

INNER GREAT WALL NEAR PEKING.

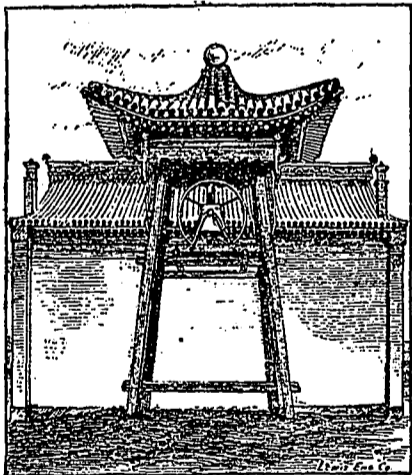
UNDER THE SHADOW OF CHINA'S GREAT WALL.

BY REV. WM. P. SPRAGUE, OF KALGAN, NORTH CHINA.

If any one doubts the existence of China's Great Wall, let him come with me to Kalgan, and see for himself the identical wall built by the first Emperor Chin, in 200 B.C.

Take a steamer across the Pacific to Tientsin, then a native boat up the Pei Ho River three days, then pack-saddle or mule-litter five days more, through mountains and plains to Kalgan. Before you reach the city you see a dark line along the hilltops just beyond the town, and by the time you enter our compound you see the wall stretching away over the mountains as far as the eye can reach, both east and west, with towers on all the prominent elevations. As we pay it a visit for closer inspection, you find it a windrow or ridge of reddish-brown porphyry rock broken, not cut, into irregular blocks. These are so well fitted to each other that the outer surface is tolerably smooth and has somewhat the appearance of crazy patchwork. The accompanying diagram may help you form some idea of its shape.

It is about ten feet broad at base and



BELL AND TOWER OF CHAPEL.

fifteen feet high, the sides sloping to a sharp ridge like a steep house-roof. You may follow this wall eastward to the sea, and westward to Kansuh, the north-western province; and so doing you will have traversed the entire northern frontier of China, fifteen hundred miles. Though you find several hundred miles of adobe sun-dried mud-wall, yet other hundreds of miles are of good brick and higher than at Kalgan. By the time you have traced its length you will be willing to concede, not only that China has a great wall, but also that the ruler who could conquer so vast a country, drive out the invading Tartars, and build a fortification fifteen hundred miles long to keep them out, was worthy to be called the First Emperor, and to give his name (China) to the country.

If any one laughs at the folly of spending so much labor on such a useless defence, let him remember that it was a defence only against horseback riders, armed with nothing but bows and arrows. A few guards on the watchtowers could, with their signal fires on the mountain-tops, easily rouse the villagers, far and near, to the defence of their homes. And this wall accomplished its purpose for over a thousand years, when the great Ghenghis Khan with his brave Mongol followers broke their way through. In the picture of the north wall and gate of Kalgan you may see the gateway through which he forced his way in his victorious march to Peking and the conquest of the empire.

This section of the great wall becomes for half a mile the city wall of Kalgan. A beautiful temple is built on this wall to celebrate Ghenghis Khan's victorious passage.

This two-thousand-year-old wall is little known to the world at large, because there is another wall much oftener visited and described by visitors from the western world. It is near Peking and a far more imposing structure. A section of it is shown in the cut above. This is only an inner arm of the Great Wall, but five hundred miles long and not so old by seven hundred years. It is built of cut granite and good brick, and is thirty feet wide at its base, twenty-five feet wide at the top, and thirty feet high. It is a fine sight as it winds over the highest mountain-tops.

But there is a certain little millet field and threshing-floor within a mile of that outer great wall at Kalgan which is to become more famous than either of these walls. The field was bought in 1881 by the missionaries for the American Board, and on it has been built the first Protestant church edifice in all this northern region. An American church-bell, hung in a tower beside this chapel, calls together from fifty to one hundred Christians for prayer and worship. The fourth drawing shows the bell and tower and side of the chapel. There are also built upon this ground three missionary residences and two school buildings.

Out from this Bethel sounds the gospel of salvation in many ways. First in importance is the teaching of Bible truth to the young. We have had a boys' day-school for more than twenty years. Several from this school have become useful Christians. One is now a preacher and several others are studying for the ministry. And now we have started a boarding school that we may have the promising boys under our more immediate influence and instruction. We shall fit some of them for the college department of our central school at Tung-cho, and such as prove efficient and seem to be called of God to the work will continue through the Theological Seminary. One of the boys in the boarding school at Kalgan is supported by a Christian Endeavor Society in the State of New York. There are more bright, Chris-

tian boys waiting to be adopted by other societies. It costs but \$25 a year to do this. Who would like to aid in this work?

Outside of these schools we have applications from young men to teach them the Bible in the winter-time, inasmuch as in the summer they are too busy on their farms even to listen to preaching. We usually have a class of twenty or thirty of these. Some are Christians and want to work for God; but do not know how. Others are inquirers after truth, and here as elsewhere those who honestly seek for the truth find it. It requires about \$5 to help one of these country youths to a winter's study of the Bible.

And then, for the little bound-footed girls, we have the best school of all. It is a boarding school in a good building on our compound, and Miss Diamond gives to them her almost undivided attention. Some of the girls are children of church members, while others are children of heathen parents. All are being loosened from a bondage of error and superstition worse than foot-binding. Many of these come from dark and filthy houses of ignorance and misery and cruelty. In this bright, cheerful school home they learn godliness and cleanliness and good housekeeping. And then they go back prepared, with God's help, to renovate, enlighten, and transform these houses of sorrow into happy Christian homes.

To support one of these girls in this school requires about \$30 a year. There are now about sixteen of them. Who wants to help more girls out of the darkness into the blessed sunshine of the gospel? For each of these schools and the missionary work they represent, we bespeak your sympathy and your prayers.

Are there not some sons and daughters of the King, who read this account, who will, for Christ's sake, come to these ends of the earth to help save some of these for whom Christ came from heaven? Are there not others who would like to send a substitute to tell these perishing ones the wonderful words of God's love? In the schools above spoken of see an opportunity of training and sending forth your missionary to rescue many of China's millions. And will not each of you hereafter, as you think of China's Great Wall, also think of pity, and pray for, the great multitudes who live under its shadow?—*Missionary Herald*.

CONQUERING AN OBSTACLE.

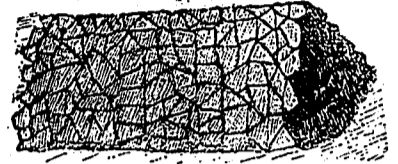
Tom Pippet was always a little fellow; so small that when he was in the senior class in college the smallest boy in the preparatory school "looked down" upon him in a literal sense.

Every boy who has himself a physical defect can understand how mighty a matter this lack of size had seemed to Tom. For some years of his life it was to him the most important thing in the world. There were such great deeds to be done, and he felt that he could do them, only—he stood but five feet in his boots!

It was hopeless to try to be a hero! His name, too, was unfortunate. The boys changed it to Poppet, to Pipes, to Pipkin, to Pint. It was easy to be witty at the expense of the little fellow.

One day an old professor, seeing him shrink at some gibe, said to him, "Tom, there is something within you with which your little body has nothing to do. Show that to the world. Ignore and disregard your size, and you will teach others to ignore and disregard it."

That kindly word was the pebble which turned the stream of Tom's life into a new channel. He had thus far failed from very despair to try to make something of him-



OUTER GREAT WALL AT KALGAN.

self; he now began to study vigorously. He was a born orator, and his voice was fine. The class soon began to be proud of him, and to boast of his size as another reason for their approval of him. When his small figure appeared upon the platform on Commencement Day, the storm of applause which greeted him was due as much to the triumph over this physical defect as to the actual work which he had done.

At the bar in the town in which Tom practised as a lawyer he was known as "Little Webster," so accurate was his knowledge and so effective his eloquence.

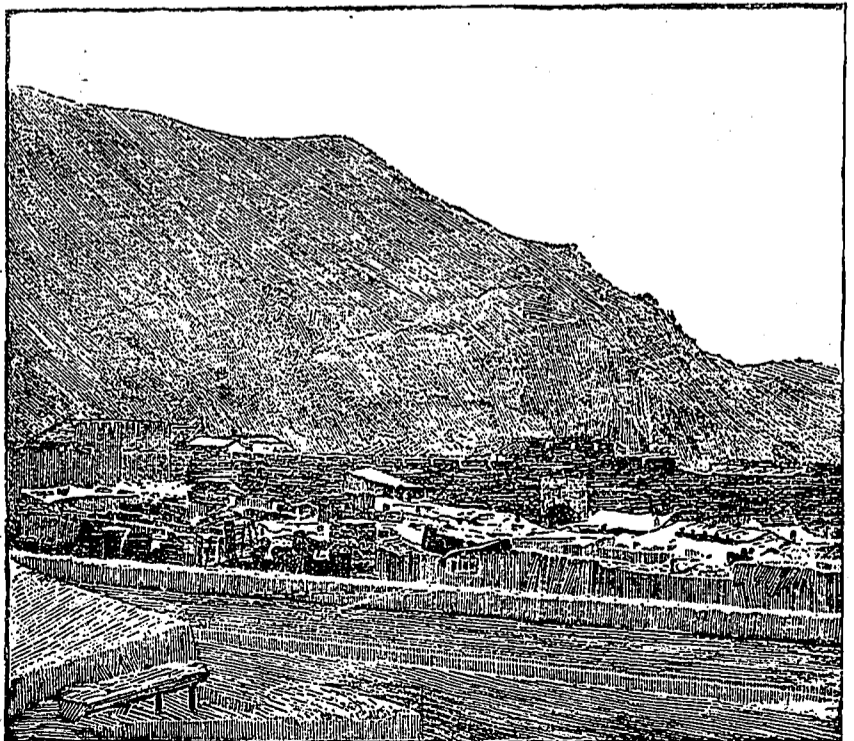
The Civil War began, and Tom, with other sincere men, North and South, rushed to the battle-field. His men followed their little captain as confidently as though he had been seven feet high. He was badly wounded at Chancellorsville, and sent to a hospital, whence he was discharged minus a part of two limbs. He had been engaged to a woman whom he had loved for years.

"Tell her that she is free," he said to her father, who came to see him, adding, with a sad smile, "There never was much of me, but now I am only the wreck of a man."

She wrote back: "If there is enough body left to hold his soul, I will marry him."

They were married, and Tom became a useful citizen in the community in which he lived. He acquired influence and property, and used both to noble purpose. When the great disaster at Johnstown occurred, he hastened to the place and worked among the homeless, starving people, surrounded by thousands of unburied dead. He went home worn out by labor, and died, strong, bright, cheery to the last.

Is there nothing in this true story of a true life to help our readers who have some bodily defect which seems a hopeless obstacle in their path?—*Youth's Companion*.



NORTH WALL AND GATE OF KALGAN.