my brother-in-law, I found tears in my eyes, and in an instant it came over me that I was pitying myself and thus feeding the flesh, and I went to the Lord at once for forgiveness.

The time came for me to leave for the Conference, but still no money came. Upon my arrival at my destination, I met the sister who wrote me before about the work, and she asked if God had given me the money, and I said, "Not yet." "Well," she said, "God is going to give it soon, for my husband said this morning, 'If Miss Yü has not received any money from another source, I think I will give her the hundred dollars.'" I said to my friend that she must not mention

it again until her husband gave it himself. In the meantime, we laid the matter before the Lord. Two weeks later, she came to me one morning with her face beaming, and said that her husband had asked her to take the money to me. We were very thankful to God for thus answering our prayers, and soon after that I returned to my rented house and lived there for nearly a year. That was one of the most precious years in my life! It seemed as if God was with me in person all the time. He knew that my faith was weak and immature, and so He revealed Himself to me in a special way. Often, when I did not know how the next day's need could be met, He supplied all when the time came, even using one of my brother-in-law's heathen friends to send in food one Sunday, when some guests came and I had not enough to put before them.

God taught me many precious lessons during that time.

One day, while sitting in my study, a vigorous knock came, and a little boy was ushered in. I asked him what he wanted, but he gave no reply and seemed to be troubled. After waiting for nearly fifteen minutes he said, "I have broken one of my playmate's bottles." Of course that explained the whole matter, for as long as he was in my house he was safe from his companions! Oh, for the wisdom of that child, to run into the "City of Refuge" to escape! Our's is not only to *run in*, but to "*abide*" there continually.

Though being upheld and sustained by my Father's wonderful love, I was not without the common household trials. For a concrete case, the servants would do

things directly contrary to my order, and I found myself often becoming irritable with them. I knew it would soon weaken my spiritual life, but again my loving Father showed me how to take even these little trials to Him, and soon I found a great deliverance from them.

A very sweet little story was told by a dear child of God not long ago about one who had just been brought to Christ. When he was asked what he would do if Satan came again to tempt him, he answered that since Christ had come to be his Lord he would ask Him to go to his heart's door to meet Satan, and when Satan saw Christ, he would say, "I am sorry, I have made a mistake."

I remember that on one occasion the Lord seemed to have ceased speaking to me for a week, and oh, how lonely and dark those days were! I tried to search my heart, but could not find out the cause of this interruption in the sweet fellowship I had enjoyed, and I began to ask Him to search me. Soon He put His finger on the very spot by reminding me of a certain thing in which I did not obey, and therefore He could not go on to teach me any more until the first lesson was appropriated. Well has Dr. G. Campbell Morgan said, "Obedience to truth seen is one qualification for further vision."

It was not until then or a little before this that I first began to read any of the books written by such men as Mr. Andrew Murray, Mr. D. L. Moody, and others. The greatest joy in reading those books was to find others who seemed to have a similar experience in their lives, and it was such a comfort to me, though I

never doubted at the time that it was God who had been leading me. I had been so alone in my spiritual life, both in joy and in suffering, that it was a great comfort to find companionships, though God has all along been leading in that narrow path until it seems to me that even my Lord and I cannot walk *side by side*—I have to walk in Him and He in me. “Abide in Me and I in you” is the wonderful truth! Christ and I are to change places; mine to “sit with Him in the heavenly places.” “Your life is hid with Christ in God.” While down below, “it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me.” —What a life of freedom, what a life of victory to have Him as our Lord and all in all!

In the fall of 1904, when coming home one day in a small boat with my sister, she said that she felt as if she had been a hypocrite; though she was going to church and doing a great many things in connection with the church, yet her heart was not in it. While she was weeping for her sins I was rejoicing in my heart because I knew that the work of the Spirit had begun. The Lord saved my sister and her husband and two of their oldest children about the same time (almost without each knowing of the others’ experience) through a dear servant who was holding a series of revival meetings. (My brother-in-law has now been engaged in evangelistic work for a period of five years.)

At the request of some of the friends who were present, another ten days of meetings were held two months later, and then I also was privileged to attend. It was decided that there should be a separate meeting for the women, from nine to twelve o’clock each morn-

ing, and I was asked to take a part in it. I hesitated a little at first, but comforted myself in the thought of having two missionary ladies taking the larger share, but to my great agitation in the morning before the day on which the meetings were to commence a message arrived stating that they would be able to come only once or twice, so that most of the work fell on me, and it seemed such a very great burden! I had never undertaken any work like this before and I did not know what to do, and pleaded with God to send someone else, as I felt unfit for the work. As a child I used to lisp and could not speak plainly and would always make blunders when trying to tell any story, so that it was anything but pleasant to the listeners.

The day came for the meetings to commence, and I rose up at 5 o'clock that morning earnestly asking God to give me a message, but He did not seem to answer my prayer at the time. When the church bell began to ring, I took my Bible and went in fear and trembling; but God kept telling me, "I will put my own words into your lips when the time comes." But I said, "Lord, the time has come, the bell has rung, and the people are gathering." To my surprise, however, I did not seem to have any of my anticipated difficulties, and there was blessing in the meeting. You would think that that was enough proof of God's faithfulness to me, as well as reproof of my unbelief in the loving Father who had been so gracious; but no, I went on for ten days in succession doing the same thing!

CHAPTER V.

THE CALL TO SERVICE.

In the year 1908 God began to send me forth to different missions to bear testimony to His great love and to His wonderful salvation. Though immature and ignorant in many things, yet He used even my feeble testimony in blessing to His people. But there yet remained very "much land" for me to possess.

One day I was shopping. The man cheated me. This was one of the things I thought I would not and could not tolerate, and so I said that I would not take the goods and demanded that my money should be returned to me. What I said was not wrong in itself, but my cheeks flushed and the tone of my voice changed and I was moved within. When I returned home, God brought the whole scene before my eyes and I saw myself from another's point of view, and He said, "Those people in the store never saw the gentle spirit of Christ in you." Oh, what a pang it was to my heart! I felt so ashamed and so grieved to think of veiling Christ with such a trivial thing. It was a lesson ever to be remembered: to be willing to be defrauded rather than to fight, even when it is right to do so from the human standpoint, for "I have been crucified with Christ," not only dead to sin, but also to that which is right, and to lay down all, so that the life of Christ may be manifested. If Christ had fought for His rights, He would never have been crucified, and there could never have been the salvation which God had planned in His

heart. His tender love showed me this that His sacrificial love might be shown through me.

It was not until about this time, or a little before, that God began to allow me to come into contact with some of His children with whom I felt at one in Him, and even then, He had repeatedly to restrain me from following them and going to them for consultation and sympathy, though at the same time teaching me not to get into a spirit of independence of such fellowship, but always to await His time. Satan used to torment me with the thought of having offended people after I had delivered God's message, and on one occasion I felt so badly that I spoke of it to my friend, who happened to call on me just in the midst of my distress. She comforted me by saying that I was only giving my own experience, and so it could not have been an offence to the people. I was very much relieved by hearing this, but instantly there came such a reproof from God for trusting more in man's approval than in His Word, for I knew that He had given me the message. Oh, for obedience in speaking His Word so as not to be biassed by one's own judgment or desirous of the approval of man !

One of my first calls was to the city which I had not visited for many years. One day I was informed that the meeting would be necessarily small that afternoon on account of a birthday celebration given to two missionaries. The church was very prettily decorated and almost full of beautiful presents. The service was composed mostly of the praise for the life-long service of the workers. It came over me (though not to under-

estimate the valuable service which had been rendered by the dear and faithful ones) that the praise and honor should be given to God Who had sustained and preserved them with His own Life. It seemed sad to me that the Church of Christ had not risen above the level of the ordinary Chinese custom. On the other hand, it is our privilege to forward all the praises to the Creator to Whom all the glory and honor are due, and we should never allow them to remain with us, which may mislead the people and at the same time load our own souls down so as to prevent our rising up higher and higher as we journey heavenward.

Again, during one Christmas, which I spent with some of my friends, God gave me a revelation of how He was grieved over so many of us during that time. Christmas, of course, was not observed by the Chinese until not many years ago, and to most of us it has been a time of returning gifts or showing our appreciation of the kindness of our friends during the past year; which in its own time and place would not be wrong. God showed me, first of all, how we were so taken up with our presents, either in giving or receiving, that we neglected ministry to Him Whose birthday we were celebrating. Secondly, as He came to give Himself for sinners and for His enemies, so Christmas is not a time to entertain our friends. "When thou makest a feast, bid the poor. . . . because they have not wherewith to recompense thee."

At that time I had an idea that perhaps my worst trials and temptations were over, but I was quite mistaken, for each temptation seemed to be more severe

than the previous one. For three years God allowed me to be sorely tried by my maid-servant, and through her untruth some of my dear friends were turned against me, without trying to confirm the statements made. The hardest trials in the Christian life are perhaps those which come through those to whom we would naturally look for help and sympathy because of their position in the Kingdom of God. This was ever a lesson to me, not to pass any judgment and criticism until I know for myself.

At one of the special meetings I met a schoolmate with whom I had had an unpleasant experience some twelve years before, though I took it patiently at the time, so much so that some of my friends thought it really wrong for me to have taken it so silently; yet afterwards I lost my temper on hearing her boasting of the attitude she had taken toward me. God showed that I was to make a confession for that. The tempter whispered at once that if any confession was necessary, her's should be the first, as she was the one who had done wrong, and besides that, I was now a worker and it would surprise the people very much to know that I had been working all this time with this sin in my heart unconfessed. But thank God, by this time He had taught me to obey. This had not been brought to my mind until that time, and according to the Scriptures confession of sin is to be made when the sin is revealed to one. Leviticus 4:6.

For six months God kept asking me if I loved Him as I did before, and whether I was doing all this work simply for Love's sake or because I had now become

known as a worker. My answer was, "Lord, Thou knowest my heart, I do love Thee," but that was not the answer to the question. At last He pressed it so upon me that I had to confess honestly that I was departing from the "first love." What must I do? He said I should do nothing, but come apart and He would show me the things that I should know. It was in the winter of 1907 that I left the work and went to a place where to my surprise, there were about five others (pastors and preachers), who felt the same need of coming apart and being refilled with His Spirit. The difficulty that confronted us was as to where we should go for such a time, but finally we succeeded in finding a place, though not easily. During that time God revealed to me many of my shortcomings, and above all, the departure from this "first love." He showed me that all my service to Him must be based upon this love, or He could not be pleased to accept it. God has ever been trying to develop my life in this wonderful love which indeed "passeth understanding" and in its presence all difficulties vanish.

Once more He sent me out into the work, and when starting for the first meeting, after this time of waiting, a dear motherly friend said to me, "Now, Dora, you are going out with new power for service." I knew that there was nothing between the Lord and myself, yet I did not seem to have the consciousness of any new power, and as far as feeling was concerned, I had less than ever. I had not quite understood that God was weaning me from the "first principles of the oracles of God" and leading me more and more into a life of

faith in this line too. There were about sixteen of us, gathered together at this meeting, nearly all of them workers, and God gave us a mighty revival. The Spirit of deep conviction fell upon us all, confessions and restitutions were made according to the Scriptures. The pastor of the church took two days to make confession to his church-members, as he felt the sin of starving God's "flock" by not feeding them with the "Word of Life," and at the same time making them to serve him. The people first wept over their sins, and afterwards wept for joy. Though weeping is not always the evidence of godly sorrow, yet in true repentance, some fruit is always shown. Matthew iii. 8; Lev. vi. 1-5; iv. 14. Many have been taught to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of their past sins, and in the assurance of future glory, but they have failed to realize the importance of living a life of victory over sin every day, for it is the will of the Father that His children should be delivered "out of this *present* evil world."

In the year 1908 some of us felt the need of a place in Shanghai where God's people, and especially members of Chinese churches, could "come apart and rest awhile," and be quiet with Him, and also that it might serve as my headquarters when not taking meetings or other work away from Shanghai.

United in making this "request known unto God" were two dear friends living in Shanghai, and myself. Shortly afterwards, through the gift of a gentleman from the U. S. A., visiting China, we were enabled to rent a house, to be known as the "Bible Study and Prayer House." It was in September, 1908, that I first moved

into the Bible Study and Prayer House, having scarcely anything with which to keep house, as I had given away or sold most of the furniture when I gave up housekeeping three years before. My sister, however, came and helped, as she usually did, and in purchasing the necessary household things she spent a little more than I cared to, as she did all the shopping for me; and when the time came to pay the bill I found that I had not enough money. I prayed that God might send me some before she left, and about ten minutes before her going I remembered that I had some money which a friend had given me with which to buy some books for her, and I thought if I was to owe anyone I might as well borrow this money, and perhaps God would send me some before the morning. But about three minutes before my sister started for the train, she came to me saying that God had just told her to return the money to me, and that I should accept this as her offering to the Lord's work.

The first Sunday in the House, six of us met together to thank God for answering prayer, and from then till now His hand has been over us and His presence very precious in our midst. Sunday and week-day Bible readings were commenced in Chinese and in English, also one in Korean, as well as prayer meetings. The Chinese attendance increased rapidly, so that before the end of the year it was necessary to throw two of our rooms into one. At the end of the second year the room had to be further enlarged, but even this soon proved to be insufficient, and we have been obliged to move again and again, seeking a larger house suitable for the

work. God sent friends from all the different denominations in Shanghai to these Bible readings, and it has been a great joy to testify to the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the hungry ones among His children, and to see many lives transformed through the power of His Word.

I was asked by some of the friends to keep a record of those that visited the House, but God said that I was to keep an account only of what He does (Deut. 8:2,3), and He will keep a record of what I do (Mal. 3:16).

During the first three years of traveling, before God gave the House, I had asked Him to just supply my need; I could not easily carry money about with me. He answered this prayer so that for years afterwards He gave just enough to live on for, perhaps, a few days at a time.

God has not allowed me to make my personal need known to anyone but Himself (Phil. 4:6,19) and it would require much time to tell all His goodness, but I will mention just a few of the many instances, simply to glorify His name.

Two months after entering the Bible Study and Prayer House I was about to leave for a series of meetings, with a sister who had come to visit me, and I had not a penny for our journey; but about two days before leaving, a dear European sister called and said that the Lord had told her to bring fifteen dollars (Mex.), with which she had intended to purchase a bed. It was the exact amount I needed.

At another time, new garments were needed, and when I had scarcely finished praying for them, there

came a parcel containing the very things needed, with these words written on the outside, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." I had never understood the beauty of this passage in that way until then, that our temporary needs are only an addition to our seeking His Kingdom and righteousness. How often we reverse His order in prayer !

As the work increased, another need was that of a rickshaw ; so I began to pray for one, and God soon sent me two, which, though they were not new, I used for a long time. When a new one was needed, He gave me a hundred dollars (Mex.) for it. "When I sent your forth without purse, and wallet, and shoes, lacked ye anything ? And they said, Nothing."

A call came to go to South China, but the difficulty that came to my mind at once was the difference in the dialect, though anyone who speaks the Mandarin would be understood more or less all over China (with the exception of the two provinces—Fukien and Kwangtung). I was one of the many who had never learned any of the Southern dialects, but God said that it was not the language that was needed, but the power of His Spirit. The messages were to be given in English and then translated into Chinese by the missionaries. It was a new experience to me. God had to further purify me for the service. Just a few days before leaving for the new field He brought to my memory another sin committed during my last examination in the medical school, when I referred to some notes I had with me, which was deceiving one of my teachers. Of course I

knew what was required of me, and by the grace of God it was done.

On my arrival I found myself landed, as it were, in a foreign country as far as the language was concerned ; I could not understand a single word, but before I left there I understood much in prayer and preaching.

God indeed visited us in mighty power. The Spirit of deep conviction fell on the people whenever we met together. It was truly a time of deep cleansing. Some of the dear ones could not rest or sleep for days and nights. Both private and public confessions and restitutions were made according to the leading of the Holy Spirit, and it was a glorious, as well as a very touching, sight, to behold the different ones,—pastors, preachers, and church-members, rise and push their way through the crowded church, to their fellow-members, while in true repentance and deep humiliation they took hold of one another's hand, with tears streaming down their cheeks, each confessing his or her wrong-doing. Three women walked ten miles, each carrying a baby in her arms, and God blessed them by imparting to them the Life of His Only Son.

Soon after my return from South China, the question was raised by both missionaries and Chinese from other parts of the country, whether a Summer Bible School could not be started in connection with our Prayer House. At the time it seemed impossible, but we took our "five loaves and two fishes" and offered them to the Lord, asking Him to multiply them, if He desired through us to feed the hungry souls. The prayer was soon answered. The American Southern Baptist Mis-

sion most kindly lent their church and school buildings for our use, and for four summers we have been enabled to have a three-weeks' school, with an average attendance of about sixty. Ten different provinces have been represented. Most of those in attendance have been women, wives of preachers, Bible-women, and school teachers. It is a true test of their real hunger for the Word of God—the Living Bread,—to come, many of them, hundreds of miles in the midst of the heat in August, and it takes a great part of their vacation. While a few have been helped by the missionaries, most of them paid their own expenses, and for those who were not able to do so, we usually looked up to God for help, as it has been our desire that no hungering ones of His flock might be kept away from being fed simply because of financial inability. Our loving Father has graciously supplied all our need each time. How we praise God for His presence during these times, and give Him all the glory for the revelations of Himself, as we sat at His feet to hear His Word.

As the time goes on, calls to hold meetings continually increase, and could all invitations be accepted it would take years of work; at the same time the work in the Bible Study and Prayer House is enlarging.

In the fall of 1911, when the Revolution took place, the Bible Study and Prayer House was opened to the refugees. Again it seemed good to the Lord to take me through some rough places, though I found much blessed fellowship with both the Chinese and missionary refugees, whom I was privileged to help in a small degree, but Satan tried his best to hinder the work.

Prayer-meetings were held every evening for some weeks, and God granted many of our petitions.

One can never forget a sight at the Shanghai and Nanking Railway Station one day when two thousand volunteer soldiers were leaving for Hankow, where the battle was raging. Most of them were fine young men, and not a few from families where they were the only sons. A good many of us went to see them off, wondering whether any of them would return again. Those young men were so full of ambition and hope of being set free from the power of the Manchus that they seemed very cheerful and happy while many tearful eyes watched them as the trains moved off. As I stood and gazed at them, it came over me afresh how little God's people realize Satan's bondage over them,—which is far worse than that of the Manchus, and they have so little desire for freedom. If they only knew that the victory has been won and that liberty was proclaimed at Calvary, when the spotless Lamb died in our stead, saying "It is finished!" We are to accept this freedom by faith and we shall see our enemies turning their backs to us as they flee from the presence of the Risen Lord in us, when He is given the full control of our life.

A sad incident occurred during this time: a young man who had had some military training, offered his services at Pukow and was accepted at once. When he saw the Northern soldiers pursuing the Southern troops, he fired at them without waiting for orders from the Captain, and instead of defeating the enemy, four hundred of his own fellow-soldiers were killed. He fired fifteen minutes too soon! The poor man was

executed right on the spot. Oh, what a lesson to the soldiers of the Cross! May we always wait for the orders from the Almighty Captain, even though we may know how to handle the weapons. The waiting time may seem to many a defeat, but victory will be the sure result to those who obey implicitly. "Go not forth hastily to strive."

Soon after the Revolution, I realized that my head was very tired. I had experienced this more than once during the past few years. Instead of getting better, I became worse and worse until I reached the place where I was not able to read even a few lines without fatigue, and my speech also seemed to be affected. Some of my friends suggested an entire rest, away from Shanghai, but it did not seem possible. At last God opened the way for a complete rest at Chefoo in the New Missionary Home, through the kindness of the one in charge of it. For ten weeks I was unable to see people, but God again strengthened me, though I still seem to suffer from forgetfulness, because of which my friends have had to bear with me.

CHAPTER VI.

ABIDING IN HIM.

During my first visit to South China in the spring of 1909, the beautiful flowers in the mission compound seemed like a private conservatory to me. As I was walking with a friend in the garden, I noticed that the ground was covered with fresh leaves while the trees above were beautifully green, so I asked my friend what time the trees in South China shed their leaves. She said that she had not noticed it particularly, but that the leaves seem to fall off in the spring as the new ones are coming in. It was such an object lesson to me of God's wonderful and perfect salvation. We, the wild vines, have been grafted into the real Vine, which was done by God through our faith in Jesus Christ, the moment we were willing to have it done. But there must be the prunings in order to bring forth abundant fruitage. So it is absolutely necessary for us to subject ourselves to the power of the Divine Life now in us, to put off "the old man" and his doings in order to let Christ's life manifest itself through us. "By the Spirit if ye put to death the deeds of the body, ye shall live." As the sap of the tree arises with its mighty power but in perfect silence, bringing the new life, the old must give place to it, and so "though our outward man is decaying, yet our inward man is renewed day by day."

While God has been so graciously allowing me the privilege of seeing His mighty power for the last few

years, He never leaves me unpunished when I disobey Him. Such is His love and faithfulness toward us, that He will not permit us to continue in any way that robs Him of His glory and us of present joy and peace ; hence it is He who woos us into closer communion with Himself by means of discipline meted out to us by His *pierced* hand. Many keen testings have I borne (yet "not I") for the discipline of life ; of these I do not write, but with a grateful heart to God "Who comforteth us in all our affliction, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any affliction, through the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

It is with gratitude and joy that I review all God's tender mercies to one so unworthy as I ; and His wonderful condescension in taking such pains to teach me, until He has brought me to the place where I am enabled to say through Christ, that I truly "rejoice in tribulation." In His tender preparation for my future service He allowed me to suffer hunger for four years and a half, during which time there were but a few nights that I did not go to bed actually feeling hungry ; thus I can easily understand the temptation of those in starvation. It was not that I lacked money, but it was a peculiar position in which God placed me, and I did not take it patiently at the time, therefore the years of training were prolonged.

Then in my work I used to think it necessary to make long prayers, and that a special attitude was to be taken before going to a meeting ; while this is not wrong—for God does at times give special burden and

agony in prayer—yet He told me that I needed to live my private life even as my public life, to have my thoughts purified as well as my words, and to accustom myself to living in the presence of the King all the time, so that there would be no fear in facing people. Power for service could then come when these conditions were fulfilled.

Another thing which I asked God to grant me was the spirit of discernment which is necessary in service, and is one of the things lacking in my nature; but God said that He was not willing to give it unless it could be dominated by His love, as it would drive me away from the people and lead me into a spirit of judging rather than into a spirit of sympathy. The gifts of the Holy Spirit are necessary in His service but may be dangerous if not controlled by the life and love of Jesus Christ. Many have shipwrecked their usefulness by laying too much stress on gifts only.

My continual prayer to God has been to keep me living and hidden in Christ "in the heavenly places" (for it is only in proportion to my height in the heavenly places that I am able to come down low enough for God to use me). May He enable me continually to reckon myself to be dead unto sin and alive unto God. May He give me a childlike spirit of obedience to His will, and keep me from being distressed when I do not understand the attitude of others toward me, enable me to give them credit for their motive, and to be so constantly occupied with Him that I may constantly consider the needs of others. May He so permeate me with His love that I may

love as He loves, and then nothing will seem too hard to endure. May He keep me looking at the things of this world from His standpoint, watching and waiting for His return, and willing to fill any vacancy here below, while thus waiting for that glorious "Coming."

CHAPTER VII.

"OCCUPY TILL I COME."

After thirteen months' travel around the world, the Lord brought me back to China in December, 1914. I thank God for giving me this trip, and I deeply appreciate the fellowship of God's children, which will continue through eternity. It was a great blessing to see how these dear people were giving themselves unreservedly to God's working in fashioning their lives into the image of His dear Son, so that the world may, in its midnight hour, have a glimpse of this beautiful Life, which creates a deeper hunger and longing in those who come in contact with them, to live a higher life. But on the other hand my heart has been greatly grieved over the general Christian atmosphere. It may be different in other parts of these countries, but as far as I have seen and learned during the year it was even below my expectation. "Higher Criticism" is indeed permeating the "lump"; it will all soon be "leavened." And as the natural use of the leaven is supposed to help the digestion, so Satan tries to make the Word of God, which cuts like a two-edged sword when it enters anyone, so palatable and soothing in its effect that many are being led astray. But what will be the consummation of it when fully "leavened"? We know that no leaven is allowed to continue to work forever, so it also will need to be stopped in its working, by the fire, one day.

Is not this the solemn time "when they will not endure the sound doctrine, but having itching ears will

heap up to themselves teachers of their own lust and will turn their ears from the truth, and turn unto fables." And to the great calamity of the Church this destructive teaching has reached China, and is shaking and destroying the faith of many. The number of those who introduce this teaching is increasing all the time. O how one's heart is stirred to cry to God at the thought of it, to save His people from being deceived.

The war in Europe is awful, but this war of deception is worse. What is our commission as missionaries and witnesses of the Cross? Is it not to preach and exalt God's Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, the only Saviour of the world? But to say that Christ is not divine, and parts of the Bible are not inspired, would leave us absolutely no hope of salvation. Therefore it would be far better for us to either stay at home or to enter into some other business than to be engaged in preaching a *Christless Gospel*. Let us ask God to lay these solemn words to our hearts "that though we, or an angel from heaven should preach unto you any other Gospel than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." May God raise up many more true witnesses who shall be fearless in declaring the whole counsel of God, and be willing not only to lose their reputation, worldly gains, and influence, but even their lives in order to stand true to God, Who gave His only Son to redeem us from the power of Satan, and dare to expose this subtle teaching of his, though it may have come through our dear ones in the flesh.

A few weeks before leaving the U. S. A., one Sunday morning while listening to a God-given message

by one of His children, the conviction came to me that it was time for me to return to China, and that I should remain no longer in Shanghai but go out to Chiangwan (a small town about three miles from Shanghai, easily reached by train or any other vehicle), to build a small house and gather the hungry ones among His people to be taught of the Holy Spirit, not only to learn how to "search the Scriptures," but also to learn how to live it, and thus be living witnesses of their Lord. So I soon started for China, and He has so wonderfully fulfilled His word in giving a piece of land in an unusually short time, soon after my return.

The Lord gave me the main plan of the house on my way back to China, so the building was commenced in the latter part of March and finished in August. With the exception of three thousand dollars Mexican (which was promised by an American friend before I went on my trip) and small gifts from a few missionaries, the money for the house was contributed by the Chinese Christians who offered willingly unto the Lord (quite unasked), some having sold their jewelry to forward this work. I praise God for having thus constrained His children to take part in His work.

God showed that I was to take a trip to the north of China during the winter of 1915, to visit some of his children whom I had never met in the flesh, thus enabling us to pray more intelligently for one another, as I shall not be as free to go out after the school work has once started, though I still hope to travel somewhat between the terms.

So I took a six weeks' journey, and God gave us a very blessed time whenever we met together in His Name. It is a great joy to find out, as one goes on in this brief journey before His coming, that He has His own chosen ones in different places, and it was my privilege to meet some Chinese Christian women who truly serve their Lord out of a heart of love for the Lord, their only support being His strength and presence, for they are being sent by God and not by any human society.

The Dedication Service took place on the fifth of February; there were over a hundred friends present, and God gave us a very blessed time together.

The Bible School was opened on the third of March. As the House is small, at present there is accommodation for only twelve people at most. My prayer has been that we may all give God His own rightful place in this little work and thus enable Him to prove Himself the Almighty God as well as a faithful and loving Father. O how He has been restrained from working because of our unbelief and disobedience, and not unfrequently even through our zeal for His Kingdom, because it is not "according to knowledge."

The object of this school is to help those who are already the Lord's and have some knowledge of His Word but need a deeper work of the Holy Spirit to lead to practical living out of the Truth, so as to equip them more fully for the great service of leading others to Christ.

The object is not to take the women out of their Church, but to render such service as shall enable them

to become better prepared workers in the missions that have nurtured them.

May I ask you, who read this little account of His faithful dealings with His unworthy handmaiden, to pray that His purpose may be fully wrought through this place and through me, helping to hasten the completion of the Body of Christ, the Bride of the Lamb, and thus hastening the coming of our Beloved Lord Jesus Christ. O Lord, come quickly. Amen.