
A table of contents for *The Expository Times* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php

pdfs are named: [Volume]_[Issue]_[1st page of article].pdf

Entre Nous.

'Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve.'

In a modest house in a quiet part of Edinburgh there is living to-day Dr. Dugald Christie, the veteran Medical Missionary to Manchuria, whose life has been one of the outstanding romances of missionary achievement.

At the beginning of the War, Dr. and Mrs. Christie wrote a joint account of their work, giving it the title 'Thirty Years in Mukden,' but this is now out of print. In any case, since Dr. Christie has retired, there was room for a complete survey of his work, and we now have a biography, *Dugald Christie of Manchuria* (James Clarke ; 8s. 6d. net), which we have no hesitation in saying is outstanding. The author is Mrs. Christie. If there is any fault to find, it is that she has been too restrained, an uncommon fault in a biographer who stands in a close relationship to the subject of the biography. We should have liked to hear more about herself and the family—on p. 68 there is the unobtrusive remark, 'In the autumn of 1892 Dugald Christie married Eliza Inglis, daughter of a United Presbyterian minister resident in Edinburgh. Some time before, during his absence on furlough, she had arrived in Mukden as a missionary, along with her brother, the Rev. J. A. W. Inglis.'

There was so much incident in Dr. Christie's life that his biographer is hard pressed to deal with it within the compass of one volume, but Mrs. Christie handles it all in a masterly way, and the cumulative effect on the reader's mind is very impressive.

Dugald Christie was a Highland laddie. He was born in 1855, amid the lonely mountains at the head of Glencoe. His father was a prosperous sheep-farmer, but some years later the family resources failed and the widow and children moved to Glasgow. Hopes of higher education had to be given up, and several of the boys entered wholesale drapery establishments. Dugald Christie was one of those who were influenced by the Moody and Sankey meetings of 1874. He felt he had missed something, something which was worth having. The divine discontent grew, until one night in May 1874 the matter was settled and the service of God became his passion. A longing to give Him the best enabled Christie to surmount all difficulties. He took his medical course at Edinburgh University and qualified brilliantly at the age of twenty-seven. After careful thought he decided that the best investment he could make of his life was to take the light of Christ to Manchuria. There were protests that he was throwing himself away, and even after he landed in China a tempting offer of a lucrative practice in Shanghai was made to him, but he knew the line he meant to take and he would not be turned from it. Writing forty years afterwards, his trusted colleague, the late Dr. Webster, pictured their early days together in Mukden: 'One could not but recall the first Sunday Christie and I spent in Mukden forty years ago. We had hardly a friend in the city. There was no church, no hospital, no school of any kind. We met in the back room of an old shop, and about fifteen men joined us at worship.'

Dr. Mole, a younger colleague, said of Christie: 'A man who dreamed dreams, but ever tried to carry them forward to fulfilment, such was our chief.' When Christie arrived in Mukden he was the only medical man among millions of people; he could not speak the language, the people were hostile, and their hostility was encouraged by the native doctors; yet after only four and a half years a fine hospital had been built and Christie had planned out a definite policy, which he never afterwards required to alter. One of his basic principles was to spare no pains to gain the goodwill of the Mandarins (or officials), believing that this would turn out to be the most efficient way of furthering the work. There is an interesting story given of how he was taken to call on the leading official when he was on a visit to a missionary friend in a southern city. Christie, unlike most missionaries, had taken the greatest trouble to acquire the intricate and detailed official etiquette. The official 'received them without ceremony. But when Christie addressed him in the orthodox language of courtesy, his face lighted up and his whole manner changed.

'"You know our customs," he exclaimed delightedly, and was unremitting in his politeness and friendliness. When they left, his friend remarked to Christie:

'"I never thought it worth while to bother about Chinese etiquette, but you with your politeness have got further in one visit than I have in months!"'

The first hospital was burnt down during the Boxer troubles, but in 1907 a finer building arose in its place. There were present at its opening all the leading officials, including the two Great Llamas in their picturesque robes, and the Consuls-General

of the nations; the Governor-General performed the official opening. It is interesting, in considering Christie's relation to officials, to note that the foreword to the Biography is contributed by the late Chinese Minister to Great Britain—His Excellency Sao-Ke Alfred Sze.

Another of Christie's basic principles was that the Chinese must be encouraged and trained to do the work begun by the missionaries. When he left Manchuria, there was a staff of seventy-five fully qualified Chinese medical men and a missionary medical college second to none. In his speech of congratulation to his successor in the Principalship of the College, he added, 'the next Principal will be Chinese.' This prophecy has been fulfilled in the appointment of Dr. Gow, which arose quite naturally as a result of the policy Dr. Christie had always pursued.

Few biographers have had a more stirring background to paint in. The Chino-Japanese War—Dr. Christie founded the first Red Cross in China; the Boxer Rising—'Doctor! all is burned, and the Christians are killed'; the Russo-Japanese War; five years later the Plague, and only six months after it the Revolution. In the conclusion interesting light is thrown on the modern political situation in Manchuria.

There is an allusion to the 'Five Years' Movement' which has just been initiated by the Christian Church. We hope to be able to publish an article on this Movement shortly.

Sharing.

'*Sin* has always meant little to the Chinese, and a keen sense of it was rare among Christians, but now' in the great Forward Movement which began in 1908, 'the consciousness of guilt seemed to burn itself into their hearts and only found relief in open confession.

'One after another poured out the hidden sins of his life, and where possible made atonement. An elder confessed with tears that he had defrauded the Church. A merchant publicly presented to the hospital a bale of cotton, because he had cheated in making bedding for the new wards. Many owned to having secretly denied the faith. "I, Chu Ching Ho," broke out one, "a miserable sinner who have been a member for twenty years, denied Christ and worshipped idols at the Boxer time, and have been indifferent ever since. Pray for me and my wife, who is not a Christian. Alas, I have done nothing to help her to become one." Another was stricken with remorse for having forced his mother to go with him to a temple, and she was now dead. While all heads were bowed in prayer one day, a woman confessed before God her inordinate love of finery, and quietly laid on the table all her jewellery.

'In this time of heart-searching it was the most sincere Christians who were most deeply blessed, and Pastor Liu perhaps most of all. He confessed his shortcomings and asked the forgiveness of his people. Each one of them was known to him, and he sat with tears raining down his cheeks, as one by one they poured out their hearts. His great yearning rose almost to agony when he led in prayer for the apostates, that they might even yet be brought back to God.'[1]

Silent Influence.

'General Chang Tso Lin had seen what could be done for wounded soldiers' during the Revolution, 'and made up his mind to organise an Army Medical Service. When it was known that he wanted a man to put at the head, one hundred and sixty applied, but he would have none of them, and one day he called on Dr. Christie.

'"I want you," he said, "to get me a Western-trained doctor whom I can trust. I will give any salary, but I must have a good man. I have applications without number, but I know nothing about them, and I believe most of them are frauds. Give me a man like your Dr. Wang!"

Dr. Christie writes:

'"I laid this offer before Dr. Wang, and he has accepted it. He is given high rank, something equivalent to Surgeon-General, with a free hand to organise, as well as a salary of ten times what he had. He said to me, 'I enter on my duties with a feeling of heavy responsibility. My comfort is that this had not come to me of your asking, nor of my own seeking, but I believe that God has commissioned me to undertake it.' He is the one man I know who can fill a post like this worthily, and at the same time not abate a fraction of his witness for Christ. As one of our college staff said, 'Most of us only preach when we are speaking: Dr. Wang is preaching all the time, even when he does not open his lips.'"

'Dr. Wang consistently fulfilled the hopes thus centred on him.'[2]

'Knock!'

A man's search for a Christian solution of life is not a usual plot for a novel to-day. But it is the plot of *Magnificent Obsession*, a novel which was

[1] *Dugald Christie of Manchuria*, 117.
[2] *Ibid.*, 166.

published about a year ago in America and which has had a large circulation there. The author is Mr. Lloyd C. Douglas. It has just been issued on this side by Messrs. Geo. Allen & Unwin (7s. 6d. net).

The story is of Robert Merrick, young, brilliant, and rich, but dissipated, who has his life saved at the expense of that of a famous brain specialist—Dr. Wayne Hudson of Detroit. After Dr. Hudson's death, so many strangers turn up who tell the same story of having been helped by him that Merrick is moved to find out the motive power of his life and, it may be, to take his place. He reads a diary the Doctor has left behind him, and as a first step in understanding he buys a Testament. 'It was rapidly becoming apparent to him that here was one of the most fascinatingly interesting things he had ever read. Not only was it free of the dullness he had ascribed to it; it kept hinting of secrets—secrets of a tremendous energy to be tapped by any man with sense enough to accept the fact of it as he would any other scientific hypothesis, and accord it the same dignity, the same practical tests he might pursue in a chemical or physical laboratory.

'It was astounding to feel that he had in his hand the actual textbook of a science relating to the expansion and development of the human personality.

'Nothing struck Merrick more forcibly than the constantly reiterated advice which the Bible gave to approach life audaciously. Anything a man really wanted, he could have if he hammered long enough at the doors behind which it was guarded. If he didn't get it, it was because he hadn't wanted it badly enough! No matter how patently futile it was to continue battering the door, any man who wanted anything earnestly enough could open any kind of a door!

'"Got to have bloody knuckles," reflected Bobby, "before you can say you tried it and it wouldn't work!"

'The fable accompanying this proposition told of a poor widow, with no influence at all, who wanted justice from a rich man. The judge was an utter rascal. The woman had no attorney, no friends, and no case; but she kept coming until she wore the judge out' (p. 186).

A Teacher's Prayer.

'Gabriela Mistral began life as a simple primary school teacher in a country district of Chile. She is now recognized by literary critics to be the leading contemporary poetess in the Spanish tongue, whether in the Old World or in the New. An echo of her teaching days occurs in a beautiful prose prayer, *Oracion de una Maestra*, of which we venture to translate some of the chief paragraphs as follows: "Lord, Thou didst teach, forgive me for teaching, for bearing the name of teacher which Thou didst bear on earth. Give me supreme love for my school. Grant, Master, that my fervour may be enduring and transient my disappointment. . . . May I not be pained by the lack of understanding nor saddened by the forgetfulness of those whom I have taught. Make me more a mother than mothers are, that I may be able to love and defend as they do what is not flesh of my flesh. May I succeed in making one of my girls my perfect stanza, and in her bequeath Thee my most enduring melody against the day when my lips shall sing no more."'[1]

A Spanish Sonnet.

(Author unknown, translated by Professor Allison Peers.)

I am not moved, my God, to love of Thee
By Heaven which Thou didst pledge me as reward.
I am not moved to cease to grieve Thee, Lord,
By thoughts and fears of Hell which threaten me.
Thou mov'st me, O my God. Moved sore am I
To see Thee nailed upon that cruel tree,
The scorn of men, wounded despitefully.
Mov'd am I: Thou dost suffer and dost die.
Mov'd am I thus, my Lord, to love Thee; yea,
Were there no Heaven at all, I'd love Thee still,
Were there no Hell, my due of fear I'd pay.
Thou need'st not make me gifts to move my will,
For were my hopes of Heaven quite fled away,
Yet this same love my heart would ever feel.[2]

[1] J. A. Mackay, *The Other Spanish Christ*, 201.
[2] *Ibid.*, 126.

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