

CLIMBING:
MEMORIES
of
A MISSIONARY'S WIFE
by
Mrs. Jonathan
ROSALIND GOFORTH
CHAPTER SIX
REACHING FORTH

Patience means restraining blame;
Patience means enduring shame;
Patience means in fiercest flame,
Standing still.

- *Selected*

ON returning to China after the tragic journey of which I have just written, I thought my consecration to GOD was entire. Gratitude for our marvelous deliverance alone would lead to this. But how little we know our own hearts! Frequently during the course of that journey I found myself planning my future. I decided that henceforth, the women's work at our station would be left entirely in the hands of the other women missionaries, so I could devote myself to home and children. But GOD planned otherwise. The story of the bitter struggle for my own way and how it needed the furnace to make me yield: how only at the death of our precious one-year-old Constance did the vision of the Father's love break my hard heart and cause me to surrender my will to His, is told so fully in *Goforth of China* it need not be repeated here. Suffice it to say a new life of obedience and of an ever widening horizon began for me.

Instead of settling down in our comfortable home at Changte, I at once began preparations for the new life of itinerating with my husband. In the years that followed, weeks, even months, at a time were given to aggressive evangelism in the larger centers of our field. It was indeed a wonderful life in which to learn what a faithful Lord could and would do when all human props failed. It was not, by any means, an easy life - this traveling about from place to place with our remaining children, in constant contact with people who had no idea of sanitation: living in native compounds. But as I now recall those years, they seem among the happiest and certainly the most fruitful of my life. True, there were times when I was tempted to give up, but the Lord was ever present to encourage and sustain; and, oh, how much I owed to my patient, faithful, ever cheerful husband.

The following incident may be enlightening as one of the *testing times*!

The Summer was ending with a wave of extreme heat the day my husband and I with two children started out for our autumn touring, beginning at Tzuchou, an important center about twenty miles up the railway line. We were all clad in the lightest garments, there being no sign of change of weather. My husband had sent word ahead to the Evangelist for coolies to meet us at the railway station, which was out in the open country, the mission compound being some two miles distant.

When about a quarter of an hour from Tzuchou, the sky became suddenly darkened by dense clouds from the north. Just as the train reached the station, the storm, in all its fury, broke upon us with blinding clouds of dust and sand. We could scarcely see inches away and with great difficulty reached the shelter of the station, which would soon be closed. No evangelist or coolies were in sight. Our letter had evidently miscarried. There was nothing for us to do but to face the long walk over rough, plowed fields leaving our "boy" (servant) to watch the baggage. Dr. Goforth led the way, carrying the heavier child, while the *amah* and I followed as best we could with the younger one. Darkness had set in. The wind, with rain, seemed unabated. Stumbling, sometimes falling over the hard clods of earth, trying to keep my husband in sight, shivering with cold from the sudden drop in temperature of over thirty degrees, the *amah* and I, while sharing the burden of the child, groaned and wept all the way. Again and again I vowed nothing, no nothing could, or would, make me go out with the children again!

At last we reached the mission, or rented Chinese compound. No time was lost in getting coolies off for our baggage. In the meantime, Chinese bread and a tin of sweetened, condensed milk were secured. (How often have I been thankful that these could usually be had from native stores!) With some boiling water soon all were warming up with bowls of hot bread and milk. On the arrival of our baggage, bedding was spread on the brick, platform beds, and the children were soon asleep. But still I kept vowing to myself that this touring life must cease. The following morning women began to pour in. One fine Christian woman, with a bright, shining face came in saying: "Mrs. Goforth, you don't know what a help it is to us all, your coming out as you do with your children. Everyone knows what a home and comforts you give up just for the sake of bringing the good news to us women."

Oh, how my heart thrilled as she spoke! Little did she know what her words meant to me. The vowing of the night before vanished. Joy filled my heart, and I knew that the Lord understood. He had borne wonderfully with my faintheartedness. Many times the following words would come to me:

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the LORD pitieth them that fear him" (Psalm 103:13).

It was a wonderful life! Sometimes when letters would reach us from the Homeland expressing pity for us, how my husband would laugh as I read them to him! "Pity," he would say, "why this is the most glorious life possible!" Yes, it was indeed!

But it was not all giving out. Often lessons of deepest import were learned from some of the humblest Christians. Just one example of this:

At a certain center frequently visited was a middle-aged woman noted for her violent ungovernable temper. She was utterly ignorant and what might be termed stupid. This woman received CHRIST into her life. Some months later, when visiting the village, I asked her if she was doing anything for her Saviour. In answer, she drew from her sleeve a catechism. (a little booklet of some thirty pages giving in clear form the essentials of the Christian faith). She said, "Lady, I'm very stupid and can't learn to read, so I just take this book with me wherever I go, into all the village homes, and I get those who can read, to read it. But, lady, they all knew of my temper; and because of the change in me - that I love everyone now - they all want to read and learn what has made the change in me!"

The following incident has always seemed to me one of the saddest of those touring years.

My husband and I were on our way to a certain large center - an important outstation. It was Saturday, and we were due to begin a series of meetings the following day. When about half way, we had to stop at a village to water the animals. We women - myself and the Bible woman - were perched on a large farm cart loaded high with baggage. Dr. Goforth walked with the evangelists, taking his turn with them in an occasional lift by the cart.

Just as we stopped, a woman came running up to the side of the cart. Taking hold of my hand, and peering closely into my face, she cried: "Is it Miss Pyke? No, oh, no, it is not! I was in the hospital at Changte for several months, and Miss Pyke taught me how to pray. I've tried to tell my neighbors (by this time quite a crowd had gathered about us) but I don't know how. All I can do is to put my hands together and say, 'JESUS, Saviour, forgive my sins; pity me; cleanse my heart and save me.' Oh, do, do tell my neighbors quickly."

I tried to tell, but my voice broke so I had to sign to Mrs. Wang, my Bible woman, to speak. I had recovered enough to say only a few words when the call came for us to go on. The poor woman tried, almost frantically, to persuade our men to stop "just one night." The villagers joined in pleading, "We want to hear." But *we had to go on!* We never saw those dear people again, for we left the Changte field soon after.

The chief reason I had fought so hard against taking the children out on our country tours was the fear lest they might contract disease, for epidemics of smallpox, diphtheria, and scarlet fever were chronic among the people, and there was no way of avoiding contact. Later, when that life was a thing of the past, I could say, with praise to GOD, that not one of the children had contracted an infectious disease as a result of that life. Nevertheless there were times when my faith was tested sorely. The following story is given, not only as an illustration of this but also because it lifts the veil on this touring life.

My husband had tried for many months to get an opening in an important center, but in vain. Then came a letter from the evangelist of that region saying that a compound had been secured, but he hinted it was scarcely fit for a woman and children. But I insisted on us all going. My faith was very strong and trustful *till we reached the Place*: then the real test came!

A long day's journey in a springless cart, over execrable roads, brought us to our new home. The first court was occupied by evangelists and other men: then came the women's court - unspeakably filthy: but, on reaching the third court where we were to live, we found the worst

conditions ever met with, before or later.

A number of great kangs - open crocks containing from thirty to forty gallons - lined two sides of the court. These were filled with some stuff that had been fermenting for months and emitted breathtaking odors. But, worse still, a pig-sty surrounded two thirds of the two-roomed building set apart for us. We had three children with us. The town was the most important pottery center of North China: a number of great kilns surrounded the place. The fuel used for burning the pottery was a fine coal dust that gave out strong gas. The evening we arrived, there was no wind to carry the gas away, and the air was stifling.

My heart just sank as I thought of the children living in such a place for ten days. That night, when my husband had gone to the evening meeting and the children were asleep, I noticed the youngest very restless and feverish. A feeling of simple panic seized me. Throwing myself down on my knees beside him, I prayed in agony to the Lord to keep my child from harm. I committed the little one to Him, but, oh, so tremblingly. Then worn out, I fell asleep. Wakened two hours later by my husband's return, I at once felt the child's head. It was almost cool, and the restlessness was gone. The following morning the child was quite normal and frisky as ever. All through the days that followed my weak faith kept me watching the children fearfully for any sign of fever, but all were kept well; and they seemed to enjoy everything as if it were a royal picnic.

I should perhaps add that while our pioneering in this center was for years very hard and trying, as it was known for its bitter anti-foreign, anti-Christian spirit, yet the day came when the leading people of this place joined in giving us a truly wonderful welcome, pushing back into obscurity the gods in one of their largest temples, and cleaning and fixing over for our use the part that had been occupied by them.

Long ago, I read somewhere the following: "Before he can be greatly used, a missionary must go through a *'Missionary baptism.'*" The experience I am now about to relate has always seemed to me, at least, akin to this. I had been for some time in close touch daily with many heathen women, trying to make known to them the glorious news of life beyond and of the One who alone can open the door to that life.

One day, when the crowd had gone, an overpowering mental agony came as I thought of the multitudes by which we were surrounded who had never heard the Gospel and most of whom never would know. I paced my room crying to GOD from my very soul, "Is there not some light, some way out of the darkness?" Words fail me to record what those hours of soul struggle meant. Then clearly came the message: "**shall not the judge of all the earth do right?**" (Genesis 18: 25). "**What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter.**" (John 13:7). And clearly, too, came the message, "Just leave all with Me. Your part is to tell out My plan of love."

A great peace came. Yes, mine was to tell out the glorious message of love, and eternal hope. From that time just telling the story as to little children became joyous, not irksome.

Often, oh, often, have I wished the homeland supporters could have stood behind me as I talked to a crowd of women who had never till then heard of a Saviour friend. How I wished they could witness for themselves the soul's awakening in hopeless eyes. The saddest part of it is that so

many who would have heard the good news gladly never had a chance to hear.

When looking over some old letters, I came across a small much worn note book used many years ago when traveling by chair in South China. On the inside of the cover, written in pencil, evidently when on the road, was recorded an incident, long ago forgotten. Although out of place in time, it fits in spirit with what I have just recorded:

Traveling by chair through a poverty stricken district in China, where old men and children could be seen by the roadside digging out roots of grass and weeds for fuel. I felt greatly oppressed by the barrenness and hopelessness that seemed to prevail everywhere. Suddenly there was thrown into my chair a beautiful bunch of sweet fresh wild violets.

"Oh," I exclaimed, "where did you get these?"

"Why, look," was the reply of my husband, who had been walking beside my chair, "the road is full of them!" And so it was, but my dim-visioned eyes, engrossed in bemoaning the barrenness, had failed to see the messengers of GOD whose beautiful faces were and had been peeping at me all the way, as if to say, ***"Look at me, and me, and me! See how good, and how beautiful a GOD we have!" As I turned to the violets in my hands and found the same exquisite beauty and delicate coloring, as if they had come from a favorite homeland hedge, I felt the presence of our omnipotent Lord and was comforted. He, the great Artist, held the key to the problem of suffering and all its mystery.***

A devoted Christian missionary, Mrs. S., was holding a series of special meetings for our Christian women at Changte. On one occasion, this dear woman, who had no children, told me that I could never have the peace and joy I longed for unless I rose early and spent from one to two hours with the Lord in prayer and Bible study.

I longed intensely for GOD's best - for all He could give me, not only to help me live the true, Christian life but also for peace and rest of soul. So I determined to do what Mrs. S. had advised.

The following morning, about half past five o'clock, I slipped as noiselessly as possible out of bed. (My husband had already gone to his study.) I had taken only a step or two when first one and then another little head bobbed up; then came calls of "Mother, is it time to get up?"

"Hush, hush, no, no," I whispered as I went back; but too late: baby had wakened! So, of course, the morning circus began an hour too soon.

But I did not give up easily. Morning after morning I tried rising early for the morning watch, but always with the same result. So I went back to the old way of just praying quietly - too often just sleeping! Oh, how I envied my husband, who could have an hour or more of uninterrupted Bible study; but I could not. This led me to form the habit of memorizing Scripture, which became an untold blessing to me. I took advantage of odd opportunities on cart, train, or when dressing, always to have a Bible or Testament at hand so that in the early mornings I could recall precious promises and passages of Scripture.

The following is the most notable incident connected with this habit of memorizing Scripture. I give it, for, judging by the effect it has had upon men and women to whom I have told this story,

it touches a vital point in the relation of husband and wife. It certainly brought to my husband and myself a lesson never forgotten.

Our children were all away at school. We were together carrying on aggressive evangelism at a distant out-station. The room given to us was dark and damp, with the usual mud floor. The weather, had turned cold, and there was no place where one could get warm. I caught a cold. It was not a severe one, but enough to make me rather miserable. The third or fourth day, when the meetings were in full swing and my organ was taking an attracting part, I became possessed by a great longing to visit my dearly loved friend, Miss H., living at the Weihufu Station, some hours run south on the railway. But when I told my husband what I had in mind, he strongly objected and urged against my going. I would not listen, even when he said my going would break up at least the women's work. But I was determined to go and ordered the cart for the trip to the railway. As the cart started and I saw my husband's sad, disappointed, white face, I would have stopped, but I wanted to show him I must have my way sometimes!

Oh, what a miserable time I had till my friend's home in Weihufu was reached! Miss H. gave one glance at my face and exclaimed: "Whatever is the matter, Mrs. Goforth! Are you ill?"

My only answer was to break down sobbing. Of course I could not tell her WHY. Miss H. insisted on putting me to bed, saying I was ill! She made me promise to remain there until after breakfast.

The following morning, while waiting for breakfast, I opened my Testament and started to memorize, as usual, my three verses. Now it happened I was at that time memorizing the Epistle to the Ephesians and had reached the fifth chapter down to the twenty-first verse. The twenty-second, the first of the three to be memorized that morning, read: "**Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands as unto the Lord.**" I was, to say at the least, startled! Somehow I managed to get this bravely memorized. Then going on to the twenty-third verse, these words faced me: "**For the husband is the head of the wife even as Christ is the head of the church: and he is the Saviour of the body.**"

For a moment a feeling of resentment, even anger, arose. I could not treat this word as a woman once did, putting it aside with the remark: "That is where Paul and I differ." I believed the Epistle to the Ephesians was inspired, if any portion of Scripture was. How could I dare cut out this one part to which I was unwilling to submit? How I managed to memorize that twenty-third verse I do not know, for all the while a desperate mental struggle was on. Then came the twenty-fourth verse: "**Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything.**"

I could not memorize further: my mind was too agitated. "It just comes to this," I thought, "Am I willing, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, to submit my will (in all but matters of conscience) to my husband?" The struggle was short but intense. At last I cried, "**For CHRIST's sake, I yield!**" Throwing a dressing gown about me, I ran to the top of the stairs and called to my friend, "When does the next train go?"

"In about half an hour," she replied, "but you couldn't catch it and have your breakfast."

"Never mind; I'm going to get that train!"

My friend insisted on accompanying me to the station; we ate as we almost ran. With what joy I at last found myself traveling northward!

On reaching my destination, imagine my surprise to find my husband, with a happy twinkle in his eye, standing on the platform!

"Why, Jonathan," I cried, "how did you know I was coming?"

His reply was simply a happy, "Oh, I knew you would come."

Later I told my husband frankly all I had passed through. What was the result? From that time, he gave me my way as never before, for does not verse 25 of the chapter quoted go on to say: **"Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it."** A new realization of the need of yieldedness came to us both, which brought blessed results in our home life.

The Bible has always, since my conversion when a child of twelve, been a treasured companion. In the years when the children were small, with incessant calls upon me, I was unable, like my husband, to give hours a day to Bible study. I came to take the Bible as GOD's Word to me, often taking some promise for the day on which to lean. Sometimes, however, I dug into the Word with a concordance to find out what the Bible had to say on some matter on which at the time I needed help. I have before me as I write over forty outlines of such studies. Space permits but two of these.

We are told in the life of Frances Ridley Havergal by her sister that for many years, even after she had become known world-wide as a hymn writer, she was burdened with a sense of sin. I, too, for years, even after going to China, was often oppressed by the same burden of sin. One evening when all was quiet, I settled at my desk with Bible and concordance, determined to find out GOD's attitude toward the failures, the faults, the sins of His children.

The result of that study has been a blessing to myself and others:

What GOD Does with Our Sins

- 1. He lays them on His Son - JESUS CHRIST. Isaiah 53:6**
- 2. CHRIST takes them away. John 1:29**
- 3. They are removed an immeasurable distance as far as East is from West. Psalm 103:12**
- 4. When sought for are not found. Jeremiah 50:20**
- 5. The Lord forgives them. I John 1:9; Ephesians 1:7; Psalm 103:3**
- 6. He cleanses them all away by the blood of His Son. I John 1:7; Revelation 1:5**
- 7. He cleanses them as white as snow or wool. Isaiah 1:18; Psalm 51:7**
- 8. He abundantly pardons them. Isaiah 55:7**
- 9. He tramples them under foot. Micah 7:10.**
- 10. He remembers them no more. Hebrews 10:17; Ezekiel 33:16**
- 11. He casts them behind His back. Isaiah 38:17**

12. He casts them into the depths of the sea. Micah 7:19
13. He will not impute us with sins; Romans 4:8
14. He covers them. Romans 4:7
15. He blots them out. Isaiah 43:25
16. He blots them out as a thick cloud. Isaiah 44:22
17. He blots out even the proof against us, **NAILING IT TO HIS SON'S CROSS.**
Colossians 2:14

On one occasion, when giving this Bible study to a group of Christian Chinese women, when we came to "He remembers them no more," one woman rose and with a look of surprise and wonder, said, "Mrs. Goforth, do you really mean to say GOD forgets our sins when repented of?"

I replied, "The Bible says so, for '**He remembers them no more**' means just that."

She remained standing silently for a moment, then exclaimed, "Then why should I torment myself about them? Oh, I'm so glad!"

It was while I had a large family of little children about me and mission work was pressing heavily upon me, while feeling burdened and that strength was insufficient, I sought to find in GOD's Word whether there were any conditions to be fulfilled for the receiving of divine strength. The result of this study was a surprise and joy to me, and later a blessing and help to many to whom I later passed it on, for every condition the weakest could fulfill!

Conditions of Receiving Strength

1. Weakness. II Corinthians 12:9-10
2. No might. Isaiah 40:29
3. Sitting still. Isaiah 30: 7
4. Waiting on GOD. Isaiah 40:31
5. Quietness. Isaiah 30:15
6. Confidence. Isaiah 30:15
7. Joy in the Lord. Nehemiah 8:10
8. Poor. Isaiah 25:4
9. Needy. Isaiah 25:4
10. Abiding in CHRIST. Philippians 4:13

I have been asked to write something on what I have reason to believe is the hardest problem of a foreign missionary mother's life. Perhaps in my case the problem, yes and the hardness, was extended over a longer period of time than most, as I had, as far as I know, the largest "foreign" family (with one exception) in the far east - eleven children. The problem is that of separation either from husband or separation from children.

Much has been said on this subject, especially by *those in the homeland*, some going so far as to say missionaries should not have children. For many reasons it seems impossible to deal with this subject in a general way. All I can do is to try to give a glimpse of what this problem meant to me personally. I know my story could be duplicated in hundreds of other cases throughout the

foreign field.

My husband was not a strong man physically. Early in his Knox College days, he was threatened with a serious break in health through persistent indigestion. A Christian doctor, who took a special interest in him, wrote out a list of health rules he was to follow. In his characteristic way, my husband, when possible, kept rigidly to these rules throughout his long life. I give this as it has an important bearing on the problem we are facing.

Those who have read *Goforth of China* will understand something of the exceedingly strenuous life my husband lived. Had he been left alone in China for years at a time to look after his own food, when on his constant long itineraries, I doubt whether he could long have survived such a test. It was this strong conviction that my husband needed me - that his very life depended on my care of him - that enabled me to bear the separation from the children as one by one they left the home nest for school, at first in China, then, as years passed, to cross the ocean for school in Canada.

The story I have been specially asked to give is the parting with my youngest - my baby. He was only six and a half years old. But it seemed to my husband better that he should be safe in the mission school at Weihufu (our central station a few hours by train south of Changte). While we had no school near for our younger children, my husband felt we could look to the Lord to keep them safe when with us on the touring life, but not so when there was a school, etc., available. Oh, how I struggled to keep my child a little longer - he was so very young!

But at last the morning arrived when the child must be taken to Weihufu. My husband, seeing how broken I was, tried to persuade me to allow him to take the little lad; but I was determined to keep him with me as long as possible. I kept calm outwardly until we arrived at the school. The children were all outside playing when we arrived. When my baby caught sight of them, he forgot me and dashed off to join them in their fun.

It was necessary to leave again almost immediately in order to catch my return train, so after a few words with Miss S., Fred, my little boy, was sent for. I expected him to show some grief at parting, but the wee boy could scarcely spare time for a hasty hug and "Good-by, Mother, I want to play!" and off he ran.

This unloosed the flood gates within me. I fled weeping to my cart. Just as the cart was about to start, Mr. H. G. appeared, intending to accompany me to the station, but seeing what he did, he hastily returned home to inform Dr. L., who was going north by the same train, to look after me.

On reaching the station, I found a hiding-place behind a big door. Try as I would, I could not stop violent weeping. As the train drew into the station; I found a small seat behind the door, which permitted me to have my back to the other passengers in the car. Here I cried and sobbed. I felt like what I could imagine a lioness would feel who had been robbed of her whelps. Then as we neared our station of Changte, by desperate effort, I calmed myself. When I glanced around, there was Dr. L. just behind me, with a look of infinite pity, just waiting for the moment when he could speak. But his look of sympathy again opened the flood gates. Though a stranger and en route to Peking, he left the train at Changte and would not leave me till he had seen me safely home.

We had planned to leave on a long itinerary of our field as soon as possible after our wee boy had gone; but when I returned home to the empty house, for the first time in more than twenty years empty of children - my heart seemed as if it would break. For two days, instead of preparing for the coming journey, I lay and wept. My dear husband was tenderly sympathetic, but at last in desperation he became stern and insisted on my facing the future and turning my mind to the open door at hand. So, rising, I set to work and gradually this crisis in my life passed.

Turning from what has always been to me a "weepy" story, the following will strike a more cheerful note of this time.

Just before my little lad Fred and I reached Weihufu, I said to him, "Now, Fred, I want you to try hard to be first in your class."

Months later, on reaching home for the holidays, he rushed in in great excitement, shouting as he threw his arms about me, "Mother, I'm first; I'm first in my class."

When things had somewhat quieted down, I said, "And, Fred, how many have you in your class?"

His face fell as he replied, "Well, Mother, Miss S. put Alex Grant and me in a class by ourselves."

One of the most interesting experiences when with my husband on his distant tours was this:

Dr. Goforth had received an urgent call from Marshal Feng Yuhsiang to hold a revival mission among his soldiers. Later came a telegram asking me to accompany my husband for meetings among the officers wives.

Never had I been more tested. A wave of intense wilting heat had gripped that part of China and was felt even on the mountain-top where the message reached us. What would it be on the plain below, where we heard cholera was raging! I was sorely tempted to listen to those who urged me not to go. Then, taking up my Bible with a cry for light, it opened to Ecclesiastes, the 11th chapter, my eye resting on the fourth verse, which read: "**He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the cloud shall not reap.**"

How could I shrink back in the face of such words! Had I not gone, what I would have missed!

The heat was indeed intense and very trying, but, oh, the thrill that came from day to day when meeting with fifty or more officers' wives, most of whom were intelligent women of the higher class and could read. Many of the women's husbands were Christians, and eager that they, too, should be led to CHRIST. My last address was on the broad and narrow way. At the close, almost all indicated their wish to follow CHRIST.

One day the Marshal insisted on my addressing one thousand of his officers and men, telling the story of our escape from the Boxers in 1900. The meeting began with several hymns led by a choir and band. All started at once on the third stroke of the baton. No leading note was given.

Every instrument in the band seemed to my ears to be tuned to a different key. All played or sang as loudly as they could bang, toot, or shout. The effect was deafening and almost appalling. This had one good effect - driving away the excessive nervousness that had gripped me. When later, at a sign, from the Marshal, I stepped forward and faced that great audience, calmness and power came to speak for over an hour on GOD's mighty miracle-working for us. And, oh, how they listened! The Marshal was right - it was indeed a message for Christian soldiers.

It was on this, our first visit to Marshal Feng's camp, that my friendship with Mrs. Feng began, which continued to shortly before her death some years later, when we were home on a furlough. She died a true believer in the Lord.

One of the greatest, if not the greatest, most far-reaching services in Dr. Goforth's life came through Marshal Feng and his army. It is to be hoped some day the life of that truly great man may be given to the world by an unbiased writer. Through all the years, when later the Marshal undoubtedly had backslidden, even to many missionaries hopelessly so, Dr. Goforth never gave up hope for him, praying daily for his return. But it was not until some time after my husband's death that, word began to come from various sources that revealed his prayers were being answered.

One missionary who lived for some time as neighbor of Marshal Feng and his family on Kuling Mountain, tells of his holding family worship each day and of his spending much time in daily Bible study. Another missionary recently tells of the Marshal, when passing through his station, addressing an overflow meeting. "He stressed the need of Christian truth in the heart if the individual or nation were to be saved. This truth, he declared, was to be found in the Bible, which he urged his hearers to read. The Marshal mentioned that several leading men in the government were feeling after CHRIST and were reading the Scriptures.

~ end of chapter 6 ~
