



Rev. H. C. DuBose, D. D.

# For the Glory of God

Memoirs of  
**Dr. and Mrs. H. C. DuBose**  
Of Soochow, China

Compiled by Mrs. Nettie DuBose Junkin.

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**Foreword**

Much of the information about Dr. DuBose was written, or collected from magazines by Mrs. DuBose. These notes have been revised and enlarged to include an account of Mrs. DuBose's long life of missionary activity.

They have gone before to their Eternal, Glorious Home.

The work, laid down by them, remains; the heathen remain; laborers are needed.

May China be won for Christ. May this small book lead others to give their lives to the service of the Master in China. May everything, herein written, be for the Glory of God.

NETTIE DuBOSE JUNKIN.

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## Preface

The funds from the sale of this little book will be used to aid in the erection of the DuBose Memorial, in Soochow, China, which will consist of a Church auditorium, Sunday school rooms, quarters for the native preacher, and rooms for the reception of Chinese visitors and inquirers. This proposed Memorial building is badly needed to take the place of the old and dilapidated building, where for over forty years the Gospel has been faithfully preached daily. Dr. P. Frank Price of China has said of this proposed Memorial, "The investment is in China, a nation of 427,000,000 souls; in Soochow, a city of more than half a million; a great commercial center with radiating waterways and railroads that reach five million people within a radius of thirty miles; and on the Yang Yoh Hang street, one of the most crowded streets in the busiest part of a big city." Surely, the Church at home will not allow this great street-chapel work begun by Dr. and Mrs. DuBose, and now carried forward by their son and daughter-in-law, Rev. and Mrs. Palmer C. DuBose, to fall into disuse for the lack of funds to keep a decent roof over this great mission work.

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### For The Glory of God.

To find the keynote of a man's life is all important. To judge a man by his motives is the truest way to judge him aright.

The main-spring of the lives and actions of Dr. and Mrs. DuBose cannot be better explained than by reference to the last sweet day of their united earthly life. On that last day, Dr. DuBose remarked: "I shall glorify God as long as I live and then go home to enjoy Him forever."

To those best acquainted with these servants of God, there was always apparent the strong desire to glorify Him. In every detail of their lives, in duties small or in undertakings so large that to the human mind they almost seemed impossible of accomplishment, the Glory of God and the Salvation of the Chinese were the motives which urged them on to unceasing efforts.

### Farewells.

China in 1872 was a strange and far off land. This was the China,—proud in her own self-sufficiency, the China which burned her first railway, that it might not disturb the souls of some of her ancestors, near whose graves the railroad ran; the China who would prefer to kill the missionary and his converts rather than believe this "foreign doctrine" wherein was preached a Crucified Redeemer, who died to save sinners.

The young missionary, who then entered this ancient empire, was not, as now, welcomed and respected. He was despised, reviled, accused of every imaginable sin, suspected of evil motives. He was spit upon. He must not be surprised if bricks were frequently thrown at his head. An occasional riot kept him on the alert. Altogether circumstances made long life an uncertainty and gave to the farewell with loved ones at home an added bitterness.

Notwithstanding all this, a widowed mother gave up her oldest daughter, her devoted helper, to go with the man she

loved to this far away country to live and labor for the Master. Six months previous, Mr. DuBose had started for China alone, to be alone for two years, until the mother could grow willing for the sacrifice. God tested his willingness to go. On the western plains a heavy snow-storm delayed the train. He missed his steamer. The second time he started, he was the proud possessor of a lovely bride.

The young preacher left his relatives and friends without a murmur. He set aside the attractive offer of a pastorate in a large city church to go out to a heathen land, where he would meet opposition, hatred and distrust. A life of comparative ease and a life of hardship lay before him. He chose the latter.

Full of faith, full of joy, never downcast, Mr. and Mrs. DuBose began their work for the Lord. They laid their burdens upon Him, and throughout a long life of strenuous exertions, they had joy in their work, with hearts that sang glad praises of Him, who never fails those who put their trust in Him.

### Welcomes.

The young missionaries started on their long voyage and experienced many delights as well as discomforts. Their beauty loving eyes found many charms in plains and mountains, vast ocean and beautiful Japan. The steamer was small, the voyage was rough, but the trip was made without danger.

In Yokohama they were welcomed by Dr. and Mrs. Ballagh of the Dutch Reformed Church of America, and a glad moment it was to have the friendly handshake from these fellow workers in the East.

At last Shanghai was reached and they entered the land to which God had sent them. Again kind friends made them feel that all are "One in Christ." Dr. and Mrs. Lambuth took them into their home for a few days, and later, as they were going on an itinerating trip, escorted them to Hangchow—

then the only station of the Southern Presbyterian Mission. There they found our four devoted missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. Houston, Mr. Helm and Mr. Stuart.

[Note—Dr. and Mrs. Lambuth were pioneers of the Southern Methodist Mission, first in China, later in Japan.]

### Locating at Soochow.

About two months after the arrival of Mr. DuBose at Hangchow, he and Mr. Stuart started out on a boat to visit neighboring cities to try to open a new station. Several places were visited. Wherever they went they sold books and Mr. Stuart spoke a few words, as opportunity offered, to the curious crowds gathered about them.

The following extracts from letters will give an idea of a few of the strenuous days:

Huchow, June 20th, 1872.

"Mr. Stuart and I have been at this city a week trying to secure a house. We have been living in our boat; as it is the rainy season, the weather is cool and pleasant. . . . Few understand the difficulties of establishing a new station. Were we to go out seeking to rent a house, a crowd would follow us and we would only defeat our own plans. We send out a native and then advise with him. Even he can do nothing himself, but has to transact the business through a 'middle man.' All the wisdom of the serpent is needed. God has been good to us in this little boat, and we have felt, that in a faint degree, we could unite with our Master in the feeling which led Him to say, 'The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests. . . .'"

Wutsen, China, Sept. 18, 1872.

"In middle China, the delightful weather from September to December affords the best season for missionary trips. The canals run in every direction, much thicker than the cart roads through our pine forests. These are broad beautiful streams,

from sixty to a hundred and twenty yards in width. If we wish to make a quick trip we take a foot boat, which is used for the express and mail, and is impelled by an oar managed by the feet. . . . Mr. Stuart and I brought our bedding, chairs, books and papers. The price of a boat is about fifty or eighty cents a day. We left Hangchow on the 11th, spent the next day at Huchow, and the following one at Nandzin, a place twenty miles east of Huchow with a population of twenty thousand. We then went forty miles northeast to Soochow, where we spent the Sabbath and Monday. This village of Wutsen is about three miles long and has a larger population than Nandzin. Tonight we go to Kashing, a large city half way between Hangchow and Shanghai.

"We go from place to place at night and so have our entire day for selling books. Yesterday, however, we were traveling and, on the way from Soochow, we stopped at three places and sold books until we were tired. As we reach a place I get on shore with the books and walk slowly along. Soon a crowd collects which will purchase rapidly. I am glad to do this work, but how much more rejoiced I will be when I can open my mouth and speak to them of a Crucified Christ.

"Soochow is a great city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, one hundred miles north of Hangchow and seventy miles west of Shanghai. It is considered as the equal of Hangchow in its beauty and glory. The Chinese have a proverb: 'Above is Heaven, below, Soochow and Hangchow.' It lies upon a plain, with the mountains to the west and just behind them the Great Lake. I do hope our church will plant a mission here at an early day. The people have not a good reputation; neither had the people of Hangchow eight years ago when our missionaries first went there. Our great need as a mission is native assistants."

Reaching the west gate of Soochow, Mr. Stuart and Mr. DuBose learned that there was a "Jesus Chapel" near the east gate. So they walked about two miles and found Mr. Charlie

Marshall, a Chinese who had spent ten years in America and was in charge of the chapel in connection with the Southern Methodist Mission. Under his guidance they went about the city and saw enough in a day to make them say: "Here we rest." After conference with the other workers at Hangchow, Messrs. Houston and Stuart were appointed to secure a dwelling house in Soochow. Mr. Stuart remained there for six weeks fitting up the house with glass windows to let in light and keep out cold, and ceilings to protect them from the dust and dirt of the roof.

The house was built in native style in the shape of a square surrounding a tiny brick paved court yard. The front windows overlooked the street. The lower story was used for a chapel, the upstairs was the dwelling. Tiny and cramped as these quarters were they were soon to become "Home, sweet home" to the young missionaries.

As soon as the repairs were finished, Mr. and Mrs. DuBose left Hangchow and came to Soochow. The great city loomed in the distance as the travelers came slowly onward in a houseboat. The high walls surrounded by a canal, or moat, looked forbidding. The massive gates seemed to defy any enemy, and barred watergates were sufficient to keep out intruders. But treaties made with the western countries had given these strangers the right to live in a Chinese city. Entrance could not be denied, walls and gates could not keep them out. Still, Satan strongly entrenched in this magnificent stronghold, used all his powers to prevent the Gospel of Light from entering the souls of the people.

The city of Soochow is large. The streets swarm with busy, hurrying people; with crowds of well-dressed, care-free pleasure seekers; with bands of pilgrims coming to worship. Soochow is a city of idolatry; within its walls and on neighboring hill-tops, are temples and pagodas which welcome worshipping pilgrims year by year.

The Taiping rebellion had caused great destruction in this

city, especially of temples and idols. Mr. and Mrs. DuBose witnessed the rebuilding and repairing of many of these places of worship—the magnificent City Temple; the other temples, large and small, for every imaginable deity; shrines on bridges over intersecting canals, shrines by the wayside. “Why was not the Gospel sent here sooner?” was their frequent thought.

A native preacher was later loaned to them by Dr. Lambuth of Shanghai. He was a most valuable helper to Mr. and Mrs. DuBose in the first days of their work. One other foreign missionary came to Soochow, a member of the Northern Presbyterian Mission. These and Mr. Marshall constituted the band of workers, five Christians in a Chinese city, where teeming thousands surged through the streets daily. They doubted not. In one of the citadels of Satan, in a city full of idolatry, their faith was strong and “Faith is the Victory.”

### Curiosity and Language.

The foreigners had come and the busy thoroughfare in front of the house was crowded with people, curious and talkative.

“Have you seen them?”

“How do they look?”

“They have white faces.”

“The man has a long black beard and says he is only twenty-six years old. In our country, only old men grow beards.”

“Oh, that is easily explained. These foreigners begin at one hundred and count backwards, so he is seventy-four years old.”

“What about the lady?”

“She has a soft voice and smiles and is as pretty as the ‘Goddess of Mercy.’”

When face to face with the people, the young missionaries were overwhelmed with every kind of question. They answered what they could and wrote down many other remarks, which they heard but could not understand. Asking their teacher, the next day, the meaning of such, he would often say in dis-

gust: “Why do you wish to know that, it is a stupid woman’s question?”

They carried paper and pencil with them and learned words from shop-keepers, venders and passers-by. Sometimes the language was polite, sometimes it was the vocabulary of one who had reviled them and had cursed the “foreign devil.” But they learned it all. Mr. DuBose went to the tea shops and talked with the men as they drank their tea. He told the Gospel story as best he could and listened to their replies. He studied late after supper so as to give a large part of his day to talking to the people and to selling books and tracts.

As a result of this steady application, in later years, Dr. DuBose’s earnest and fluent sermons were daily heard by crowds who filled his chapel; and Mrs. DuBose was noted because she spoke “just like the Chinese.” A young native preacher used to delight to lead a Chinese near to the door of the room in which Mrs. DuBose was talking to the women. When asked, “Is the speaker a foreigner or a Chinese?” the stranger would invariably answer, “A Chinese.”

### Beginnings.

As soon as Mr. DuBose was able to speak, he began to open the doors of the street chapel. In February, 1873, not quite a year after he landed in China, he wrote:

“For some time past I have been preaching in the street chapel every day except Monday. It is a joy to me to again speak of God. Of course all that I say is ‘memoriter’ and nearly the same thing every day. But as we have almost an entirely different congregation each time, one sermon is a far more valuable piece of property than in the course of a pastorate at home. This I enlarge by adding to it every gospel sentence I learn, and by getting my teacher to change into Chinese fresh thoughts or illustrations that occur to me, so that in a few months I hope to be able to use a greater variety.

"Yet though I preach thus hand-cuffed, I do rejoice. Even were it to be always thus with me, I would still be glad I came to China. It is truly a privilege to preach. Our chapel is crowded, literally packed each time it is open for service.

"The door is opened, those passing along the street stop and look in. Being invited to enter, they come in and sit down, or perhaps they stand and read some of the mottoes that hang on the wall, or the Lord's Prayer, or the Ten Commandments. The minister commences to talk, more enter. In five or ten minutes the chapel is full. Perhaps some will leave soon, but others take their seats. Generally the large majority remain a long time. Some will often sit for two or three hours and listen to one or two speakers preach. The prompting motive in their coming and listening may be curiosity, still the people hear.

"Though these people listen, their ears are dull of hearing.' Never a more self-righteous nation since the Meek. One cried: 'Scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites.' The Chinese are certainly a remarkable people. Present arguments and they will assent to your conclusions. You tell them the words of the Prophet, that they burn one end of a log of wood and with the other make a god, they will assent, yet straightway go off to a temple and burn incense. One would think with so much preaching, many ought to be saved. Yet at the present rate, it will be ten years before all the people hear the gospel once, and we know how many sermons at home each saved soul hears.

"Yet God is not unmindful of us. One old man (for old men are sometimes saved), who heard the word preached in our chapel, came again and again and is now applying for membership. As far as the eye of man can see he is a sincere believer. He is a carpenter and has made a living for his old age. During the war, a few years since, all the houses around him were destroyed and his spared. Since then he has worshipped heaven. Now he has heard of the King of

Heaven and he gives that homage to the Creator which he had given to the creature.

"There is one feature of the work in which I am intensely interested that is the work among the women. -In our chapel, when a native preacher was talking of Heaven, a woman exclaimed: 'Is all this happiness for women, too?'"

In China, with its many strict customs, is needed a woman's voice to carry the gospel to women. From the very first, the home in Soochow was always open to guests. At all times of the day, women came to see Mrs. DuBose. Nearly always curiosity brought them. They wished to see the lady from a far off land. They wished to inspect her rooms, look at her knives and forks, lamps, stoves, all of which articles were new and strange to them. Sometimes they desired to talk, then Mrs. DuBose was able to tell them of the Savior. But oftener their eyes and not their ears were busy. But the brave, sweet missionary put away discouragement and weariness. She met all with a smile of welcome. She wore away prejudice and won the hearts of the women.

This was not all. She won souls for Christ. One day in passing an humble home, Mrs. DuBose saw a poor woman sitting at her door-step in the sunshine trying to keep warm. She was coughing a deep, painful cough. Mrs. DuBose spoke to her of our home in Heaven. Not many months later that woman approached death with a glad hope in her heart instead of heathen terror.

As the days went by and people became more friendly, Mrs. DuBose visited among the homes, talking to those so cut off from all things outside, reading and explaining the Bible, teaching those who were willing to learn. The homes of rich and poor alike were open to her.

During these first eight months, although Mr. Stuart was suffering from ill health and was unable to preach, he was of much assistance in many ways, guiding and advising the new comers. As he lay upstairs, he prayed as he listened to the

on killing these wicked foreigners. Finding the house locked and the inmates gone, they went to a neighboring temple.

There was a bright moon, and waving tree branches cast long shadows across the temple roof. The roof was old and in need of repairs. The priests pointed out that the "foreign devils" were perched upon the roof casting those weird shadows. The mob threw stones; many tiles were broken. When morning dawned and the priests demanded money for the damage done, the wrath and hatred of the rioters was turned to shamefaced chagrin.

At various times during wars and unrest, the missionaries felt as if they were living on the edge of a rumbling volcano; but God mercifully protected them.

### Fearlessness.

The Chinese often remarked that Dr. DuBose feared nothing. They are a peace loving people. In days when queues were long and convenient, two combatants were frequently found fighting with all their strength, one hand of each grasping his opponent's queue. All that was needed was to open those grasps. Dr. DuBose would frequently rub his knuckles firmly over those hands, causing them to loosen their hold. On-lookers and friends would immediately separate the two angry ones and all would stare at the calm figure walking onwards and wonder how he had done it. They respected him because he was a peace-maker.

When in the path of duty, Dr. DuBose knew no fear. One of his colleagues feared trouble if the street chapel were opened at night. Dr. DuBose could not miss the wonderful opportunity and opened his chapel every night for nearly forty years.

His ready tact and his unvarying politeness, which came from a heart full of love to God and love to his fellowmen, won the people.

Describing some of the throngs of people, he wrote:

"The most striking thing is the prestige of the foreigner as he passes along the streets. In a crowd he is head and shoulders above those about him and they stand in awe. It is absolutely necessary to be in command or they will mistreat you. Often a lewd fellow makes some vile remark in an undertone. You must frown him down or there will be others to try it. Often a literary man in silk and satin gown makes a scornful remark. You ask him if he knows the character (word) for politeness, or perhaps say: 'That is not one of the citizens of Soochow, for they know politeness.' The crowd will agree with you. Keep the people on your side, for if they are not with you they are against you."

Again he wrote: "Going out early one morning I found myself in front of the City Temple on a feast day. Many were entering to burn incense. The people bought books rapidly. The man, in front of whose store I was standing, asked me to move on as the crowd was getting too large. Some began to snatch books. They were becoming unmanageable; a perfect sea of faces was about me. I began to back out of their midst, keeping my face toward them and gradually found a more quiet street."

Dr. DuBose's commanding appearance and long beard and his courteous manners often saved him from the rough handling which a less impressive personality would surely have met with. His piercing eye, fixed upon them, often controlled that restless, reckless multitude.

### A Christian Home.

For more than three years, the young missionaries lived in their narrow and cramped quarters, cheerful and happy in the midst of discomforts. A dear baby boy gladdened their lives for a brief, beautiful year and then went home to God. But this sweet, short life was to lead heathen hearts to Christ. The Chinese learned that though the precious little body was

laid away, yet he still lived and was joyful and well, that he was "safe in the arms of Jesus," not wandering about as a homeless, desolate spirit. Then those Christless hearts, who had loved the Christian's child, came to ask if their little ones, too, might share in the priceless gift of salvation.

The second child, a blue-eyed girlie, was used of God in her earliest infancy. One of the Christians became angry. He refused to attend church. He would not be comforted. His pastor visited and prayed with him. There was one other member of the church, who he felt, was wicked; he would not worship in the same place. By and by they told him of the little stranger. Curiosity brought him to see the white-faced, blue-eyed, dimpled creature. He came; she smiled and cooed. As he watched her cunning ways, he consented to stay awhile. His anger melted away and he became a regular attendant at all the church services. Other children came and the household was a glad and happy one. The devoted mother, who cared for the little ones, taught them their lessons, sewed, kept house and did innumerable other things. She managed all that, yet never failed to find time to tell the Gospel story to crowds of women, who visited her daily.

In the midst of all his work, the father, ever sympathetic and loving, found a few spare minutes every day for his children. He often took them out with him on his walks. Many a time he took them with him to the great City Temple to help sell books and tracts. While he sold them in large lots to the shops, built around the immense court of the Temple, the children stood in the center of the court, in the midst of vendors and purchasers, and sold tracts to the passers-by, who bought them with many a smile at the little westerners."

### The Yang Yoh Hang Chapel.

After two years of preaching in the small chapel, first rented, an effort was made to purchase new property. A large piece of ground was bought. Then much opposition arose;

the land owner, who had sold the property, was thrown into prison and tortured. He was afterwards released by intervention of the American Consul, who had to appeal the case to the American Minister at Peking. Why was so much opposition aroused? Mr. DuBose writes:

"This lot was near the great Confucian Temple, in which two annual sacrifices of a cow, sheep and pigs are made. It was at the autumn sacrifice that the scholars held an indignation meeting saying that if the foreign devils built there it would spoil the 'feng shui,' or 'wind and water spirits,' so that none of them would ever be able to graduate, for the street in front of the Temple was the Dragon street. Our lot was to be on the Dragon's head and the nine story Pagoda is on its tail. . . . The Literati tell us we can live anywhere except near the four Confucian Temples, the lot redeemed goes as Temple grounds. The tea shop they have given us in exchange, we will convert into a chapel. Evidently the Lord's hand is in this. The gentry have given us one of the finest lots in the city. Here the people will daily hear of salvation. Land papers over a hundred years old are put into our hands. . . . As this lot is given to us by the Chinese, it gives us almost as firm a hold as by treaty right."

Thus was purchased the present site of the Yang Yoh Hang Chapel, the chapel in which "the voice crying in the wilderness" was heard continuously for so many years.

The dedication of the new church was on Jan. 7, 1876. The following extract is from a letter:

"On yesterday afternoon was dedicated our new church, the first building erected and set apart for the worship of the Almighty God in the provincial capital of Kiangsu, in this city which for over two thousand years has been noted for its literary standing, its wealth and luxury. . . . "The door was opened and I made a few remarks on Matt. 21, 13: 'My house shall be called the house of prayer,' and I offered a prayer, after which there were six or eight addresses. Dur-

ing all the time there was a large congregation present, many of whom interchanged places with others who came in, but all were quiet and attentive.

"The house is thirty by forty feet in the interior and will seat two hundred and fifty. We hope its doors will be opened three hundred and sixty days in each year, and for many generations will never fail of having a large audience to listen to the Gospel preached here. On each side hang scrolls written in large characters, containing fundamental truths. This is the style of all halls, whether the temples or the reception rooms of private residences. The Chinese use the character much in decoration and some of their mottoes are in elegant language and contain fine moral maxims.

"The new church is built on the old site of the tea shop, the property given us by the Literati in exchange for our lot near the Confucian Temple. The gateway is of stone, nine feet high and five feet wide, and cost \$8.00. In front is a black brick wall which shuts out the noise from the busy street. Over the entrance are four large characters, and on one side, the year of the present Emperor, and on the other side, the year of our Lord. The roof is covered with tiles, which are made like brick about six inches square and each one, curving from the middle to the sides. They are laid on, one row curving up and the other down. The rafters are small and about ten inches apart. Upon these are laid thin bricks for the tiles to rest upon. The floor is of brick. The pulpit is simply a stand six feet square with a small table upon it. The woodwork is painted a dark color and there is no ceiling. . . . On the outside and in the interior it is purely Chinese, for their style of architecture is so suitable, and to their eye so handsome, and nothing makes them think more strongly that the religion is a foreign one, than to have a foreign chapel.

"I need not mention our great joy in thus carrying the Ark of God into a permanent resting place. May Jehovah, whose way has always been in the sanctuary, bless this place. Our

hearts wait upon him expecting a blessing. O, that we may wrestle in believing prayer, that souls may be gathered in!"

Later he wrote:

"In the afternoons we have the best congregations. We keep the chapel open three or four hours daily. . . .

"The congregation is not composed of an assembly of worshippers who come together for that purpose, but our call is to 'all that pass by.' The multitude, frequently changing, makes it difficult to preach a formal discourse. Generally a fifteen minutes' talk on one topic is enough. There is no place where the varied powers of the speaker are called into play so necessarily.

"Daily there are strangers, not only from adjacent cities and towns but from 500 to 2,000 miles away. . . . I have tried to be 'an householder, which bringeth out of his treasures things new and old.' I have tried by God's grace, to present the Gospel to this people in every conceivable light, to use every method of instruction, warning and exhortation."

Dr. DuBose was never discouraged. Sometimes there seemed to be a famine in spiritual things, as he wrote in 1878:

"There has scarcely been an enquirer this year. This is certainly trying to those who have just come out of heathenism to see none added to their number. It is also trying to patience. But the Bible makes the redemption of China certain. It is worth a few centuries of labor by the church. During the millenium, China will be the leading kingdom. It is well to be patient when the Chinese quarter is to be one-third of Heaven and every third person in the Heavenly City a Chinaman."

Many, many souls were born into Christ's kingdom. Two of the most earnest Christians in Soochow were brought to Christ by the short sermons preached in those early days of his work. After the service, his custom was to talk personally with as many as would; to give books to others who were willing to remain in the chapel and read. His earnest eye noted the

interest on the faces in his congregation. Sometimes it was an old man, whose sun was sinking toward the west, whom he tried gently to lead to the Rock of Salvation. Again it was the young student in all the flush of literary pride with whom he patiently talked to show him that Jesus is the only Fount of Life, the only Light of men.

### **Pulpit Preaching.**

One of the most earnest, as well as the most eloquent preachers today in Soochow, was once a proud literary man, brought to Christ by Dr. DuBose's preaching. Three other preachers now doing good work in the city and among the country churches were brought to Christ by him.

Thirteen country churches have sprung up out of this work in the Yang Yoh Hang Chapel, which is known far and wide over the Empire because of the earnest preaching done here daily by this man of God.

Rev. H. M. Woods, D. D., writes:

"As a popular preacher to the Chinese masses, Dr. DuBose, had few equals. Earnest, lively, with a gift for illustration, a touch of humor, a clear strong voice, and an impressive manner, he attracted large audiences at the Yang Yoh Hang Chapel. The writer has often met merchants up the Grand Canal and on the Yangtse River, who spoke highly of De Sien-san, whom they said they had heard preach in Soochow. Not only in the chapel, where he was accustomed to spend hours daily with his good wife, who met with the women, but also on the street. With books and tracts, he would go all over the city preaching to the poor and outcast. By the common people of city and country, as well as by the officials, he was widely known and highly regarded."

The late Rev. J. L. Stuart, D. D., wrote:

"Street chapel preaching was the first form of missionary work he engaged in, and to that form of activity he gave his

best efforts throughout his life. For it he made his most thorough preparation and to it he devoted the greatest portion of his time. Among the many and diversified forms of work which he was devoted to, he always regarded it as the most important and gave it the first place in his consideration. He constantly urged it upon other missionaries and spared no pains to train up native preachers to assist him in that work. He dedicated himself, his time, strength, talent, heart and soul to it. He seemed never to grow weary of it, never to become discouraged in it. He never neglected it or lost faith in it. He was the most diligent worker that it was ever my good fortune to be associated with, but he emphasized preaching above all things else. He never grew lax. In winter and summer, through rain, snow, storm, heat and cold, nothing seemed to keep him back from his street chapel pulpit.

"After the first year, he secured a room just opposite the one we first used for a chapel. It had been a tea shop, and was quite large and commodious. There, every day, an audience of people, from a few tens to over a hundred in number, would sit and listen attentively to preaching from one to two hours at a time. Thus during a year, thousands of people would hear the gospel preached. Many of them were from the country villages near by, others from towns and cities farther away, but almost every one who heard would carry some part of the message to his home. Probably there was not another point in all China that exerted such an influence in spreading a knowledge of the fundamental doctrines of the gospel far and wide over the land of Sinim.

"Many a missionary, on asking a Chinese inquirer where he heard the gospel, has received the reply, "From the man with the long beard." They would not know his name, but would vividly remember his striking appearance. His personal appearance was well-fitted to attract attention and his fluent speech and graceful and gracious manner would retain

the interest and entertain and please the hearer. The Chinese are great admirers of a large and dignified personality, and they venerate a full and flowing beard. Dr. DuBose was endowed by nature with these attractive qualities, and others he had acquired by grace and by diligent and persistent application. He used all these assets as fully, as constantly, as extensively and as continuously, for the glory of the Master and for the salvation of sinners, as it was possible for human strength to endure. As far as I know, there is no other record in all China that will equal that of out-put of the plain preaching of the gospel to multitudes of people which was vouchsafed to the preacher of the Yang Yoh Hang Chapel.

"Although he was spared to labor thus diligently for an unusually long period of missionary service, the human powers were put to and kept at too great a strain for nature's endurance, and gave way suddenly and prematurely in the midst of his ordinary activity. A wave of sadness spread over the land among Christian Chinese and foreign missionaries when it was known that the voice of the great preacher would be heard no more."

#### **Work Among the Women.**

Not only was the Word preached from the pulpit at the Yang Yoh Hang Chapel, but there were adjoining rooms, where the women gathered at the end of the afternoon service. Here for the last twenty years of her life Mrs. DuBose daily taught the women who had come to the meetings, whether out of idle curiosity or because of real interest, or those who came to receive the simple medicines that she dispensed there under the direction of Dr. Wilkinson, because of the long distance to the hospital. In later life, her children were away at school, all except the youngest son. Taking him with her and putting him to play in the yard adjoining the chapel, she carried on a double work, her duties and privileges as mother and missionary. Her bright manner, gentle ways, eager interest,

carried the gospel message to many a heart. As her home cares grew less, she spent her whole time in mission work. A short extract from a home letter shows her heart. After speaking of being in the chapel all the afternoon, she says:

"When it was almost sunset a young woman asked me to go home with her, so I did, getting home after dark. Mr. DuBose laughs and says he is thankful when dark comes, as that is the only way to get me away from the women. But they know so little, and the time is so short, and I'll be sixty years old next year, and there is so much to be told them in order to make the way of Life plain."

After the death of her husband, she almost lived in this Yang Yoh Hang Chapel, and her heart seemed always there till she followed him to the blessed service above.

#### **Expansion of Work.**

About the time that the site of the Yang Yoh Hang Chapel was purchased, another dwelling house was rented in a less crowded part of the city, where the children could have a small yard in which to play. There the family lived until, later, a home was built near the ancient and picturesque Twin Pagodas. This rented house was also a two-storied building. The lower floor was used for a chapel and a boys' school. In Mrs. DuBose's own words we get a picture of this arrangement of the dwelling:

"Suppose that your parlor were a common room, filled with pine tables and narrow no-back benches; and in it, sitting at these tables, were twelve boys, studying their to-morrow's lessons, each boy screaming out the words of his lesson at the top of his voice. Suppose that the parlor door were wide open, and that your sitting-room were just at the head of the stairs, and, it being warm weather, your sitting-room door were open, too, so that you could have the benefit of every word. Suppose that your bed-room opened out of the sitting room, and, in a small bed beside a big one, you could see the

round heads of two little children, both fast asleep—one crowned with sunny golden curls and the other with the softest, finest hair of a darker hue—suppose all this, and you can imagine yourself in my place as I sit here and write at my desk. I have been busy as usual today; and yet, now that night has come, there is little to show, food thought of and eaten, lessons heard, house looked after, here and there. . . .”

Twelve boys were gathered into this school, the first established by the Southern Presbyterian Mission. Notwithstanding many difficulties, such as poor equipment, heathen teachers, etc., the school flourished. Mr. and Mrs. DuBose spent much time in teaching and training these boys. They were not only taught the books of Chinese literature and western knowledge, but the Book of books. Their good singing at church and chapel services was a great help.

The school progressed finely until Mr. and Mrs. DuBose went home on furlough. Then for lack of funds the Mission decided to close the school. Thus for many years, the Mission was deprived of a very valuable branch of work, and later the missionaries deeply regretted the lack of trained teachers and preachers.

Although the boarding school was closed, they could not neglect the children daily surrounding them, so they opened two day schools in connection with the chapels.

Though busy with the East Gate work and with the constant preaching at the Yang Yoh Hang Chapel, where he and his Chinese preacher held daily services, Mr. DuBose was not satisfied. The mind of this devoted missionary was ever working on the problem of how to reach the people. His eyes were always seeking to note where the multitudes would gather. Keenly alive to all changes and opportunities, he rented two more houses to be used as chapels.

He writes on June 19, 1878:

“I have just rented a room in the suburbs outside the East Gate, for a chapel, which will seat comfortably about forty



Mrs. H. C. DuBose with her first grandchild,  
Hampden DuBose Junkin.

or fifty people. At the chapel inside the city gate a good congregation is obtained at night. This new chapel is designed to reach the farmers, who pour in from several miles around every morning to purchase various things on the busy street. The chapel was opened as a thanksgiving offering by a lady in the bounds of North Alabama Presbytery. The country people may be more stupid but they are more honest than those in the city. May the light of the glorious Gospel shine in their darkened minds. We keep the Yang Yoh Hang Chapel open two or three hours every afternoon."

"Soochow, Aug. 19, 1878.

Three weeks ago I rented a chapel at Se-kwo-dong, a village six miles outside the West Gate at the foot of the hills. . . . From the first to the fifteenth of August annually, thousands from the city and the surrounding country go up to an old broken down temple on the top of the hill to worship the 'Three Rulers' of heaven, earth and water. The boats all stop at Se-kwo-dong, and the people on landing all have to pass over a bridge, at the foot of which the chapel stands. It is a fine place for sowing the Seed. During these two weeks I have spent every day there. The native assistant from the Yang Yoh Hang Chapel was with me several days. We preached and talked alternately, all the time. The congregations were principally country people and very, very ignorant."

#### Itineration.

Throughout his long life in China, Dr. DuBose went frequently to visit the neighboring cities, towns and villages, where the people had no opportunity to hear the Gospel message. As a result of these itinerating trips many cities were opened up for the preaching of the Word.

From his letters we get an idea of this work:

"July 1, 1876.

"This morning I returned from a three days' trip to the

city of Wusih. The great advantage of Soochow as an evangelistic center is that its beautiful canals run in every direction. I intended going to a large town, Dong-Lee, but a strong head wind prevented, so I let the 'Star of Salvation' follow the breeze up the Grand Canal, northwest. We sailed to the Custom House, which is nine miles from the city. In our country, custom houses are at the seaport to collect duty on foreign goods, but in China they have these places every thirty or fifty miles on the canal to collect duties on all cargoes that pass by.

"I sold a hundred copies of the Gospels and other large books here. The people were very polite and courteous, and had all been to preaching at our chapel. After a few hours' stay we hoisted sail, soon coming to another small village where a few books were sold.

"The shades of evening were now drawing on, but with a full moon the night on the water was more resplendent than the day. This canal is grand though the Chinese call it the Transport Grain Canal, as, before steamers ran from Shanghai to Tientsin, all the Emperor's rice was carried on it to Peking. From Soochow to Wusih, the canal is almost as straight as an arrow, sixty to one hundred yards wide, and so deep our poles could not touch the bottom. The pleasure of being on deck in the moonlight was indeed great. When I awoke in the morning we were at Wusih. I sold books in the southern suburbs of the city. As I was crossing a bridge, three nicely dressed gentlemen each took one to look at. After looking awhile, one of them, a large man with a fine looking face, told me he would go across the bridge and bring me the money. He seemed so gentlemanly that I let him take the book. I looked around for the other books. They were gone. Passing by a store, I saw one of the finely dressed men dodging behind another man. I thought I spied the book, too, but it was quickly up his sleeve. But when I told him to give me the money he quickly did it. When I reached the gate,

and stopped for a fresh supply of books, a man came puffing and calling me and handed me the six cash, a little over half a cent, to pay for his book. I felt a little ashamed to take it for I had doubted him as I had the other men. I was not used to standing in the presence of honest men!

"The beautiful feature about Wusih is its mountain. This is celebrated for its spring, which, according to the classics, is the second under Heaven. Over it is built a pavilion, and the marble which encloses the spring is kept very clean. In the eighth moon, thousands of visitors come here. There are no large temples, but a number of small ones with many ancestral halls, tea shops and idol shops. The principal part of the city lies outside the walls. A densely busy suburb runs for a mile outside the North Gate. It is the busiest mart I have seen.

"Though foreigners have often been here and sold books, the people bought rapidly, I sold seven hundred large books, two hundred and fifty Gospels, and two hundred and fifty of the 'Plan of Salvation.'

"As my teacher was with me, I studied as much on the boat as at home.

"The month of May this year was quite hot, but June being the rainy season was cool. We remained in the city in a native house all summer. July and August were hot. . . . In these twelve days I have opened the chapel fourteen times. Since we have no native assistant, I have found sheet tracts very valuable. When tired talking, I distribute these, let the people read awhile, then I preach again. The sowing must precede the reaping."

"March 20, 1877.

"I have just returned from a pleasant itinerating trip of fifteen days to a strip of country south of the Yang-tse, visiting two cities and twenty-one market towns, selling nineteen hundred of the gospels, fourteen hundred books and large tracts,

six hundred small tracts, besides distributing five hundred sheet tracts, at as many stores, on the Sabbath.

"On Thursday night, I crossed a series of lakes twelve miles to Lo-zeh, which is a large town and, though so near to Soochow, has never had a missionary to preach in it; one reason being, because it is off the usual route of travel; another, that there are scores of places of equal importance near, so that the 'Fishers of men' know not on which side to cast the net.

"As we were crossing the lake, there came up a squall, which put the boat against the shore, and the men had to row back some miles, but, the wind becoming favorable, they hoisted sail and soon made the trip.

"I returned that night to two other large towns where I sold about three hundred books and preached. A regular visitation of these towns is important as they are in immediate connection with our new chapel at the Foo-Men, the East Gate of the city.

"Saturday afternoon, I returned home for the Sabbath work in the city chapels. Monday I started out again, and sold many books on the street of the city as I walked to the boat.

"The next morning, at a large village, I sold a few gospels and two hundred small tracts. When a Chinaman buys a book, the first thing he does is to smell it, as there may remain some faint trace of the printer's ink. My teacher was with me. At dinner time we rowed across a lake not as large as the Sea of Galilee. That night, when rowing to the next town, I heard music, or the beating of brass cymbals and the sound of the flute, as a number of priests were putting 'lake lamps' on the water. They first laid a handful of rice-straw on the water, then placed a piece of lighted rosin. These little lights up and down the canal looked beautiful. One member of the family had died and they wished to prevent the spirit from making others sick.

"Thursday morning I was in a good-sized town and sold many books; the streets were crowded with country people

who all go to the market towns in the morning to buy and sell. It is pleasant to see them gathering in the tea shops, cheerily drinking tea. These country tea shops are large sheds with dirt floors. There are tables four feet square, around which eight can sit, on narrow benches without backs. If one-third the human race can be happy thus, why have cushioned chairs and the pleasures of intellectual pursuits?

"By breakfast time on Friday we passed through a great crowd collected in front of a temple, who bought rapidly for two hours. That afternoon we reached Chang-Chow, a large city, sixty miles north of Soochow. It is one of the finest and most beautiful cities of this region. The wall on one side runs over the end of a low mountain a few miles long. Outside each gate are immense suburbs where a bustling trade is carried on. The people are very polite, the proclamations by the Governor, telling them to treat all foreigners traveling with passports with respect, are still posted conspicuously. Everybody remembered our former visits and recognized me as an acquaintance. That afternoon it rained. The next day, I sold books with tolerable rapidity from 10 o'clock in the morning until 7:00 in the evening.

"On Sabbath I distributed sheet tracts, either the Ten Commandments, or an epitome of doctrine, at each store and preached. As it was only a month after their New Year, the amount of idolatrous worship was striking. More than ever was I impressed with the hold that heathenism has upon this people. The sun rose bright and warm, but the city was enveloped in the mist of superstition. These pagan systems are worthy of the 'father of lies.' The guide in the Mammoth Cave told us, were the lights to go out, he would not dare to try to find his way out among the pitfalls, but would patiently wait until help came. So the minister of Christ, did he not know that Jesus was the Light of Life, could not endure to live among these idolaters. It would not do for us to see the whole of the heinousness of heathenism else the soul

would be strangled. An occasional view is enough; as children of the light we must walk in the light.

"On Monday before daylight I started out again and sold books two hours before breakfast on the crowded streets. At 1:00 o'clock, I reached a large town on the Yang-tse River. It was raining hard, but, by stopping in the tea shops and under the projecting eaves, I made a very good sale.

"Cooking on the stern of the boat is very convenient. The Chinese have a jar, something like a flower pot, with a grate in it, for a charcoal fire. As chickens, eggs, sweet potatoes, etc. are plentiful, one can always have warm food and hot coffee in the morning. At the next town while the boat went around, I walked through the streets and sold books. At several places they made a cross on the street to see if I would walk over it. What their idea was I do not know.

"In three-fourths of these towns, no missionary or foreigner has ever been. So I was a great curiosity. On Wednesday before breakfast I sold two hundred books. I gave some medicine to a man with red eyes, whereupon a half dozen old women, some with cataract and some too old to see, applied for medicine. Oh, for a doctor at these places! A preacher, had he the requisite knowledge, would have no time for this work.

"To the next town I took a wheelbarrow. The Chinese wheelbarrow is far superior to ours. It has a large wheel in the center with a frame work over it, with a ledge on each side for men to sit on. The whole weight rests on the wheel. In these three miles, the number of large farm villages could hardly be estimated.

"Thursday I sold over a thousand cash worth of books before breakfast. As it was necessary to be in Soochow for the Sabbath services, I had to turn my back on a number of large towns.

"Soochow, Dec. 28, 1878.

"I have just returned from a two weeks' trip to the cities west of the Lake and northwest of Soochow, traveling two hun-

dred and fifty miles and selling three thousand Gospels and tracts. A short time before this I had been to the cities on the right hand of the Grand Canal.

"It fills one with awe to behold the gigantic population of this great Soochow plain. Including the southern part of Kiangsu province and the northern part of Chehkiang province, all speaking either the Soochow dialect or its variations, there is a population of twenty millions, with thirty-five walled cities. Canals run through every part of this well watered plain, in which are many hundred, perhaps a thousand, market towns as large as Memphis or Richmond. Only walled towns are considered cities. O, the people, the people! The longer one lives here, the more he is appalled by the countless, crowded myriads in these Eastern lands; and the redemption of their souls is precious.

"This last trip was mostly colportage. To stand out in the narrow thronged streets, eight feet wide, and sell books, makes the throat tired. And how can you preach to a city of seventy-five thousand on a rapid trip? Yet this is all the time we can spare from our central chapel. We do preach, however, when we can. The first week it rained all the time, so that often books could only be sold in the tea shops. One of these large cities had never been visited by a missionary before. I worked all day among the people and did the traveling from place to place at night.

Later on as other missionaries came to aid in the work, several large cities were before them to occupy. Among others, Wusih and Changchow had been made ready for the mission to hold. But as the working force was too small and the funds too low, these two cities were given to two other Missions. Dr. DuBose regretted the inability of his own Mission to hold these strategic centers, but he could rejoice that others were ready to step in and preach the Gospel in these places where he had so often proclaimed the Word. "One

soweth and another reapeth," it matters not as long as souls are won for God.

A life-long friend, Rev. Eugene Daniel, D. D., wrote of his work:

"He was scarcely in China before he began to sweep the whole country with telescopic observation. He threw his thought out to other cities of Kiangsu province, and then to the provinces beyond, and all around.

"Just as the Master said: 'Other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring'; just as Paul thought and dreamed of 'the regions beyond', and heard across seas voices saying, 'Come over and help us'—so this man of apostolic spirit would hear, day and night, the call of the millions in the large cities about him, and from the first he established the policy of making Soochow, not as a Gospel lake or reservoir having no outlet, but rather as a Gospel fountain whence streams of living water should flow forth to gladden every city around.

"With this end in view, he at once lifted up his eyes, enumerated the cities about him, took their census, wrote back home and pointed them out to the Church, and girded himself to visit as many of them as possible, and preach to them as often as he could. Turning away from the comforts of his home and relinquishing, for a time, even the services of his beloved chapel, DuBose would hire his own boat and move along the innumerable canals, spending sometimes as long a period as three weeks in these missionary journeys. He often expressed his delight that he could thus travel without the least fear of molestation.

"While upon this itinerancy, DuBose was thousands of miles from his native land and in the interior of a country of immense territory. Day after day would deepen into night, and he would lie down to sleep in his boat on the canal. Night after night would brighten into dawn, and he would betake himself to the city. Almost enveloped by China's countless

millions, in his earliest journeys, he must have gone the whole day long without the sight of one human being that he knew.

"Did he ever feel lonely or discouraged? If he did, not one scrap of paper has ever been found upon which was inscribed that sentiment. He wrote much of the cities he visited, much of the multitudes he met, much of the work he tried to do—but not one word of depression, not one line of discouragement has come to those who have examined his papers. To obtain the full answer we must go 'back to Christ.' When Jesus, wearied with His own itineration, sat on Jacob's well, and, even then, did not desist from His work, His disciples came to Him and said 'Master, eat'; and they received the reply, 'I have meat to eat that ye know not of.' Sustained and cheered by hidden spiritual refreshment, He labored on, and, 'for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross and the shame.' The simple and undeniable fact was that, just as to Christ so to DuBose, God had given an appetite of soul, for that kind of work and the work itself was to the spirit hungering for it as joy-giving as food is to the healthy body.

"The journeys taken by DuBose, in themselves considered, seem to us prosaic enough. About them was no glamor of romance; around them was no spectacular display, to gratify human pride. A foreigner in America, standing at a street corner, preaching, or going into stores or into dwellings to sell books, would be doing practically the same thing that was being done by this highly educated American in China.

"Were we asked to show this devoted missionary in all the loveliness of his self-sacrificing humility, we are not sure but that we would point to one of the scenes in one of these itinerant trips. It would not be a picture of sunshine around and blue skies above, the street full of happy hearted pedestrians moving along, as bright as the beautiful day. It would be that other scene which he himself gives us; clouds overhead, the air of a Chinese river town saturated as it rains, the missionary standing under the eaves of a store while the

water from a roof is steadily dripping in front of him; his eye upon the passing men, his hand outstretched to sell a book or a tract, his heart full of faith that the printed word of God, thus thrust forth at random, shall not return to Him void, but accomplish that which He pleases and prosper in the thing where to He sends it; no friend or loved one nigh—just the servant and his Lord! Who can tell to what extent the revolution in China, both political and religious, has had its basis in this seemingly inglorious work of giving to the millions of Cathay the 'quick and powerful' Word of God?"

During one of the terrible famines in North Kiangsu, Dr. DuBose went to help his over-burdened friends in the directing of that overwhelming work. Characteristically, he took every opportunity during this time, though among a people of quite different dialect, who could hardly understand him, to preach to those about him. Not only did he feel "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel," but he felt the joy, the unspeakable gladness that he was allowed the privilege of preaching to those who had never heard.

### **Rev. Hampden C. DuBose and the Anti-Opium Movement in China.**

Palmer C. DuBose.

Our God and Father does all things well, according to His own all-wise purpose, and in His own good time. He not only foreordains the times and the seasons for the accomplishment of each event, both great and small; but also foreordains every detail of these countless events, which go to make up His infinite, unchanging plan for His great universe. "In the fullness of time" He sent forth His Son. In the fullness of time He raised up Noah and sent the great flood. In the fullness of time He called Moses to lead His chosen people out of bondage. In the fulness of time in China's history, in the year of our Lord 1872, He sent His servant to China, as a

leader to lead forth this mighty nation out of one of the most terrible forms of bondage known to the human race.

When Hampden Coit DuBose reached China, the opium trade had been legalized for fourteen years, and was even then rapidly becoming a national vice. The rapidity of its spread seemed to the young missionary to be like the spread of a prairie fire. Everything Chinese was of the greatest interest to this young Westerner, and he at once set himself to studying and analyzing all the facts of the opium trade as rapidly as he was able to obtain them. It was not long before he discovered the fact that opium stood as one of the greatest barriers to the spread of the Gospel.

The gift of farsightedness is rare, and especially that type of farsightedness which grasps every detail of the broad, far-reaching panorama of the future. The Master indeed blessed His servant in a marked degree with this wonderful gift; and as we now see realized many of the visions that DuBose foresaw thirty and forty years ago, we almost believe that this wonderful foresight was very nearly akin to prophecy. For example, back in the '70s, many of his contemporaries laughed at his ideas for evangelistic preaching, prophesying the utter failure of his methods. Today, practically every mission in China has modeled its evangelistic work according to the plans and methods that Dr. DuBose began using in 1873. His "Street Chapel Pulpit," or "Gospel Pulpit" (a volume of evangelistic sermons, an outgrowth of his daily evangelistic preaching) is studied by hundreds of Chinese evangelists and Bible women in every part of China, and is also used as a guide in evangelistic preaching by scores of missionaries.

With his wonderful foresight, he realized that the Gospel could not fully reach this nation until the opium curse was removed. First, because, from a Chinese viewpoint, opium and the Gospel were both forced upon China by the same war and the same treaty. They were running mates; the blessing and the curse. The people could not receive the Gospel gladly

when they felt that it was forced upon them in partnership with opium. Second, the opium curse was not only a physical curse, but also a spiritual curse. It was not only a slow poison, producing physical death, but it was also a slow poison, producing a spiritual death. It so paralyzed the will, so blunted the moral sensibilities, so deadened the conscience, that, humanly speaking, it was impossible for the Gospel to touch the opium slave. On the one hand, it must be conclusively proved to the Chinese people that there was no connection between opium and the Gospel, that Christianity was the greatest opponent of the opium trade. On the other hand, China must be rid of opium, both root and branch, in order that this great nation might be freed from financial, physical and spiritual death. To face such a stupendous undertaking required a faith that could remove mountains, for in removing the opium curse from China not merely a mountain would be removed, but indeed a whole range of mountains. Dr. DuBose possessed such a faith. He did not acquire it; it was a free gift from Him Who is both the Source and the Object of all true faith.

Opium was sold to its victims not in ounces, but in tenths of an ounce. The Indian Government imported into China annually between five and six thousand—not tenths of an ounce, not ounces, not pounds, but **tons**; between five and six thousand **tons** of the terrible drug! The most important and most valued portion of the cargoes of all ships arriving from India was opium. Along the waterfronts of all Chinese ports, a few years ago, one would see a long line of hulks—old sailing vessels, and other craft, that had been converted into floating wharfs, or storehouses. The stranger might ask, "What are those hulks?" The answer given would invariably be, "Oh, those hulks? **Opium hulks**, of course!" The printed cargo report given in the daily shipping news, invariably listed, first and foremost, the amount of opium each incoming ship had brought. Although the opium trade is now long since a thing

of the past, yet even today, Oct. 3, 1917 (I quote from the leading British daily of Shanghai) there occurs this bit of shipping news: "Dilwara, the P. & O. S. N. Co.'s S. S. Dilwara from Bombay, etc. . . . This steamer is now discharging all her cargo (except **opium** and munitions of war) at the etc., etc., etc." Although the P. & O. S. S. Dilwara cannot legally bring any more of the awful drug to China's shores, yet the old form ("except opium," etc.) cannot be done away with—the habit of reporting on opium seems **fixed**. Almost a third of the revenue of the Chinese Imperial Customs was derived from the import of opium, and in days gone by, the old Imperial Government would have considered itself facing bankruptcy in the thought of giving up this rich source of revenue.

The same was true of India. Here the cultivation and manufacture of opium was inserted in the annual budget as one of the chief sources of state income, for the British Government in India was the largest planter and manufacturer of opium in the world. The annual income of the British Government in India from the opium trade was about thirty-two million dollars, and the chief buyers of this deadly poison were the millions of China. To ask the British Indian Government to give up this gold mine would have been asking them to go out of business financially. Again, within the treaty ports (the foreign settlements or concessions) thousands of opium dens were to be found. The municipal budgets of these many settlements were largely derived from these opium dens.

Imported opium, however, was only a portion of China's opium curse. There were thousands of tons of native opium produced in China's eighteen provinces and consumed by her own sons and daughters. From small beginnings the cultivation of Chinese native opium increased by leaps and bounds. It was a most valuable crop, running in price far beyond the price of the other crops. Again, it was a crop always in demand. The consumption was increasing at a most marvelous rate. There seemed no possibility of the demand growing less,

because on the one hand, for each victim once caught in the meshes of this terrible drug net there was no escape—he must have opium, more opium, and still more opium. And on the other hand the number of the victims was annually increasing by the thousands. Each acre planted in opium was an acre withdrawn from grain and food crops. To feed four hundred millions takes an almost infinite amount of foodstuff, and at best China's land can produce barely enough to sustain her millions. With the acreage for food crops lessening annually, the nation was rapidly drawing to the point in supply and demand where it must face terrible want. Second, by her archaic methods of farming, China produces far less foodstuffs on her vast plains than could be produced by more scientific farming. Third, by the criminal neglect of her former governments, her forests had been denuded and her waterways allow to silt up, until almost annually great floods occurred in some part of her territory. Wherever a flood occurred, there would be a great famine, thousands of the weak starving to death, while the stronger ones were able to escape to some more fortunate locality, thus overcrowding that region and producing there a great lack of food. As opium demanded annually a greater and greater acreage, it is easy to see how more acute want was brought about throughout the land.

It is difficult to even attempt to paint a true picture of the effect of opium upon its victim. The opinions of a hundred foreign physicians in every part of China, and their report on the opium curse, might be summed up in the one word, "Death." Any one could detect an opium slave "by his glazed eyes, the contracted pupils, the pale cheek, the sunken chest, the stooped shoulders, the stained thumb, the emaciated form," the spiritless, haggard expression, and the deathly pallor of the face. An American would call him a "Death-head." Chinese called him "An Opium Spirit" or "Opium Ghost," meaning that he was already dead. His fellow country-men spoke of him as "his bones covering his skin"—meaning that he

seemed to have no flesh, nor skin; merely a skeleton. They would also add in speaking of him, "no flesh, no strength, no money." As a general average, an opium-smoking family would become exterminated in three generations.

Opium spelled financial ruin for its victim. The price of the drug advanced year by year, but far more rapid was the increase of the opium slave's "yin"—his craving for this deadly poison. Perhaps more quickly than in any other vice, opium would rivet its chains upon its slave; and these chains would become stronger and heavier month by month and day by day. It has been well said, "If a young man in America, making merry with convivial friends over the wine cup, could be conceived as becoming a habitual sot in two or three months, this might in a measure give a just impression of the startling power of opium to bring the moderate smoker under its complete dominion." Beginning with less than one-tenth of an ounce a day, the smoker would soon increase the amount, until in some instances he was smoking more than half an ounce a day. With the opium sot the claim of opium stood out above every other claim, and this claim must be met and fully satisfied. The poverty of China is almost inexpressible, and a poor man through opium would be brought to financial ruin within a very few years. The middle class opium smoker would be ruined in fifteen years, and even the rich opium-smoking families would often lose all their wealth in two generations. The Chinese are a race of traders, but all opium smokers lost their business acumen and seemingly even all interest in their business. They were dead to all else but their opium pipe. There is perhaps no race that can surpass the Chinese in commerce, and yet on the other hand many are most improvident! this was most especially true of the opium slave. He would mortgage, or pawn, or sell all of his property in order to obtain cash for the purchase of opium. He would sell his daughters, and in some cases sell his wife, and even in rare cases, his son—all for money, money, money with which

to buy opium. Nothing in his eyes possessed the almost infinite value of this awful drug—his absolute master.

Worse than opium's physical effects; worse than the financial ruin it worked, was its moral ruin. The temptations for the forming of the habit were so luring and so subtle that the vast number of its victims is not to be wondered at. To the poor, and especially to women of all classes, it held out such a delightful respite from temporal ills and physical hardships. The smoker, under the influence of the drug, would float away into a most beautiful realm of dreams, and therefore those who had so little real joy in life, humanly speaking, could scarcely be blamed for their ignorance in seizing upon this illusionary delight. But hidden within the seeming bliss was the fatal sting, bringing moral death to the slave. Vice abounded among both opium-smoking men and women; and when both parents smoked, the family sank rapidly into the depths of moral ruin. With the deadly fumes of the opium continually filling such homes, and sometimes even filling the narrow streets without, the children and younger members of such drug-cursed families soon acquired the taste for opium. In opium-growing districts many children found a taste for this fatal curse by chewing the seeds of the poppy. No man would go on the bond of an opium slave, and no opium smoker would be placed in a responsible financial position—he was an absolutely untrustworthy man. The common saying among the people was, "The opium smoker has no conscience."

Even from this brief outline it is hard for one living in the West to estimate the almost infinite proportion and almost omnipotent power of this giant evil. Dr. DuBose's first step in his campaign against this deadly foe was to study the opium curse from every angle and from every point of view and to obtain all information possible concerning the opium habit and the effects upon its slaves. His second step was the stirring of public opinion among the missionaries and the Chinese Christians, and also

among the non-Christians. From his pulpit, in his daily message of the Cross, he would add a word against opium, often likening the bondage of opium to the slavery of sin. It was in this second stage of the campaign that he was subject to the greatest ridicule. Even some of his fellow missionaries pointed out the utter folly of his hopes for overcoming this monster evil. It was enough to quench the most burning zeal, yet his faith failed not—no, not for a moment did he waver in his fixed purpose! The third step was the organization of the forces of light in the great war on this giant power of darkness; and in a sense this was the real beginning of the campaign. In January, 1896, twenty-four years after Dr. DuBose had landed in China, he was able to organize the National Anti-Opium League of China. He was elected president of the organization, and, until the time of his death, he was annually re-elected to this office. Not only were the anti-opium forces of China thus organized, but also Dr. DuBose thus had behind him a strong organization, giving him far more power and influence in this fight than he could have had merely as an individual.

In this anti-opium war, as in all other wars, the matter of finance was most important. There was need of money for correspondence, for the gathering of information, and still more for the publication and dissemination of these gathered facts. These funds were subscribed by missionaries and Chinese Christians; by friends of China, both in America and England; and also in the latter stages of the fight many gifts came from wealthy non-Christian Chinese, who, for patriotic motives, longed to see their native land rid of this awful curse. In this part of the work, in the campaign's department of finance, there was many and many a heartache for the members of the Executive Committee of the Anti-Opium League. Who wished to make contributions to an impossible cause, for how could the power of opium be overthrown? When money was subscribed it reached the Anti-Opium treasury in

such pitifully small sums. Wonderful opportunities must be let slip, all for the lack of funds. It was enough to make the heart sick. Just at this point the faith of many a man would have failed, but Dr. DuBose's faith was not the faith of the average man; it was indeed an overcoming faith, a super-faith. With each barrier his faith rose to greater heights. His Master had blessed him with almost infinite faith, and that faith had been refined by terrible fires during his young manhood. As a Confederate soldier he fought through three years of the fearful war, and during the still greater trials and privations of the days of Reconstruction he put himself through his university and seminary training, and aided a younger brother in obtaining a like education. Dr. DuBose could not be cast down, for always and under all circumstances he looked upon the bright side—he was a Calvinist through and through. He also possessed that rare power of a leader of men—that rare power by which he inspired hope, courage, and faith in the hearts of his fellow-workers.

The gathering of anti-opium facts and material for the campaign was in itself a vast undertaking. By his long and close study of the opium question, covering a period of twenty-five years, Dr. DuBose had a wonderful grasp of the subject, and was able to foresee what kind of information would be most telling in the fight, and also to what sources the Anti-Opium League must turn in order to secure this information. Among all the anti-opium material gathered and published by the League, one of the most telling pieces of campaign literature was the professional opinions on the evil of opium smoking of a hundred foreign physicians practicing in China. These hundred doctors could speak with the greatest weight of authority, their opinions being based upon their treatment of many thousands of opium cases.

The Anti-Opium League was not a self-seeking organization; it sought no glory, no honor for itself and its members. Its sole aim and purpose was to rid China of this mon-

ster curse. It therefore sought aid of all similar associations through the world, hoping thus to obtain mutual help by joining hands with such organizations as the (British) Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade. This society gladly received the printed reports of the China League, and used these reports very widely in their own work in England toward the suppression of the Indian opium trade. In their time, the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade gave the greatest aid to the China League in many ways, one of which was to put the league officers in touch with sympathetic officials of the British Government and members of the British Parliament. It was thus possible to bring telling facts and figures against the opium trade to the notice of such men as the Rt. Hon. John Morley, then Secretary of State for India, and also to the notice of several members of Parliament. These same facts were one of the means used of the Lord to bring about the memorable questions in the House of Commons concerning the opium trade; and also the yet more memorable resolution, unanimously adopted by the British Parliament, May 30, 1906, that "The Indo-Chinese opium trade is morally indefensible, and the Government is requested to bring it to a speedy close."

Not only did the Anti-Opium League seek to influence the British Government as being directly responsible for the Indian opium trade, but it also sought to influence the American Government, in order that the two great Anglo-Saxon powers might both set their faces strongly against the opium curse. When on furlough in America in 1902 Dr. DuBose obtained an interview with President Roosevelt, and also interviews with members of the State Department. These interviews resulted in an order being issued by the State Department instructing the American consuls in China to report on the opium trade in all of its effects, for Dr. DuBose had convincingly pointed out to the President and to the State Department not only the ruin which opium brought to China, but also opium's

evil effects on American commerce with China. He proved most conclusively that each dollar spent for opium was not only an immediate blow against American trade, but was also a series of blows, extending many years and many decades into the future. Dr. DuBose was most grateful to that master diplomat, the Hon. Wu Ting Fang, who was then the Chinese Minister to America, for his courtesies and sympathetic aid during this visit to Washington. This report from the American consuls throughout China, concerning the evils of the opium trade, not only brought America into line as a foe to opium, but was also one of the causes in saving the Philippines from an opium monopoly the following year, 1903. Again, it was one of the means in causing opium to be prohibited in the Philippines in 1905 by an act of Congress.

At the great Missionary Centenary Conference in Shanghai, in 1907, a cablegram at the instigation of the Anti-Opium League, was sent to The Hague concerning opium suppression. This was one of the causes which brought about the meeting of the International Commission against opium. At the meeting of this Commission in June, 1913, representatives of practically every nation on earth condemned the opium trade. However, during the several years previous to the assembling of this International Commission, the China League had brought to the notice of these many governments vivid pictures of the evils of the opium trade and convincing proofs concerning China's fight against the opium curse. From the correspondence at hand, one may see that these anti-opium facts had a sympathetic reception in these various capitals.

Although the Anti-Opium League of China carried on an effective international campaign, and although it accomplished much both directly and indirectly in this international campaign, its greatest work was the national campaign; its crowning work was in China.

It has been conservatively estimated that of the one hundred million adult males in China, one-tenth were addicted to

the opium habit. In one city alone, a foreign physician, after a long practice, from his carefully kept hospital records, estimated that of men of twenty years of age more than thirty per cent were opium smokers. A very large per cent of the wealthy and leading men in the whole country were under the curse of opium, and perhaps a majority of all government officials were opium slaves. It seemed foolish to even undertake the hopeless task of trying to arouse a public sentiment against opium within a nation so bound by the fetters of this curse. However, the Anti-Opium League set itself to this hopeless task. Hundreds of missionaries spoke against opium in public, and thousands of anti-opium leaflets were distributed. As China's press began to grow and enlarge itself, becoming more and more influential, the Anti-Opium League was able to reach thousands through the daily papers. The Lord greatly blessed these means, and year by year the number of those who were strongly opposed to this giant curse increased.

The League, however, was unable, seemingly, to make any progress with the governing official class. The China campaign indeed seemed terribly slow; it was truly trench warfare, and the gains made were counted by inches instead of miles. There suddenly came a change. One day in the latter part of April, 1906, Dr. DuBose heard that the Province of Kiangsu, of which Soochow was the provincial capital, was to have a change of governors, and that the newly appointed Governor Chen was not only a strong man, but also heartily opposed to the opium curse. As soon as possible after Governor Chen's induction into office, Dr. DuBose obtained an interview with him. Governor Chen was not merely politely sympathetic with the anti-opium cause, but proved himself in favor of the movement by offering Dr. DuBose a letter of introduction to Viceroy Tuan Fang, in Nanking, who governed the three great central provinces, and who was himself strongly anti-opium in his sentiments. It was with the greatest thankfulness that Dr. DuBose received this letter of intro-

duction, for he realized that now, for the first time, the anti-opium campaign had received official approval.

On the 25th of May, 1906, there took place the interview between this venerable Viceroy and the President of the Anti-Opium League, which was to mean so much in China's history. After a long and thorough discussion of the whole opium question, Viceroy Tuan Fang suggested to Dr. DuBose the drawing up of a formal anti-opium memorial, signed by the missionaries of China, he himself promising to present this memorial to the Throne. Dr. DuBose returned to his home in Soochow with the greatest joy filling his heart, and at once set to work on this memorable memorial. Ruled sheets were sent to four hundred and fifty of the largest cities in the Empire, and the returns brought the signatures of 1,333 American and British missionaries. These ruled sheets were then bound into one volume, covered with yellow (the imperial color) silk and posted in Soochow on the 13th of August. On the 19th of August the Viceroy in Nanking forwarded this memorial to the Board of Foreign Affairs in Peking, and this Board in turn presented the memorial to the Throne. On the 20th day of September, 1906, the Imperial edict against opium was issued. This great edict, probably the greatest and most far-reaching in its effects of any edict ever issued from Peking, sounded the death knell of opium, and was the first step in the emancipation of China's millions from this awful bondage.

One of the most remarkable points concerning this Imperial edict was that it was an almost *verbatim* copy of the memorial written by Dr. DuBose. The Emperor and Empress Dowager took the very words of this humble missionary and made them their own, taking the memorial of these thirteen hundred missionaries and converting it into this epoch-making anti-opium edict. "For them that honor me I will honor." Thus the Lord conferred upon His servant the great honor of wording this wonderful Imperial Edict of Liberty. It was

perhaps an Edict of Liberty in a double sense, for we believe it was one of the indirect causes that brought about the revolution which overthrew the Imperial Manchu Government and made China a Republic. In this fight against opium and their success in this fight; the Chinese people had a taste of liberty, and there was thus created in the nation by this anti-opium campaign an awakening national consciousness of power, and a longing for more liberty and more power, which in turn produced the revolution of 1911. By this Anti-Opium Edict the Manchus did more for China than they had done during their entire reign of more than three hundred years, and perhaps by this very act they indirectly brought about their own downfall. Every true national reform movement creates a longing for national liberty. It is very significant that the overthrow of alcohol in Russia, one of the greatest things ever accomplished for Russia by the House of Romanoff, so closely preceded the downfall of this imperial house.

Imperial edicts had been issued in the past which failed to accomplish results. Dr. DuBose was not therefore satisfied with the mere promulgation of this edict, but he longed to see it carried through to the last letter of its fulfillment. He therefore made a special trip to Peking in October, a month after this edict was issued, to see that great Metropolitan Viceroy and Premier, Yuan Shih Kai, who received him most cordially, also giving him letters of introduction to the governors and viceroys of the western provinces. With the hearty endorsement and support of Yuan Shih Kai, even then the most powerful man in the Empire, Dr. DuBose found his task of arousing governors, viceroys and public leaders made much easier than he could have even hoped for a few years previous. The whole country was aflame with anti-opium zeal, and the campaign increased in power and momentum at a marvelous rate. In his annual report of 1906, Dr. DuBose wrote: "The rapid progress of the anti-opium movement during the last nine months eclipses the ratio of the increase of opium impor-

tation during the latter half of the past century." Opium dens were closed by the thousands, all opium smokers were registered, mass meetings were held in the interest of the campaign, and great bonfires were built in public places for the burning of opium and opium pipes. It was marvelous to watch this gigantic reform movement.

Opium was practically wiped out. Had the revolution occurred two years later, humanly speaking, the opium curse would have been entirely stamped out, but on account of the chaotic conditions following the revolution, opium smoking was more or less revived, although entirely sub rosa; and even today there is no small amount of opium being smoked clandestinely, especially in the small towns and villages. At this time there is no strong national government; revolutions and counter-revolutions are the order of the day, and corruption and bribery are rampant—even more flagrant and widespread than under the old Manchu regime. Under such conditions it is quite easy for opium smugglers and sub rosa opium smokers to buy protection. However, the number of users of the drug is not increasing, for there are no new smokers, and with the death of the present old-time smokers, the opium curse will of itself die a natural death, even though there should be no early improvement in the present political chaos.

As with Moses of old, viewing the Promised Land from afar, although not entering in, so with this twentieth-century Moses, he could with his eye of faith view this Promised Land of Deliverance, although he was not spared to lead this people, to whom he had given his heart and life, into this Land of Promise. Dr. DuBose had, however, the joy of freeing his beloved Chinese race from the Egyptian bondage of opium, and leading them through the wilderness to the very gates of this Land of Deliverance. Even with the countless demands made upon his time by this strenuous anti-opium campaign, never for a moment did he neglect his daily preaching, nor his ever-increasing city and country evangelistic work; nor

did he in any way slacken his pace in his literary work. When the dread disease, which was slowly poisoning his whole physical man, began to gain upon his strength, and even when he began to lose the use of his eyes for either reading or writing, he never once lost hope, or faith, or courage, but worked all the more strenuously, knowing that his time was short, and his earthly day was rapidly drawing to a close. The very night before he went Home he was busily engaged dictating anti-opium correspondence to his beloved companion and helpmeet, who had aided him, comforted him, and strengthened him through thirty-eight years of perfect married life. At the moment of his translation, to those of us who watched the wonderful, indescribable look of glory that suffused his face, there came the realization that at this very moment he was hearing the plaudit, "Well done! Good and faithful servant. Thou hast glorified My Name upon earth; come now and enjoy with Me the Blessed Home on High!"

### Literary Work.

In looking over Dr. DuBose's busy life, one wonders how he had time or strength for anything more. He was a most consecrated time-saver. Every moment was full, yet he never seemed hurried, he was never anxious or fidgety to finish any work he had planned.

Some one has said: "Dr. DuBose did as much evangelistic work as any ordinary missionary, giving his whole time to that work alone, and he did as much literary work as any one, giving his whole time to that alone. I never saw a man make fuller use of his time. His use of precious time was truly wonderful."

When at home, every morning, at 9:00 o'clock, Dr. DuBose could be found busily engaged in his study dictating to his Chinese writer. He was ever alert to the needs of the heathen about him, and also worked for the upbuilding and strengthen-

ing of the Christians over whom he watched with a tender Shepherd's care.

One of his first tracts was entitled in the words of the Chinese proverb, "Above is Heaven, below are Soochow and Hangchow." After mentioning the fact that these three places were thought the most delightful in which to dwell, he drew a picture in Scripture language of the beauties of Heaven, giving a contrast between the purity and holiness there and the sin of the two great cities, emphasizing the necessity of the Savior to remove that sin.

Soon after, he wrote a series of tracts about the Life of Christ, with illustrations, but with no picture of our Lord.

A friend writes: "When the country was submerged by floods and the rice crop was in danger of destruction, there was much fear and distress. Dr. DuBose prepared a simple tract calling on the people to forsake idols and seek help from the living God. He had it printed on a wooden block by thousands and given away all over the city. I well remember the effect on the people. They were awed by his long beard and earnest manner. Many called him a Pusan (Buddha)."

Dr. J. W. Davis, D. D., wrote:

"As the years spent in this evangelistic work went by, he dreamed dreams and saw visions. He would preach not only in Soochow, but also in a thousand pulpits. His sermons should be uttered by voices other than his own. He would make a book for the use of Chinese preachers. He prepared two hundred sermons on leading Christian doctrines, used them in the street chapel, revised them and issued "The Street Chapel Pulpit," a book widely used all over China.

"He saw another vision, he would reach the English-speaking world and deliver to them a message. He prepared addresses on the three principal religions of China, used them when on furlough in America in three hundred churches, revised them and published a book in English, "The Dragon,

Image and Demon," describing Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism."

These books he wrote, the latter in English to show the home church the darkness, dense darkness, of heathen superstition; the former to show to the Chinese the brightness, glorious brightness, of the Good Tidings of Glad Joy. A few years ago a Christian publishing house made a canvass to find out which books the Chinese and missionaries considered best for distribution, and it was ascertained by actual vote that, after the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress, Dr. DuBose's volume of the "The Street Chapel Pulpit" was considered the most helpful.

During summer "vacations" he wrote, in English, a "Guide to Soochow," a pamphlet to assist the many sight-seers, who so often wrote to him for directions about the city. He also thus wrote the Memoirs of "Dr. J. Leighton Wilson" and "Preaching in Sinim, or the Gospel to the Gentiles." In both of these his aim and object was to influence others to "go forth," "teach," "preach."

In connection with the anti-opium work, his correspondence was voluminous. He made three pamphlets: "Anti-Opium Report," "The Greater Year of Anti-Opium," and "The Last Days of the Poppy."

Other writings in Chinese are a Catechism on the Three Religions of China, Translation of Plumer's Rock of Our Salvation, Conference Commentaries on Judges, Ruth, I Samuel, II Samuel, I Kings, II Kings, Psalms, Proverbs, Song of Solomon, Luke, Acts, Romans, Ephesians, Phillipians, Colossians, I Thessalonians, II Thessalonians, I, II, III John. These commentaries are a part of a series, known as the Conference Commentary, so called because the Committee to write these was appointed by an interdenominational conference of missionaries. Dr. DuBose made commentaries on 20 out of the 66 books of the Bible, so that he wrote a large proportion of these very important and widely used volumes.

He also finished a large and comprehensive volume on Chris-

tian Apologetics and was half way through a Systematic Theology when God called him to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Only those who read and use these books can appreciate their value and can realize how unceasingly this man of God labored. "He being dead yet speaketh," "His works do, follow him."

### Pastoral Work.

In China, with the close and rigid divisions between men and women, the pastor and his wife were forced to divide the "pastoral visiting." When Dr. and Mrs. DuBose first began their work in Soochow, she visited among the women and he among the men. By their joint efforts they were in constant contact with their church members and led, encouraged and taught them as they went forward step by step in the Christian life.

In the early days there were many hindrances. Dr. DuBose wrote in 1879:

"At home the minister's duties are divided between the pulpit and pastoral visitation. At this period of the work in China, the foreign missionary is almost entirely excluded from the latter. If a visit is made to a church member, the neighbors crowd in and ask him: "How much money did he bring you?"

"Hearing that an old man, who had once been door-keeper in the chapel, was dying, I went twenty miles into the country to see him. He continually uttered the prayer 'Jesus save me,' but whether his idea was merely to obtain the healing of the body it was hard to say. Yet it is written 'Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.'

"Again learning that a neighbor was sick I went to see him. He was a fine looking young man and quite industrious. Though he had been living near us for three years, he would never come to church. I was so anxious about him that I went to see him again that night. His mother and another woman

with two of his friends were in the room helping him take a few whiffs of opium to ease his pain. It was no use to try to talk to him at this time. The next morning I called to talk to him, but his friends were again helping him smoke opium.

"Often I ask an old man if he is prepared to die and the answer is: 'Oh yes, my clothes and coffin are all bought.'"

The DuBose home was ever open to all who came, and the Christians felt free to visit or consult. They sympathized deeply with the Christians in their having to live amid so much idolatry and opposition. A note from Mrs. DuBose's letter shows some of the trials which were too strong for those who had professed the Name:

"We were out among the country churches from Friday till Monday. At one church Mr. DuBose had a session meeting and suspended three members; one because he would not keep the Sabbath; another, because when his little son died, he called in the Buddhist priests to conduct the funeral; the third because he would use the cover of the Church's name to enter into lawsuits and all sorts of wickedness, something like the ancient Corinthians, perhaps. But some of the members are pure gold. While Mr. DuBose was holding the session meeting in a side room, I had the others of the congregation reading the Scriptures and singing hymns."

Dr. DuBose wrote:

"There is something appalling in the spectacle of a vast population gathered into one nation and all under the gross darkness and debasing influences of idolatry. The force, the momentum of evil is vaster and more difficult of resistance when it permeates and pervades an immense society. And when, moreover, for more than a hundred generations it has had almost unlimited scope for influencing and becoming, as it were, a part and parcel of the whole social system, affecting, century by century, even more injuriously all that it touched, all that came under its influences, who can fully estimate the havoc it has wrought? Who can fully understand the

difficulty of escaping from it, of contending against it, of overcoming it? In its manifold operation it has poisoned the very springs of their being, strengthening in every direction the natural enmity of the human heart to God and all that is holy, weakening and perverting such moral sensibilities and powers as remain to man even in his fallen state.

"Out here there seems to be wanting a deep sense of sin. Sin is known to deserve punishment but its vileness *per se* is not felt. Sin is felt to be sinful but not exceeding sinful. The prominent view with these people is not so much the relation of the sinner to the Savior, as that of the creature to the Creator; the contest is that of truth and error; the decision is between Jehovah and their idols. The peculiar type of experience is more in the domain of Theology than Christology. The question: 'Who is on the Lord's side?' the answer: 'Oh, Lord our God, other lords beside Thee have had dominion over us.' Having made the decision, he, who has heretofore worshipped wood and stone and his ancestors, now worships the living and true God. Once hopelessly sunk in the horrible pit, their feet now stand upon the Rock; once dead in sin, now they are alive with life from God Himself, and the tide of moral and spiritual health has begun to flow through their whole being.

"Though they are separated from, they are still surrounded by the vast mass of evil of every kind and form, which was but lately their own native element. That they have escaped from it at all is a wonder. It is no wonder if its hurtful, weakening and debasing effects cleave to them and render complete recovery and cleansing slow and difficult. They are in the way of life but what wonder if their walk is feeble and halting in paths so new and so steep and straight. . . . The atmosphere around them is deadly to religion and were it not that their life is from on high, it must die. To a Christian from a foreign land even, idolatry makes one feel as if wrap-

ped in wet sheets, or bound in grave-clothes, in the chilling air of the vault.

"Then the loneliness of these Christians in their Christian life. We do not realize how Christian communion and sympathy help one to go on from one degree of strength to another. God has not left Himself without witness in the heathen heart; here, however, the conscience is seared and warped. So rigid are the patriarchal rules, it is very difficult for a son to come out on the Lord's side if his father forbids. It seems almost impossible for a married woman to do so if her husband says 'No.' Last year the wife of a church member was sick. Her friends urged him to go and worship the idols that she might recover. He refused, so her sister with dishevelled hair, sat all day in his doorway and wailed. It is so easy for us in a Sabbath keeping, Christian land to keep the Lord's day, but here it is a most difficult burden. But whether or no we believe in the perseverance of the saints, if we do not make our converts keep the Sabbath they will go straight down to Hell.

"When some of us think what unworthy Christians we are, when our early religious experience was so carefully nursed and guided by the hand of faith and love, which led us off to secret prayer, unknown save to the two and to the Lord, we wonder not that the native Christians are not all strong men in Christ Jesus."

Sympathy with all men was a marked characteristic. A young Chinese preacher of another denomination said: "We know and love Dr. DuBose and he knows and loves us. When he comes as a visitor to any meeting of our Conference, he does not take his seat with the foreign preachers, but he always sits by us and talks with us afterwards."

Dr. DuBose was endowed with a very retentive memory. He rarely failed to recognize anyone, whom he had previously met. This gift, combined with his sincere cordiality and sympathy, won many hearts.

### Last Days.

About a year before his death, Dr. DuBose was on an itinerating trip. He was attacked by robbers, who stole his possessions and threatened his life. The shock of the attack caused him to become unconscious for some hours, and after that his health failed. For some time he had been suffering from disease in a mild form, but the shock caused an aggravation of the trouble.

A few months later his eyesight failed. To one who had, all his life, done so much reading and writing it must have been a sore trial. But no murmur crossed his lips. Every morning his Chinese writer wrote as he dictated his Systematic Theology. If he could not use his eyes, he used his memory to remember all he wished to be written. Being busily engaged in the anti-opium work, he dictated the many necessary letters to his wife or son.

He preached daily in the chapel, also went itinerating. Mrs. DuBose was ever with him, ready to aid and care for him in his moments of weakness.

She wrote:

"Once when he was in the pulpit of one of his country churches, he gave out the hymns as usual, had one of the members read the passage of Scripture he had selected, then he led in prayer. As he stood up to preach, he looked at me in a somewhat startled way and sat down. So I read verse about with the people several chapters, then he felt better and, standing up, preached.

"He and I went to the country every week until January, when he attended a called meeting of the mission. He seemed unusually well, but on the last day of the meeting, as he was making a stirring appeal for more evangelistic work, his voice failed. Friends sprang to his side and so prevented his falling to the floor." After a few days he recovered and returning to Soochow continued his work.



Dr. DuBose and a Village Congregation.

Two days before his death, he preached his last sermon. The last afternoon, it being rainy, he was persuaded to remain at home. For two hours or more he dictated to his writer material for his Theology. Later he had a happy game with his little grandson.

The last night, he dictated two anti-opium letters, asking that they be mailed in the morning. He said to Mrs. DuBose: "Wife, I am going to do as the catechism says we must do, I shall glorify God as long as I live and then go Home to enjoy Him forever." He then led in prayer, praying so earnestly for the Chinese Christians, for his own loved ones and closed with his childhood's prayer, learned at his mother's knee: "Now I lay me"—ending, "If I should die before I wake."

While he slept the messenger came. As the loved ones watched, he opened his eyes with a joyful look of pleased surprise. He beheld the glories of Heaven and his soul went to meet his Savior and Lord, whom he had loved and served.

All the day long, the Chinese friends were allowed to look at the face of the dearly loved pastor. To those who honored him but loved not his Master, a message was given by the sorrow-stricken but brave widow. She spoke to them, of the happy Home above, of the Savior of men, and begged them to accept the Gospel, which they had heard so often from the lips now still. When urged to rest, she refused saying, "I must seize this opportunity to impress them."

For four years longer Mrs. DuBose bravely continued her labors in chapel, in school and in the homes of the women. She had the joy of hearing the voice of her son continue to proclaim the Word, daily, from the Yang Yoh Hang pulpit. Suddenly God caused her to lay aside her work. Ten days later, surrounded by her dear ones, she too "fell asleep." She who had made the home on earth one of love and joy, went to the beautiful Home above.

On both of these sad occasions, two services were held at the home in Soochow, one in Chinese and one in English. The

two resting-places are side by side in the Shanghai Cemetery, where two children and two grandchildren had been laid to rest. The Chinese friends showed their sympathy by decorating the house and gate with evergreens and flowers, and by presenting many beautiful scrolls inscribed with words of love and appreciation. And at the entrance to the Yang Yoh Hang Chapel is a Memorial Tablet erected by the Christians.

### Personal Notes.

A few words about the life and character of each of these two workers is here added as an example and inspiration to others, who serve Christ at home or in foreign lands.

#### Mrs. DuBose.

Mrs. H. C. DuBose, nee Pauline McAlpine (Oct. 10, 1850-Feb. 12, 1914), was born near Montgomery, Ala. Her father, Dr. A. I. McAlpine, was a physician beloved and honored by all, an elder in the Presbyterian church. Her mother was Martha Clisby, from Boston, a woman of fine intellect, deep piety and wisdom. Mrs. DuBose inherited all the splendid qualities of her parents and of the Scotch-Irish ancestry.

Being the oldest daughter among eight children, from earliest childhood, she was her mother's helper, with so devoted a love that all who came in contact with her noticed it. Endowed with beauty of face and manner, she was greatly loved by all. At school she stood high in her classes. When about fourteen years of age, after hearing a foreign missionary address, she expressed a desire to become a missionary. She was active in church work. It was while teaching a Sunday school class that Dr. DuBose first saw her.

During the troublous times of the Civil War, she took several degrees of masonry, with her mother as protector. By accident she was a member of the Kuklux (nightly riders). A young gentleman friend having unguardedly allowed the se-

crets of the clan to escape his lips, the only thing to do was to make her a member. She never divulged the secrets.

Mrs. DuBose mingled bravery and timidity. When she faced the rioters, as they rushed into her home, she was calm and quiet. She never showed agitation when in the midst of surging crowds, although her heart may have beat fast. She was not oblivious of danger, but was always cheerful and bright. She often remarked, when looking over things to be stored away: "If I were in America, I would lay this away for an heirloom, but, here, in China, we may have a riot at any time, so we may as well use it." When Dr. DuBose was away from home, she felt the loneliness and realized how unprotected she and the little ones were. But her comforting verse was: "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee."

Mrs. DuBose was attractive to all who met her. The Chinese loved her and admired her dark hair and eyes and her sweet voice when speaking or singing. She welcomed all who came to her, whether as guests or as students of the Bible. The home, as well as the chapel, was open to all.

To the missionaries she was ever the "friend in need," in times of sorrow or of joy, she was always ready to help or sympathize. To the sick and suffering, she ministered with soothing gentleness. Old and young confided in her. She was wise in giving advice and saw the bright side of every trouble.

To her children, she was mother, teacher, dearest companion. For them, she claimed the "covenant promise." For them she wrestled in prayer and God rewarded her faith and answered her prayers.

To her husband, she was everything. They were one in heart, one in purpose, one in thought. Whatever he wrote was submitted to her for advice and criticism. When he was planning new work, she rejoiced and aided. When he met with difficulties she always had a joyful verse of Scripture in mind.

Mrs. DuBose was bright in conversation and quick in repartee, but she never allowed herself to speak evil of another.

In fact, she spent much thought in finding out the good points in other people. She never held bitterness in her heart. "Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath," she quoted frequently.

She felt it a sin to worry: "Cast thy burdens on the Lord." She prayed often, and about things great or small. Frequently it was the heart's petition wafted heavenward as she was busily engaged with her day's duties, or on the street as she met some one, for whose soul's salvation she longed.

Mrs. DuBose not only taught her own children, had oversight of the day schools, taught the women, but helped train several of the native evangelists. In the days before the Nanking Seminary was established, she helped Dr. DuBose in the work of instructing these evangelists. She took the English Commentaries and read them aloud in Chinese, the student listening and taking notes.

Mrs. DuBose wrote a book to be used in teaching the women and uneducated men: "A Catechism of the Three Gospels." She also translated two stories: "Alone in London" and "Amy's New Home."

During the hours that Dr. DuBose had reserved for writing and study, if a guest came, Mrs. DuBose had tea served, brought in books to read and asked if the guest could conveniently wait until the time when Dr. DuBose would be free. Thus she gave many uninterrupted hours, which he could not have otherwise had.

Mrs. DuBose had "sunshine in her soul," every cloud had a silver lining. Two baby boys were taken to the Heavenly Home, and, years later, her daughter, Pauline, (Mrs. L. L. Little), but she never murmured. In her soul dwelt Faith, Hope, Love. She was willing to be used of God in humble ways.

God used her to do great things for Him. There were redeemed souls waiting to greet her as she entered Heaven, the "Stars in her crown." She lived near to God, looking forward to our Lord's appearing. She has heard the "Well done" from the Master.

Rev. H. C. DuBose, D. D.,

(Sept. 30, 1845-March 22, 1910.)

Hampden Coit DuBose, a native of Darlington, S. C., was of Huguenot ancestry. His father was Rev. J. J. DuBose, whose zeal, earnestness and eloquence were powerful for much good. He was a man of fine qualities, ardent, affectionate, generous, trustful, hopeful, forgiving. Such was the father and such was the son.

His mother was Margaret Thompson of Savannah, Ga. The first week of his life was a week of sorrow in the happy home. Two brothers and one sister died, within six days, of diphtheria, incurable in those days. His parents never murmured, but all the more treasured the sweet babe as a gift from God, a ray of sunshine sent to brighten their lives.

When he was but seven years old, his father was "called up higher" leaving the widowed mother with three little boys dependent on her for support, teaching and guidance." Never did Spartan or Roman mother strive to inspire her sons with truer love for greatness in all in which true greatness consists, appealing to them to press onward and upwards. In her eyes, the Gospel ministry was elevated above all earthly thrones. The cause lying nearest to her heart was that of Foreign Missions, and her hopes for the conversion of the world were just as bright as the promises of God."

It was said by a friend of his childhood: "He was the best boy I ever saw—a pattern of filial devotion, always cheerful, courteous, chivalrous, patient and painstaking, the pride of his mother." When he was ten years of age, a friend gave him a small book, "Life of Adoniram Judson." That helped to determine his life work.

He worked his way through school. He attended Darlington Academy and the Arsenal and Citadel Military Academy until those schools were closed by the war. He entered the University of South Carolina, from which he was graduated

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in 1868. His theological studies were pursued in Columbia Theological Seminary, where he was graduated in 1871. While a student, he did valuable missionary work in the counties of Chesterfield and Williamsburg, and filled the pulpit of the Second Presbyterian Church of Charleston during his last vacation. He afterwards declined overtures to become pastor of this church.

He was ordained by the Presbytery of Harmony, April 8, 1871, Dr. Wm. Plumer preaching the sermon, and Dr. J. Leighton Wilson delivering the charge.

On April 3, 1872, he married Miss Pauline McAlpine and the next day he started for his life work in the Middle Kingdom.

Dr. DuBose received the degree of D. D. from Westminster College, Mo., and from Davidson College, N. C. He was moderator of the Synod of South Carolina in 1890, and of the General Assembly, which met at Birmingham in 1891. He was honored by the home church and by his friends, but it only increased his humility; he was appreciative of the honor and of the love of his friends, thus shown.

In all his busy life he was a man of regular habits. Using every energy during the day, he considered it a matter of duty to get eight hours of rest at night. Just before the noon meal, daily, he would take a five minutes' nap, which refreshed him after his morning of study and writing and enabled him to enjoy his preaching every afternoon and night. "Duty" was his watchword whether in work or in daily life. Love, charity, was a predominant feature. He never criticized another behind his back. If he planned to criticize a fellow member of the Mission, at any time, he first wrote to the brother and told him all about it.

In every thing he was a man of prayer. Unknown to any but those of his own family, he fasted once a week. He sought for strength and wisdom from above.

Of his character his friends have expressed their thoughts, a few of which are here recorded:

"Dr. DuBose was endowed with many admirable traits of heart and mind. First and most conspicuous, was his wonderful enthusiasm and hopefulness. Sprung from an old French Huguenot family, he had the genuine Gallic temperament—ardent and hopeful in whatever he undertook. No matter how dark the prospect, how discouraging the field, he always saw the bright side—a fine type of the Christian optimist. I never heard of his being discouraged; and in the early days in Soochow he needed these traits, for the people then were hardened, hostile and abusive to a degree it is not easy to conceive of now.

"Following naturally from such enthusiasm, there was in our brother a wonderful activity and capacity for work. He was always at some kind of mission work, he and Mrs. DuBose, early and late—a splendid example of perseverance and industry. While he made mistakes as all men do, yet in the main his efforts were well directed, to spreading the good old-fashioned doctrines of salvation by a Crucified Savior. I believe it is no exaggeration to say that in his life in China he compassed the work of three diligent men.

"Another beautiful trait about him was, his whole work from first to last was a labor of love. He loved his work: it was a pleasure to him. There was sunshine all about him—a joyful service. We have all seen good men who worked faithfully, but were oppressed by it, found it a heavy task, and showed it in their faces and words. Not so with him; cheerfulness beamed from his countenance. The joy of the Lord was his strength. The writer was impressed with this fact years ago, when asked to correct the proof-sheets of 'Preaching in Sinim.' No one could read those pages without exclaiming, 'What a privilege and pleasure the author considers preaching the gospel.'

"Dr. DuBose was singularly warm-hearted, kind and affectionate—in his family, with his brethren, with the Chinese, and towards strangers visiting the city.

"I have often seen him in mission meetings, when debate waxed sharp, and he was unjustly criticized, or was not treated with the deference which others thought was due him—he felt it, but never showed resentment, nor bitterness—he was always the kind, courteous Christian gentleman. This urbanity and kindness he showed to all. No ragged opium smoker came in to his chapel without being shown to a seat by him, or given a kindly word. And on the officials he made a fine impression which was helpful to the Gospel. A year ago the writer, when talking with him of the anti-opium work, called him in jest, 'the friend of Viceroy and Governors.' This, though a jest, was literally true. As President of the Anti-Opium Society, Dr. DuBose was brought into contact with many high officials, and his sincerity, kindliness and zeal for China's good, won their high appreciation. There are no better judges of men than Chinese officials.

"Dr. DuBose's highest trait was his strong abiding faith, Trust in God, trust in an unseen Savior, real faith in the Bible. He had the simplicity of a little child; he took God at His word and never wavered. To come into contact with his faith was like meeting a refreshing breeze in the desert of unbelief. . . . He knew the Gospel would triumph, and that all was well, because God ruled, and because the 'Word of God abideth forever.'"

"Very marked was his interest in and regard for every one. It was he who remembered the anniversaries of his friends. It was he who recalled the pleasant things about people at the timely moment. And it was he who in prayer remembered the special need of the near or distant fellow-workers. It is sweet to recall his tender intercessory prayers, in which there mingled both love for his friends and familiarity with the Throne of Grace."

"Dr. DuBose was by nature and religion pre-eminently social. Long may we treasure in memory and emulate his genial courtesy, his attitude of helpfulness, his cordial hospital-

ity, his quick and heartfelt response alike to the friend in sorrow and the friend in triumph, his unflinching call of welcome, not only to the new missionary, but to any stranger who might chance to make Soochow his home, even though for a short time."

A friend, making an address, remarked: "Soochow's greatest gift to China was Dr. DuBose."

The Chinese Christians for whom he had so long labored erected a stone tablet at the entrance of the Yang Yoh Hang Chapel. On it are inscribed these words:

### Memorial Tablet.

"Rev. H. C. DuBose, an American citizen and a minister of the Presbyterian Church, was born, Sept. 30th, 1845.

"As a boy he was bright and studious and his love of learning increased as he grew to man's estate, until his literary ability, ripening with passing years, became broad and deep.

"Having graduated from college and the seminary, he came to China when twenty-six years of age, in the summer of 1872, which was the tenth year of the Emperor Tung Chih.

"He was received in Shanghai by Dr. and Mrs. Lambuth of the Methodist Church, and they accompanied him to Hangchow, from which city he came in a few weeks to Soochow, accompanied by Rev. J. L. Stuart. He rented a dwelling house, which still stands opposite to his present chapel. Mr. DuBose was the first preacher of the Gospel who came to Soochow and opened a chapel, for at this time in the interior of China there were very few preachers and only one or two churches. Mr. DuBose spared not himself in his work, but was daily in his pulpit in cold or heat, preaching Jesus Christ as the only Way of Life and earnestly pleading with the people to repent of their sins and be saved. Many were the disciples who followed him; hearing his voice and feeling that he preached as though moved by the Holy Spirit, they loved to sit and listen to him.

"In the second year of the Emperor Kuang Hsu, he bought some land on the Dragon Street near the Confucian Temple. The officials, not liking this, exchanged the land for a place on the busy Yang Yoh Hang, where he built his present church, in which he has preached all these years, and where he has baptized many members. From this church have grown twelve churches in the country around Soochow.

"When Mr. DuBose first arrived, not being able to speak the language, he employed a literary man as his teacher. The forenoons of each day he studied diligently, while the afternoons he spent with the people, pointing out to them the Way of Life.

"Tasks which to others seemed difficult and impossible were undertaken by Mr. DuBose with never-failing energy and faith; for example the terrible curse of opium smoking, which flowed into China from India like a black flood, engulfing people of every class from the highest official to the lowest beggar. Mr. DuBose saw with sad heart and earnestly began to plead with the people to give up the habit. He started the anti-opium movement among them, striving on the one hand to cleanse the fountain from which this deadly stream issued, and on the other, to close the aperture through which it flowed into China. He also took counsel with friends in England urging them to pray that the importation of opium might cease. In the 20th year of Kuang Hsu he visited the governor of each province and all the viceroys of China, showing to them the necessity of stopping the planting of the poppy if they desired to free China from this vice.

"In the 32nd year of Kuang Hsu, the Viceroy of Nanking told Mr. DuBose if he would write a petition to the Emperor, having the names of all the missionaries signed to it; that he, the Viceroy, would see that it reached the Emperor. This Mr. DuBose did, obtaining the names of 1,333 persons. This petition reaching the Emperor, he immediately sent out an Edict, in the words of the petition, forbidding the growth of the

poppy or the use of opium in his kingdom. This great blessing to our country we greatly owe to Mr. DuBose.

"Not only did he work for us thus but he loved to make good books for the benefit of the people, some of which he wrote in Chinese and others in the English language, as for instance, 'The Street Chapel Pulpit,' 'The Illustrated Life of Christ,' 'The Street Chapel Pictorial Sheet Tract Series,' 'Introduction to the Bible, Catechism of the Three Religions' (of China), 'Translation of Plumer's Rock of Our Salvation,' 'Christian Apologetics,' and more than half finished a work on 'Systematic Theology,' which his son, Rev. P. C. DuBose, is now finishing. These are all in the Chinese character, while in English he wrote 'Preaching in Sinim,' 'The Dragon, Image and Demon,' 'Beautiful Soo' and the 'Memoirs of John Leighton Wilson.'

"He was called from the midst of his labors to rest in his Heavenly Home on the 22nd day of March, 1910, which was the second year of the Emperor Hsuan Ting, the second moon and the 12th day. He was only sixty-four years of age. He fell asleep in his home here in Soochow and his body is laid in the cemetery at Shanghai.

"Our pastor, though dead, is still alive in glory. We, the members of his church, will always remember him with love and thankfulness for what he has brought to us. He was filled with wisdom and the Holy Gospel was his comfort and peace. He was above corruption in all things; his heart overflowed with the beautiful clearness of Heaven, as one ever dwelling on the lofty hills; his life, like the purest crystal, was filled with lofty ideals; his character, unsullied by the dust of earth, was as perfect as a man's could be. He strove in every way to awaken the careless and indifferent, but he was always a tender friend to the weak.

"Noble Teacher! China and America together unite in paying respects to your memory."

This Tablet was erected by the church members on the 12th

of November, 1910, in the second year of the Emperor Hsuan Ting and 11th moon."

[Note]—Dr. DuBose had two brothers, the late W. S. DuBose, M. D., of Alabama, and the late Rev. R. M. DuBose, D. D., of Gallatin, Tenn.

Mrs. DuBose has one sister, Miss L. H. McAlpine, and five brothers, Messrs. F. C., E. L., and R. H. McAlpine, all elders in the Presbyterian Church, and Rev. J. R. McAlpine, Georgia, and Rev. R. E. McAlpine of Japan.

Dr. and Mrs. DuBose had seven children. Of these two died in infancy. Their oldest daughter, Pauline, (Mrs. L. L. Little of Kiangyin, China,) fell asleep after two years of missionary service. The remaining children are: Mrs. Wm. F. Junkin of Sutsien, China, Rev. P. C. DuBose, Soochow, China; Rev. W. H. DuBose, Lewisburg, W. Va., and Rev. P. W. DuBose, under appointment to return to China as a missionary.

Five grandchildren live in China and two in America, Clisby, Eugene, Pauline Louise, and Warner DuBose, and Nettie, Agnes, and William Junkin.