

explanations, one who seemed to be in charge, said: "I will send a soldier to escort you to the city." The man he sent had been drinking more than was good for him, and for our comfort; we would have preferred going on alone in the dark. He went with us past a few more outposts, and took us to the Hueichow Guild, where there were a good many soldiers. The Guild was piled up with munitions and large bags of rice. After our escort had inquired for us where General Meng was, he came out and told us the General was in the city in the mayor's yamen. We thanked him and went on towards the city.

"Before we reached the city gate we saw some 40 coolies sitting by the roadside with soldiers. I suppose they were all ready to carry things for the army. At 1.45 a.m. we were inside the mayor's yamen. The General's secretary came out to us, then went into General's quarters, returned after a few minutes to say that the General was asleep and they dare not wake him. We asked him to try again, as our business was important. The guard inside refused to allow the General to be disturbed; said that he would be up at 3 o'clock, as they were starting at 4 o'clock. The secretary said he would be up in about an hour's time and asked us to go to his room and wait. There was no help for it, so we waited, talking with the secretary and others who kept coming and going. By 3 o'clock their breakfast was ready. The secretary wanted to get us rice, but we did not allow him to do so.

"At last our patience was rewarded and we were ushered into the General's bedroom. We had about one hour with him, and got all we wanted in the way of assurances. He seemed to know all that was going on in Kinhwa district, the robberies committed by the retreating soldiers, etc. He said he did not think it necessary for him to come to Kinhwa at present, but if brigandage was not put down he would certainly send troops to protect the people. He was most polite and told us all we wanted to know. Before we left I asked him if he had any proclamations about protecting the churches. He said he had, and ordered his men to bring them. One man said everything was packed up and ready to start, but he said, 'Go and open them up and bring them here.' A parcel was brought in and he gave me three lots of proclamations, and asked me to give them to the Kinhwa mayor. When we left he came to the door with us and said he would be sure to call and see me should he come to Kinhwa.

"We were told the new military governor of Chehkiang had just reached Lanchi. We tried to find out where he was, but could not. In the early morning we saw a fleet of boats starting down the river for Yenchow. They said the Governor was on board one of the boats. Kinhwa seems a different place these days; everyone seems more happy and less afraid."

#### VALUE BY COMPARISON.

So ends Mr. Dickie's story, but reports from other quarters given in the same paper, indicate more clearly the value of the work done. A double column heading reads: "Fukien Troops Loot Chuchow: Yamen Not Spared: Thirty Thousand Fed at City's Expense: Cheng I-men People Kill Over Fifty Refugees," etc. In another section we find a report headed: "Life in Lanchi Not Very Secure: Communications Cut Off for Week: Fukienese Swarming Into City."

As we happen to have a good picture of Mr. and Mrs. Dickie (taken by Mr. Geo. T. Wadds, Vancouver) we shall also venture (without their permission) to reproduce it. We believe that, in keeping with the spirit and practice of the C. I. M. with which they are associated, Mr. Dickie would not wish his personal part to be emphasized or even published; and yet we think the record shows

that his action was worthy of recognition as that of a man who has evidently learned well the great life-lesson that others of us learn slowly, namely, to HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

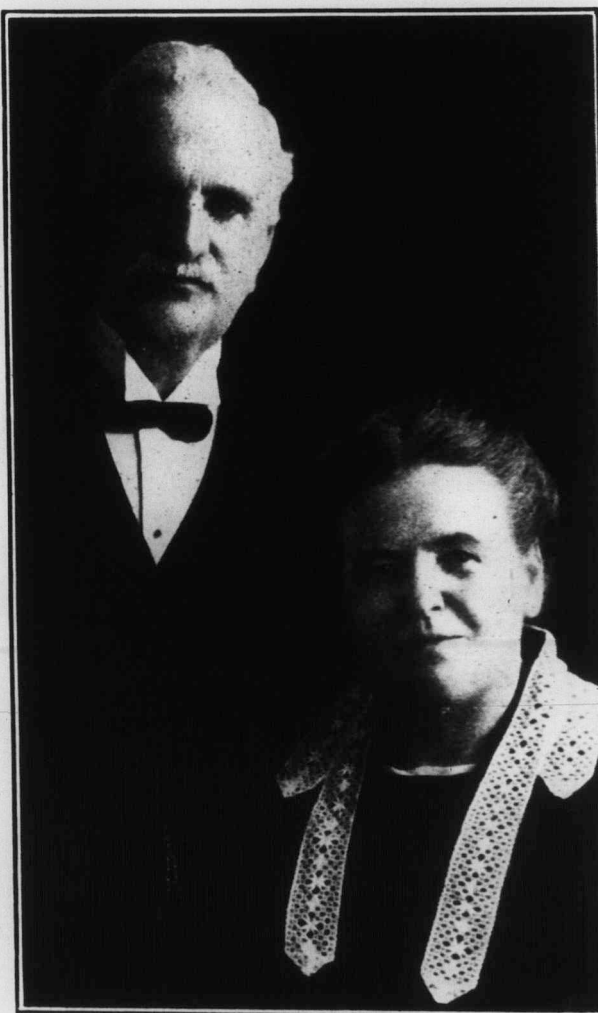
It may be noted that in a letter of later date, reporting on the work of the C. I. M., Mr. Dickie does little more than mention his experience; though at the same time the letter reveals that he and Dr. Shen were instrumental in preventing trouble with soldiers at Kinhwa.

We also observe (after passing the foregoing for the B. C. M.) that in a family letter Mr. Dickie remarks: "Had the editor

and lessen or cover up the human agency while ascribing all credit to the Supreme, we are pleased to learn by the way that "among the Chinese in both town and country he is held as the one who saved the situation." He himself adds: "You see we did not do so very much after all. Still, what we did do brought peace to the hearts of the people. Everywhere I am greeted with smiles, and my Chinese helpers say people are more willing to listen to the Gospel than ever, and many say they are going to put down their names as inquirers. Alas, alas! they forget so very soon, as they are inclined to return to their old ways of doing things when peace and quiet reign." . . .

By which comment all aspiring souls and Christian workers will be reminded that human nature is the same in China as elsewhere. Nevertheless the effect on the work of the C. I. M., which we know Mr. Dickie and such men as he have most at heart, is very likely to be cause for thankfulness.

(Rev. Mr. Dickie is a Scotsman, trained in Glasgow and the United States, who has given 35 years of his life to China and the Chinese for the propagation of the Gospel.)



Wadds' Photo.

#### REV. FRANK AND MRS. DICKIE

of the C.I.M., Kinhwafu, Chehkiang, China. In connection with the civil war in that Province, Mr. Dickie, at the request of the Chinese officials, made a night journey through territory invested by the opposing forces, that he might interview General Meng, and is credited with saving the City of Kinhwafu from invasion by the Fukien troops. The facts were supplied by Mr. Dickie anonymously, as the regular "correspondent" of the "Shanghai Times," but the editor of that paper (without consulting Mr. Dickie), thought fit to disclose his identity in an editorial—which we reproduce, together with the narrative of the experience.

When on furlough, Mr. and Mrs. Dickie, after visiting Britain, spent some months in Canada, two years ago, and both spoke at many meetings. Mr. Dickie conducted services and spoke of China and C.I.M. work there, in some of the large churches of different denominations in Toronto, and elsewhere in Eastern Canada. Both missionaries also spoke at meetings in halls and churches in Seattle, Victoria and Vancouver.

Through the C.I.M., Mr. and Mrs. Dickie have given about 35 years of service to China.

asked liberty to mention my name in the journey that night. I would certainly have refused to allow him to do so. As it was he sent me a note telling me what he had done."

All the more because we know Mr. Dickie would follow the practice of the C. I. M.

## Corner for Junior Readers

### Some of Denny's Out-of-School Doings

By Annie Margaret Pike

#### CHAPTER V.

(To Kingstown and Back)

It was the day of the Regatta. Denny had fully intended to save up enough of his pocket-money to pay for a return ticket to Kingstown to see it. But, alas for his happiness! he had had to buy a new cricket ball to replace one he had borrowed and afterwards lost on the school playing fields, and it had cost him the whole of his small hoard.

He was disconsolately studying the programme of Regatta events in the newspaper when Robert found him.

"Den," said he, "I'm going to take Beatrice and Ethel to see the fireworks at Kingstown this evening, and Beatrice wants you to come, too. Will you?"

"I haven't a brass farthing to my name, Rob, or I would. I'd come hopping," said the disconsolate one.

"If that's all there is to prevent," said Robert, "you needn't lose any sleep over it. I daresay I can find enough half-pence for your ticket."

A little while later in the day, Denny, with commendable forethought, sought out Kathleen, with a view to some necessary repairs to his wardrobe. She was suffering from a bad cold which kept her in the house.

This is how he approached the subject:

"Acushla machree (core of my heart), you're the prettiest girl in all Ireland, and if anyone has the audacity to say you're not, I'll send him flying backwards into the middle of next week. See if I don't."

Kathleen rose to the occasion.

"What is it you want me to do for you, boyo that has kissed the Blarney Stone?"

"Sure, 'tis a little matter of missing coat buttons, darling!" and forthwith Kathleen brought out her work basket and set to work.

(Turn to Page 16)