

TING LI MEI

THE FIRST CHINESE EVANGELIST



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FOREWORD

I count my friendship with Rev. Ting most happy and glorious. When I became his friend, I was a child just going to school and he already a College student. He was then an educational supervisor with Rev. Sun Hsi Sheng. He came sometimes to our school to teach singing. That was forty years ago. I can never forget those days. In my composition of Spiritual Songs, No 174 on “Faithfulness in the Lord’s Work” is based on the tune Rev. Ting taught us. Incidentally, this song written under his inspiration now truly describes Rev. Ting’s life. He served the Lord faithfully.

While in the College, I consecrated my life to serve the Lord full-time when Rev. Ting came to conduct meetings. On that occasion I covenanted with him to pray for one another. That I am able to serve the Lord in His holy fields is due in no small measure to Rev. Ting’s praying for me.

During the Boxer Rebellion (1900) Rev. Ting came under the persecution of the Prefectural Governor and was cast into prison. After his release he visited our school. He related his prison experiences, and how the scars he now bore from the beatings were “the marks of the Lord Jesus.” Even as the Apostle Paul has said, “From henceforth let no man trouble me: For I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus.” (Gal. 6:17). It made a deep impression upon me that to suffer for Christ is most glorious.

When I began to pastor a church thirty years ago, I had occasion to go on a summer vacation to Tsingtao with Rev. Ting and Rev. Sun Hsi Sheng. The three of us held an all-night prayer meeting on the seashore. The purpose of this prayer meeting was to ask God to raise up one like Wesley and Moody to revive the Church of China. Beyond my

expectation that prayer was answered in the raising of Rev. Ting and Rev. Sun. From that year onward both of them began to revive the Church in power. Thereafter Rev. Ting and others went north, south, east, west to every province. Not only were many churches revived, but many young people were also challenged to serve the Lord with a lifelong covenant. It was an all-night prayer meeting that yielded such great result!

When I was pastoring a church in Shantung in 1911, he came there to conduct a revival meeting. After the meeting he met with some members of my church in my house for prayer. At that prayer meeting we brought out three items for intercession: (1) to publish a spiritual newspaper named "The Spiritual Light" (today the work of the Spiritual Light Publication is traced to that prayer meeting); (2) to ask the Lord to raise an Evangelistic Band that would be given to spiritual culture on one hand and to reviving the Church on the other (this resulted in the beginnings of a Spiritual Training Seminary); (3) to form a Prayer Band from 37 co-workers and pray for more to join God's family as effective workers. In January 1936, Rev. Ting, Rev. Pan and Miss Chiau Wei Chen and I visited Tsingtao with a view to founding the Spiritual Training Seminary. We held discussions with Rev. Ting and Mr. Ning and prayed. Soon after our return from Tsingtao, Rev. Ting fell ill, so that the much prayed-for Seminary which needed Rev. Ting's leadership was bereaved by his sudden home-going. But his works do follow him, as it is written, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." (Rev. 14:13)

Dr. Chia Yu-Ming
Nanking, 1936

PREFACE

This booklet on the life of Rev. Ting Li Mei (1871 – 1936), China's first evangelist, is taken from Part III of *Asian Awakening* which was published in 1988. *Asian Awakening* was primarily a record of my lectures on John Sung and a sermon delivered at Dr. Peter Master's School of Theology, Spurgeon's Tabernacle, in 1986. To give a full-orbed picture of revivalism in China, the mighty works of Rev. Ting Li Mei, so little known to this generation, must be retold.

Ting Li Mei's ministry though different from John Sung's had one thing in common. Like John Sung his revivalist campaigns all over China also lasted a decade and some years. In his heyday he was proclaimed China's Moody with the further qualification, "evangelist with one thousand souls a month".

When Rev. Ting visited Swatow, our home town in South China, he brought bountiful blessings to my parents, so that from a young age his sweet name often mentioned at home echoed like music to my ears.

This booklet is specially published for "Accelerated Missions into the 21st Century", to coincide, first of all, with the Calvary-Life Missionary Conference at Awana, Genting Highlands, 3 – 7 June 1996. Its purpose is to induce campers, young and old, to read the story of a great life. Inasmuch as Rev. Ting was a practising missionary penetrating the province of Yunnan, "south of the clouds", may his noble example inspire you to give your life to preach the Gospel to regions beyond. This is the spirit of "accelerated missions" required of us all in these last days. Jesus says, "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come" (Matt. 24:14).

Dear Reader, when you read how Ting Li Mei almost died at the hands of the Manchu prison officers, bearing in his body “the marks of the Lord Jesus” (Gal. 6:17), what is it that you leave your present position and step out by faith to serve in some corner of His Vineyard today? May He who called John Sung and Ting Li Mei also call you by His constraining love.

*I gave, I gave My life to thee
What hast thou giv'n for Me?*

**Timothy Tow
Singapore, 1996**

1. YEARS OF TRAINING (1871 – 1908)

Thirty years before John Sung, there was born at Tahsingting, Shantung, North China on 2 October 1871 a son to the House of Ting. Since Shantung was the birthplace of Confucianism, the Tings from grandfather downwards were staunch followers of the Chinese sage until their conversion to Christianity with the coming of American Presbyterian missionaries. So they named the boy Li Mei, which being interpreted is “Established Beauty.” Li Mei had an elder sister and a younger brother.

Like Timothy who sat under the tutelage of his mother Eunice and grandmother Lois, Li Mei was instructed in the new-found Christian faith by intensely devout parents and grandparents from an early age. Endowed with a pleasant disposition and a “patient continuance in well doing” (Rom. 2:7), the lad showed promise of success that would live up to his elegant name. Observing his industry, filial piety and spontaneity in helping Mother in her household chores, Elder Uncle Ting remarked, “This boy will become a ‘great vessel’ one day.” As to his conversion it must have been through the Scripture implanted in his young mind at daily family worship. And it must have been owing to such a pious process whereby he found salvation that Li Mei in his future ministry emphasised the importance of memorisation of Bible texts.

Li Mei received his earliest education from an American Presbyterian Mission Primary School near his hometown. Having completed his primary education, he was obliged to look farther afield to finish his study.

At the prefectural capital of Tengchow, the American Presbyterian Mission had founded another institution, a Christian Middle School and College, which has since developed into modern Cheeloo University. In order that Li Mei might continue to obtain an elite Christian education

his parents spared no pains to send the young lad, now thirteen by Chinese reckoning, to the Mission School.

In the 1880's, over a century ago, there was no public transportation between Tahsingting his hometown and Tengchow the prefectural capital. The distance from one town to the other was 480 *li* or 160 miles. The only way of conveying oneself was by trudging the narrow, winding footpaths and cart tracks, or on horseback. Fortunately Li Mei had a travelling companion in "Old Mr. Han." Han was fifteen years his senior, but one year his junior in school. The two of them had to walk or ride literally hundreds of miles to and fro each year for their summer and winter vacations.

No sooner had young Ting enrolled in the American Mission School than he began to excel. A model student, he quickly settled down to serious study. Never transgressing a school regulation and ever prompt in his assignments, he soon found favour in the eyes of his teachers. A good mixer, exhibiting a noble meekness and courtesy, so that he was an acknowledged "princely man", he found favour also with his fellow-students. Though youngest of them all, he became their leader. And inasmuch as he was sought after by both teachers and students, he became known as "The Little Pastor".

The strength of his dynamic leadership and his well-built physique, may be seen from this testimony of "Old Mr. Han" his travelling companion. The two of them were heading home for the summer vacation when they were bogged down by pouring rain. When the rain stopped, much precious time was lost. Though they resumed their journey with haste to make it to High View Mountain, they were still twenty *li* (about seven miles) away, and the sun was fast sinking. While "Old Mr. Han" seemed caught on the horns of dilemma, Li Mei pushed on as fast as his long legs could carry him, so that his senior was left far behind. Out of sight in the enveloping darkness, "Old Mr. Han" called to his young friend, from whom came a faint reply, "Okay, I'll wait for you." This process was repeated several times as the two raced away on the dark country road.

When at last High View Mountain was reached, the two found the hilltop village almost in pitch darkness. The shops were shut, while the innkeeper could give them bed but no supper. Hungry and thirsty the two weary ones sank into slumberland, unmindful of many a mosquito bite until the sun rose again. At the first crack of dawn, young Ting summoned his older comrade, "Let's go!" And off they trotted on two hired donkeys into the morning mist.

At the Mission School, Li Mei came under the special care of the American Matron whom he lovingly called his "spiritual mother". Having been endowed with a quick mind, he was first in every examination. He learned well particularly from Dr. W. M. Hayes who later became principal of North China Theological Seminary at Tenghsien (to be joined later on by Dr. A. B. Dodd). Li Mei was adept at taking notes and putting them in order. So, whenever his slower classmates began to flounder in the face of oncoming examinations, they would flock to him for help. Ever generous, the up-and-coming scholar would patiently revise with his troubled friends the pertinent points of the lecture notes, one by one. Never was he known to have lost his temper, when others would have been quite exasperated.

Li Mei excelled not only in the head but also in the heart. A lover of music and poetry, and composer of sacred songs, he would find inspiration from his flute or the piano. To enhance the spirits of the student body he organised the school choir. He was the hand behind every special meeting or campaign organised for the school. This position of leadership he held all the way until his graduation from College in 1893 at the age of twenty-two. Wasn't he like Joseph, "because the Lord was with him, and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper" (Gen. 39: 23)?

After his graduation, Li Mei was posted supervisor of the Mission's Day Schools in Shantung his native province to relieve his American predecessor. Wherever he went he promoted Bible classes and choirs. He helped to inaugurate a school for girls whose lot until that time was strict confinement in their parents' homes, many with their feet bound. This he did by knocking on the doors and by personally pleading with fathers and mothers, and even grandfathers. This was true women's liberation.

In one of his rounds he came to Tsingtao on-the-sea. He was so overwhelmed by its natural beauty that he could not resist returning to this Shangri-La in his evening years to found a Bible Seminary.

After a couple of years in the field Li Mei returned to teach at his *alma mater*. Here he met his buddy “Old Mr. Han” again. To renew “auld lang syne” they went to the “wine pavilion” for a sip in the tradition of many an ancient Chinese poet. As this developed into a habit, they felt it must be stopped. Henceforth they would watch over each other not to put their lips to the wine cup again. They remained teetotallers to the end of their days. When Dr. Hayes later introduced a “no smoking, no drinking” movement to China’s new generation of students, Ting Li Mei was one who teamed up with all his might.

It was at this juncture that a theological school was started by the American Mission, in which Ting was one of the first twenty to enrol. Like the early days of theological education on the American continent, this first school of theology started by American Presbyterians on the Chinese continent was also peripatetic. The students had no permanent place of abode. They followed their teachers wherever they went, like Elisha after Elijah. At the end of a two-year stint, only seven out of the original twenty managed to graduate. As for Ting Li Mei, he was the moving spirit for the establishment of a more permanent national theological school, which was not realised until the last years of his life.

Stripes and Imprisonment

Upon completion of his theological training, he was ordained for the pastoral ministry. No sooner had this undershepherd taken over the fold of a country church independently founded by the Tings, than the brewing storm (1899) of the Boxer Rebellion burst over his head. The Governor of Shantung Province Yu Hsien was a Manchu, and the persecution of Chinese Christians unleashed by him was all the more severe. A warrant of arrest was issued against Li Mei and acted on by fierce-looking Manchu officers. When the warrant to take him to the *yamen* (Mandarin’s official residence) was thrust upon him, Li Mei accepted it calmly without a wince. Among the paraphernalia he gathered



Pastor Ting Li Mei, one of the leaders in building the Christianity of China's future, which will be a Chinese Christianity expressed by Chinese minds.

before leaving home, the first items he laid his hand on were his big, plain, no cross-reference Bible, well-marked with a red pencil, a notebook and pen which he needed to write up his daily Bible-reading notes. It was this Bible, which he read day and night when cast into prison, that kept up his spirits. During his wilderness experience of forty days behind bars, he was beaten with five times forty stripes, according to an article in *Wesleyan Reporter* dated February 1934. The Chinese had no Jewish law limiting stripes to forty minus one (2 Cor. 11:24). As a result of multiple bloody beatings on his bare back, the young minister could also say with the Apostle Paul, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus Christ." (Gal 6:17). But the Lord did not forsake him, nor stop His ears to the corporate fervent prayers of His children. Through the mediation of Dr. Hayes with Yuan Shih-kai (who later usurped the new presidency of China after the fall of the Manchus), Ting Li Mei was honourably released, like Paul and Silas by the Philippian magistrates (Acts 16:38-39).

The Boxer Rebellion

The Boxer Rebellion is briefly recorded by Edward Band in *The History of the English Presbyterian Mission, 1847 - 1947* as follows:

Towards the end of 1899 the situation looked ominous, particularly in the north-east region where the European Powers had gained a foothold. Here the government had ordered the local militia, or "Boxers" as they are called, from the name I Ho Chuan which meant "Righteous Harmony Fists", to be placed in readiness. They were stirred up by Yu Hsien, the governor of Shantung, and by a superstitious belief in their own invulnerability. By slogans and secret ceremonies they worked up this ardent patriotism to such a pitch that at any moment it might blaze out into a conflagration.

In spite of the protests of the legations at Peking, the Boxer bands continued their persecution of Chinese Christians and attacks upon foreigners. Alarmed at the increasing seriousness of their situation, the legations of Peking made an attempt to reinforce their small garrison by calling fresh troops from Tientsin. Their advance was blocked, but a storming party composed of forces

from six nationalities took the Taku ports. Whereupon the Empress Dowager, regarding this action as a declaration of war, issued an imperial decree on 24 June ordering the killing of foreigners throughout the Empire.

Most of the slaughter and destruction occurred in the north-east, where a large number of missionaries and Chinese Christians lost their lives. Being reassured that the foreign forces were not waging war against China but only seeking to rescue their countrymen, Yuan Shih-Kai, Chang Chih-Tung and the viceroys of the Southern provinces exerted their influence on the side of peace.

At the risk of their lives two officials, Hsu Ching Cheng and Yuan Chang, had altered the imperial order of 24 June, "when you meet a foreigner you must slay him," changing the word "slay" to read "protect". They were cruelly executed when the Empress Dowager learnt of their daring interference.

In this Boxer Rising the missionaries and Chinese Christians suffered a terrible loss of life and property. It was estimated that the Protestant Church throughout China had lost 135 missionaries with 53 of them children and over 1,900 Chinese Christians, while the Roman Catholics lost 47 missionaries and probably 30,000 converts. Of the Protestant missionary bodies the China Inland Mission suffered most, losing about one third of the total killed. Many stirring stories were related of the heroism of the martyrs, but it must not be forgotten that the vast majority of those who perished were Chinese.

"Some Thru the Fire, But All Thru the Blood"

For the stirring of this lethargic Laodicean age, it would do readers a lot of good to go with *Goforth of China* in the ordeal through "the Valley of the Shadow of Death" during the Boxer Rebellion. Rosalind Goforth, wife of the Canadian Presbyterian missionary to China Jonathan Goforth, gives us this personal account:

On the evening of 7 July we reached the small walled town to Hsintien. For some days the people had been becoming more

and more menacing. An engineer party which had joined us south of the Yellow River, somewhat apart from us, decided they would not stop at Hsintien but press right on the large important city of Nanyangfu, twenty-five *li* distant. This greatly increased our danger as the engineers were armed and had with them a mounted armed escort. There was no doubt but that the leaders of this party were thoroughly scared. One said, "If I get out of this, not a million dollars would tempt me back to this land!" As a compromise, they left us one mounted soldier from their escort.

The engineer party was scarcely out of sight when crowds began to gather outside the inn door which was barricaded with carts, etc., but every moment a break was threatened by the stones hurled against it. Money was demanded, and things looked very serious. A letter was sent off about midnight to the engineers, telling of our danger and asking them to return. By daybreak we could see the crowd outside becoming ever more dense. Our whole party had by this time begun to hope against hope for the engineers' return, but this hope was given up when a letter came saying the official at Nanyang was very threatening, ordering them to leave at once. They were sorry, but were starting on immediately! On hearing this, the carters became panic-stricken. The poor fellows huddled together in a corner of the yard refusing to move.

Much time was being lost. Finally our men drew up a statement promising full indemnity to each man for any possible loss of carts, animals, injuries, etc. Then they began slowly and unwillingly to harness up. While this was being done, a call came for us all to meet in an empty room for prayer. My husband took from his pocket *Clarke's Scripture Promises* and began to read from where the book opened. The passages were as follows:

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms: and he shall thrust out the enemy from before thee; and shall say, Destroy them." (Deut. 33:27)

"The God of Jacob is our refuge." (Ps. 46:7)

"Thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God." (Ps. 40: 17)

"I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will

uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.... The Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee." (Isa. 41:10)

"If God be for us, who can be against us?" (Rom. 8:31)

"We may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." (Heb. 13:6)

Never indeed was there a more timely message given to mortal man than these words given to us at that time. During the reading and through the time of prayer that followed, God's presence became wonderfully real. I could not see into the hearts of others, but I can say for myself that every trace of agonised panic with which I had been threatened, was banished forever, and in its place came a sweet peace which God's Word truly describes as "passing all understanding" (Phil. 4:7).

Quietly and calmly all got on the carts, which one by one passed through the gate into the street. To our surprise all was quiet – the dense crowd made no move to hinder us. My husband began to suspect something serious when no one attempted to respond to baby Wallace's advances as his father held him up before the crowd. Many times on the preceding days the Chinese love for little children had apparently saved the situation as angry looks turned to smiles and laughter as the wee boy laughed and crowed at the crowds.

Just as we passed through the town gate, my husband turned pale. Pointing to a crowd of several hundred with arms full of stones, daggers at their belts, and other weapons in evidence, he had just uttered the words, "There is trouble ahead," when the attack began. The whole cavalcade by this time had passed down to a dip in the road. First came a fusillade of stones, which our assailants expected would crash through the brittle straw mats, but this the quilts prevented. Then came the firing of guns and the rush forward. Some of the animals had their backs broken, the carts became tangled, bringing all to a standstill.

Jumping down from our cart, my husband rushed forward shouting, "Take everything, but don't kill!" At once he became the target for the fiercest onslaught. (Can anyone read the following

without in his heart believing in an Almighty God's overruling hand?)

One blow from a two-handed sword struck him on the neck with great force, showing the blow was meant to kill, but the wide blunt edge struck his neck leaving only a wide bruise two-thirds around the neck. The thick pith helmet he was wearing was slashed almost to pieces, one blow severing the inner leather band just over the temple, went a fraction of an inch short of being fatal for the skin was not touched. His left arm, which was kept raised to protect his head, was slashed to the bone in several places. A terrible blow from behind struck the back of his head, denting in the skull so deeply that, later, doctors said it was a miracle the skull was not cleft in two. This blow felled him to the ground. It was then he seemed to hear clearly a voice saying – “Fear not! They are praying for you!” Struggling to his feet, he was struck down again by a club. As he was losing consciousness he saw a horse coming down upon him at full gallop. On regaining consciousness, he found this horse had thrown his rider and fallen on smooth ground, close beside him, and kicking furiously, the animal had formed a barrier between his attackers till he was able to rise. Standing dazed, a man rushed up as if to strike, but whispered, “Get away from the carts!” By this time the thousands who had gathered to watch the attack began to crowd forward for what they could get of our things, but the attackers felt the loot belonged to them and ceased their attack to fight for their rights. The confusion which followed gave us a chance to get away from the carts.

It is not possible to give here the details of each one's escape. Later, each had his or her testimony to give to a mighty and merciful deliverance. The days which followed showed, in some respects, just as great evidence of God's purpose to save us.

As to myself and the children: The cart was surrounded by fierce men, seemingly crazy to get our things. One struck at the baby's head, but I parried the blow with a pillow. From behind and before, boxes, bedding, any and everything was carried away. Helen and the baby were with me, and Paul came running straight through the melee without getting hurt. Just then a man from behind struck me with his dagger, but by throwing myself back I barely prevented its reaching me.

My husband, staggering and dripping with blood, came to the side of the cart saying, "Get down quickly. We must get away!" As we started off, one man relieved me of my shoes, another snatched my hat away, but we were allowed to go, but only for a short distance, when a number of men began following and pelting us with stones. Putting the baby in my husband's arms I turned and pled for the children. Surprised perhaps that I could speak their language, they stopped and listened a moment. Then the leader called out, "We've killed her husband – let her go." With this they left us.

Not far distant a village could be seen, and this we endeavoured to reach for Mr. Goforth's strength was failing. Men and women were out in force as we neared the village. At first, the men sought to drive us away but as my husband sank to the ground apparently bleeding to death, the women all began to weep. This moved the men to pity and, as I knelt beside my husband with the children weeping bitterly, they gathered around seeking to help. One man whispered, "I have something to stop the bleeding," and running into a hut nearby, quickly returned with the palm of his hand piled up with a fine grey powder with which he filled the great open wound at the back of the head, instantly stopping the flow of blood. Then several men joined in helping my husband into the village, to a small mud hut about eight feet square with one tiny window. Here they laid him on a straw mat spread on the ground. A round mat was given me. They locked us in saying it would be safer so. Through the tiny window hot water was handed for bathing our bruises which were becoming extremely painful, especially those at the back of my head and neck. From time to time, bowls of millet gruel and dried bread were passed in to us. We could hear the men planning how at nightfall they would start off with us by cart to Hankow and so save us.

But, oh, could one ever forget the suspense of that day! Mr. Goforth lay quite still but very pale – at times so death-like, I feared the worst. Never for one moment during the eight hours in that hut did I cease to cry to God for his life, and for our comrades and our precious Ruth of whom we had heard absolutely nothing. With what unspeakable joy and thankfulness therefore about four o'clock that afternoon did we welcome Mr. McKenzie, and learn from him that no one had been killed, but Dr. Leslie had been seriously crippled. Our little Ruth had been saved by the faithful nurse,

Mrs. Cheng, spreading herself upon her and taking upon herself cruel blows meant for the child.

The whole party had spent a day of great suffering by the roadside. All had united in praying the Lord to move some of the carters to join them with their carts, for the party could not proceed without them, Dr. Leslie being in the condition he was. To some of us, the greatest miracle of our Thousand Miles of Miracle was that five of the carters did come with their carts, all that were now needed, as baggage and bedding was gone.

When Mr. McKenzie announced all were now waiting on the road for us to join them, Mr. Goforth immediately rose. As I started forward to support him, he put me gently from him, saying quietly, "Only pray. The Lord will give me strength as long as He has work for me to do." Steadily and without assistance, he walked some distance to where the party waited.

As we were leaving the village the people crowded around as old friends. One poor old man insisted on my taking a pair of his old shoes, so worn as to scarcely hold together, saying they might keep my feet from the rough ground. Women came with old soiled children's garments, urging that the nights were cool and the children might need them.

"Why are you so kind?" one man was asked. He replied, "We are Mohammedans. Our God is your God and we could not face Him if we had joined in destroying you." A remarkable fact is that rarely is a Mohammed village found in China as they congregate in cities for protection. Truly, "God moves in a mysterious way."

Joining the rest of the party we found our cart which held three before the attack, now had nine aboard – our two selves, four children, Mrs. Cheng, a man servant, and the carter!

As the great city of Nanyangfu loomed in sight the walls appeared black with the crowds awaiting, and outside the gate for a mile, crowds lined the roadway. How – how indeed, did we pass through that mass unharmed? When we reached them, our carts swayed and at times almost overturned with the pressure upon them from all sides. Clods of earth and bits of bricks were pelted

and that fearsome cry, "Kill, kill!" came from multitudes. Yet we passed on till the inn was reached. The open yard of this inn was very large, which became packed with a mob of probably over a thousand.

As we left the carts, we were literally driven to one room which soon became crowded to suffocation, for the heat was intense. The whole party was at least outwardly calm and quiet, except Mr. Goforth, who could not forbear doing some plain speaking. Whether this had any effect on what followed, is doubtful, but after an hour or more, the mob outside demanding that we be brought out, the room gradually emptied, and all the men of our party (except Dr. Leslie), with Mrs McKenzie, Douglas, our four children and myself, were lined up shoulder to shoulder on the narrow veranda.

Till darkness dispersed them, we remained facing that great seething mob. There were jeers and insults and cries, "Kill!" But no weapon which many had in hand prospered. Again – why? What but the restraining hand of God!

Soon after dark, the messenger who had been sent to the official with a letter demanding protection, returned greatly agitated. As he was waiting, he said, in a corner of the court for the official's plans for the massacre of all our party. The gist of the plan was that none should kill inside the city lest he (the official) be blamed later; but a party of soldiers were to be at a certain place by the road the missionaries were to take, and none were to escape. Then the official could say bandits had done the deed. So sure was this man we were all to be killed that night, he at once set to work trying to persuade the other Chinese with us to return to North Honan with him. Failing in this, he set out alone that night and on reaching Changte, reported all as having been killed!

The missionaries faced a serious question. Would they again demand protection or would it be better to start on? All agreed it was better to face death in the open than in that stifling inn. To save his face and camouflage his real plan, the official sent a few soldiers to guide us to the right road!

We started off in the dead of a very dark night. Just as we had all passed through the city gate, Mr. Goforth noticed a light

being flashed every few seconds from above the gate. These he felt convinced were signals to the waylaying party that we were coming. Just then, the carts came to a standstill, and a carter rushed up saying Paul and Mr. Griffith were not on their cart. For two hours search was made for them, even back to the inn – but no trace of them could be found. Then, as dawn was at hand, it was decided we must go on, leaving behind one cart and a trusted servant.

At this juncture, one of the most remarkable evidences of God's plan to save us, took place. While we were waiting, the soldiers had got on the carts and had fallen sleep. The carters too, were drowsy, and when we came to a fork in the road, the animals were left to take their own way, which was not the road of the waylaying party, but leading away from it. When the soldiers awoke, they were furious, but after a time of threatening, left us and returned to the city. It was ten o'clock before we finally again reached the right road and were then afar from Nanyangfu!

The whole region was in a greatly disturbed state. Our carts were surrounded and stopped probably a dozen times that morning by wild mobs. They would pull us about, searching for what might be found, but finding nothing, we would be allowed to proceed. One villainous looking man with a spear, led one band. At first he seemed prepared for any violence, but as he looked at our wounded men and at the little children, his heart softened with pity. Taking advantage of this, I held up the torn dirty garments and told how the Mohammedans had given them. This seemed to quite overcome him. Turning to the crowd, he said, "We must not hurt these people," – and then to us, "It is very dangerous for travellers; I will go with you for a way."

It was indeed a mercy he did, for the next mob was very wild. One man snatched the battered pith helmet from Mr. Goforth's head and when an effort was made to reclaim it, the snatcher tore it to bits before our eyes with a wicked taunting laugh. At this same place, men tried to drag our faithful nurse off our cart, but the man who had come along with us stopped them, saying, "The children will need her. Let her alone!" When we were safely started again, our kind "villain" friend left us and ran ahead. Soon we came to a great crowd of several hundred, but it seemed strange to find them entirely lacking in hostility. We found

it was because our kind-hearted friend had told them of what we had suffered, and so prepared the way for us.

Ahead of us was a large walled city. How gladly would we have avoided it had this been possible, but the animals needed rest and fodder and our whole party was in a state of exhaustion. One can only faintly imagine the condition of Dr. Leslie and Mr. Goforth whose wounds, though now thirty hours old, had not received antiseptic treatment.

Our entrance into this city was a repetition of the evening we entered Nanyangfu. Most of us had probably got beyond thinking clearly, but it is doubtful if any thought we would ever get from that city alive. The inn yard was very large and as our carts stopped, the great crowd pressed upon us. Then again God undertook for us! Through the crowd, two well-dressed young men of official class pressed forward shouting "Ku-Mu-Shih" (Pastor Goforth). These turned out to be sons of an official at Changte, a friend of Mr. Goforth's, who had with their father been received in our home at Changte.

A few moments sufficed to explain the situation. Then the young men turned to the crowd telling them who we were and the good we were doing. What a change came over the people! Then, in the tone Chinese are used to obey, they ordered everything to be done for our comfort. Oh, what this all meant to us! How our hearts rose in gratitude to our Mighty Saviour for giving us such respite!

A message was awaiting us from the engineer party with a package of antiseptic dressings. Dr. Jean Dow was therefore able to attend to the many wounds which so terribly needed cleansing and dressing. (To the writer, one of the miracles of the journey was that, left so long without cleansing, the wounds from those septic swords did not in any case result in blood-poisoning.)

When our new-found friends learned of Mr. Griffith and Paul, they were much alarmed, but said, "You must press on without delay for the country is in an uproar. We will do our utmost to save them. If they can be found alive, we will see that they reach you." They then wrote a letter to an official at the city where we

must needs stop for that night. He was a friend of their father's. They told of the condition of our party and begged him in their father's name to befriend us. And finally, these young men arranged for a semi-official man well known throughout that whole region to go with us the rest of that day.

While worn and suffering, it was a happy and thankful party that left the city which but two hours before, they had entered in such desperate and hopeless straits. Of those eight hours before reaching the city where the letter was to be delivered, little need be said, except that the experiences of the morning mobs were repeated with the difference that we had with us the one-man escort who, in each case, saved the situation for us. At four o'clock that afternoon, a man came running to our carts with a message from the two young officials saying Mr. Griffith and Paul had been found and would reach us that night.

On reaching our destination, Mr. Goforth, without resting a moment or taking time for food, started off for the *yamen*, with the letter for the official. His bound head and arm and tattered blood-stained upper Chinese garment, the left sleeve of which hung in ribbons from the sword cuts, made him a marked man. By the time he reached the locked *yamen* gate, the mob had become dense and menacing. To his intense relief the gate was opened to him at once and closed on the crowd. The official received him with the utmost kindness on reading the letter, and promised to have an armed, mounted escort ready for us by daybreak to accompany us as far as Fancheng where we hoped to get boats. Mr. Goforth returned to the inn under escort. We learned later that this official's wife came from a Christian family and was herself a Christian.

A word of myself and the children: On arriving at the inn, I was so exhausted as to be scarcely able to reach the brick bed in the inner room. Throwing myself down with the baby beside me, sleep came at once. Later, I was told that when Paul and Mr. Griffith arrived about midnight, they tried to waken me, but shaking and shouting had no effect – I just slept on. Then about half-past two, I suddenly came to myself, realising the situation. Can I ever forget the scene which met my eyes as I reached the door of the large outer room! By the dim light of the one taper lamp could be seen the forms of the rest of the party stretched out on the earthen floor, sleeping the sleep (as I had done) of utter exhaustion. But in



Jonathan Goforth

Lord Crucified.

Lord, Crucified, Give me a heart like Thine: Teach me to love the

dying souls a-round. Oh, Keep my heart in closest touch with Thee;

And give me love-pure calvary love to bring the lost to Thee.

受 苦 的 主
使 我 能 體 主 愛
助 我 愛 憐
四 面 迷 亡 之 羊
求 主 使 我
此 刻 覺 主 同 在
加 我 愛 心
十 架 愛 心
領 迷 路 羊 回 來

*This gospel chorus used by Jonathan Goforth
is also found in John Sung's Revival Choruses.*

a very short time, all were stirring and by daybreak were on the carts beginning what was the safest but hardest day's travel of that entire journey.

We started by daybreak, and, with but a short rest at noon, travelled rapidly over those rough roads for almost twenty hours, reaching Fancheng about midnight where we found the engineer's party awaiting us. After twenty-four hours in an indescribably unsanitary inn, the entire party boarded several small house-boats for the remaining ten days to Hankow....

Reaching Hankow, we were not allowed to go ashore, but were taken at once on to a steamer bound for Shanghai. On reaching Shanghai we were all taken – the mission centres were overflowing – to a fashionable English boarding-house! We were ordered to Canada by the first steamer.

Eye-Witness Account of an Execution of Forty-Five Missionaries

While it pleased the Lord to deliver the Goforths of Canada from their bloody ordeal, it was decreed of others that they should remain “faithful unto death,” like the martyrs of Smyrna (Rev. 2:10). Here is an eye-witness account of the execution of forty-five missionaries by the Governor Yu Hsien at Taiyuan on 9 July 1900, when the Goforths were making their escape. This account is taken from *The Siege at Peking* by Peter Fleming (1959) at p. 237, which was republished by Sterling Seagrave in *The Soong Dynasty* (1987) at p. 132. It reads:

The first to be led forth was Mr. Farthing (English Baptist). His wife clung to him, but he gently put her aside, and going in front of the soldiers knelt down without saying a word, and his head was struck off with one blow of the executioner's knife. He was quickly followed by Mr. Hoddle and Mr. Beynon, Drs. Lovitt and Wilson, each of whom was beheaded by one blow of the executioner. Then the Governor, Yu Hsien, grew impatient and told his bodyguard, all of whom carried heavy swords with long handles, to help kill the others. Mr. Stokes, Mr. Simpson, and Mr. Whitehouse were next killed, the last by one blow only, the other two by several.

When the men were finished the ladies were taken. Mrs. Farthing had hold of the hands of her children who clung to her, but the soldiers parted them, and with one blow beheaded their mother. The executioner beheaded all the children and did it skilfully, needing only one blow, but the soldiers were clumsy, and some of the ladies suffered several cuts before death. Mrs. Lovitt was wearing her spectacles and held the hand of her little boy, even when she was killed. She spoke to the people, saying, "We all came to China to bring you the good news of the salvation by Jesus Christ; we have done you no harm, only good, why do you treat us so?" A soldier took off her spectacles before beheading her, which needed two blows.

When the Protestants had been killed, the Roman Catholics were led forward. The Bishop, an old man with a long white beard, asked the Governor why he was doing this wicked deed. I did not hear the Governor give him any answer, but he drew his sword and cut the Bishop across the face one heavy stroke; blood poured down his white beard, and he was beheaded.

The priests and nuns quickly followed him in death. Then Mr. Piggott and his party were led from the district jail which is close by. He was still handcuffed, and so was Mr. Robinson. He preached to the people till the very last, when he was beheaded with one blow. Mr. Robinson suffered death very calmly. Mrs. Piggott held the hand of her son, even when she was beheaded, and he was killed immediately after her. The ladies and two girls were also quickly killed.

On that day forty-five foreigners were beheaded in all: thirty-three Protestants and twelve Roman Catholics. A number of native Christians were also killed. The bodies of all were left where they fell till the next morning, as it was evening before the work was finished. During the night they had been stripped off their clothing, rings and watches. The next day they were removed to a place inside the great South Gate, except some of the heads, which were placed in cages on the city wall. All were surprised at the firmness and quietness of the foreigners, none of whom except two or three of the children cried, or made any noise.

Had it not been God's special care that surrounded Rev. Ting Li Mei, Chinese Presbyterian minister of the Gospel, he could have



One of the gates of Taiyuanfu, the capital of Shansi. It was in this city on 9 July 1900 that the terrible massacre took place, when, by the orders of Governor Yu Hsien, nearly fifty missionaries and their children were put to death.

succumbed to the multiple stripes meted out by the Manchu prison officer. Despite his incarceration and bloody experience, the intrepid pastor counted it a joy to have suffered with Paul and Silas in their Philippian jail. Commenting on their experience in Acts 16 as a theological professor in later years, he joyfully referred to our Lord's benediction in the Sermon on the Mount: "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake,... blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." (Matt. 5:10-12) Then there is Paul's undaunted testimony from a life of constant suffering: "For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." (2 Cor 4:16, 17) Rev. Ting Li Mei, having gone through the fire and blood of a near-martyrdom, emerged a flaming soul for his Lord. As it is said by Tertullian, "The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church." Like Wang Ming-Dao who had endured 23 years of Communist imprisonment, Ting Li Mei never uttered a word against his persecutors but rather praise to God Almighty his Saviour.

An Open Letter

Insofar as the Western Missions were concerned, a new spirit also arose from among their leaders to redouble their efforts for the extension of God's Kingdom in China. An *Open Letter* issued by the China Inland Mission, dated 1905, reads, in part:

We believe that the time has come when a mighty outpouring of the Spirit is needed and may be claimed, yea more obtained by prayer and faith for that great land. During the Boxer troubles, four years ago, of the one hundred and thirty-five (Protestant) missionaries martyred in China, fifty-eight belonged to the Inland Mission. We believe that these precious lives laid down, are pledges to plead before God; part of the buried seed that He has promised shall bring forth "much fruit".

Our hearts go out in longing for a rich, an unparalleled, harvest of souls in China: that He who was for us all the Man of Sorrows, may see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied. We feel we have not done all we could; we have not been as earnest in our work, as faithful in prayer, or as constantly and utterly filled with the Holy Spirit as we might have been. We long to be more used; more fit for this holy service. Will you help us? Will you join us in prayer that it might be so? We are not anxious about money, or more workers, or any of the needs that arise from day to day, though the Lord only knows how many and how great they are: but we are anxious, profoundly so, for a full outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon ourselves, and all our fellow-missionaries of other societies, and upon the land we love – that there may be in these days a mighty ingathering of souls all over China. One million every month die without Christ, in that great land. Can we be content with a few thousands only, saved in a year? Ought it to be so? Dare we look up to Him who is seated at the right hand of God, to whom all power is given in heaven and on earth, and who has therefore sent us to disciple all nations – dare we look up to Him from such facts, and not cry for a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit commensurate with the opportunity and the need before us today all over China? Never have we had such openings before; never has there been such willingness to hear on the part of the people. Never have there been so many missionaries on the field; or so many Scriptures and tracts in circulation. It is impossible, at the present moment, to keep up with the demand for Bibles, or to supply the preachers, native and foreign, that are asked for to explain its teachings....

A Great Opportunity

The Boxer crisis, the climax of China's opposition, has been followed by a forward movement.

China's policy of exclusion, apathy, and opposition has given place to an open door, eager inquiry, and bewildering invitations. Valignani's cry, "O Rock, rock, when wilt thou open," is no longer heard, for the prophet's words, "Ethiopia shall suddenly stretch forth her hands to God," are being fulfilled in China.

Commercial activity and railway enterprise are seen on every hand. Already hundreds of miles of railroads are in constant use, and prospecting and building of further lines is going forward with great speed. New commercial treaties have been ratified, colleges for Western learning are being opened in all provincial capitals and many other important cities. The demand for educational and Christian literature has become enormous. The Central China Tract Society, only one of the Tract Societies at work in China, last year put into circulation no less than 1,700,521 tracts. Whereas, twenty-five years ago, the annual circulation was about 100,000, the three Bible Societies now working in China last year circulated no fewer than 1,873,775 Scriptures and portions thereof.

On all hands pressing invitations for teachers have to be refused. One writer says he could open twenty stations tomorrow if he had the men, another writes to say they are losing immensely by lack of workers to occupy the openings.

There is today a tide in the affairs of China which, if taken at the flood, should lead on to everlasting blessing to that empire as well as to the world. If neglected, who can tell the immeasurable loss to China and mankind?

Appended to the Open Letter is an advertisement of the China Inland Mission which went as follows:-

The China Inland Mission

Founder – The late Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, M.R.C.S.

General Director – D. E. Hoste

Object – The China Inland Mission was formed under a deep sense of China's pressing need, and with an earnest desire, constrained by the love of Christ and the hope of His coming, to obey His command to preach the Gospel to every creature.

Character – It is evangelical and undenominational. It is supported entirely by the free-will offerings of God's people, no personal solicitation and collections being authorised.

Progress – On 1 January 1905, there were in connection with the Mission, 825 missionaries and associates (including wives), 21 ordained Chinese pastors, 321 assistant Chinese preachers, 148 Chinese school teachers, 215 Colporteurs, 115 Bible-women, and 332 other unpaid Chinese helpers, 12,002 communicants, 18,625 having been baptised from the commencement. There are 418 organised churches, 150 schools, 40 dispensaries, 82 opium refuges, and 7 hospitals.

Qualifications For Missionary Work

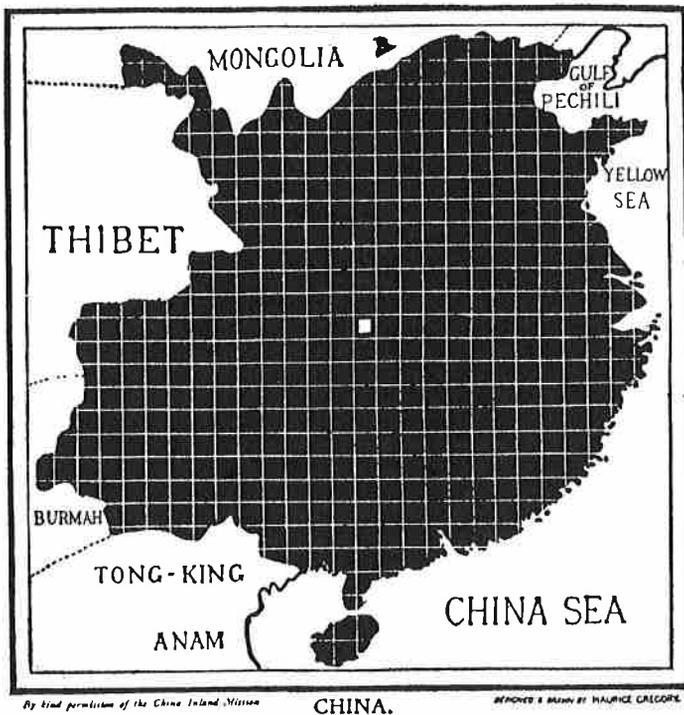
A personal knowledge of Christ as Saviour, practical experience in Christian work, a fair English education, a good knowledge of Scripture, sound health and willingness to “endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.”

Headquarters Of The Mission

London	Newington Green
Philadelphia	237 School Lane, Germantown
Toronto	507 Church Street
Melbourne	267 Collins Street

Donations and correspondence should be addressed to the Secretary at any of the above addresses.

A GREAT NEED IN CHINA:
Without Hope and Without God in the World



Each black square represents one million souls living in spiritual darkness. The small white square in the centre represents the total number of adherents attached to the Protestant churches in China, estimated at a quarter of a million.

A parallel case would be if Bradford, or Hull, or Newcastle, or Nottingham were a Christian town, whilst the whole of the rest of Europe was without Christ.

How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?

II. YEARS OF EVANGELISTIC MINISTRY (1908 – 1923)

One thing that had bothered Rev. Ting since his ordination was the dependency of the Chinese Church on Foreign Missions and the snail pace of their dissemination of the Gospel. The days behind “iron windows” gave him more time to think, so that after he had breathed the fresh air of freedom again, he took pains to issue this First Christian Manifesto on China. Under the headline “China for Christ” he wrote:

The Gospel having come to China for a hundred years, the Chinese Church should now be standing on her two feet. Alas, this is not so, for we are so weak! We are still dependent on Western missionaries. Out of a hundred Chinese Churches we cannot count more than one or two self-supporting and governing. We are sorely grieved by this state of affairs, for so long as the Church of Christ in China is lying low our compatriots will continue to suffer. Their sufferings exceed those of fire and flood, of robbers and brigandage.

Ting Li Mei was not only a lover of God but also a lover of his country. Thus wherever he went in his preaching itineraries he would express support for Sun Yat-Sen and the brewing Revolution against the Manchus. He saw also the importance of the rising generation of students in this context, and so he launched the Student Volunteers Movement for Evangelising the Whole of China. But this all-China project did not come to fruition until 1909, after he had served in the local constituencies as pastor and evangelist to fulfil his obligations. As the Chinese saying goes, “A great vessel takes a long time to build.”

In April of that year he called a general meeting of 104 of his comrades in the Gospel, among whom were a goodly number of theological students. All these covenanted with God to go into the full-time preaching ministry all the days of their life. At a subsequent Summer Conference of North China Students it was resolved to form a liaison

committee to contact young men and women of like mind who should give their whole life to the Lord's service.

As the movement began to spread, it caught the imagination of leaders of the Y.M.C.A. and so in May of the following year, under the auspices of the All-China Federation of Y.M.C.A.'s a China Student Volunteers for Evangelism was launched. This evangelistic movement of students was officially affiliated to the Y.M.C.A. and Rev. Ting Li Mei was appointed Roving Secretary. His job was to organise Student Volunteers for Evangelism throughout the high schools and colleges of the Nation. It adopted the slogan: "To preach the Gospel throughout China even to the ends of the earth, within our generation."

To All Eighteen Provinces of China

In 1910 the population of China was estimated at 460 million but the nation's preachers numbered barely one thousand. For this reason Rev. Ting was deeply constrained to take the Gospel to every province of China himself. The vigorous training he had received for a decade traversing the hundreds of miles between home and school, was God's preparation for him to become an itinerant evangelist: to be an evangelist who should set foot on every province of the nation, to visit literally hundreds of cities and towns. Rev. Ting Li Mei did not by-pass Swatow in Kwangtung, South China my birthplace. He brought salvation and revival to the Tow Clan in the early part of his itinerant ministry. From my early childhood I had learnt of the wonderful exploits of this man of God from the lips of my parents and grandpa.

Student Volunteers for Evangelism

In order to enlist young volunteers for Christ's army, Rev. Ting made a big wall map of China on which he drew the boundaries of the five chief races of China (see figure overleaf). They were the Chinese, Manchus, Mongols, Muslims and Tibetans. The statistics of the races were given as follows:-

中 華 民 國



中國全體人民	中國受聖餐教友	中國傳道主任	藏人	回人	蒙人	滯人	漢人
459,874,497,400	34,497,400	1,058,400	6,500	2,500	2,600	2,500	427,688,800

十指〔學生立志傳道團支部〕
 ? 指誰去救他門

Rev. Ting's map of China showing distribution of Student Volunteers for Evangelising China.

1. Chinese	437,688,800
2. Manchu	20,586,000
3. Mongol	2,600,000
4. Muslim	2,500,000
5. Tibetan	6,500,000
Total	459,874,800
Communicants	344,974
Preachers	1,058

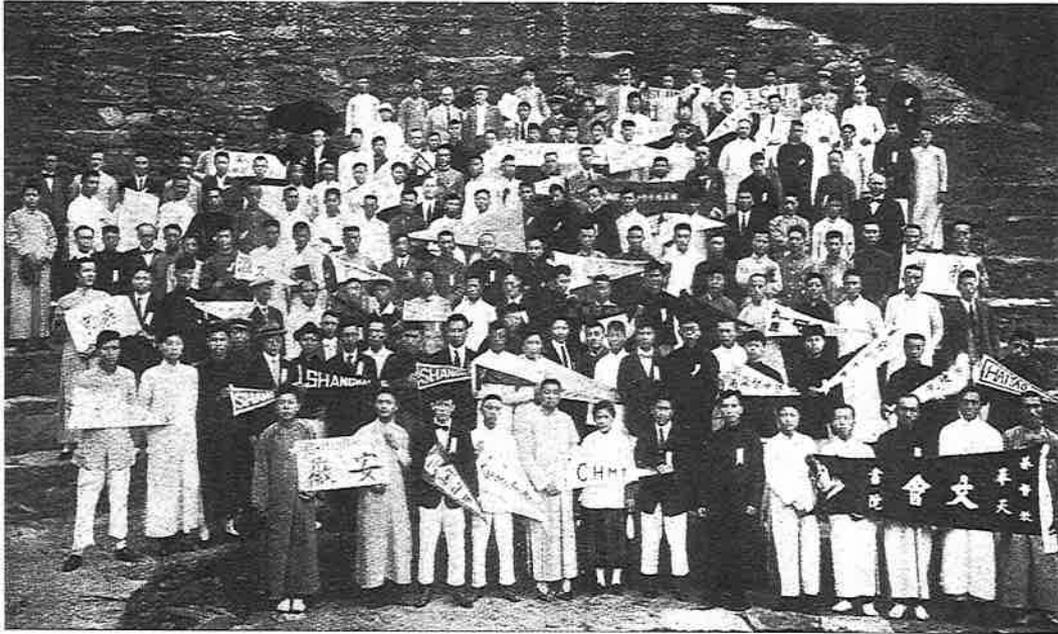
With regard to the Student Volunteers for Evangelism that were being raised up, mostly among the Chinese and a few from Manchuria, these were indicated on the same map by small crosses. A big question mark was put over the three untouched regions of the Mongols, Muslims and Tibetans. "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" (Isa. 6:8)

Thus, he had another poster which addressed these questions:

1. If you have experienced the saving power of Jesus Christ and will not tell others, who will?
2. If you are a Chinese Christian and will not save our compatriots, who will?
3. If you have the capacity to preach without encumbrance, but being unwilling to sacrifice your career in order to sustain the preachers before you, who will?
4. If you believe you have the persevering strength to reform the Church but will not take on responsibility of a preacher, who will?
5. If you are endowed with many talents and have the opportunity of higher training, and you could become a Moses or a Paul for China, but are unwilling to join the Volunteers to make it a success, who will?

While many were moved, the vast majority were untouched by the appeal. Therefore, Rev. Ting was doubly constrained to preach the Gospel and revive the Church throughout the length and breadth of China, yea, even to Japan where he challenged Chinese Students on higher training abroad. While he held revival meetings on one hand, he

First conference of Student Volunteers for Evangelising China held on Mount Lu on 17 August 1922.



中華基督教學生志願佈道團第一次全國大會廬山攝影
一九二二年八月十七日

kept on enlisting young people to give their whole lives to Christ on the other.

Like Dr. John Sung, Rev. Ting also preached three times a day (though in shorter duration), yea even ten times when the need arose, but he did not seem to tire, for the Spirit of God had borne him along. Like Dr. John Sung, Rev. Ting's message was against sin and hypocrisy in the Church, but he freely and gently offered Christ the Crucified and Risen Lord as the only way of salvation to his hearers. Wherever he went Churches were filled to overflowing, while converts who wept for their sins numbered in the hundreds.

Out of the North a Flame for God

From the beginning of his ministry Rev. Ting was mightily used of God. In his native Province of Shantung the Lord blessed him with a thousand souls in a single campaign! This gave him the breakthrough into the Church world overnight, so that invitations began to pour in from all parts of China.

After a successful interval in Manchuria, he received an invitation to conduct a seven-day campaign at the Methodist Church in Peking. As the Spirit fell on the hearers almost all lay prostrate on the ground, writhing in agony and with bitter tears for their sins. This phenomenon, without tongue-speaking, was observed also in Scotland when William Chalmers Burns, before he went to China under the English Presbyterian Mission, stood in for Robert Murray McCheyne then on a visit to the Holyland. Edward Band records, "The young preacher (Burns) by his obvious sincerity and complete absorption in his message, strangely moved the most mature Christians, while his powerful appeal and stern denunciation of sin swept like the preaching of John the Baptist over the torpor and indifference of the multitude."

In one of Rev. Ting's meetings with that Methodist Church it lasted from nine o'clock in the morning until two o'clock after mid-night. Apparently like one of the excesses at Burns' meetings, these who came under the conviction of the Holy Spirit for their sins could not be

unburdened until they had made a complete clean breast of themselves before the Lord. For that campaign 2,000 were gloriously saved. Those who rose up spontaneously to testify of their new-found salvation could neither be contained nor numbered. This eye-witness account was given Mr. Ching Fu Yin, his co-labourer in the Gospel in the Chinese Commemorative Book compiled by N. Z. Zia (1939, 60,000 copies).

Having made such inroads into a dead Church, Rev. Ting swept on in his conquests for Christ in the national capital and took by storm the National University, Peking Union Medical College and Peking Theological Seminary. En route to these places the students gave him a resounding welcome with a brass band, swelled by a crowd of a thousand awe-struck onlookers. When the Spirit worked, there was no need of spending a year and a million dollars to lay the groundwork for a city-wide campaign as was done for Billy Graham in 1978 Singapore.

The name of Ting Li Mei was now upon every lip so that he began to be called "The Moody of China," or "The Evangelist winning a thousand converts a month." D L Moody, hearing of Ting's exploits, said of him, "During the last few decades of Asian Church annals, there is no one like Ting Li Mei who has moved so many students to consecrate their lives to pastor the Churches. No one like Ting." While Rev. Ting had done a mighty work for God bringing in thousands of converts, perhaps his greater and more enduring ministry was the inspiring of hundreds of students by his Christlike character to serve the Church full-time. In this respect he is called the "St John of China".

Wherever Rev. Ting's revival ministry took him, the recruitment of Student Volunteers for Evangelism throughout China was his companion ministry. By 1921, according to a bulletin issued by the China Student Volunteers for Evangelism, C.S.V.E. chapters were organised in over forty high schools and colleges throughout the nation, with 1,570 men and women students covenanting with the Lord. Of this grand total, 130 had already entered the preaching and pastoral ministry, while a similar number were serving in an indirect capacity as Christian teachers, hospital staff and Y.M.C.A. workers. A host of eminent Christian leaders in Church and society were also numbered among his converts. One convert of Rev. Ting was Rev. Heng Teck Im, pastor of our mother

Life Church (Say Mia Tng) of Prinsep Street, Singapore. He had served 60 years in China, Thailand and Singapore.

To experience the intensity of Rev. Ting's day to day ministry while on the move, here is one of his reports to his co-labourers:

I left home on 6 January in His safe keeping, and have been on the road for the last five months. During this time I passed through Liaoyang, Fenglien, Chinchow, Haicheng, Tiehling, Paotingfu, Peking, Tungchow and Tientsin. I visited 12 churches with their affiliated schools, in all 23 big and small. The shortest duration of a series of meetings was four days and the longest 18 days. There were 87 meetings altogether and everyday I preached at least twice, more often three or four times, totalling over 200 times. Many thanks to my Lord, He has kept me in good health, body and spirit, and seen me through these church meetings. I did take a few days off when I felt too fatigued once, but everything turned out all right. The Lord gave me good results. Let me briefly relate a few items to encourage you:

1. Over a thousand signed up to know more of God's Word.

2. Over four hundred boy and girl students covenanted with the Lord to serve Him their whole life. Many more who had backslidden returned to the Lord to serve Him more fervently in prayer, Bible Study and evangelism.

I heard testimonies given by principals, pastors and teachers: "Our schools have become little heavens, for now there is love manifested between one another."

A typical schedule of the pastor-evangelist is reproduced overleaf.

Like Dr. John Sung, Rev. Ting Li Mei made good use of music. A composer of sacred songs, he would use these, married to more lively tunes, on his youthful audiences before the message. He would teach them to sing a number of times until they caught on. The following paragraph is taken from a report on Rev. Ting's revival campaign at a Girls School in Kiukiang (on the Yangtze River) in the Spring of 1911:

丁立美牧師佈道行程表
SCHEDULE OF PASTOR DING LI-MEI

(February 19-May 1, 1917.)

日期	地名	Date	City	丁立美牧師紀念冊
二月十九日至二十二日	旅行	Feb. 19-23	Travel	
二月二十四日至二十五日	汝寧	Feb. 24-25	Juning	
二月二十六日至二十七日	旅行	Feb. 26-27	Travel	
二月二十八日至三月三日	開封	Feb. 28-Mar. 3	Kaifeng	
三月三日下午	旅行	Mar. 3 (P.M.)	Travel	
三月四日至六日	鄭州	Mar. 4-6	Ohengohow	
三月七日	休息	Mar. 7	Rest	
三月八日至十日	河南府	Mar. 8-10	Honanfu	
三月十一日至十二日	新安	Mar. 11-12	Sinanhsien	
三月十三日至十四日	滎池	Mar. 13-14	Mienohih	
三月十五日至十七日	旅行	Mar. 15-17	Travel	
三月十八日至二十一日	運城	Mar. 18-21	Yuncheng	
三月二十二日至二十六日	旅行	Mar. 22-26	Travel	
三月二十七日至二十九日	衛輝	Mar. 27-29	Weihwei	
三月二十九日下午	旅行	Mar. 29 (P.M.)	Travel	
三月三十日至四月一日	彰德	Mar. 30-Apr. 1	Changteh	
四月二日	旅行及休息	Apr. 2	Travel and rest	
四月三日至五日	順德	Apr. 3-5	Shunteh	
四月五日下午	石家莊	Apr. 5 (P.M.)	Shihkaichong	
四月六日	旅行	Apr. 6	Travel	
四月七日至十日	太谷	Apr. 7-10	Taikuhsien	
四月十一日	旅行	Apr. 11	Travel	八
四月十二日至十五日	太原	Apr. 12-15	Taiyuanfu	
四月十六日至十七日	旅行	Apr. 16-17	Travel	
四月十八日至二十日	保定	Apr. 18-20	Paotingfu	
四月二十日下午	旅行	Apr. 20 (P.M.)	Travel	
四月二十一日至二十三日	北京	Apr. 21-23	Peking	
四月二十四日至二十五日	旅行回上海	Apr. 24-25	Travel to Shanghai	
2 四月二十六日至五月一日	杭州	Apr. 26-May 1	Hangchow	

Travel schedule reproduced from a booklet commemorating Rev. Ting.

Both students and Church members were delighted to hear his preaching. Preaching like this was never heard before. At this campaign over 80 girl students covenanted with the Lord to the Gospel ministry, while not a few boy students and hospital staff also gave themselves up. Before the message he would teach a song. One which has left a deeper impression on us goes:

*I'm standing outside your heart's door,
With my hand I'm gently knocking.
I bring you peace to soothe your soul,
Receive me now, are you willing?*

*For you I wear a crown of thorns.
With longsuffering I stand waiting.
O weary one by sin oppressed,
Receive me now, are you willing?*

While he sang these verses he had composed, we who were listening felt vividly the Lord knocking softly outside our hearts' door. We seemed to see the Lord wearing a crown of thorns bleeding for us. Scene after scene seemed to pass across the screen of our minds. We were deeply moved.

Another of Ting Li Mei's sacred compositions sung at the Revival Campaigns to teach holy living, entitled "A Holy Living", goes:

*A holy living, a life of cleansing,
A holy living, in word and deed.
By His blood precious, my soul and body
Is cleansed forever, holy indeed.*

*A holy living, a life of hiding,
A life of hiding, no one can know.
Hiding in Jesus, I and my Jesus,
Hiding forever, no one can show.*

*A holy living, lived for the people,
A willing service to all mankind.
Weep with the weeping, joy with the joying,
Forever more my service you'll find.*

*A holy living, abundant living,
With fruits abundant my life will bring.
A stream that flows on, flows on forever,
Forever more abundant living.*

*A holy living, wonderful living,
A life so wonderful to the world.
From death unto life, from sorrow to joy,
Forever more a life of wonder.*

*A holy living, a life victorious,
A life of victory wherever I go.
My foes are vanquished, sing hallelujah!
I go a-conquering forever more.*

*A holy living, a life of brightness.
O let it shine before God and men!
Cultured or uncultured the masses,
O let it shine on, never shall wane.*

*A holy living, a life so joyous,
Add to rejoicing, joy upon joy.
The joy of Spirit no one can reveal,
Forever in His Being we'll rejoice!*

Praying Saint of China

If it is true that Rev. Ting's employment of music as a handmaid to his evangelism helped bring in souls for Christ, it was more so in respect of his prayer life. John R. Mott's saying of Ting complements Moody's, "One cannot understand Ting Li Mei and his success in evangelism until one is introduced to his close communion with God and his intercessory prayers." Those who lived near him and had heard him pray were solemnised by his reverent tones as to a father and pleadings as to a mother. His prayers were no display of artifice, but a spiritual outflow of deepest communion with his Lord. Many were converted not only by his lips, but also by his knees, so that Ting Li Mei had acquired yet another name, "The Praying Saint of China". One of Ting's followers, Miss Chiau Wei Chen, who taught at China Bible

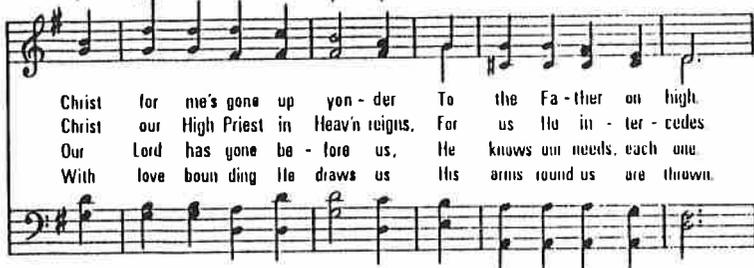
WHENEVER HIS LOVE I PONDER



1. When - e'er His love I pon - der, How sweet with - in it feelst
 2. When - e'er my prayer cries as - cend, The sad clouds melt a - way
 3. When - e'er trials come on our way, The more they be us - teemod.
 4. When - e'er our eyes look be - yond, We see a - no - ther heav'n.



Stayed u - pon Christ our Sa - viour, Such joy who can re - veal?
 The soul that's poured out to Him, What peace comes in to stay!
 A fru - gal life day by day, Is gain with heart's con - tent
 As eyes of faith be - hold Him, What pro - found peace des - cendst



Christ for me's gone up yon - der To the Fa - ther on high
 Christ our High Priest in Heav'n reigns, For us He in - ter - cedes
 Our Lord has gone be - fore us, He knows our needs, each one
 With love bound - ing He draws us His arms round us are thrown.



When - e'er my Lord I pon - der Then He to me draws nigh.
 He'll grant all our pe - ti - tions Far our de - sire ex - ceeds.
 He comes to us in dis - tress, And turns our earth to heav'n.
 With kind - ly gaze u - pon us, He bec - kens us His own

Seminary, Shanghai (founded by Miss Dora Yu through whom Watchman Nee was converted) was so inspired by his example of prayer that she composed a hymn in his honour entitled "Whenever His Love I Ponder" (translated from the Chinese).

Beginning from the early days of his itinerant evangelistic ministry, Rev. Ting registered the names of persons he had met and taken an interest in, in a note book. His first prayer list grew to 2,005 by 1916. In a bulletin to his followers, Rev. Ting wrote, "Of these two thousand, there are pastors, principals, teachers, doctors, merchants, military officers, Westerners and Orientals, male and female, septuagenarians and teenagers. These form a great family in Christ, loving one another and caring for one another, remembering one another in one united bond. His spirit of Christian fellowship far exceeds the sentiments that bind corporeal bodies."

In another of his bulletins he wrote on the importance of prayer according to the following ten points (which were further published in the *Sunday School Times*, USA):

1. By prayer I feel Christ's presence and the fellowship of a bosom friend.
2. By prayer I feel spiritually nourished, like flowers in a shower.
3. Righteousness, peace and joy, like three rays, surround me, whereby my heart is greatly encouraged.
4. By prayer and Bible-reading is the joy of my devotion to the Lord increased.
5. By prayer is my preaching secretly helped by the Spirit (Acts 16:14c).
6. By prayer is love for others increased, so that there is not one under heaven who cannot be loved.
7. By prayer is hope added to faith, and that greatly multiplied.

8. Whenever I sin, hidden or seen, big or small, I am self-rebuked through prayer, and will not leave off without confession and repentance.
9. By prayer I find the way opened up before me and everything becomes smooth sailing.
10. The gradual increase of prayer bands is not through my individual effort, but by one and all, individuals and groups.

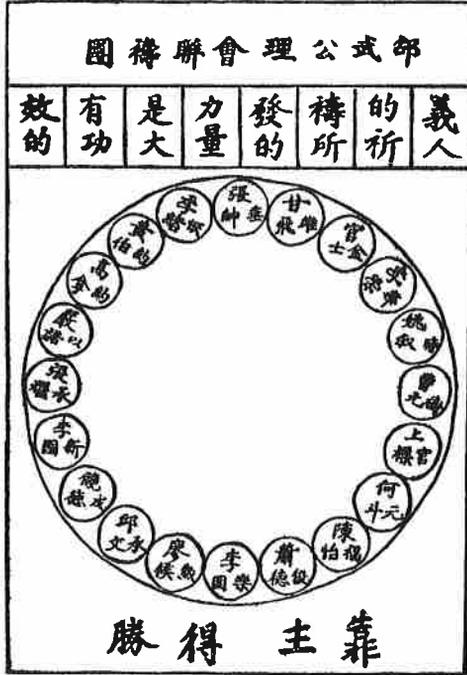
In his “ninth commandment” on prayer, Rev. Ting has rightly said, “By prayer I find the way opened up before me, and everything becomes smooth sailing.” No wonder he never appeared worried or flurried. All day long, whenever you met him, he would be a portrait of perfect composure. He received many letters from prayer partners reporting on the Lord’s blessings upon their lives since joining his prayer bands. A military officer wrote him from Szechuan Province on 25 July 1916 as follows:

Ever since I joined your prayer band I have been adhering closely to the covenant.... Lately I have been busily engaged in the army, so my prayer life has been interrupted. Satan has taken advantage of this situation to trick me. Had you not prayed for me, I might not have resumed praying.

I have returned to the Lord for one month, and discovered these four things through renewed prayer:

1. Prayer helps me progressively in my communion with the Lord.
2. Prayer brings me the sense of power from the Lord and helps me in my witness to lost souls.
3. Prayer helps me feel the immensity of His grace and makes me willing to serve society.
4. Prayer leads me to a close affinity with the Lord, and from Him blessings nonetheless.”

On p. 47 is a chart of a praying circle listing each member of a congregational church, which says at the top, “The effectual, fervent



One of Rev. Ting's prayer circles.



1914



1918

prayer of a righteous man availeth much." The four characters at the bottom say, "Trusting the Lord (we) get victory."

How many members are there in this prayer circle? Through Rev. Ting hundreds of such prayer bands were started around the world, whereby, in his own words, "we are surrounded by thousands and ten-thousands of angels."

Through Rev. Ting's prayers and preaching we have noted the conversion of hundreds, yea thousands, particularly of the younger generation. Not only had hundreds of young people covenanted to consecrate their whole lives to the Lord's service, there were also professionals, businessmen and merchants who offered of their substance liberally to the Lord. A merchant of Chungking wrote Rev. Ting the following letter, dated 1 August 1916:

It was in 1913 that I attended your meetings at Shunching. The parables you told so touched me through the moving of the Holy Spirit, that there and then I promised to give what the Lord had prospered me with, to the orphans. I returned to Chungking in January 1914 and invited the committees of the Moral-Cultural Society, the Young Pioneers, and the Self-Governing Society to my house. My wife Wen Chen and I then offered our house for the opening of an orphanage. We pledged \$1,000 (Western dollars).

Now we have bought six hundred more (Chinese) acres of new farmland at the cost of 3,300 taels (Chinese ounce) of silver and renovated the orphanage at 2,700 taels....

From June 1914 I pledged to give the profits I got from all my business enterprises in the Province of Szechuan for the running of the orphanage. All these decisions on my part are the result of hearing your sermons.

May you be a second St. Paul and your messages be blessed of God. May the Kingdom of Heaven be manifested over China so that many will turn in repentance to the Lord!

While the conversion of such a pocket as is related by this tycoon of Szechuan must have comforted Rev. Ting's heart, the way of the cross

that led Pilgrim through pleasant fields and pastures also brought him to the Slough of Despond. And there were not a few encounters with Apollyon along the narrow paths and alleys.

A Defender of the Faith

With the fall of the Manchus and the founding of the Chinese Republic by Sun Yat-Sen in the 1911 Revolution, a new age of inquiry and scepticism also set in. Since Rev. Ting's main objective was the conversion and consecration of students, he had had to face many a forum of young intellectuals. Those who were mesmerised by high-flown orations on scientific subjects such as physics and chemistry and newfangled theories on philosophy and psychology, would thumb their noses at the old-fashioned Bible-carrying pastor. Added to them were the cantankerous nay-sayers with their usual sophistic questions, and on top of them the charismatics (who had found a footing especially in North China), especially those of the True Jesus Church, with their tongues, visions and healings. Rev. Ting took on all of them without flinching, like Valiant for the Truth. His Sword was the Bible and his shield his implicit faith in the Word. Just as John Sung would refuse to use his scientific knowledge in preaching, neither would Rev. Ting retreat from these "modern" oppositions of science falsely so called (1 Tim 6:20). As long as he stood on the Word of God, his answers could never be gainsaid. Rev. Ting, who read six chapters of the Bible everyday for his spiritual nourishment, was a polemical fighter for the Word of Truth. He stood in line with the early Presbyterian missionaries who taught the Reformed Faith and he was the defender of the faith in his generation. Nor was he for tongues and visions and other charismatic excesses, not even in his evening years when he sought afresh the Holy Spirit's anointing.

That he was a Bible lover and defender is reflected in the following song he composed in the last years of his life:

1. The Holy Bible, a house of treasures,
A house of great wealth, filled to the brim.
Rich instruction of the Law and of Grace,
All that I e'er need, I'll find therein.

2. The Holy Bible opens its riches
To all who read it to find its worth.
Till the daystar arise within my heart,
How shall I sing of its joy and mirth?
3. The Holy Bible, Treasure that I've found
Leads me on the path of holiness.
Ever ready to help me and warn me,
Ever my partner in righteousness.
4. The Holy Bible, O how wonderful!
Beyond man's survey no one can know.
Science, religion, man's philosophy –
All are surpassed by its righteous law.
5. The Holy Bible, wonder of wonders,
Whose Holy Spirit becomes my guide.
He opens my eyes, ears and my closed heart,
The Word of Life is made plain and wide.
6. The Holy Bible, the only wonder,
Invites all mankind search through its page.
Herein is wisdom, higher its pathway.
Praise be to Jesus ever my Sage.
7. The Holy Bible, its wonder power
Reaches the sky and the earth below.
It purifies the human heart and will,
Moulds to its image and all aglow.
8. The Holy Bible, everlasting power.
The more we draw it, the more it flows.
It brings repentance, victory o'er sin,
A help so timely to all our woes.
9. The Holy Bible the source of all power,
It brings us to God in one great bond.
Keeping His commands, fulfilling His will,
Glory to God the Eternal One.

Missionary to the Land "South of the Clouds"

By 1919 the Roving Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. for the Student Volunteers for Evangelism had been on the road for almost a decade. During those years he had covered everyone of the eighteen provinces of China in fulfilment of his vow. By his example and emphasis on self-support and self-government for the Chinese Church, the foundation of the National Church of Christ in China was laid. On this foundation Rev. Ting began now to add, as it were, another storey, a home missionary society. His revival of the Church and recruitment of students for the full-time ministry must necessarily develop into missions. This had been anticipated by the three Question Marks he had put over Tibet, Mongolia and Sinkiang (Chinese Turkestan) in his famous wall map. As the burden weighed heavier and heavier upon his heart, he challenged his countrymen to launch Gospel missions into the wild and mountainous province of Yunnan, which means "South of the Clouds". As A. B. Simpson wrote:

*To the regions beyond I must go, I must go,
Where the story has never been told;
To the millions that never have heard of His love,
I must tell the sweet story of old.*

*To the regions beyond, I must go, I must go,
Till the world, all the world,
His salvation shall know, shall know.*

*To the hardest of places He calls me to go,
Not thinking of comfort or ease;
The world may pronounce me a dreamer, a fool –
Enough if the Master I please*

The land beyond the cumulus south-western horizons of China Proper was and still is the land of many semi-civilised tribes, the chief of which are the Miaos. Yunnan, the southern frontier of China, merges with the mountains of Burma and Laos, with Thailand further south where the notorious "Golden Triangle" is located.

In response to Rev. Ting's trumpet call, a six-man expeditionary force, with him as captain, was sent by the Chinese Church. Here they

completed a six-month stint. A good rider since boyhood, he ponied through China Proper's remote towns and villages like an accomplished ranger. Rev. Ting lasted the longest in this ancient mode of travel through the backwoods of Yunnan – in order to reach the Miaos. Sometimes he lost the way, so that both man and beast would be tracing out a labyrinth. Sometimes he had to blaze a trail for his followers by cutting a swath through tall grasslands. Oftentimes he would be at the mercy of “General Mud” after encountering heavy monsoon rains. These encounters with rough terrain and inclement weather evoked from within the following lines, penned on 12 July 1919:

*Though it rains and travellers are few,
And daily I'm soaked to the skin;
My eyes are drenched with cloudy mists,
And hoofs are drowned in muddy stream;
A slippery way unsaddles me,
A dozing-off lands me in pain;
Who will save from such trial?
My strength from Him I'll regain.*

There's a Chinese saying, “Unless one enters the tiger's lair, how can one take hold of his cubs?” By entering the almost impenetrable backwoods of the tribal people, Rev. Ting reaped a harvest of souls not seen before. On them who were waiting for ages for the coming of the Gospel, was the light of salvation shone.

Barely eking out a livelihood by their primitive ways, the simple mountain folk all the more gladly imbibed the Word of Life. Meetings would be held at length in the evenings after they had come in from a hard day's work in the fields. When the village gong was struck, whole households would leave their bamboo and thatched huts to assemble at a specially constructed meeting place.

Whenever a missionary moved on to another village, the faithfuls among the villagers would carry his baggage in two wicker baskets suspended on a bamboo pole. The porters would leave home for two or three days, and would accept no wages for their Higher service.



影一之道佈中人苗南雲在年九一九一
Rev. Ting evangelising the Miao tribes of Yunnan Province in 1919.

Choosing a central location in the tribal country at Lufong, Rev. Ting built for the people a Church, with simple quarters for himself. He became their self-appointed pastor. On weekdays he would ride his pony to the surrounding country to visit Christian members, or speak personally to the hitherto unevangelised, as his Master did in heathen Samaria.

In the course of his itineration the Chinese missionary to Yunnan, "South of the Clouds", met James O. Fraser, C.I.M. pioneer to Lisuland, only a few miles his side of the Burmese border.

The name of James O. Fraser (1886 – 1938), missionary to the Lisu tribes of Yunnan (and Burma), must remain immortal among the pioneers of modern Protestant missions. An accomplished musician, giving his first piano recital in London at the age of twenty, he was an engineering graduate of the Imperial College. Instead of pursuing his career and enjoying a comfortable wealthy home, he chose rather, at the age of twenty-two, to serve the Lord in the mountains of South West China. Like Wesley who met his Lord at Aldersgate Street, his heart had also been "strangely warmed" when he was converted in his student days. Fraser, no doubt, was also challenged by the lives of great men such as Hudson Taylor, who said, "A little thing is a little thing, but faithfulness in a little thing is a great thing." He must also have been influenced by the messages of Moody and Torrey, and by C. T. Studd whom he met at a Christian training camp in 1906. Moreover there was the Welsh Revival of 1904 that would have put more fire into his soul.

When Fraser first entered Western Lisuland, whose denizens were contemptuously called "monkey people" by the Chinese, there was hardly a Christian convert among them. By 1981, however, despite persecution by the Chinese Communists, Paul Kauffman was able to present the following report in his *Asian Outreach* magazine:

God is moving also among the tribal Christians of South-west China. Since the relaxation inside China over 70 tribal congregations have come out in the open. One of these tribal congregations numbers 5,000 people. In this area along the old Burma Road, northward to the Tibetan border there is strong Christian activity. At Christmas time over 2,000 tribal people

attended a Bible Conference. Chinese officials were amazed, in fact bewildered. They stood on the platform of the convention and asked how many in the crowd were Christians. All but two stood to their feet in open testimony. Those present said that the local authorities then assured the Christians that they had no reason to fear, and even offered to help them establish Three-Self churches.

Standing back and looking at the development throughout that entire region, one can clearly see the hand of God, not only upon His own people, but reaching out to those who do not know Him.

The work of C.I.M. missionaries led by James O. Fraser was given further recognition posthumously by the Lisu Church of Lashio, Burma which received the Gospel via Lisuland (The Lisu Church was established in 1920). A Certificate of Honour, or a pale parchment measuring 10 by 7 inches, was sent to the C.I.M. (now O.M.F.) in 1979, written in Lisu (in the Roman Script coined by Fraser). The certificate reads:

From the time of the establishment of the Lisu Church in the Shan States, Kokong County, Six Families District, Muddy Pool Village in 1920 until 23 December 1978 there are 58 years. Within that period, Rev. J. O. Fraser, Third Elder Brother, since you served willingly and warmheartedly, and did the work of the church of Jesus Christ in obedience to the command of God, the leaders of the church present you with this certificate of honour.

*Dated the 26th day of the 12th month of 1978.
Lashio, New Village, Burma.*

It was this illustrious father of the Lisu Church who was overjoyed to see Rev. Ting suddenly appear from nowhere in Lisuland, near the Burmese border. Having heard of Ting's exploits for a number of years, Fraser immediately recognised him to be "China's Moody: a humble, lovable preacher, through whom many Chinese had become disciples of Jesus Christ." How thrilled he was to have such an eminent servant of God reap in his fields! Eileen Crossman, James O. Fraser's daughter, gives us a glowing report of Ting's joint work of several months' duration with her father. This is recorded in a new biography of James O. Fraser, *Mountain Rain* (O.M.F. England, 1984), pp. 151 – 154.

In the third month of Rev. Ting's establishing the Miao Church at Lufong, however, he suddenly received news of the home-call of his beloved father. Leaving behind his personal belongings with a view to return to his Yunnan Mission, Rev. Ting hastened back to his ancestral home in Shantung. But that was unfortunately the last time he scanned the horizons "south of the clouds" as he sped on the way. His longing and prayer for the souls of the Yunnanese, particularly the Miao tribes, are evidenced in the over 3,000 names of southern tribesmen found in his second prayer list. And although enlisting student volunteers was uppermost in his mind at the outset of his itinerant ministry, it seems that tribal home missions were occupying his attention more and more.

Mr. N. Z. Zia, a biographer, has divided Ting Li Mei's life into three periods. The first period that encompassed his youth and training Mr. Zia likens to sprouting. The second period that covered his evangelistic ministry, he likens to flowering. The third period that saw him engaged in theological education, he likens to fruit-bearing.

If we were to ask Rev. Ting himself, he would probably view as the outer court of the Temple the period of his evangelistic ministry. He would have equated the Holy Place with the second period or the time of his theological tutoring. The Holy of Holies would have been his analogy for the last years of his life, a life of total devotion to prayer during his illness.

III. YEARS OF TEACHING MINISTRY (1923 – 1936)

Be that as it may, we now find Rev. Ting well seasoned from years of preaching abroad and returned to his *alma mater* at North China Theological Seminary in Tenghsien. This was at the invitation of Dr. W. M. Hayes, his former teacher and principal.

This occurred in the year 1923, when he had passed the Confucian age of 50, “when I know the decrees of heaven”. A professor of Biblical Theology, his teaching excelled in his ability to “use Scripture to explain Scripture”. With three decades of pastoral experience behind him, his exposition of Scripture was rich and refined, balanced and symmetrical.

Family Life in Retrospect

Hitherto, for over a decade, we have seen how Rev. Ting was criss-crossing the Continent from town to town, city to city. The last six months of this period, however, he slowed down to live with the Miao tribes in Yunnan. Little is known of his family life before this except that a son and two daughters were born to him by his first wife. After her death, she was succeeded, as the Chinese saying goes, by an “engrafted wife”. She bore him a son and a daughter. So Rev. Ting had in all two sons and three daughters.

The Ting clan clearly possessed a scholarly trait: the pastor had even sent his eldest daughter to study in Germany. When news of her sudden death came to him during the First World War (1914 – 1918), the loving father was struck by a heavy blow. But he was comforted as he re-read one of her filial letters. She reflected her father’s devotion to Christ in these words: “Others who come to study here (Germany) come on State scholarships. But I am on a scholarship from the Lord. Therefore I, being a child of God, must serve my Heavenly Father when I graduate.”

Ting Li Mei was an austere but loving father. He would lead his family in worship, morning and evening. He would examine his children at the end of the day the things they had prayed for, and find out the results. Whenever the children became ill, he would calmly visit them at the bedside and commit them to the Lord in prayer. He would thereby not be over-burdened.

Whenever Rev. Ting was out preaching on a long journey, he would write home daily to report to his family. In these reports he would share some of the thoughts of his messages and requests for prayer. His favourite Book was Romans, and as he took great delight in literature evangelism and correspondence, he could not have been far behind the writing Apostle.

In his letters to his children he was especially tender in his tone. His wish above all else was that his children would consecrate themselves to serve the Lord even as he did. Thus, when the youngest daughter offered her life to the Lord, the pastor-father was overjoyed. He said, "To win the soul of a little child exceeds ten thousand times ten thousand the whole world." In the same year, his persevering prayers were answered when his second daughter and her husband came to the Lord in repentance and were born again. Upon their conversion, the couple's home was also converted – for the use of the Lord as a centre for succour of the down and out.

In regard to a minister's financial support, this was his philosophy: "If we serve the Lord, He will provide all that we need. We should offer our five loaves and two fishes, all that we have, just as the little boy did to God. Thereby from his abundant provision, we can take our portion." Though Rev. Ting had little of the world's goods he often went out of his way to help the needy. When Rev. Ting's eldest sister was widowed with three sons, she and her family found a ready shelter in Rev. Ting's parsonage. They stayed on for the all the years of the children's upbringing until the sons' graduation from Middle School. The pastor would also provide for his other relatives' children that they might obtain a secondary education.

In 1928, Rev. Ting's eldest son died and left behind six children. These six grandchildren he also put up at the parsonage that they might not stray from his fold. A wonderful confirmation of the Lord's commendation upon grandpa was the scheduled reading of Scripture at the dinner table, on the day the grandchildren arrived. It was Psalm 27, which reads in verse 10: "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

Professor of Theology

After his return from Yunnan, Rev. Ting continued in his job as General Secretary of the Student Volunteers for Evangelism for another three years. From 1923 to 1931 he taught at his *alma mater* – the North China Theological Seminary at Tenghsien. For one-and-a-half years thereafter, he was called to pastor a Lutheran Church in Manchuria.

Then came the call to Tientsin in September 1932 to teach at the newly-established Bible School of the National Holiness Mission. He served also as Vice-principal. It was about this time when Dr. John Sung first swept into Tientsin and started a revival fire that was to burn on for a decade. (Dr. Sung revisited Tientsin several times after this.) Rev. Ting welcomed him with open arms and was elected vice-president of the John Sung Preaching Bands.

Rev. Ting and John Sung

The story is told that when the flaming evangelist made the call to sinners to come to the front to confess their sins, Rev. Ting also went. He humbly knelt with the first-timers. This public gesture by the veteran evangelist humbled the young doctor to the dust. This revealed Rev. Ting's childlike heart, even as it is demanded by our Lord, "Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." (Mark 10:15) No doubt Rev. Ting was a contributing factor to the lasting results of the Tientsin Pentecost. Under his leadership, in the wake of the Tientsin Revival, a home for the Bible School of which he was Vice-Principal was founded. A new edifice which

arose over a choice piece of land offered by a lover of God is a monument to his lifelong faithfulness.

The faithful servant of God had a large heart. Not only did he establish the Bible School on a firm foundation, he also helped to build a Church for Tientsin to cater to the new converts of the John Sung Revival. A third thing he did before his work on earth was completed was to help lay the groundwork of the Spiritual Training Theological Seminary, principal Dr. Chia Yu-ming.

His Sickbed Became His Lectern

During the last couple of years before the end of his life, the indefatigable evangelist began to succumb to illness. In the cold winter month of January 1936, he went to Tsingtao that had captivated him decades ago, to meet with his friends on the establishment of Spiritual Training Seminary. On his homeward journey, he caught a severe cold. Despite this ailment, he continued in his daily teaching schedule at the Bible School for ten days and took on a preaching engagement that required him to entrain to Tsinan. When he finally settled down on 25 January, the doctor diagnosed him with dropsy. Admitted to the hospital of Cheeloo University, he was found further to have a fatal liver disease. Returning home from hospital he committed himself to the Lord in bed. Despite his illness, the theological professor continued to receive inquirers into the faith. His sickbed became his lectern.

The following are excerpts of his teachings given out of his sickbed lectern:

Rejoicing in the Lord

The Lord is He who keeps me company in my sickbed. Whenever I close my eyes I can feel His presence. My heart is overwhelmed with a sense of pleasantness and peace. I can converse with Him on any matter, I can seek His advice freely on any subject. Praises to Jesus, hallelujah. What a blessing! What joy! Amen and amen!

The Lord is My Only Friend

Between friends, there comes a stage in close communion when neither would leave the other. A friend is one who regards his counterpart to be the one and only to him, though the latter may not attain to his expectation. The Lord Jesus whom I love is unique. There is no one like Him before nor after. He is the best Person who ever lived, the greatest in love, patience, wisdom, ability, position, power, possession. Anyone who finds Him his friend is fortunate indeed, blessed indeed!

Thanks be to the Lord Jesus, He has always said, repeatedly said, that He is my good Friend. Hallelujah, glory be to the Father. Though other friends might leave me one day, because they are become helpless themselves, the Lord Jesus on the other hand hath said, "I will never leave thee not forsake thee." (Heb. 13:5) How precious is this promise! Other friends might have countless friends themselves. But when you need one you might have to wait for some time, yea, even half-a-day, and you might not see him. Though Jesus has many friends, He will show Himself to you whenever you need Him. If you cling to Him He will be more than pleased to remain with you, and He will say to you, "Little child, relax! I will never leave you. Take it easy, rest in my embrace." A Christian who can rest in the Lord's bosom finds life sweet and fully satisfied! Praise be to Jesus!

What I say here is only for those who know, and not the "outsider".

On Being Filled With the Holy Spirit

Isaiah 11:2 says, "And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord." When I meditated on this verse, the Spirit of the Lord quickened my understanding: It is the Holy Spirit from whom these virtues are derived – wisdom, understanding, counsel, might and fear of the Lord. Therefore, any one who is filled with the Holy Spirit is filled with these virtues. Thanks be to Jesus. He loves His disciples and He commissions His disciples. See John 17:15-16, "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou

shouldest keep them from the evil. They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.” John 14:12: “Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.” And, read Acts 1:5–8, “For John truly baptised with water; but ye shall be baptised with the Holy Ghost not many days hence.... But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.”

The Father committed His works to the Son and the Son did the Father’s works throughout His life. After He completed them He ascended to heaven. Now the Son has committed His works to all His disciples. So we disciples should not do anything apart from what He has committed to us. How can we represent Him? There’s only one way — by being filled with the Spirit whereby His was filled (Zec. 4:6).

Be Sent by God

There’s a difference between being sent by man and being sent by God. If sent by man, both sender and the sent one are men. Both are limited by time and space, limited in wisdom, ability and power (Matt 6:27; Luke 12:20; Jas. 4:14). So there is no certainty as to their work’s results – success or failure, big or small.

Not so to be sent by God. While man has limitations, God is infinite, eternal and unchangeable. So those who are sent by God to do a work will attain results, and their works remain forever. For example there is Moses who led the children of Israel in the Exodus. If God was not with him, he could never have succeeded. As to Paul’s missionary journeys, he met with countless troubles, even unto death. If the Lord had not sent him and be his constant Protector, he would have lost heart at the outset.

Now there are a number of self-appointed workers of God. Let me ask them by whom they are sent. Is it not a fact that a good number are sent by man? What could you expect such to accomplish? How many really are sent of the Lord? These are the cause of the Church’s stagnation. O Lord! We pray Thee to send workers!

The Lord Is Your Refuge

If you believe the Lord is your refuge, who keeps you under His protection, then you will not worry. You will not fret! For the Lord is omnipotent, so no one is able to pluck you out of His hand (John 10:28). There is the case of Daniel's three friends being cast into the furnace and Daniel being thrown into the lions den for further proof. Now we sometimes meet with sickness or death. What is the reason? The Lord has His perfect will in this. We should face up to these troubles with patience and be fortified by faith. Never doubt. Let us be reminded by Psalm 119:71: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." And there is Psalm 30:5: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." From Job's fiery experience do we not see a greater blessing and happiness? O Christian, read 1 Pet 4:13-14: "But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy. If ye be reproached for the name of Christ happy are ye...." Be not afraid however great the ordeal before you is. If you can say, the Lord is my Protector, what can man do to you? (Author: surely these words are repeated out of the depths of his near-martyrdom during the Boxer Rebellion, thirty-six years before his home-going. And here is a good question, "Why of the fifty thousand Chinese Christians killed for their faith was Ting Li Mei spared from the sword?")

It was at this juncture that he devoted himself to more intensive prayer. He started a new prayer list, which now formed his third book, to pray for all his visitors. To occupy himself even more profitably, he made himself a schedule for the memorisation of Scripture verses.

Dying in Harness

A persevering pastor to the end, he was one who preferred to die in harness. Therefore, when he was able to get up, he would still venture abroad to witness for Christ. He managed to pull himself up to the graduation service of the Bible School, and to the dedication of the Tientsin Prayer Bands headquarters in the month of June.

On 18 September Rev. Ting said to his wife, "My strength is feeble indeed. I shall see the Lord soon!" When she asked him how he would order his family, he replied, "God's arrangement is better than mine. I have already committed you all to God. God will guide you. If our two children will follow in my footsteps to serve the Lord, I will be satisfied." On 20 September, when the illness took a downturn, he could still ask his wife to read for him Luke 1:46-47: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." And the last verse of Psalm 17: "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied when I awake, with thy likeness."

On 22 September at 5.10 p.m. he opened his eyes as if to say farewell to his loved ones. He broke into laughter as if he was meeting Someone he had longed to see. And the Lord took him.

The next day, a great crowd of his friends and followers numbering five hundred came to what he had called his farewell service. On 25 September his body was laid to rest at the new British Cemetery, Tientsin. By the grave-side they sang this hymn which he had only recently composed in his sick bed:

*In Christ there is no discontent,
With Christ aside there's no saving.
My food and drink He long prepared
Whenever I need, He's there waiting.*

*Birds of the air they fly away.
They build no barn nor face famine.
White as the lilies, shining white,
Far exceeds our work and cunning.*

*Such little things receive His grace,
And we His own begotten children?
Like pearl and apple of His eye
No fear have we in His bosom.*

*O seek His kingdom and righteousness,
With all thy strength and they might!
In tears we sow, in joy return,
To live with Him ever so bright. Amen.*

CHINA'S FIRST EVANGELIST

There is no one in all China so well known as he. Whenever the Church of China is mentioned the name of Ting Li Mei immediately comes to mind. He is a devoted, humble, honest, reverent, persevering servant of Christ. He is beloved and well commended by everyone who knows him. The Presbyterian Church, USA has his portrait hung in the Conference room of its headquarters in New York City to show him respect.

He is China's first independent evangelist, who blazed a trail for those after him. He was most well versed in the Bible, one instructed by the Holy Spirit Himself. He was a man of great spiritual eloquence. When he ascended the pulpit he exuded an air of loveliness, mingled with meekness and joy that spoke of Christlikeness. His face shone forth the fulness of the glory of Christ. He was one of a very lowly heart, a man devoted to prayer. He prayed for hundreds, yea thousands of people by name, who are recorded one by one in his book of prayer. His prayers circled the earth.

He was a man of fearless loyalty. In the Boxer Rebellion of 1900 he was beaten for taking a stand against his anti-Christian persecutors.

He was the first general secretary of the All-China Student Volunteers for Evangelism. Today, many well known pastors and preachers and co-workers in Christian organisations were moved by his appeal to High School and University students twenty-five years ago. He is a spiritual leader of China's home missions, and was with the first Evangelistic Band that evangelised the borders of Yunnan.

Whoever came in contact with him, Chinese or Westerner, would be influenced by him for good.

— Dr Hopkins, 1936.