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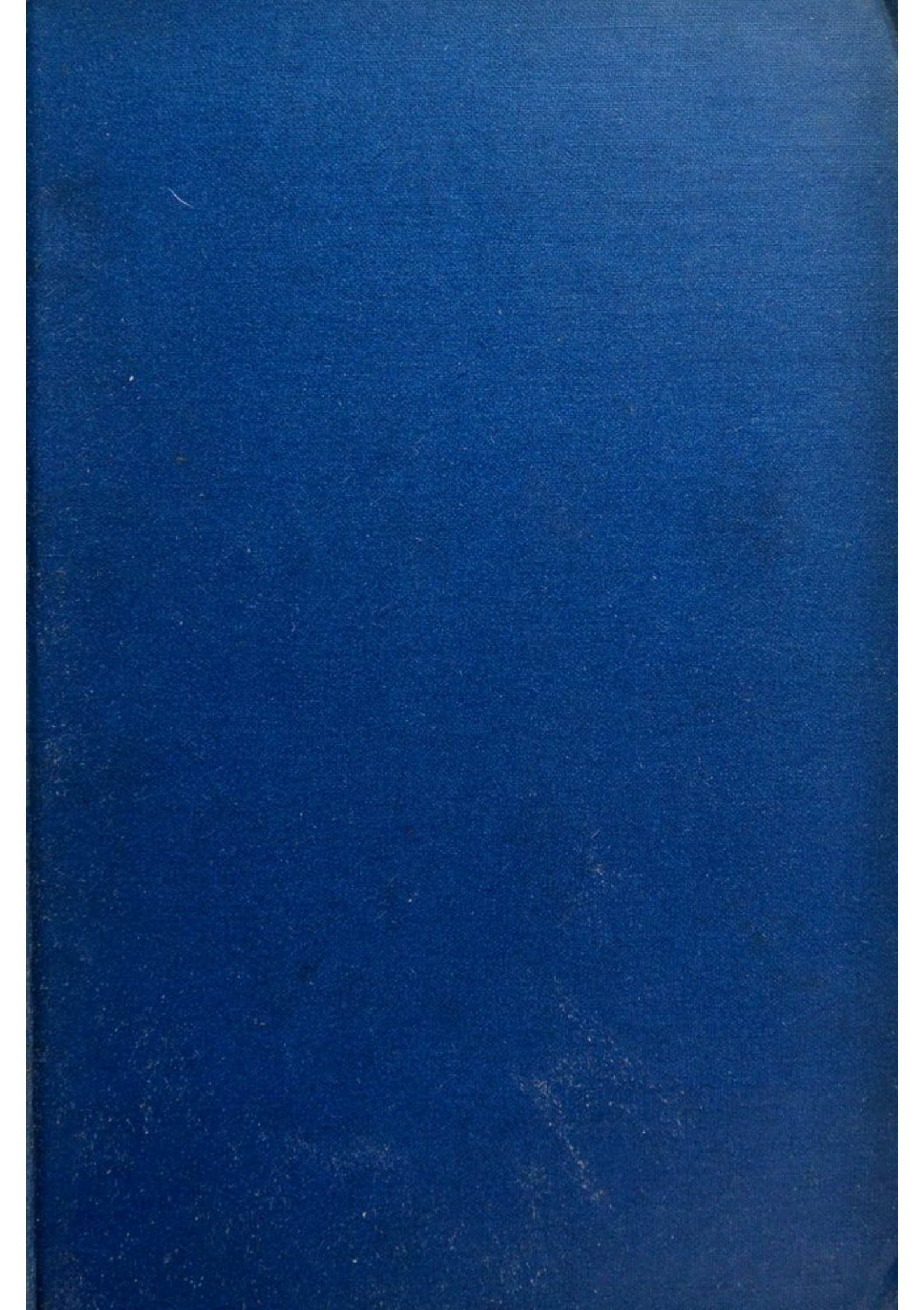
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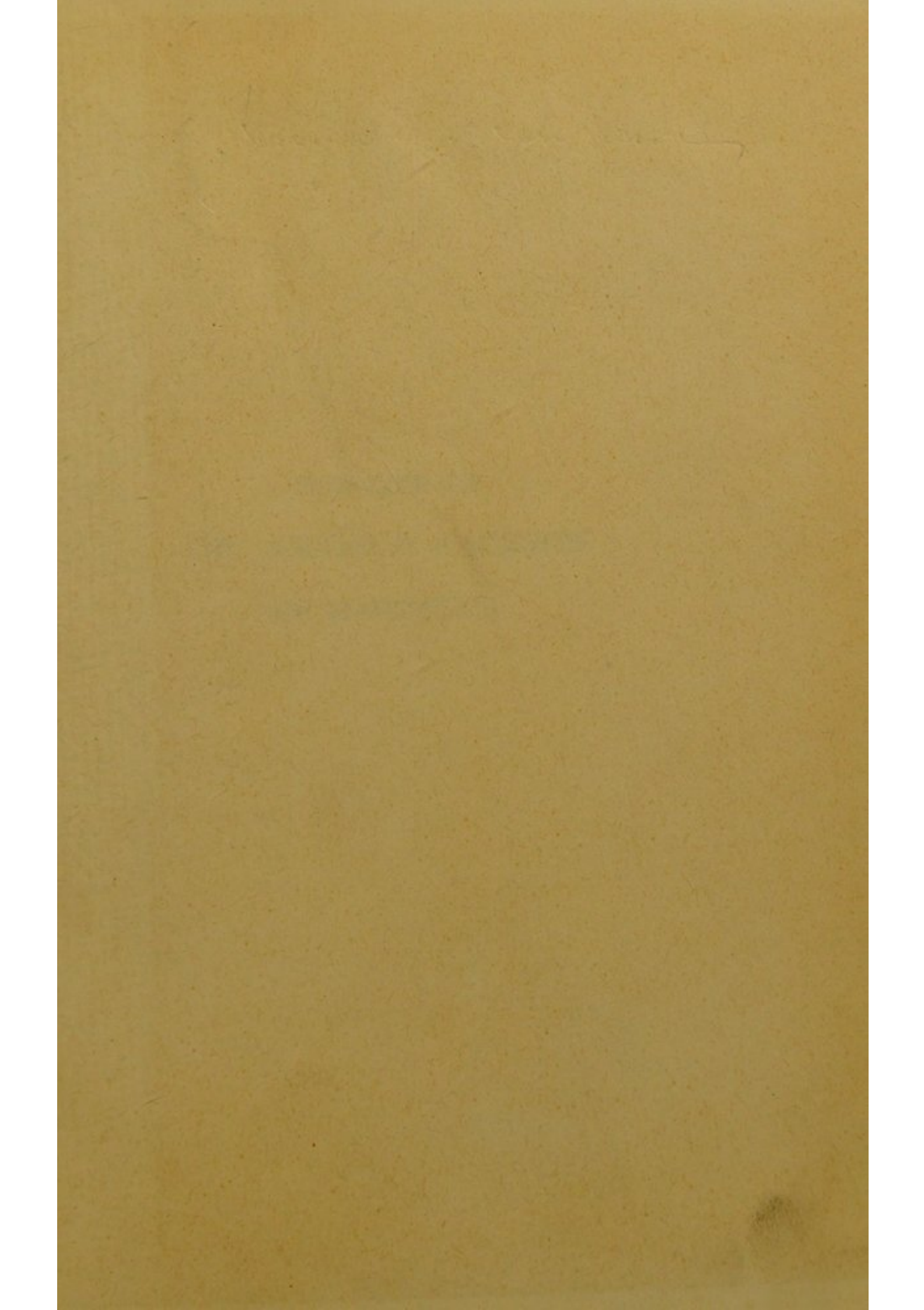


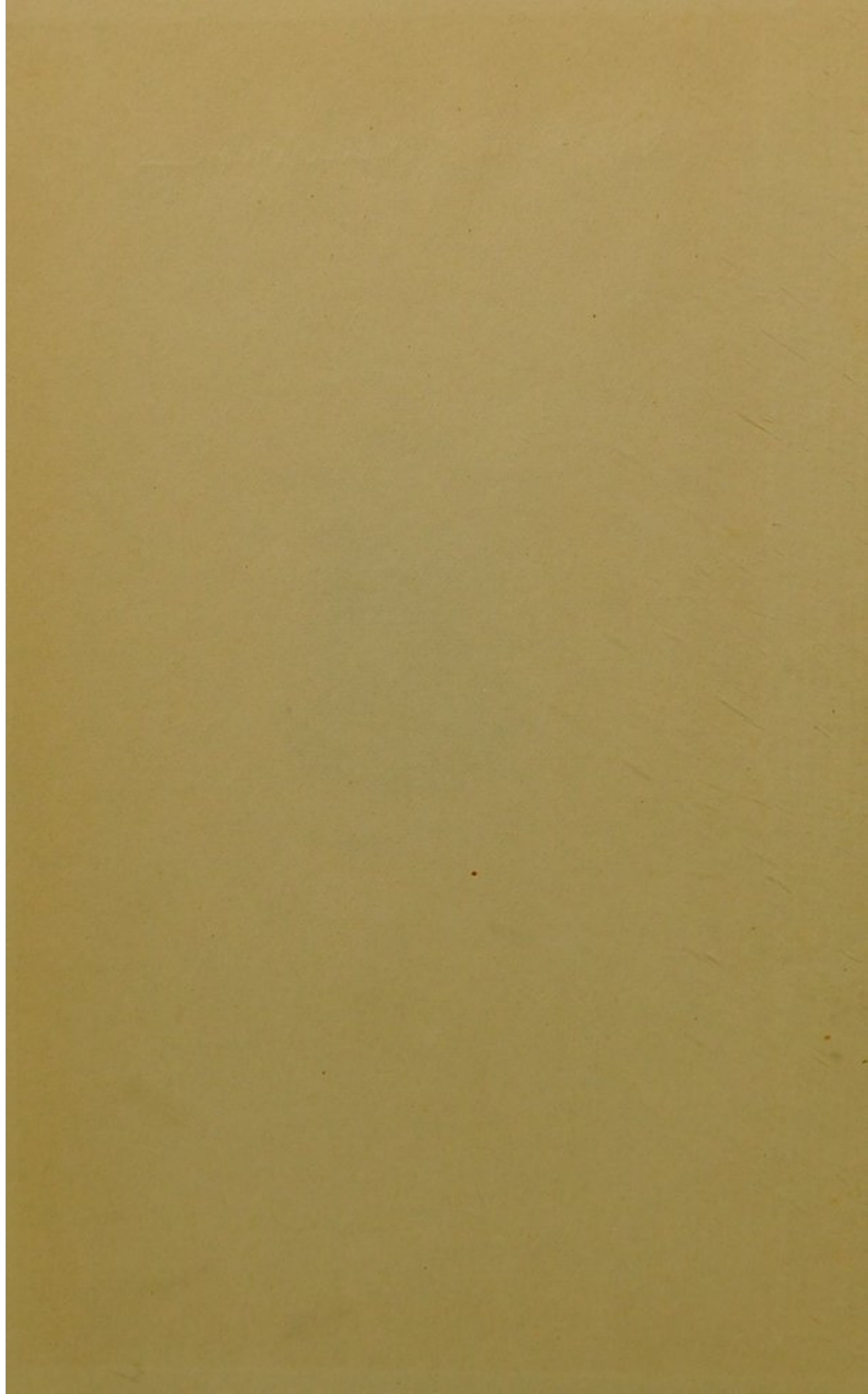
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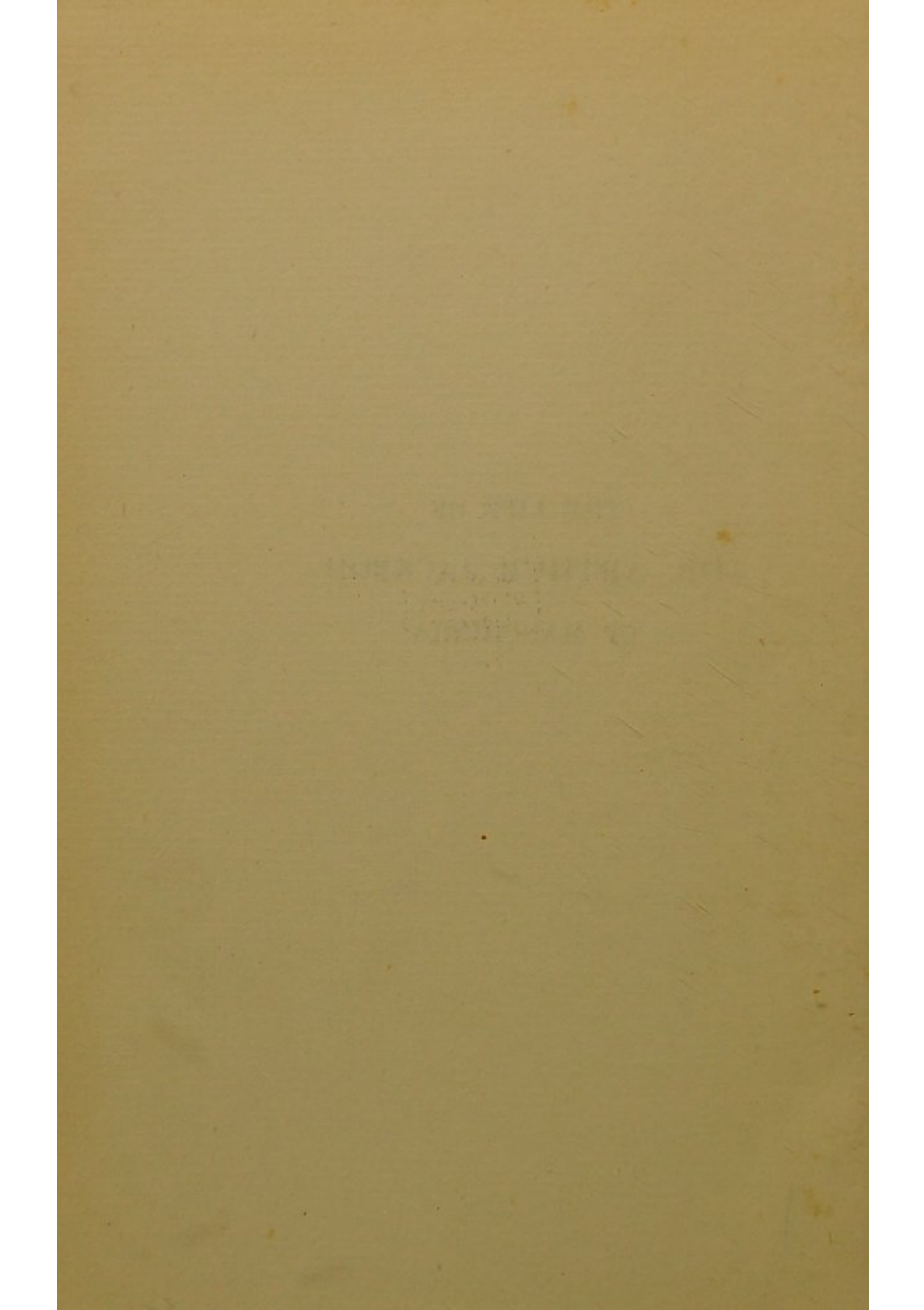
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THE LIFE OF
DR. ARTHUR JACKSON
OF MANCHURIA



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DR. ARTHUR JACKSON.

[Barraud, Liverpool.

THE LIFE OF
DR. ARTHUR JACKSON
OF MANCHURIA

BY THE REV.
ALFRED J. COSTAIN, M.A.

WITH A PREFACE
BY THE REV.
WILLIAM WATSON, M.A.

THIRD EDITION

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO

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TO HIS MOTHER 0



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EXTRACT

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PREFACE

THE Christian Church has not lacked heroes and saints among the young throughout her changing history. In modern days, as it was true in ancient times, she is encompassed with a great cloud of witnesses. The story of her martyrs is still being written : her roll of faithful servants has room for numberless names. Arthur Jackson is among the latest to be inscribed within the goodly fellowship. This biography shows what a humble, dauntless soul he was. The impression of his brief happy life touched many a heart when it became known that that life had suddenly ended at the beginning of this year at Moukden, China. To our sorrow it ended there, but his work and influence continue, and will continue for many days to come. One of the calming elements in the mystery of this bereavement is that many

young hearts have been deeply moved since hearing of it, and who can say what numbers will follow in the path he has trodden, in obedience to their Lord and his? The Church will strengthen and expand, for the blood of the martyrs is still her seed. The lonely grave at Moukden makes its pathetic appeal now, and will make it in generations yet to come.

Arthur Jackson was born to be a missionary. The call of the heathen tingled in his blood. I knew his grandparents and his parents (his father was an elder, and his mother is still a member of Trinity Presbyterian Church, Claughton, Birkenhead): they were rich in faith and in good works, and his confidence and hopeful interest in the Gospel were an important part of his spiritual heritage. One of his uncles was for many years a missionary in Old Calabar, and one of his aunts, who is still living, had laboured in India. It was, therefore, no surprise to those who knew Arthur and his home-life and associations that, when a school-

boy, he should quietly but deliberately, in a spirit of willing consecration, resolve to give himself to missionary service. He never doubted the wisdom of his vow. Not once did he hesitatingly move towards its fulfilment; amid all the merriment and buoyancy, as well as the strenuousness of school and college days, he never failed to regard himself as one set apart for a high and holy end. Jesus Christ was manifestly his Master: he must at all hazards serve the King. So he grew up among us kindly and radiant, harassed by no problem about the duty of his life: that was decided and settled; he had but to equip himself for its rightful discharge.

Some people's religiousness seems a misfit; they move and work awkwardly in it. Arthur's sat upon him naturally and easily; it was neither ungainly nor burdensome. Without any show or pretence he bore himself in society as a Christian gentleman, and was never in the least measure disposed to disguise or diminish his allegiance to his unseen Lord.

This book tells of his absorption in college games and college work. Nothing was more marked than his loyalty in both. That spirit was conspicuous throughout his career. He was willing to serve.

When term ended, and he came home from Cambridge for a few weeks, he resumed his place in Brassey Street Mission School, connected with Trinity Church, Cloughton, as if he had never been absent. He was passionately fond of children, and they of him. They clamored round him to listen to his stories and songs, and to play with him, and high above their voices could be heard his merry shouts of laughter. I remember when holidaying with my family in Wales, and he with parents and brothers and sisters was living near, how cleverly he amused the village children, working mysterious puzzles on his fingers with his keys and knives, and how unselfishly and laboriously he spent time in making toys and inventing games for them.

In later days no exacting duty ever darkened

the sunniness of his spirit. The patients in the hospital as he passed down the wards were always sure to catch a smile from "the young doctor's" face. I have heard nurses bear witness to his unaffected tenderness and sympathy with the suffering poor. Medical students are proverbially not given, as a rule, to evincing much interest in religious truth and life, but Arthur's contemporaries in college and in hospital were often touched to serious thoughtfulness when they felt the magnetism of his cheerful spirituality. "There must be something in religion when a man like Jackson is so unmistakably religious." It seemed to be all compact with the rest of their handsome, clever, athletic comrade's character. He never unnecessarily obtruded his religious beliefs, but he never withheld them when it was necessary to assert them. In this, as in most other things, he showed singular tact and prudence. And it was because his piety was so frank and manly that his influence over others was so strong.

His self-abnegation was as beautiful as it was unstudied. Whether it was his success in a football match, or in a college examination, or his skill in a hospital "case," he shrank from the commendation that was given to himself, and turned attention to others. For a young man, gifted as he was, and popular in so many circles, this humility was a striking feature in his character.

I shall never forget my last meeting with him. A day or two before he sailed for China he spent an evening with my wife and myself. As he rose to go, my wife said to him: "Arthur, I pray that God may bless you from your first day as a missionary in Moukden, throughout what we hope will be a long and busy career." He turned, and with his characteristic happy smile, said: "Thank you very, very much. I can do nothing without Him, but I am eager to serve." "To serve," to be of some definite use, to help others, especially the forlorn and the feeble, that was the dominating principle of his life. As I looked

at the genial and stalwart youth as he strode away from our door on that autumn evening, I thought of that saying of the early Church Father: "The glory of God is a living man, and the life of man is the vision of God." Arthur Jackson gave heart and strength, will and thought to promote that glory: his young life, to its close on earth, was joyous and undimmed fellowship with his Divine Friend: it has now merged for ever in the Beatific vision.

WM. WATSON.

TRINITY CHURCH, CLAUGHTON,

August, 1911.

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

It was January, 1911. The newspapers announced that plague was raging in Manchuria. We could realize something of what this meant. We still speak of the Far East, but to-day the East is at our doors. We had followed the course of the Russo-Japanese War with breathless interest, and we knew that pestilence might work even greater havoc. Yet—so strong is the race-instinct in us—it was the death of one man, a British doctor, that first brought home to us an adequate sense of what was happening. He had fallen a victim to the plague. His name was Arthur Jackson. He had been ten weeks in Moukden. He was twenty-six years of age.

The widespread impression made by the news was deepened, as more was learned of the circumstances. Plague had broken out in the northern districts of Manchuria, just as the coolies were journeying to their homes in the south, to keep

the feasts of the Chinese New Year. Peking—China, in fact—was in danger. The incursion of coolies had to be stayed at all costs. Partially stayed it was, at the cost of Arthur Jackson's life. The vantage-point for this preventive work was Moukden. He had volunteered for work in the danger zone at the railway station. For ten days he laboured there, examining all arrivals, tending the plague-stricken, and isolating the suspects. Just as his immediate task was done, he himself contracted plague and died thirty hours afterwards.

Those to whom Arthur Jackson was but a name may well have wondered who and what he was. Many ere now leaving behind them lives careless and thoughtless, or even of flagrant ill-doing, have gone out to some post of danger, and for love of country or for sake of the oppressed have flung their lives away with a fine selflessness: they have died well, and covered a multitude of transgressions. Others, whose lives have not shown so sharp a contrast, have yet at the hour of crisis displayed an altogether unsuspected fortitude: they were better men than any thought them. It was not so with Arthur Jackson. His

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life and death were of one piece: his was a seamless robe. Here was no sudden birth of a sacrificial spirit, but the burgeoning of a life that could not but have borne rich fruit. He was of heroic mould. What is a hero but one who has constantly done his duty in ordinary circumstances, and one day is called upon to do his duty in extraordinary circumstances? Arthur Jackson played his part manfully all his days, and when the hour of destiny struck he was not found wanting.

To those who knew him, his death came as a staggering blow. He meant much to them. He was so big every way that the gap he left was insufferably large. A few weeks before, the very embodiment of strength and health, he had left England. It was incredible that he had died. No longer busy with his medical and mission work, but lying in a lonely grave—it was unthinkable. To say we could not understand is to say little indeed. He had given up to the work a life that was richly dowered: there seemed to be scant fruit from such a gift. But it was not long before there came a glimmering of light upon the mystery. If it was strange in our

eyes, was that not because it was God's doing ? In this mysterious way was He not performing one of His wonders ?

Perhaps by his death God could achieve more than by his life. So it would seem at least. How few knew that he had gone to Moukden ! How many know that he died there ! Few knew that he had made the offering of his life, many know how readily God took the offering he made. There had been those who talked of his folly in sacrificing his prospects and his chance of name and fame by going out to China : and here in an instant is fame that is world-wide. His lamp was trimmed and burning, and when it fell from his hand in the hour of death it kindled a flame which has girdled the world, an eloquent witness to the holiest things of life.

All that made it difficult for his friends to understand his death made it easy for the world to realize the divine constraint that must have been upon him. Hence the issue is not merely that the missionary enthusiast has gained fresh inspiration. Others have been stung into thought, and have gained a new insight ; and to many has come a new sense of the reality of re-

ligion, because the reality of his religion was so patent. Against the dark background of the plague and its perils, they have seen with a new vividness the light of the Gospel. And the fact of its universality has been presented with arresting force. Staying to look, men have seen a vision of a kingdom without frontiers, of a world without aliens. "In the sacrifice of such a life in such a way, you find a deed that reduces all racial distinctions to triviality, for the deed was done for Christ's brethren of humanity."¹ The West has moved a step nearer to the East. Certainly the converse is true. Never has China had a more striking object-lesson. She knows to-day that some at least of her invaders are seeking not their own ends, but China's good. As they gathered about his grave, high Government officials were heard to murmur, "He died for us, he died for us." The Viceroy's words at the memorial service are a remarkable tribute, coming from the lips of a Chinaman of the old school: "Dr. Jackson, moved by the spirit which animates the sovereign of his own land, and with the heart of Christ who died to save the

¹ Rev. Alexander Connell, in sermon preached at City Temple on behalf of the London Missionary Society.

world, came to our aid, when we besought him, to help our country in its hour of distress." Is that not East and West being bound together by cords of love, with the bands of a man, about the feet of Christ ?

"For East is East, and West is West;
And never the twain shall meet."

.

But Christ is Christ and rest is rest,
And love true love must greet.
In East and West hearts crave for rest,
And so the twain shall meet,
—The East still East, the West still West—
At Love's nail-piercèd feet.

So in this little book I essay to tell his story : it is worth the telling, worthy a better telling. Plainly and with restraint I would set all down. It would ill become me in writing of Arthur Jackson to say overmuch in eulogy where he would have had nothing said. Yet I cannot but believe that his memory will always be cherished. His place is among the immortals. One who first heard of him in reading the record of his heroism at Moukden, used this phrase—"men like Francis of Assisi, Father Damien, and Arthur Jackson of Manchuria." He was right : Arthur Jackson was of their order.

CHAPTER II

EARLY DAYS

ARTHUR FRAME JACKSON was born in March, 1884, the second of three brothers, and one of a family of seven. His birthplace was Oxton, on the Cheshire side of the Mersey. Blood is thicker than water, even than the waters of the Mersey, and Arthur was a thorough Scot: he spent his days in England, but his holidays in Scotland. He came of a good stock. To know him was to be sure of that. Such men are not the products of one generation: they have their roots in the past. His parents were products of the discipline that obtained in Scotland in those days. If it erred at all, it erred on the side of strictness. Their homes had a northern aspect: the atmosphere was bracing. By precept and example they were taught to honour God and do their duty. When they came to make a home of their own, they profited not only by what they had learned in childhood, but by later lessons. From

the first they brought up their children in the sunshine of God's love. They made the Bible not only familiar, but interesting to them. They enthroned religion in the home, but they banished gloom. Their children were fortunate indeed to find their parents worshipping God in the *beauty* of holiness.

Mr. Robert Jackson, a Liverpool merchant, a man with much strength and charm of character, died eight years ago. As elder and as Sunday-school superintendent, he did his church eminent service, wise in counsel and unfailing in his readiness to help. Mrs. Jackson gave to her children the love of a strong woman: she has ever been a true mother. Could one say more? Even in January last she had her reward. Death could not rob her of such a son.

The children soon learned to keep the Sabbath. It was the brightest day of the week. Stories of Scripture heroes were told to them, and the children looked forward eagerly to the special toys and picture-books that were kept for Sundays. They learned the hymns that boys love, and would march round the room, singing lustily "Onward, Christian Soldiers," or

“Brightly gleams our banner,” the father directing operations while the mother played. Early they learned to be Knights of the Cross, and none of them have forgotten their lesson. When they were older, they lived at Blundell-sands, and their father used to take them for walks on Sunday afternoons. Many a time I have seen them together on the Crosby shore—the father, tall and erect, markedly handsome, and the sturdy, vivacious boys, proud to be his companions, and so obviously his friends. From such comradeship, and from the quiet times about the family hearth and the family altar, were fashioned ties that bound them together and to God. The home-life was free from jars and strain, the intercourse frank and free and intimate. It is thus that the word “home” gets its significance.

As a child Arthur was strong and healthy. His bonny face, with its bright, open look, was crowned by a shock of fair hair. His eyes had laughter in them, and tears as well. Always sturdy and brave, he was also sensitive: a pathetic story found him a ready victim. His heart was quickly touched, and with him pity was a motive as well as an emotion. He was

shy, yet he could not help making friends, and all of them sworn friends.

His first school was Mostyn House, Parkgate, whose head master is Mr. Grenfell, brother of Grenfell of Labrador. He early showed his spirit and power of endurance. One day, when still a child, he was running with the beagles at Parkgate, and falling on barbed wire he pierced his knee. He ran for miles afterwards without a murmur. On going home he said nothing of the injury, but could not hide it from his mother's eye. The doctor was called in, and made him rest for days afterwards. He never lost the scar. As Mr. Grenfell writes, "he was a fine, plucky lad."

In 1897 he went to Merchant Taylors' School, Crosby, a school of old foundation which had made much progress under the head mastership of Dr. Armour. Here he soon became known. In his schooldays he did not show that dullness which is taken, by all except schoolmasters, as a sign of nascent genius. His bent proved to be in the direction of science, and he showed early promise of a distinguished career in the schools. Before leaving, he had won the Foundation Prize for mathematics as well as for science.

He was equally prominent on the playing fields. He exemplified the ideal to which the attention of schoolboys is called year by year at speech-day by visiting grandees, obviously bent on saying some new thing—*mens sana in corpore sano*. Most Latin quotations have disappeared in this practical age, but this one dies hard: the boys accept it gladly for the sake of its last two words, the more so as it generally occurs in the peroration. Arthur showed no liking for cricket—was he not a Scot?—but his size and strength made him a valuable member of the football team. An examination of school magazines has revealed certain criticisms of his play; in such critiques the truth is spoken in love, with the truthful element perhaps predominating. In a "Merchant Taylors' Review," dated 1899, we read, "A. F. Jackson—2nd XV—a fast and energetic forward: does more in the scrum than in the open, though he always works hard: has only recently learned the game, and is very promising: good dribbling and rushing powers." A year later, when he had won his school colours, we have this from another hand, "A. F. Jackson: a heavy, hardworking, conscientious forward."

In those days there was a Rugby Football Challenge Shield offered for competition among the Liverpool schools, and rivalry was very keen. The final tie in 1900 was a memorable match for Crosbeians. For ten years they had not won the shield, though more than once within an ace of victory. Early in the game Liverpool College, their opponents, the holders of the shield, put themselves five points ahead, and at half-time still led by two points. For twenty minutes in the second half it was a grim struggle. Play was in mid-field; neither side could claim any advantage; it seemed likely that the College would retain their lead to the end. Then came a sudden change. The Crosby forwards had worn their opponents down and repeatedly got possession; they gave their backs their opportunity, and Crosby scored four times in quick succession, and gained a handsome victory. The forwards had won the day. Their good work was largely due to Jackson's leadership. It was his first year in the team, but he had been put in command of the forwards, and at the critical moment he rallied his men.

Schooldays—outside of fiction—are generally

uneventful, and Arthur Jackson's were no exception to the rule. But there is one incident that must be told. In August, 1901, the Jacksons were staying at Tayvallich, Argyllshire. One afternoon they were just about to start out for a "gipsy tea" when news was suddenly brought to the hotel that two men were drowning in a little loch up in the hills. The boys immediately set out. Arthur's long stride took him there first. Several men, unable to swim, were standing helplessly by the loch-side. By this time one of the men had sunk, and was beyond all help. The other was clinging to the side of a small boat, utterly exhausted. Without a moment's hesitation Arthur, who was in football clothes, threw off his shoes, and, seizing a rope, swam out and succeeded in fastening the rope round the drowning man. Then, with the aid of the men on the bank, he brought the man ashore. It is no surprise to notice that in an account of the incident given in the local newspapers Arthur's name is not mentioned. He was always more ready to do things than to talk about them. We doubt whether any of his friends ever heard from him of that rush for a mile and more uphill,

and the quick plunge into the waters of the loch. But it was a fine day's work for a schoolboy—the man saved was ten years his senior—and there were many in Tayvallich who were smitten with a sense of personal loss, when they heard the news of Arthur's death at Moukden.

His first practice in speaking was obtained at the school debating society, which held its meetings fortnightly in the winter months, presided over by a master whose long suffering is only fully appreciated in after years. In the early days Jackson was not fluent. His words did not keep pace with his ideas. The material of his speeches was better than their form. He was always pleasant to listen to, but the charm lay in the speaker rather than in the speech. There is an interesting account in the "School Review" of a debate on vivisection. The four principals in the debate afterwards became devoted servants of the Church. Jackson led against vivisection, and his seconder is now a popular curate in a northern centre. Their chief opponent is now the Vice-Principal of the Bishop's Hostel in Manchester, a cleric who has a distinguished career in front of him. Supporting

him was a boy of refreshing originality : Merton and Mansfield alike failed to subdue or tame him. Still his breezy self, he is a missionary in India under the L.M.S., in a post eminently suited to him. Philosophy was one of his many pastimes ; we can safely trust him among the Brahmins. Four boys more unlike it would have been difficult to find. Few who witnessed their mimic warfare that night could have predicted their careers. But the Church is big enough to find room for all types, and worthy of the best. The reference in the "Review" to Jackson's speech reads : "A. F. Jackson contended that vivisection degraded society, while it conferred no benefits on science which would compensate for its cruel and unspeakable barbarities. He made these unspeakable barbarities speak to us, thrilling the house by some heartrending descriptions." We cannot always take sentiments expressed in such debates as binding outside the hall in which they are uttered. Did not Lord Rosebery suggest that some such motto should be inscribed on the walls of the Debating Hall of the Liverpool Guild of Undergraduates ? We need not write

Jackson down as an anti-vivisectionist, though such he was by natural instinct, whatever mature experience may have taught him; he was always the friend of the lame dog, as of the dog that was not lame. But sanity of judgment was one of his chief characteristics, and for an appreciation of both sides of such a question, on which he could speak from experience in later days, you could have gone to no one who would have served you better. With him healthy sentiment was controlled by strong common sense.

One evening the meeting of the Debating Society took an unusual form. One of the masters, whose name is not unknown to the reading public, spoke on "The Art of the Short Story" and told a story which he left incomplete, inviting members of the society to suggest an ending. The story concerned a clergyman, who was going away to preach. Having some time to wait at a country station, he strolled down the road and snatched a half-hour's sleep in some quiet spot. He came back to the station and caught his train, taking his place in an empty compartment. Suddenly he found that he must

have been sleeping on an ant-hill. He divested himself of much of his clothing, and endeavoured to shake off the ants out of the window. Misfortune still dogged him ; to his horror he lost a part of his attire that he could not well do without. The next station was the terminus, where his host was due to meet him. Problem—What was he to do ? Here was a question which fired the imagination of the meeting, and there were many suggestions of lines of action, more or less suitable. Of Jackson's contribution I have a vivid recollection. He made the most of the situation. According to his version, the cleric was a man of dignified bearing (his enemies called him pompous), a man as scrupulous in dress as in speech. The catastrophe appalled him. For a time he sat with blanched cheeks, helpless and hopeless. To his terrified imagination, each moment the train seemed to be slowing up. He must do something, but what could he do ? He bestirred himself in desperation. He searched the carriage ; there was nothing on the rack or under the seats. Then he thought of his bag, and there he found a curious Indian shawl ; he had meant it as a present to his hostess. Wrapping

this and his dignity about him, he jumped from the train on the wrong side, as it slowed up in the station, and rushed down the line to seek a place of refuge. At a safe distance, he climbed a tree. There he was discovered by an elderly schoolmistress who was taking out a class for a nature-study lesson, pointing out objects of interest on the way. Fortunately, or unfortunately, she had left her spectacles at home, and mistaking him for some bird of gigantic size and brilliant plumage, she was discoursing on the vagaries of winged things, when she was disturbed by disorder among her usually docile pupils. She learned from them something of the facts of the situation. A parley followed, in which the cleric displayed a nervous reticence that sat as ill upon him as his new-found garment. (His curates could never understand his new-found sympathy with them in their tongue-tiedness, for, though he had a gift in anecdote, he never told this story in its entirety.) His halting explanation was not accepted; the police were summoned. He was conveyed safely to the station—the police-station—where he found himself still unable to estab-

lish his identity. But soon his host arrived; he had found the bag with its contents strewn over the carriage and, fearing foul play, had come to lay information with the police. Explanations followed; his want was supplied, and sorely chastened he went away with his host. It was not till the morrow that he recovered his composure of mind; but the sight of the large congregation (the absence of the girls' school did not affect the numbers) cheered him with the thought that his reputation as a preacher had preceded him. So it all ended happily; he was himself again. Jackson's story, which has lost much in this outline, was told with evident relish, and was voted the best of the evening.

In his last year Jackson was captain of the school swimming club, and by this time he had won his way to the top of the school. In 1900, at an unusually early age, he had gained the school "blue riband," the Great Crosby Scholarship, and in 1901 he won an Open Science Scholarship at St. Peter's College, Cambridge, generally known as Peterhouse. With these two scholarships he went into residence at Cambridge in October, 1902.

CHAPTER III

COLLEGE

AT Cambridge Jackson spent three crowded years. It is hard to understand how he contrived to pack so much into the narrow limits of nine University terms. Peterhouse is one of the smaller colleges, and along with obvious drawbacks a small college has certain distinct advantages. Esprit de corps seems to vary in inverse ratio to the size of the college. A small college asks more of its men, and thus gives them more. College loyalty certainly flourished at Peterhouse. Every Petrusian was as certain that Peterhouse was the finest college in Cambridge as he was that Cambridge was the finest university in the world; and no doubt there is an equal amount of truth in each proposition. The Petrusian's failure to carry this attitude to its logical issue and regard himself as the finest man in Peterhouse, was perhaps due to the fact that logic does not flourish at Cam-

bridge. It figures in the entrance examination as an alternative to Paley's "Evidences." Everyone takes Paley ; comment is unnecessary. Jackson certainly was proud of Peterhouse, and threw himself heartily into the intellectual, athletic, and social activities of the place. He did not live the life of a lonely student, as some contrive to do even at Cambridge, nor did he lose his way among the many side-paths which lend attractiveness to life in a resident university. Where so many fail to find the mean, he succeeded.

He was early seized upon as a recruit for the river. Rowing is the premier sport at Cambridge, as at Oxford. The general estimation in which a college is held is largely dependent on its place on the river. Its eminence in other ways is a matter of opinion ; its place on the river is a matter of fact. Water sports had always interested him. In the earliest letter of his that we have, written at the age of ten, he says, " On Monday, Uncle showed us the Cathedral and the graves of our great-grandfathers, and one of them was dated 1801, but the last part of the words telling about the last person that was buried there was *uninteligable* " (a bold attempt that

deserved success). "We are going to have races in the pond to-day if there is enough wind, and we have got the *Commodore* all over flags, which we painted last night and this morning, and she really does not look bad. We are getting the pond very full by working the pump as well as the hose, and I hope that it will be quite full by the afternoon, and that the races will be able to come off." To fear lack of water as well as of wind is enough to abate the ardour of the keenest yachtsman, but no doubt their labours were rewarded. Though sailing and swimming were among his favourite pastimes, he had not rowed seriously before going up to Cambridge. There still lurks in some minds the idea that rowing at the universities is a mere pastime; in reality, it is a system of organized slavery, with the coach as the slave-driver and his tongue as a most effective whip. The possible rewards are great—an oar which you cannot use, or a cup out of which you do not drink—but hardly adequate compensation for what is entailed.

Though he was not one of the happy few who, in toiling at the oar, lose the duty in the joy, Jackson rowed all the three years he was up at

Peterhouse, endeavouring vainly to keep the college boat in its high position on the river. In his first year he rowed "six" in the Peterhouse Lent boat. The "Sex" (the college magazine) contains this criticism of his rowing at that time: "Tries very hard and is very honest. Must remember that arms are not so good as back and legs in a boat. Must keep his back firm, and control his swing with his feet." He had won his place in the May boat, when a family bereavement called him home. Next year he again rowed in the Lents, and was the best oar in the boat. The "Sex" verdict reads: "A tower of strength and honest to the core. Heavy with his hands, but races magnificently." He maintained this character to the end. He rowed even in his last term, though the demands on a crew in training are so heavy that a man with something to lose in the Tripos often claims exemption. Training for the races and preparation for an examination go ill together. But he rowed better than ever. "Jackson has shown the best example of hard work. Does not get his shoulders over quite hard enough yet. Races with coolness and power." This year

(1905) he was Boat Secretary. The year before he had won the College sculls. In the preceding generation Peterhouse had boasted some rowing giants, but none of Jackson's contemporaries had a better record than he on the river.

But football was more to his taste. By this time he had forgotten the Association he had played at Mostyn House, but in his last year he won a place in the College XI and got his colours, though to the end his intentions were better than his performances. He played in the forward line at outside right, and his shots at goal often made useful centres. Rugby was his game. In his first year Peterhouse had a good side, and were undefeated; and to this happy result he contributed his share. The "Sex" says: "Jackson is a great acquisition to the team. A glutton for work, both in the scrum and in the loose." In his last year he was Captain of the XV, and his team hardly won a match. This seems small tribute to his captaincy, but it was no fault of his. Ill-luck dogged their footsteps, injuries robbing them of the services of some of their best players. But no number of defeats could extinguish Jackson's cheery hopefulness,

and he used to lead his men on the field with a courage worthy of a better team. An old college friend, a member of the team, wrote of him (in February, 1911): "I feel sure that, as in the old college days, he played a losing game with heroic grit and a true Britisher's stamina." At the time the "Sex" wrote: "As captain he inspired the team with enthusiastic energy, and as forward set an example of hard work and activity. He has large bones and business-like muscles, and makes his opponents aware of these assets. On the occasions on which he has played half, his low, hard tackling, usually obscured by the thick of the game, has been displayed to spectacular advantage." After he came down from Cambridge he played for Birkenhead Park, one of the leading clubs in the country, and also had the honour of playing for Cheshire County. He was a really good player, and would have been in the very front rank, had he not been lacking in some of the finer points of the game: but he was not given to subtlety, on the football field or elsewhere.

Among other causes of self-congratulation, Peterhouse can certainly boast its antiquity.

The leading club of the college had the proud title of the "Sexcentenary." The clubroom was the general meeting-place of the college; debates, not always of the most serious order, were held each Saturday in term. Jackson was elected a member at the first meeting of the October term 1902: at the same meeting in an endeavour to satisfy all parties it was decided "that the 'Guardian' and the 'Sporting Life' be no longer taken in by the club." He spoke at the Freshmen's Debate, which concerned Mr. Carnegie and his public libraries. "Mr. Jackson approves of Mr. Carnegie as a Scotchman like himself. He spoke slowly and was distinctly good" (the "Sex"). In later debates he spoke occasionally. One night we find him denying "that any hard and fast line could be drawn between the sane and the insane." In another debate he defended the adage "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" against the base attacks of a member who thought its falsity was proved by the experiences of Emigrants and Freshmen, and by the frequency of actions for breach of promise. He made "one of his strenuous speeches" against a motion

approving of "temporary marriages as suggested by George Meredith." In a debate on Female Suffrage we find him on the wrong side.

The "Sex" also contains an account of a Mock Trial, in which he gave expert evidence. "The Michaelmas Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the Borough of Peterhouse were holden on the 12th October last. There was one appeal case. Mr. K*ng, who represented the appellant W. E. P*gg, described as a peripatetic perambulator, said that his client was convicted for selling a certain commodity, to wit, butter, which was not of the nature, substance, and quality demanded, to the prejudice of the purchaser. Inspector J*cks*n said that he had weighed and measured a piece of butter supplied by the appellant, which was sold as being one inch in length and one ounce in weight. He found that it was only three-quarters of an inch long, and weighed half an ounce. He divided it into three portions, one of which he gave to appellant, and one of which, slightly rancid, he produced in court. The third piece was sent to the Borough Analyst, who owing to a misapprehension had used it for the bearings of an engine. Cross-

examined : He had not eaten any of the butter.” In due course the appellant was sworn, and stated that his butter was made of condensed cream. “ It was of excellent quality, and when lit burned with a clear flame.” “ Counsel then summed up the case for the appellant in a speech that was not concluded by the end of term.”

Before he went down, the “ Sex ” paid him the honour, only accorded to College celebrities, of a biographical sketch. “ The ‘ Sex ’ has always found in him a sturdy supporter and ready speaker, and he has this term graced the Presidential Chair with his presence. Knowledge has tempted him in the garb of science, and he has proved a successful suitor ; for he is a scholar of the college, and has passed a number of examinations for the degree of M.B. with meteoric rapidity. His latest and greatest achievement is a First Class in his Tripos. Not content with the confined limits of study prescribed by the University, he has found time for original research, and has long endeavoured to discover by experiment whether tom-tits may be persuaded to build within an empty cocoanut suspended from a keeping-room

window. Though much of his time has been spent in England, he is unco' Scotch, and knows well, and is well known in, his native land. In Edinburgh his is a name to conjure with. And to the enquiring visitor the citizens are ever ready proudly to point out Arthur's Seat."

Soldiering must be added to the list of his activities, for he joined the University Volunteers. As the list of his triumphs grows somewhat monotonous, I am glad that I have not to put on record here any rapid promotion. No stripe ever graced his sleeve to single him out from the rank and file. To the end he remained a humble private.

Despite this devotion to many pursuits his work did not suffer. A First in the Tripos followed successive Firsts in his yearly College examinations. And though medical examinations are usually counted as post-graduate trials, before he went down from Cambridge at the age of twenty-one he had passed the first part of his third M.B. examination, and only needed the second part to be fully qualified. It is a remarkable record, for the Science Tripos by itself is enough to tax the powers of the ablest men. It was not

achieved without hard work. "My exams come on in a fortnight's time," he writes, "so I will fairly have to work, as I am taking them in Chemistry, Physics, Anatomy, Physiology, and Zoology, and I have not done any of the first two for the last two terms, and two of the others I only started last term." Brains and industry carried him through, though neither alone would have availed him much.

Outside Peterhouse and the laboratories and the examination schools there lay the larger life of the University. Here too Jackson played his part. He was not ambitious of power and place. He was genuinely modest, and had no gift in self-advertisement. It is maintained by some that men of real ability are always modest, but experience hardly bears out the truth of the contention. Rather do they seem to run from one extreme to the other, showing a child-like egotism or an amazing modesty. There can be no doubt into which category Jackson falls. But, among any company of men, his sheer worth was bound to bring him into prominence. In his third year he was elected President of the Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Christian Union, a

society composed of evangelicals of many shades of thought and churchmanship, with the Low Church element predominating. This is an institution which has long flourished in Cambridge. To-day the Christian Unions of the universities of the world are banded together into the Student Christian Movement. This worldwide movement is the most hopeful feature in the religious world to-day, so boundless are its possibilities. But the C.I.C.C.U. has not been without its dangerous elements. Zeal untempered by discretion, and evangelism unfettered by intelligence, have marked and marred the work of many of its members. Their familiarity with the Bible has issued in an over-familiar use of it, making their conversation an esoteric jargon, which passed with them for piety, though to the outsider it seemed almost impious. The C.I.C.C.U. has, moreover, not been free of the taint of obscurantism, and some few of its members have shown a distrust of "mere learning," which one would not look for in university circles. That all the members shared these weaknesses it would be preposterous to suggest, but there were enough offenders to

make many think that the whole lump was leavened. For such men Arthur Jackson was an ideal leader; he did not go their way, and he was strong enough to lead many his way. No one could suspect him of half-heartedness. His religion was part of himself, a part that animated the whole. All acknowledged in him a religious leader. The sanity and wholeness of his outlook on life, and his sincere respect for truth in all its forms, whencesoever it came, made their impression. Then, keen as he was to commend his religion to others, he was anxious that he should *commend* it. He would not unburden his own soul at the expense or cost of the other man's soul. In his Liverpool days a man who stood outside the Christian Union, and disliked the ways of some of its members, said of him: "I like Jackson, because he has convictions and lives them, but does not try to ram them down other fellows' throats." He believed thoroughly in personal dealing, but he was strongly of opinion that the right of speaking to a man upon religion had to be won before it was exercised, and then exercised with the utmost care. He had a profound respect for the

other man's personality. These were the principles on which he worked, and with which he imbued others. The extent and depth of his influence were evidenced in the number and nature of the letters of sympathy which poured in after his death.

Most Nonconformists at Cambridge claim exemption from attendance at college chapel, but Jackson went regularly to service. It was one way of identifying himself with the religious life of the college. But his connection with Saint Columba's Church must not be overlooked; he was a very loyal Presbyterian, and was not satisfied with a merely formal attachment to his church in Cambridge. He came to be President of a Guild of graduates and undergraduates who worshipped at St. Columba's. Even during the week he contrived to attend some of the church meetings. On Sundays he was in his place in church almost invariably; Communion Sundays he eagerly and prayerfully anticipated. On Sunday afternoons in term time he taught in the Sunday-school; there was one class at least in St. Columba's School that was sorry when the end of the term came round. He was interested

in all that interested his boys. "Please send my Sunday-school class register," he writes home from Scotland. "It is in the little cabinet in the schoolroom. It has the address of a boy I promised to send a picture postcard to. I am sorry to bother you so through my forgetfulness ; I will really try in future to make my preparations more beforehand." The emphasis on his own forgetfulness is characteristic.

Arthur had always been fortunate in his ministers ; in this, as in many respects, he was a child of privilege. At Cloughton, in his early boyhood, and afterwards when he came down from Cambridge, there was the Rev. William Watson, to whom he owed a debt which he always acknowledged with gratitude. During his schooldays at Crosby he sat under the virile ministry of Mr. Alexander. At Cambridge there was Mr. Johnston Ross, now Professor at Montreal. Dr. John Watson, visiting Cambridge on the eve of his last journey to America, was greatly moved by Mr. Ross's preaching, and "he reckoned him with Mr. Jowett as the foremost of the younger Nonconformist preachers." There is scarcely another living

preacher who could challenge comparison with Mr. Ross. At Cambridge his pulpit was his throne, and he a man who did not know he wore a crown. He left his mark deep on Arthur Jackson. The iron of his teaching entered into his blood. It set him thinking, and set him to work as well. While Arthur learnt much from his preaching, he learnt even more in intimate intercourse with him by his fireside. Mr. Ross knew him for what he was, and opened his home and his heart to him. "Of my own affection for him I do not write; for he came closer to me and mine than any student during the years of my ministry, and his death is a personal bereavement."¹

In 1905 Jackson came down from Cambridge, and completed his training in Liverpool in the Medical School of the University and at the Royal Infirmary, Liverpool's premier hospital—*primus inter pares*. After becoming qualified in 1907 he became a Resident Medical Officer at the Infirmary, and there came into touch with doctors of whom he used to speak in grateful eulogy. Both in medicine and surgery Liverpool

¹ Extract from an article by Professor Johnston Ross in the "Philadelphia Presbyterian."

stands very high among the cities of the world. Jackson's comparisons of Liverpool and London and his animadversions upon London's over-reliance on traditional methods were good to hear; their justice is a question which I may leave to those competent to decide.

At the Royal, Jackson held all the resident posts open to students of the Medical School, being in turn House Surgeon, House Physician, and House Surgeon to the special departments. He was a doctor born. He had no handicap or disability, for his manner inspired the confidence which his professional skill justified. Dr. Hill Abram writes: "As my house-physician he won the respect and affection of all he came in contact with, and I can assure you that I never had a more painstaking and conscientious resident." Jackson had "knowledge, and the wit to use it." Master of the science of medicine, he was still more master of the art. He knew his books well, but he could read his patients better, for he had insight and a happy knack of gauging character. He satisfied the tests which Dr. John Brown laid down, for he had "power and promptitude in combination." How the

old doctor would have loved him ! Perhaps he would have stabbed his pen into the ink and given to the world a deathless portrait.

In 1907 he went as medical officer to one of the Free Church Camps, which have won such popularity among schoolboys. The open-air life, the happy freedom from the conventional typified in the unscrupulousness of attire, the cricket matches with local teams, the bathing, the excitement of sports day, the football in the cool of the evening, the expeditions into the country-side, the abandon of the camp sing-song—all combine to make an irresistible appeal to the boy-heart; and many a boy has learned in the tent-meeting what religion really means. Such a holiday would be no penance for Arthur Jackson. The manliest of men, he had the heart of a boy to the end. "I would remember him most often," writes the Rev. Edward Shillito, "as he was in our Elmer Camp in 1907—the jolly doctor who was equally at home in his comic song and in the meeting-tent where he spoke for his Lord." No one could have been better fitted for work among boys. The boy-tendency to identify piety with anæmia

received a rude shock from even a moment's encounter with Jackson. So obviously strong in mind and body, he took a keen and wholesome delight in all that made for cheerfulness and laughter. His gaiety was genuine, not the smiling mask assumed to beguile and trap unwary youth. He did not laugh or sing humorous songs that they might count him a "good fellow," but because he could not help laughing, and because he enjoyed a comic song. It would be true indeed, though open to misinterpretation, to say that no one enjoyed his singing more than he himself did. Certainly no one would enjoy the next man's song half so much. And when the talk turned on matters more serious, on duty and courage and trust in the great Hero-Saviour, he was still the same, transparently honest. No one could fail to see that his religion was the central fact of his life.

After finishing his term at the Royal Infirmary, he joined the School of Tropical Medicine, one of Liverpool's most notable institutions, over which Sir William Lever now presides. Here he was able to specialize in Eastern diseases, and gained the Diploma of Tropical Medicine.

Afterwards he spent some months gaining experience. He took "locum" work in Yorkshire and in several parts of Liverpool. He also supplied for a doctor in Douglas, Isle of Man. I remember meeting him on the steamer coming home. The doctor, whose work he had been taking, happened to be Medical Officer of Health. It was at the time when England was much disturbed by the arrival of big consignments of Chinese pork. On its refusal at English ports it was shipped to the Isle of Man. There it had fallen to Jackson's lot to examine and report on it. The idea of sitting in coroner's inquest on these carcasses pleased him greatly: he always took his work seriously, but did not take himself quite so seriously. In the intervals of his work he had found good sport in fishing the streams round Douglas. He was then on his way to Derbyshire. There he took charge of the practice of Dr. Dykes Robson, of Alfreton, who said afterwards that "the work had never been done so well," that is, by a substitute. He came into close touch with the doctor's own family. The day after his coming the youngest daughter was seized with

sudden illness, which proved to be appendicitis. "The help and comfort Dr. Jackson was to me in that awful time," writes Mrs. Robson, "I can never forget. He rendered invaluable service. . . . One could tell him almost anything, he was so kindly sympathetic; he seemed to understand a mother's heart. It is no exaggeration to say that he was beloved by all who met him here. It is usually easy to eulogize one's friends when they have passed away, but in this case no ordinary praise can express what he was. His loss will never be made up in this world. I cannot dwell more on the days he spent with us, and the later desperately tragic happenings, without many bitter tears at the loss of such a friend." Jackson had gone to Alfreton a complete stranger. The three weeks he spent there were exceptionally busy. So this heartfelt tribute is the more remarkable; it is given to few men to win such affection.

During these days he was waiting for an opening abroad. At the age of sixteen he had heard the call of God, and had seen the vision of the peoples that lie beyond. From that time he knew his vocation. In the intervening years

he had been making himself ready, preparing mind and heart for his task. As we have seen, the mental training was severe enough; the spiritual discipline was intenser still. His life seemed one constant triumph, but all this meant an invisible struggle. His letters are full of the clash of arms. He was fighting for his life, though the observer did not see the marks of battle. By endurance he came into possession of his soul. The flaws, faults, failures that were to be seen in others' lives were conspicuously absent from his. My personal tribute is without any reservation. For years I knew him, and never have I known him say or do anything unworthy. "He was a verray parfit, gentil knyght." Evil seemed to flee his presence; in his company it were easy to be good. The highest things of life grew in reality and in worth, and lesser and lower things lost their fatal attractiveness. Some three months after his death one who had known him intimately paid this tribute to his memory: "I am constantly being helped (in times when one is inclined to choose the lower way) to aim at the higher by the memory of his devotion."

His letters, written while he was at Cambridge, are not remarkable for beauty of form ; they are not in any sense literary products. Written hurriedly in such time as he could snatch from his work, they have the virtues of directness and sincerity, and give evidence of genuine ideas ; but so far he had failed to wed his ideas to words. He meant more than he could say, and often expressed dissatisfaction with what he had written : “ it sounds so commonplace.” Their unstudied character makes them self-revealing. We see him in that simplicity of character which was his strength, in his love of home and friends, in his Scots thriftiness so far as his own wants were concerned, in his open - handed generosity to others, in his delight in the open air and his joy of life. We catch glimpses of famous men with whom he came into touch. Thus in one letter we are told of a Peterhouse ceremony : “ I offered some bread to Sir George Stokes, but he disdainfully refused it and took cake. I then tried Lord Kelvin with cake, but he preferred bread ” ; genius is ever wayward. He writes of a preacher whom he heard in Scotland : “ He rather spoiled it by the way he danced

about, but this, I suppose, was due to nervousness"; he could make excuses for everyone except himself. "To-day has been very fine, with the exception of one or two showers"; that was his way of looking at things. A request in one letter has rather a gruesome ring: "See if you can get me a good second-hand set of large male bones. They often try to sell female ones, which are no use."

The main interest of the letters is in their witness to the depth and reality of his religion. They show that his inner life had many sources of sustenance. Books helped him; he found in Bunyan an unfailing tonic. Sermons meant much to him. The question is sometimes heard, from the lips of preachers even, in their darker hours, "Does preaching effect anything?" One is tempted sometimes to think that of sermons there is no end, and no outcome. But Arthur Jackson learnt many things in the pew. Eager for new truth, he was equally bent on living by what he learned. I am reminded of Professor Peabody's words: "God has been speaking to us His word in many ways through our worship; in our silence and in our song, in the Bible and in

prayer, in the voice of different preachers, and in the voice of our own consciences and hearts. And now what is our last prayer but this, that this word may be made flesh, that this worship may be transformed into life, that these messages of courage, of hope, of composure, of self-control, may be incarnated in this life of youth; that out of the many words here spoken in the name of God, here and there one may become flesh, and walk out of this chapel and these college grounds, in the interior life of a consecrated young man." Often in public worship was Arthur Jackson confronted with some new truth, with which he grappled till he had made it his own, and it had strengthened his moral fibre and ministered to him spiritual sustenance. To him all sermons were practical, inasmuch as they had to be put into practice.

But, most of all, his strength came from prayer. In prayer he agonized. It was labour that meant achievement. He won his chief victories upon his knees. He coveted the prayers of others. "Pray for me" is an oft-recurring sentence. His supreme desire was for Christlikeness. Here was the secret of his religion. He was Christ's

man, in the truest sense a Christian. He had a vivid sense of the personality of Christ ; there is the note of passion in his devotion to Him. " If we only make Jesus LORD in deed and in truth, and let other people know that we have done so, and that He is a living reality to us, I am sure we will find things much easier. It's hard at first, but when we think of all Jesus has done for us, our half-hearted love to Him shames us." In all his difficulties he strove to draw nearer to Christ ; it was much to him to know that even He had needed to exercise faith ; thus difficulties became a bond of union, and not a separating factor. " I think it brings Christ nearer to realize that, as he was perfect man, He had to trust and have faith in God, just as we have."

Intellectual doubts do not seem to have troubled him in any great degree. His scientific studies did not plunge him into a morass ; he knew that there was more in life than science takes any cognizance of. His participation in Christian work, and identification with the Church, gave him an anchorage. He did not suffer that atrophy of all faculties but the intellec-

tual, which often turns the years in which knowledge is acquired, into years in which faith is lost. There have been more than enough men who at the University have gained much, but therewith have lost all. His difficulties were spiritual, and, in a sense, ethical. He yearned to know the content of the Christian faith, and to embody the ideal in the actual. He knew how much there was involved in this. Because he had gone so far towards it, he knew how much further he had to go. As he climbed the mountain-side, he saw the shining uplands that stretched out before him, bewildering and yet alluring in their vastness. "I can't say I half see all that faith really means yet, but I know that to get more of it I must get to know Jesus better. I wish people would not talk so glibly about the simplicity of all these things, for I am sure they are not really so simple. They are simple enough for anyone so far as beginning to get to know Jesus is concerned, but we will never get to the bottom of them here; we will always have more to learn."

By this time Arthur Jackson was equipped for his life-work. In 1910 he put himself at the

disposal of the Foreign Committee of his own Church, the Presbyterian Church of England. The field of service towards which his inclinations leaned was Formosa, but he imposed no conditions ; he was prepared to go wherever he was sent. Unfortunately at this time the missionary funds of the Church were depleted, and it was impossible for the committee to create a new post for him. All that could be offered was the first vacancy, and there did not seem to be any immediate prospect of an opening. An indefinite period of waiting was, naturally, distasteful to him. Accordingly he offered himself to the United Free Church of Scotland, the Church to which he would have belonged, but for the fact that his parents, like all true Scots, had crossed the border. The difference between the two Churches is neither a matter of doctrine nor of ecclesiastical order, but of geography. I met him just at this time, and he said : " I am just going up to Edinburgh to have a shot at the United Frees." His shot found the target. They had a post open, and without hesitation offered it to him. The Rev. Alexander Miller writes : " I had heard

pretty fully of your son's history and purposes before, and had heard very decided opinions from those who saw him before I did. But the very few minutes' conversation I had with him before his appointment, led me to a strong conviction that we were getting a very fit man for the work, and one better even than we might have been prepared to expect. And what commended him to us in our short acquaintance, was just those qualities which appealed most fully to those who had intimate knowledge of him, and which commend a son to his mother's heart. His physical fitness, his pleasant and modest manner, his professional qualifications, and the manifest interest in the purposes for which we sought his services, are points which hold their place in my recollection of him, and it is indeed a mysterious issue that all this should have come to such a swift and unexpected end."

The post offered was one in connection with the Medical Mission in Moukden. He was to have a place on the staff of the Medical College which was about to be established there. It was a post of great attractiveness. It offered a

sphere for the exercise of such gifts as he possessed ; he accepted it with alacrity.

It was a strange irony that immediately afterwards his own Church was able to offer him a post. The Foreign Missions Secretary of the Church, in a letter to Mrs. Jackson, said : “ We had hoped to enlist your son in the service of our own mission. As you know, he was booked for Manchuria only a week or two before we were in a position to offer him a post. And the ‘ might-have-been,’ if he had joined our staff, seems to add to the mystery and the pain.” But by this time he could not, and did not wish to, withdraw. He had set his hand to the plough, and would not look back. He was indeed fit for the Kingdom of God, and resolutely he drove his furrow deep and straight, as all the world knows to-day.

The Sunday before he sailed he worshipped, as was his wont, at Trinity Church, Claughton. There was a passage in the sermon that day, preached by Mr. Duncan, of Toronto, which was strangely appropriate, in view of the issue. “ Life is not to be measured by its length, but by its accomplishments. We live in deeds, not

years. Mary in the course of a brief hour broke the alabaster cruse, the fragrance of which has been felt during the centuries. What an influence from the deed of a moment! So the briefest of human lives may emit a fragrance that will ennoble, inspire, and glorify humanity through the ages." After the morning service there was a meeting at which Arthur was bidden farewell. A presentation was made to him of a microscope, for which members of the congregation had subscribed with characteristic generosity. Missions lie very near to the heart of Trinity Church. Only a few days later, they bade farewell to another of their number, who was leaving for work at Wukingfu. In all, there are six who have gone out from among them to active service on the foreign field, and four of them are supported by members of the church, the young men, for instance, maintaining their own missionary in China. For this handsome gift and for things more valuable—for it had meant much to him that he had been not only among friends, but among the friends of missions, in whose midst he had not to make any defence of his calling—Arthur thanked them with equal appre-

ciation of their kindness and depreciation of his own deserts, and he spoke hopefully to them of his future work.

In those days, when he was full of preparations for his departure, it was good to see him, but it is idle to attempt to picture him adequately. He was looking forward eagerly to the new life that was opening up before him. The week before he sailed I dined with him one evening, and our conversation will always live in my memory. When I asked him of the nature of his work, he spoke with enthusiasm, and with something like glee, of the chances that would be his in Moukden. The work in the hospital entrancing in its varied interest, the teaching work in the new college bringing him into touch with the intelligent young life of the East, the opportunities of bringing home to students and patients the constraint of the love of Christ—it was a prospect that thrilled and fired him. The thought of sacrifice did not enter into his calculations. He was like a soldier, tired of barrack life, to whom had come the chance of going to the front. The East was calling him, he was already under its spell. That he would

be man enough for his new work no one could doubt. To see him were proof enough. His big, strong, athletic frame was crowned by a fine head. He was handsome—beautiful even, though one could imagine his wrath if anyone had told him so. His features were clear-cut and regular. He had honest eyes with a light and a sparkle in them, a firm mouth, and a chin that told you many things. His charm of manner was irresistible. He was obviously more interested in you than in himself, a good listener as well as a good talker. He was not witty, but humorous. His smile was like sunshine lighting up a fair landscape, and there was something Homeric about his laughter. When you came to grips with him in conversation, you discovered a virile intellect and a heart unsoiled. His was a width of experience that had taught him tolerance, without undermining the strength of his convictions: he would be true to himself to the end. The fair outward seeming was a worthy cloak for the inward nobility. He was a man to restore your faith in your fellows. He was a study in Christian Evidences. I am reminded of a remark once made to me by a brilliant young

medical who after his F.R.C.S. examination took a sea-voyage as relaxation. On board he met a missionary who was returning to his work. The missionary was one of those men of simple goodness who are the salt of the earth. The doctor and he fell to discussing things. The missionary had small gift for argument, wherein he did not resemble his opponent. "You could easily upset any of his arguments," said the doctor, "but he himself was an argument you could not refute." Arthur Jackson would not have fallen so easy a prey to the spoiler, but his personality would have made a like impression.

On September 29th he sailed. It hardly seemed that he had gone, when the news of the end came. It so happened that one day he had been much in my thoughts. In the morning I had read through Dr. Denney's little book, "The Church and the Kingdom"; it had been Arthur's parting gift to me. That evening there was but one piece of news in the papers—the staring paragraph which told that he had died of plague at Moukden. There were many to whom the world seemed empty that night.

CHAPTER IV

THE STORY OF MANCHURIAN MISSIONS

SUCH a man was Arthur Jackson. How came it that he had such a stage on which to play his part? For answer we must look to the history of missions in Manchuria, a history so honourable that in January, 1911, the Government, on realizing the perils of the plague, appealed to the medical authorities of the Mission for guidance. We can only afford a passing glance at this history—though an apologist for missions could get his weapons from no better armoury—but it will be enough to show that, worthy in every way as Arthur Jackson was, his post in Moukden was worthy of him. He was in an honourable succession—the Rev. Dr. John Ross, Dr. Dugald Christie, Dr. Arthur Jackson. Nearly thirty years ago Dr. Ross introduced Dr. Christie to medical work in Moukden. In May, 1910, Dr. Christie, home on furlough, laid before Dr. Jackson the claims of the work in Manchuria,

which so took hold of him as to prompt his offer of service to the United Free Church of Scotland.

Apart from the Danish Lutheran Mission, the work in Manchuria has been done by the United Free Church of Scotland and the Irish Presbyterian Church. From the first there was co-operation between the two missions : since 1891 there has been corporate union between them on the mission field. They are the Presbyterian Church of Manchuria. Moreover, the translation of the word " Presbyterian " is rarely heard. The converts speak of themselves as belonging to " Jesus' religion." The signboards over the chapel doorways read " Jesus' Religion Chapel."

For some months William Burns did pioneer work in Manchuria, but the foundations were laid by Dr. Ross. It was in 1873 that he secured a preaching-place in Newchwang. It was a small two-roomed shop on a public thoroughfare—the first of many such chapels, for preaching has had the first place in the activities of Manchurian missionaries. Every afternoon the missionary preached. There was no public prayer, no Bible-reading, no singing. The people

stood around or sat on the benches. They smoked and listened. At times they talked among themselves, made interruptions, or asked questions. For discussion was invited. The missionary was there to reason with them. Often it became a Socratic dialogue, in which the missionary endeavoured to convince them by his questioning that they had much to learn, even of their own classics.

After some months at Newchwang, Dr. Ross sent Wang, the first of his native workers, to do the work of colporteur and evangelist in Moukden. He was unable to secure any premises suitable for a preaching-place, and it seemed that the Christian would be unable to get a footing in the capital. But in the end the city fell through the apathy of an absentee landlord, represented by a Mohammedan agent, who cared for none of these things. He leased them a small broken-down shop. This meant the occupation of Moukden by the Christians.

What followed cannot be told in detail ; it is sufficient to indicate the plan of campaign, which was well calculated to ensure success.

In the first place, Moukden was their true

objective, for they meant to work out from the centre to the circumference. The social and intellectual conditions were much as in Paul's day. Their policy was Paul's policy. Moukden was their Rome. It was the official capital. Moreover, it was the commercial and financial centre, and the seat of learning. From a commanding position in Moukden they could dominate Manchuria.

Then, their tactics equalled their strategy. They sought common ground with their hearers. Instead of attacking Confucianism, they expounded it, and related it to Christian truth. Many of the Chinese first learned what Confucianism really meant, as they listened to the missionary who began there, because he did not mean to end there.¹ In the schools, which were founded later, the ordinary Confucian text-books were used. The Manchurian convert has not been asked to shed his patriotism, nor his child expected to grow up ignorant of his national literature.

Again, their recruits were turned into recruiting agents. Nowhere have native workers been used

¹ Cf. Ross, "Mission Methods in Manchuria," p. 157.

to better advantage. The more gifted among them were given a four years' course of training, and employed as agents of the church. But it is hardly an exaggeration to say that every Manchurian Christian is a missionary. Hence the rapid extension of the work. In 1900 there were already more than three hundred preaching-centres in Manchuria, and except in the case of Kirin there had always been a company of believers in the neighbourhood before a chapel was opened. Frequently the missionary has learnt for the first time of the existence of some little market town on receiving a request to visit it in order to baptize some who were not only converts, but had received catechetical instruction as a preliminary to church membership: and this had been the work of some native Christian who had journeyed there in the course of his secular occupation. Thus the work has gone on. The father has taught his children, the master his men, the labourer his fellow-workmen. "Under the shadow of a great elm or willow on a summer evening, or seated on the hot *kang* on the long winter nights, the neighbour who knew has instructed his fellow-villager who was ignor-

ant. Among the endless stream of foot-travellers toiling north or south on the main road, the rare Christian among them introduced the doctrines of grace into the conversation with which travellers always beguile the tedium of their long journey.”¹

One crowning fact remains. In 1891 a native Presbytery was established, and the native church was granted self-government. The Moukden congregation, in 1896, called a native minister, whom they have supported by their contributions. For fifteen years Pastor Liu² has ministered to his people in Moukden, and his influence has grown through the years. For study of the “mission-made man,” the sceptic may be referred to the case of Pastor Liu.

This is, in outline, the policy pursued by the missionaries in Manchuria, and results have abundantly justified it. There is much independent testimony to this effect. The most important record of travel in Manchuria is contained in “The Long White Mountain” (H. E. M. James), the work of an Indian Civil servant.

¹ Ross, *op. cit.*, p. 116.

² Cf. Graham, “East of the Barrier,” pp. 86 ff.

He writes (p. 204) : " The work is unquestionably of the highest possible value. It has produced really robust Christians, men who believe and trust in Christ from thorough conviction." Referring to the large part that the native Christians have played in spreading the truth, he writes : " Of the first six hundred baptized not more than twelve owed their conversions, primarily and chiefly, to missionaries. In twelve years there were converts of the sixth and seventh generation. I have never known a place where evangelical work was carried on in so thoroughly sensible and solid a manner. The future results are known to God, and will be seen by coming generations of men."

The eulogy of another eye-witness is equally noteworthy. That Mr. Putnam Weale is no blind advocate of missions is proved by certain scathing comments he makes on the work in South China, but he has nothing but good to say of the missionary of Manchuria, who in his estimation is on an entirely different plane. " In Manchuria," he writes,¹ " the missionary is working man to man, and shows sense, modera-

¹ In " Manchu and Muscovite."

tion, toleration, and a good humour, which are infinitely refreshing. In Manchuria there are no best men, for they are all that, and there are no moral cowards. I met a Russian officer's wife, who came in by the first train after the Boxer riots. She had met missionaries going back to rebuild when the musketry had scarcely ceased firing. 'Très hommes, ces missionnaires anglais,' she added. Exactly; it is the whole thing in a sentence. The Manchurian missionary has a reputation to keep up, and he intends to do so. Their names are household words in Manchuria. Their arms are full of strength, and, crowning blessing of all, they have no southern cant. So good luck to you, missionaries of Manchuria."

So far I have said nothing of the medical missions. For it is well to understand that apart from them mission work has been abundantly successful in Manchuria. Much had been done before medical work began; the missionary preacher paved the way for the medical missionary. It was in May, 1883, that Dr. Christie secured premises in the east suburb of Moukden, which he converted into a hospital. This was the

first medical mission in Manchuria. At this time the native treatment of disease consisted chiefly in indiscriminate prodding with needles, and in the wholesale application of plasters. Naturally a foreign doctor, not working on quite the same lines, was regarded with some suspicion. From the first Dr. Christie had much to contend against, and, when he had overcome the first difficulties, the troubled history of Manchuria in the twenty years that followed brought obstacles that might well have proved insuperable. Time and again it has been necessary to close the hospital. But twenty-eight years later (1911), Dr. Christie was still in Moukden to act as the Viceroy's chief adviser in the combat with the plague. His is a great record. He has well earned the honours recently conferred upon him. King George has this year made him a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and the Emperor of China has raised him to the rank of Marquis.

In 1887 a site for a permanent hospital was secured in the east suburb through the kindness of a mandarin. This is the site occupied to-day;

it is on high ground, overlooking an expanse of water and meadowland. The hospital built in the summer of 1887 accommodated fifty men and fifteen women, and was fully equipped for in- and out-patients. Repairs and additions were made in 1892; and in 1896 an adequate dispensary and hospital for women were built in a separate compound, and placed under the charge of two lady doctors. Further additions were made from time to time, till in 1899 there were one hundred beds for men alone.

Before this time there had been the Franco-Chinese War, the Mohammedan Rebellion, and the Chino-Japanese War, the last of which brought much work to the hospital; but none of these outbreaks had left a permanent mark on the work in Moukden. Then in 1900, in a season of great prosperity, came the Boxer cataclysm. One Saturday night information was given to Dr. Christie by a friendly mandarin, that an imperial edict commanding the extermination of all foreigners was in the Viceroy's hands, and the proclamation could not be long delayed. Dr. Christie promised that he and his colleagues would leave the city on the

Monday following, a promise that gave great satisfaction to Pastor Liu, who could not have induced his fellow-Christians to flee from the city while the missionaries were still there. The Sunday that intervened was a memorable day. Full of forebodings, the Christian community gathered for public worship, and Pastor Liu preached to his fellow-converts from the words, "Be ye faithful unto death." The Viceroy, at peril of his life, delayed the issue of the edict till the missionaries were safe in Newchwang. Then he was forced to withdraw all restraints, and the city fell into the hands of a frenzied mob, who sought high and low for all who were suspected of having embraced the foreigners' religion,¹ and ruthlessly put them to death, except they recanted. Throughout the provinces the Christians met the same fate: Manchuria ran with blood. It was a dark page in China's history, but one of the brightest in the annals of Christian missions:² dark in its tale of persecution, bright in its record of heroic en-

¹ The Boxer Movement was *primarily* anti-foreign: the Christians suffered because they were "foreigners."

² Cf. Graham, "East of the Barrier," ch. xi.

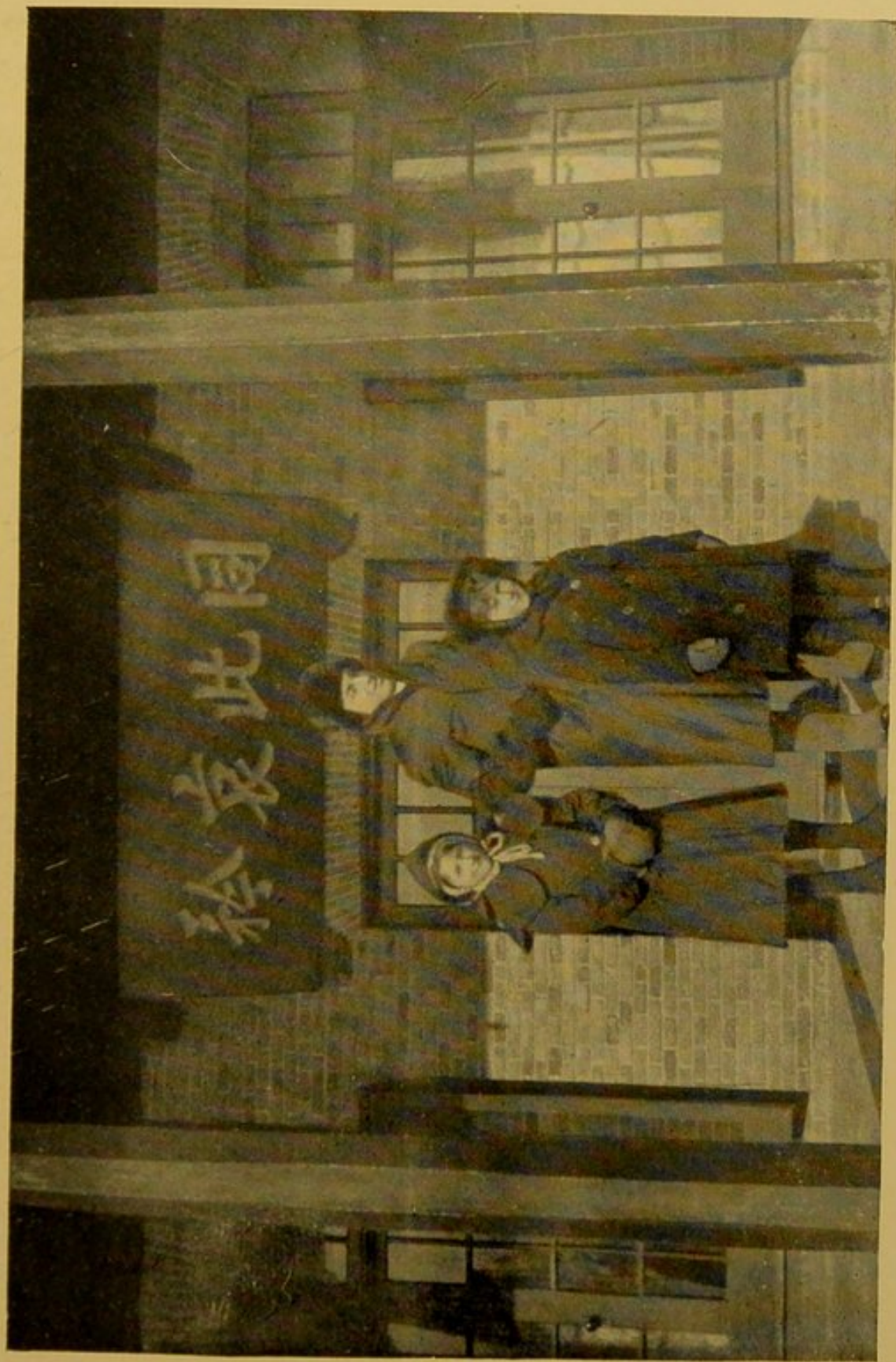
duration. Even in these days the Manchurian Christians did not feel that God had deserted them, for they were not left without a refuge. "Had it been earlier," they said, "before the millet had grown so high, or later, after it had been cut down, not one of us could have escaped."

Before many months had passed, Dr. Christie came back to Moukden. He found everything in ruins. The hospital, along with the church and chapels and missionaries' houses, had been burned to the ground. He had to begin his work afresh. He rented temporary premises, but they proved unsuitable, and more than once removal was necessary. Then, before rebuilding could be undertaken, the Russo-Japanese War broke out. Those were troublous days for Moukden. Refugees poured into the city, and the resources of the Medical Mission were taxed to the utmost. Nearly one thousand were housed in the ruined hospital compound. One of the largest Buddhist temples in the city was lent to Dr. Christie to be used as a shelter, and in all he had seventeen refuges under his care, with about ten thousand people, chiefly women and

children. At the time of the Battle of Moukden he numbered Russians and Japanese, as well as Chinese, among his patients. Never did the Medical Mission more convincingly prove its worth, and from those days there has been no struggle for recognition or appreciation. The mission doctors had won their spurs.

In 1907 the new hospital was opened amid universal rejoicing.¹ It had been rebuilt in large measure by the money paid in compensation by the Government and by the contributions of the men of Moukden, who from the Viceroy downwards vied with each other in generosity. The ceremony of opening was performed by the Viceroy himself, His Excellency Chao Erh Sun, who eulogized the work in which Dr. Christie had been engaged for so many years, "during which, alas ! he has suffered much grief and loss, for which China is ashamed to-day." Dr. Christie's magnanimity had touched the Viceroy's heart. "In all my intercourse with Dr. Christie, he has never spoken one reproachful word." He urged the wealthy men of Moukden to come

¹ Cf. article by Rev. James Webster in "Missionary Record of U.F. Church of Scotland," June, 1907.



DR. JACKSON, WITH DR. CHRISTIE'S CHILDREN

GLASGOW
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

forward and complete the hospital. "It is Dr. Christie's wish, and it is my wish, that this beneficent institution should be completed before the end of this year." It is interesting to note the issue. The President of the Merchants' Guild (who was not a Christian), together with another merchant, asked Dr. Christie to send to them from time to time for money as he required it. He took them at their word, and the whole hospital was completed by November. For the evil deeds of seven years before, Moukden had made a great atonement.

The hospital is free, with the exception of a charge for food, which is made upon all except the very poorest. It is recognized as a charitable institution, and any other financial policy would entirely change the character of the hospital. But increasing support is received through the thankofferings of patients, and from the gifts of the richer men of the city, many of whom pay an annual subscription. "Of course, some take advantage of us," writes Dr. Christie,¹ "and give nothing, when they could well afford a gift.

¹ Christie, "Ten Years in Manchuria," p. 51.

About thirty miles away lives a prosperous inn-keeper, who was blind from cataract. This year both eyes have been operated on, and his sight is now very good. He is an old man, and is rather deaf. But it is remarkable how his deafness increased when the subject of religion was introduced; and he was deafest of all when my assistant explained to him that he ought to show his gratitude in a more practical way than words, and subscribe to pay for the keep of some who were not so well off as he. As he was too deaf to hear a word of this, the subscription book was brought, and he was made to use his newly found sight in examining it. After this he could refuse no longer and put his name down for fifty tiaos (25s.)—which has not been paid yet.”

The hospital is true to its name. It is avowedly a Mission Hospital. “Its high aim from the first has been to use the art of healing as a means of revealing the love of God to man.”¹ During the first four and a half years, fifty-four patients were baptized. Afterwards a period of pro-

¹ Rev. James Webster, in article quoted above.

bation for converts after leaving the hospital was insisted on, and none are now baptized as hospital converts ; but in the year after the new hospital was opened, one hundred and eight names were enrolled in the list of catechumens, and the spiritual influence of the work is far greater now than in the early days. The staff includes two hospital evangelists, one of whom spends most of his time in following up, in their homes, patients who have professed a desire to know more of " Jesus' Religion."

Dr. Christie and his colleagues could not have carried on the work without the aid of native assistants, who have rendered admirable service. Two of the native helpers have been connected with the hospital for twenty years. In addition, Dr. Christie has had under his charge a succession of medical students, for in 1891 he began the work of training men for the position of medical evangelist. The work has proved successful. Hence arose the necessity for a medical college, in which the work could be done more adequately and on a larger scale, so that Manchuria, with its need of medical science and of religion, might have the services of Christian doctors. It was a

project with great possibilities: small wonder that it captured the imagination of Arthur Jackson. He could not doubt that he had found his life-work.

CHAPTER V

THE JOURNEY EAST

THE steamer on which Jackson sailed in September was the *Lützow*, one of the North-German Lloyd boats sailing from Southampton. Jackson, who found himself in the company of twelve other missionaries, greatly enjoyed the voyage. He entered with zest into the various pastimes which are a necessity on shipboard. He sang at the concerts. "I am to sing our old friend 'The Motor Car,'" he writes. "Last night we had a Fancy Dress Ball. I went as a lemon-cream sandwich. I cannot say it was a very successful imitation, but at any rate it raised a laugh. I had a brilliant inspiration, however, and dressed up Hodgson as a Moorish woman in two of the curtains from the bunks. The get-up was very effective, and he tied with another man for the prize for the most original costume. I soon got out of my rig-out, and spent the evening watch-

ing the others dance." One of his companions writes: "He endeared himself to all. The children loved him. He was always willing to play with them, and also ready to play chess with any who wished." On Sundays, Jackson, who was travelling second-class, organized services for the steerage passengers. "One Sunday morning," writes one who was going to take up work as nurse at the Methodist Hospital at Nanking, "Dr. Jackson asked some of us if we would go with him over to the third-class for service. He was to preach, and we were glad to go with him. It was a very hot day: we were in the Indian Ocean. We held the service in the third-class dining-room. There were about twenty people present, and we sang without hymn-books some familiar hymns. I remember one hymn was 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.' Dr. Jackson preached on 'The Ten Lepers.' I remember he brought out our lack of appreciation of God's love, and our unreadiness to praise Him for what He has done for us."

On shipboard Jackson had an excellent opportunity for letter-writing. In consequence, his letters contain practically a diary of the voyage.

The places at which he was able to land were full of interest to him, and about all he writes there is the happy touch of individuality : there was no guide-book at his elbow. So the story can be told largely in his own words, and it will serve to illustrate the keenness of his observation and the width of his interests. He touched life at many points.

“ We had two hours ashore at Gibraltar,” he writes on October 8th, “ eight hours at Algiers, and a day and a half at Genoa. It was very interesting seeing the places and the different kinds of people. Genoa is a beautiful place, except in the immediate vicinity of the shipyards. The hills all round about rise up very steep to sharp summits, and there are a number of old forts on the crests of these. The streets in many places are very narrow and very steep. In a fishing village to which we went one afternoon, what seemed to be quite a main street was almost as steep as the side of a house. The houses are painted bright colours and look most picturesque in the sunlight. We left Genoa on Thursday afternoon, and are due in Port Said to-night.”

“ We arrived at Ceylon,” he writes, “ about

6 a.m. last Saturday (October 22nd). It had rained heavily in the night, and it was still raining as we ran inside the harbour and moored to one of the big buoys, about three-quarters of a mile from the quay. The harbour is an artificial one, and one of the largest of its kind in the world. Quite close to us, and lying nearer to the breakwater, was a Portuguese man-of-war, which was still flying the royal flag. I was rather disappointed with my first view of Colombo. Everything looked cold and grey, and, as the surrounding country is very flat, the whole scene, apart from the shipping in the harbour, looked very uninteresting." This is disconcerting. Bishop Heber would surely have regarded it as rank heresy. But subsequent impressions were rather more favourable.

"We went on shore about 9.30 a.m., and as soon as I landed I was agreeably surprised. The town is well built, with good streets which are kept clean, and there was a general air of smartness which contrasted favourably with Algiers and Port Said. We hired a couple of rickshaws, and went out to the cinnamon gardens, on the way to which we passed the outskirts of the town.

I was rather disappointed in the gardens, for the name is certainly misleading. The cinnamon trees are few and far between, and a guide is needed to point them out. On the way back we passed a real cinnamon garden, which is farmed by the Government, but there was no scent-laden air, nor any of the other poetical accompaniments which one is led to expect : you had to crush the leaf before you could smell the spice." No doubt the "spicy breezes" blow at another season of the year !

"We left Colombo at 11 p.m. on Saturday, and since then the voyage has been uneventful. But I must tell you this. One of the English passengers was ill, and the ship's doctor came to examine her. He was examining her chest, and, whenever he wanted her to breathe, he solemnly said, 'Perspire' !

"We got into Penang on Wednesday evening (October 26th) about four o'clock. It was very pretty coming into the harbour, which lies on the east side of the island, which is only about three-quarters of a mile distant from the mainland. There are some high mountains on the mainland, though the shore is flat ; but Penang itself is very

mountainous, the hills rising up almost straight from the shore on the northern end. They are covered with trees right up to the top in most places, and, as we sailed past, they reminded me very strongly of the scenery on the west coast of Scotland. We went on shore, but it was dark, so that I did not see much of the place, though we drove along one road where the overarching trees were very fine.

“ We sighted the islands outside of Singapore about 11 a.m. on Friday (October 28th), and reached the wharf at 1.30. The entrance is very pretty, as there are numerous islands covered with vegetation, with here and there the brick-red soil showing through. Just before you enter the harbour itself, the channel runs between two islands, and is only about four hundred yards from shore to shore. Unfortunately, you are not allowed to take photographs of anything within a radius of $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles of the fortifications, which are situated on the hills above the town, and also on the islands at the entrance. It was rather annoying, as just opposite the wharf was a Malay village, built on piles, while behind the village was a small wooded hill on the island,

and the whole made a very pretty picture. However, as there were police on the jetty watching the steamer, it was hardly worth while risking it, as it seems that they are very strict indeed. . . . We went for a rickshaw ride out into the residential part of the town, where the roads are very pretty and the big bungalows have fine gardens. Of course, palms are the predominating trees, but everything grows most luxuriantly. The rickshaw coolie did not know any English, but I had been posted up in the four necessary words, namely, *Pergi* (pronounced 'piggie') go on; *Berhenti*, stop; *Kannon*, right, *Quiré*, left. The fare is 10 cents a mile, which I calculated roughly from the time, and then added on ten to twenty cents as a margin. You can take it for granted that the coolie will be dissatisfied and shout for more, but as there are numerous policemen, whose duty it is to settle disputes with them, one has not much bother. . . . A number of diving boys came round the steamer as soon as we got in, and it was very interesting to watch them. They were in small dug-out canoes for the most part, and the way they got into them after they had dived was

extraordinary : they just put their leg in and then sat down without any apparent effort. The diving is not really very marvellous, as they usually get the money before it has gone more than three or four feet below the surface : it falls quite close to them, and they dive or slip overboard in a second. The sound of their diving was most enticing, but there was no bathing to be had."

Under date of November 3rd, he writes : "Yesterday we began to draw near to land [Hong-Kong], the first sign being our sighting several fishing-junks. They were good-sized boats, and, though they looked very quaint, they were apparently very good sea boats. The poop is extraordinarily high and broad in appearance, though on closer inspection the upper wide part is seen to be chiefly a sort of open scaffolding arrangement. The bow is low, and there is less freeboard there than anywhere else : there are two or three masts, one right in the bows and raked forward, one in the middle, and occasionally one aft, which is about the size of the one in the bows. The sails are usually of matting, stretched between laths or spars. Painted on

the bows are two eyes, so that the ship may see where she is going. To look at them you would think that they would bury their nose in the first sea that they came across, but instead they seem very dry, as far as one could judge as we passed them. About two o'clock in the afternoon we first sighted land, and at four we entered a sort of avenue of islands, which leads up to the west entrance of Hong-Kong harbour, the two rows of islands being about seven miles apart at the commencement, and the islands varying from a half-mile to a mile and a half in length. As we drew nearer, we saw the island of Hong-Kong itself right ahead, with its Peak standing out finely. The islands closed in as we approached, and looked pretty in the sunlight, though very bare. Hong-Kong island itself looked fine, and its south coast has many inlets, which would make it ideal for cruising round."

From Colombo, the Bishop of Victoria (Hong-Kong) had been on board. At Hong-Kong he invited Jackson to stay the night at his house, a kindness which was much appreciated after the weeks spent on the water. The Bishop had been at one time Vicar of Litherland, near Liverpool,

and they had mutual friends. "He is, I think," Jackson writes, "the broadest Church of England clergyman I know, and you felt that he really did believe that Anglicans were not on a higher plane than ordinary men. . . . Through an introduction from the Bishop, I saw over the big new military hospital, and I also saw over the L. M. S. mission hospital. I went up the cable tramway which runs up to the Peak, and then took a chair ride round Mt. Kellet, one of the hills, from the road round which you get a good view of the southern coast of the island. The town itself is a very nice clean place, with many fine buildings and a long sea frontage."

Shanghai was reached on Sunday, November 6th. Here he was commandeered to act as best man at the wedding of a missionary whom he met there for the first time. He found afterwards that he was a distant connection of the bride. "I think I told you," he writes to his cousin, "that while in Shanghai I helped to marry Mr. Mackenzie to Dr. Ellie Miller. I now learn that Mrs. Mackenzie (late Dr. Miller) has an aunt who is an aunt of yours. Mrs. Mackenzie also says that she knew you very well. Will you

kindly explain exactly what connection I am to Mrs. Mackenzie, and work it out to the tenth place of decimals ? ”

He left Shanghai on Thursday, November 10th, and sailed up the coast to Dalny. “ It was rather cold and unpleasant. There was a strong north-west monsoon, which made the small *Saikio Maru* plunge about a good bit.” Fortunately he was a good sailor, but he did not have much company in the saloon at meal-times. “ We reached Dalny about 6.30 p.m. on Saturday instead of 2 p.m., and owing to the extraordinary time that the Japs took in getting alongside the quay we were not off the boat till 7.30, so that I missed my train, which left at 8, the station being some distance from the quay. So I had to put up at the Yamato Hotel. I left Dalny at 10.30 a.m., and got to Moukden at 10.57 p.m. It was a most interesting journey, and the scenery in places was very fine, as we passed through a hilly district for some time. The line is guarded throughout its length by Japanese soldiers, and is an entirely Jap concern, only taking Japanese money, which makes one more complication in the financial muddle which reigns

here. I may mention in passing that we have four different kinds of currency here : (1) taels ; (2) Mexican dollars ; (3) small dollars ; (4) Japanese yen—each with their derivatives. The exchanges between these are, of course, a fruitful source of income to banks and money-changers.” Dr. Christie and Dr. Young met him at the station, and soon after midnight they reached Dr. Young’s house, and his journey had ended.

CHAPTER VI

MOUKDEN

MOUKDEN is no mean city. Great Britain has several cities which are accorded the title of second city of the Empire: the speeches of politicians visiting provincial centres are proof of that. But in the Chinese Empire this rank belongs indisputably to Moukden. The capital of Manchuria, it is a city of historic importance, being the ancient seat of the reigning dynasty. The imperial tombs are among the chief objects of interest. "There lies buried Nurhachu, the founder of the dynasty. There are few more impressive tombs than this of the mountain chief, who raised his clan from perfect obscurity to be the rulers of the most populous empire the world has ever seen. Situated in the country, away from the din of city life, in the midst of a park of sombre cypresses and pines many miles in extent, and surrounded by a wall at the

massive gateway of which guards are placed to prevent any but Manchus of pure descent from entering,¹ it impresses the imagination with a sense of dignified repose, in truest keeping with its object" (Younghusband, "Heart of a Continent," p. 8). Moukden has to-day a population of a quarter of a million. Outside the city are rolling plains, covered with millet fields; beyond are hills, and in the distance mountains with snow-capped peaks, only visible on the clearest days. The city itself is Peking on a smaller scale. Among its objects of interest are the Fox Temple and the Confucian Temple of Literature.

But, for a description of the city, I will turn to Jackson's letters. It is vividly depicted in his straightforward narrative. He takes as his starting-point the railway stations, which he was afterwards to know so well. "They lie about three or four miles to the west of the city, the Japanese line running south to Dalny, and the Chinese west to Tientsin and Peking. There is an old horse-tram running from the Japanese railway station up to the small west gate. As you come from the station, you go along a wide road

¹ This regulation has recently been withdrawn.

with a fairly good surface on one side of the car-lines, which run right down the middle. This part of the road is in the Japanese concession, and they only allow native carts on one side of the thoroughfare: by means of this regulation half the road is preserved, while the other side is cut into great ruts, as the local carts have narrow small wheels and are very heavy.

“When you get outside of the Jap concession, the whole road is one mass of cart-ruts, with the tram-lines projecting about an inch from the general surface, admirably adapted for playing havoc with the tyres on carriage wheels. The road, which is a fine width, was quite good about two years ago when it was made, but has been allowed to go unrepaired. Surrounding the suburbs of the city there is a mud wall [fully thirteen miles in circumference] about 9 feet high and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet broad; immediately outside this is the foreign concession where the consulates are situated. All this area has only recently been occupied; the buildings are quite new, with the exception of an old temple, and a small park has been laid out. Inside the mud wall, the road narrows and becomes worse; it is lined by

small shops, among which grain dealers and joiners predominate at first; as you proceed towards the city, the wares become more general. The shops are one-storied, open more or less to the road, and you can see them grinding corn by means of an upper and a nether millstone turned by ponies.

“The city itself is surrounded by a very substantial brick wall, 40 feet high and 40 feet thick at the base. The west gate is surmounted by a tower of the usual Chinese pattern. Inside the city, the shops are packed close, but practically all the houses are still only one story. The shops display signs painted on long strips of cloth which they hang on poles, and above all there are numberless telephone and telegraph poles, also poles for carrying transmission wires for electric light, by which the streets are lighted. All sorts of things project into the road from either side, and, as there is no sidewalk, the only place to walk is in the middle of the road. Everybody comes to this conclusion, and also agrees to ignore the presence of any wheeled vehicle, so that when you drive through the street the coachman keeps up a continual shout

of 'He!', and progress is very slow. There are only a few foreign carriages, and most of the people walk, though empty rickshaws abound to such an extent as to be a positive nuisance. There are policemen posted every 200 yards, who do nothing to assist the traffic. The shops are all native, with the exception of two or three. Furriers abound; in parts almost every shop is displaying furs, which seem to be cheaper here than at home. The main street is interrupted by two towers, one the Drum Tower, and the other the Bell Tower. [The drum is beaten on the approach of an enemy, and the bell strikes the watches, and is rung on alarm of fire.] The people on the whole are a hardy-looking set, and quite a good size. There are plenty of big strong men, and the weights that the coolies carry are enormous. The coolies seem a jolly set of fellows; one often sees them ragging each other in a playful way as they stand at the corner of the streets. There are a considerable number of police, who carry rifles at night, and the military spirit is continually in evidence. We have the benefit of this in the musical line, for one of the bridges over the Shao Hoa is a favourite spot

for would-be buglers to come and practise. Blue is the prevailing colour of dress, and the people wear clothes of the usual Chinese pattern. So the general tone of the place is thoroughly Chinese ; but the telegraph poles, red post pillar-boxes, and policemen in European-looking uniforms give a Western touch which is very incongruous.

“ The local beasts of burden are Manchurian ponies, mules, donkeys, and oxen. Mules predominate, and a cart team very often consists of three mules harnessed abreast with a Manchurian pony in the shafts. The carters have no reins, but whips with long, springy, and powerful shafts. The ponies are very sturdily built and have long shaggy hair. They can apparently stand any amount of cold, and I understand even in winter are not taken into a stable, but left out all night in the snow. Dr. Christie has a Russian drosky and a Manchurian pony, and the way it goes down and up the steepest inclines, and bumps over the most astonishing boulders, speaks volumes for the hardness of both beast and machine.”

One of his letters, written early in December,

gives a picture of scenes on the river bank :
“ The weather lately has been comparatively mild, as, though it is freezing, the wind is from the south, and it is quite like a crisp spring day. I was out for a walk yesterday afternoon along the river bank, and everything looked most picturesque. There were two companies of pack mules crossing the frozen river, and the sun, which was getting low, lit up everything with a soft amber tint, which made the leafless trees which are scattered about, and the dry, bare, millet fields, look quite beautiful. I also met two droves of young Chinese pigs, which are covered with longish black hair, and the picture they made might have come out of a fairy book, in which some princely swineherd of the Middle Ages figured.”

Jackson took up his quarters for the time being with Dr. Young, who was associated with Dr. Christie in the work of the hospital. Afterwards he intended to share a house with Dr. Mole, who was going out to be his colleague on the staff of the Medical College. His first task was to unpack his luggage, and the issue proved that the task was no light one. The experience was

educative, and led him to formulate some "Rules for those about to nail up packing-cases," which are worth quoting :—

"1. Remember that the packing-case will subsequently be opened, unless the consignee dies in the attempt.

"2. Two-inch nails are quite sufficient to keep the lid down : three-inch ones are an unnecessary luxury.

"3. The nails need not be put at intervals of two inches, nor in such a way that it is necessary to break the case in pieces to get them out.

"4. Mail a chisel and a blacksmith's hammer under a separate cover by same post."

The first week he was in Moukden, Jackson was interested in making the acquaintance of the European residents, of whom there are about twenty in the city. Dr. Christie took him on a round of visits, which he much enjoyed. He soon settled down to work. He took duty at the hospital, and did some successful work in the operating theatre. It was early apparent that he was in his right place. After he had been there two months he had a visit from his cousin (Mr. Colin Jackson), who was on a tour round the

world. Mr. Jackson writes : " Even in the short two days I spent with him, I saw plainly how very much he was valued by all the staff, and how well fitted he was for his post ; for he never lost temper and was always in equipoise, a characteristic which the Oriental admires above all things. He will, I know, be a great loss to the mission quite apart from his personal presence, for he had quite a lot of independent, as well as interdependent, work in the hospital, and he had already made his mark there." Mrs. Christie pays him a like tribute : " Often during the last two months my husband and I have said to each other, ' Is it not wonderful how God has brought to us a man like Dr. Jackson ; so exactly the man we need ? ' He was so eminently suited for the Chinese, winning their respect and liking from the first. They admire a man with backbone and decision of character, and along with that he was so patient and good-natured with them."

On Sundays he attended morning service in the East Gate Church, and in the afternoon at the hospital. These services were conducted in Chinese and, apart from the sense of common

worship, could not convey much to him. He was struck by the largeness of the attendance at church; the men's side (separated from the women's by a curtain) accommodated three to four hundred, and there were few empty seats. Later in the afternoon an English service was regularly held in the drawing-room of the ladies' house in the Mission settlement. "We take it in turn to conduct the service," he writes, "and it fell to my lot last Sunday, as I was a new arrival. I did not much care for having to address a number of missionaries older than myself. However, I will not have to do it again for some time, and, of course, I did not make it a sermon, but just took the incident of Christ at the house of Simon the Pharisee, and talked about it. I do think that is one of the most beautiful incidents in the Gospels, and at the same time most soul-searching. I find it so easy to sit comfortably like Simon, acknowledging Christ outwardly, but in reality patronising Him instead of surrendering to Him my all."

The first Sunday he was at church in Moukden there was a ceremony in which women and babies figured prominently. He was new to their

ways of dress, and describes their adornments with scientific precision. "It was rather a quaint sight. The majority of women out here do their hair somewhat in the manner I have tried to sketch." The accompanying diagram is beyond the copyist's art to reproduce. "As you can understand, these hoops are just the place to stick bits of coloured ribbons in, and, as the babies had also bits of ribbon stuck on what hair they had, it all reminded me rather of a May-day procession in Liverpool."

He set himself ardently to the task of learning the language. The difficulty of Chinese is proverbial, and is largely due to the "tones" which play so prominent a part in the differentiation of words. French can be spoken without a Parisian accent; English tourists occasionally do so speak it. A correct accent is an added grace. But to mispronounce Chinese creates not amusement but confusion. What you say depends on how you say it. You make a mistake in inflection, and as a result you have used a word which may be ridiculously remote from the one you intended. "For example, *ma*¹ [i.e. in the first tone] means 'mother'; *ma*²

means 'hemp'; *ma*³ means 'horse'; *ma*⁴ is 'to curse.' Care must be taken, therefore, when addressing a mother not to swear, or when calling for your horse not to be handed a piece of hemp. Tell your boy to bring you a chair, but do not be surprised if he presents you with a piece of soap (*yi*¹ *tsu*, *yi*³ *tsu*). A man, who wished to invite a friend into a restaurant for some refreshment, only understood why his invitation was declined when informed that he had really asked him to walk into his coffin (*kuan tsu* : *kuan*). Not less amusing was the enthusiastic missionary who, while inculcating the duty of preaching the doctrine (*ch'uan tao*), really informed his hearers that they ought to wear trousers (*chuan t'ao*)."¹

This difficulty is illustrated by some remarks in one of Jackson's letters : " I have been given a new name, which I cannot spell yet, but I will give you some idea of it. It starts off with 'Chia'; this is pronounced rather like 'Ja,' and in the first tone, that is, you say it long and evenly; you must not say it in the third tone, which goes down and up, or it would have the

¹ "East of the Barrier" (Graham), p. 44 f.

same sound as the word which means 'false.' As a matter of fact, pronounced in the first tone, it has the same sound as the word meaning 'good' or 'excellent.' But it is quite a different word from either of these adjectives, and has a character of its own: it is one of the hundred surnames which Chinese possesses. Then I have two additions of the nature of our Christian names put after Chia; they are Kè Swin, at least they sound something like that, so, if you say the whole quickly, you may arrive at something like Jackson. For ordinary purposes I am known as Chia Daifu, i.e. Dr. Chia."

"I am led on," he continues, "to tell you something about the language; it is really wonderful. Whoever invented it seems to have had an enormous stock of h's, s's, c's, w's, and n's, which he no doubt bought at some jumble sale, and it is a wonder the whole thing has not been sold long ago at another. I can tell you that saying 'Peter Piper,' etc., or any such catch, is child's play to managing your s's and w's in Chinese. But do not think that it is an impossible language, for I have already told a coolie more than once to bring me hot water,

and he knew what I meant!" Letters from friends at Moukden testify to the eagerness with which he grappled with the language, and the lists of words, with the English meanings written in his own hand, which have been sent home as a sorrowful relic of his days in Moukden, bear out their testimony. His many errors, when he attempted to speak, caused him much delight. When he had successfully delivered himself of a Chinese sentence, he considered that he had done a good day's work. He purposed going in February to Peking for more systematic tuition in the language, but in the critical days at the station in January, he was able to make good use of the knowledge he had already acquired. "I think he was wonderful," someone wrote from Moukden, "to have got enough of the language to go about with, in so short a time."

During these days of busy work in Moukden he seized eagerly on any news from the home country. He did not see a daily paper regularly, and he asked his friends in writing to him to mention events of which otherwise he might be unlikely to hear. The weeklies sent out to him helped to keep him in touch with affairs. His

gratitude for these was tempered with discrimination. On January 16th he writes : " If mother ordered the Over-seas ' Daily Mail ' for me, though of course I appreciate very much her kind thoughtfulness, I think there is no necessity to continue it : it is really very ' Daily Maily.' "

But Jackson's interest in affairs of state had always been subordinate to his interest in individuals. His strength lay in personal intercourse rather than in his mastery of public questions. His death roused the conscience of China, but in life he dealt with individuals rather than groups, and, though his friends were many, he had never grudged the time necessary to keep his friendships in repair. His letters are full of personal references and enquiries about friends. But it is noteworthy that there is nothing said in them about loneliness, or a sense of isolation. He was out in Moukden doing the business of his choice, and he accepted without murmuring all that it entailed. Even Christmas, with all the home memories that it evoked, did not betray him into self-pity. " Distance cannot really separate us completely," he writes to his mother.

Some of his most entertaining letters were written to his youngest sister Mary: "I am glad you are having such a stirring time—thunderstorms, French plays, Y.W.C.A. teas, Akeroyd concerts, and weddings. It seems to me a good thing you have not got to practise any accompaniments for me, or I am afraid some of the other entertainments would have to go. I hope you have got some pieces of music by the latest French composers. You know a young lady who is a member of a French Literary Society, must be careful to live as much as possible in a French atmosphere. To practise really French music for half an hour each day will do wonders to preserve that continental cast of mind, which is essential for the culture of the charmingly vivacious manner so indissolubly connected with our delightful neighbours across the Channel. N.B. With a few alterations this would do admirably for an advertisement either for a Berlitz School, a gramophone, or a ladies' tailor, don't you think?"

After telling her his difficulties with regard to Chinese, he comes back to the subject of French. "I was surprised to learn from your letter, that

you were taken aback when the Post Office clerk asked you to write a description of the contents of your parcel in French. I should have thought that you would have jumped at the opportunity to knock off a nice racy little account in idiomatic French of the appearance of each article. You have no idea how such things smooth the way. Why, out here the head man at the G.P.O. is a Frenchman. Imagine his delight if he had come across your effusion. He would probably have sent you a present of a racoon skin on the spot, and have paid me special attentions. I send you some picture postcards of Moukden. Notice that the '*Sold Agent*' is Oboshi."

In another vein he writes to her: "I have received two copies of '*Punch*,' and they are very welcome. I also enjoyed the '*Church News*,' which came inside one of the '*Punches*.' Brassey Street" [the local mission attached to his home church] "seems to be forging ahead, and I hope that the new building will come up to expectations. I was very glad to hear that you were going down to teach at Brassey Street, old girl, and I am sure you will never regret doing so.

It is not always pleasant to trudge away down there on Sunday afternoon, but after all we are not aiming at doing merely the pleasant things. I know it did me a lot of good taking a Sunday-school class, as for one thing it made me realize my deficiencies more keenly. When we come to these boys or girls, and talk to them about religion, we are bound to feel that, unless Christianity is something more to us than mere words, it is hypocrisy and sheer waste of time attempting to do it. Of course, I do not mean to say that, before I started to teach in a Sunday-school, my religion was merely words, but, nevertheless, there was, and unfortunately still is, a big gap between one's preaching and one's practice, and to realize that drives us back more to Christ and to dependence on Him, and through Him, though not with any sudden bound, we can advance."

Among those for whom he was continually enquiring, an honourable place must be given to Dougie, a Scotch terrier, and as wayward as most of his breed. "I was grieved, but also interested to learn of Dougie's peregrinations. By next year he will probably turn up some

morning in Moukden." "I hope Dougie is well and flourishing, also that, while not unduly pugnacious, he is maintaining a Scotch reputation." On receiving news of a lapse into ill-health, he prescribes for Dougie. "I was sorry to note that Dougie was unwell again. Let me give you a word of advice. Try sanatogen! He has not got pneumonia, nor has he actinomycosis; he is suffering from an ache of a very common order, and for that there is nothing like sanatogen, which combines the properties of a digestive biscuit, a steel tonic, a glass of brandy, a mustard poultice, and a tin-tack—in a teaspoon: the tin-tack is the stimulating component." "How is Dougie? I hope he has overcome his bad habit of digging in the garden, and that his obedience when on the road and his skill in performing tricks are increasing daily. The Bishop of Victoria has a Chow dog which is blind in one eye, but, nevertheless, shows a marked predilection for a bite at coolies' legs, whenever the Bishop goes out in a rickshaw; but he is an aristocratic dog, and never goes for a European."

Jackson improved his acquaintance with the European residents, and with the native students

of the Arts College, on the football field. He gives an account of a match played on January 7th. The previous game had ended in a draw, and the students were anxious to improve on this result. It was football under difficulties. "It was rather an unfavourable day, as it had snowed in the night, and was snowing, off and on, practically the whole day. However, they brushed most of the snow off the ground, and, as the college fellows were anxious to play, we took them on. They won the toss, but for some reason chose to play against the wind and snow, and were four down at half-time, but scored once in the second half. After half-time our centre half had to go in goal, as the goalkeeper was getting cold. I may say that an intimate knowledge of the game was not a necessary qualification for the players on either side."

The snow, which interfered with football, made skating impossible, but before this time he had spent an hour or two on the ice enjoying his old pastime. Another recreation that seemed likely to be possible later on, was fishing. Arthur had written home for his rod, and was expecting good sport. He had not always found all he

had looked for in home waters, but the angler lives by hope.

On Christmas Day he was much impressed by an address from Mr. Gillanders, a delegate from the Laymen's Missionary Movement of Victoria (Australia), who had been connected with work among the students in Melbourne University. "He told us," he writes to his brother, "of the great deepening of spiritual life they have had through a more complete recognition and acknowledgment of the work of the Holy Spirit in making our lives more Christlike. He was very sane about it, and there was no talk about perfection, or sudden sanctification in that sense, but, on the other hand, he emphasized the fact that Christ expressly promised that the Holy Spirit would give us power, and it was our duty to trust Him to do so, the great matter being the complete and conscious surrender of our wills to the Holy Spirit. I certainly feel the need of a fuller life in accordance with Christ's ideals. How impotent we are in the face of all this mass of contented heathendom, unless we really have power from on high! Of course, there is nothing new in all this, and we all have a measure of the

Spirit dwelling in us, but such accounts make us ask if we have all that we might have. I know that I have been too anxious, because I have been looking at my own weakness instead of trusting God and letting Him supply the strength. It is an easy thing to say, 'When I am weak, then am I strong,' but another thing to go forward and act upon it. I know you are praying for me, and will you think about this specially, that I may be more filled with the Spirit, and be so helped that nothing in me may prevent the Holy Spirit's work?" It was in this spirit—or rather with this Spirit—that he faced the new year, and what it brought to him.

CHAPTER VII

THE PLAGUE

JACKSON had now been two months in Moukden. Closely as he had observed what he had seen of the city, he had not yet visited the Imperial Tombs and Palace for which Moukden is famous. A man is generally slow to explore the city in which he is living. A Londoner sometimes has to ask the way to the Tower. The undergraduate often has seen less of Cambridge than the American tourist who arrives, guide-book in hand, for one laborious day, and, bent on his purpose, hurries away from the railway station—as well he might, for it is perhaps the longest, and certainly the dreariest, that England can boast. The visit of a friend is necessary to spur the resident to a tour of exploration. In Moukden the visit of a home friend is a rare event, and proportionately welcome; for visitors are to be counted among those blessings which do not

necessarily increase by multiplication. Very opportunely, in January, in the last week of Arthur's freedom, came the visit of his cousin, Mr. Colin Jackson, whose letter has already been quoted. He reminded Arthur not only of Scotland but of Moukden, and together they spent Wednesday, January 11th, in sight-seeing. In the last letter that Arthur wrote (dated January 21st, the Saturday before he died) he describes his impressions of what he saw.

“ We had a very jolly couple of days together. I think he enjoyed the time, and I did. On Wednesday morning we went out to see the Imperial Tombs, which are one of the sights. They are situated in the middle of a pine wood, and are decorated with yellow, green, and red tiles. The white snow, which was everywhere, as we had a fairly heavy fall a few days ago, set off everything to advantage. We were in the middle of a very cold spell while he was here, so he got a real taste of Manchurian winter ; in the morning of the day on which he went away the thermometer was down to 30° below zero (Fahr.), i.e. 62° of frost. In the afternoon of the Wednesday we went over the Imperial Palace

in the middle of the city, where there are many imperial heirlooms and a very fine collection of Chinese porcelain. As I had been to neither of these places before, I enjoyed seeing them also. In these Imperial buildings the decoration is elaborate, and the painting on the roofs very fine, while the tile work is also beautiful."

His cousin left Moukden on Thursday, January 12th. Immediately afterwards Arthur was plunged into the fight against plague. For weeks past, plague had been looming black on their horizon. It was first noted in Manchurie, a small town in the extreme north, on October 12th, 1910. On November 7th it reached Harbin, where the Taotai was so dilatory in adopting measures for keeping it in check that he was deposed, as a result of Russian protests. His successor took strong action. The city was divided into districts, and residents kept to their own quarters by a military cordon. A plague hospital with branch establishments was set up, and notification of cases insisted upon. The victims were cremated—a great shock to Chinese sentiment. But the delay had proved fatal. The plague had taken hold of the city, and in a

few weeks no fewer than three thousand people died. And still the plague crept south. On December 14th it reached Changchun. At the beginning of January cases were reported in Moukden. The plague had followed the quickest line of travel. The railway had done its work. It was part of the penalty of civilization that Harbin, Changchun, and Moukden, the three railway centres, became the three plague centres.

Plague has left its mark deep on the world's history, as also upon its literature, for some of the greatest of writers—Thucydides, Boccaccio, Gibbon, Defoe—have depicted its horrors. The story goes back into remote periods, and no definite account is forthcoming of plague's first beginnings. But in Europe there have been two great outbreaks, which are historical landmarks—the plague in the sixth century in the reign of Justinian, and the Black Death which swept the continent in the fourteenth century, carrying off twenty-five million people. The sixth-century epidemic plunged Europe into the darkness of the Middle Ages, while the social upheaval that followed upon the Black Death

marks the dawn of a new era.¹ The Great Plague of London, dire as was its mortality, was shortlived, and there has been no epidemic in England since 1667. Plague was banished from Europe after the first quarter of the eighteenth century, and in the early part of the nineteenth century it was practically extinct the world over, except that it lingered in certain mountainous districts and among the swamps in the Caucasus region ; but these places were so inaccessible that the disease had little opportunity of spreading. It seemed that we had outlived the possibility of a recurrence of plague on any wide scale. Thus in the middle of the nineteenth century Sir James Simpson was able to write of it as a “ practically obsolete disease.” Then in the seventies it awoke in Yunnan, a mountainous province of China. In ten years it reached the coast, and devastated Canton and Hong-Kong. Spreading to India, it has been endemic there since 1896, and its effects have been disastrous. In 1904, during the hot season, it is reckoned that there were thirty thousand deaths in a week in the Punjab alone—out of a population less than half that of England.

¹ Cf. Creighton, “ History of Epidemics in Britain,” p. 2.

In all, since plague again seized India, it has carried off more than seven millions of her people.

For several years past there has been plague in Manchuria, notably in Newchwang, where each winter there has been a small outbreak. In Manchuria plague is a winter disease; the intense cold forces an abandonment of the healthy outdoor life, and the people crowd themselves in their ill-kept, rat-infested homes, which are innocent of ventilation. This winter (1910-11) plague broke out in the north. It seems to have originated among the trappers. Plague is endemic among the marmots of Transbaikalia (as among the marmots of the Caucasus and the ground-squirrels of California). These marmots are being trapped in increasing numbers, and their skins used to make imitations of sables and other furs; and it is thought that a number of new trappers, ignorant of the danger and unable to detect the signs of the disease in animals they have caught, have themselves contracted plague, and spread it in railway carriages and crowded inns.¹ The outbreak, compared

¹ The trappers have been chiefly Mongols, who are expert, but increasing numbers of Chinese have been attracted by the profitable nature of the business.

with plague in India, has been on a small scale, but it has attracted infinitely more notice, and has engaged the serious attention of the sanitary authorities in every country in Europe. This is due to the unexampled virulence of the disease. From first to last it has been *pneumonic* plague, the only serious outbreak of plague in this form for centuries. It was in the hope of discovering the reason why plague took this deadly form, and of devising some means of fighting it effectively, that the Chinese Government established the Plague Commission, which met at Moukden, concluding its sittings in May. Its findings will mark an epoch in the investigation of the phenomena of plague. It is sufficient here to notice certain distinctive features of this outbreak.

Pneumonic plague has several peculiarities. Infection is abnormally easy: the breath is sufficient to convey it; and in this outbreak the infection seems to have spread from man to man. (Many rats were killed in Moukden during the plague, but in none were signs of the disease detected.) The disease takes from two to five days to run its course, but once it has openly

declared itself by the blood-streaked sputum, which follows upon the earlier symptoms of headache and fever, the patient has only a few hours to live; it is in the final stages that the infection is generally conveyed. Most startling of all facts connected with this outbreak is this: that in every known case death has resulted.¹ Moreover, it attacks Europeans almost as readily as Asiatics; comparatively few Europeans have come in contact with the plague, and though the death-roll is small, the death-rate is high. The new possibilities are appalling. An authority has affirmed that it is the most potentially formidable outbreak of disease for centuries. Dr. Cantlie, in the "Journal of Tropical Medicine," goes so far as to say: "This intensified virulence will have world-wide consequences." We in England can hardly count ourselves immune. The disappearance of plague from England can hardly be ascribed to effective sanitation (which is a modern development); and it may be that its recrudescence will tax our precautionary mea-

¹ "In the central plague hospital at Harbin 1600 plague patients were admitted; 1600 died. No adjectives are needed to intensify the significance of this simple statement."—"Times," March 23rd, 1911.

asures to the utmost. The Manchurian outbreak, in the words of a leading article in "The Times," is "a mystery and a warning."

The fact that plague had reached the city roused the authorities at Moukden to action. The Viceroy, who throughout has shown both wisdom and zeal, called in Dr. Christie to act as his medical adviser. On January 9th a Sanitary Board was formed. At this time there had been already five deaths in the city, and passengers were still pouring in from the infected districts in North Manchuria. For Moukden, as has been pointed out already, is a railway centre. The South Manchurian Railway, which is linked on to the Chinese Eastern Railway in the north and runs down to Port Arthur in the south, passes through Moukden; and there is also a line running south-west from Moukden which links up the South Manchurian Railway with the Imperial Railways of North China, so that passengers transferring on to this line can go through to Tientsin and Peking. Of these passengers there was a great number at this particular season, for it was the eve of the Chinese New Year, and coolies, who had been labouring up north,

were coming south in their thousands to keep the great festival; traffic was augmented much as it is in England at Christmas time. Some check on passengers at the Chinese station was urgently necessary if the southward march of the disease was to be stayed. A doctor was needed to stand between the plague-stricken and those cities to which their coming would mean death. Else, what could save Peking and the teeming millions of China?

For this post at the railway station Arthur Jackson volunteered. It was a post as honourable as it was perilous; and of the peril there could be no doubt. It was such as to add a new horror even to the word "plague." Dr. Mesney had already died of plague at Harbin, as Jackson knew. What if he, too, should die? What of his work in the Medical College? But Jackson was always more ready to do the immediate task than to speculate about prospective work. Writing about learning Chinese, he says, "Taken in small doses, it can be done"; he thought of the little he had to learn to-day, rather than of the mass which remained for to-morrow. And surely this was

part of the day's work. He had come out to Moukden for the sake of the Chinese, and here was an opportunity of doing them some service. Fear he did not know, for he had the perfect love which casteth out fear. The sense of his own risk—the brave man always sees the danger—was obscured by his knowledge of China's peril.

His letters from this time on were few and brief, and writing to his mother he naturally said nothing of his new work; but in a letter to his sister (Mrs. Ker) he mentions it. "You may have seen that plague is pretty bad in Northern Manchuria, and of course we are doing everything we can to prevent its coming south. The coolie traffic is being stopped, and the Chinese and Japanese authorities are exercising a pretty strict surveillance. The former have appealed to Dr. Christie, so we are working with them as far as we can. I have been 'vaccinated,' and I think that we will all probably get done. I am going to examine passengers on the Chinese Imperial Railway to try to prevent the plague getting south. However, the risk is not great for me, as this is the

terminus of the Chinese Railways, and all passengers from the north whom we get have first to pass the Japanese doctors on the line which connects this with Harbin. You need not mention this job I have got to mother, as it would only make her unnecessarily anxious. Of course, plague is a nasty thing, but we are hopeful of getting it under now that the coolie traffic has been stopped." Realizing the magnitude of his task, and yet making light of it, like the brave and modest man that he was, he took up his new work.

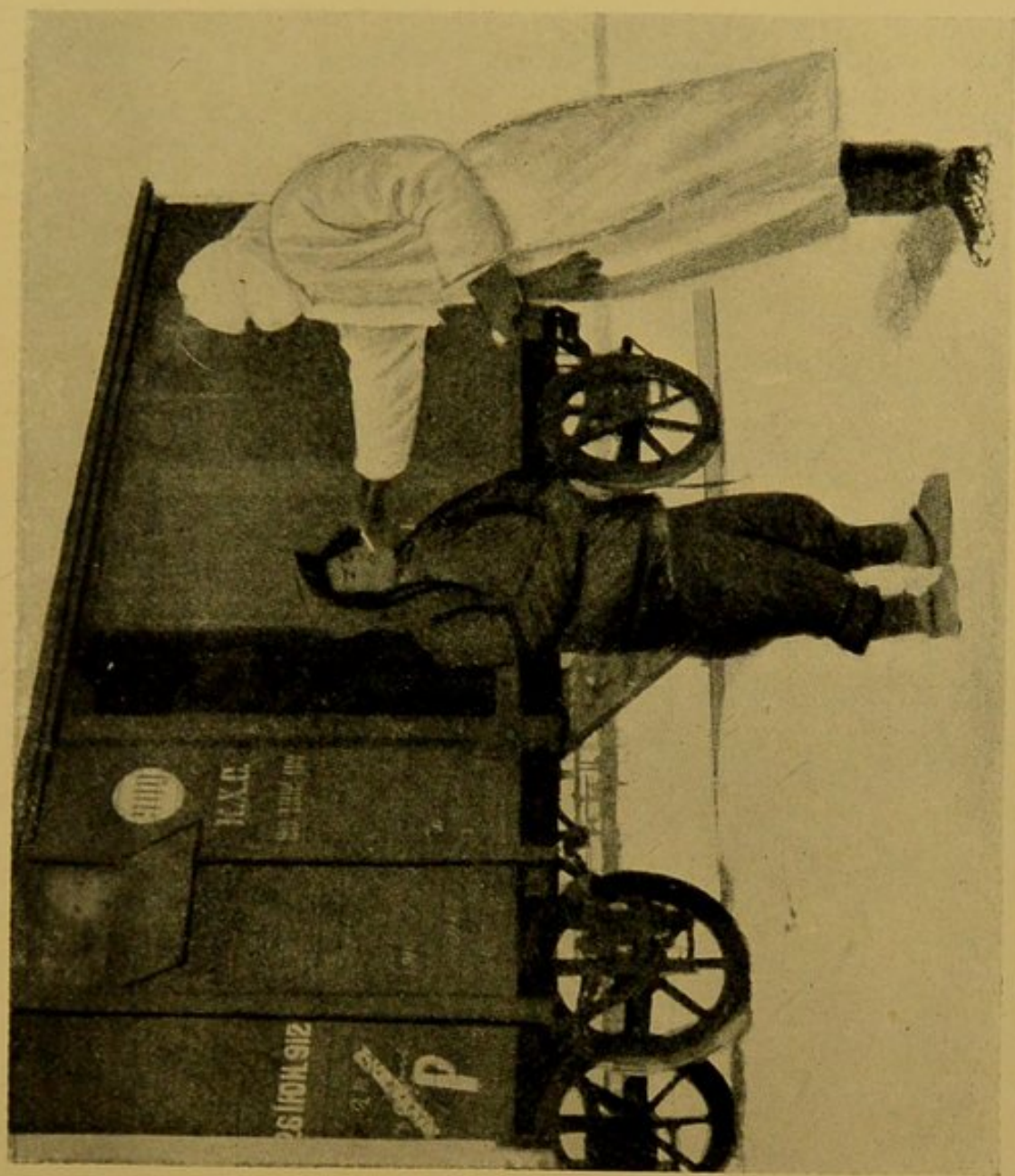
On Friday, January 13th, the mission doctors went over to the station to arrange for quarantine quarters, and that day he was inoculated with Haffkine's vaccine. That same day the Moukden correspondent of the "North China Daily News" wrote as follows: "To show how needful it is that the train traffic should be controlled or absolutely stopped, here is an instance. A man ran away from a plague-stricken house in Tiehling, some forty miles from here, on the South Manchurian Railway, and stayed in a lodging-house in this city (Moukden), where, so far as can be known, no

plague had broken out. To-day ten men were carried out from that one house, dead in one day, as the result of that one man's visit."

On Saturday afternoon, January 14th, Jackson took over his duties at the Chinese Railway station. A train-load of coolies had just left Moukden: it was the last train before the coolie traffic was suspended. This train was stopped at the frontier, for plague had broken out among the coolies and two had died. On Sunday it arrived back in Moukden. Thus Jackson had four hundred and seventy contact cases thrown on his hands. There was no provision for their isolation, for no such contingency had been foreseen. It was the depth of winter; that night there were sixty-two degrees of frost. Something had to be done. The only accommodation available was in some inns near the station, and a Chinese inn is far from being a ready-made hospital. But there the coolies were lodged and fed at the Government expense. That night several died, and many more the next day. It was evident that all the coolies must be examined, and the more immediate contacts separated systematically. This work

Jackson undertook. He could not leave them there to die, nor allow them to go, carrying infection with them. Careful isolation was the only hope of saving a remnant of them.

It was work under difficulties. A railway carriage had to serve as his dispensary. His knowledge of the language was too limited to help him much in dealing with men of many dialects. But he set about his task. He lined up the occupants of each inn, and went down the ranks. Suspects were carefully noted and taken to particular inns. Men obviously in the grip of the plague were removed to quarters where certain death awaited them. Many of the coolies pleaded piteously to be allowed to proceed on their journey; men who had stoutly protested themselves clear of all infection were dead before the morrow. This work of inspection was followed up day after day, as he went the round of the inns, keenly anxious to detect the first signs of plague breaking out in any of them, for delay in removing the patient would mean death to all his fellows. Jackson was dressed for the fray, wearing a white overall, and a mask and hood that covered his face and head; he



TAKING THE TEMPERATURE OF A PLAGUE SUSPECT.

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breathed through a pad saturated with strong disinfectant, and wore boots of strong oilskin.

From Tuesday, the 17th, Jackson slept at the station, that he might have fewer interruptions in his work, and day after day he worked with unremitting zeal. In addition to the medical work, there was the labour of organization, though in that he was helped by constant consultation with Dr. Christie. Later they secured six more houses; thus isolation was rendered more effective, as suspects could be better graded. But in the first week seventy men died.

His consideration for the coolies seems to have made a deep impression on all. It was heart-rending work for a man with any compassion, and Jackson's sympathies had not been dulled. Is a doctor ever without pity? Certainly it has been reported that in Harbin the victims were left to die in sorry plight, and strange things may indeed have happened when the authorities were suddenly confronted with so terrible a visitation. But in Moukden, Jackson did all that could be done for their comfort. There is emphatic testimony on this point from two men who stood by nobly at the station,

and rendered all the assistance in their power, namely, Mr. Elder, the railway inspector, and Mr. Norman Coppin. "Only those of us who laboured with him know the details of his work. But many a poor coolie received the support of the doctor's arm when being removed to the hospital, and many a one died the easier for Dr. Jackson having arranged a pillow for his head."¹ Mr. Coppin wrote in a letter home: "I had been working at the station for ten days with Dr. Jackson, and know he was a man of sterling worth and very brave. He went among the poor plague-stricken coolies, his only thought how he could, in face of many difficulties, alleviate their sufferings." Having loved them, he loved them unto the end.

He showed equal thoughtfulness for those who were working with him. They probably owe their lives to his care and the restraint which he put upon them. "He was most careful of us," is Mr. Elder's testimony. And Mr. Coppin writes: "He was also most careful and considerate of us. I can hear him now saying, 'Stand back, Elder,' 'Don't come too near,

¹ Extract from an article in a Tientsin paper by Mr. Elder.

Coppin, it's risky, and there is no use all of us running risks.' " These inns, dirty and uninviting at any time, might well have daunted the bravest, when their whole atmosphere was plague-laden ; but in and out of them Jackson was passing for ten days, looking after his men.

At first the coolies, receiving good treatment, with no lack of food or fire, were reasonably content with their position. They did not anticipate a long detention, but, as the days passed and their companions were dying by their side, panic seized them.¹ Persuasive methods failed to restore their confidence, and the military, stationed there on guard, proved unable to hold them in check ; a few of them escaped, carrying infection with them. But better counsels prevailed with the others, and the regular routine was resumed. They were led to see that they were not being wantonly sacrificed. The methods adopted were for their own as well as for the common good, as the issue proved.

¹ "Seventy of them have already died, and the fear is that none of the four hundred will escape. The poor men are almost mad with terror" ("Shanghai Mercury," February 1st). But by this time two hundred and ten had already been released, free from infection.

The fact that Jackson had taken up his quarters at the station did not mean that he was entirely cut off from the city and from his colleagues at the Mission Hospital. It was indeed necessary that he should keep in touch with them for purposes of advice and consultation. To this end the Viceroy put a carriage and horses at his personal disposal, and from time to time he drove over to the city. Thus on Thursday, the 19th, he dined with Dr. Christie, and afterwards spent some time with him, discussing plague affairs. On Monday, the 23rd, he drove in to meet several of the missionary circle at lunch. It was a welcome break. For a brief space the load was lifted from his shoulders, and even those who had come to know him were amazed at his cheery buoyancy. They knew what he had gone through in the week past, though they did not know that this was his last working day. But he had always gone blithely on his business, letting "cheerfulness abound with industry," and God had ever given him "courage and gaiety and the quiet mind." This Monday morning he put heart and hope into them all. Dr. Christie had much

responsibility weighing upon him, and had all the anxiety of a general who does not know whether his forces will be able to stand against the enemy; Jackson was apparently free from all shadow of anxiety. He was drinking the wine of battle. "The last time I saw him," writes one of the missionary circle, who lunched with him that day, "he was getting some special directions from Dr. Christie about the work at the station. It seemed as if the elder man was leaning on the younger, and Dr. Jackson said gaily, as he turned away, 'Well, we don't make money out here, but we do see life.' " At lunch he told them stories of his blundering attempts to speak Chinese, and retailed the various excuses made by the coolies who wanted permission to travel; with some it was business, with others brides, and neither brides nor business would wait. Dr. Leggatt writes: "I had the pleasure of sitting next to him at table. What a delightful personality he had! He was the centre of interest and the source of entertainment. I simply admired every inch of him; he was so unselfish, so enthusiastic, so capable. I saw him for about twenty minutes only, but I feel as if I

had lost a companion." To Mrs. Christie he seemed tired, but he put that down to her imagination, and would not own to it. About the heroism of his work at the station he would have nothing said. "It is a chance few fellows get," he said, and there was an end of it.

Half an hour after coming in, he was driving back to the station, for there was work awaiting him there. That afternoon he discharged a batch of sixty coolies, who owed their lives to his care in isolation. They were shaved, bathed with antiseptics, and supplied with new clothes at the expense of the Government, and sent away, each with his ticket-money, which had been returned by the railway authorities. Mr. Elder reports that Jackson was in high spirits that afternoon. Some of the coolies were already liberated, and the following day the rest were to be transferred to a spacious quarantine station which had been established largely through his endeavours, where they would find themselves in quarters very different from the inns in which originally they had been lodged. Something had been achieved; it is good to think that he had the reward of seeing some fruit of his toil.

On Tuesday morning (January 24th) the coolies were transferred to the new hospital, but in this work Jackson took no active part. Illness had seized him. Sir Edward Grey, in answer to a question in the House of Commons, said: "The French doctor, Mesney, who was not inoculated, became infected owing to a patient coughing in his face when he was making an examination unmasked. Dr. Jackson, the British doctor, died after continuous hard work among a crowd of infected coolies. It is believed he was too exhausted to maintain proper precautions. The heroism of the doctors, Sir John Jordan reports, is beyond all praise." So far as the maintenance of precautions was concerned, Sir Edward Grey had certainly been misinformed. Hard as Jackson worked—and no account in cold print could convey an adequate impression of the arduous and exacting nature of his labours—throughout his time at the station he took all possible care of himself. Even when there was no obvious and immediate danger, men were taking elaborate precautions. Thus at Changchun the only foreign establishments which remained open—the Russo-Asiatic Bank and the

Yokohama Specie Bank—had their buildings disinfected every hour, and each customer, as he entered, was douched with fluid, whether he liked it or not. Every employee of the banks, from the manager downwards, wore a disinfected white smock and a nose-and-mouth pad. And it can be said with certainty that from first to last Jackson took every precaution. He was, in Dr. Christie's words, "careful and prudent, thoroughly up-to-date and well versed in all bacteriological dangers." He never entered his own room or sat down for a moment until he had completely changed and disinfected himself, and he insisted on the others following his example; gowns, hoods, and masks were boiled, and boots taken off and thoroughly disinfected, as soon as work was over. His strength of body enabled him to stand the great physical strain, and he was able to maintain precautions to the end. He did not throw his life away.

But on Tuesday morning, after a restless night, he awoke with a feeling of heaviness. He rose and dressed, but it was obvious that he was ill. He was persuaded to go back to bed, and Dr. Christie, who went out hurriedly in answer to a

summons by telephone, found him feverish, but stoutly maintaining that it was merely a recurrence of influenza. Dr. Christie returned to the city, far from satisfied with his condition, and in the afternoon Dr. Young went out to watch developments. He was then "cheery and comfortable, but with a temperature." But, as the afternoon drew on, the fever became more marked, and his condition grew critical. At seven o'clock that evening the unmistakable signs of plague appeared. Arthur called out: "Look out, Young, the spit has come," and there on his lips was the fatal froth of blood. In the crises of life the spirit of a man declares itself, even in a chance word; that self-forgetful cry was a revelation of self. For it was not without significance, that, at such a moment, his thought was not of his own death-warrant, so clearly signed, but of his brother doctor's peril.

Dr. Christie was hastily summoned, and one or other of the doctors was with him to the end. With all the means at the command of medical science they fought the disease; immediately plague declared itself, and repeatedly afterwards, Yersen's serum was injected. It was a losing

fight ; medical science has not as yet weapons to combat pneumonic plague. The Viceroy, deeply distressed to hear of what had overtaken Jackson, sent a messenger to go to and fro, bringing news of how he fared ; but no hope could be held out. There was no agony of suffering, but a merciful dulling of all the faculties. Gradually, quietly he sank. He spoke seldom, but he found words of gratitude for the kindness of those who tended him. Coppin could not be kept from his side. When forbidden to enter the room, he pleaded to be allowed to wait upon him. " We've been together in this work all through ; don't keep me away from him now." He counted it a rich reward that permission was at length given. " I am proud to say," he writes, " I was allowed to help in nursing him, and was with him to the end." Wednesday morning and afternoon the disease ran its course ; by nightfall it was obvious that the end was near. At 8.50 that evening he died.

A large piece of ground a mile and a half outside the city, which since they have walled in and planted with trees, was given by the Government as a place of burial. By night the coffin

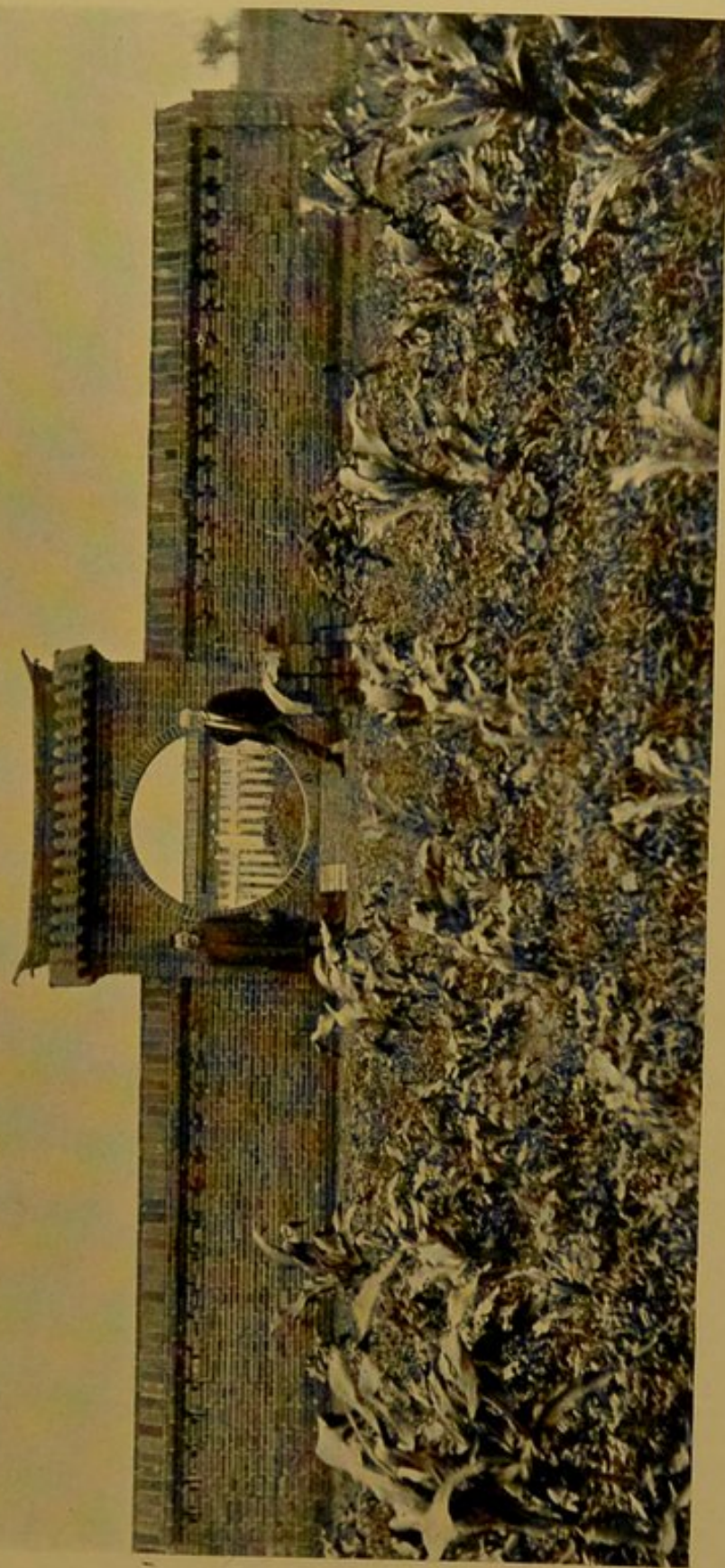
was carried round outside the city, and under the wide and starry sky his grave was dug. On the morning of Saturday, January 28th, three doctors and a missionary joined in a simple service of committal, and a little cross of ivy and marguerites was placed where the earth heaved dark amid the snow. And there to-day he lies, asking for no man's pity. In a letter written only on New Year's Day he had made this comment on the "Epilogue to Asolando": "With all his fine ideals, and his realization of the emptiness of the material, does he ask for 'pity' when he is dead?" The Sunday after his death, Pastor Liu's prayer in the Chinese Church at Moukden contained this sentence: "May they all realize that it is not the plague that took him, but Thine Own Hand." It is a good thing to fall into the hands of God.

CHAPTER VIII

THE AFTERMATH

THE law of cost runs through the universe. It is true alike of the activities of God and of the processes of inanimate nature, that the price of fruitfulness is sacrifice. Arthur Jackson paid the price, and when his work seemed over it was, in reality, but beginning. "Things can never be the same as if Arthur Jackson had not so freely laid down his life. His time of work in Moukden was long enough to impress many with his nobility of character and his great professional ability, but it is by his death that he will be remembered. His death, *for the Chinese people*, has made a most profound impression." So wrote the man under whom he served at Moukden.

For illustration of this fact the Memorial Service, and what was said there, will serve. This service was arranged jointly by the Viceroy



DR. JACKSON'S RESTING-PLACE, WITH THE WALL ERECTED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

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and the British Consul-General, and was held at the Consulate on February 1st. All the leading Chinese officials and practically all the foreign residents were present. The form of service is worthy of record. It opened with the reading of Scripture and the offering of prayer in Chinese. Then "For all the saints, who from their labours rest," was sung. The same passages of Scripture were then read in English, and prayer was again offered. The Viceroy next paid his tribute to Dr. Jackson, which was afterwards translated by the British Consul. Dr. Christie said a few words in reply, in Chinese, and then in English, and the Benediction was pronounced in both languages.

The speech of the Viceroy can only be appreciated by those who remember the traditional policy of China, with its deep-rooted antagonism to the foreigner. His is not the voice of young China, but of a man constrained in his later years to revise the ideas and ideals of his mature manhood. The Viceroy is a man chosen for perhaps the most responsible post in the Chinese Empire, a post which none but a consummate statesman could fill, for Manchuria is the danger-

zone in Eastern politics to-day ; and it was on a set occasion, speaking as the representative of a great people, that he paid honour to the memory of Arthur Jackson. It is impossible to read his words without admiring the man who uttered them, as well as him who called them forth.

He said : “ We have shown ourselves unworthy of the great trust laid upon us by our Emperor : we have allowed a dire pestilence to overrun the sacred capital. His Majesty the King of Great Britain shows sympathy with every country when calamity overtakes it ; his subject, Dr. Jackson, moved by his Sovereign’s spirit, and with the heart of the Saviour, who gave His life to deliver the world, responded nobly when we asked him to help our country in its need. He went forth to help us in our fight daily, where the pest lay thickest ; amidst the groans of the dying he struggled to cure the stricken, to find medicine to stay the evil. Worn by his efforts, the pestilence seized upon him, and took him from us long ere his time. Our sorrow is

beyond all measure ; our grief too deep for words.

“ Dr. Jackson was a young man of high education and great natural ability. He came to Manchuria with the intention of spreading medical knowledge, and thus conferring untold blessings on the Eastern people. In pursuit of his ideal he was cut down. The Presbyterian Mission has lost a recruit of great promise, the Chinese Government a man who gave his life in his desire to help them.

“ O Spirit of Dr. Jackson, we pray you intercede for the twenty million people of Manchuria, and ask the Lord of Heaven to take away this pestilence, so that we may once more lay our heads in peace upon our pillows.

“ In life you were brave, now you are an exalted Spirit. Noble Spirit, who sacrificed your life for us, help us still, and look down in kindness upon us all.”

In comment upon this utterance, a leading article in “ The Times ” says : “ Dr. Jackson’s death was worthy of a soldier on a battlefield,

and he could have wished for no nobler or more moving epicedium than was pronounced over him by the Viceroy, Hsi Liang." If not epoch-making, this speech is surely epoch-marking.

To this, two other Chinese tributes may be added. The "Eastern Provinces Daily News," February 4th, contained this reference to Dr. Jackson: "He worked at the railway station early and late. Whenever a coolie in an inn caught the plague, although the place might be most filthy, he would go himself to treat the case. Alas! he himself caught the infection; he was taken ill on January 24th and died the next day. He was twenty-six years of age, full of life and health. His death in labouring for our country was actually carrying out the Christian principle of giving up one's own life to save the world."

The other extract is taken from the "Plague Bulletin" of February 2nd, the article being written by the captain of the detachment of military sent to guard the coolies at the station. He knew no English; he judged Jackson by his deeds, not by his words. "There was at first no

doctor of repute available, one or two having said that the work was so dangerous that they would not venture to undertake it. Dr. Christie, of the English Mission Hospital, then recommended Dr. Jackson, who at once threw himself into the work. Ah, how noble he was ! It was proposed to give him remuneration, but this he declined. From the time that he entered on his duties, he was most diligent. Allowing himself scarce time for meals, he would hurry off to the inns or the plague hospital, and if he found a case of illness would use every effort to effect a cure. At last he caught the infection, and was laid low. He was able to do what he did because he held firmly to the great principle of his religion, to sacrifice one's own life for the salvation of all ; and he was remarkable for his kindness of heart. Ah ! Dr. Jackson has not died of plague, he died for duty, and yet he is not truly dead. . . . I was with him only ten days, but his death has much affected me, and I write this because of my especial gratitude to Dr. Jackson, and with a desire of bringing everyone to a conviction of the danger of infection and the necessity of sanitary measures. Would that

my brethren would take on themselves the responsibility! That an Englishman should sacrifice his life in our cause with a pure and spotless devotion to duty—this should rouse our consciences to exert all our faculties in the hope that we may come out from this great calamity. Let not Dr. Jackson be alone in the front rank of heroism.” To me the remarkable fact about these three tributes is this—that they all get behind his sacrificial act to the central fact of the Christian religion. The eyes of these men were opened, and they saw another Man, and He was on a Cross. Thus in a day Christ Crucified was preached to millions, for the eyes of China were upon Moukden at that hour.

In the Medical College, then unbuilt, to which Jackson went out, men are to be trained to fill the posts at the mission hospitals, and to do pioneer work in the interior as agents of the native church; while others will engage in private practice, or fill the positions of influence which are rapidly opening up in connection with the Government services. The need for such an institution has been emphasized by the epidemic

of plague. In opening the Plague Conference at Moukden, the Viceroy said : “ We Chinese have for a long time believed in an ancient system of medical practice, but the lessons taught by this epidemic have been great, and have compelled several of us to revise our former ideas of this valuable branch of knowledge. We feel that the progress of medical science must go hand in hand with the advancement of learning, and that if railways, telegraphs, electric light, and other modern inventions are indispensable to the material welfare of this country, we should also make use of the wonderful discoveries of Western medicine for the benefit of our people. King Edward VII at the International Sanitary Congress in London, in 1884, said of certain diseases, ‘ If preventable, why not prevented ? ’ We in China to-day are appreciating the value of that dictum. I trust, and I believe, too, that modern medicine, and especially sanitary science, will in future receive more attention in China, and that we shall be better prepared to deal with similar epidemics when they arise. My great regret is that as many as forty thousand lives have been lost in these pro-

vinces, especially including those of some of our foreign doctors, whose unselfish devotion to duty and the welfare of our people I shall always remember."

The plague which so forcibly demonstrated the necessity of such work as was to be done at the Medical College also removed the doctor who would have proved a tower of strength there. One can imagine what work Arthur Jackson would have done among these students. The qualities that made him a leader at Cambridge and Liverpool would have made him a leader at Moukden. The Minute of the Manchurian Mission Council, held at Moukden on January 28th, goes to show that this was already manifest. "During the few months in which we have known him, he has endeared himself to all. We have soon found, too, that he brought with him as gifts to his work an ability that was many-sided, and a persevering and always kindly spirit. In particular we would mention that he was already loved by many young Christian students. They met him privately when they needed help, and met him on the recreation-ground, a place where ideals are quickly manifested. He stood forward

in their thoughts as a model of Christian manhood. Since this memory of him is joined with affection, and since he has crowned his course with the sacrifice of death, we know that he will live to speak in their hearts all those things that he would have said, if spared to go out and in amongst them. . . . In his short life of heroic service of the Chinese people, and by his Christian character, he has been an influence for good, more than he might have been by many years of ordinary missionary service, and he has left behind him an undying memory." In everything that has been written of him in Manchuria, coupled with the sense of loss is this consciousness of the power of his death. Death has made him a deathless memory. The Medical College is baptized in his blood.

In two tangible ways his connection with the Medical College is to be perpetuated. The Viceroy's sympathy was not merely a matter of words. The day after Jackson's death, he wrote to Dr. Christie: "From the time that Dr. Jackson undertook this work, he did not shrink from toil and hardship. His heart was in the saving of the world, and he brought an incal-

culable benefit to this land, which I hold in grateful remembrance. On hearing of his death I was shocked and distressed beyond words, and besides reporting it to the Throne for recognition, I herewith send ten thousand dollars for the use of Dr. Jackson's family, as an expression of sympathy, and hope you will accept it as but a small and inadequate expression of my feelings." This money Mrs. Jackson immediately determined to devote to the Medical College: to her it was a little thing to give money where she had already given her son. On hearing of her generous gift, the Viceroy added a further two thousand dollars as a personal gift, and it was resolved to use these moneys to defray the cost of building the west wing of the College.¹ A stone is to be built into the outer wall bearing the words "Jackson Memorial" in Chinese and in English, and in the hall is to be placed a tablet of beaten copper bearing this inscription, striking in its union of East and West:—

¹ The east wing is built in memory of Mrs. Bishop (Isabella Bird).

IN MEMORY OF
ARTHUR FRAME JACKSON,
B.A., M.B., B.C., D.T.M.,

Who came to teach in this College,
Believing that by serving China he might best serve God,
And who laid down his life in that service

ON JANUARY 25TH, 1911, AGED 26,
While striving to stay the advance of pneumonic plague.

THE WESTERN HALF OF THIS BUILDING IS ERECTED
BY

MRS. JACKSON, HIS MOTHER,

AND

HIS EXCELLENCY HSI LIANG

Viceroy of Manchuria.

It was felt in Moukden that even this would be insufficient tribute to such a man, and largely through the services of the Consul-General, Mr. Robert Willis, a fund was opened to establish a "Jackson Memorial Chair" in the College. The appeal was first made in China, and met with a ready response, the Viceroy himself giving a further five thousand dollars. Mr. Willis wrote a letter to "The Times" in which he appealed for contributions from home; therein he paid a striking tribute both to the medical mission work in Manchuria and to

Dr. Jackson. To quote it in full would be to reiterate much that has already been said in telling the story of the fight against the plague ; but I cite certain passages. Mr. Willis writes in no *ex parte* spirit, but as a servant of Great Britain who has come into close touch with the governing classes in Manchuria, and desires to mark his appreciation of a man whose wholehearted devotion to the country of his adoption has redounded to the honour of the land of his birth.

“ The exceptionally efficient work that has been going on for more than twenty years past in the hospitals attached to the Presbyterian Missions in Manchuria is well known to, and deeply appreciated by, the High Provincial Authorities ; consequently when a proposal was made to establish a Medical College at Moukden for the training of Chinese Students, it was received with sympathy and approval by the former Viceroy, His Excellency Hsu Shih Ch'ang, and the present Viceroy, His Excellency Hsi Liang, both of whom have contributed liberally towards this object. The

outbreak of pneumonic plague in Manchuria has convinced His Excellency Hsi Liang of the urgent necessity for a continuous supply of foreign-trained Chinese doctors, and His Excellency recently expressed to me his keen desire for the speedy establishment of a Medical College. The erection of the College is to be commenced immediately, and it is expected that the building will be opened with accommodation for sixty students in October, 1911. The subscriptions already given, or promised, are adequate to provide for two new Medical Teachers, who, with the two doctors permanently attached to the Moukden Hospital and the occasional lecturers from other parts of the Province, will form the teaching staff. In order, however, to ensure the efficient working of the College, a further addition to the professional body is urgently needed. . . . The self-sacrificing spirit shown by Dr. Jackson appears truly worthy of a permanent memorial, and it is difficult to see what better form such a memorial could take than the endowment of a Medical Chair in the College to which he intended to devote his life, and which urgently needs such help in order to

carry out efficiently its proposed work. The Chair would be called the 'Jackson Memorial Chair.' The work that has been done by the medical missionaries in Manchuria during the recent plague crisis has been worthy of their past record, and has gained for them not only the sincere appreciation of the Chinese officials and people, but the esteem of their fellow-countrymen throughout Manchuria.

" ROBERT WILLIS,

" H.B.M. Acting Consul-General.

" Moukden,

17th March, 1911."

It would be difficult to render testimony more conclusive. And when the money for this Chair has been subscribed, instead of the four resident men, who were all that was thought possible, there will be five, and in consequence a great gain in efficiency. The First Annual Statement regarding the Medical College says: " People's minds are opened all over the country, and we have an opportunity now in Manchuria such as we could not have dreamed of." Jackson's death has left a great gap, but because of it

the doors of the College can be thrown wider open.

Not only to China, and to the Medical College, was there gain out of this loss, but to many men the world over the story of Jackson's death came home with strange forcefulness. Professor Johnston Ross writes : " I have felt greatly privileged in using his name as an illustration of Christian loyalty. I preached at Yale University a little while ago to about 1500 men ; and it was a sight to be remembered to see these men gazing with a kind of envious wonder as I read to them the Viceroy's speech. In the College here, and at other places, I have spoken of Arthur ; and everywhere I have noticed the look of awe on the faces of the people. I feel certain that a work of unsuspected magnitude was accomplished by Arthur in this laying down of his precious life—*that he might take it again*. And he has received it ; for he has passed from death unto life."

Less than a month after Dr. Jackson died one of the doctors in Moukden received a letter from a medical friend in Scotland. It said : " What sad news about Dr. Jackson ! I do not

think I ever felt so deeply about one whom I had never met. It is hard at first to see the hidden meaning in such strange happenings. You may be surprised to hear that to me personally it has come as a clear call to offer myself for service in Manchuria." The mystery of his death was so great that it cast a shadow upon men, and when the light came it was to many an exceeding bright light that brought a fresh revelation of duty and a new constraint. To many the message of his death has been a message of life.

To many others it has told of the life beyond. The passing of a friend usually makes one think dimly and vaguely of what awaits the traveller beyond the grave. But the passing of Arthur Jackson left his friends convinced afresh of the character of the life beyond. "Because thou wast found faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities." Arthur Jackson had proved himself fit for higher service; to that end God had taken him. Time and again in the letters of sympathy this note was struck, as the following quotations show; they are taken from letters written to Mrs. Jackson by three distinguished Presbyterian ministers.

"God has exercised His undoubted right to place His dear young soldier where it pleases Him. God has withdrawn him from Manchuria to do some work for Him closer at hand. For His servants shall serve Him, and it is as promotion to higher service that we shall, by and by, be able to regard this sorrowful bereavement. All his long training, all his simple joyous faith, all the fine qualities that made him dear to us, have prepared him for this unknown service. One day I believe we shall delight to see how wisely God led him, and how gloriously God has used him."

"He was one of the finest young fellows it has ever been my fortune to meet, wise beyond his years, strengthening his grip steadily on life's meaning and purpose, and growing ever more sure of the worth and greatness of the call he was answering. . . . On higher planes than we know he follows his career. The 'sweet societies' that welcomed Lycidas have welcomed him, and he has found his place and destiny, and has accepted them with ardour. Surely the Master who beckoned him across the seas had something

to do with the longer journey, and has not left him for an hour."

"I sat hour after hour in the train thinking over it all. . . . This is not a death of the sort that disturbs faith, but rather confirms it. It means that this world is only a beginning of a world, the beginning of our life. Arthur is alive! And alive where he fain would be, in the presence of Jesus his Lord. His preparation, his discipline are not lost; but God needed him for more delicate work than he could do, hampered with a body here. Your hopes for him are not to be deceived; you have him where you would have him, serving God free. . . . The best man I knew in my seven years at Cambridge was Arthur Jackson, and, now he is gone, life leans more toward the 'plenished Heaven.' "

The article in the "Philadelphia Presbyterian," which I have already quoted, has this as its closing sentence: "It has been my privilege to know a very considerable number of men who have given their lives in willing sacrifice to the missionary cause; but no career I have known has driven home upon me, as Arthur Jackson's has, the conviction that for large and effective

spiritual service this life is only the place of elementary preparation, and that the real body of work is entered on after the gates have opened upon the life that is life indeed."

CHAPTER IX

CONCLUSION

IN China Arthur Jackson will be remembered by his death. But here at home there are many who think rather of the richness and beauty of his life, and honour him for what he was rather than for anything he did. Other men might conceivably have shown like heroism at Moukden, laying their lives upon the altar, but how many would have had such a life to offer up? For Arthur Jackson was richly dowered. Physical strength in him was matched by moral force, and high gifts of mind coupled with rare spiritual capacities. Taken singly, his qualities were to be found in many, but there have been few in any age in whom such gifts of body, mind, and heart have been conjoined to the making of one radiant personality. Seven years spent in Oxford and Cambridge have made me conscious that our country has still cause to be proud of many of her sons, and

I incline to think that, amid all the lamentations over the decline of religion, men have forgotten the significant fact that Christianity has to-day wonderfully tightened her hold on the universities of the world. But among the men that I have known Arthur Jackson stands out without a peer.

Only once have I heard anyone speak of him adversely. And then someone accused him of narrow-mindedness. Whether the criticism was just, let the record of these pages show. But all criticism is instructive, and in this case it points to one marked trait in Jackson's character. With all his tolerance, he was intolerant of evil. With all his willingness to make allowances, he could be uncompromising. His love of the pure and beautiful flashed out into hatred of the impure and the unlovely; and where speech seemed called for, he spoke with unflinching courage what was in his mind, as those who knew him at college could testify. There were bounds set which he thought no man was at liberty to overstep; when liberty of speech became licence, there was that in him which would not let him keep silence. Such

a man is the salt of the earth—certainly he goes far to keep the life of a college wholesome and clean. But there was nothing of blundering and tactless aggressiveness about him, for he won a place in the hearts of men who would have been repelled by any such attitude. The British Consul at Moukden could write: "There are ten or so young men here about the same age as he, men who perhaps have little sympathy with missionary ideals, but your son had won the affection and admiration of them all; and those who were brought into contact with him in the last few days almost worshipped him."

Quite as marked as his strength was his tenderness. He had the heart of a little child; and he won the hearts of many children in Moukden as at home. "We have not been able to tell our little girls yet that they cannot hope to see their friend Dr. Jackson again." But there was one child in Moukden who heard that Dr. Jackson had died: she was eleven years old. She said: "When the plague began I was afraid I might die, and I did not want to die and go to heaven. *Now* I don't mind at all, because

Dr. Jackson's there, and he's my friend." He was not given to verse-making—there have been few saner men—but two sets of verses at least he wrote. From one of them I quote to show him as a child-lover rather than as a maker of verses.

THE MAID OF GREAT MISSENDEN

There is a maid whose winsome smile
Enthrals each amorous swain,
And even beasts far-famed for guile
Wait meekly in her train.

When first I met this maiden fair
She was a tiny mite ;
She crowed, and shook a head whose hair
Was scarcely yet in sight.

I fondly hoped that one day she
Would call me "Uncle, dear" ;
My bosom swelled out bulkily,
I hoped my friends would hear.

But now when she has grown quite tall,
And should treat me with awe,
She makes remarks I won't recall
For fear you should guffaw.

She took me for a ride one day
 Upon a local bike,
 Whose inside groaned and screamed alway—
 You never heard the like.

Afar the yokels heard it sing,
 As up the hills I toiled,
 Where'er I touched the horrid thing
 My hands and clothes were oiled.

.

We reached Frith Hill when evening fell,
 And found a fat tea laid,
 Whereon we thought 'twould not be well
 To disappoint the maid.

The toast and tea soon disappeared
 As fast as stoats bring moss;
 With which remark, though somewhat weird,
 I finish up this dross.

Further in an attempt to single out the distinctive traits in Jackson's character I do not propose to go, except to emphasize one fact that went far to make him the man he was.

To come in touch with him was to feel the compelling power of simple goodness. Almost

all who have attempted to describe his character have seized upon the fact of its "simplicity." But what is simplicity? Surely not a survival of childhood; to be simple in a childish way is to be a simpleton. His was Christian simplicity, which is not a survival, but an achievement wrought out of the struggles and problems of maturer life. It is not an infantile, but a masculine trait. What simplifies life is to have a single, specific direction in which to grow; a straight-grained, definite intention makes possible a straightforward life. Jackson found this goal in Jesus Christ; his was the "simplicity that is toward Christ." He did not pretend to know all about religion or duty or Christ, but he proposed to live along the line of life which led to Him. This decision did not solve all the problems of life for him, but it simplified them amazingly. Many things which might have perplexed, disturbed, or confused him fell into line behind that one comprehensive loyalty. He was out on the high road, journeying to a goal he recognized. It was not all level or easy; there were many a sharp ascent and many a shadowy valley. But at least the way

was clear, and he had found his bearings, and he could journey with the serenity which shamed our frantic struggles, because he had emerged from the bewildering underbrush of life into the simplicity which is toward Christ. He made Christ the Way, and He became to him the Life. His eye was single, and his whole life was full of the light that shone out upon us in the radiant joyousness of his face.¹

It remains to add two or three tributes, which may be taken as representative of many that could be adduced. One, written by the distinguished Liverpool surgeon under whom Jackson served temporarily at the Shaw Street Hospital, tells of his professional abilities and of the brilliant career that lay open to him in England; the second speaks mainly of his influence upon the student life of Liverpool; the third gives an intimate picture of the man himself as he was in his Cambridge days.

Testimony to his skill in his profession is much to the point. It mattered nothing to Dr. Pringle, famed in story, that Tammam

¹ This paragraph is adapted from an exposition of "Simplicity" by Professor Peabody.

Ratray was a godly man and an elder. "Can he mend my shoon? That's what I want—a shoemaker." If Jackson were not master of his profession, one's opinion of him must be modified. You admire a doctor's piety the more if he can cure your ills. Dr. Briggs writes :

"Dr. Arthur Jackson temporarily discharged the duties of House-Surgeon to the Hospital for Women, Liverpool, where his kindness of heart, his gentle tact, his conspicuous devotion to duty, and his great professional abilities were uniformly and highly appreciated; the prolongation of his tenure of office would have been most welcome, but to a man like Dr. Arthur Jackson, to whom public service appealed in its widest aspect, the temptations to leave special spheres were irresistible. Either as a worker or as a genial companion he had few equals; personally I shall ever remember his enormous and deserved popularity. His medical career was an object-lesson to all students and doctors. He had a charming presence. Within his grasp were possibilities in his profession: he would have earned the highest distinctions.

We lost in him a dear and distinguished friend."

Mr. Edward Meigh writes: "I knew Dr. Jackson very well. He came up to Liverpool University to study medicine in 1905, after a brilliant career at school and at Cambridge. During the session 1906-7, he was President of the Medical Branch of the Christian Union, while I was Secretary of the Men's General Branch. I thus came into close contact with him. He had a tremendous personality. His influence extended widely through College life. Not only did it cause the members of his own branch to realize more fully what membership involved, nor did it merely reach out to the other Christian Union members, but it made itself felt deeply throughout the medical school, on the Rugger field, in debates, and in the general social life of the College. A fellow-medical, writing of him in the March number of the 'Sphinx,' says: 'He so overflowed with the joy of life that it is difficult to realize that we shall not see him again here. . . . He was a general favourite, and no one who came into contact with him will soon forget him. His strong, breezy personality, his

manliness, his sunny disposition, drew us all to him. His coming among us has greatly enriched our lives and the life of the Medical School and the University.' Under his presidency," Mr Meigh continues, "the Medical C.U. had one of its most successful sessions. He was a strong leader and inspired his associates with confidence. He believed strongly in the value of friendship and personal contact, and was always doubtful of relying on organization. In the last letter I had from him, speaking about C.U. work, he says : ' I do think there is some danger of overdoing organization and so producing a spiritual coddling of the students ; this is just by the way, but it is a view I have held for some time now.' His great reliance was upon spiritual power and prayer. It was refreshing to hear him lead in prayer. His words were simple and to the point, and one felt that he was in possession of a deep sense of the Presence of God. I am confident that no man in recent years has wielded a more powerful influence in our student life than Arthur Jackson."

The Rev. James Fraser writes of Jackson as he was in his Cambridge days. " I met him for the

first time, I think, at breakfast in a friend's rooms during his first term. We breakfasted together often after that, and I saw him at the river nearly every day for several terms. As I met him regularly only under these conditions, I know nothing of his medical work except that he passed his second M.B. before taking the first part of the Natural Science Tripos. This was regarded as the work of a clever and determined man. Without intimate knowledge of his work, I can only give what may seem but a superficial impression.

“The Peterhouse Boat Club was passing through a period of misfortune. There were not enough members to maintain the efficiency of the club rowing, and to keep the boat in its position on the river. During practically all Jackson's time at College the boat came down in every race; and the crew were looked upon by other crews not with criticism so much as with pity. But he might be seen rowing in the boat at ‘five’ or ‘six,’ or running on the bank coaching his men as if their whole lives depended on it. He never became a first-class oar, but it required no special insight to see that with ordinary

chances his athletic skill and great physical power would easily have brought him to the front in rowing. Many men gave their attention only to one form of sport, but he was ready, with his usual unselfishness, to give his time and energy to whatever the interests of the College demanded.

“I do not think he ever thought objectively about himself. You never heard him make the usual excuses of lack of time, though no man’s time was so diligently occupied or to such good purpose; and if he could not take part in what you might suggest, his regret was much more obvious than any attempt to impress you with the validity of the excuse. You knew at once that you were dealing with a quite genuine, simple, and direct nature, which had no selfishness or private fancies to consult.

“You were not likely to find him often in the crowd. What he held to most closely was the work of St. Columba’s Presbyterian Church in Cambridge. He had a class in the Sunday-school, I think, and seldom missed a service of public worship. The Presbyterian Association

for 'Varsity men used to meet twice a term after evening service to hear a special speaker or to hold discussions. Jackson always attended these meetings and held office in the Association for some time. His remarks in company or private were never rhetorical, but it was impossible not to notice the fine moral sense that pervaded them. It will be said, probably with truth, that this was due to the influences of his childhood; but be that as it may, he that had received the five talents made haste to gain for his Lord five talents more.

“There was an extraordinarily mature Christian conviction behind all he did, and it was this that made one feel so humble and faulty in his presence.¹ When his faith had laid hold, there were no more obstacles in the way; his will was always submissive. I know nothing of the inner struggle, but his spirit was certainly the outcome of a triumph and not an evasion, for it was

¹ In a letter to Mrs. Jackson, Mr. Fraser had written: “In Cambridge I knew many, and honoured and loved a few, but I revered your son. He was unconsciously a missionary of the highest wherever he went. No other man had the power that your son had, by his own sheer worth, of making me feel personally unworthy, and filling me with a high appreciation of moral achievement.”

fearless and all-sufficient. It is difficult to describe one who was great, not so much for what he did, as for what he was. There were beauty and directness, affection and force, peace and ceaseless effort, and yet there was no outstanding characteristic—all were in such balance. When amongst others he created no ‘disturbance’ of the kind popularly associated with a certain kind of greatness. There was no loud voice or flashing eye or biting wit. But instead, an unusual atmosphere of happiness which everyone instinctively recognizes as belonging to the man who has passed through to the centre of the maze of life.

“When the newspapers announced the dread ‘Plague in China’—‘Death of English Doctor,’ it was quite impossible to grasp all it meant. We might say, I think, that the last act of self-sacrifice involved no more struggle to that pure and disciplined mind than some that had gone before. What is life for but to do the will of God ; what are other people for but for us to love them ? ‘The service of love, especially the earlier service, is often anonymous,’ to quote Dr. Rendel Harris, but long before the final

drama the anonymous had risen into the Name that is above every name. But we should see no more that big, lithe form ; and the soft, gay laugh would be silent now—and it was never so soft and gay as when you happened to call him unselfish. Few could help saying what a pity it was that his day, so radiant with the spirit of the Master, should be so short. But God's ways, so evident in all that life, are more for our wonder than pity, and that day may surely be as a thousand years by the true standard ; only we may have to wait till the end of the history of China if we would add understanding to what we know."

This story of Arthur Jackson's life will fall far short of satisfying his friends ; but theirs was the joy of knowing him, and with that privilege they may well rest content ; they have their own memories, which are better than memoirs. But this book will fall into the hands of those who never saw him, and to them it may seem as though overmuch has been said in eulogy, as though the portrait—save the mark !—surpassed the original. It does sometimes happen that a man's life and his biography do not tally. The skilled photographer can make the most ill-favoured of men presentable by setting him in the right pose, and afterwards improving on the verdict of the camera—and the biographer has upon occasion to follow his example. Here it is far otherwise. Here is a tale of little cunning, and if there is any eloquence it is the facts themselves that speak. To misquote Emerson—"what he was thunders so loud that you cannot hear what I say." A passage in a letter written by a friend of Arthur's bears on this point.

"I write to tell you of a most magnificent tribute paid to Arthur by the Rev. James Webster of Manchuria.¹ . . . You know sometimes when people have gone from us, and you hear or read glowing tributes to their memory, you can't help feeling that the man as he was was very different from the picture which is painted afterwards. But with Arthur, every word of praise that has been uttered seems to find a deep echo in my heart, and as I try to think over calmly all my memories of him, I just thank God for having allowed me to know him as a friend, and for the example of his manly and unselfish life. The effects of his Christlike character are quite incalculable, and I want to tell you that I for one shall always be grateful to God for the strong influence of his noble character on me." This tribute to the manner of his life is worthy to be set beside the Viceroy's testimony to the manner of his death.

In this story the half has not been told, and

¹ At a meeting held in February, 1911, in the Central Hall, Liverpool, under the auspices of the Laymen's Missionary Movement. Dr. Grenfell of Labrador also spoke at this meeting, and used Jackson as an example of Christian heroism.

yet all has been told. Nothing has been hidden ; there was nothing to hide. There was no fatal flaw that vitiated the whole, no page of his record that had to be turned down. One whose name is known the world over was once discussing with me the qualifications of a lay agent, who had applied to him for a post. "Don't tell me what he can do," he said. "I want to know him. Tell me his faults." Those who knew Jackson longest and most intimately found nothing to set to the debit side of his account. The only man conscious of any weakness in him was himself. This is the truth in all soberness. In him men saw the miracle of a blameless life. Wherever he was known, at school, at the University, in hospitals, and out yonder in far-off Moukden, he has left behind him a name that stands for all that is best in our human life. He followed Christ the King, and there will be many who will own a like allegiance, because they have come under the spell of his example.

IN MEMORIAM

Fresh from the schools wherein he gained high fame,
 And from the fields that well his prowess knew,
 Dowered for service in God's Holy Name,
 Still on his head youth's dew.

A spirit stainless and a heart elate,
 Whole-souled and fired with love of life and men,
 We deemed his strength, by purity made great,
 Was as the strength of ten.

Yet he lies low ! death-smitten on the field ;
 On the far frontier of God's battle line
 He bowed his brave young head, content to yield
 His life to love divine.

He faltered not, though pestilence bred fear
 In lesser hearts, Christ's man was he and true,
 His skilful touch and word of whispered cheer
 The dying coolie knew.

Hail, Christian soldier ! bravely hast thou done !
 We who remember give God thanks for thee,
 Thy martyr spirit life through death has won,
 Life in eternity.

Thy grave lies heaped with mound of alien earth,
 Far from the home where love and care were thine ;
 Yet on the home and land that saw thy birth
 Light from that grave shall shine.

Brief was thy service ; but for thee need fall
 No tear, nor pass the semblance of a sigh ;
 Thou hast found kindred meet in Heaven's bright hall,
 God's heroes, crowned on high !

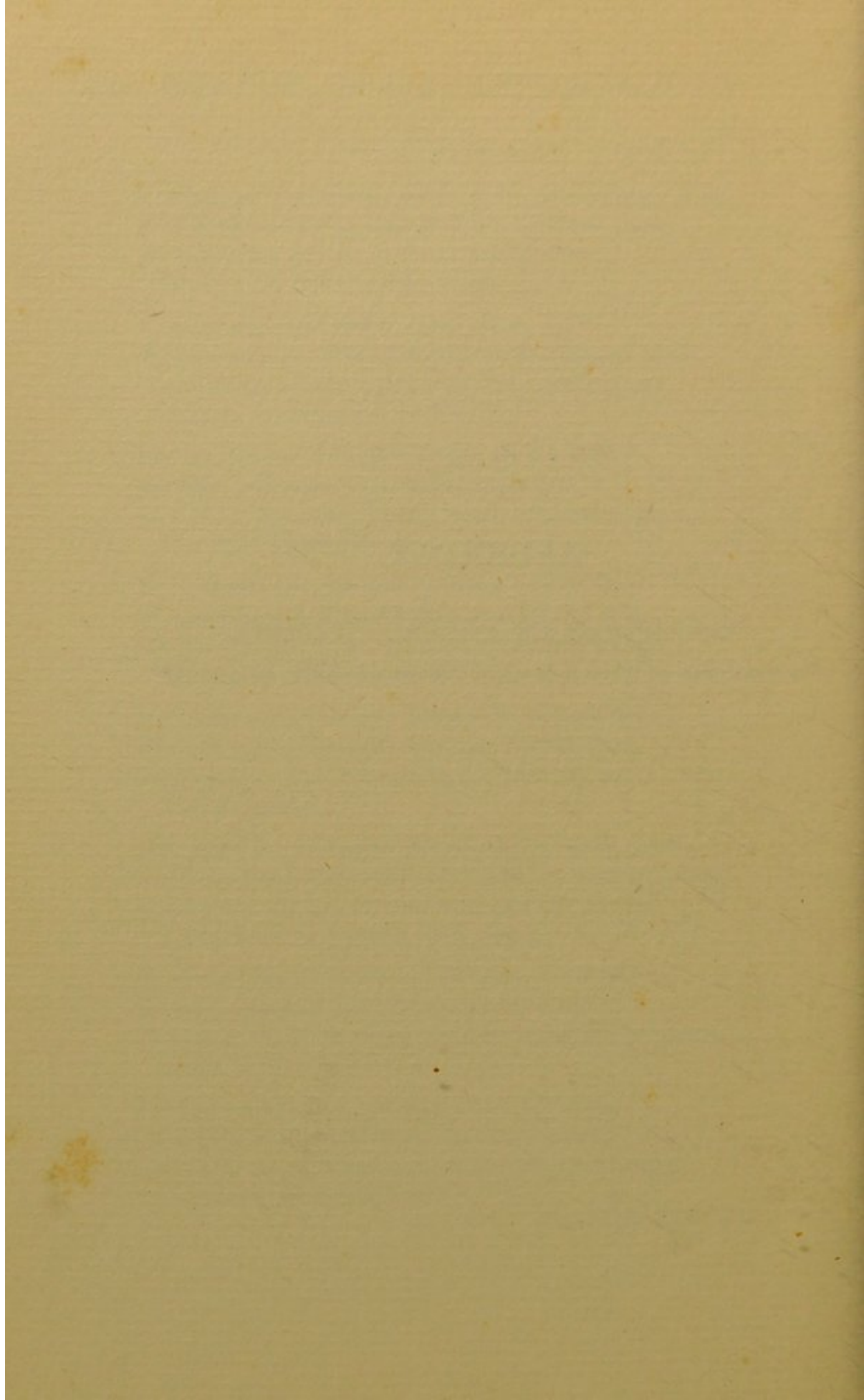
For thou dost know the glory and the song
 Which fill with wonder all that holy place,
 And thou art crowned amidst the martyr throng
 Who look upon God's face.

NELSON BITTON.

APPENDIX

INSCRIPTIONS ON MEMORIAL TABLETS.

For inscription on tablet in Medical College, Moukden, see page 155



I

INSCRIPTION ON TABLET IN CHAPEL OF MOSTYN
HOUSE SCHOOL, PARKGATE.

TO THE GLORY OF GOD
AND IN LOVING MEMORY OF
ARTHUR FRAME JACKSON
MISSION DOCTOR
(formerly a boy in this school)
who died of the Plague
which he volunteered to fight
at Moukden in Manchuria
JANUARY 25TH, 1911. AGED 26.

“His heart was in the saving of the world.”
(*Letter from Hsi Liang, Chinese Viceroy.*)

II

INSCRIPTION ON TABLET IN HALL OF MERCHANT
TAYLORS' SCHOOL, CROSBY.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

TO THE MEMORY OF

ARTHUR FRAME JACKSON, M.B.

GREAT CROSBY SCHOLAR OF THIS SCHOOL 1900 AND
SCHOLAR OF PETERHOUSE, CAMBRIDGE, 1902.

Of the Medical Mission of the United Free Church of Scotland
who died at Moukden, China, January 25th, 1911.

AGED 26 YEARS.

A victim to the Plague which he was nobly fighting
in his Master's service.

To the great sorrow of his friends in England and publicly
lamented by the Chinese Viceroy of Manchuria.

This Tablet is dedicated in admiration of his life and of
his death by the Boys of this School and many of his old
schoolfellows.

HE THAT LOSETH HIS LIFE FOR MY SAKE SHALL FIND IT.

III

INSCRIPTION ON TABLET IN TRINITY CHURCH,
CLAUGHTON.

IN AFFECTIONATE MEMORY OF

ARTHUR FRAME JACKSON

B.A., M.B., B.C. (CANTAB.), D.T.M. (LIVERPOOL)

a member of this congregation
and a Medical Missionary of the United Free Church of Scotland
who died of Plague at Moukden, Manchuria, China

while devotedly attending the stricken and
dying natives in that city.

He left home September 26th, 1910.

He passed away January 25th, 1911.

AGED 26 YEARS.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

HE THAT LOSETH HIS LIFE SHALL FIND IT.

This Tablet was erected by friends of his late father, Mr. Robert Jackson, who was for 17 years a much esteemed elder of this congregation, and the beloved superintendent of the Sunday-school for a like period.

IV

INSCRIPTION ON TABLET IN CHAPEL OF
PETERHOUSE, CAMBRIDGE ¹

A · M · D · G

ET · IN · PIAM · MEMORIAM

ARTVRI · FRAME · JACKSON · M·B · A·B

HVIVSCE · DOMVS · OLIM · SCHOLARIS

VIRI · INTEGRI · INGENVI · INDEFESSI

QVI · MEDENDI · ARTEM · DILIGENTER · ADSECVTVS

CHRISTO · SOLLERTIAM · LIBENTER · DEDICAVIT

MOX · IN · MANCHVRIA · PAVLISPER · VERSATVS

DVM · VITAS · ALIENAS · A · PESTILENTIA · VINDICAT

SVAM · VITAM · MEDICVS · VERE · PIVS · REDDIDIT

DIE · IAN · XXV · A·S · MCMXI · AETATIS · SVAE · XXVII

HOC · AMICITIAE · MONVMENTVM · P·C · AEQVALES

¹ The Rev. Canon Armour, D.D., late Headmaster of Merchant Taylors' School, Crosby, unveiled the tablet, and preached a most impressive Memorial Sermon on Sunday, November 19th, 1911.

