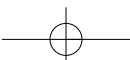
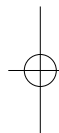
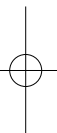


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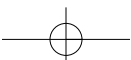
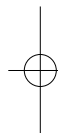
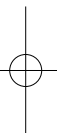
**The Story of  
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and the Mongol Mission**

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THE STORY  
OF  
**JAMES GILMOUR**

*AND THE MONGOL MISSION*

BY

MRS BRYSON OF TIENTSIN

AUTHOR OF "CHILD LIFE IN CHINESE HOMES"

"JOHN KENNETH MACKENZIE" ETC. ETC.

*SECOND EDITION*

LONDON:

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

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5

## CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	A FORGOTTEN LAND	9
II.	THE CALL TO SERVICE	15
III.	THE MASSACRE OF TIENSIN	22
IV.	THROUGH THE DESERT OF GOBI	28
V.	THE SHEEP WITHOUT A SHEPHERD	35
VI.	PLANS FOR WORK	45
VII.	A MISSIONARY'S ROMANCE	53.
VIII.	ENDURING HARDNESS	61
IX.	THE DAILY TASK.	67
X.	THE FIRST-FRUITS OF A COMING HARVEST.	73
XI.	THE DISCIPLINE OF SORROW	82
XII.	"IN WEARINESS AND PAINFULNESS, IN WATCHINGS OFTEN"	92
XIII.	THE LAST SIGHT OF HOME	104
XIV.	GLIMPSES OF INNER LIFE	109
XV.	THE PATIENT SOWER OF THE HEAVENLY SEED	118
XV.	THE DAWN OF ETERNITY	131

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
PORTRAIT OF JAMES GILMOUR	<i>FRONTISPIECE</i>
TEA CARAVAN ON THE GREAT POST ROAD IN SIBERIA	11
MONGOL TENTS	32
A MONGOLIAN LAMA	38
DEPARTURE OF THE CHINESE MAIL FROM KIACHTA	41
A HALT AT AN INN	57
CAMEL AND PONY MARKET, OURGA	77
A STREET IN PEKING	95
PAGES FROM A MONGOLIAN BIBLE	120
PART OF THE GREAT WALL, CHINA	123

## PREFACE.

THE accompanying pages are the result of an attempt to sketch the life of James Gilmour from the standpoint of his fellow-workers in the North China mission field.

The book is not an abridgment of any former work, but consists principally of the writer's personal reminiscences, and extracts from letters written by Mr Gilmour to herself and her husband. For other letters she is indebted to Dr Roberts, for a time Gilmour's colleague in the Mongolian work. Some of the recollections of the Rev. G. Owen given at a memorial service held in Peking are also included.

From the pages of the *Chinese Recorder*, to which journal Gilmour was for many years a constant contributor, some of the incidents of the missionary work on the Mongol plain have been taken, and some of the letters he sent to the *Chronicle of the London Missionary Society* have also been included.

Gilmour was a man most loved and honoured by those who knew him best. To fellow-workers his life was ever an inspiration, and the Mongols among whom he lived and worked so long, received the news of his death with a sense of personal loss.

The missionaries who were the first to visit Mongolia after his death were met with eager questions as to why their old friend had not accompanied them. When the Christians heard the sad news, grown-up men burst into tears and sobbed like children;

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8

while many who had never bowed the knee to Gilmour's Master, lamented loudly that they would never again see a man they regarded as so good and noble.

Few even of missionary heroes can show such a record of suffering, trial, and solitude bravely and joyfully borne for Jesus' sake. To win the Mongols for Christ he made himself as one of them, enduring the discomforts and dangers of their tent life, for a lengthened period. He knew what it was to suffer the pangs of thirst, when crossing the trackless desert, and his food was that of the poorest of the people.

There is more of what people call the "romance of missions" in his life than falls generally to the lot of present-day workers in the foreign field. But more noticeable than this is the story of how, triumphing over loneliness and suffering, he proved the promise, "Lo, I am with you always," to be true in abounding measure. Christ was as real to him as any earthly companion, and His constant presence with him an assured fact in his life.

Gilmour is dead, but the Mongols for whom he lived and worked are left as a legacy to English Christians. Upon whom shall his mantle fall?

This little book is sent forth with the prayer that some who read its pages may hear the call of the Lord of the harvest, saying, "Who will go for us?" and will reply, "Here am I, Lord, send me."

MARY I. BRYSON.

LONDON MISSION, TIENTSIN, CHINA.

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9

# THE STORY OF JAMES GILMOUR.

## CHAPTER I.

### A FORGOTTEN LAND.

The First Mongol Mission—Banished from Siberia—Gilmour appointed to revive the Mission.

**T**HROUGH the midst of a bleak, desolate Siberian plain flows the broad stream of the Selenga.

Upon its banks, not far from Lake Baikal,—the Holy Lake of the Mongols,—and about one hundred miles southeast of Irkutsk, stands the town of Selenginsk. Its situation is somewhat picturesque, taking into consideration the broad, featureless plains and the bleak gloom of the desolate distances, which are the usual characteristics of Central Asian scenery. The town does not strike a stranger as being by any means well built, but this is owing to the peculiar

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10

style of architecture or the district. All the habitations are built of logs, the seams between being caulked with moss. It is said that buildings of this kind are not so likely to suffer damage in the earthquakes to which the country is liable.

It was at this town of Selenginsk that in the year 1817 the London Missionary Society decided to establish a mission among the Mongolian tribe of the Buriats. They sent out as their first emissaries the Rev. Edward Stallybrass and the Rev. W. Swan. The missionaries carried on their labours in this isolated field, toiling on in loneliness, battling with many discouragements, yet cheered occasionally by signs of progress, for about twenty-three years.

Their methods of work were various, and determined by circumstances. They travelled far and wide over the plain, for the Buriats' homes were scattered long distances apart. Though they had received no medical training, the cases of suffering from easily cured diseases were so numerous that the help they gave was invaluable, and their fame as doctors was soon established. They founded schools, with the hope of influencing the young people, and leading them to a knowledge of the Saviour. It was rarely that a sufficient number of people could be gathered together to allow of anything in the way of public preaching, but opportunity was

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11

TEA CARAVAN ON THE GREAT POST ROAD IN SIBERIA.

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12

13

taken to engage single persons in conversation, the theme being the love of God for sinful man.

Their greatest work, however, was the translation of the Bible into the language of the people. The Old Testament was published in Siberia with Mongol type, permission having been obtained for its issue from St Petersburg. Six years afterwards the New Testament was brought out in London.

Many circumstances tended to raise the missionaries' hopes that this field in which they had so long toiled, sowing the seed, was drawing near its harvest-time.

Just as their hearts were filled with joyful anticipation, a notice was sent to them calling Messrs Stallybrass and Swan to attend at the Government office and listen to the reading of an Imperial ukase just arrived from St Petersburg, which intimately concerned them. It was their sentence of banishment from Siberia! This blow, though it came thus suddenly, could not have been totally unexpected.

The position of the missionaries among them had been, through many long years, a standing puzzle to the Russian inhabitants of the district. Messrs Stallybrass and Swan had been sent out, not to make proselytes from among the members of the Greek Church, but to preach the gospel to the heathen of the Mongolian plain.

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14

Naturally, therefore, they sought out the despised and degraded Buriats, and cultivated their society. Unable to comprehend the motives which could induce educated Englishmen to leave, home and friends and settle down in a region as remote from the world as the Siberia of fifty years ago, it was not strange, perhaps, that all sorts of evil designs were attributed to them, and constantly reported as facts to the authorities. The result had been this order to leave for ever the lonely but beloved field of their labours.

And so the work which had been so long faithfully carried on in the wide districts around Selenginsk and another town, Onagen Dome by name, was brought to an abrupt close. Almost twenty-five years had passed by since the day when, with sad hearts, the Mongol missionaries had bidden farewell to the scene of their life's labours, when the London Missionary Society decided to recommence the mission, making Peking, however, the basis of their operations. The missionary chosen to take

up this almost forgotten work of the dead was a young Scotchman, a man of enthusiastic devotion, unbending will, and irrepressible spirits—James Gilmour by name. The very man, one could not help but feel, to appoint to a post of exceptional loneliness, where faith and courage would be tested to the utmost.

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15

## CHAPTER II.

### THE CALL TO SERVICE.

Early Home—Mother's Influence—Youthful Characteristics—Successful Studies—Temperance Work—Friendship with Mrs Swan.

LIKE many another whose name is enshrined in the annals of those who have carried the Lord's banner far into the realms of heathen darkness, James Gilmour first saw the light in one of the rural homes of Scotland.

He was born at Cathkin, a few miles from Glasgow, on the 12th June 1843, and was one of a family of six sons. His father and grandfather had for many years occupied the workshop of the village joiner.

The atmosphere of his home life was of that strictly Puritan type which has produced such men as David Livingstone, John Paton, and, in later days, Mackay of Uganda.

In after years, when grown to manhood, and engaged in the work to which he devoted his life,

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16

Gilmour would often recall the impression made upon him as a lad, by his mother's words, "What an unco thing it will be if I see you shut out of heaven!"

During his school days the lad applied himself to his books with great diligence, and was successful in winning many prizes. Seeing this, his parents decided that he should continue his studies at the Glasgow University.

A picture is drawn for us of young Gilmour poring over his books in his little room, while the merry shout of his companions at their games came up to his attic window overlooking the fair vale of Clyde.

But he was by no means the typical bookworm, interested in nothing outside his studies.

The high spirits and enterprise which distinguished him in after life found expression in many a boyish exploit. He was fond of lonely wanderings, and one day made his way in a small skiff up the Clyde to Hamilton, where his parents at that time resided. The river was very shallow for a considerable portion of the way, but, nothing daunted, young Gilmour hauled his small craft over the rocky places, and accomplished his purpose. He was proud to find out afterwards that the feat was quite an unusual one.

Throughout his school days, and during his college course, he proved a formidable rival to the more diligent among the students, carrying off many a

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17

prize and scholarship which had been the object of keen competition.

Gilmour's course of study was not commenced with the object of preparing for work in the foreign mission field. The opportunity of a university course had been offered to him, as to many another Scottish youth, because he had shown singular aptitude for study, and he had joyfully accepted its privileges, sure that, whatever his future might be, a liberal education would prove an advantageous investment.

It was while pursuing his course of study in Glasgow that Gilmour came to a definite decision to accept Christ as his Master.

It was only natural that, to a character so wholehearted and thorough, the thought that he had been saved to save should come with overwhelming force. He decided before long that his future calling should be that of a minister of the gospel. Musing over this matter, he took into consideration the relative claims of the home and foreign fields.

Was it wonderful that, as he himself wrote, "even on the low ground of common sense I seemed called to be a missionary? Is the kingdom a harvest-field? Then I thought it reasonable that I should seek to work where the work was most abundant and the workers fewest ... In place of seeking to assign a reason for going abroad, I would prefer to say

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18

that I have failed to discover any reason why I should stay at home."

The announcement that James Gilmour, the brilliant scholar and ready linguist, had decided to devote his life to the work of winning the heathen for Christ, was received by his fellow-students with great amazement.

Does it not show how far we have wandered from the teaching and practice of the early days of Christianity, when it is our custom often to look upon those who attempt to carry out literally our Lord's last command as enthusiasts, and to be loud in our expressions of surprise when any whom the world calls wise or great offer for such a service?

Gilmour's was a character which proved something of a problem to his fellow-students. They were amazed to find him distinguished alike by "playfulness and piety, fervour and frolicsomeness." He was possessed of strong individuality even in these early days, and never hesitated to take a firm stand on the side of what he believed to be the right—even if it made him unpopular.

He was an ardent total abstainer, and on one occasion it is related that, some intoxicating liquor having been placed in his room, he took it to the window and poured it out into the street, saying, "Better on God's earth than in His image."

This was the spirit that remained with him to

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19

his latest years. It made him a popular temperance worker, when circumstances permitted, among British and American seamen in Chinese ports, and filled his heart with the determination to make total abstinence a condition of membership in the Church of Mongolia.

Gilmour had obtained the degree of M..A. at Glasgow University, and having offered himself to the London Missionary Society in September 1867, he entered Cheshunt College for a theological course. His studies were crowned with success, and he obtained the highest honours open to him.

At this time the Society maintained an institution at Highgate for the special training of those on the point of leaving England for the foreign field, and to this institution Gilmour was transferred in the autumn of 1869. But he was eager to commence the real work of his life, and his impetuous spirit rebelled against the restraint of this- prolonged period of study. It was during this year that Gilmour made the acquaintance of Mrs Swan of Edinburgh. This gifted and devoted lady was the sole survivor of the brave little band of missionaries who, years before, had been compelled to bid a long farewell to the bare Mongolian plains, where they had for so long a time striven to sow the good seed of the kingdom.

The world would call it an accident or a strange

20

coincidence that brought these two together in the fair northern capital—the past and future friends of the forgotten Mongols. But the Lord has a plan for each of our lives, and, if we are but willing to follow the leadings of His providence, some future day will reveal that glorious purpose, and so enable us to have the joy of knowing that through darkness we have been led on to the accomplishment of His perfect will.

Many a year afterwards, in the pages of *Among the Mongols*, Gilmour wrote thus of this lady, through whom the Lord's call to mission work in Mongolia had come to him:—

“One of the missionaries, after spending a term of years in Siberia, revisited his native land. When he returned to his field of labour, he did not go alone, but was accompanied by a youthful bride, who had been reared in all the elegancies and refinements of one of the most refined of British cities. Turning her back upon so many things and friends that were dear to her, she set her face towards Siberia, and, arriving there in due course, so mixed with the people, and so applied herself to the acquisition of the language, that not only could she speak it well among the natives, but could read and write in it, so as to be able to conduct a correspondence in it, upwards of a quarter of a century after the missionaries had left the country at the command of the Emperor Nicholas.”

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21

What a joy it must have been to the missionary's widow, after the lapse of so many years, to find such an able and earnest spirit as that of young Gilmour listening eagerly to her memories of years spent in those far-off solitudes!

By the fireside of this noble Christian lady, whose love for the Mongols never waned, the young man heard news of the converts of past days, who, with none but the Chief Shepherd to care for their souls and minister to their spiritual wants, had maintained through a quarter of a century their faith in Christ, sending at intervals letters of warm affection to their sole surviving teacher.

Was it wonderful that as Mrs Swan talked with him, Gilmour saw, as in a vision, the desolate Siberian plains, rode in the tarantass across the silent snow-clad hills, or on camel-back through the great sandy desert of Gobi? He almost heard the living lamas standing by their ancient shrines, and the free men of the grass lands at their tent doors, sending

to him over sea and desert the old Macedonian cry. Ages have passed away since Paul at Troas heard that cry, and was obedient to the God-sent vision. And when a similar call came to James Gilmour in these later days, the young man looked up with a glad face to the Master he served, and replied, "Here am I, Lord, send me."

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22

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE MASSACRE OF TIENTSIN.

Outward Bound—Work for Christ on Board Ship—Arrival in Peking—  
Scenes of Bloodshed—The Hurricane that dispersed the Mob—Gilmour starts for Mongolia.

IT was in the early spring of 1870 that James Gilmour set sail for the distant shores of China, *en route* to his chosen field of labour in Mongolia. It had been decided that Peking should be the headquarters of his work. The winter months were to be spent among the Mongols who visited the Chinese capital on government duty, or for business purposes, and the rest of the year in the tents of the Mongolian plain.

The steamer in which Gilmour sailed was the *Diomed*, of Holt's line. Liverpool was the port of departure, and the passengers were few. The young missionary sought for every opportunity to speak a word for his Master. He conducted services not

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23

only for the saloon passengers, but away in the fore-castle for the sailors, in whose company he spent much of his time. For many an hour he listened to the yarns of the seamen, and so gained their willing ear when he spoke to them of eternal things.

Gilmour arrived in Peking on the 18th May 1870, and a month afterwards the whole foreign population of China was startled by the news of the terrible massacre in the neighbouring city of Tientsin.

This was an attack upon the foreign residents of the port of the capital, made evidently with the knowledge and approval of those in authority. For some the rumours had been afloat through all the surrounding districts that on June 21st an attack would be made upon all Europeans residing

within the city walls, and that two days after they would be driven from the foreign settlement.

The spring of the year had been remarkably unhealthy, and large numbers of children in the Foundling Hospital of the Catholic Sisters of Charity had died. The old rumours that children's lives were being taken by foreigners, so that their eyes and hearts might be used in the preparation of the potent Western medicines, revived once more. Two Chinamen were executed on a charge of kidnapping children; the names they were said to bear were such as no Chinese would have accepted,

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24

and several attempts were made to connect them with the foreign teachers. At their execution the high mandarin addressed the assembled crowd, telling them he "would see that justice was done, for he was not afraid of the foreigners."

This Chinese official's words and spirit pleased the citizens so much that they immediately subscribed and presented him with an official umbrella and tablet, the highest honour that a magistrate in China can receive from the people. On the morning of the 21st of June the terrible scenes of the frightful massacre were ushered in by the sounding of the fire-gongs. At this signal the fire brigades seized their arms, which were in readiness, instead of their buckets, and from all quarters rushed to the French consulate, where it had been arranged the first attack should be made.

The French consul and all the inmates of the consulate, including some guests recently arrived from France, were barbarously murdered. The mob then made its way to the Foundling Hospital of the French nuns. Ten sisters, one of them an English girl, were killed with great barbarity, their bodies hacked to pieces and cast into the flames which were rapidly destroying the mission buildings, where they had carried on their benevolent life-work.

Three Russians (one a bride of a few days) and a French gentleman and his wife were also murdered

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25

while fleeing from the city, and their bodies were stripped and thrown into the river. Twenty-two Europeans in all yielded up their lives to the fury of the mob. Eight Protestant chapels were destroyed, and diligent search made for the missionaries, with the avowed intention of taking their lives. Protestant as well as Roman Catholic converts suffered severely

for their connection with foreigners; as many as seventy were reported killed, and large numbers lost all their earthly possessions, and were wounded, beaten, and imprisoned.

News of the successful massacre at Tientsin spread rapidly through the land, and it was widely reported throughout the empire, that this was only the beginning of a great movement favoured by government to rid China of the Western barbarians.

It was a season of trial and suspense, and even those best acquainted with Chinese character found it difficult to predict the events of the near future. It was reported that the day was fixed for the extermination of foreigners from the capital, and great anxiety prevailed there. At this crisis, Gilmour spent much of his time in prayer that God would overrule events for the progress of His kingdom in the land. He had been looking forward with high anticipation to his prospects of work among the wandering Mongol tribes. Sometimes it seemed to him now as if it might please the Lord to call His

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26

servants home instead of protecting their bodies from the fury of their enemies. It had often been so in the history of the Christian Church in ages past, who could say that it would not be so now? Gilmour confessed, it is true, at times, a strong repugnance to a violent death. But he stayed his heart upon the Lord his God, and overcame the natural dread of the furious mob which at times preyed upon his spirit.

His thoughts went back to the young Hebrew youths threatened with Babylon's fiery furnace, and with them he said, "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us, but if not"—still he would recognise God's will as best.

The day which had been looked forward to with dread by many dawned at last. Suddenly the heavens were clouded, and a violent hurricane began to blow. The rain fell in torrents for twenty hours, and dispersed and quieted the mobs which thirsted for the blood of the foreigners.

Was it wonderful that the Chinese Christians saw in this circumstance the hand of the Lord their God stretched out to deliver them and their teachers?

It now seemed probable that before long China would be involved in war with France, when that nation claimed compensation for the murder of so many of her subjects. Under these circumstances foreigners would, without doubt, soon be ordered to

27

leave Peking for the south. Those who knew the Mongols best were convinced that Gilmour would not find one of that race willing to accompany him on so long a journey to act as teacher.

Musing and praying over this matter, it became clear to the young missionary that the Lord was guiding him to embrace the first opportunity of proceeding to his chosen field of labour, lest, by delaying for a time, he should be forbidden, if war broke out, to take the journey at all.

Almost immediately after Gilmour had come to this decision, an opportunity occurred for his travelling to Mongolia in the company of some Russian merchants.

His knowledge of Chinese at this time was of course extremely limited, and he was quite ignorant of Russian, but with one or two Mongol sentences he bravely faced the desert solitudes.

28

## CHAPTER IV.

### THROUGH THE DESERT OF GOBI.

The Sandy Sea—The Gate of China—First Sight of Mongols—Night Marches—Buried beneath the Camel Cart—Kiachta at last—Lonely Days.

**T**HE name Mongolia is used to indicate a vast and little known territory in Central Asia, inhabited principally by wandering tribes.

They are referred to by ancient Chinese historians as “living in a state of rebellion,” but this is only a way of expressing the fact that the Mongols are of a free and independent disposition.

Mongolia lies between Siberia on the north and China on the south, and is about 2800 miles in breadth and 900 in length. The “land of the wandering tribes” has been known by many changing names in the pages of Chinese history. The great sandy desert of Gobi is spoken of by Chinese historians as the “Sandy Sea,” specially

28

created by Providence to divide the Middle Flowery Kingdom from the rest of the world.

Mongolia is approached through rugged mountain passes, and at one time its southern boundary was the Great Wall of China. For many years past, however, for a considerable distance north of the wall, the population of the settled towns has been largely composed of Chinese.

This district, known as agricultural Mongolia, was the scene of Gilmour's later labours, but throughout the longer and earlier period of his life his work lay among the nomad Mongols, who during the summer led a wandering life, pitching their tents in constantly changing districts, in the search after grass for their cattle. Each winter they lived in huts or tents in the same settled locations.

Gilmour's instructions from the London Missionary Society were "that he should study the Mongolian language and literature, make acquaintance with the Mongol people, gather information respecting the localities most suited to closer intercourse with them, and the forms of labour best adapted to accomplish the great purpose of evangelising them."

It was to attain these objects that the first journey to Western Mongolia was undertaken.

After four days' journey from Peking in the clumsy, springless carts of Northern China, the travellers reached Kalgan, the well-known mart near the Great

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Wall of China, to which the Mongols resort for the purchase of all the foreign goods they require. Through this place pass all the carts laden with brick tea, intended for use in the Mongol tents and among Siberian solitudes. The choicest sorts, intended for use in the "samovars" of the Russian aristocracy, are transported quickly by the same route on the backs of camels.

Kalgan is known to the Mongols by the name of Halga, or "the Gate," because it is through its north gate that travellers pass when entering China from Mongolia. A colony of Russians engaged in the tea trade reside in the north-west suburb of the town. For nearly thirty years the American Board of Foreign Missions have had a station in Kalgan. In the homes of the American missionaries Gilmour spent many happy hours, when passing Kalgan *en route* for Mongolia, and the last letter he wrote was penned "with grateful memories of old-time Kalgan kindness," to the wife of one of the missionaries there.

During his first journey to the "Grass Land," the term applied to the district inhabited by the nomad Mongols, the young missionary's heart was deeply touched by the sight of the people among whom he had

come to labour. He found them steeped in Buddhism of the lama type, known as the "Yellow Religion," and quite one half of the inhabitants were lamas, or priests.

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31

He longed with an intense yearning to be able to speak their language fluently, and to tell them of Jesus, the Saviour of the world.

As the people crowded curiously round the front of his camel cart, Gilmour's thoughts were constantly occupied with plans for his work among them. How should he go among them? he asked himself; in such rough comfort as his camel cart afforded, with the few necessaries of civilisation he carried surrounding him? In this way, or in poverty, reducing himself to their level, so that there should be nothing about him to distract their thoughts from the wonderful message he had come to bring them? The latter course commended itself most to his judgment, and it was by that ideal he shaped his future career.

Writing of him after his death, a colleague says: "Gilmour spared himself in nothing, but gave himself wholly to God. He kept nothing back. All was laid upon the altar. I doubt if even Paul endured more for Christ than did James Gilmour. I doubt, too, if Christ ever received from human hands or hearts more loving service."

As yet, however, Gilmour could do nothing but pray for the Mongols, and now and then offer to individuals a copy of the Mongol Christian Catechism.

Many were the adventures passed through during that first journey. There were the monotonous day and night marches across the vast, desolate desert

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32

of Gobi, destitute of tents or any signs of human habitations, but broken at intervals by rugged black rocks. The night march often lasted till after midnight, but by dawn of day the caravan was again astir. Gilmour acted as his own cook, and made oatmeal porridge and tea if the fire was good and the wind not too high.

#### MONGOL TENTS.

Breakfast over, the caravan was again on its way. It was a curious sight to see the long procession of camels making its way across the desert. Gilmour's Russian companions had two camel carts and several camels

carrying provisions and goods; he himself had a camel cart and one loaded camel; and the Mongols who accompanied the party had with them

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33

a long string of camels carrying grain, for which they hoped to get a good price in the market of Kiachta.

The marches over the steep mountain passes were very fatiguing, and it was impossible for the camels alone to drag the carts over them, so oxen had to be obtained to aid' them in their work. On one occasion Gilmour's cart was overturned in the middle of the night, and for a time he lay buried beneath the heavy baggage, until his fellow-travellers came to the rescue.

On the 28th of September 1870, fifty-four days after starting from Peking, Gilmour and his party came in sight of the city of Kiachta, on the Russian frontier. Here he prepared to settle down and acquire the Mongol language. A trader named Grant showed him much kindness, and gave him accommodation in his house.

Difficulties of various kinds dogged his steps; it seemed as if the young missionary was to win his spurs, like the knights of old, only after passing through a severe ordeal. He experienced much difficulty with relation to his passport, the Russian and Mongolian authorities alike questioning his right to remain in the country, and he had to send to Peking for another.

He had great trouble in obtaining a suitable teacher, and his slight knowledge of the language prevented

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34

much communication with the Mongols. Hardest of all, the trial which in after years he found so hard to endure already threw its dark shadow over him. He had no colleague, no spiritual companionship, and no one at hand who felt any sympathy with him in his work.

In this respect he truly understood what it was to enter into the fellowship of Christ's sufferings. Sometimes the strain seemed more than he could endure, and a dark cloud fell over his hopeful, eager spirit, till he felt like Elijah in the desert of Horeb, longing to lie down and die.

He remembered this time of intense suffering in later days, and always urged upon the Society, and upon his own colleagues, the necessity for missionaries being sent out as the Lord sent the first of their Dumber, two by two.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE SHEEP WITHOUT A SHEPHERD.

Difficulties with Mongol Teacher—Life in a Lama's Tent—Mongol Cookery—Dangers of Tent Life—Lake Baikal—Traces of the Old Mission—Converts of Past Days.

THE teacher Gilmour obtained in Kiachta, like too many Eastern pedagogues, was both incompetent and lazy. After a time the missionary found also to his annoyance that the sentence he had obtained from a Mongol teacher in Kalgan, "I do not speak Mongol, I am learning it," turned out instead to be a phrase informing all to whom it was addressed that the speaker was proficient in that tongue.

For over a month Gilmour plodded on with intense application, under the guidance of his newly acquired teacher, till at last a crisis was brought about by the remark of his friend Grant, that if *he* had studied the Mongolian language as long and earnestly as the missionary had done, he should certainly by this

time have spoken much better. With his usual impetuosity Gilmour came to a rapid decision.

He would alter his mode of life, and try a new plan for acquiring the language. Early next morning he might have been seen leaving Kiachta behind him and crossing the frontier into Mongolia. We next find him established in the tent of a Mongol lama (or priest), who had engaged to act as his teacher.

Here Gilmour learned to endure hardness, for the tent was a poor one, and the fare only that of ordinary Mongols. The chief food of the people is a strange mixture known as meal tea. It is prepared in winter by melting a lump of ice, into which a handful of powdered brick tea is thrown. When this has been sufficiently cooked, meal is added, and a small portion of fat, the latter ingredients being used apparently to supply the lack of milk. This meagre diet composed the sole food of the people till sunset, when a portion of frozen meat was hacked off with a hatchet, and after

long boiling was fished out with the fire tongs, and partaken of with the help of a knife, in Mongol style.

The young missionary lived exactly as the Mongols around him, the only exception being the securing of a cupful, of the meal mixture while it somewhat resembled porridge. This was known by the name of *Scotland*, and set aside to gratify the peculiar taste

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37

of "Our Gilmour," as the young missionary was called.

The situation exactly suited the earnest student, for, with notebook in hand, he would sit from morning to night eagerly listening to the conversation of his host's many callers.

Some of the expressions Gilmour in this way picked up were doubtless not very choice, yet he could not help but learn the words and phrases in most common use; and soon began to feel he was making considerable, progress both in speaking and understanding the language, with only a tithe of the labour he had previously spent over books.

His lama host, however, seems to have been a conscientious old soul. He had engaged to teach the foreigner Mongol, and the idea that the language could be obtained in any such desultory manner, could not be entertained by him for a moment. He used to have fits of determination to give his unhappy pupil formal lessons, and attempted to convey them in the highest style of Mongol. It was impossible for Gilmour to understand his high-flown phrases, and at last, whenever he saw the old man getting ready to teach him, he would sally forth for a two hours' walk, and thus try to escape the annoyance and irritation, both to master and pupil, in which the lessons had been accustomed to end.

The nights spent among the snoring Mongols on

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38

the floor of the tent, lit up by the glow of the charcoal brazier, which was rendered innocuous to health by the too liberal ventilation of these desert abodes, were occasionally enlivened by disagreeable incidents.

A MONGOLIAN LAMA.

One night the missionary was disturbed by n. family quarrel; an irate father bursting into the tent with a long Mongol knife, and threatening to take his son's life, to the imminent danger of the

39

guest, who in the semi-darkness might easily have been mistaken for the culprit.

On another occasion the soot-covered felt roof took fire, and in a short time the tent was one scene of wild confusion; and it was some time before the fire could be extinguished, and order restored.

Being now somewhat equipped for the task before him, with a good working knowledge of the language, obtained during his sojourn in various Mongol tents, Gilmour diligently explored the country. He visited Lake Baikal, traversing a part of its shores in a furious snowstorm; spent a short time in Irkutsk, the capital of Siberia, and at last arrived at Selenginsk, the old deserted quarters of the mission.

It must have been with mingled feelings that the young missionary sought for traces of the labourers of years gone by. At Onagen Dome, three days' journey from Selenginsk, the abode in which these solitary toilers in Christ's vineyard had formerly resided was still to be seen.

According to the custom of the country, the log-house had been taken to pieces and removed for the convenience of the purchasers to this spot, but it was in all respects the same building as that inhabited twenty-five years before by Messrs Stallybrass and Swan.

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40

Another pathetic trace of the old mission was found in the tombs of the dead.

There were foul graves on the banks of the Selenga, surrounded by a substantial stone wall, where rested the remains of Mrs Yuille and her son and two of the children of Mr Stallybrass. Near to Onagen Dome two other tombs were to be seen, with Russian and Latin inscriptions. They covered the remains of two more heroic women who had laid down their lives while fulfilling the Master's last command of love in the desolate land to which Russia banishes her criminals.

But better and more encouraging than any other traces of the mission were some still surviving converts, who had maintained through a quarter of a century their allegiance to Christ. It was a favourable concurrence of events, say rather the loving hand of his heavenly Father, which enabled Gilmour to discover the whereabouts of these people, the meeting with whom so greatly cheered his heart. It was because his Mongol teacher had decided to leave for Ourga, that the missionary had determined to enter Russia, and seek a Buriat teacher. The man he found, Batma

Aerinchinoff by name, was found to have been educated at the old mission school at Selenginsk, of which his father had previously been teacher.

Gilmour had been directed to several old converts by his friend, Dr Edkins of the London Missionary

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41

DEPARTURE OF THE CHINESE MAIL FROM KIACHTA.

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42

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Society, Peking, but he found most of them had died many years before. The aged evangelist Shagdur, however, still survived. A woman was also met with who had acted as nurse to several of the Stallybrass children, and a man who for seven years had taught the boys' school at Ona under Mr Swan. One old convert, who had assisted at the printing-press, carried a book in the bosom of his robe. Upon being questioned about it, the discovery was made that it was a copy of the Book of Psalms which he himself had printed.

Some idea of these converts, who had remained steadfast without any human aid for so long a time, may be gained from the letters they sent by the hand of Mr Gilmour to their still surviving friends of former days.

The aged Shagdur, writing to Mrs Swan, expresses himself as follows:—

“In the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, beloved and never to be forgotten Mrs Swan, peace be to you! By the mercy of God, I and the inmates of my house have 'till now been preserved in health. Dear Mr Gilmour having come here, my heart is filled with joy, and I am scarcely able to write. Pardon me. This gentleman, beside being at my house, has been at Badma's; this makes my heart wonder in joyful amazement; it seems as if dear Mr Swan had himself

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44

come! I have not written to you for a long time. Your last letter with thirty silver roubles I received, but at the time I was ill, and a married daughter died—all happiness seemed to be taken from me. My thought was that my own end was near. While dwelling on this, I thought how good it would be to meet with some of God's people even before death. Now this gentleman has come, and given us great joy in the body. But oh, when with our true souls we meet God's people, how great will our

joy be! Very often have I desired to write to you, but was not able to find a way of sending letters. The old man Sanjol is now eighty; how quickly does the time of man's stay on earth pass away! ... May you all who wish Shagdur well, and desire his peace, have peace and rest yourselves, and never forget in your prayers a poor sinner. However remote from each other the disciples of Jesus may be, not one shall be forsaken! May the inconceivable grace and blessing of the Most High rest on each one. Amen. Mr Gilmour showed us Mr Swan's likeness; it was as if two living friends had come to us, it made our hearts peaceful. All the friends who knew you have rejoiced to' hear of you. My time for writing has come to an end. From the heart wishing you well,

“SHAGDUR.”

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45

## CHAPTER VI. PLANS FOR WORK.

A Ride across the Desert—Resting at Kalgan—Agricultural Mongols—  
Nomadic Mongols—Need of Books and Pictures—The Greatest  
Need of all—Medical Work—Life in the Yellow Temple.

**A**FTER his visit to Selenginsk, which occurred in the month of March 1871, for some time longer Gilmour was a dweller in Mongol tents.

As an instance of the perseverance with which he overcame all difficulties, we may note how he set himself to ride on horseback.

The Mongols, who from childhood were quite at home on horse or camel back, were puzzled to meet with a grown-up man who was a stranger to the saddle. When a Mongol friend offered to give Gilmour a few lessons in the art, the whole community would assemble to witness the singular spectacle, and remarks by no means complimentary were made upon the stranger's horsemanship. The young missionary determined to remedy this state of

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46

things, and when next necessity called upon him to undertake the journey to Kalgan, he deliberately engaged with a Mongol to take him on horseback the two hundred miles across the desert, sure that by the time he reached his destination, he would have become accustomed to the saddle. Gilmour was sped upon his journey by the doubtful criticisms

of a crowd of Mongols, who predicted that a man who was so little at home on horseback would never be able to reach Kalgan.

And so “this man who could not ride, rode for a month over six hundred miles of dangerous desert, and at the end found, of course, that this difficulty had vanished for ever.”

Gilmour arrived in Kalgan just before the commencement of the rainy season, and settled down for a few months’ quiet study of the written language. The comfortable little room he had in this frontier town, after all his homeless desert wanderings, made him feel sometimes that it would be snug. to stay where he was, “but comfort,” he adds, “is not the missionary’s rule.” After about three months’ study in Kalgan, Gilmour found that he had made good progress in the written language of Mongolia. He could read the Bible slowly, could write many of the characters, and was able to compose and write Mongol sentences.

At this point he determined to make another

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47

journey to the Grass Land of Mongolia, for he feared lest, while studying the written language, the colloquial would grow rusty.

He had proved by experience that there was no method so good for obtaining a knowledge of the spoken language as residence with the people. So once more he experienced the discomforts of Mongol tent life, living as his hosts lived, and sleeping as they did, with calves and lambs and kids sharing his night’s shelter.

Some of the tents were infested with insects of the tick species, called by the Mongols “sheeljie,” which attached themselves to the stranger’s clothes, and were got rid of with much difficulty. So numerous were these disgusting insects that it was the custom among the Mongols to place a pot of water in their tents into which they could be thrown and temporarily got rid of, when found upon the person. Being Buddhists, the Mongols considered it criminal to throw insects into the fire-animation was only suspended in the water, and when thrown out of the tent door they became as lively as ever.

Gilmour reached Peking, November 9, 1871, after an absence of fifteen months in Kalgan and the Grass Land of Mongolia, and it is not wonderful that he found himself possessed of a knowledge of the nomad Mongols and their language far beyond that of any other European.

48

When leaving England, he had been instructed by the Society to gather information respecting the localities best suited for closer intercourse with the Mongol people.

He had, as we have seen, gained large experience of the Mongols of the plain, but knew nothing as yet of another class, known as the agricultural Mongols. Many persons in Peking believed that, on account of the wandering habits of the former class, Christian work among the latter was more likely to prove fruitful in results. To settle this point, Gilmour determined to visit the Mongol settlements northeast of Peking. On his return the missionary thus discussed the advantages and disadvantages of a settlement among the agricultural as opposed to the nomadic Mongols, when writing home to the directors of his Society:—

“I have made a long journey of nearly forty days eastward, for the express purpose of seeing and judging for myself upon the matter, and as the result of my observation, my ideas are:—To the missionary the agricultural Mongols offer the following attractions—(a) They are more settled in their manner of life. They live, not in tents, but in built houses, like the Chinese. (b) Near some of the Mongol settlements there are Chinese inns at which an itinerating missionary could put up.

The disadvantages under which a missionary

49

among the agricultural Mongols would labour are—(a) Wherever agricultural Mongols are found, they are a small minority of the population. There are some exceptions, but, as a rule, the so-called Mongol villages are in reality Chinese villages with a small proportion of Mongols. (b) There is reason to believe also that these settlers, few as they are at present, are fast becoming fewer, and that the complete absorption of them by the Chinese is only a matter of time. The true position of these Mongol villages is that of icebergs down in southern latitudes—rapidly melting away, or of a coast being encroached upon by the sea. At one time these plains which I traversed were far and wide inhabited by Mongols, and by Mongols only: now a flood of Chinese has come in, and the detached Mongol settlements which yet remain are only the hill-tops which are soon to be swallowed up and disappear under the advancing tide ... Again, the inns are a barrier. In the Grass Land there are no inns, and every tent, except in special cases (as sickness), is open to every traveller. In the agricultural villages the case is different. At a

greater or less distance there is a Chinese inn. If you want to stop, you can put up there, or rather, you *must* put up there. Mongols may visit you, but you cannot visit them. So the inns are to a certain extent a barrier to the missionary, for it often happens that though your inn be

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50

only half a mile away, it may take longer to reach a Mongol's abode than if you were separated from it by a week's journey of grass land."

He considered also that since these Mongols all spoke Chinese, they should be evangelised by Chinese missionaries. With regard to the nomadic Mongols, Gilmour maintained that among them the missionary had the following advantages:—(a) In their desert wilds the Mongols are frank and hospitable; you can enter tents pretty much as you like, and with a very slight introduction you can be on friendly terms. The country is open, and, possessing a tent and camels of his own, a missionary can go almost where he pleases.

That there were disadvantages he readily admitted. First, the Mongols are afraid to have to do with any solitary foreigner far away from the frontier, lest he should die upon their hands, and so land them in trouble with the Chinese authorities. Chiefs also could cause trouble if so disposed. Lastly, there were the personal inconveniences, such as "Trouble with drunken Mongols, who are apt to draw their great knives; sickness beyond the reach of help; exposure in wet weather when no fire can be obtained.

"The first of these difficulties can be got over by having two missionaries in the place of one; the second by presents, conciliatory conduct, and by not

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51

staying too long in one place; the third by faith in God, who numbers the hairs of the heads of His servants."

In the same report to the London Missionary Society, Gilmour entered in detail into the question of the means available for winning the Mongols for Christ.

After noting the fact that the Bible had been translated into the written language of the Buriats, which was well understood by the reading Mongols of the north, he added, that there was a catechism specially adapted to the needs of the southern Mongols, and beside these, six or seven good gospel tracts in the language best understood in the north.

"Bible pictures with plenty of bright-coloured paint about them, might be made a very effectual means of imparting Bible truth. Take such a

picture and explain it to a man who cannot read, and he not only remembers it, but goes off and with great vividness expatiates upon it to his friends. Even reading men don't disdain pictures—on the contrary, foreign pictures of all kinds, but especially coloured illustrations, are moat eagerly sought after.”

But the great want, then as now, was men. “Without men to explain them, pictures are useless; without men to infuse life into ideas, mere knowledge is useless. If the Mongols are to become Christians, it cannot be by the influence of the dead letter of

52

knowledge, but by coming into contact with the personal influence of living men. What is most of all wanted is men, and till men are forthcoming, progress is hardly to be expected.”

Contrary to his usual custom, Gilmour spent the summer of 1872 in the city of Peking, with a view to obtaining a longer spell of uninterrupted study of the book language than it was possible to secure in the Grass Land. Believing also that some knowledge of foreign medicine would prove of invaluable use to him in his work among the Mongols, he spent much of his time in the dispensary and hospital of the London Mission in Peking. It was at that time under the care of Dr Dudgeon, who was of much assistance to the young missionary.

During the winter of 1872, Gilmour hired a room in the Yellow Temple, about a mile and a half from Peking. He did this with the view of coming into closer contact with the Mongols, who usually put up in this temple or its vicinity on their winter visits to the capital. In this way he was able to renew friendship with some people he had formerly met in their tents on the plains, and to make the acquaintance of many more.

53

## CHAPTER VII.

### A MISSIONARY'S ROMANCE.

A College Friend—“The Young Lady in London”—Meeting the Bride—  
The Highway to Peking—The Comforts of a Chinese Inn.

**A**T the time that Gilmour was a student in Cheshunt College, a young candidate for missionary work, Evans Meech by name, who was

destined to become his colleague in after years, was studying in the junior classes. After the departure, on furlough, of Dr Edkins from Peking, Gilmour saw much more of his college friend, who had recently married a young English lady, named Miss Prankard. The Mongol missionary spent much of his time, while he remained in the capital, in the home of his friends, and took his meals at their table.

He had felt deeply the loneliness of his life in Mongolia, and doubtless contrasted it with his friend's own happy home life. Hearing the young wife speak often of her sister, being attracted also

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54

by the photograph of the young lady, he listened with special interest to the extracts from her letters which he was occasionally privileged to hear, as they reached Mrs Meech's Chinese home, from the sister far off in England.

It was hardly to be wondered at that in course of time. Gilmour grew more interested in "the young lady in London," and began to wish that he might be allowed to correspond with her at first hand. She also had heard much from her sister and brother-in-law of their able and enthusiastic colleague, whom she seemed from their letters to know so well, though they had never met. About this time some missionary friends from Peking returned home on furlough, and they also had much that was good to tell Miss Prankard and her mother about the young Mongol missionary.

Perhaps there are not many men who would care to risk a proposal of marriage upon such slight knowledge of the lady they asked to share their future. Probably there are fewer ladies who would be willing to accept such a proposal, and leave an English home to travel to the world's end and share the lot of a man they had never seen.

But these two were not ordinary people. Gilmour was always thoroughly unconventional in his ideas, and troubled himself little about the opinion of the world in general. He made, perhaps more than

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most men, every event of his life a subject of earnest prayer, and then he took the path he believed to be right himself, not the path that seemed right to others.

Emily Prankard possessed not only a fair face, but within a somewhat delicate frame there dwelt a spirit worthy of the heroic man who was to become her husband.

They both had a real experience of the joy of union with Christ, and the blessedness which results from a life of communion with Him; and this was a bond in itself, stronger far than the slighter ties of common interest in trivial matters which bind together so many young lives.

Gilmour's young betrothed visited his friends in Scotland and elsewhere, and won from most of them golden opinions, so that the "old folks" wrote to their son that "if he had searched the country for a couple of years, he could not have made a better choice."

The lady sailed for China in the autumn of 1874. She was expected to arrive in Tientsin late in November, and her brother-in-law and future husband awaited her arrival there. The expectant bridegroom had to wait for a fortnight in the port of the capital, which stands on the bare grave-strewn Chihli plain, but still, as he expressed it, "the steamer would not come."

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56

On the evening of Sunday, November 29, 1874, just as the bell of the little English church was ringing for evening service, a steamer's whistle was heard far away down the reaches of the winding river. Mr Meech had engaged to conduct the service, so Gilmour had to possess his soul in patience till the congregation had dispersed, and then they strolled down together to the Bund, and before long there appeared in the distance the red lights of the steamer whose whistle had startled them. But the bride was not on board, for it proved to be only one of the steam launches used to lighten ocean-going steamers, which tow up the barges.

Miss Prankard was on board the S.S. *Taku*, which was still waiting at the mouth of the river, and would be up next morning, if there was sufficient water on the bar to allow the vessel to cross.

Gilmour and his friend obtained permission to go on board the lighter, which, after unloading, was to proceed down the river again at five o'clock next morning. After going for a considerable distance down the winding; muddy Pei-Ho, the *Taku* appeared in sight. But the tide was favourable for running up stream, and the captain could not be induced to let off steam for a moment.

So the expectant bridegroom had to follow the steamer in a small, flat-bottomed Chinese bout, while

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56

A HALT AT THE INN.

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59

the bride's first sight of her future husband was certainly a distant view. Moreover, it was not a very attractive one, for Gilmour never troubled himself much about his personal appearance, and had attired himself, to meet his bride, in a rusty overcoat which had seen much service on Mongolian plains, as at this period he had not adopted Chinese dress. Hound his neck was wound a large woollen comforter, for it is bitterly cold on the Pei-Ho in the dawn of a November morning. Altogether, his appearance was not exactly suggestive of a bridal.

Next day the young couple, with a party of friends bound for the capital, started in springless, Chinese carts for the eighty miles' journey over the rough road leading thither, for the marriage ceremony was to be performed in Peking.

There could have been little opportunity for conversation, since most of the bride's time must have been occupied in holding on to the sides of the clumsy vehicle, to prevent serious personal injury when the cart, according to custom, at frequent intervals stumbled over the huge blocks of stone with which the highway to Peking is strewn.

The missionary party halted at night at Chinese inns, desolate places, with floors of beaten earth, brick bedsteads, and paper windows, through which curious Chinese neighbours poked their fingers in

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60

order to get a peep at the "queer Western barbarians."

Such was Miss Prankard's initiation into the life she was to lead on Mongolian plains and in the great Chinese city. But she had a brave heart and a happy disposition. She proved not only a true helpmeet to her husband, and a tender mother to their children, but many a Chinese woman blessed God for her loving ministries, and into Mongol tents she carried, as far as possible, something of the grace and brightness of an English home.

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61

## CHAPTER VIII.

### ENDURING HARDNESS.

Mrs Gilmour's Tent Life—Mongol Curiosity—Storms and Floods—The Reward of Self-Denial—Need of Medical Knowledge—Suspicious Patients.

THE year following Gilmour's marriage was spent in Peking, his presence being needed there on account of the absence on furlough of one of the missionaries. In 1876, the journeys into Mongolia were resumed, and no colleague having in the meantime been appointed, Mrs Gilmour decided to accompany her husband.

The life was a very trying one for a lady. There was literally no privacy to be obtained, for the Mongols made themselves quite at home in the missionary's tent from early morn 'till sunset. Two tents having been taken with them, one for the accommodation of the servants and for cooking operations, Gilmour's original idea had been that their own tent might be reserved for Mrs Gilmour's private use. In this way he thought they might secure those seasons of quiet, to obtain which on

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62

former journeys it had been necessary for him to rise early and walk a long distance to some unfrequented spot. This extraordinary conduct had aroused all sorts of suspicion in the minds of the natives, as to the missionary's motives in desiring solitude; and on this account he had at last to give up these quiet hours. Before long it was evident that the idea of a private tent was impracticable.

An Englishman's conviction that his house is his castle, and may be reserved for his own private use, is perfectly incomprehensible to the Mongol. An Englishman would be inclined to ask an intruder, "What right have you to come in here?" a Mongol would rather inquire, "What right have you to keep me out?" and would imagine, if you were unwilling to have your tent or house open to visitors at all hours, that something very wrong was without doubt going on there.

Gilmour had gained much experience of the cold and draughts in winter and the intense heat in summer endured by dwellers in Mongolian tents. When his young wife accompanied him to the Grass Land, he brought Western ingenuity to bear upon the subject, and arranged a cloth fringe at the bottom of his tent to prevent the wind blowing through at pleasure. He also managed to have a cloth door, which buttoned at night, and a double roof to make a better screen from the burning rays of the sun. Yet it is pathetic to find that after

63

these improvements had been made, Gilmour was somewhat exercised in his mind lest the Mongols should consider them effeminate, "rather than that," he remarked, "one would prefer broiling in the sun and shivering in the wind."

On the long desert journeys, Gilmour frequently passed many hours with no opportunity for satisfying thirst or hunger, and longed eagerly for what he called the "dirty delicious Mongol tea, to remove fatigue, restore vigour, and take off the rage of hunger." In a letter to the London Missionary Society he thus describes one of the incidents of their tent life when accompanied by his wife and infant Son:—

"We had one rather serious adventure. The south edge of the plain is famed for storms, and the night we camped there, just after dark, began one of the fiercest thunderstorms I can remember having seen. The wind roared, the rain dashed, the tent' quivered, the thunder rattled, with a metallic ring like shafts of iron dashing against each other as they darted along a sheet-iron sky; the water rose in our tent till part of the bed was afloat. It was hardly possible to hear each other speak But amid and above all the din of the tempest rose one sound not to be mistaken, the roar of rushing water.

"There was a river to the right of us, but the sound came more from the left. Venturing out, I found that there was a great, swift-flowing river on both sides of us; that we could not move from the little

64

bit of elevated land plain on which we had our tent; and that a few inches more water, or an obstacle getting in the way of the upper river, would send it down in full force upon our tent. Flocks, herds, and men are said to be swept away now and again in Mongolia, and for an hour our case seemed doubtful; but at about 11 P.M. the storm ceased, and the danger was over, and though we had hardly a dry thing left, we went to sleep, thanking God for His preserving mercy."

Such were some of the dangers which Gilmour and his heroic wife experienced in their efforts to win the Mongols for Christ. But it was not merely these times of special peril that slowly undermined Mrs Gilmour's health. There was also the lack of suitable and palatable food, the continual round of millet and mutton, the utter absence of privacy. All these and many other daily trials were bravely endured by this young Englishwoman for love of her husband, and in the hope of advancing

their Master's kingdom among the Mongol tribes. Even then they had their reward, in feeling that the life they were living among them, pleased these free sons of the desert, winning the warm friendship of many, while those who had at first been opposed to them were gradually attracted to their side.

As we have seen, after Gilmour's first experience of work on the Mongolian plains, he felt that the help which could be rendered by a medical colleague would be invaluable. His letters to the Board were

65

constantly burdened with earnest entreaties that a doctor should be appointed to assist him. Meanwhile, however, he determined to use the practical knowledge he had acquired in the Peking Hospital for the benefit of the Mongols.

"To have studied medicine at home," he wrote, "would have been a great help, and I cannot hope now to gain a scientific knowledge of the subject ... I am told that professional men at home are suspicious of giving a little medical knowledge to young men going out as missionaries. I sided with them till I came here, but here the case is different.

"No one has more detestation than I have of the quack that potters in the presence of trained skill, but from what I have seen and known of mission life, both in myself and others, since coming to North China, I think it is little less than culpable homicide to deny a little hospital training to men who may have to pass weeks and months of their lives in places where they themselves or those about them may sicken and die from curable diseases before the doctor could be summoned, even supposing he could leave his post and come."

Many were the curious incidents which occurred in connection with Gilmour's medical work among a people so superstitious as the Mongols.

One such experience he relates thus:—

"A man came for eye medicine for his wife. The woman's eye was soon cured, and some time

66

afterwards, the husband, being attacked by the same malady, had some of the left medicine applied.

"He passed a restless night, with pain in the eye, and on getting up in the morning asked his wife to examine it and see what was the matter with it. 'Cursed!' exclaimed the wife; 'the pupil has been destroyed!' 'Patricide!' roared the husband; 'so it has. I can't see' (these two epithets

were meant for me); and, taking the little bottle containing the medicine, dashed it to pieces on a stone. For some days he was in a state of fear and rage, believing all the stories told of our cutting out eyes, etc., to be true, till in due course, the pupil again contracting, he saw as before, and found his eye cured.

“Such, at least, is the story current in his neighbourhood. Next time I came along, he begged more medicine, made presents of white food, and is now my firm friend.”

Very touching is the little picture drawn in later years of the tender way in which Gilmour attended to the sores on the head of a poor homeless lad. A Chinese doctor had been poking it with a straw, but Gilmour rubbed the ointment on with his finger, and made the little fellow forget his pain by the present of a basin of dough-strings. And so through many a year he worked among the Mongols, thankful for the opportunity of healing their diseases because he was able at the same time to tell them of Jesus, the Great Physician of the soul.

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67

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE DAILY TASK.

Brotherly Help—From the Mongol Desert to the Chinese Plain—  
“Hunting the Mongols out”—Paying in Kind—Fear of Christianity.

**D**URING the year 1877, beside his usual journey to Mongolia, Gilmour was able to give some help in connection with what is known as the Peking country work. In the course of the next year, Rev. J. S. Barradale of Tientsin died. Sympathising deeply with the Rev. Jonathan Lees, upon whom the care of a large and promising country as well as city work was thus thrown, Gilmour offered to pay a visit to the Tientsin out-stations once or twice a year. This promise he gladly fulfilled till the Tientsin mission was reinforced by the arrival of additional workers,—even though his time was more than filled with plans for his Mongolian work.

This offer was very characteristic of Gilmour. His

68

love of an argument, and the eagerness with which he would carry on a discussion, was a proverbial joke in the mission. But he cherished none but the kindest feelings towards those who differed from him. He would frequently conclude some particularly warm discussion, upon methods of work or other matters, with the remark, "Ah, well, may you be forgiven! Nevertheless, I love you still!"

He had a very warm heart, and brotherly helpfulness was a striking trait in his character.

As time passed on, and the failure of Mrs Gilmour's health rendered it impossible for her any longer to face the privations and exposure of tent life, Gilmour once again made his lonely journeys. On his return on one occasion, he thus describes the change of climate which he experienced in passing from the wild Mongolian desert to the civilised Chinese plain:—

"Here I am in winter quarters, but since coming here the weather has been so mild and summer-like that it is difficult to persuade oneself that the autumn has passed. I came out of Mongolia into China, just a month ago, arid before that time many of the Mongols had deserted their summer haunts and pitched their tents in the warmer nooks and hollows where they find shelter from the fierce blasts of winter.

"During the latter half of September we were

69

familiar with cold, frost, and ice; till at last, as we crossed the Mongolian frontier on October 10, we were overtaken by a furious snowstorm, 'colder than cold,' to use a Mongol idiom, which hurried us blinded and bewildered over the pass into China. Even at Kalgan the weather was mild and pleasant, but when, exactly a week later, we emerged from the South Pass into the plain of Peking, the difference was more marked still. In place of the seared and withered grass of Mongolia, with a blue-looking traveller here and there, corpulent with thick furs, we found labourers stript to the belt, earning their bread by the sweat of their brow, on threshing floors, surrounded by ramparts of crowded sheaves lately gathered from the plentiful harvest; panting travellers resting under the welcome shade of trees still dense with green foliage; and naked urchins playing about in the genial warmth.

"Through the livelong night the air was filled with the merry chirrup of 'the ten thousand' insects, and, to make the contrast complete, as we

had been hustled out of Mongolia by the snow-laden blasts of a wintry hurricane, so we were overtaken outside the walls of Peking by a thunderstorm which came bellowing over the plain, pelting us with hurtling hail, and drenching us with lashing rain. The contrast between the barren, cold plateau of Mongolia and the warm, fertile plain of Peking is so great that it

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70

would be almost worth while spending a few months in Mongolia for the mere pleasure of coming back.”

As the cold weather came on, Gilmour resumed his work among the Mongolian visitors to the capital.

During the winter season a considerable number of Mongols may be met with in Peking. Some of them belong to the official classes, and have government duty to perform, such as attending the emperor at the early morning receptions held at dawn of day in the Imperial palace; others had come as pilgrims to worship at some famous shrine; but by far the greater number belonged to the trading class.

There are in all about fifteen hundred Mongols residing in Peking. They congregate together in two favourite places of resort, one being called the “outside” and the other the “inside lodging.” Mr Gilmour describes in the *Chronicle* one of these Peking Mongol settlements. “If anyone wants to see Mongol life without going to Mongolia, the Li Kuan (or inside lodging) is the place to see it. In the open space that forms the market are seldom wanting a few tents, standing at the door of which a spectator may see the inmates boiling their tea, cooking their food, washing their faces, and sitting about, all in true Mongol style. Round the tents are placed creels of frozen game and poultry, and outside these again are ranged the camels or oxen and carts which formed their means of conveyance.”

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71

In this place Mr. Gilmour set up a book-stall, and put a Chinaman in charge of it. He was also frequently there himself. “I followed the example of the pedlars,” he says, “and, hanging two bags of books from my shoulders, hunted the Mongols out, going not only to the trading places, but in and out among the lanes where they lodged, visiting the outside lodging first and the inside lodging later in the day. In many cases, before buying, the Mongols would insist upon having the books read to them. I was only too glad to have the opportunity of reading, which readily

changed to opportunity for talking, and in this way, from time to time, little groups of Mongols would gather round and listen to the truths of Christianity. In some cases, men wishing to buy books had no money, but were willing to give goods instead, and thus it happened that I sometimes made my way home at night with a miscellaneous collection of cheese, sour-curd, butter, millet-cake, and sheep's fat, the produce of the day's sales."

On each succeeding visit to the Mongolian plain, Gilmour found that, as the object of his visits became better known, and the real nature of Christianity was more clearly understood, he was received with far less warmth than previously. On this aspect of his work, the zealous missionary writes thus:—

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"On the whole, there seems cause for gratitude

72

that we are less liked than we were. What I mean by saying so is this. At first they would not understand that we wanted to lead them to trust in Jesus, then, when they could not help understanding this, their liking for us did not diminish much; because, I suppose, they regarded as utterly absurd the idea of any Mongol giving up Buddhism and becoming a Christian. The coldness now manifested towards us in some quarters, I cannot help thinking, arises from the fact that some among them cease to look upon our religion as altogether impotent to prove a rival to their own, and begin to regard our efforts with uneasiness. All along I have been persuaded that any apprehension of our Christianity being a possible success would earn for us the hearty hatred of the Mongols."

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73

## CHAPTER X.

### THE FIRST-FRUITS OF A COMING HARVEST.

On Furlough—Literary Work—On foot across the Plain—A Mongol confesses Christ—Boyinto's Baptism.

THERE were no signs of any Improvement in his wife's health, but Gilmour continued his visits to the plains and winter work in Peking city till the spring of 1882, when, his furlough being due, he returned

for a season of rest and change to England, his wife and two little sons, James and Willie, accompanying him.

During this visit to the home land, Gilmour did much valuable deputation work, and interested many in the Mongolian mission. This he accomplished not only by his speeches while on deputation work, but perhaps even more by the book brought out by the Religious Tract Society under the title of *Among the Mongols*. It consisted of a series of

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74

vivid sketches of his life and experiences in the tents of the Mongolian plain.

Its graphic, realistic style at once attracted public attention. "The book is a model of crisp, forcible, graphic English," writes one of his colleagues, Mr Owen of Peking. "The *Spectator* lauded it as few books ever have been lauded. The reviewer was weary and jaded when he took up the book, but he was wide awake before he had reached the third page. On and on he read, delighted, fascinated, forgot self and surroundings, went right off to Mongolia among the camels and tents, saw and heard everything, and never laid the book down until he had read every word. He was charmed, but perplexed. The book reminded him of something, but of what? Had he ever met the author, and were memories of past conversations being brought back to him? Or had Mr Gilmour written a book before? No, neither. What was it, then, that haunted him? Suddenly it flashed upon him. It was recollections of Defoe. The vivid, realistic style had recalled *Robinson Crusoe*. This was perhaps as great praise as could be given to any writer, and it was deserved."

During this visit home, Gilmour was much attracted by the spirit and devotion of some members of the Salvation Army, and it was with something of the same spirit of entire consecration—the "headlong

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75

for Christ principle," as he called it, firing his heart, that he set sail on his return journey to his old sphere of labour. Upon arriving in Peking, it became necessary for him to take charge of the Chinese work in that city during the absence on furlough of his colleague Mr Meech. Although his heart was always with his beloved Mongols, Gilmour threw himself heartily into the work thus left to his care, as is shown by the reports he wrote to the London Missionary Society at that time.

He contrived to pay one hasty visit to the plain before Mr Meech's departure.

It was a bad season for travelling in Mongolia, but his heart yearned over the dwellers in the desert, wandering like sheep without a shepherd.

On this trip Gilmour took very little with him, as at that season it would have been difficult to find pasture for travelling cattle, and he carried no medicines. "I determined to go on foot," he writes, "and in a strictly spiritual capacity, and not seeking so much to make fresh acquaintances as to revisit familiar localities and see how far former evangelistic attempts had produced any effect. In addition, there were some individual Mongols who had been taught a good deal about Christianity, and on whom I wished once more, while there was still opportunity, to press the claims of Christ."

It was an extraordinary sight to the people to see

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76

Gilmour starting off from his inn. He had slung on one side a postman's brown bag containing his kit and provisions, on the other an angler's waterproof bag, with additional necessaries; and carrying on a stick over his shoulder a Chinese sheepskin coat, to serve as bedding in mid-winter, he walked out into the bare Mongolian plain. It was the first time, probably, that the country people had seen a foreigner, with all his belongings hung about him, tramping the country after the manner of their own begging lamas.

Before long his feet, unaccustomed to this mode of travelling, became badly blistered; the last part of the journey he speaks of as "painful and monotonous, relieved only by an occasional rest and bite of snow."

But that day was to prove one of great gladness to the missionary's heart. He was warmly received and welcomed, to his surprise, by the mandarin of the district.

"The snow seemed only to have increased my thirst; the tea was good, and the mandarin's teapot was soon all but empty. Meanwhile, representatives from all the families around gathered in the tent."

It was later on in the evening, in a little mud hut, that Gilmour's heart was rejoiced by hearing the first confession of faith in Jesus from Mongol lips.

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77

CAMEL AND PONY MARKET, OURGA.

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78

79

In the *Chronicle* of the London Missionary Society he thus describes the scene: "The priest I had come to see was busy lighting a fire, which would do nothing but smoke and the room was soon full. Finding him alone, I told him that I had come to speak to him and my other friends about the salvation of their souls, and was pressing him to accept Christ when the layman entered. Without waiting for me to say anything, the priest related the drift of our conversation to the layman, who, tongs in hand, was trying to make the fire blaze.

"Blaze it would not, but sent forth an increasing volume of smoke, and the layman, invisible to me in the dense cloud, though only about two yards away, spoke up, and said that for two months he had been a scholar of Jesus, and that if the priest would join him, they would become Christians together. Whether the priest would join him or not, his mind was made up; he would trust the Saviour. By this time the cloud had settled down lower still. I was lying flat on the platform, and the two men were crouching on the floor. I could just dimly see the bottom of their skin coats, but the place was beautiful to me as the gate of heaven, and the words of the confession of Christ from out the cloud of smoke were inspiring to me as if they had been spoken by an angel from out of a cloud of glory."

This young disciple, Boyinto by name, was the

80

son of an old official who had recently died, leaving the young man of twenty-three to succeed to his small official dignity and emoluments.

Some years before, in stormy weather, Mr and Mrs Gilmour, having been flooded out of their tent, had taken shelter in the hut of Boyinto's father. The old man had refused to take any money for his hospitality, but had remarked that when passing that way again, they might, if they wished, leave him some small foreign article. Mr Gilmour had sent him a few things, but had not been able to pay him another visit, and it was with great joy that he discovered in the son the first-fruits of his labours among the Mongols.

It was arranged that a new Testament should be left for Boyinto with the American missionaries at Kalgan on the Mongolian frontier. Boyinto afterwards spent some time in Kalgan, and eventually, Mr Gilmour being unable to visit Mongolia on account of the claims of Peking, asked baptism from the missionaries there.

They put him off for a time to test his sincerity, but at the next New Year the, young Mongol again appeared, and took part with deep interest in some revival meetings then being held. Several Chinese stood up, and, confessing their sins, asked for the prayers of the Christians. Afterwards Boyinto arose, and spoke so earnestly that all were satisfied of his

81

sincerity, and it was decided, after examination, to administer the rite of baptism next day.

The American missionary, Rev. W. P. Sprague, wrote to Gilmour an account of Boyinto's baptism, saying he never saw the Christians so glad to receive anyone into the Church. His only regret was that he, and not Gilmour, should have been privileged to gather in the first-fruits of the latter's unwearying labours among the Mongol tribes. This event occurred in January 1885. Thus, at last, the coming harvest showed signs of ripening, the results of a tillage which for many a year had seemed like so much patient labour in vain.

82

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE DISCIPLINE OF SORROW.

Mrs Gilmour's Illness—Mrs Henderson—The Motherless Children—Mongol, Sympathy—Settling in Eastern Mongolia—Toilsome Days—The Blue Cloth Tent—Total Abstinence a Condition of Church Membership—Difficulties of the Work.

**D**URING the eighteen months of Mr Meech's absence from China' on furlough, Gilmour's time was fully occupied in evangelistic work in the West City, Peking.

He threw himself with earnest interest into this work, though, as we have seen, the Mongols had the strongest hold upon his affections. "In the chapels," he wrote, "we get good audiences, very attentive often, sometimes in our northern chapel sitting without a movement right into the darkness. Both the old preacher and I have preached to them when we could not see their faces, they, however, having the advantage of us, as our face is toward the light."

He took a very practical interest in the temporal and especially the spiritual condition of everyone of the Christians, and strove, by quiet personal talks,

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83

expounding the Scriptures and praying with men alone, to lead them on in the heavenly life.

So absorbed was he in this work, that it came to him at last, with the shock of a sudden surprise, that his wife, who had so nobly shared his labours, was not long for this world.

The self-sacrificing spirit which had enabled her to endure hardness in Mongolia was equal to the perhaps even more difficult task of bravely and uncomplainingly bearing pain and increasing weakness, with the desire that she might not prove a hindrance to her husband in the work that lay near to the hearts of both. Her sister, Mrs Meech, was at that time absent in England, and the invalid's heart longed for the tender skill of a loving nurse. Years before, she had seen a sister missionary tended with most affectionate care by a devoted Christian lady, one of the Tientsin community, whose name will long be held in reverent affection, for the loving care she lavished, for the Master's sake, on many a sufferer in hours of pain.

At that time Mrs Gilmour had said, "If I am ever seriously ill in China, I should have but one wish, that Mrs Henderson might be willing and able to nurse me." Now in hours of weakness this recollection came back to the invalid's mind, and she begged her husband to write and ask this lady if, in her love and kindness, she would render them such a service.

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84

It seemed a bold request to make, but it was acceded to with glad readiness.

Mrs Henderson travelled at once in haste to Peking, and brightened with tender nursing and loving Christian companionship the sick-room of her suffering friend.

There were at this time three children, James, Willie, and the baby Alec, who seemed to have inherited his mother's delicacy of constitution.

Mrs Henderson, before she herself passed within the veil, would often speak of the sad yet happy memories of the last days of Mrs Gilmour's life, of how the boys were accustomed to hear their father and mother talk of her going "Home," as if it were only the voyage to England that

was contemplated. She longed sometimes to get well for the sake of the children and her husband, but at the last was more than content to trust them all with her Saviour.

In the early morning of September 19, Mrs Gilmour fell asleep in Jesus. So the brave Mongol missionary was left with only "the wee laddies" to care for and comfort. A touching picture is drawn of how he used to take them aside, in the morning, when their mother had been accustomed to pray with them, and the children were taught to take their turn in simple petitions to the ever-living Heavenly Father, such as children's thoughts suggest.

Before long it became clear, however, that the

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85

boys needed more care than it was possible for any man to give them, particularly one so absorbed in his work as was Mr Gilmour. They led a lonely life in the West City, and their Chinese child companions were not likely to be of any benefit to them, now the mother's watchful eyes and ears were closed for ever.

But Gilmour was a loving father, and at first he could not bear to entertain the thought of parting with his boys.

Several offers were made by missionary friends to take charge of the motherless little ones in their own families, but the father felt that he could not bear to be separated from them earlier than was necessary.

In this connection he wrote to me:—

"Thank you much for the offer, but I want to see all I can of the laddies before the parting comes, and this I could not do in Tientsin.

"Friends are all kind. Mrs Childs is cutting out and making clothing for them; she is teaching them too for the present.

"To-night I darned some stockings for them when they went to bed."

In March 1886, Jimmie and Willie, with their father, came down to Tientsin, that he might put them in the kind care of Mr and Mrs Lees, who were returning home on furlough.

It was thought likely the steamer would leave the Bund early in the morning, and Gilmour spent the

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86

night on board with his boys. It was not, however, till 7.30 A.M. that the steamer cast off, and the last sight we and the sorrowful father had of his boys was two little figures on the deck, waving white handkerchiefs, as the great steamer went on its way down the winding river.

Only one member of the happy Peking home was now left to comfort the missionary's sad heart,—the baby Alec, who was to be placed in the care of his aunt, Mrs Meech, when she returned to China some weeks later.

On his next visit to the Mongolian plain Gilmour writes: "Mongols are very feeling. During the short run I met many who knew and asked after my wife. Her death was a real grief to them, and to-day I saw tears gather in the eyes of the mandarin's wife when she was asking about my children, and how they had been arranged for. My earnest hope is that some of them may be moved by the beautiful assurance of reunion which faith in Jesus gives to believers."

On this visit there seemed to be signs of others, beside the one who had already confessed Christ, coming out on the Lord's side, and Gilmour was greatly cheered by evidences of the progress of the work of grace among some of his old friends. But the missionary was gradually coming to the conclusion that the Lord was calling him to work among the agricultural Mongols who were settled to the east of Jehol, a district he had first visited in the spring of 1872.

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87

It was a new district, and much time would be needed to work it up. The journey to it was a tedious one, whether the starting-point was Peking or Tientsin. Many Mongols, however, could be reached there, though the population of the towns consisted of a large proportion of Chinese. With the help of a medical colleague, he believed a good work might be initiated there, and, as he used to say, "God having cut me adrift from all my fixings, I am ready to go wherever the Lord leads." Soon after Mrs Gilmour's death, the missionary paid a visit of two months to this district, and, through the introduction of a Mongol friend, was able to rent a room in an inn in Ta-cheng-tzu, a small market town about two hundred and seventy miles from the capital.

His second visit to this neighbourhood, which was to be the scene of his future labours, was made shortly after the parting with his boys, and on that occasion he spent a term of eight months there.

In the district there were three centres chosen for work by Gilmour, Ch'ao-yang, T'a-ssu-kou, and Ta-cheng-tzu. The story of those early days in that hard field, and the hardships and maligning he so patiently endured in the hope that he might see the good seed of the kingdom springing up in some Mongol or Chinese hearts, is a beautiful record of devotion and consecrated toil.

88

The people held somewhat aloof from him at first, and, anxious to see more of the country, he hired a Mongol to carry his bedding and the books he had for sale, and tramped long distances in order that he might get into close conversation with his attendant. It was not considered respectable for a man seeking accommodation in the best Mongol inns to travel in such a way. We must keep in mind that the most comfortable of these houses for the accommodation of travellers would suffer by comparison with an English stable. But Gilmour was refused admittance because he travelled on foot, and had to take refuge among the beggars in the tramps' tavern. The old trouble of blistered feet, which had caused him so much suffering and inconvenience on the plain, returned again, and gave him much pain. Some of the men who caused him joy at times fell away, and filled his heart with bitter disappointment. One or two tried to cheat him in money matters, and one stole his much-prized copy of the Revised Version of the Bible.

Meanwhile the missionary, seeing the great need of medical help all around him, was induced to do more in the way of relieving the sick than he had ever attempted before.

He found the people very unwilling to come to his inn for treatment, some of them insisting upon being examined and supplied with medicine on the

89

open street. Praying and thinking over the matter, he writes, in the *Medical Missionary Journal*: "God led me to see how to bridge over, the gulf that separated the crowds of sufferers from me. They would not come to me, I must go to them. A Mohammedan medicine-seller seemed to be driving a thriving trade under a little cloth tent. I would get a cloth tent like his and try. It was with some fear and trembling I set up my tent for the first time at a great fair." At the beginning the number of patients was few, but they soon gained courage, and during seven months of 1886, Gilmour was able to report having relieved between five and six thousand persons. In 1887, during nine months, he saw between twelve and thirteen thousand cases. Writing later of the popularity of the medical work, he says of the reputation he was gaining as a doctor, "When I can do so little in medicine, what might not a fully qualified medical man do?" By this time he was wearying much for the arrival of the long-promised colleague, and writes to the Mission House: "I have

had no mission letter at this time, but some out of the numerous letters say that there is a prospect of my medical colleague coming. May he come! I hope he can pray. If so, he can commence work at once. I am badly in want of spiritual help, and have actually had to fall back more than once on my Chinaman. He did his

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90

best, but, as a rule, he must lean on me, not I on him.”

At this time Mr Gilmour’s mind was greatly exercised by the condition of the people around him. It seemed to him that their poverty was produced by the improper use of God’s gifts, of the produce of the land, which they employed in the manufacture of spirits, opium, and tobacco. He was a strong teetotaller and anti-smoker. He considered not only that smoking and drinking were fruitful sources of temptation, but he thought it well that Christians should deny themselves all unnecessary luxuries, and that such a course would contribute to their growth in spiritual things. He therefore made abstinence from tobacco and spirits a condition of church membership.

“Tobacco does not strike the native mind as so great an evil till attention is drawn to it, when nearly everyone admits that it is conducive to drinking,” he writes. “You are in a great fix about the land question at home. I see it all fought out under my eyes here. But for opium, whisky, and tobacco, the land could carry, I should guess, thirty per cent. more of population, perhaps even a larger proportion than that.”

Writing of the condition of his work at the beginning of 1887, Mr Gilmour says: “The field I have got is by no means an easy one. In the first place, none of the Peking Christians would accompany

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91

me here, that is, none I was willing to take. Mongolia is associated in their minds with bitter cold and hardship, and in addition I made non-smoking and teetotalism a *sine qua non*.”

The field is difficult to reach, the nearest point, T’a-ssu-kou, being eight days’ cart journey from Peking, the other extreme end, Ch’ilo-yang, being six days from Newchwang, that is, in both cases, when the roads are good, *e.g.* when frozen in winter. In rainy times, as at present, communication is practically cut off from almost everywhere. After describing his year’s work, and the way in which he had tramped round the country, he adds: “It was nearly the same everywhere, opposition, suspicion, and coldness at first, giving way in the end to confidence and

friendliness. The number of cures accorded by God to my endeavours at healing was large, some men seemed impressed with the truth, and God permits me to hope for my three centres. The difficulties are many and great, what has been accomplished is little. I have to part with my assistant, and am uncertain about whom to take in his place. My travelling arrangements have broken down. I am out of premises at Ta-cheng-tzu, and am perplexed in more ways than I have patience to write about, but

‘Where He may lead I’ll follow,  
On Him my trust repose.’”

92

## CHAPTER XII.

“IN WEAKNESS AND PAINFULNESS, IN WATCHINGS OFTEN.”

Gilmour’s Friendship with Mackenzie—The New Colleague—Dr Roberts’ Reminiscences of Gilmour—The Bearer of Sad Tidings—Gilmour alone once more—Pleading for more Labourers—Ordered Home on Sick Leave.

**I**N December 1887, Mr Gilmour, after eleven months of absence and loneliness, came down to Tientsin, and was for a few weeks the guest of his like-minded friend, Dr Mackenzie. He also met for the first time the medical colleague for whose arrival he had waited so long and patiently. This was Dr F. C. Roberts, who was at that time residing with Dr Mackenzie in Tientsin, while engaged in the early stages of the study of the Chinese language.

Writing of Gilmour to friends at home a few months before, Mackenzie had said: “I had a courier in from Gilmour a few days ago. I had sent him into Mongolia with a supply of medicines. Gilmour

93

has not seen a foreigner, that is, European, for six months, and is living about in wretched hovels, where he can get a night’s lodging, seeking to reach and help the Mongols. The early stages of such work in a country far behind China in every way is exceedingly trying. I do feel for him deeply, and admire his noble devotion to service.”

On December 10, Dr Mackenzie writes: “Gilmour came in from Mongolia this afternoon, looking happily well and strong. Of course we

were all delighted to see him, after his eleven months' absence and loneliness, never having seen a foreign face or hears his native tongue. He is staying with me. We are looking forward to a few days of happy communion together." Shortly afterwards, Dr Mackenzie, in company with Mr Gilmour, paid a New Year's visit to Peking, of which he writes: "I thought a little change to another region would do me good, so I came away with Gilmour. I am so glad to know more of him. He is a delightful companion. Living away in Mongolia, he sees no foreign face, and no fellow countryman is there to sympathise with him. He has no house of his own, and, living in the wretched inns of the place, knows nothing of privacy, for the Chinese and Mongols, according to custom, crowd around him at all hours. He takes simple medicines that I make up for him, and opens a booth on the street, where he gives away his

94

medicines and preaches the gospel to those who come around him. It is a hard life, but God has given him much grace and strength to bear it ... On our return we had a capital week of prayer; we managed also to get two little Bible readings a day, and God blessed us." Early in February Mr Gilmour returned to his group of stations in Mongolia. He went back strengthened by the Christian fellowship he had enjoyed in Tientsin and Peking, and cheered with the prospect of soon welcoming Dr Roberts, in whom he had found a congenial friend and colleague, and for whom he cherished a warm affection until his death.

His first letter from his Mongolian station to his new colleague Dr Roberts, who had been advised by the Board to remain a few months in Tientsin for the study of the language, enters rather minutely into the trials and difficulties which met him on his return. The condition of certain members of the little native church caused him much sorrow; at the same time there were a few things which gladdened his heart.

Writing of a convert who seemed inclined to join the Roman Catholics, and explaining the material advantages offered by them, he continues: "I have put all into God's hands, and if Li San goes—let him. I'll feel it of course, and he may perhaps take the others here after him. But if that happens, I'll

95

A STREET IN PEKING

96

97

look upon it as part of God's guidance to me here. and we must not choose while following God. Meantime I am praying for him." Afterwards he speaks of his joy in the consistent life of another Chinese convert, and continues: "But I am somewhat disgusted with myself, to find myself so easily elated and depressed by sunshine and darkness, since I am supposing all the while that all I am, have, and do are under the guidance of God, and that all things work together for good. Oh for the faith that will see only God in all, and be always unmoved ... The instability of the Church here makes me less eager to go in for permanent premises here. I think we should perhaps try for T'a-ssu-kou, but perhaps we may be glad to take shelter where 'we can get it.

"The Christians here in Ch'ao-yang are much opposed to my going, and are pressing me to build a chapel and set up an establishment. They think a chapel would do everything for them. It pains me to see them trusting to a chapel rather than to Jesus—as it must have pained Him to find His disciples to the very end longing for a temporal kingdom. May the hearts of the men here come right as did the disciples! I have many things to say which I will not write, but wait till I see you.

"Living in constant expectation of answers to the many prayers which I know are being offered for

98

Mongolia, and eager to see the beginning of the answers soon (waiting for and hasting *unto*), believe me, yours expectantly, JAMES GILMOUR."

Very shortly after this letter was written, Mr Gilmour's heart was made glad by the arrival of Dr Roberts in Mongolia. The doctor has given some reminiscences of their life at that lonely mission outpost.

"I had read of Gilmour 'among the Mongols,'" he says, "and that was no small treat; but to be with him, and to be associated for a season in actual work, was indeed a privilege. How literally he surrendered every gift and power to God. Now in the early morning, as the rays of the rising sun reached a certain corner of his paper window, he would sally forth with his far-famed two wooden medicine boxes and tent, and, taking his stand in the open square, or some sheltered corner of a broad Mongolian street, would preach the gospel and heal the sick all day long.

"At noon, leaving my Chinese studies, I would find him still busy at work, and, taking my seat, as a visitor, under the welcome shade of his

gospel tent, would delight to watch him attending to the various ailments of his numerous patients.

“His medicines, though few in number, had all a well-earned reputation, and he gave me the impression of one fully acquainted with the therapeutical

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99

value of the drugs he employed. He would even, when practicable, first test their pharmacological action upon himself. At the time when I joined Mr Gilmour, he was trying a new plan of reaching the hearts of his hearers, who were generally poor. It consisted in trying to descend to their level in the mode of living; thus his midday meal consisted of a few coarse Chinese cakes and tea, his evening one of bean-curd and flour-strings, with rice occasionally added.

“When the weather prevented his going to the street, I frequently observed that he spent the whole day in prayer and fasting, and he used to say that it always did him good and refreshed him in spirit for the daily toil to follow. Ere long, however, it became apparent that such an abstemious life was injuring his health, and he felt obliged to modify it and adopt a more generous diet.”

For a few weeks only Gilmour’s heart was cheered by the presence and spiritual fellowship and sympathy of a colleague after his own heart, and then once more he was called upon to labour in solitude. He tells the story thus:—

“Two days ago, a mall pushed himself in among the crowd round my table as I was giving out medicines, and said that he had brought news from Tientsin. When asked what his news was, he was silent, so I led him away towards the Chinese inn

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100

where I was staying. On the way, I again asked him what his news was. He groaned. I began to get alarmed, and noticed that he carried with him a sword covered with only a cloth scabbard. This looked warlike, and I wondered if there could have been another massacre at Tientsin. Coming to a quiet place in the street, I demanded his news, when he replied, ‘Dr Mackenzie is dead, after a week’s illness.’ At the inn, we got out our letters from the bundle and found the news true.”

These letters contained also the appointment of Dr Roberts to the care of the Tientsin hospital, as Dr Mackenzie’s successor. It seemed hard indeed that Gilmour should be called upon to give up the colleague so long waited for, so gratefully welcomed. But it was absolutely necessary

that a medical man should at once take charge of the large Tientsin hospital; and Gilmour acquiesced, feeling that it was the will of the Lord. But trials like these test the courage and faith of even the bravest soldiers in the army of the King.

“My faith is not gone,” he wrote to a friend, “but I must confess that I am walking in the dark. I shall do my best to hold on here, single-handed, but I earnestly hope I am not to be alone much longer. The Society must appoint some one. There is a limit to all human endurance.”

After he had bidden God-speed to Dr Roberts,

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101

with a sad heart, Gilmour summed up the work of the preceding year.

“I find,” he says, “that only three men have been baptized. But about this there is one cheering feature, namely, that these three men belong one to each of the three centres, so that there is a beginning, feeble it is true, but still a beginning, in each of our stations.

“In addition to the baptized men, there are some six adherents, one of these a farmer in Ch’ao-yang, being a man of whom I have good hope, and a man whom I love much.”

Gilmour laboured on in isolation throughout 1888, but towards the end of that year the directors of the London Mission were able to appoint Dr G. P. Smith as his medical colleague.

Dr Smith arrived in Tientsin at the end of 1888, and, in order that he should obtain a few months’ settled study of the language, it was arranged that he should remain in that port till the early spring of the next year.

It was at this time that Gilmour wrote to the Board in London pleading in earnest terms for the appointment of three or four unmarried lay-helpers,—men who would be willing to endure the hardness of life in Mongolia, living in poor Chinese mud-houses, upon the common diet of the people, and wearing their dress, as he did himself.

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102

His idea was that they should deny themselves all foreign necessities that would involve extra expense, as, for instance, camp bedsteads. He wished them to use instead the brick bedsteads of the country heated by flues, and by this means be able to dispense with fires in their room, fuel being expensive in Mongolia.

Just at the close of this year the missionary’s heart was gladdened by the appearance of a spirit of inquiry among the people of Ch’ao-yang. “Evening after evening,” he writes, “we had from twenty to fifty people

in our rooms for worship. We hardly knew how to account for it, but did all we could to teach as many as we could.”

Meanwhile, the devoted missionary’s health began to fail. This was doubtless in part due to his ascetic habits, for he had for some time past cut off everything that he looked upon as a luxury, and even common comforts, retaining merely the bare necessities of life. Many of the adherents of native religious sects in North China are vegetarians, and to win the respect and confidence of the people, Gilmour gave up all animal food, and also eggs, carrots, and leeks. He procured and ate his meals in the commonest public restaurants at a cost of about twopence-halfpenny a day. They consisted of such articles as millet, Indian meal, peas, and dough-strings, flavoured at times with the rank

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<sup>103</sup>

vegetable oil so repugnant to Western palates. Not unfrequently even this meagre diet was not partaken of, and he spent the day in fasting and prayer.

The district over which he travelled at regular intervals was one hundred miles across. He made this round at all seasons of the year, travelling mostly on foot, and sometimes even carrying his own bedding on his shoulders. Not unfrequently during these journeys he was exposed “to perils of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, and in perils of floods.”

Early in 1890 Mr Gilmour was joined by the new medical colleague previously referred to, Dr P. Smith.

Before he had been long in Mongolia the medical man noted the serious failure of his fellow-worker’s health, and felt it absolutely necessary to advise his immediate departure to England on furlough. And as soon as the ice-bound port of Tientsin opened with the spring, the Mongol missionary set sail for home.

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<sup>104</sup>

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE LAST SIGHT OF HOME.

Lay Helpers—Christian Reserve—The United Family—Keswick Convention—Return to Mongolia.

EARLY in April 1889, Gilmour arrived in Tientsin on his journey homeward. A great change was evident in him since his last visit. He looked worn and ill. But his heart was in Mongolia, and it was only the hope that the sea voyage and change to England would so far restore him as to enable him to prosecute his work with renewed vigour, that made him acquiesce in the decision of his medical colleague. His heart was also burdened with many plans which he believed would be for the good of the Mongol mission.

His scheme of a band of lay-helpers for Mongolia has been already referred to, and his desire that abstinence from tobacco and alcohol should be made a condition of church membership. Some of his

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105

fellow-workers, with all their admiration for his devotion and noble Christian character, could not feel it would be right to lay upon young converts from the midst of heathenism, restrictions which would not be tolerated in English churches. With reference to the question of lay-helpers, while all were in favour of any scheme which should promise to bring more labourers into the field, some were doubtful if the arrangement proposed by Gilmour could be carried out in practice with benefit to the mission.

His own idea was that the hardships and asceticism of the life he thought the best for a missionary to live in Eastern Mongolia, would necessitate very short terms of service, and frequent visits home, if health was to be preserved.

It will be seen that there was scope for considerable difference of opinion upon both of these matters, and they weighed heavily upon Gilmour. To one of his missionary friends who accompanied him on board the s.s. *Smith* at Tientsin, he mentioned his fear that his ideas would not meet with the approval of the directors.

“If anxieties about mission matters were the only things that troubled me,” he remarked, “I could not stand it. It would crush me. But I am like the horse coupers in Scotland, who, when a horse falls lame of one foot, insert a pea under the shoe of the other foot, so that both feet

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106

are set to the ground alike. So I think God has just allowed this trouble of the mission to come upon me to lessen the burden of other trials through which I am passing.”

To the same friend he wrote from the s.s. *Anadyr*, on his homeward journey, a very characteristic letter.

“Why is it that you and I have met so often, talked so much, and prayed together, we two, alone, so little? We are both here in China, in the service of God, we have talked a good deal on many things connected with God’s service, whatever is it that comes up between us and keeps us from bowing the knee together?

“It cannot be any want of one-heartedness, for though I know we differ in many things, I know of no difference that would prevent our supplications being ‘t’ung hsin ho i,’ nor, do I imagine, do you?

“Then, again, I am safe to guess that we pray for each other. Why, oh, why is it that we can avoid praying *with* each other? All this I write because I lacked the courage to ask you to join me in prayer that morning you came to see me off on the *Smith*.

“I am not blaming you, or myself more than you, only pointing out a matter in which I think

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<sup>1</sup> Agreed in heart.

107

we can both alter with great advantage to ourselves, our neighbours, and the work of God and the world. May God move you, dear brother, to throw off this reserve ... I speak very feelingly on this matter of coldness and reserve, having suffered much from it! It is not a good complaint to be afflicted in soul with.

“Just fancy, I waited till K. of the B. and F. Bible Society, made up to me in the French mail steam launch, off Shanghai Bund, when going to the *Anadyr*; he had to speak first; and yesterday (Sunday) morning, a Christian man from Yokohama first made advances to me on deck. Eh, man!—With much affection to you all, believe me yours sincerely, and wanting to be done with coldness, JAMES GILMOUR.”

The visit home, and the months he spent there with his motherless boys, who so often filled his thoughts as he tramped between the Mongol towns or spent nights in the desolate inns, was a great refreshment to him. Since he had met them before, their little brother Alec had been taken from the great Chinese city to rejoin his mother in the Home above. The series of letters he wrote to the two elder boys give a beautiful picture of fatherly love and thoughtful care. Any little incident that he fancied would be of interest to young folks was noted down for their amusement. He tried to

108

awaken their sympathy for the Mongols, and sometimes gave expression to his earnest desire that some day, as medical missionaries, might take up the work he loved so well. But before everything else the burden of his letters was the desire that they might tell all their boyish troubles to their Lord and Saviour, and find in Him a Friend, making up for the absence of their nearest and dearest on earth; and loving recollections of the mother who had gone before to the Heavenly Home, were very frequent. The childish letters he received from the boys, during the early years of their separation, had been carefully stitched into a paper cover, and were carried with him in all his lonely wanderings.

So this short furlough was a time of happy family reunion. It was also a season of spiritual refreshment. Gilmour visited many churches as a deputation from the L. M. S. and had the great pleasure, to which he often referred, of attending the Keswick Convention. It was a matter of special joy to him to observe the quickening of spiritual life, noticeable in all sections of the Church of Christ.

But he felt that he could not remain longer away from his beloved Mongols, and while still far from vigorous in health, though greatly benefited by the change, he took passage on the s.s. *Peshawar*, and bade a second and last farewell to his motherless lads.

109

## CHAPTER XIV.

### GLIMPSES OF INNER LIFE.

Whole-hearted Consecration—Humour and Wit—Prayerfulness—  
Perseverance—Thoughts about the Larger Hope—Christian  
Biographies—Missionaries' Children—"Not a mite would I withhold."

PROBABLY if Gilmour's fellow-workers in China were asked to state what they considered the distinguishing feature in his character, they would reply, "Thoroughness and wholehearted consecration." Christ was with him ever, "present to faith's vision keen." He lived mostly in the light, yet sometimes it was cold and dark, and then, as he said, "I just hold on, and it is all right."

He believed that to the heart that makes it a rule to seek the guidance and direction of the Master in the minutest details of daily life, and lives in close communion with Him, signs are always granted indicating the Lord's will. This was not merely his creed, but his constant practice. Trials he had many, often he walked along thorny ways, and the pillar of fire led through lonely desert pathways. But

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110

his end in life being not his own peace and comfort, but the glory of God and the advancement of His kingdom, difficulties only strengthened his faith.

Gilmour's was never a gloomy, unattractive type of character. He was full of fun and frolic for the greater part of his life in China, and this was frequently the case also even in his later days, after passing through sorrows and anxieties calculated to sober any man. As one of his colleagues puts it, "humorous and witty sayings dropped naturally from his tongue, and his fingers were clever at bits of innocent mischief."

But, as is so often the case, the genial, buoyant spirit was more readily affected by the sorrows of life than a nature of sober temperament might have been. There never lived a more sympathetic soul for friends whom grief had touched. He was ever ready to rejoice with those who rejoiced, but few could sympathise as he did with the tried or the bereaved.

"Gilmour spent much time in prayer—morning, noon, and night, at least, he talked with God. He took everything to God, and asked His advice about everything. His prayers were very simple, just like a child talking to mother or father, or friend talking familiarly with friend. Disappointed regarding the appointment of a medical colleague, he, wrote: "Does God not mean me to have a medical man here? I wonder! Wondering I tell Him, as I tell you, and try to leave it with Him, and in a very

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111

great part, do leave it with Him too. It is good to have His calm mercy and help."

Indomitable perseverance was another trait in his character. When stricken with serious illness, such as fever and dysentery, he still forced himself to set up his tent daily and dispense medicines, for it was the time of the great annual fair in Ch'ao-yang, and he could not allow himself to miss the opportunity it afforded of reaching some persons who could not be met with at other times. Remonstrated with by some

of his colleagues for thus risking his life, he replied that” he felt clearly called upon to do that kind of thing, and believed that he had as much right to expect special provision to be made for him as the Israelites had in their wilderness wanderings.”

Gilmour was straightforward and honest to the core. This characteristic was very clearly evident in his teaching and preaching. He taught what he himself believed, and nothing else. It was this feeling that induced him to search very carefully into his own heart-beliefs, so that he might say with Paul, “I believed, and therefore have I spoken.” Perhaps it was on this account that an impression is widely prevalent among missionaries in China, that in Gilmour’s thoughts about the future life, he leaned decidedly towards an acceptance of what is known as “ the Larger Hope.”

That the idea is a mistaken one, is, I think, clearly shown by the two letters given below. They were

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112

written under the following circumstances: Just before one of Mr Gilmour’s later visits to Tientsin, a book upon this subject had been lent to me by a friend, who had received it from England. It formed the topic of several long conversations I had with him.

It is difficult probably for home workers to understand the overwhelming nature of the thoughts that arise in the heart of a missionary in China, as he passes along the crowded streets, and knows what a very small proportion of the millions of China are able, even if willing, to listen to the glad tidings of a Saviour’s love, while labourers are still so few.

Mr Gilmour entered eagerly into the subject, and was anxious to see exactly upon what passages of Scripture the author of the book built up his belief. These I searched out and copied for him, and after he had left Tientsin, he wrote the following letters upon the matter:

“DEAR MRS BRYSON, I write merely to thank you for the interest you took, and the trouble too, in hunting up the passages bearing upon the future condition of men. Honestly, and to come to the point at once, I do not see that the restoration theory can stand on the statements of revelation.

“This doctrine does not seem to me to be revealed.

“I think as clearly that the Scripture does not necessitate us to believe the darker doctrine of eternal pain.

“As I said before, I think the conditional immortality

113

men have the logic on their side. But extinction is not a comforting doctrine. Let us leave these things. I do not think you often hear eternal suffering preached. My point is simply this—if the ‘dark men’ keep silent, I’ll say nothing. Let us emphasize the positive doctrines so important and so clearly taught in God’s word—the practical doctrines. Christianity is a life, not a set of doctrines. Secret things belong to the Lord, but the things that are revealed to us, and to our children, that we may DO them. Let our thoughts then be given to the doing. But in working, I feel there is no such dark cloud as the old doctrine need hang over our heads. Let us have the clear shining of light and hope. No earnest, sincere effort is lost. Our Father will do the best in kindness and truth. May He bless much our work.”

The next day he wrote again, on the same subject, which was evidently much in his mind just then.

“DEAR MRS BRYSON,—Let me add a word. It seems to me that in constructing a complete detailed theory of the future, we are arguing without data. We are building a house without the necessary material. It is not fully revealed in the Bible. The only thing I feel I can demand of men is to, draw it mild in their statements of the everlasting suffering. Don’t be wise above what is written. As far as any language used is concerned, it is not necessary to consider it as endless. There I rest. There

114

I stand. Extinction gives me little comfort. Restoration is not revealed, but this morning I have been comforted with the thought that heaven must be heaven—bliss must be bliss. We cannot forget our loved ones when we are in heaven, our loved ones who have died impenitent; and whatever shall have been their doom, it will be such that we know all about it and approve of it, and shall feel concerning it and them that God has in all things borne Himself kindly. God could never do a thing that would not commend itself to us, His children, when we know all (Him included) fully. Therefore I am going to let my heart be comforted in trusting Him. It will be done rightly—all things.

“But suffering is now, and shall be hereafter, to the lost. I know that we and the lost shall admit the right, good, and kind treatment God has given the lost, but what I am anxious about is this—Shall we, they, and God, when the end comes, all join in saying that we have done all we

should as regards God and them? This concerns us most intimately, and is a most practical consideration. Now is our time. Let us do it. Let us do and be so that the three, the lost man, God, and I, shall stand together and all admit that *I* have not defeated good by want of doing what I should have done. Oh, let us be earnest as the thing requires! I think, too, I am not doing any wrong when I take the hymn, 'We shall know each other better when the mists

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115

have rolled away,' and apply it to include OUR knowledge of God. We shall know Him more yet.—Yours sincerely, JAMES GILMOUR."

Gilmour had the greatest horror of deceiving people with relation to his own views and opinions. He often said "No" at the risk of being considered rude in society, lest his silence should appear to others like assent to ideas with which he had no sympathy.

In this relation I remember a conversation we had one day about the biography of a Christian worker. There were painful circumstances in the life, known to Gilmour, which did not in any way affect the character of the man, and the exposure of which would have caused keen pain to survivors, and therefore they had been intentionally passed over. Gilmour strongly disapproved of the course taken by the author. He said, "If the story of a Christian man's life is told, all his mistakes should be written down too, any defects of character noted, and the sorrows and trials which shadowed his path should all be sketched. Otherwise you lose sight of the lesson God intended to work out in His servant's life through these chastisements, and miss the opportunity of benefiting other Christians by the complete history of His dealings with one of His people. That was the way the historians of the Bible set to work; we are not likely to improve upon their methods."

On another occasion, some missionary parents were

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116

discussing plans affecting their children in England, saying they thought it undesirable that children should be left for too long a term of years without the care, at any rate, of one parent. Education might be well cared for in the schools, but, if possible, some home life should be supplied in the holidays.

I remember Gilmour rose and said, "It seems to me this matter of the children's welfare is one we must just exercise faith about, looking upon our separation from them at times as one of the necessary conditions of

missionary life. Look at my own boys: the first holidays, and second, I think, they had no invitations, and had just to remain at school. Since then they have had several invitations at each vacation. We must have faith that what is best for the children's real welfare will be given them."

It was in a similar spirit that, hearing of the heavy debt upon the London Missionary Society, and that if additional funds were not speedily received, some fields of labour must necessarily be abandoned, he paid a cheque of £150 into the Society's funds. This money was a portion of a sum which had been set aside during the course of many years of a life of great self-denial, added to the proceeds of the sale of his household furniture in Peking when his home was broken up. It had been a comfort to the missionary to feel, when sick and wearied in the desolate Mongol inns, that he had been able to make some little

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117

provision which, in the case of his early death, would help towards giving his boys a good education.

As time passed on, however, and he saw so little fruit of his labours compared with what he desired and prayed for, he began to examine himself as to whether there might not be in himself some hindrance to the outpouring of blessing. Then the thought came that possibly the very possession of this money was a proof of his lack of entire trust in God for the future of his boys. With the desire to cast himself and his children upon the Lord, even as far as temporal matters were concerned, and with his heart filled with the need of the Mongols, he determined to devote all his savings to the carrying on of the Lord's work in Mongolia.

He intended to have used the money in the purchase of mission buildings in Ch'ao-yang, and negotiations were in progress at the time of Gilmour's death. As they had not been completed, however, the guardians of the children felt it their duty to use it for the education of his orphan boys. But as Gilmour's desire was thus frustrated, a fund for the purchase of mission premises in Mongolia, as a memorial of the devoted missionary, has been opened by the London Missionary Society, and the contributions, however small, of those who have been led by the story of his consecrated life to desire to have a share in carrying on these labours, will be gratefully received if sent to the Mission House.

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118

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE PATIENT SOWER OF THE HEAVENLY SEED.

The Inn at T'a-ssu-kou—A Grateful Patient—Preaching on the Temple Steps—Scenes in the Market-Place—Mongol Bandits—The Buddhist's Hope—The Want of the World—Arrival of Rev. John Parker.

AS we have seen, it was very soon after Dr Smith's arrival in Mongolia that it became necessary for Gilmour to leave on furlough.

It was not thought desirable that the doctor should remain alone in the district, but an arrangement had been made that he should pay, in the company of one of the older missionaries, several visits to Mongolia during the absence of his senior colleague.

On the second of these journeys he was accompanied by Mr Bryson, and from a journal kept during that time, I am able to give a sketch of Gilmour's home and its surroundings as they appeared to a fellow-worker. The arrival of the travellers at T'a-ssu-kou, one of the three centres, is thus described: "We soon reached the 'Inn of Benevolence and Harmony,' of which we had heard

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 119

so much. Entering the high gateway, we passed across the small outer court to a larger inner one, which contained rows of stone feeding-troughs for the use of mules. The floor was unswept, covered with drying manure, and surrounded by poor-looking buildings out of repair.

"In the farther right-hand corner stood Gilmour's rooms, or the 'London Mission Premises,' as Smith proudly styled them. Imagine a three-roomed house, with a low mud wall in front separating it from the general court. The doors and side posts are covered with the torn remains of the usual Chinese New Year's scrolls wishing health, honour, and fame to the tenants. A few broken steps led into the middle room of the three. It is the kitchen, as is shown by the Chinese cooking range in the corner, and several native utensils. The rafters are smoke-begrimed, and the walls dingy. The next room was occupied by the preacher. Its sole furniture consisted of a table, one bamboo chair, and two benches. A few Chinese Christian books, among them the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Peep of Day*, and catechism, lay on the window sill. A New Testament lay open at John 4, probably belonging to the boy whose head was being shaved. On the door to the right of the kitchen hung a screen bearing

the words, 'Jesu Chiau Fu-yin T'ang' (the Glad Tidings Hall of the Jesus religion). Lifting that, we entered Gilmour's sanctum. The *k'ang* (brick bedstead)

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120

occupied the whole length of the room on the left. In the farther corner stood a kind of corn-bin, originally intended for the storing of Chinese cash, but now used to store away books and tracts. There were also the two boxes used by Gilmour to hold his medicines on the street. The rest of the furniture of the room consisted merely of a table, old and rickety,

PAGES FROM A MONGOLIAN BIBLE.

*(By permission of the British and Foreign Bible Society.)*

one bamboo chair, and two benches for worshippers. The roof was low, and the whole place not equal to any second-class Chinese inn.

"Next day we went out on the streets with Lieu, the preacher, selling gospels and tracts from shop to shop, and had many opportunities for preaching. A quack druggist claimed some kind of acquaintance

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121

with Mr Gilmour, saying he was 'in the same line of business.' Large numbers of people knew Gilmour, a few of them mistook me for him, remarking that I had grown thinner. He was usually spoken of as the dealer in medicines; some said he sold them, others that he gave them away. Everywhere we found a most kindly feeling towards our friend. Many inquiries were made concerning his general health,—especially his eyes,—the time of his return, the distance of his country from China.

"At Ping-Fang, while sitting down in a druggist's shop, and taking the opportunity of preaching to a small company of neighbours, a dyer came up, and was loud in his praises of foreign missionaries, who, he said, 'went about the country doing good.' 'A friend of mine,' he explained, 'had an ulcer which was treated by many doctors at great expense, and all to no purpose, till he heard of the foreign doctor at Ch'ao-yang. He went and consulted him, with the result that in a short time he was quite well. The foreigner would take not a cash for his advice or medicine, and even refused to accept a present which was sent to him.' Anxious to find out whether Smith or Gilmour had effected this wonderful cure, I inquired when this happened and what was the name of the doctor.

He could not tell me, so I asked, 'Could the foreigner speak Chinese?' 'Speak Chinese?' 'Why, certainly, and he could speak

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122

Manchu and Mongol as well. He could speak any language!' exclaimed my informant. Of course it was Gilmour. The rooms at Ch'ao-yang were larger than the T'a-ssu-kou premises, but similar in appearance and furnishing. The floors of brick, the windows of paper, with several Chinese almanacks and a London 'Christian' almanack pasted on the dingy walls, making up a very desolate and comfortless interior on a bleak October day, on the Mongolian side of the Great Wall.

"Next morning I went out with Lieu to preach on the streets. Our first stand was in front of the gates of the Lama temple, under a tablet which reminded one of the *Light of Asia*. The words inscribed upon it were 'The merciful light which enlightens all.' I preached from our blessed Lord's words, 'I am the Light of the world.' Afterwards we made our way to the Temple of the God of War. We stood in the shadow of the theatre as the sun was hot, in front of the high portals, with their rampant stone lions on each side, and preached Christ. Just before me was the market-place, where Gilmour was accustomed to pitch his tent. Close by, the Mohammedan doctor's wide blue tent covered a cart and long table over which his nostrums were spread out. Among them was the figure of a stork, the emblem of longevity. The stone-breaking quack came next, who by his prodigious strength astonished

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123

PART OF THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

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124

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125

the people, and promised by virtue of his drugs to confer similar power upon his patients. Crowds of country people had come in with bundles of brush-wood for firing. Near by were the straw-mat booths of itinerant blacksmiths, and the stalls of old clothes dealers. There were also improvised restaurants; and among the booths numbers of poor and diseased beggars lying about in various attitudes."

These were the surroundings of Gilmour's daily life, and his home was nothing better than the comfortless room in the poor Chinese inn just described, reminding one of the remark made in one of his letters to me, expressing his longing desire to see signs of spiritual blessing

among the people. "I shall be well content to live upon *tun fan* (the cheapest rice) in taverns if God will only give me souls."

Gilmour was greatly benefited by his stay in England. When back in Mongolia he delighted to recall the happy hours spent there. In less than twelve months he was at his work again. From this time he changed many of his methods. Total abstinence from wine and tobacco was no longer made a condition of church membership. This rule he consented to rescind upon receiving a proposal from Dr Smith to rejoin him in the Mongolian work if he would abolish it; for the doctor had considered it one serious obstacle in the way of his continuing work beyond the 'Vall, and had in the meantime

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126

been appointed to assist in the Tientsin medical work. After this new arrangement, Dr Smith was reappointed to Mongolia. Not only were changes made affecting church matters, but Gilmour also greatly enlarged the scope of his reading, and was henceforth glad to get a look at magazines, newspapers, and current literature.

He had written about this time, saying that he would be glad if friends would send him some periodicals, with news of the day. We sent him some copies of the *Review of Reviews*, which had been sent to us, and he replied thus:—

"MY DEAR MRS BRYSON,—Thanks for yours of January 19. I wonder you can find time, with all your many duties, to write to me ... Thanks for the *Review of Reviews*, they were old to me—thanks all the same. The most valuable thing was the Bedfordshire paper, that was new and news. So you know Meyer's booklets? they are good. So are Moule's.

"I send you per Dr Smith Mrs Booth's promotion, etc. She was a decent woman. Her large family did not prove any obstruction to her usefulness in God's service. Compare her and the General's life to that of a monk and a nun! Eh, man!" ...

Later on he wrote to me.

"I want to know about the child and the second attack of smallpox. I do much in vaccination here, and am greatly interested.

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127

"What do the doctors say? Defective vaccination? Defective either in not being thorough or not being repeated? Can you find time to tell me about this? So glad, dear sister, you find Jesus near in trouble. Just yesterday, in my cart, before my mail met me, I was struck by all fulness

being in Jesus. Fulness to meet every human need of every human being in every variety of human circumstances.

“The poor Buddhist has a live soul, too spiritual to be satisfied with anything he knows—insatiable, so he can conceive of no bliss but by killing desire. Isn’t it sad to think of them, in their remote wilds, speculating about the doctrine of the ‘empty’—that nothing is real, only seeming? The glorious gospel of the blessed God comes with all fulness in Christ. Blessed is the man, not in proportion to his extinction of desire, but in proportion to the extent of his desire,—‘for he shall be filled.’ Wishing you much blessing,

—Believe me, your brother, JAMES GILMOUR.”

The visit home had refreshed him spiritually as well as physically, and he came back to Mongolia with a more intense yearning over the souls of the people than ever before.

Writing about two months after his return from T’a-ssu-kou to my husband, he says:—

“DEAR BRYSON,—I was glad to see your favourable estimate of some of the men here. You liked Wang, ‘the quiet and thoughtful.’ So do I  
...

128

“We are just back from a month at Ch’ao-yang. There baptized four adults and one child. A woman, and a bright one too. We came back through the robber-infested district. After all I had said about God, I was ashamed to avoid it by going round, and went straight through it. At two inns they stared a little at us; no travellers seemingly had been there for a long time. We saw no robbers.

“You see, I am treating myself to two days’ rest. We had a very, very hard month at Ch’ao-yang. Long hours. Scorching drought. No holidays from rain. Among the patients were two soldiers in the camp, with three bullet wounds from Mongol bandits. I am glad I had not myself to operate upon, but I suppose if God had permitted it, it would have been best.

“Thus, you see, there have been six baptisms since my return (five adults); for these I am thankful.

“But, eh, man, we want the outpouring. Did you ever see a duck in a drought? That’s me. Heaven, too, is not hard up for rain. Oh that it would come! My case is yours, too. As the eyes of servants are towards the hand of their master, so our eyes are toward *Thee* until *Thou* bless us. Oh that the Lord would come like His pouring rain in July! I will

wait for Him. If He comes not, it will be the first thing I want to ask Him when I see Him. Eh, brother, the whole world lieth in wickedness.

“Great drought in Ch’ao-yang. So like the

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129

spiritual condition. Let us hold on to the Lord. May we be more parched in soul if the spiritual rain does not come! My loving regards to you all, and, us my little Willie says, ‘think of me.’ Now for the rains!—Yours sincerely, JAMES GILMOUR.”

To his friend Dr Roberts, who had been for a short time his fellow-worker in Mongolia, he wrote at about this time:—

“Pray for the mission here, as you do, but especially for me, that I may be more and more as God wants me. Oh that God may help me to speak as I ought to speak for Him! I remember you in prayer. Keep your mind easy about money and buildings.<sup>1</sup> As you say, and as I say, God has lots more to give us if we should have them. He is not hard up for that sort of thing, but He is hard up for faithful believers abandoned in trust to Him; not quite hard up, perhaps, but He longs for us all to be wholehearted in our trust. This is *the* want of the world. There are books, churches, Christians, missions, etc., etc. I believe what the world wants is to *see* more men who in their daily life, secular and sacred, take in God as the first great factor—men who not only say so, but act so. Let us two be so. Do you think anything would rejoice Christ’s heart more than

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<sup>1</sup> This referred to the need of money and buildings to carry on the Tientsin hospital work, of which Dr Roberts had charge, since, after Dr Mackenzie’s death, the viceroy withdrew his support.

130

this? I am praying that Christ may be to me the sweet friend that some of you are to me, only better than you all, you know. I mean this—that I may feel His presence and sympathy as real as yours when I see you. May He be so increasingly to you!”

Later on, while on a short visit to Peking, he wrote:

“The compound here is intensely beautiful. I don’t object to the following of God in the desert, but it is no harm, is it, to rejoice in Elim when we come to it?”

Through the winter of 1890 and the spring of 1891, the Mongolian work was carried steadily on, and it seemed as if the long night of waiting was over and streaks of dawn had already appeared.

The long-expected colleague had at length arrived in the person of the Rev. J. Parker, and Gilmour enjoyed to the full the spiritual fellowship and comradeship in work for which he had so long craved.

The example of patient perseverance and Christ-like devotion lived for so long in their midst, was beginning at last to tell upon the people.

There was a willingness among the inhabitants of Ch'ao-yang to sell property for a permanent home for the mission; it seemed as if the long day of fruitless toil were ending, and the reaper's joy would dry the sower's tears. But God's ways are not as our ways. He had need of His faithful labourer in the higher service of the skies—and the command had even now gone forth.

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 131

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE DAWN OF ETERNITY.

A Missionary Reunion—Chinese Railway Scenes—Gilmour's Opinions about the Native Dress—His favourite Hymns—Spiritual Experiences—Last Sermon—The Unseen World—Illness—Last Hours—Funeral—Reminiscences of Life and Work.

FOR some years past it has been the custom of the missionaries connected with the various North China stations of the London Missionary Society to hold an annual meeting in Tientsin, usually in the month of May. The workers meet together for consultation on numerous matters connected with their work, and devotional meetings, which have been found a great means of strength and refreshment to the spiritual life, have also been held.

For some years it had not been practicable for Mr Gilmour to attend these meetings, but early in 1891 he decided that he would not be absent from them that year. He made the gathering the subject of many prayers, and his earnest desire was that much spiritual blessing might result from it.

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 132

It was the first year in which the native workers from the most distant stations had come up for conference, and Mr Gilmour wrote many letters expressing his strong desire that everything possible should be done to

make the natives enjoy their stay in Tientsin and benefit from it in every way.

It was decided to hold a series of meetings in Tientsin for the “deepening of the spiritual life” every evening after the various meetings of the day were over. Those gatherings were conducted by Mr Gilmour himself. He reached Tientsin about a fortnight before the meetings, and took up his abode in the house of his valued friend Dr Roberts. He seemed remarkably well and strong on his arrival, and meeting him accidentally as he came into the compound, followed by the coolies carrying his baggage and bedding, I thought I had never seen him looking so robust.

We spent a pleasant evening, during which Gilmour talked in his usual entertaining way of the incidents of his railway journey down from Ku Yeh, the farthest point the railway had then reached. The *sang froid* with which the Chinamen sat at the open doors at the end of several of the cars, with their feet dangling, even when crossing a number of bridges of a very skeleton style of architecture, quite untroubled with the sight of the flowing water far below, had much amused him. He had engaged

133

in conversation with many of the passengers, and had travelled not even in the second-class carriages (there are only two classes on the China railways), but in the large vans in which Chinamen desiring it can travel with their baggage. He remarked that there was great difficulty in finding any place to sit down. “Why did you not go into the cars?” I asked; “they are all second class.” “What! and leave my old preacher Lieu alone? No indeed; wherever he wished to be in charge of the baggage, there I of course remained to keep him company.”

This remark was a very characteristic one. Gilmour was always most considerate of the feelings of the Chinese converts. When contemplating coming down from Mongolia to these meetings, he wrote to several of the ladies of the mission expressing the hope that we should try to include as many as possible of the Chinese visitors as guests at our tables from day to day—a matter not very easy to arrange when we were already filled up with foreign guests, still, ye tried to meet his views and our own, as far as that matter is concerned.

In the course of that first evening’s conversation, the subject of how far he thought it was possible to make ourselves one with the people by the adoption of their dress and manner of life was touched upon “As you know,” replied Gilmour, “I have tried both ways, and my opinion now is that it is impossible for

134

an European to bring himself permanently down to the level of the Chinese or Mongol poor. As long as you have a change of clothing, you are in their eyes a well-to-do man, in easy circumstances. Therefore, though I retain the Chinese dress, it is for convenience, and not with the hope of bringing myself down to their level.”

Mr Gilmour greatly enjoyed some of the hymns in “Sacred Songs and Solos,” and often said he hoped to learn a number of new ones during his last visit to Tientsin. Number 328,

“O Christ, in Thee my soul hath found,”

was an old favourite, because it was one often sung in the company of Dr Mackenzie, during the last weeks they spent together.

“In the shadow of His wings there is rest, sweet rest”

was a new one to him, and speedily became a special favourite. He asked to have it sung frequently during those last weeks, both in private and in the course of our devotional meetings. He was very fond of several old ones with rather noisy choruses, which he said he used to sing when alone in Mongolia, and “they went fine.” At that time

“God holds the key of all unknown”

was often sung in our mission circle. At first Gilmour was not inclined to like it much, the tune not being attractive to him, but a day or so after

135

he asked for it repeatedly, “for the words’ sake,” he said; “and now I see the tune fits.”

One hymn he frequently sung during the first week of his arrival in Tientsin was—

“Some one at last will his cross lay clown,

By and by, by and by.

Faithful, approved, shall receive a crown:

Shall you? shall I? shall you? shall I?

Some one the glorious King shall see,

Ever from sorrow of earth be free,

Happy with Him through eternity:

Shall you? shall I? shall you? shall I?”

Gilmour was elected chairman of the meetings for that year, and fulfilled his task with much tact and good humour. A devotional meeting as usual

preceded the business meeting every day, and was found to be a very blessed season. One thing struck us all, particularly during the business discussions, and that was how Gilmour had grown as far as Christian character was concerned, how tolerant he was of the views of others, how ready to listen to all sides of a question, and how slow to condemn when we knew he disagreed. We all felt that he had grown visibly more Christ-like since we met him before.

Noticing, as we all did, the very great improvement in his health, I asked him one day to what he attributed it, as he was really far more robust in appearance than on his return from England the year before. "I will tell you," he replied. "Lately I have been taking better and more nourishing food

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136

than I used to formerly—have given up fasting too." He adds: "No doubt the company I have had has been a great help" (he referred here to the settlement of his young colleague, Mr Parker, in Mongolia); "and greatest of all, I think, I don't carry my own cares now, I roll them all off upon the Lord. Once I used to carry all the burdens myself—it makes all the difference."

One Sunday evening he took the service in the Union Church, Tientsin, and with intense earnestness pressed upon his hearers the necessity of immediate decision for Christ. There was no attempt at oratory or display in the sermon, indeed that would have been always quite contrary to Gilmour's nature, but his one desire was that he might be used as an instrument in saving the souls of men.

On Saturday evening we had a social gathering of the native helpers attending the meetings, in our house. Gilmour was present, and was as bright and genial as usual, but towards the close seemed wearied. Fever is so common an ailment in China that we felt little anxiety, next day, when he was unable to attend any of the services. On Monday morning he seemed rather better, and came in to the meetings, which had not been concluded the Saturday before, but Mr Owen took his place as chairman. In the evening we had a very solemn and touching communion service. It was conducted by Mr Meech. We

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137

sang, among others, Bonar's beautiful sacramental hymn—  
 "Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face."

When the impressive service was over, a number of us asked for favourite hymns to be sung. The last was—

“God be with you till we meet again.”

This was the last service he ever attended.

The next morning Mr Gilmour was reported no better, and it was decided that Mr Parker, who had previously arranged to leave on that day, should delay his journey.

During the last year of Gilmour’s life there were frequent references in his letters to the unseen world and the end of life. Heaven was not far away from him, and he learned to think about ‘it in a very familiar fashion. Writing to Mr Owen only a few months before his death, he says: “I was greatly struck by one saying of Mrs Booth’s, ‘It will not be so very different there (in heaven) to what it is here.’ I guess she is right. I guess there will be differences of occupation there as here, and I guess that our life here is a training for life and work there. Oh, the mystery! How thin a wall divides it from us! How well the secret has been kept from of old till now!”

He writes later to Dr Roberts:—

“Ah, there is a grand eternity before us! Things

138

here don’t come up to our expectations, we are disappointed in many ways. There will be no disappointment there. The half has never been told. Yielding our wills to God, and being in all things faithful to Him, I am persuaded that he will see to it that we are prepared for what He is preparing for us there, Oh to be free from the power of temptation, and the limitations of the flesh and weakness—won’t it be grand! And we are now entered on the course, embarked on the voyage which is to end by landing us in this perfection of being and surroundings. Ours is a high calling. Oh, the blind world that will not covet this! Why are we so often dumb when we should be alluring others to covet it.”

From the first Mr Gilmour seemed to realise that his illness was a serious one, and did not share with us the hope that in a few days the fever would be shaken off.

When I saw him on Wednesday morning, with his usual thoughtfulness, he said, “You must not stay long in this room, think of the children!” I replied that I was quite accustomed to malarial fever, and spoke of my own children’s recovery from severe attacks. But he shook his head, as if he had a presentiment that this was something more serious, and looked

sadly at the photographs of his boys on the table by his side. The next day he said to Mrs Lees, who was sitting by his side, "I shall not leave

139

this bed." He had occasionally expressed a wish while in health that he might never be seriously ill in Mongolia, knowing how little care the Mongols bestowed upon their sick friends. He cared little for ordinary comforts, but knew how desolate and forlorn a sick bed in a Chinese or Mongol inn would be.

He was not called upon to endure this trial, since his last days were spent in the bright home of a well-loved friend, surrounded by all the comforts that thoughtful nursing and medical skill could suggest.

The disease proved to be an exceptional form of typhus. Antipyretics reduced the temperature, but the serious feature in the case was the weak action of the heart, from which Gilmour had long suffered.

His mind became much clouded during the second week of his illness. "Where are we going?" he asked one day of Miss Roberts, who took much of the nursing in the daytime; repeating his question several times. "To heaven," she answered, "to see the Lord." "Oh no," he replied; "that is not the right address." "Yes, it is," repeated his kind nurse; "and shall you not be glad to go in and see the Lord?" He did not reply in words, but the truth seemed suddenly to dawn upon him, and he bowed his head twice in assent, while his eyes filled with tears. Dr Frazer was called in on the morning of the 21st to consult with Dr Roberts, and gave no hope of recovery. Though delirious all day, he yet

140

seemed to know all about him. He fancied he was still far away in Mongolia, and seemed much puzzled as to how Dr Frazer could have travelled so long a journey to see him.

Towards evening, it was clearly evident that he was fast sinking. All the members of the mission then in Tientsin gathered around his bed, with the exception of one who was absent at a Chinese service in the city.

It was very touching to all who were present to see the sorrow and distress of Gilmour's native preacher, for whom he had always had the highest respect, and who was deeply attached to him. When this Chinese Christian realised that his friend was dying, he cried out piteously several times, "Ching Mu-sz, Ching Mu-sz" (Mr Gilmour's Chinese name),

until told that he was past all hearing of earthly sounds. And at about 10.30 P.M. he quietly fell asleep in Jesus.

The funeral was delayed till Saturday to allow of the arrival of friends and relatives from Peking who wished to attend it. The grave was immediately behind that of Gilmour's well-loved friend and fellow-worker, Dr Mackenzie.

At the close of the service, which was partly in Chinese, the Christians sang the native version of

“In the Christian's home in glory,”

while little Chinese boys threw handfuls of flowers into the open grave.

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141

In the death of Mr Gilmour the Chinese and Mongols have lost one of the most earnest and devoted of missionaries. He spared himself in nothing and kept nothing back, laying his all upon the altar. He was determined to allow nothing to come between him and the people among whom he laboured, and it was for this reason he adopted the garb of an ordinary labouring man and became a vegetarian. Even while on his visits to Tientsin, at one time, he took all his meals at one of the street restaurants. At last Gilmour was requested by the Chinese host to go elsewhere, since he found his customers, who preferred quiet, rapidly leaving him to avoid the crowd which gathered to see the foreigner eat.

At that time it was difficult to entertain our friend at a foreign table, since he objected to take not only meat or anything prepared with animal fat, but even such vegetables as onions and carrots, because Mongolian Buddhists abstained from them. With regard to his dress, few would have recognised him as an Englishman, who saw him getting out of his Chinese cart, his shaven head covered with a grey felt Chinese cap, with large ear covers lined with cats' fur, his long robe with a girdle at the waist like a coolie's, his heavy Chinese boots and blue cotton stockings covered with the thick layer of dust which accumulates on all North China travellers.

On one of his journeys he called at some mission

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142

premises at a distance from Tientsin, to see the missionaries, but was refused admittance by the gateman, who did not recognise him as a foreigner in this strange guise, and thought him a poor traveller seeking assistance from his masters. He spoke Chinese, as indeed he did English,

in a forcible if not always elegant fashion, using quaint illustrations and occasionally something approaching to slang.

But there were no sleepers in the congregation when Gilmour was the preacher. On one occasion, I remember, when preaching in Chinese, his subject was being filled with the Holy Spirit, and he illustrated it by stories of some of his Mongolian patients. "We are only filled as full as our vessels will hold," he said; "if we offer a poor shallow heart to God, fully occupied with other matters, how can we expect to receive of the Spirit's fulness?"

"Often in Mongolia, when people suffering from eye diseases are crowding round me, they will bring the smallest of bottles or wine-cups (as small as English egg-cups) for the lotion I give them. I constantly tell them these bottles are not large enough, but still they find it hard to realise that I require them to bring large vessels, and only offer very moderate-sized ones at the last. One day I was delighted by an old woman who came to me with sore eyes. She had a very small wine-cup with her, and I sent her away, as she lived near at hand,

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143

for a larger vessel. Very soon the old dame came back, and I can tell you I was really pleased with her, for she took me at my word, and brought quite a large basin, to the amusement of the bystanders."

An adaptation of Spurgeon's *Sermons in Candles* suited to a Chinese audience was a great favourite, and frequently delivered to large and interested congregations.

Gilmour was a man who did nothing by halves, and the great change in him during the last few years of his life was apparent to all. In this connection a Christian friend who knew him well writes: "Gilmour had by discipline certainly arrived at a blessed state in life, as he wrote me. He was resting in confidence, and the result was that God's peace like a river flowed over his soul. He was not the restless, troubled Gilmour whom I knew in 1884, worried about his lack of time, strength, and power, but he had learned 'in quietness and confidence shall be your strength,' for Christ was a realised in-dweller."

It is difficult to estimate the immense value of a life like Gilmour's and the great and lasting impression it has made upon the Chinese among whom it was lived. Though he had not the joy of seeing many Mongols brought to Christ, he was privileged to gather together three little churches in the three centres of Eastern Agricultural Mongolia, where for the last few years of his life he laboured with such

144

unceasing devotion, watching over the young converts with the tender, protecting love of a father, weighed down not unfrequently by the heavy burden shaped by his passionate longing for the salvation of men's souls. Thousands have heard the word of life from his lips, and the name of the Saviour of mankind has been made familiar by his earnest preaching, not only over the bare Mongolian plains, in many a tent and lama temple, but also throughout the wide region where of late years he laboured so unceasingly, among Chinese and Mongols' alike, striving to win them to accept the bread of life.

And already there are sure tokens that his work will remain. Even so recently as since Gilmour's death a wave of persecution has broken over the chief town in which he laboured, and the city of Ch'ao-yang has witnessed terrible scenes of bloodshed and fierce fighting between the rebels and Imperialist troops. But the' little flock has not been scattered by the storm, and has remained firm in its allegiance to the Master and true to the young missionary who brightened the last months of Gilmour's life.

**THE END.**

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