



**Lydia Mary Fay and the
Episcopal Church Mission
in China.**

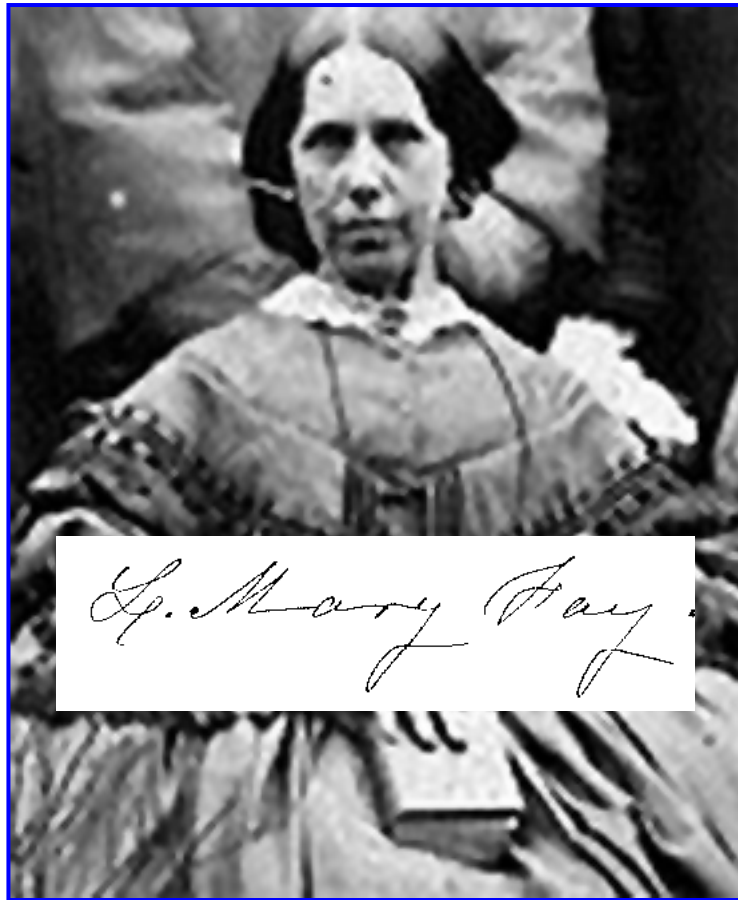
**Including transcript of letters and other items
from private correspondence and other
archival sources,
1844-1885.**

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**WORKING PAPER
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Comments on this working paper are welcome.

LYDIA MARY FAY.



**This is a collection of items relating to the life and work of
Lydia Mary Fay from sources in the United States.
It has few items from the very extensive holdings of the
Episcopal Church Archives.**

Lydia Mary Fay was a major influence on the Shanghai mission. One appraisal states that she was:

Of extraordinary calibre. Miss Jones was a plodder and laid the heavy foundation stones. Miss Fay was a brilliant originator and withal one of the ablest missionaries we have ever sent out. Referring to the Chinese language in his book on "China and the Chinese"; Dr. Giles, professor of Chinese in Cambridge University, says: "Speaking of women as students of Chinese, there have been so far only two who have really placed themselves in the front rank. It gives me great pleasure to add that both these ladies were natives of America, and that I was my privilege while in China to know them both. In my early studies of Chinese I received much advice and assistance from one of them, the late Miss Lydia Fay."

For twenty-seven years this remarkable woman spent herself in the Master's service in China. Only one short vacation did she ever take, and that after twenty years of work were behind her. Her faithfulness, her skill as a teacher, her level head and her zeal made of her one of the master builders of the work in and around Shanghai. Her words about prayer have been often quoted: "I went to China praying continually that God would make me instrumental in leading one native youth to the ministry of reconciliation," and she loved to give it as an evidence of answered prayer that she lived to see four of her pupils laboring as priests among their own people, while, since her death in 1878, six more have been ordained.

Gray, Arthur R., and Arthur M. Sherman, *The Story of the Church in China*, (New York, The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, 1913), pp 56-57.

Lydia Mary Fay (her preferred first name was Mary) was born in Bennington, Vermont in 1804 and died in Chefoo (today Zhifu-Yantai) in Shandong Province, North China in October 1878.¹ Most of her early life was spent in or within thirty kilometers of Albany, New York but her early education and life-long wide reading gave her an extensive worldview—she had good reading skills in Latin, Greek, French, German and after some years in China, exceptional skills in literary Chinese.² Over her lifetime she experienced a long series of apparently age related illnesses and from the mid 1860s onwards took extended rest and recuperation breaks. By the time of her death in 1878 she had worked as a teacher with young people for over fifty years.³

Although a romantic disappointment ended hopes of a conventional married life in America she found her life purpose in a teaching career in China that she maintained, with serious challenges, by strong religious faith and, perhaps, lack of an alternative. She was forty-six years old when she became a missionary at a time when most new missionaries were about twenty-five years old. She was a missionary for twenty-seven years when the average service of American Episcopal missionaries in China was around five years. Like most missionaries, she is at best a “shadowy figure in narrations of religious and general history.”⁴ As an ancient Hebrew writer observed:

And there are some who have no memorial, who have perished as though they had not lived; they have become as though they had not been born.”⁵

Mary Fay is virtually unknown in American missionary histories despite her major contribution to the eventual establishment of one of the most famous American colleges in 20th century China, St. John’s University in Shanghai, sponsored by the Protestant Episcopal Church.⁶ Fay was the key personality in the Episcopal Boys’ Boarding School that later became Duane Hall and Divinity School (1876), a foundation element of the later St. John’s College (1879) and finally St John’s

1 The history of the Fay Family in this paper is indebted to the research of the late Mrs. Linda Fay Kaufman of the United States.

2 Her full name was Lydia Mary Fay but she used Mary as her everyday name. In mission archival material she is invariably referred to as Miss Fay.

3 Her fellow-missionary, the Rev. Dr. Robert Nelson knew her when she first came to Virginia and knew her own account of her early years and education in Albany, New York. See Robert Nelson, “Letter” *Southern Churchman*, Alexandria, Virginia, Thursday, November 28, 1878, Vol XLIV, No 48.

4 Hutchinson, William R, *Errand to the World: American Protestant Thought and Foreign Missions*, (Chicago, Chicago University Press, 1993), p 2.

5 Book of Ecclesiastes Ch 44, v.9. (Revised Standard Version)

6 Xu Yuhua, “St John’s University, Shanghai as an Evangelising Agency,” *Studies in World Christianity*, Vol 12 No 1, 2006, pp. 23-49.

University (1905), registered in Washington D.C.⁷ Its first bachelor degrees were awarded in 1907.⁸ The language of instruction was English other than in the Theological Faculty where instruction was in both Chinese and English.

The Protestant Episcopal Mission is often overlooked in histories of American Protestant missions in China apparently because it is not identified as an evangelical mission, a serious misunderstanding as far as its foundation and first forty or so years is concerned. The Episcopal Mission shared, until recently, the inadequate focus on the contributions of foreign single women.

By the 1890s a majority of female English-speaking missionaries were single women undertaking traditional “female” nurturing roles in education, health and social welfare while men held firm reign over the ecclesiastical and mission administration at home and abroad.⁹ Women found it almost impossible to overcome the “cult of domesticity” that required home, husband and family as evidence of a “normal” female life.¹⁰

Missionary history is also relatively silent on the contribution of Chinese church members who were the main propagators of the Christian faith to their countrymen. Of the Chinese clergy of the Episcopal Church in the early years of the China mission only the first, Woo Hong Niok (Wu Hongyu) has attracted much notice. He had been a student in the Boys’ School, had spent some time in the United States, served briefly in the Union Army during the Civil War and returned to Shanghai where he was ordained a deacon in the Episcopal Church and some years later, the first Chinese Episcopal priest.

There is a pattern of religious triumphalism in many missionary histories that obscures the everyday normality of the people involved. Moral and ethical failings, common to everyone, are passed over and the story of ordinary people trying to follow their faith and, in almost every instance, do good to those among whom they chose to live, is lost in a jungle of hagiography. Even something as simple as the all too common death of children, or wives, or husbands is converted into a triumph for God, rather than expressed as suffering. Stories such as those of the Mills family, Presbyterian missionaries in Shandong Province in the 1860s, whose family experienced the

7 Protestant Episcopal Church, Domestic and Foreign Missions Committee, *Spirit of Missions*, 1877, Vol. 42, p 84. (Cited hereafter as *Spirit of Missions*). See also Bays, Daniel H and Ellen Widmer, *China’s Christian Colleges*, (Stanford, Stanford University Press, 2009). Rosenbaum, Arthur Lewis, ed, *Yenching University and Sino-American Interactions, 1919-1952*, Special Volume of The Journal of American-East Asia Relations. (Vol 14, March 2009). See also “Duane Hall and Divinity School” *A Quarter of a Century in China*, Reprinted from *Shanghai Evening Courier*, 9 November 1876. (Collection, Ian Welch).

8 Satneck, Walter J. *St. John’s University, Shanghai, 1879-1950: Portrait of a Missionary University*. Feb 15, 1986: 412 East Lockerman Street, Dover, Delaware. Typescript at Virginia Theological Seminary, Alexandria VA and Yale Divinity School.

9 See discussion of the American Baptist missionary, Ida Pruitt in King, Marjorie, “American Women’s Open Door to Chinese Women: Which Way Does It Open?” *Women’s Studies International Forum*, Vol 11 No 4, pp 369-379, 1999. King highlights Pruitt’s mental and practical separation from the everyday Chinese who represented, in cultural and physical terms, a continuing threat to the well-being of herself and her family. On the autonomy and work of single women see Welch, Ian, (2006), *Women’s Work for Women: (Experiences of single women missionaries in Fujian Province, China, 1890s)*. <http://anglicanhistory.org/women/> and at <http://anglicanhistory.org/asia/china/index.html>

10 Lasser, Carol, "Let Us Be Sisters Forever": The Sororal Model of Nineteenth-Century Female Friendship," *Signs*, Vol. 14 No. 1 (Autumn, 1988), p. 160.

scourge of 19th century China—cholera—striking down hundreds of Europeans equally with millions of Chinese.

Mrs. Mills was herself brought nigh to death by the same terrible disease. Their two little boys and two nieces fell its victims. Those were dark days. Mrs. Mills felt the loss of her children very acutely. Her own health was much impaired. For six years here mission life was a brave struggle with sickness and sufferings.¹¹

Missionary history generally overlooks the personal lives and deeper longings of missionaries, male or female, married or single.¹² Few missionary histories attempt to deal with personal issues such as the loneliness that was a characteristic of Mary Fay's entire life that she described as a "path of loneliness and lowliness of service,"¹³

At a function celebrating a quarter of a century in China, her contemporary, Dr. John Macgowan declared;

Her life is sacrificed not for father, mother, husband, friend, or even for her own people, but for a far off and ancient people.¹⁴

Julia Emery of the New York office of the Protestant Episcopal Mission reported that Mary Fay's letters were written from a "lonely room."¹⁵

An Episcopal missionary who knew her far better than most, the Rev. Dr. Robert Nelson, said that her prodigious appetite for learning was a product of:

Many a lonely hour of day and night. (For, during a large portion of her missionary life, she kept her solitary table; and for the last year or two she was the only foreigner in the house which she occupied.)¹⁶

Mary Fay seems to have had no close friendships with other women of the kind experienced by, for example, the Anglican women missionaries of Fujian Province.¹⁷

Another American Episcopal missionary, Caroline Tenney (later Mrs. Caroline Keith) also experienced briefly the kind of loneliness experienced by Mary Fay. Caroline Tenney told her school-friend, Mary Plumer, that her missionary decision had been made because of her vision of a lonely future as an unmarried woman:

Many years of hope deferred, of dreary loneliness, had I known; and, when life's fondest dream was dispelled, I awoke to a new world. I felt that life was all changed to me. ... I have lain awake whole nights to think of it; and the thought often came like a weight of lead upon my heart, so that I would

11 *Chinese Recorder and Missionary Journal*, Vol 5, October 1874, p. 275.

12 For a representative missionary hagiography see Gracey, Annie Ryder, *Eminent Missionary Women*, (New York, Missionary Campaign Library, Number Two, 1898), Reprinted Kessinger Publishing www.kessinger.net).

13 Personal loneliness is a characteristic of single missionary correspondence. A male Australian working with the China Inland Mission, the largest Protestant mission in China, wrote of "a regular struggle against the feeling of loneliness." Frank Burden, Sunday, 5th August 1894 (Ian Welch Collection). The emotional isolation of missionaries demands more attention.

14 *Spirit of Missions*, 1877, Vol 42, p 84.

15 Emery, Julia A, "Miss Fay", *Spirit of Missions*, January 1879, Vol 44, p. 47.

16 Nelson, Rev. Dr. Robert, "Letter," *Southern Churchman*, Alexandria, Virginia, Thursday, November 28, 1878, Vol XLIV, No 48.

17 See discussion of "sisterhood" friendship in Marshall, Elsie, "For His Sake", *A Record of a Life consecrated to God and devoted to China*, (London, The Religious Tract Society, c1903). See also Lasser op cit, p 162.

feel weak, or as one falling from a precipice to a bottomless abyss.¹⁸

Mary Fay focused her affections on her students whom she referred to, invariably, as her “young ladies” or “my boys”.

Mary Fay with “her boys.”



Towards the end of her life she summed up her life’s work: “Teaching is my life and my delight.”¹⁹ It is worth reflecting on the balance between “delight” and necessity when assessing missionary idealism.²⁰ Many teachers will identify with her fear of being forgotten by her students.

I know is the common lot of teachers, to spend our lives, the best that we can give of our hearts and bodies for those who have as little thought or concern, and think every debt of gratitude is cancelled when our salaries are paid.²¹

Her initial employment in Virginia was as a governess with the wealthy and socially prominent Dulany/deButts family of Shooter’s {Shuter’s} Hill (later of Welbourne) near Alexandria.²² The skills she acquired as a governess may have been an ideal preparation for her subsequent career as a teacher-missionary. One researcher wrote of potential female missionaries.

She should be ‘a sensible middle-aged person with strong decision of character’; good health and good temper are ‘indispensable’, and she should of course be ‘devoutly religious’. A lady who had been a governess would, if she had these attributes, ‘answer extremely well.’²³

Fay subsequently worked for the strongly evangelical Carter family to whom the Dulany’s were

18 Caroline Tenney to Mary Plumer, 2 January 1851 in Tenney op cit, p. 114.

19 *Spirit of Missions*, 1877, Vol. 42, p 164.

20 See discussion of single women’s roles in early 19th century America and the light it sheds on Fay’s dependence on the Rev. Charles Dana discussed later, see Cott, Nancy F, “Young Women in the Second Great Awakening in New England,” *Feminist Studies*, Vol 3 No 1-2, (Autumn 1974), pp 17 ff.

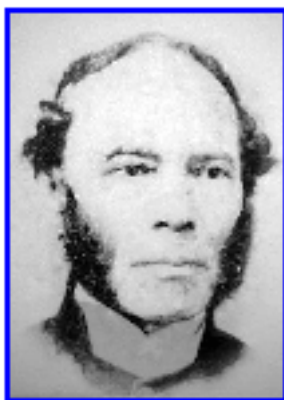
21 Lydia Mary Fay to Mrs. Mary Ann De Butts Dulany, from “Midway Academy”, Essex County, Virginia, no date. (Virginia Historical Society, Mss1 D3545 a 419-475 Item 415, De Butts Family, Papers 1784-1962, Section 12).

22 The house was in the site now occupied by the George Washington Masonic National Center in Alexandria Virginia.

23 Murray, Jocelyn, ‘Anglican and Protestant Missionary Societies in Great Britain: Their Use of Women as Missionaries from the Late 18th to the Late 19th Century,’ *Exchange* 21, No. 1 (April 1992), p 12.

linked by marriage.²⁴ The Dulany's had a town house in Alexandria and presumably it was while residing in Alexandria that she began attending Christ Church.²⁵

Although the female members of the Dulany family affirmed a conventional 19th century genteel model of quiet and respectable behavior it is unclear how deeply the male members viewed their church membership in terms of personal religious enthusiasm. Waukechon suggests that Virginian Anglicans 'usually espoused a sedate moralistic religion rather than one based on experiencing emotional conversion.'²⁶ The Dulanys, the family that employed Mary Fay as governess to their children, were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church but that did not seem to have influenced Mary Fay towards the 'enthusiasm' long associated with Methodism. It is probably safe to assume that the Dulanys had similar views about acceptable behaviour to their landed gentry Episcopalian friends and relatives on most issues.



Originally a Presbyterian, Mary Fay decided early in her stay in Virginia to become an Episcopalian. On 12 July 1840 she was confirmed by the strongly evangelical Bishop William Channing Moore, in Christ Church, Alexandria.²⁷ She had taken her first Anglican Communion on 8 March, four months before her formal confirmation.²⁸ The minister of Christ Church, the **Rev. Charles B. Dana**, wrote:

She had previously been a communicant in a Presbyterian Church in Albany (from the minister of which she obtained a latter highly commendatory to me, before her confirmation, three or four years. Her father being a Presbyterian she was educated in that church and that her mother and grandmother were Episcopalians.²⁹

Her very deep feelings for the Rev. Charles Dana are revealed in this collection but most dramatically in a letter written on 16 October 1847.³⁰ She describes, in gripping detail, a dream in

24 Fay, Lydia Mary to Mrs. Mary Ann De Butts Dulany, from "Midway Academy", Essex County, Virginia, no date. (Virginia Historical Society). See also Nelson, Rev. Dr. Robert, "Letter," *Southern Churchman*, Alexandria, Virginia, Thursday, November 28, 1878, Vol XLIV, No 48.

25 The complex Dulany family history is summarized in Vogtsberger, Margaret Ann, *The Dulany's of Welbourne: A Family in Mosby's Confederacy*, (Berrysville, VA, Rockbridge Publishing Company, 1995). Richard Dulany is the focus of pp xvii-xxi. His wife, Rebecca Ann Dulany, was his first cousin and was much loved by Lydia Mary Fay, her governess. Rebecca was a wealthy heiress. with an estate valued at \$US 19.5 million in 1995 values. Her mother was Frances Addison Carter of Sbine Hall. Rebecca died aged thirty years, in 1858. Although Richard Dulany formed and led his own Confederate cavalry (7th Virginia Cavalry) unit in the Civil War, he was never a convinced separatist and was well known for believing that the Civil War was neither necessary or inevitable.

26 Waukechon, John Frank, *Charles B. Dana and Virginia Evangelical Episcopalianism: His Family, Career and Sermons, 1810-1860*, MA Unpublished, University of Texas at Austin, 1992 p xiii.

27 Bond, Edward L & Joan R Gunderson. 'Evangelicals Ascendant: Bishop Meade and the High Tide of Evangelicalism,' *The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, Vol. 115 No. 2, pp 243-275. An interesting discussion of the rise of evangelical Protestantism in the United States is Bratt, James D., "The Reorientation of American Protestantism, 1835-1845," pp 52-82 in *Church History*, Vol 37 No 1, March 1998.

28 Her confirmation is at *Christ Church (Episcopal) Alexandria, Parish Register 1828-1845*, p. 61 and her first Anglican Communion is noted at p. 75. (Courtesy Ms Julia Randle, Virginia Theological Seminary library, Alexandria, Virginia).

29 Rev. C.B. Dana, Alexandria to Rev. Pierre Irving, Secretary, Board of Missions, New York, 20 July 1844.

30 L. Mary Fay to Rev. C B Dana, from "Midway Academy", 16 October 1847. (University of Texas, American History Center).

which she describes an evening sharing her bed with her ‘guardian angel.’

I do not suppose you believe in dreams, or can interpret it for me yet as I cannot forget it and would not dare tell it to anyone else I am going to tell you. On my return from N. York, I staid [sic] in Baltimore one night and part of two days. To commence as the Book Makers say, ‘I had a dream.’ A strange sweet dream of beauty and repose. I thought my guardian angel was near me, Oh! How near. I was folded in his arms, pressed close to his pure heart, and in the silent rapture of that moment I felt that earth had no more to give of happiness, except its continuance; and yet it continued long for a dream. I slept, and waked locked in the same sweet embrace, the strong and good was still watching over me, and all earth’s evils seemed prevailed against one thus protected. It was morning, I fancied a gentle kiss upon my cheek, a quiet step as if someone leaving the room. I awoke and found myself alone. Then commenced the ‘common places of life’, the ‘waking realities’ and morning toilette. The noise of servants. Breakfast. The salutations of friends. The Drawing room, in which was assembled a little world in miniature. The grave and gay, the young and old, the clear glad voices of children mingled with the wisdom of years and the frivolity of youth. All seemed engaged in some object. All seemed intend to promote their own, or others happiness. I saw again the form of my dreams. He spoke not to me, he appeared not to see me, though my heart listened to every tone of his voice as he said indifferent things to those around him. I tried to forget the impressions of the night. I joined in conversation, spoke of things in which I had no interest, and appeared listening to answers which I did not hear for amid all those voices there was but one I cared to hear. At length, business, pleasure, the beauty of the Morning, ... induced one after another to leave the room. Mechanically I followed, and glad to escape from those in whom I had no interest shut myself up in my chamber. I threw myself in a chair, took up a book, cast it aside, covered my face with my hands and wept. I fancied the angel of my dreams was again near me, but my heart was oppressed with thoughts of parting. I kneeled by his side. I bowed my aching head heavily upon his breast and prayed for strength to live in loneliness and continued absence from all that could make life bright and beautiful and desirable. He raises me from my knees, one long kiss and passionate embrace was returned with all a woman’s deep idolatry. I was again alone, and shall never forget the moment of intense misery, of thought, of prayer that followed. The sun shone mockingly in at my window.³¹

She does not state the name of the ‘guardian angel’ and ‘beloved’ but on the balance of her surviving letters, and on several places of quiet meetings mentioned in them, Dana is the obvious candidate. This conclusion is supported by her remark that he produced all her letters to him when she met Dana in Warrensburg (New York State) in mid 1847, suggesting more than a formal pastoral interest in her.³² Mary Fay had moved to Warrensburg, in upstate New York near Lake George where Dana visited her. There is a suggestion that she may have experienced a disagreement while working with the Carter family that led her to leave Virginia.³³ Although Dana supposedly had a preaching appointment in Warrensburg the town had no Episcopal church. Mary Fay had been offered a position as principal of a new Episcopal school in the township. She was told that once the school was open an Episcopal church would be built and a minister called. Dana’s visit to Warrensburg may have been connected with this proposal. Whatever the substance Dana’s presence in Warrensburg angered her father Ethan Allen Fay and her uncle, Heman Allen Fay, an ex-US Army officer.³⁴ In 1850, when discussing her successful application to join the Episcopal Mission in

31 L. Mary Fay to Rev. C B Dana, from ‘Midway Academy,’ 22 November 1849. See discussion in Cott, op cit, p 18-19.

32 L. Mary Fay to Rev. C B Dana, from ‘Midway Academy,’ 16 October 1847. (University of Texas, American History Center).

33 Lydia Mary Fay to Mrs. Mary Ann De Butts Dulany, from ‘Midway Academy’, Essex County, Virginia, no date. (Virginia Historical Society).

34 Ethan Allan Fay’s disapproval would have been greater still had he had known that his daughter was hoping to

China, she told Dana that her father was insistent that she be properly chaperoned during her voyage to China and no doubt her relationship with Dana had given Ethan Fay cause for anxiety about his daughter's behavior.³⁵

Dana visited her, apparently unchaperoned, on several occasions in Baltimore, New York and Warrensburg and he again met her in Washington, at her earnest invitation, while she was travelling to take up her position at Midway Female Academy.

I am much indebted to you for your prompt reply to my request to see you in Washington, and that you proposed to pass a night there ... I intend to ... come to Washington in the first train of Morning Cars, take a carriage directly for Brown's Hotel where I shall nothing to do but count the minutes or hours until I see you,³⁶

A month later, settled at Midway Female Academy, she revealed that Dana had kept all her letters to him and how she had been struck silent just looking at him.³⁷ He had previously asked her to destroy all his letters to her which she did.

I watched them till they were burned to ashes, and when I saw they were really gone I cried and was sorry I burned them. I would have kissed the ashes and half a mind to preserve them.³⁸

Two years after her return to Virginia she wrote to Dana: 'You know that I am very fond of making excuse to write to you.' She added that she enjoyed telling him her innermost 'thoughts and opinions' and that constituted 'half the charm and value of our friendship.'³⁹ She revealed her feelings towards Dana by noting '*Personne n'est comme vous.*' [Nobody is like you]. In several subsequent letters she claimed to rely totally on Dana's advice and expressed her complete dependence on him to respond to matters that she was unable, or unwilling, to discuss with others. By 1849 and subsequently she complained that Dana was taking longer and longer to answer her letters. She held to her dream of marriage and at the end of 1849 still held him 'the one nearest, or rather dearest, the first in my Calendar.'⁴⁰

Dana's behaviour may be explained by his belief that she was much younger than she actually was. She was six years older than Dana but he thought "She is, I imagine, about 26 or 27 years of age."⁴¹ When he eventually did marry it was to Miss Elvira Chase, a Sunday School teacher at Christ Church about 21 years old. The marriage led to his resignation and removal to Saint James Parish, Port Gibson, Mississippi from 1861 to 1866 and subsequently to Trinity Church, Natchez,

meet Dana, if only briefly, in Washington before going to Midway Academy.

35 L. Mary Fay to Rev. C B Dana, from 'Midway Academy,' 6 July 1850. (University of Texas, American History Center).

36 L. Mary Fay to Rev. C B Dana, from Albany, New York, 27 September 1847. (University of Texas, American History Center).

37 L. Mary Fay to Rev. C B Dana, from Albany, New York, 16 October 1847. (University of Texas, American History Center).

38 Ibid.

39 L. Mary Fay to Rev. C B Dana, from 'Midway Academy,' All Saints Day and Thanksgiving Day (22 November) 1849. (University of Louisiana Library, Special Collections).

40 L. Mary Fay to Rev. C B Dana, from 'Midway Academy,' 26 May 1848, (University of Texas, American History Center).

41 Rev. C B Dana to Rev. Pierre Irving, Secretary, Board of Missions, 20 July 1844.

Mississippi from 1866 until his death in 1873.⁴²

Interior of Christ Church, Alexandria, Virginia



An English minister, speaking at her memorial service in Shanghai, described her Episcopalian identity in these terms:

Now, if I were to try and say what type our late friend bore, I should say that her character was moulded and fashioned in the Anglican pattern. Quiet, careful, reverent, not caught up by passionate revivals and the gospel of hysterics, but equable and calm and thoughtful . . . Her letters were full of quotations from the older and more learned Divines.⁴³

While in Warrenton Mary Fay had received six letters from Dr. Jefferson Minor of Miller's Tavern, Virginia, seeking her services for his "Midway Female Academy" opened a year or so earlier, in 1845 or 1846 and some distance from Alexandria and Dana although she still regarded him as her pastor.⁴⁴ Minor believed that Mary Fay could provide the leadership his school needed

42 *The Natchez Democrat*, Monday, February 9, 2009. (Courtesy Ms Julia Randle, Virginia Theological Seminary library, Alexandria, Virginia).

43 Very Rev. Dean Charles Henry Butcher, Church Missionary Society, Shanghai, *Spirit of Missions*, March 1879, p 120.

44 For a history of secondary education in neighboring counties see; Gill, Russell Benjamin, *Secondary Education in King and Queen County, Virginia, 1691-1938*, MA thesis (unpublished), University of Virginia, 1938; Gill states that the school operated until c1855.

and she finally accepted his invitation. It is obvious from her letters that she nurtured hopes of marrying Charles Dana and finally decided to leave America when that door proved firmly closed.

Midway Female Academy was a small private girl's school near Miller's Tavern, a village about thirteen miles from Tappahannock, Virginia.⁴⁵ The academy enrolled forty girls as boarders and day students with at least two full-time teachers in addition to Mary Fay. In 1848 an advertising leaflet declared that she is:

So well and favorably known and has given such general satisfaction as to render comment or eulogy unnecessary.⁴⁶

Her only personal visitors at the school from 1847 to 1850 were the local Episcopal assistant minister (later rector) the Rev. Henry Waring Latane Temple and his wife from St Paul's Episcopal Church, Miller's Tavern. Mary Fay wrote to the Rev. Charles Dana that "Mr. Temple's sermons generally put my mind out of frame" and that his services were dreary and "Methodistical."⁴⁷ But she did adapt somewhat and a year later she declared:

I am getting quite reconciled to the semi monthly service at St. Paul's except when they sing Methodist Hymns and even listen with some attention to Mr. Temple's preaching.⁴⁸

Her only regular social outings were to the wife and sister of the Rev. Mr. Temple. She told Dana:

We often visit at Mr. Temple's and I have seldom met a more lovely and interesting lady than his wife. She and Miss Suzy, his sister, are the only persons I shall feel the slightest regret in leaving here.⁴⁹

She said to Dana following the uncelebrated burial of the uncle of two of her students.

I believe many of the Virginians particularly those who live in the county have less regard for the dead than any people in the world. The very expression they use in place of saying 'going to a funeral' and 'going to see them put away' always makes me shudder and hope I shall not be 'put away' here. However as they are so often 'put away' without any religious services the expression may be very proper.⁵⁰

Her social environment in Virginia was otherwise restricted to contacts with parents, some of whom openly rejected Christianity.⁵¹

The academic achievements of the girls obviously gave her cause for concern and even irritation and perhaps exposure to their foibles year after year influenced her decision to seek greener

45 Haile, Mary Virginia, *Biography of an Old Country Church, St. Paul's 1838-1971*, (Privately Printed c1971), pp 5 & 7.

46 *Richmond Enquirer*, December 25, 1849 (Virginia Historical Society). Lee Shepard of the Virginia Historical Society suggests that Minor had previously run a tavern to augment his income (personal correspondence). See Shepard, Lee, *A History of St. Paul's Episcopal Church*, (Richmond, privately printed, 2001).

47 L. Mary Fay to Rev. C B Dana, from "Midway Academy", 1 January 1848, (University of Texas, American History Center). Mr. Temple and the Rev. John McGuire, his predecessor and first rector at St. Paul's, were in the "low church" Anglican tradition and were influenced by the Second Great Awakening.

48 L. Mary Fay to Rev. C B Dana, from 'Midway Academy,' 22 November 1849.

49 Ibid.

50 Ibid.

51 L. Mary Fay to Rev. C B Dana, from "Midway Academy," April 1849. (University of Texas, American History Center).

pastures.

The Young Ladies are really improving in Reading, Spelling and English Grammar, in habits of order, neatness, and industry, and I hope in time I may be able to add in habits of truth, these homely accomplishments they seem to have thought hitherto quite below their attention, though ... they can dance, waltz, ... murder French, kill time, talk and laugh loud, commit violence on the face of nature in a landscape in water colors, and of course think themselves properly in style.

Allow me by way of illustration to give you a few extracts from their compositions of last week. Some of them from young ladies who will have finished their education in July. 'Everyone finds enjoyment in spring, the cenary is beautiful.' 'Winter is a seeson to enjoy??... such as slaying and skeating.' ... 'Education qualifys a person for join in company and conversing with each other.' The 'wind blöse' and 'he gose' are common expressions. And I fear you will kindly credit me when I say that one, nearly as tall as myself who wears a green satin dress, coral necklace and a profusion of other ornaments wrote 'Unighted Stats' for United States and 'Bous' for Boys. How she spells Beaux I do not know, though I am quite sure she thinks enough about them yet she wept the first time when I insisted upon her sitting down to repair a dress and some other articles of her wardrobe which I oblige all the young ladies to do every Saturday morning under my superintendence. They generally do this very pleasantly through rather awkwardly.

But really, this 'fashionable education', this systematic hypocrisy though it may sometimes seem a matter to be smiled at, is to me a subject of sad and painful interest. I do not think that one so educated can be truthful and sincere, such careless showy habits strike at the very root of moral principles, deaden their moral perceptions until they almost lose the power of distinguishing truth from falsehood.⁵²

The almost pagan, hedonistic lifestyle of her "young ladies" angered her but she succeeded in transforming the school's character.⁵³ A religious education program centered on an opening prayer and a "short Bible lesson each day." It was no easy task to:

Persuade the young ladies to twist up their curls, cut them off, put on plain dresses, lay aside their ornaments, and try and look and act a little more like school girls, and when they are composed enough for quiet, patient study, try to cultivate their taste for the really beautiful and true, their love of science and of truth, as it is in nature and revelation. But Oh! with tastes and feelings so perverted and thrown away upon trifles how slow must such a work be, and what patience, direction, discrimination, firmness and wisdom does it require in a teacher.⁵⁴

Jocelyn Murray might have been describing Mary Fay when she wrote of potential female missionaries.

She should be "a sensible middle-aged person with strong decision of character"; good health and good temper are "indispensible", and she should of course be "devoutly religious". A lady who had been a governess would, if she had these attributes, "answer extremely well."⁵⁵

Mary Fay met the Rev. William Jones (later Bishop) Boone when he returned in 1843 to place his children with family members following the tragic death of his first wife from cholera in Amoy

52 L. Mary Fay to Rev. C B Dana, from 'Midway Academy', 1 January 1848, (University of Texas, American History Center).

53 L. Mary Fay to Rev. C B Dana, from "Midway Academy," 16 October 1847. (University of Texas, American History Center). See Shiels, Richard D, "The Second Great Awakening In Connecticut: Critique of the Traditional Interpretation," *Church History*, Vol 49 No 4, (December 1980), p 401. L. Mary Fay to Rev. C B Dana, from "Midway Academy," All Saints Day and Thanksgiving Day (22 November) 1849. (University of Louisiana Library, Special Collections). Fay, L Mary to Rev. C B Dana, from Midway Academy, 6 January 1848, (University of Texas, American History Center). Fay, L Mary to Rev. C B Dana, from Midway Academy, 26 May 1848. (University of Texas, American History Center).

54 L. Mary Fay to Rev. C B Dana, from "Midway Academy," 16 October 1847. (University of Texas, American History Center).

55 Murray, Jocelyn, "Anglican and Protestant Missionary Societies in Great Britain: Their Use of Women as Missionaries from the Late 18th to the Late 19th Century," *Exchange* 21, No. 1 (April 1992), p 12.

(Xiamen). Mary Fay's contribution to Christian missions in China forms part of a wider collection on the history of the Protestant Episcopal Church Mission in China under the leadership of Bishop William Jones Boone Sr.⁵⁶ It is a core element in the history of the Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui, (the Holy Catholic Church in China formed 1912) that became an autonomous province of the Anglican Communion in 1930 and continues as the Province of Hong Kong.

When Mary Fay arrived in Shanghai in early 1851⁵⁷ there were forty boys in the Boys' Boarding School established a few years earlier by Bishop William Jones Boone, the first Episcopalian (and Anglican) bishop in China.⁵⁸ In accordance with the Episcopal preference for male oversight, Mary Fay found herself under the authority of John Tevius Points from Staunton, Virginia.⁵⁹ Points, the brother-in-law of the newly arrived Rev. Robert Nelson, was an MA graduate from the University of Virginia, just twenty-one years old with no teaching experience. Fay was in her mid-forties with more than two decades experience as a teacher and school principal. The Points, mother and son, arrived in December 1851 and returned to America in June 1856 when Points could no longer tolerate the Shanghai climate. There are hints that Mary Fay proved a reluctant subordinate and did not get on with Mrs. Points.⁶⁰ From then on, although a male clergyman was always nominally in charge, Mary Fay was the principal influence in the Boys' Boarding School.

As in Virginia, her tasks in Shanghai involved considerably more than classroom responsibilities:

I have been engaged in teaching various English branches, in a large boarding-school of Chinese boys, of which Mr. Points is now the superintendent and teacher of the first class; but the "maternal care" of the school is divided between Miss Tenney and myself; she has one half, and I the other, which accounts for the expression, "my boys," whom I have taught when they were well, nursed when they were sick—bought, and made, and mended their clothes, (though in this I have the assistance of a tailor).⁶¹

In another letter she said:

The exhausting routine of duties is essentially the same all the year round ... This school... I consider

56 See documentary database on the early years of the Episcopal Mission in China. Welch, Ian, *The Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America, in China and Japan, 1835-1870*. 美國聖公會 *With references to Anglican and Protestant Missions*, Online <http://hdl.handle.net/1885/11074>

57 Between 1845 and 1854 eight single women joined the Episcopal mission in Shanghai. Mary Fay was the fifth. She was preceded by Miss Eliza Gillett (after one month married pioneer missionary Elijah Bridgman); Miss Emma G. Jones; Miss Mary Morse; and Miss Caroline Tenney (later Mrs. Cleveland Keith). Three other single women followed Mary Fay: Miss Catherine E. Jones; Miss Emma J. Wray; and Miss Jeannette R. Conover (later Mrs Elliott H. Thomson. Gray, Arthur R and Arthur M Sherman, *The Story of the Church in China*, (New York, The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, 1913).

58 The most comprehensive survey of Boone's life is Boone, Muriel, *The Seed of the Church in China*, (Philadelphia, United Church Press 1973).

59 Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, *An Historical Sketch of the China Mission*, (New York, The Society, 1893), p 21. (Cited hereafter as *PEC Historical Sketch*).

60 Moore, J Staunton, *Annals of Henrico Parish*, (Trustees, St John's Episcopal Church, Richmond, Virginia, 1904). Mr. John T Points, a schoolteacher from Staunton, Virginia. See *PEC, China Mission*, op cit. p 21. Points was ordained after his return to the United States, serving initially at St. James's Church in New Kent. He was appointed to St John's Church, Richmond in November 1859 but died less than a year later while on a visit to the Nelson home in New Kent.

61 *Spirit of Missions*, 1855, Vol 21, p 225.

my family, and my greatest responsibility.⁶²

Her report to Bishop Boone covering the months of August to November 1854 describes a rigid routine set by the clock.

August 25th. Rose at 5 o'clock. At 6.30 o'clock rang the bell for the boys to commence their usual morning studies in Chinese. Dismissed them at 7 o'clock. At 8.15 o'clock the Bishop conducted the morning prayers of the school, at which I am always present with the pupils. At 8.15 o'clock went with them again to their Chinese books. At 9 o'clock the Bishop visited and examined the Second Department, while I recorded the progress each pupil had made since his last visit, two weeks before.

September 6— After the usual morning duties were over and the pupils at their English lessons, went to my Chinese studies, commenced the "*Shoo-King*,"⁶³ or "Historical Classic;" ... As it is included in the course of studies pursued in our school, I am anxious to read it before the larger boys commence studying it, that I may better judge of their progress...

September 25—Retired at 12 o'clock last night, and rose at 4 this morning. Have spent the whole day and evening (with the exception of teaching two hours) in visiting and waiting upon the sick.⁶⁴

In today's jargon, Mary Fay worked 24/7 with "her boys." The "domestic" tasks of the Boarding School were undertaken with efficiency and a complete lack of enthusiasm. She wrote:

I fear I have little vocation. It is still a dragging, wearying duty, and I am ... willing at any time to give it up to a more competent person, or to any one who may fancy the life of a missionary teacher is not one of self-denial, self-discipline, and self-sacrifice.⁶⁵

There are glimpses of the curriculum that included reading, spelling, writing, composition, geography and theology, together with Bible reading and translation into English.⁶⁶ Although St John's University subsequently neglected Chinese language skills they were taught systematically in its predecessors when Mary Fay was in charge.⁶⁷ She proved to have exceptional skills in translating Chinese written texts.

As a proof of these qualities, Miss Fay is honorably mentioned by a celebrated Chinese author, in his book called, "Pencil Sketches of Things Heard and Seen." "She alone of modern sinologues," says the friend quote above, "has been thought worthy of notice by Chinese scholars." Tsi-Wing, the Chinese writer, discourses of Miss Fay as follows: "I am told, by a learned friend, that there is a foreign lady named Fay, who has a school in Hong Kew. She is of middle age, and unmarried, yet with a face as fresh as a peach or an almond blossom, and a nature cold as ice, and pure as the falling snow. She loves Chinese books, and has the Scholar Tsang Chu-Kwei for her teacher. She speaks Chinese, having mastered the tones and combinations of sounds, daily increasing her knowledge by the study of the "Imperial Dictionary" (Kanghi). Living thus, her pure nature and love of study supersede all family ties and joys. This is a woman to be revered. To this true lover of study, Lady Fay, praise can add no more."⁶⁸

Late in her life, her Chinese reading skills were recognized when she and her Chinese teacher

62 Church, Lydia Rodman, "Life of Lydia Mary Fay," in *Gosley's Book and Magazine*, Vol 99, December 1879, p. 594.

63 *Shu King*, or the Chinese Historical Classic.

64 Fay, Lydia Mary, "Journal from August 25th to November 5th, 1855," *Spirit of Missions*, 1855, Vol 21, pp 225-226; 227; 231-232;

65 Fay, Lydia Mary to Rt. Rev. William J Boone, Shanghai, 4 March 1858, *Spirit of Missions*, July 1858, Vol 23, pp 339ff & 396 ff.

66 *Spirit of Missions*, 1857, Vol 22, p 279. See Welch, Ian, *Culture and Protestant Mission Schools in 19th century China*, online <http://hdl.handle.net/1885/11462>

67 *Spirit of Missions*, February 1858, Vol 23, pp 87-88. See also Xu, Edward Yihua, "Liberal Arts Education in English and Campus Culture at St. John's University", pp 107-124 in Bays and Widmer, op cit.

68 Church, Lydia Rodman, "Life of Lydia Mary Fay," in *Gosley's Book and Magazine*, Vol 99, December 1879, p. 594.

Mr. Tsang, were asked to edit the proof pages of Samuel Wells Williams “Syllabic Dictionary” containing 90,000 distinct syllabic forms.⁶⁹ Mary Fay attributed her Chinese language skills to her teacher, Tsang Chu-wei, a close friend who never publicly accepted Christianity to avoid losing all the special privileges of a Chinese literati. She wrote:

Tsang was the best and most perfect writer I have seen, and also the cleverest scholar, as well as the most amiable and obliging of friends. His death is still a great grief to me. He used sometimes to instruct the teachers of Duane Hall in composition, the higher departments of Chinese classics, and also International Law; but these lessons were always given in my study, and only after he had read them over with me. He had a fine, clear voice, and after he had been over a lesson with me he had the power of reproducing and giving explanations that were just splendid, and I found it easier to go over a lesson with him, explain terms and names—which are always a great puzzle to the Chinese—and then leave him to repeat, while I would lie on a couch and listen; or, if I felt too ill, leave the room altogether. But without some such arts and discipline as this I never could have made him do what I did. Chinese teachers hate explanations; nor do they know much of what I call *teaching*. They make scholars learn a great deal; that is; *memorize*, but to *understand* what they learn seems mere useless presumption! It is for this reason I value so highly my trained Christian teachers.⁷⁰

From the outset of its work in China, the Episcopal Church pursued the American commitment to higher education as the best means of empowering individuals and inculcating ethical and social responsibility. Almost half of all American missionaries in China worked in higher education and their focus was on the downward educational thrust in the reconstruction of China rather than the conventional evangelical Protestant emphasis on the conversion of individuals and an upward movement of social reconstruction. American universities brought Western learning to wealthier young Chinese and contributed to a later nationalist challenge to China’s cultural tradition and subsequently in the 20th century to the role of foreigners in China, including missionaries.⁷¹

The brief survey of Mary Fay’s life and work must mention the reordering of gender outlooks during the 19th century as single women took active roles in missions parallel to men.⁷² In 1860, after a decade of playing “second fiddle” to males she indignantly resigned from the Boys’ Boarding House because the role of Superintendent was transferred by the bishop to a newly arrived and inexperienced male teacher, because, the bishop wrote: “I have always thought the school needs the strong hand of a male superintendent.”⁷³

From 1860 and for seven years during and after the American Civil War when funds from America dried up and the Episcopal Mission nearly collapsed she found work with the English Church Missionary Society and preserved the Boys’ Boarding School under English auspices.

69 Williams, S. Wells, *A Syllabic Dictionary of the Chinese language* . . . Shanghai, American Presbyterian Mission Press, 1874.

70 *Spirit of Missions*, July 1878, Vol 43, p 325.

71 On the impact of the “Social Gospel” in China see Jun Xing and Chun Hsing, *Baptized in the Fire of Revolution: The American Social Gospel and the YMCA in China*, (Bethlehem PA, LeHigh University Press, 1996).

72 Haggis, Jane, “A heart that has felt the love of god and longs for others to know it’: conventions of gender, tensions of self and constructions of difference in offering to be a lady missionary,” *Women's History Review*, Vol 7 No 2, 1998, p 172.

73 Lydia Mary Fay to Rt. Rev. W J Boone, Shanghai, 13 June 1860. (Virginia Historical Society). Rt. Rev. W J Boone to Miss L M Fay, Shanghai, 7 August 1860. (Virginia Historical Society).

The American Civil War era of the 1860s had a serious and long-term impact on the Episcopal Mission, comprised of missionaries from the North and the South but headquartered in New York.

The political situation in the United States could not but affect the mission. Bishop Boone, in his report for 1860-1861, calls it 'a year of trial from beginning to close.' The mission was \$15,000 in debt, because it had received no remittance from home for months; and at the breaking out of the war the Foreign Committee requested that every possible retrenchment should be made. The boys' school was disbanded and the premises were sold. This led to the retirement of three members of the mission, who had been connected with the school. Another resigned by the bishop's advice, owing to his inability to endure the climate. Miss Emma Jones, because of her constantly poor health, was compelled to retire permanently, and Mr. Syle was obliged to return to America on account of his motherless children, who needed his care. When the boys' school was disbanded. Miss Fay, at the earnest request of the English Church Missionary Society, was temporarily transferred to their schools.⁷⁴

The approach to the Church Missionary Society was almost certainly an act of desperation by Fay who had no income other than her missionary pay and no obvious possibilities of employment outside missionary work. Mary Fay did not emphasize personal material assets or abstract ideas of happiness although she did not disregard either.

The power which the 'good things' of this life have to confer happiness depends entirely upon the value we place upon them; and as I think them less essential to my happiness than to that of any other person, I often find myself unhappy, though I hope not ungrateful in circumstances where one might think I had nothing to wish for.⁷⁵

Towards the end of her time with the English mission she told the CMS London Secretary, Henry Venn, of her deep-seated gender frustration in terms similar to those she had expressed to Bishop Boone some years earlier.

The life of a single lady is a constant sacrifice to nursing the sick and watching the wives and children of the missionaries. Year after year every moment of my leisure (aside from the care and teaching of sixty boys) has been passed in sickrooms—besides more or less nursing among the Chinese and I always volunteered to take my place at a sick bed of the wife or child ... so that the husband might be free to attend to his public duties.⁷⁶

Unsurprisingly, given the gender values of the mid 19th century Mary Fay found the English missionaries no more enlightened than her American colleagues.

In spite of earlier dismissive attitudes to female supervision her leadership was in no doubt when she returned, with "her boys", to the Episcopal Mission in 1867.⁷⁷ After 25 years the humiliation had not eased. She wrote to Miss Julia Emery, the Women's Secretary of the Episcopal Mission, that an English clergyman said that: "My work seemed all granite...it seemed a man's work done

74 Richmond, Annette, *The American Episcopal Church in China*, (New York, The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Board of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. 1907), p 41.

75 L. Mary Fay to Rev. C B Dana, from 'Midway Academy,' 16 October 1847. (University of Texas, American History Center).

76 L. Mary Fay to Henry Venn, CMS London, 6 April 1866. CMS East Asia Archives, Reel 221, C CH 0 33. Original Letters and Papers of Missionaries, Miss Lydia Mary Fay 1863-1866.

77 An overview of the early 1850s through the eyes of one of the American missionaries, see Syle, Rev. Edward W, "American Mission in Shanghai," in the *Colonial Church Chronicle, and Missionary Journal*, Vol IV (July 1850), pp 20-25. Online 20 December 2008 at http://anglicanhistory.org/asia/china/syle_shanghai1850.html. On her transfer to the Church Missionary Society see *Spirit of Missions*, Vol 27, 1862, p 122 and p 149.

by a woman!”⁷⁸ When, just two years before her death, the Boys’ Boarding School became Duane Hall, a theological training center, it was said that Miss Fay “now hands over her school to the Mission she has served so well.”⁷⁹

This essay closes with a report of Mary Fay’s death in a Press Agency report from Shanghai republished in a New Zealand newspaper. The item reflects the impact of technology—electric submarine telegraph—that began the information technology revolution of which this essay is a contemporary symbol.

Miss Lydia Mary Fay...of the American Episcopal Church in China, has just died... She had labored in the East for 28 years, and was the most accomplished and successful of lady missionaries here.⁸⁰

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- 78 Lydia Mary Fay to Julia A Emery, from Shanghai, 28 January 1876, *Spirit of Missions*, August 1876, pp 422-424.
- 79 Very Rev. Dean Charles Henry Butcher (Anglican Church), Opening of Duane Hall, *Spirit of Missions*, Vol 42, 1877, p 84.
- 80 *North Otago Times*, 10 December 1878.

Lydia Mary Fay
And the Episcopal Church Mission
in China.

Transcript of Letters,
and other items from private
correspondence and other archival
sources, 1844-1885.

DATE. **1844, June 14.**
PROVENANCE: Episcopal Archives, Austin, Texas
AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
RECIPIENT: Rev. Pierre P Irving, Secretary, Foreign Missions Board. New York.
SUBJECT: Application to Domestic and Foreign Missions Board for appointment as a Missionary Teacher in China.

Alexandria, June 14th 1844

Rev. Mr. Irving,
Dear Sir or Madam:

I am informed that Dr. Boone on his return to China intends to establish a school for the education of girls and wishes several ladies to go out with him as Missionary Teachers.

Feeling deeply the Church's responsibility to fill this great field with laborers and knowing this responsibility can only be met by individual Christians consecrating themselves to the work I am induced to offer myself to the Board of Missions and ask to be appointed as Missionary Teacher to China.

If Mr. Irving desires any further expression of my feelings in regard to Missions, the motives which induce me to go, my fitness for the appointment, etc., I will write again, or refer him to my Pastor, the Rev. C B Dana, rector of Christ Church Alexandria to whose care Mr. Irving will also pleased direct his answer.

Very respectfully,

L, Mary Fay.

DATE. **1844, July 20.**
PROVENANCE: Episcopal Archives, Austin, Texas.
AUTHOR: Rev. Charles Backus Dana,
Rector, Christ (Episcopal) Church, Alexandria, Virginia.
RECIPIENT: Rev. Pierre P Irving, Secretary, Foreign Missions Board. New York.
SUBJECT: (i) Personal Reference for Lydia MARY FAY..
(ii) Re: Application to Domestic and Foreign Missions Board for appointment as a Missionary Teacher in China.

Alexandria, July 20th 1844

Rev & Dear Sir,

At the request of Miss Lydia MARY FAY., I take this opportunity of expressing, as her pastor, my opinion of her qualifications for a Missionary teacher in China, for which office she has already become a candidate.

Miss Fay has been a member of my congregation for the last five years, and was confirmed here four years ago. She had previously been a communicant in a Presbyterian Church in Albany (from the minister of which she obtained a letter highly commendatory to me, before her confirmation,) three or four years. Her father being a Presbyterian she was educated in that church and that her mother and grandmother were Episcopalians. She has been, and is now, a governess in a highly respectable family here, and has proved herself to be quite a successful teacher. Of her piety I have no doubt. She is also amiable and kind in her deportment, and is much beloved by the family in which she resides. She is, I imagine, about 26 or 27 years of age⁸¹, and has a more than ordinary facility for the acquisition of languages, of which she reads several. She is, I am told, a tolerably good Latin scholar, and has read the New Testament in Greek. My principal fear is, that she has not sufficient of firm health, to enable her to perform all the duty important to be performed by one who should fill the office to which she desires to be appointed. She is also perhaps, somewhat deficient in the sterner qualities and in decision of character, tho I do not mean that there is such a want of decision, or of stability of character, as would materially affect her usefulness. But, all things considered, her piety, her great interest in the cause of Missions, her attainments, amicable disposition, and experience as a teacher, I have no doubt that she would be a useful member of the China Mission, were she to receive the appointment, though she may not possess every desirable qualification.

Bishop Meade, who saw and conversed with Miss Fay during his recent visit here, and with others in whom he had confidence, who were well acquainted with her, desired me to say that he would have united with me in this communication and expression of opinion, but circumstances prevented him from writing, as he intended.

I have thus endeavoured to give you a candid and unbiased opinion of the lady in question; and, praying

81 Mary Fay was c43 years of age.

that the Committee may be guided to make choices of the most fit persons for this interesting and important Mission of the Church.

I am, dear Sir, very sincerely and faithfully Your friend and brother in Christ, C. B. Dana

To: Rev. P P Irving

P.S. I have been requested by some of her friends in this place, where she resided for a number of years, to mention the name of Mrs Margaret a Jackson, wife of the late Rev. William Jackson of Louisville, Ky, as a person eminently fitted for the duties of a Missionary in China. Her most intimate friends and correspondents here, are confident that she would cheerfully go. I am not well acquainted with her myself, but from what I do know, I have the highest opinion of her character and qualifications. She is said to be under 45 years of age, has a sound constitution, no children, and has always enjoyed good health.

Her age, experience, love of doing good, and great energy of character, promptness, sound judgment and ... the high estimation in which she is held by all who know here, would give to the community great confidence in the Mission Schools, in which I doubt not she would be eminently useful. Some of her friends think it would be of the greatest advantage to the Mission, as well justify the expense, were she to go for only a few years, until the schools were fairly in operation,

Her husband, as you are aware, was formerly Rector of St Stephens, in N.Y., and there are doubtless many in your city who can attest to her worth and qualifications for usefulness. Her address, until the fall, is:

Mrs Margaret A. Jackson,

care of E. Atwood Esq., Garrettsville, Fortage County, Ohio.

Yrs etc., C.B.D.

DATE: 1847, September 27.
PROVENANCE: Episcopal Archives, Austin, Texas.
AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
RECIPIENT: Rev. Charles Backus Dana,
Rector, Christ (Episcopal) Church, Alexandria, Virginia.
SUBJECT: Future Employment as Governess/Teacher

Albany, Sept 27. 47

My Dear Pastor

I arrived here a few days since and after the usual kind greetings of friends were over, Uncle Fay gave me your very welcome letter of Sept. 21, with one from Doct. Minor of Essex Co, Va. which makes six that I have received from him, since the 20th of August. He says that if I do not come on immediately, that he will come for me in person, that is unless I can assign some better reason for not coming than I have yet done. I have only answered one of the six, in which I said I could not well accept the situation he offered, as I had a partial engagement here, and so I had as "they of Warrensburg"⁸² when they saw I really intended to leave, offered me if would remain the same salary as Doct. M. offered as Principal of his school, and one of the gentlemen added that he would give the land on which to build an Episcopal Church to the first minister that was appointed to the station or that would settle there. This of course was quite an inducement, and as you know I am much pleased with the place, I left them under the impression that I might return, after passing a few weeks here which I have intended to do all summer. But on submitting Dr. M.'s letter to my Uncle for advice, he thinks that I ought to go to Va. and that immediately, and as this accords with the opinion of my Father who has not been much pleased with my residence in W... I have consented to go, somewhat against my feelings, and a little against my judgement. However all things considered I hope that I may not regret my decision, though I can hardly reconcile myself to giving up the peace and quiet that I have enjoyed this summer for the excitement and care of a public school. I know too that the love and devotion that is nourished in loneliness and sorrow is deeper, fonder, truer than that which springs up, and flourished in the sunshine of human praise, It may be less practical, less useful, and it is only on this consideration, that I yield my feelings to the judgement of those who have a right to direct me.

I have written to Dr. M. that I would leave here for Va on Monday the 4th of Oct. would be in N York on Tuesday morn, in Washington on Wednesday and leave there on Thursday morning for Fredericksburg, at which place or at Tappahannock he had promised to meet me. So you see I cannot as you request tell you first the week, and then the day that I would be in Washington, but must send you both at once which I hope you may receive in due time. I regret much that I must leave Albany so soon as I intended to remain several weeks even if I went to Virginia but Uncle and Aunt though they wish me to remain, think that I had better go directly as Doct. Minor says that his school has been waiting for me since the 20. of Sept.

82 About 40 m North of Albany NY.

I am much indebted to you for your prompt reply to my request to see you in Washington, and that you proposed to pass a night there which as I must necessarily do in order to take the morning boat for Fredericksburg will be very agreeable. But as I shall be in travelling dress and in haste, I cannot think of visiting any of my friends there, and shall consequently go to a Hotel, Brown's⁸³, as Mrs. Fulmer is living there will perhaps be as agreeable as any, though I know not in what part of the city it is but suppose any Hack driver does. I intend to stay in Baltimore Tuesday night Oct 5. and come to Washington in the first train of Morning Cars, take a carriage directly for Brown's Hotel where I shall nothing to do but count the minutes or hours until I see you, and do for once call up your gallantry or kindness or compassion and not keep a lady waiting too long.

You will I fear think that I have presumed that you have a great interest in my movements by giving you so long an account of the reasons why I go south, and why I go so soon. I hope however you may find some little apology in your heart, if not, that the consciousness of conferring happiness on one whose sources of happiness are very few may console you for my trespass on your time and patience.

If you come to W.[ashington] can you not bring me a sermon and then if you get tired of hearing me talk you can read it to me, or give it to me. I dare say you have some you do not want, and one would do me much more good than it would you, to please do not refuse me for though in Va. I have not as much hope of hearing you preach again as I had this summer in Warrensburg.

If I ever write to you again perhaps I will write a very short letter, but I will not promise certainly because I always write about six times as much as I intend when I commence writing to you, and as I cannot say as you do "in haste" I write on, forgetting that you have not as much leisure to read, as I to write. So though I can hardly ask you to excuse me, I beg you will and believe me as ever,

Very devotedly yours,

L Mary Fay

To: Rev. C. B. Dana.

DATE: 1847, October 16.
PROVENANCE: Episcopal Archives, Austin, Texas.
AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
RECIPIENT: Rev. Charles Backus Dana,
Rector, Christ (Episcopal) Church, Alexandria, Virginia.
SUBJECT: Future Employment as Governess/Teacher

Midway Academy Oct 16 '47

My dear friend,

When I saw all my letters to you, laid before me in W... I thought I would never write to you another word but as I was too happy to make any very decided resolutions for the future I shall not consider myself under any obligations to act upon passing thoughts, particularly as I wish very much your advice. It were idle to say I wish I [*could*] call back one of the hours I passing in W... looking at you, without thinking of any thing to say. But this past was too far past to be recalled with any interest or profit and the present too agreeable for many words, he future, Oh! could I have foreseen what was before me how much would I have had to tell you or ask you.

As I am always the heroines of my letters I must begin where you left me, after making an apology for what I fear you may think affectation that I did not look at "the Church" when you told me. But did you know how devotedly I love it, how sadly and mournfully my heart turns from all other places of worship you would pity, in place of blaming my weakness. Other Churches are only what Mount Generim was to true Jew accustomed only to the temple service at Jerusalem, and a mere glance at my "Mount Zion" where I was never more to be a worshipper, would have been rather too much, for nerves hardly recovered have wished 10,000 times that I had not, and yet am ready to say, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." I have never in the whole course of my life done any thing I regretted half as much as coming here. For several days I did not unlock my trunk, and resolved to tell Doct. Minor that I could not remain, that he must take me back to Tappahannock, where I could either take the boat for home or to Mr. Marshall but the Minors seemed so "mightily taken with me" so well assured that we should be mutually pleased with each other, that I concluded to wait a little while at least until another teacher came who is expected and who I thought would be better prepared to take charge of the school than Lalla Rookh. The teachers of last session have both left and from what I can learn of them are admirably qualified for this station, fashionable, showing what is usually called accomplished, one a Unitarian, the other did not belong to any Church as they say. Of course,

83 A leading hotel frequented by Congressmen and others from Southern States.

the school is perfectly heathen as far as any religious influence is concerned, as they never had prayers, nor was the Bible ever read or studied. Sunday was devoted to writing letters and to "innocent amusement". as the teachers never attended Church, though they say the scholars did occasionally. I sometimes think I have very little moral courage and sometimes that I have much, however I know it would be much easier for me to leave than to remain and do what I consider my duty.

I told Mrs. Minor if I had charge of the school I should wish to have the young ladies learn a short Bible lesson every day, and have the school opened by prayer. She made no objection, said she had always wished more attention be paid to the religious education of her own daughters, but they had never had a teacher who was a member of the Church, that it was a reason why she was so anxious for me to come, that she was prepared to think that every thing I do is right, that I must manage and order the school just as I choose without troubling myself to consult her as she is determined to be satisfied and pleased with any thing that I do or approve of. If she does not change her mind perhaps I may do something for the school as she seems to be at the head of affairs and her "ipsa dixit" equivalent to the Doctors. My first step would be to persuade the young ladies to twist up their curls, cut them off, put on plain dresses, lay aside their ornaments, and try and look and act a little more like school girls, and when they are composed enough for quiet, patient study, try to cultivate their taste for the really beautiful and true, their love of science and of truth, as it is in nature and revelation. But Oh! with tastes and feelings so perverted and thrown away upon trifles how slow must such a work be, and what patience, direction, discrimination, firmness and wisdom does it require in a teacher. If I had your counsel, and could hear you preach every Sunday I might have some hope of succeeding. Mr. McGuire lives 29 miles from here, and preaches here once a month. Mr. Temple lives somewhat nearer and also preaches once a month. As you see I have no Pastor except yourself and I beg if you have any pity or regard for me that you will write a few lines to me / say one for each of my pages and tell me if you think I ought to stay here. If I could persuade myself that Providence had placed me here, I could reconcile myself to it for I know I find my highest happiness in the conscientious discharge of duty however . . . it may be, but I cannot divest myself of the idea that I chose to come here, when another situation was offered that must have been in all respects so more agreeable to my tastes, feelings and habits and that I can hardly expect the blessings of God upon a field of labor and have I pleased myself, without being called by Him.

Be so kind as to tell me what you think about it. I consider it one of your pastoral duties which I know you do not neglect, and ass my heart and actions know no appeal from your judgement. I hope you will not long delay to advise me on the subject, and then perhaps I will not ask you to write again in a a long, very long time for I do not intend to be your troublesome though I am your most devoted friend. L Mary Fay.

The Rev. C. B. Dana

Please direct Midway Academy, Essex County, Millers Tavern, Va.

P.S. You are so very considerate I suppose I need not ask you not to mention that you have heard from me as I could not wish my father to know how much I regret coming here, nor may I trouble you with it unless I wished you to tell me what I ought to do.

DATE/PLACE. **1848, January 1.**
PROVENANCE: **Midway Female Academy, Miller's Post Office, Essex County, Va**
AUTHOR: **University of Texas at Austin, (American Studies).**
RECIPIENT: **Lydia MARY FAY.**
SUBJECT: **Rev. Charles Backus Dana, Rector, Christ (Episcopal) Church, Alexandria, Va.**
First six months as Principal of Midway Female Academy.

Midway Academy, Jan 1st 1848

My dear Pastor,

Your very kind letter of Dec. 2nd was not the less welcome because it was so long delayed, though forgetting the axiom of philosophy "that things will be according to our past experience", I really did expect that your compassion would have led you to write a little sooner. But as you did write at last, and so kindly, I have no reproofs, for I believe you "lords of the world" seldom or never feel the need of sympathy and counsel, as do we your "ministers"; strong in the might of your own wisdom your hearts may rest on God, but not on the creatures whom he has made, and therefore I will not tell you how much lighter are my duties and my heart after being assured of your sympathy and leaning upon your counsel. I believe with ladies generally their trials are at least half removed if a friend whom they dare trust will listen to, and sympathise with them; and as you are the only one to whom I dare say all I think and are kind enough to express a wish to hear from me again I shall make no apology for beings as usual very egotistical (though no one but myself

could normally call me so, as to every one else my letters are remarkably prudent) and tell you how I am getting along. You say you hope at least comfortably and if by comfortably is meant that my health is very good, that out of school I occupy a room by myself, which is kept comfortably neat, that our table is every day bountifully, I might say, luxuriously supplied, that Mrs. Minor is very careful for the comfort of her teachers and scholars, and even indulges my plebeian taste for cold bread and black tea—then I am comfortable. But it were useless to say to you, that the power which the “good things” of this life have to confer happiness depends entirely upon the value we place upon them; and as I think them less essential to my happiness than to that of any other person, I often find myself unhappy, though I hope not ungrateful in circumstances where one might think I had nothing to wish for.

In regard to seeing “the fruit of my labours” I have no excuse to be discouraged, as I am not much a believer in sudden conversions and know that habits, and modes of action are not changed in a day. The Young Ladies are really improving in Reading, Spelling and English Grammar, in habits of order, neatness, and industry, and I hope in time I may be able to add in habits of truth, these homely accomplishments they seem to have thought hitherto quite below their attention, though like Irving’s Miss Giblet they can dance, waltz, thunder (not Lodoiska) but “Buena Vista”, murder French, kill time, talk and laugh loud, commit violence on the face of nature in a landscape in water colors, and of course think themselves properly in style.

Allow me by way of illustration to give you a few extracts from their compositions of last week. some of them from young ladies who will have finished their education in July. “Everyone finds enjoyment in spring, the **cenery** is beautiful.” “Winter is a **seeson** to enjoy ??... such as **slaying** and **skeating**.” “We had better be at church than going to parties, and try and do something for our souls.” “Education **qualifys** a person for join in company and conversing with each other.” The “wind **blöse**” and “he **gose**” are common expressions. And I fear you will kindly credit me when I say that one, nearly as tall as myself who wears a green satin dress, coral necklace and a profusion of other ornaments wrote “**Unighted Stats**” for United States and “**Bous**” for Boys. How she spells Beaux I do not know, though I am quite sure she thinks enough about them yet she wept the first time when I insisted upon her sitting down to repair a dress and some other articles of her wardrobe which I oblige all the young ladies to do every Saturday morning under my superintendence. They generally do this very pleasantly through rather awkwardly. But my authority is absolute which you know as necessary condition of usefulness to the young and without which patience and consideration lose half their grace.

But really, this “fashionable education”, this systematic hypocrisy though it may sometimes seem a matter to be smiled at, is to me a subject of sad and painful interest. I do not think that one so educated can truthful and sincere, such careless showy habits strike at the very root of moral principles, deaden their moral perceptions until they almost lose the power of distinguishing truth from falsehood, like the Psalmist I am sometimes ready to say “when the foundations are destroyed what can the righteous do?” But you must not think because I see in my scholars so little to love that I look upon them coldly with indifference, for if they were my own sisters I could do no more for them and I look upon them as being created by our Heavenly Father, destined to a higher state of existence, watched over and care for by One of infinite purity and holiness, and if objects of His regard how much more ought they to be of mine, who am not only a poor sinner like themselves. Indeed I sometimes wonder how we can be really indifferent to the happiness of any one for whom Christ had died. The first recitation I hear in the morning is from the Bible. I have them their choice to commence learning St. Matthew’s Gospel or the Psalms. I hope they would choose the Psalms as in the process of time I would have changed for the Psalter and thus very quietly introduced the Prayer Book, which on many accounts I think preferable to the Bible for daily study in school, though I have never before said so. About half chose to commence the New Testament, the others the Psalms “because they are easy,” Annie Minor sat among those who chose to commence the Psalms but as she had no Bible I told her the Prayer Book would do as well. She might commence the Psalter, so I have one Prayer Book in school, though I never read prayers except in my own room. As I require these lessons to be learned perfectly I only give from two to six verses, and hear each one say them separately. Not one of them has ever studied the Bible before, and I have been surprised and pleased at the interest which they show in their lessons. “Lalla Rookh Robins” who you know is one of my assistants requested to take her place with the scholars in learning the Bible lessons. She joined the Class who commenced with the New Testament and is now learning the 14. Chap. She seems much interested and I have often seen her weeping after Morning prayers. She with several others told me yesterday that they had commenced reading the Bible through by course, that they did not intend to read any novels this year though I have never said any thing against novel reading. I have a Bible Class too on Sunday as we seldom have Church, to which also Lalla Rookh and Miss Humphrey, the music teacher belong, and indeed all the young ladies of the school. In this Class we commenced at St. John’s Gospel. I give them a Chapter to study without committing to memory. Then I ask

them questions and as I seldom make a remark at their usual Bible lessons, I try very hard to make this interesting, profitable and agreeable to them. And judging by their earnest attention I hope I am not wholly unsuccessful. Ada Byron asks me many questions and says she did not know that the Bible was such an interesting book. I feel very much the importance of what you say in regard to making religion appear cheerful and lovely as it really is. Truly it is treason against beauty and goodness if it ever appear otherwise though I know that some good people are very disagreeable and perhaps few teaches try as they ought to recommend religion to the young by their own life and manners. It is my daily study and prayer that I may do so, though fully sensible of my own advantages for spiritual improvement situated as I am, it would be sad indeed were I enough of a Puseyite⁸⁴ to believe I could obtain no grace except through the Ordinances of the Church for though in some circumstances I might not object to it, I think it could be rather a dangerous doctrine for Essex County Churchmen. I have heard Mr. McGuire preach two Sunday mornings, Mr. Temple, who is only in deacon's orders, three or four times, But perhaps one who scarcely a year since almost thought it a condescension to listen to Dr. Potter⁸⁵ had better spare you her first impression of **Rev. Temple as he reads the service in a large blue overcoat**, his wrappers tied on with white lists, of course, he comes on horseback. **Neither he (I suppose it is not his place) nor Mr. McGuire ever read the Ante Communion service, the prayer of Absolution, the Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the day. They have no Chants and generally sing Methodist tunes.** Mr. Temple's sermons are generally made up of scraps of exhortations joined by quotations from Methodist hymns. I think he might at least quote our own hymns, don't you? On leaving the Church I could not but ask myself for the first time if the Episcopal would be so entirely the "Church of my affections" if it had not always come recommended to me by the elegance and wisdom of real learning. And I cannot yet see to whose service, taste and talent and learning should be devoted if not the Church's. But perhaps I have placed too much importance upon the forms of the truth and have yet to learn to love it thought presented in the most unlovely forms. I would like much to know how Keble preached to his "rustic flock"; you know it is said he lived in their hearts, and is devoted to their spiritual welfare. Do you think he lays aside that not attractive grace, which is felt alike in almost every line of his poetry, in his loftiest hopes and loveliest prayers. You must not think that I am finding fault with Mr. McGuire and Mr. Temple. They are very highly esteemed here, and no doubt deservedly so. Mr. T devotes a large portion of his time to instructing the colored people and Mr. M's duties are are certainly arduous. If I am a bitter, lowly minded Christian, and had never heard you preach, no doubt I should be much benefited by their preaching as it is I do not regret that we have service only twice a month, and that not regularly, for I must prefer reading the whole service for myself, and then "any two sermons" of Tillotson⁸⁶ and Allenbury (?). But now that you have promised to answer my letters I shall depend upon you for teaching. You know to whom much is given ----- so I suppose it will be your duty to do so. And I will most faithfully follow the advice you gave me in your last, until you write again, but please do not keep me for too long on one letter.

I should be much indebted to you for any hints in regard to teaching the Bible, for the older I grow, the more do I feel my incompetency in explain the "Will of God" to those whose eternal happiness or misery may depend upon the impressions which my teachings make upon them. In this light I think "they" are quite right, who think that teachers are left too much to themselves, that schools ought to be under the superintendence of Ministers who are the only Authoritative teaches of "the Word of God". Is this your opinion? But really I did not intend to write a column because you said I need not fear being troublesome to you but today is "New Years: and as I decline all invitations to participate I am left quite to myself and have nothing else to do. The 25th of Dec was I suppose Christmas Day but as I was not very well I did not leave my room even to take my meals, though I neither read nor wrote yet as it was the first Christmas for many years that I have not been at Church you may (if you have time) readily fancy the subject of my meditations.

Please do accept my kindest wishes, my sincerest prayers for your health and happiness during the year upon which we have just entered and believe me, as everm very devotedly yours.L Mary Fay

To. Rev. C. B. Dana

My dear Mr. Dana, This is not a postscript nor did I intend to make an apology but I have just read this letter over and fear I have presumed so excessively on your time and patience that I have quite a mind not to send it and if I tell you as Miss Robe used to . . . that she did not know any one else well enough to give them

84 Rev. Edward Pusey was an English minister who was a key figure in the "Oxford Movement", a "High Church" movement seeking to restore the Catholic traditions of the Church of England. See online — <http://encyclopedia2.thefreedictionary.com/Puseyite> See summary in *South Australian Register*, Adelaide, 1 January 1845. Online at — <http://trove.nla.gov.au/ndp/del/article/27448884>

85 Rev. Horatio Potter, later Bishop of New York

86 John Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1630-1694. See <http://www.authorama.com/worlds-great-sermons-7.html/>

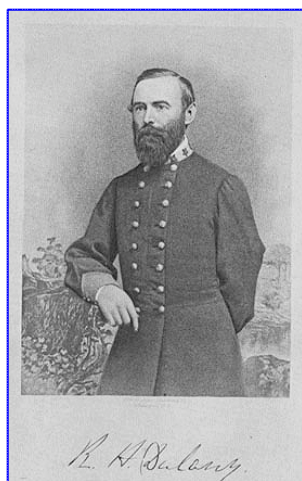
so much trouble. I fear you will answer as I am accustomed to, that you could readily excuse such love. But as I know not when I shall have another leisure day, I believe I will commend this to your indulgence without any more *additions* or *apologies*. Yours etc.

DATE/PLACE: **1848.**
AUTHOR: **Midway Female Academy, Miller's Post Office, Essex County, Va**
RECIPIENT: **Lydia MARY FAY.**
SUBJECT: **Mrs Mary Anne de Butts Dulany.⁸⁷**
Remembrances of Former Employment as Governess/Teacher

My dear Mrs. Dulany

I will not at this late hour, even pretend to answer you very kind, though very sad letter of last summer, but believe me I felt very grateful to you for it, particularly that you wrote such a long one which I assure you I esteem a great favour from Mrs. Dulany. And if I thought that all, or any of the reasons why I did not, or have not written before could give you any interest I would willingly write them to you — But though I still flatter myself that I may call you my friend I would not trouble you with the history of “Earth's Changes” that relate simply to myself or even what brought me again to Virginia — I would have written to you directly after I came here, but heard that you and Mr. Dulany had gone to Louisville to spend the winter. I heard however a few days since by Miss Hebe that you had returned and I now hasten to give myself the pleasure of writing once more to you and congratulating you on an event as joyful as **the subject of our last letters was painful**. There are no persons living whose marriage would have given me half the pleasure that did Rebecca's and Richard Henry's,⁸⁸ it has been the fondest wish of my heart ever since I knew them. And it is to me now a source of purest happiness that one I have loved and watched over as my own child, is now your child, and the wife of one who I suppose we shall both agree in thinking is very near, if not quite, perfect. With such friends to love and care for her, I am sure she must be as happy as mortals are ever allowed to be in this world. I hear they are spending the winter in New Orleans. I wrote to Rebecca three or four weeks ago and hope she will soon answer my letter. I had the pleasure of seeing Richard Henry in Washington, he was kind enough to invite me to his wedding. If he had been married at your house, or indeed any where else but at Mrs E (where I have never been invited to come) nothing would have prevented me from attending. However they are married, and just as happy as it I had been present, but I will not regret it, but it would have given me much pleasure to have met you all under such agreeable circumstances, but I hope I may still have that pleasure.

Col. Richard Dulany, 7th Virginia Cavalry, CSA.

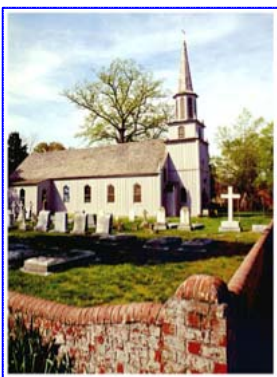


87 B. 8 October 1818, Loudoun County, Va. D. 11 January 1894, Baltimore Md. Family records available in Library of Virginia.

88 Richard Henry Dulany. b. August 10, 1820, Loudoun County VA, d. October 31, 1906). Son of John Peyton Dulany and Mary Ann DeButts. Richard married his second cousin Rebecca Ann Dulany, b. 1828, d 1858. Will of Henry Rozier Dulany, written 29 Oct 1835, proved 20 May 1839. Rebecca Anne Dulany inherited the vast fortune of her father's cousin, Lady Hunter, of England. Rebecca was so wealthy at a young age that her father Henry Rozier Dulany left only his residence – Shuter's Hill in Alexandria and no dowry – to Rebecca. See http://www.dhr.virginia.gov/registers/Counties/Loudoun/053-6345_Old%20Welbourne_2013_NRHP_final.pdf

As we have two months vacation next summer, and if you pass the summer at Welbourne Hall and will allow me to invite myself to pass a week with you. I shall be very happy to do so. Though I could hardly expect the happiness of meeting you all together as I suppose Rebecca and Richard will be off somewhere. Rebecca promised me last summer if I would answer her last letter directly, that she would tell me her plans for the future. I answered the next mail but have not heard from her yet. I reminded her of this in my letter to her directed to N. Orleans. However, she is so happy I suppose I must excuse her. But I can hardly bear the idea that she should forget me. Yet this I know is the common lot of teachers, to spend our lives, the best that we can give of our hearts and bodies for those who have as little thought or concern, and think every debt of gratitude is cancelled when our salaries are paid. But shall not think this of my own Rebecca and I shall never love any other scholar as much. Dr Minor in whose family I am has a little daughter named Fanny Carter Dulany, and I can't help loving the little creature just because her name is Carter and Dulany, but I do not intend to love her much, for I am sure if I do she will care nothing about me.

Welbourne Hall Today.⁸⁹



I am very pleasantly situated but I do not like this part of Va, near as well as I do **Loudon and Fauquier**. The country is too level, sandy and uninteresting. I have made very few acquaintances, indeed I do not know that any one has ever called particularly to see me unless it be Mr. and Mrs. Temple, the Episcopal minister and his wife [St. John's Episcopal Church, Tappahannock, Essex Cy, Va].⁹⁰ Before I came here I was silly enough to think that all the Virginians were like those that I knew while with Mrs. Carter but I find that there is as much difference among them as among the Yankees.

I am almost ashamed to ask you to write again but should really esteem it the highest proof of your friendship if you will do so, and tell me if you excuse my former apparent neglect. I say apparent for did you know my heart and my reasons for not writing I know that you would excuse me. Please give my best love to Mr. Dulany and tell him that I shall always remember with the deepest all gratitude all his kindness and attention to me as well as your own. I shall always believe that one of the most acceptable charities to Him who once had not where to lay his head is regard for the feelings, and attention to those whose lot ... has cast among strangers. It is certainly true that officers of kindness under such circumstances are engraved on the heart and never forgotten. I fear I have trespassed upon your patience. May I hope to hear from you.

Believe me very devotedly, Your friend.

Mary Fay

89 See photographic references at — http://www.dhr.virginia.gov/registers/Counties/Loudoun/053-6345_Old%20Welbourne_2013_NRHP_final.pdf

90 Rev. Henry Waring Latane Temple, Virginia Theological Seminary, c1841. b. 1812, s. 1871. <http://www.morganohiolibrary.com/ProtestantEpiscopalTheologicalSeminary.html> and http://www.thehistorycenteronline.com/uploads/finding_guides/2002_014_temple_book_collection.pdf

DATE/PLACE/ **1848, April.**
PROVENANCE: Midway Female Academy, Miller's Post Office, Essex County, Va.
AUTHOR: University of Texas at Austin, (American Studies).
RECIPIENT: Lydia MARY FAY.
SUBJECT: Rev. Charles Backus Dana, Rector, Christ (Episcopal) Church, Alexandria, Va.
 (i) Experiences as Principal of Midway Female Academy.
 (ii) Religious Belief in Contemporary Virginia.
 (iii) Dew Family of Virginia.

Midway Academy, April 1849

My dear Pastor

I might have written to you ere this, but as you know my letters are either a glance at my heart or a little piece of my everyday life. I felt as if I had nothing to tell you, not that I flatter myself that you interest for me would make your sympathy very painful for you but I did not like to send you a letter filled with accounts of sickness, nursing, watching, weariness, care, anxiety and teaching which you know must have been my lot since I left Alexandria.

As much as I value your sympathy and even love your pity I would think it selfish in me to excite it, if it gave you one moments pause. But things wear a brighter aspect now. Anna Howard is again able to assist me in school. Five of "my last patients" came in school this morning and though not able to study much I was very glad to see them in their places again, tho' it required a greater effort to amuse those who are getting well, and make their time pass agreeably than it did to take care of them when sick. But this of course, will not last long, and I hope soon to be left with only my usual duties to perform. Yet Mrs. Minor has praised my housekeeping and nursing so much I am quite repaid (or should be if I cared much for anyone's approbation except yours). All of her own children, she has eight, have been ill, all the house servants besides a number of the Boarders which left me quite a field for the exercise of useful and discretionary talents.

My sympathy has been much excited by the circumstances of some of the young ladies here. Miss Robbins, our music teacher, while very sick did receive a letter from her father, who lives in Richmond, informing her that her Mother was very ill, that the physicians had despaired of her life, that she must come home immediately. As soon as she was able to leave her room she went. We have not yet heard from her, but fear every day to hear the death of her mother. This is the gay Lalla Rookh of whom I have spoken to you before. She is much changed since last session, but I know not that she is really converted, yet I hope these trials may prove to her real blessings. Two of our young ladies were sent for a few days since at 3 o'clock in the morning, to see their father, Doct. Wright, who was taken with a fit of apoplexy and not expected to live.⁹¹ We have since heard they arrived just in time to see him breath his last. He was a highly respected physician, very much esteemed, and a member of the Baptist denomination, as were also his daughters. But poor things! I feel much for them, their religion never seemed to be of much use, they have strong feelings with little mind, and less self-control. They were devoted to their father, their mother is a very weak woman and always in poor health. Of course she has no influence over them

And last though not least I have felt very much for Lucy and Susan Dew, who if I have any favorites in school are certainly among the number, as they were last session and are very clever, interesting girls, obediently quiet and affectionate in their dispositions. Besides I like the family (except they are Camelites⁹²),

91 University of Virginia, Special Collections, Afro-American Sources in Virginia: A Guide to Manuscripts. 646. WRIGHT FAMILY PAPERS, 16 items, 1839-89

A small collection of personal papers of Dr. William Wright of Amherst County. A letter of December 1845 from Macon County, N.C., to William Wright informs him that the writer was quite happy with a slave [Jourdin?] received from him and that Jourdin sent his regards to all, "both white and black." Also a letter of November 10, 1847, from Sheldon Wright to Dr. William Wright notes that Sheldon had sold his slave Nancy and her children for \$740; he could have received a higher price if he had separated them, but he chose not to. (Acc. 3824)

92 Dr William Dew was a Baptist. "Some time between 1845 ^^ 1850 a church claim- ing to hold the truth as given by the Apostles was organized in the upper portion of the county (King and Queen County), and called Horeb ; sustained by Dr. William Dew, John Lumpkin, Roy Boulware, Richard Pollard, and others, it held regular meetings until during the [Civil] war, when the Yankees destroyed it, and all the leading members dying or moving away, the organization was broken up and has never been revived." "My paternal grandfather, Thomas R. Dew, was a large land- and slave-owner, and regarded as wealthy by the estimate of that day. He was born in 1765, and died in 1849; married Miss Lucy Gatewood, who survived him for eight years. As a product of that marriage there were six sons and three daughters, to wit: Dr. William Dew,

but Susan and Lucy are getting fond of the Church. You know the name no doubt. Their father, Doct. [William] Dew is a brother of the late Prof Dew of Wm and Mary College. They have been much afflicted of late. The girls here are lying very sick with the Measles. The Doctor's father was not expected to live nor was his brother, Mr John Dew. Both had been ill for several weeks and he died on the same day. Lucy and Susan were very much distressed and I suppose anywhere else except at a Boarding School they would not have heard of it while they were too sick to leave their rooms but Doct was one of their attending physicians and it seemed quite unavoidable. Susan particularly was very immediate in giving way to her grief and seemed to turn almost in anger from all sympathy and would only be comforted while I sat by her. I tried to persuade her that her friends were happier now than when here. She explained that no, no, Uncle John was not a Christian! He cannot be happy now. This from a girl of 14. I could hardly restrain my heart. I told her he might have repented and been forgiven on his death bed. Yet I have heard since he died as he had lived without one thought of God. He was one of the finest looking men in this part of the county, talented, remarkably agreeable in conversation, had been married about two years to a beautiful and lovely women who is not yet 19, very wealthy and lived in the most expensive and dashing style. I shall never forget the first time he and Mrs. Dew came to Dr. Minors. It was soon after their marriage. I was sitting at the parlor window. Suddenly a splendid carriage whirled up to the door, drawn by magnificent horses in silver studded harness sparkling in the sunlight, smartly dressed attendants; and when Mr. and Mrs. Dew alighted I really wondered where so much grandeur and elegance came from. Last week I saw a company of eight or ten men on horseback followed by two carriages winding slowly along the dusty road preceded by a small plain wagon drawn by one horse; upon the wagon was placed a coffin covered with a white sheet on which a man sat to drive. The coffin contained the mortal remains of Mr. John Dew. They were carrying to the family burying ground that he might sleep with his father who died a few hours before him.

But I will dwell no longer on such sad scenes, though our days usually pass so quietly and with so few events to mark their flight they have made more than are ordinary impressions upon our minds. But you are more accustomed to such reverses yet when the rich die, in town they have a grand funeral which still assures and flatters the mind, and prevents one from feeling how terrible is death without any ornaments! And yet this carrying the dead without a hearse, the coffin covered with a sheet upon which sits a colored driver. Oh! it is too shocking, too irreverent. But I believe many of the Virginians particularly those who live in the county have less regard for the dead than any people in the world. The very expression they use in place of saying "going to a funeral" and "going to see them put away" always makes me shudder and hope I shall not be "put away" here. However as they are so often "put away" without any religious services the expression may be very proper.

I hope these events may be to us something more than subjects of conversation. Some of the young ladies seem quite serious and I hope their feelings will not pass away with the causes which produced them. I believe you have much interest in the conversion of the young and the early formation of right habits of thought and action. You must therefore think of affiliate, sometimes in your hours of devotion. I am never so much engaged that I forget the last time you told me, "God bless you"; and He does bless me in giving me peace, a quiet mind, and a desire to do His will among the sundry and manifold changes of the normal life.

I suppose by this time you are beginning to think of going to the Convention. Can you not let me hear from you before you go, and tell me how your health is. I have thought so much about it since I saw you. Mr. McGuire [Rev. John Peyton McGuire, "Apostle of the Rappahannock"]⁹³ called for our contributions yesterday in Church for the Convention but as he only asked \$1.00 from each Communicant will you allow me to send another to you for the same purpose, not because I think you will not easily make out the required sum without it, just for the pleasure of giving, where heart is. And as I still count myself a member of Christ Church I ought to have sent you the whole of it, perhaps. Indeed, it is quite a serious question with me where the little I give ought to be given. I would tell you what I have done in regard to it, but have already written so much. I believe you would rather that I should tell you "good night" than anything else right now. Well, please let me hear from you soon. I will say "good night" and that I am, as ever, Yours with truest devotion.

L Mary Fay.

DATE/PLACE: **1848, May 26.**

Thomas R. Dew (afterwards professor and president of William and Mary College), Philip, John W., Benjamin F. (who was my father), L. Calvin, and Mrs. Colonel Hudgins of Mathews, Mrs. Colonel Thomas Gresham, and Mrs. Temple. He was a member of the Baptist Church, exerted a wide influence in his community, and served with distinction as captain in the War of 1812." By John G Dew.

Rev. Alfred Bagby, *King and Queen County, Virginia*, New York and Washington, Neale Publishign Co, 1847.

93 <http://www.stjohnstappahannock.org/history.htm>

PROVENANCE: Midway Female Academy, Miller's Post Office, Essex County, Va.
AUTHOR: University of Texas at Austin, (American Studies).
RECIPIENT: Lydia MARY FAY.
SUBJECT: Rev. Charles Backus Dana, Rector, Christ (Episcopal) Church, Alexandria, Va.
(i) Experiences as Principal of Midway Female Academy
(ii) Marshall Family of Leeds Manor, Fauquier Co, Va.

Midway Academy
May 26. 1848

My dear Pastor,

You know though affection is quick to feel it is very slow to believe itself slighted, therefore I shall not think you have forgotten me though you do not write; and more too, I shall believe I am sometimes remembered in your prayers which is one of the greatest blessings of friendship. And I often think it is to the prayers of our friends we owe much of our peace of mind, our patient strength, our cheerful acquiescence in the darkest dispensations of the providence of God.

"Angels are around the good man to catch the incense of his prayers and they fly to minister kindness to those for whom he pleadeth." But you I am sure will not think me fanciful on this point even if I do not bring any poetry to prove myself right.

My last letter to you was I know very long and I fear you think selfish and egotistical, yet I hope this is not the reason you have not answered it, as I can make to apology for I would not care about writing to you unless I wrote about myself. I will try however and make this a little shorter, though if I did not fear to weary you I am sure it would be longer as I always have so much to tell you, or ask you, and would like to go on with the "history of Midway" where I left off. But now I think of leaving here, and write to ask your advice or opinion. I must omit it. Miss Ann Gibney (?) (one of our music teachers) said to me the other day she never saw any teacher so indifferent to the advice of others as I am. But you know there is one to whose advice I am not indifferent and to whose opinion I shall always consider it an honour to submit, therefore be so kind as to tell me if you think that by remaining here this year I have placed myself under obligation to remain another, or will you think me very unstable, and fond of change, if I leave here at the expiration of this year and go to Mrs. Marshall's?⁹⁴

I received a letter from Keith Marshall a few days ago still urging me to go to Leeds Manor, not his Cousin's, but to his Mother's as a governess at the same salary that I have here. Do not think that I suppose it is of any consequence to you where I am, and I sometimes think it is not of much to myself yet in common with the rest of your flock I feel as I had a right to your advice in matters of casuistry.

I have nothing to complain of here. Mrs. Minor has been true to her word in approving of all "my ways" and is almost as extravagant, through not quite as ill-judged in her praise of me, as was Miss Hebe. I have more influence over the young ladies than I at first thought it possible to gain. I am getting quite reconciled to the semi monthly service at St. Paul's except when they sing Methodist Hymns and even listen with some attention to Mr. Temple's preaching. Miss Humphrey likes him very much, she is a Methodist but is going to be confirmed when the Bishop comes next month. I tell her she is one of Mr. Temple's converts. But she wrote to a friend the other day that I had taught her to love the forms of the Episcopal Church. We often visit at Mr. Temple's and I have seldom met a more lovely and interesting lady than his wife. She and Miss Suzy, his sister, are the only persons I shall feel the slightest regret in leaving here, though all have treated me with so much more kindness than I deserve and there are so many disagreeable things in changing situations. I think I would decidedly say no, to any other proposition than this. Yet you know my first impressions here and with what feelings I have remained. I think the climate of the upper country would suit my health better than this, that I would like the Church and society better, and would like a little more leisure for study, reading, etc., etc. But there is one point I cannot expect you to trouble yourself about, yet be so kind as to tell me, please, as I first asked you, do you think I am under any obligation to remain after this year. In making our engagement no time was specified yet I know Doct. Minor expects me to continue, and nothing would have induced me to come merely for one year, this was the reason I felt so bitterly disappointed on finding many things so different from what I anticipated, any evil that was to end with year would never affect me much but this was for years or what was worse I must choose a new home.

However I hope in the end, as you say I may not regret coming here, as I think I have convinced the young ladies they are not quite as perfect as they fancied themselves. Pardon me a few extracts from their written resolutions which were without my knowledge adopted by all, though will see by them, and a

94 Marshall Family of Leeds Manor, Fauquier County, Virginia.

specimen of the manner in which they keep them, that the work is hardly yet commenced. “We resolve to be more particular in speaking the truth. Not to use the Lord’s name in vain, and to give up the use of profane language generally, to read three chapters in the Bible every day and on Sunday, to pray every morning and evening, etc., etc., with others in regard to order, neatness and general deportment”. A few weeks after this one of them said to me the young ladies in the “Seniors” will not say their prayers. As some of them were present I looked at them as if for explanation and one replied “we only intend to pray Saturday and Sunday mornings, as you pray with us other mornings”! Yes, I said, I pray for you every night and morning but this is my duty I cannot do yours. They now all use the Prayer Book in Church, and nearly half of them commenced learning the Psalter in place of usual morning Bible lesson. This is a great pleasure to me as I do not feel so much alone in school now. I have so many lessons to hear from the Prayer Book. My Bible Class on Sunday consists for nearly 30, the day not scholars do not attend. And I think when you see I have so much more to do than I am competent to, you might write to me occasionally and encourage me a little. Shall I tell you I am so conceited, I cannot see the reason you do not when you know how much pleasure it would give. I shall not believe you think I will misunderstand you if you were to write once a week. And shall I fear you think others might? This is a consideration, you have so many ladies to please and some whose envy or jealousy I would dread to awaken even at the price of your friendship than which there is nothing on earth I value so highly. But believe me your letters are too precious ever to be made the subject of conversation and no one knows that you have written to me or that we have met since I left Alexandria. Please tell me, have you ever heard of it. So ever devotedly yours. LMF

DATE/PLACE: **1849, November 22.**
PROVENANCE: **Midway Female Academy, Miller’s Post Office, Essex County, Va.**
AUTHOR: **University of Texas at Austin, (American Studies).**
RECIPIENT: **Lydia MARY FAY.**
SUBJECT: **Rev. Charles Backus Dana, Rector, Christ (Episcopal) Church, Alexandria, Va.**
(i) Spiritual Reflections.
(ii) Romantic fantasy of night with ‘beloved.’
(iii) Return to Midway Academy.

Midway Academy

All Saints Day and Thanksgiving Day, 1849, (22 November 1849)

My dear Pastor

A double holiday! I do not know but I ought to say treble because the Saints Days are always holy days to my heart even when engaged in the usual routine of teaching; and today we have in School as it is Thanksgiving, and Mr. Temple preached at St. Paul’s. As the Church calls upon us to think upon all the Saints you will not be surprised if I commence the day by sitting down to commune with the living, the one nearest, or rather dearest, the first in my Calendar.

I hardly know how they who reject the Saints Days even attach much value to that part of the Creed which enjoins belief in “the Communion of Saints.” Nor do I know how they can really enter into the spirit of the “Te Deum”. It seems to me they cannot look so joyfully back upon the “glorious Company of the Apostles”, “the goodly fellowship of the Prophets”. “the Noble army of Martyrs” and see how they ‘praise Thee’ by giving light and strength and beauty to the Church’s history, in every age of the world; as to those who day after day make the life of each a special study. To me, the record of the lives of those who have passed on to glory before us, is one of the most triumphant proofs of the truth of our holy religion; of its power to bless, to strengthen and to save & void earth’s darkest sufferings. What heart can sink under the burden of earth’s miseries while contemplating “the patience and virtue of the Saints? What mind does not draw extra strength for present and future trials by meditating upon their holy example? The Collect for this day is one of my every day prayers, but when this Day comes round I have a special pleasure in going over the long long catalogue of Saints and Martyrs, and trying to learn some lessons of patience, forbearance, and self control from their virtues I can imitate; and for those beyond me, I bless God that others have lived purer and holier than myself. Do you ask if in these contemplations I am not afraid of forgetting Him from whom they have received all their light and power to awaken our admiration? No, I am not. They are but the many points which reflect His glory to our weak eyes, and give us additional reasons for love and gratitude to Him. It is indeed a selfish religion to love God merely for what He has done for us, for if each of us were obliged to be thankful for all that He has done for every Saint, it would not exhaust our capacity for grateful love. Consequently not even be the measure of our duty, because we are to love Him with all our hearts. To love Him for his natural attributes as they are manifested in creation and preservation is a pleasure we enjoy in common with the infidel and with all those who know Him not in Christ. But ‘tis a privilege and pleasure

peculiarly Christian to love Him for the stupendous work of Redemption, to mark its progress in the lives of the Saints, its transforming influence in changing their vile human nature into His own glorious image, in making them victorious in sharpest trials, the long suffering and tender love of Him who thus resolves to save the lost. Forget the Saviour by keeping the Saints Days! Oh: no, no, never. It is the only way I can remember Him, and say with St Paul, "thanks by unto God for His unspeakable gifts". As well might one say you will forget the king when you see him on his throne surrounded by thousands who are swift and joyful to do his bidding. But excuse me, you will think I forget to whom I am writing and fancy myself giving a lecture to my pupils. No, I am only trying to give you an excuse for keeping the Saints Days, though I hardly know as I owe you one, because you first indulged my fancy for keeping them by hearing me say the Collects and explaining them to us in Bible Class. Besides you know that I am very fond of making excuse to write to you. **I can never speak of Saints Days to my scholars. I am but glad if I can induce them to observe Sunday**, but when I see you or write to you I need hardly say that I speak and write just as I think and feel. Not but what I speak as I think to them but I have no wish to say anything that duty or the circumstances of my position do not oblige me to say. Please do not wish that I would extend this reserve to you, though my letters would be much shorter, because if I could not tell you my thoughts and opinions without considering even whether they were right or wrong, but that it was expedient or inexpedient, half the charm and value of our friendship would be lost for me. Any one will listen to us if we speak "wisely and well", 'tis only a friend can "bear a friend's infirmities."

'Tis night, Church is over, and the day is over. I have seated myself again to finish this letter. **Mr. Temple's sermons generally put my mind out of frame**, and particularly so today as he did not use any part of the Service appointed for Thanksgiving Day, not even the Lessons from the Bible. And the whole Service was quite as appropriate to a Fast as to a Thanksgiving. I wonder what the world would say if when assembled to celebrate the Fourth of July, they should commence by playing a Dead March, and then read a dry Lecture upon Political Economy and International Law. But I will say no more upon this subject. *Personne n'est comme vous.* [Nobody is like you.]

But I have told you this before and this reminds me of the past, it reminds me of a dream, and this, tho' I do not suppose you believe in dreams, or can interpret it for me yet as I cannot forget it, and would not dare tell it to anyone else I am going to tell you.

On my return from N. York, I staid [sic] in Baltimore one night and part of two days. To commence as the Book Makers say, "I had a dream." A strange sweet dream of beauty and repose. I thought my guardian angel was near me, Oh! How near. I was folded in his arms, pressed close to his pure heart, and in the silent rapture of that moment I felt that earth had no more to give of happiness, except its continuance; and yet it continued long for a dream. I slept, and waked locked in the same sweet embrace, the strong and good was still watching over me, and all earth's evils seemed prevailed against one thus protected. It was morning, I fancied a gentle kiss upon my cheek, a quiet step as if someone leaving the room. I awoke and found myself alone. The commenced the "common places of life", the "waking realities" and morning toilette. The noise of servants. Breakfast. The salutations of friends. The Drawing room, in which was assembled a little world in miniature. The grave and gay, the young and old, the clear glad voices of children mingled with the wisdom of years and the frivolity of youth. All seemed engaged in some object. All seemed intend to promote their own, or others happiness. I saw again the form of my dreams. He spoke not to me, he appeared not to see me, though my heart listened to every tone of his voice as he said indifferent things to those around him. I tried to forget the impressions of the night. I joined in conversation, spoke of things in which I had no interest, and appeared listening to answers which I did not hear for amid all those voices there was but one I cared to hear.

At length, business, pleasure, the beauty of the Morning, ... induced one after another to leave the room. Mechanically I followed, and glad to escape from those in whom I had no interest shut myself up in my chamber. I threw myself in a chair, took up a book, cast it aside, covered my face with my hands and wept. I fancied the angel of my dreams was again near me, but my heart was oppressed with thoughts of parting. I kneeled by his side. I bowed my aching head heavily upon his breast and prayed for strength to live in loneliness and continued absence from all that could make life bright and beautiful and desirable. He raises me from my knees, one long kiss and passionate embrace was returned with all a woman's deep idolatry. I was again alone, and shall never forget the moment of intense misery, of thought, of prayer that followed. The sun shone mockingly in at my window.

The clock struck the hour of departure. I wrapped my shawl around me and left my room. There was a running to and fro, the haste and bustle of departing travellers. The rattling of carriages, the coarse voices of the drivers. The dark, dirty water of the wharf. Shipping. Steam Boats. Mary Washington!!

I stepped on board. A kind hand was still near me, though strange voices were around me. The last adieu

was said in a firm voice, but answered by a repressed tear and forced smile. the Captain's command was given for departure. The Boat was off and I was again alone and Oh! how lonely! upon the blue waters of the Chesapeake. The spell of my dreams was now fairly broken. I slept nor dreamed no more.

The evening was lovely. The sun sank gloriously and peacefully to rest. I felt my sadness repressed. There were gay and happy voices around me and though I sat for some time silent and absorbed in my own thoughts, I fancied if the spirit of my dreams was present, he would say "be cheerful" and I resolved to make an effort. Just then a lady who had been sitting some time by my side called my attention to a pretty bouquet of flowers she had in her hand, and asked me if I knew the name of one she thought very rare. It happened to be the "Gracilis", a sweet modest little flower that is a quite a favourite with me.

My answer led to some conversation and commenced an acquaintance that I found quite interesting for the remainder of our trip.

Doctor Minor met me at Tappanhanock with his carriage, and we were soon at Midway. As soon as we came in sight of the house I was frightened by loud cries, children and young ladies rushing furiously out of the house, running into the street and towards us. As it is against my rules for any of my scholars to go into the street without a teacher, I thought that the house was on fire, or that someone was taken seriously ill and that they were screaming for Doct. Minor to make haste. I looked to him for explanations, he smiled and said the girls are coming to meet you, they are delighted at your return. You must excuse them for coming in the street, and presently the cries of "she has come! she has come!" convinced me that he was right. We stopped the horses and the carriage was instantly filled, covered I might say with young glad faces of my former pupils anxious to claim the first kiss. By the time we arrived at the door I believe I had kissed them all round. They almost carried me into the house and almost deafened me with their noisy demonstrations of joy, where I found that Mrs. Minor and Anna Howard, who I believe was not well pleased to see me but remained as they said, for the last kiss.

You see I am not so humble as you are, you would not even tell me when you write that anyone was glad to see you when you returned from the North, thought I know they were, yet I suppose they would not dare make such a fuss over you as twenty or thirty school girls would after three months vacation. Nor would you like it, I am sure. Indeed I fear I am not very grateful for their love though I know it makes the task of teaching must easier, and gives me a better opportunity of being useful to them.

Everybody quotes Mazzini now, and to me one of his finest sayings is "There is but one reality in our human life, Duty, mournful, but sacred as the stars, as all lovely things. Make a pact with Duty. God in His goodness will double your strength." I remember who told me "to live for my pupils", and I will try to do it though **my heart is irreversibly "anothers"**. I may perhaps be as faithful and useful to them, sometimes I think even more, because that "anothers" is still my love and guide and his counsel is ever in accordance with Duty. I may follow it with more safety than I would the dictates of my own feelings.

Have I wearied you with this long letter? I have not yet finished, for I have not yet told you that you are under great obligations to me, that is if making a great sacrifice of my own feelings because you requested it. I do not mean you requested me to make a sacrifice of my feelings, but you wished me to burn your last letters or notes which you knew I was unwilling to do. I found one here which had been forwarded from N> York, which though it seemed most sacrilegious, I burned with three others that I received from you while there. "Etes vous bien content?" I watched them till they were burned to ashes, and when I saw they were really gone I cried and was sorry I burned them. I would have kissed the ashes and half a mind to preserve them. I suppose they could tell no tales, even if I were to die and leave them. But you will tell me I had better talk about school and school girls. I know it am going to tell you good night now. If you will excuse this long letter I will tell you in my next what I think of a "Sermon" I have read three or four times lately. I am afraid to tell you now, I have already said so much. But all the 'Events' of my life are crowded into my vacations, and I suppose the rest of the year will be without "events" so I shall not have so much to write about.

I will not say how much pleasure it would give me to hear from you, because I know something of your varied and engrossing duties but you know you have promised to think of me next Lent! I told Miss Anna Morrill that you called upon me in N. York—inquired after your health and told her to tell me how you were. I beg you will take good care of yourself and not get sick again this year.

Believe me as ever yours with entire devotion,

L Mary Fay.

To Rev. E B Dana. But what a letter to send to a minister!! 'tis not to a minister, 'tis to myself, or to a very dear friend who knows quite as well as I do myself. 'tis to my conscience keeper.

DATE/PLACE: **1850, July 6.**

PROVENANCE: **Midway Female Academy, Miller's Post Office, Essex County, Va..
University of Texas at Austin, (American Studies).**

AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
RECIPIENT: Rev. Charles Backus Dana, Rector, Christ (Episcopal) Church, Alexandria, Va.
SUBJECT: (i) Appointment as missionary teacher with American Church Mission in Shanghai, China.
(ii) Fay's identification with Christ Church.

Midway Academy July 6/50

My dear Pastor

Could I see you I would try and express my obligation to you for your letter of June 28, which I received last night. But words it seems to me were never intended to express our deepest emotions for when I feel most I have nothing to say. Yet I believe you will not accuse me of ever being much at a loss for words when with you, or in writing to you. True out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, but do you not think even then, the words we use seem powerless and tame to express our strongest emotions. Yet I have no leisure to discuss such questions and I suppose you have less, to listen.

Mr. Irving's⁹⁵ letter now appears to me very clear as I suppose it would after you had told me what he means and what to say in reply. I received another from him last evening, both of which I have just answered, and if you were here I would like much to submit it to your approval before I send it.

However as you seemed to approve of the kind of reply I proposed to give the one I sent you of June 17 it gave me some confidence in my own judgement, and as I wrote according to the dictates of my feelings. I hope it may not be unacceptable to him. Yet I have always this advantage in going by your judgment. I never have any doubts while in asking upon my own. I do not feel sure but there might be a better way. Believing that you are interested in my success, I enclose to you Mr. I's last letter, which surprised me a little, as I thought he would at least wait until I replied to the other, though I am very glad he did not, as I like this letter much better than the other, it has an air of more kindness and less formal politeness than that, do you not think so? From he says of testimonials now before the Com. [committee] I suppose I owe this and also the appointment to your letter to him, for which I will try and express my indebtedness when I see you. Now I feel quite secure that I shall "live to see inherited my very wishes", though after telling Mr. Irving etc., etc., I said I had no wish to receive the 'formal' announcement of the appointment except from his hands in N York, and not even there unless his judgment cordially confirmed the opinion he had already formed. I felt as if this was suspending the hopes of my life upon a hair, as I know not whether he will interpret the remark as placing great confidence in myself or in his indulgent kindness in "being easily pleased". Yet I feel as if it is all in the hands of Him who 'numbers the hairs of our head, and orders all things according to the counsel of his own will' and as I consider the official acts of the For Com [Foreign Missions Committee] expressions of His will I have no wish to go against their judgment though if I do not go I feel as if it would be a disappointment from which I could never recover.

I am very glad to hear from you that a trained student proposes to go to China though I fear from the way you speak of it he does not intend going very soon. But I hope he or some clergyman and his wife may be ready to go some time during the ensuing autumn. I would not like to object to any event that Mr. I. might propose, but the only one I would like, and the only one my father would think proper would be some clergyman and his wife. Indeed it seems to me that to send less than this would be but mocking **Bishop Boone's imploring calls for assistance** and this would be my principal objection to going alone or with some merchant and his wife. It would be such a disappointment to Bishop Boone after all his earnest pleading for help to send him one lady teacher who does not know a word of Chinese, and who even with the best intentions must give him much more trouble than aid for a long time. Surely he will look for some one to fill the place of the **lamented and faithful Spaulding**, and does not the Church owe him such assistance. Certainly you clergymen in this country must have too much love and sympathy for him to leave him thus unaided with a work of such magnitude on his hands: you know something of misery and heart sickening discouragement of finding yourself at the head of important plans for the good of others, and yet feeling you have none to aid and understand you, or even if nominal aid be at hand it is still more tiring to feel that you require as much training and instruction as those you wish to benefit. You will see Bishops Meade and Johns at the July meeting, cannot you and they persuade some of your brothers in the ministry to go to China this Fall? It seems to me that unless that Mission has immediate efficient aid it must soon be given up which I hope the Church is not yet ready to do. Will please think a great deal about this.

I have just been consulting Anna Howard in regard to our passing a few days in Alexandria on our way to the North. She says certainly if I wish it, and that she would like to visit Washington, and still more to hear

95 Mr. Pierre P. Irving, Secretary of the Domestic and Foreign Missions Board of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Mr. Dana preach. I will not attempt to tell you how glad I am that you will appoint the Sacrament of the Holy Communion for the first Sunday in Aug. Nothing but impossibilities shall prevent me from being present. I do not yet know the day we can be in Alexandria nor if it will be expedient to accept your kind invitation to pass our time with Miss Jenkins at the Rectory. Anna much prefers this and so do I, but I have replied to McIntyre's letter by saying it was possible I might pass through Alexandria and would pass a day with her if she was in town at that time. She has not yet replied & should she be out of time as you say some of my friends may be at that time, it will give me the greatest pleasure to stay with Miss Jenkins if convenient and agreeable to her. Besides, I would like to see Mr. Hubbard, and to claim as much of your time as you can spare from other duties. I have so much to say to you that I cannot write, So many questions to ask. Therefore you must both prepare yourself to be very weary of listening to me and very tired of talking to me. As I shall go as a Missionary from Christ Church, can you persuade your Sunday School to rectify "Ling Ping Youen(?)" mistake in thinking himself supported by them by ... him to undertake the support of one who shall be placed under my care? I suppose you will think there will be quite time enough for this when I go. You did not tell me when you would go to N York. I told Mr. Irving I would be there between the 7. and 10. of Aug. I suppose you are so much engaged I must not ask you to write again. You can keep Mr. I's letter until I see you. When I hear from MacIntyre I will let you know and tell you what day I will be in Alexandria and where I will stay with, Till then, Believe me, as ever, yours with unchanging love and truth.

Lydia MARY FAY

DATE/PLACE: **September 1850.**
PROVENANCE: **Protestant Episcopal Church Board of Missions. Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 15, September 1850, p 337. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.**
AUTHOR: n.k,
RECIPIENT: **General Notices**
SUBJECT: **Appointment of Lydia MARY FAY. as missionary teacher.**

The Foreign Mission Committee have appointed Miss Lydia M. Fay, of Essex County, Virginia, a teacher in the Mission School at Shanghai, China. Miss Fay will probably sail for Canton or Shanghai, in November next.

DATE/PLACE: **1850, October 21.**
PROVENANCE: **Midway Female Academy, Miller's Post Office, Essex County, Va. University of Texas at Austin, (American Studies).**
AUTHOR: **Lydia MARY FAY.**
RECIPIENT: **Rev. Charles Backus Dana, Rector, Christ (Episcopal) Church, Alexandria, Va.**
SUBJECT: **Employment with American Church Mission, Shanghai, China.**

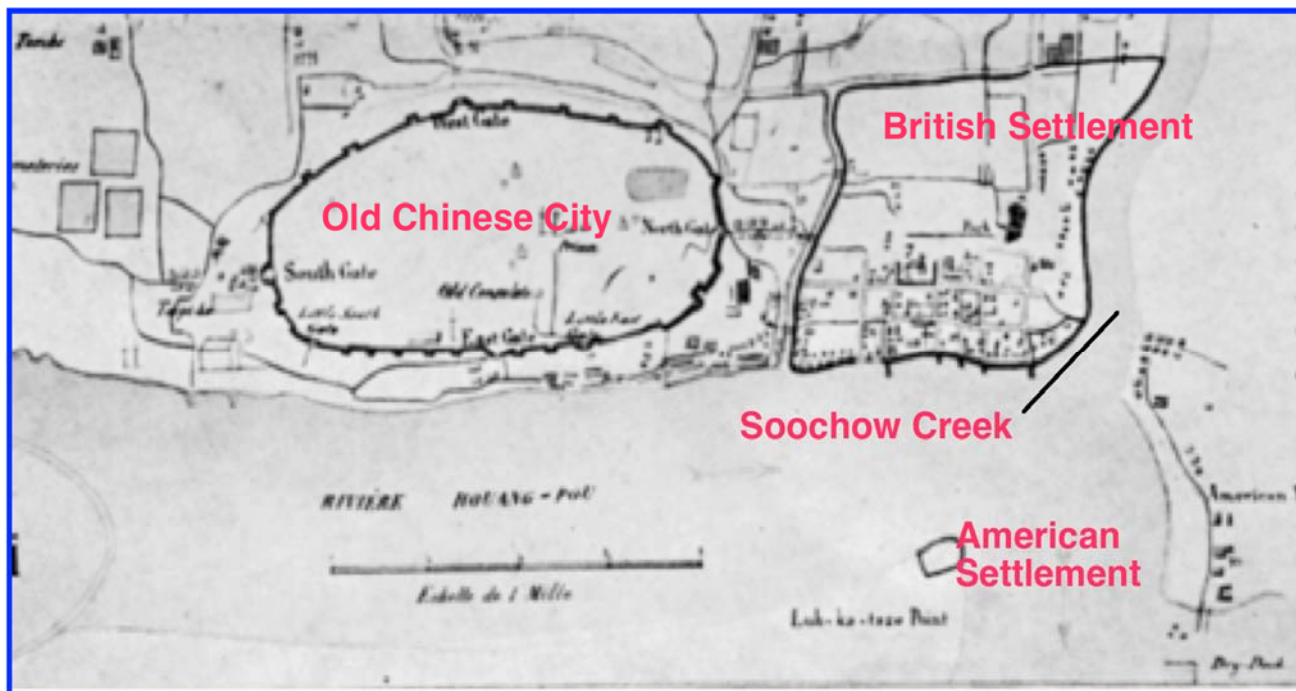
New York, 68 East 17th St

My dear Pastor

Mr Winston, who has charge of Rev. Mr. Irving's correspondence during his absence to the Gen. Convention, gave me your letter of the 17th last evening, and was very much pleased to hear from you again. I hope ere this you have received my letter of last week which will give you the reasons I did not sooner write to you and which you will I am sure consider quite satisfactory. I cannot but be pleased to see you have thought of me sufficiently to expect a letter and assign reasons you did not receive on ...

I would have written to you before had I thought my silence could have given you one moment's anxiety though I really had no time to do so and as I thought the pleasure of writing was entirely on my side it was of little consequence how long I delayed. I am much indebted to you for the caution you gave me in regard to putting my letters in the P. Office and shall always be under obligation to you if you if you will at all times advise, caution, and reprove me as you may see I require

Shanghai in 1851.



DATE/PLACE: 1853, MAY.
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
Godey's Lady Book (1848-1854), May 1853, p 46,
APS Online p 465-166.
AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
RECIPIENT: General "Missionary" Letter
SUBJECT: (i) Experiences as missionary teacher.
(ii) Mary Fay reports illness.
(iii) Chinese boys.

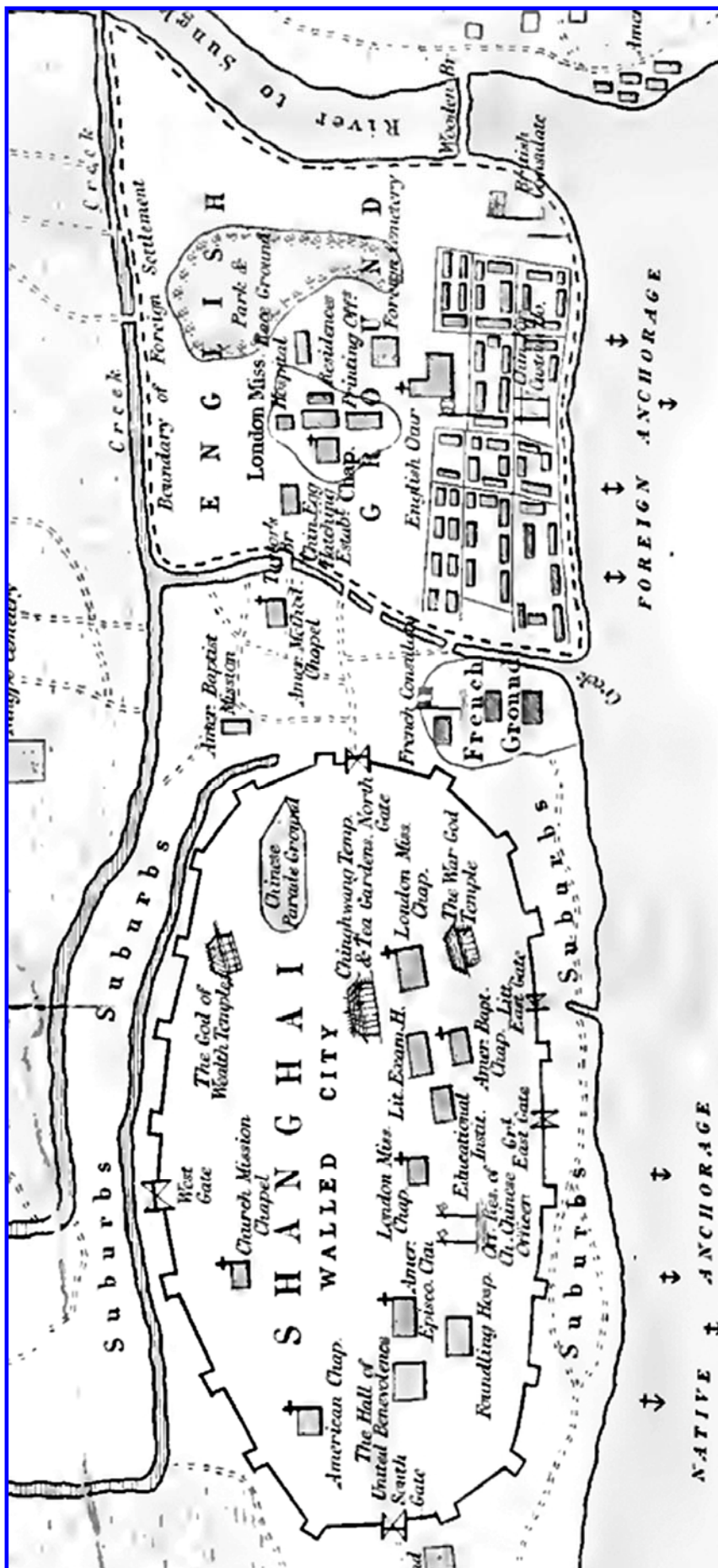
EXTRACT FROM THE LETTER OF AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY, NOW IN CHINA:

Perhaps you would like to know something of my "missionary-life," as I have now been nearly two years in China, most of the time of which I have been engaged in teaching various English branches, in a large boarding-school of Chinese boys, of which Mr. Points is now the superintendent and teacher of the first class; but the "maternal care" of the school is divided between Miss Tenney and myself; she has one half, and I the other, which accounts for the expression, "my boys," whom I have taught when they were well, nursed when they were sick—bought, and made, and mended their clothes, (though in this I have the assistance of a tailor). I have visited their houses, walked with them, sat with them, eaten with them, studied their books, mingled in their amusements; even the marriages and funerals of their friends, and gazed, sadly and tearfully, upon their idol-worship in the temples.

For the last four months I have been almost entirely dependent upon a Chinese women to nurse and take care of me, as I have been confined to my room by severe illness, throughout all of which "my boys" have shown me much affection, and expressed great anxiety for my recovery, never failing to ask after me every day; often sending me flowers, and expressing much pleasure when I was well enough to allow them to come to my room and see me. Sometimes half a dozen would come in at a time, and bring their books, asking me to explain their English lessons, for they pay me the compliment of saying I am very "ming pak," "clear in my explanations!" Poor things! I suppose it is only because I like them, and am so simple, that they think so. But I have never been happier in my whole life than when lying on my clean, white bed, surrounded by my dirty boys, in blue cotton, teaching the simple truths of science, or of our holy religion. Sometimes they read to me a chapter from one of the Gospels, in Chinese, and then we have a talk about it in English: they are always attentive and respectful, and often manifest much interest. Indeed, they have been, and still are a great comfort to me; they have shortened many a dreary hour, when the duties of the other

members of the mission prevented them from being with me; and have made me forget intense physical suffering, because they seemed happy, and were usefully employed; and I feel as if I am gaining an influence over them which may one day end in their conversion, and shall know that I have not lived in vain, if I am the means of bringing only one of these immortal souls to the feet of Jesus. Lydia MARY FAY.

Christian Missions in the Old Walled City of Shanghai.



AMERICAN SETTLEMENT
[Hongkew-Hongkou]

Soochow Creek

British Consulate

ENGLISH
SETTLEMENT

Foreign Cemetery

Holy Trinity Church

London Missy Society
Compound & Foreign
Chapel

CMS Boys' School

Amer. Meth Epis. Chinese Chapel

Amer. Baptist Mission

FRENCH SETTLEMENT

CHINESE WALLED CITY OF
SHANGHAI

Chinese Parade Ground

War God Temple

City God Temple

God of Wealth Temple

Am Bap Chinese Chapel
(opened Oct 1852)

Chin Examination Hall

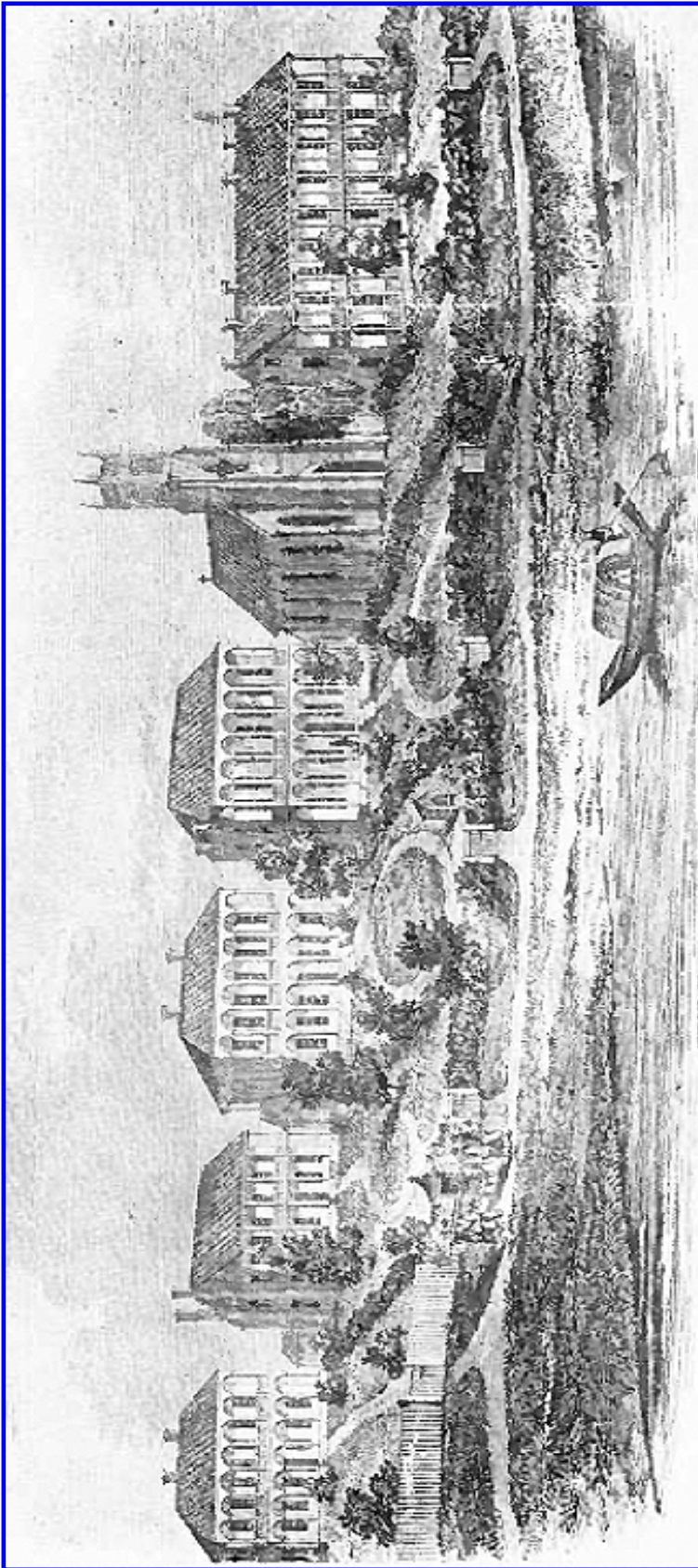
LMS Chinese Chapel
CMS Anglican Chinese Chapel

Amer Episcopal Chinese
Chapel- 'Christ Church'

Chinese Foundling Hospital

Hall of United Benevolence

The Episcopal Mission Buildings at Hongkou, c1855.



BOYS' SCHOOL

MISSION CHAPEL-
"CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR."

BISHOP'S HOUSE

GIRLS' SCHOOL

ENGLISH CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY
RESIDENCE

PEC MISSION BUILDING

First published in Foreign Committee, Protestant Episcopal Church,
Occasional Missionary Paper, October 1854.
Gray, Arthur R. and Arthur M. Sherman, *The Story of the Church in China*,
(New York, The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, 1913),p. 33.

DATE/PLACE: **1855.**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 23 1858, p 30. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Rt. Rev. William Jones Boone, Missionary Bishop.
RECIPIENT: General Letter
SUBJECT: Miss Fay's work

The Bishop says: "The boys have been instructed by **Miss Fay** with great pains and diligence, and to their great improvement in translating the Chinese Scriptures, and the Book of Mencius into English. I have been accustomed to examine them in this exercise once a week, and I beg now to transfer my office to my Rev. Brother. He will find it no sinecure if he undertakes to train them to just principles of translation from the one language to the other, and to explain gradually to them the idioms and grammatical forms of both ...

DATE/PLACE/: **1855.**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 23 February 1856, pp 87-88. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Rev. J Liggins.
RECIPIENT: General Letter.
SUBJECT: (i) Examination of Boys' Mission School.
(ii) Mary Fay.
(iii) Curriculum.

In my last letter I made reference to the Annual Examinations of the boys of the Boarding School. A few particulars concerning the school may not be devoid of interest.

There are in the school forty-one boys, who are taught daily, by **Miss Fay**, Yang-He-Ding, and two Chinese teachers who are not Christians. With the last mentioned the boys read the Scriptures in the *Fung-Le*, and the meaning of these words which they do not understand, is given them by these teachers in the Shanghai colloquial. The first class are now in the Epistle to the Romans, and the second in the Gospel of St. Mark. After they have read the lesson in *Fung-Le*, and know the meaning of the words, they go to Miss Fay, who hears them read and translates into English; and then she comments upon the lesson, making use of Barnes for the Gospels, and Dr. Turner for the Romans.

The first and second classes also read, with these two Chinese teachers, the works of Confucius and Mencius, and from them they obtain the sound and meaning of the characters, and a commentary on the text.

The first class then go to Miss Fay, and the second to He-Ding, and translate into English. The Scriptures are now being read daily, and Mencius twice a week.

Miss Fay also instructs the first class three times a week in Gallaudet's Natural Theology, and the second and third classes in [*Gallaudet*] the Child's Book of the Soul. English Grammar and Writing, and Composition in Chinese and English, are also taught by her, twice a week. He-Ding also instructs the first and second classes in Arithmetic and Geography, and the third in Reading—all in English. The first class also study with him Peterson's Familiar Science.

He-Ding teaches four hours daily, and the other Chinese teachers seven. Daily Morning Prayers are conducted in the school by the Rev. Mr. Nelson, who also occasionally examines the boys in the Chinese Scriptures and Mencius.

On the Sabbath the Rev. Mr. Williams, Miss Fay, He-Ding, and myself, have each taught a Bible Class. Rev. Mr. Williams in the morning in English, and Miss Fay and He-Ding in the afternoon, in Chinese.

pp 88-89 DESCRIPTION OF THE OTHER MISSIONS, INCLUDING CMS, IN SHANGHAI.

DATE/PLACE: **1855, July 6 to November 5.**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 22, April 1856, pp 225-234. Hathi Trust archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
RECIPIENT: Report to the Missionary Bishop, Rt. Rev. W. J. Boone.
SUBJECT: Missionary Work of female assistants in China. Journal of Miss Lydia MARY FAY.. From August 25th to November 5th.
 (i) Mary Fay (Chinese name Fee *Koo-Niang* Kuniang-Kuniong (*Unmarried woman*)
 (ii) Another period of sickness for Fay.
 (iii) Caring for sick Chinese.
 (iv) K...Caroline Terrey Keith
 (v) C... Miss Conover
 (vi) J...
 (vii) Dr. F...
 (viii) Cotton Harvest.
 (ix) Chinese Classical Texts.

THE Missionary Bishop has forwarded some further memo randa, drawn up by one of the female assistants in the China Mission, passages of which we subjoin:—

"The station" of L is in the boys' boarding-school, of which the Bishop is Superintendent. Mrs. K [Keith] and Miss C [Conover], the English teachers. The care of the pupils out of school, providing for their wants, and the supervision of the Chinese department of their education is with L [Lydia MARY FAY.]— and if ever her work is done for the day, she is too weary to write about it; and if it is not done, has no leisure to write about it. Yet by taking a half hour every evening from her reading or Chinese studies, could easily give a record of the simple routine of her "daily proceedings."

Sunday, July 6th—1st Sunday in the Chinese 6th month. Mr. Tong preached, and assisted the Bishop in the administration of the Holy Communion. All the members of the Mission were present, with the Chinese communicants, who usually worship at the church in the city; and the quiet solemnity of the scene was in strong contrast with the noisy pomp and clamor of a great company of idol worshippers, who were out in the afternoon praying for rain.

One rarely goes into a heathen temple that he does not see two or three persons at least, who are there, supplicating and worshipping the gods upon some private business of their own. But it is rare indeed that one sees such a multitude as has been out to-day. The whole country for miles around seems to have turned out, to join what is called a "*Fiur it waoe*"—"a procession of idols, with prayers for rain." The gods of the ponds and waters, with some others, were taken from the temples, gaily dressed, placed in sedan chairs, and borne on the shoulders of the principal men, others going by their side, holding banners and umbrellas over their heads, the multitude following after with gongs, bells, and other discordant instruments of noise. The whole procession was two miles long and more than an hour and a-half passing the school-house, as hey walked very slowly, in order to give the gods an opportunity to see the dry and scorched fields through which they passed (by narrow winding paths), and thus move their pity to send down rain.

The school-boys showed very little interest in looking at them, though they were at their Sunday lessons most of the time, and the procession passed just by the windows. One or two looked up scornfully from their books, and another said in Chinese, "that it was all of no use; only the Christian's God in Heaven could send rain."

Wednesday 9th—The Bishop left for Fouchau [Foochow] in the steamer *Antelope*, being invited by his friend, Mr. C., who thought a little change and relaxation from his duties might improve his health. H expects to return in a week or two.

Wednesday 16th—Teaching the Chinese and English, with the ordinary care of the boys, and nursing of the sick, have occupied my time since the last date. Intervals of leisure have been employed in reading Chinese. Have finished Dr. B.'s new version of the Acts of the Apostles, and Epistle to the Galatians.

The weather is still dry and hot, with high winds, which threatens to blow down the little vegetation unscorched by drought. The Chinese are still praying for rain, and small yellow flags, with Chinese characters, (*Kiu U*), meaning, "Pray for rain," written upon them, are seen sticking from shop windows, and in conspicuous places in the public streets, through which the mandarins pass on their way to worship in the temples; as they are beginning to think the lending of their robes for the farmers to pray in (as they have been doing for some weeks) is not sufficiently respectful to their gods, and owing to the great need of rain, they

condescend to go in person every day to the temples, to pray their gods to send down showers.

17th—Duties as usual. Still no rain; the wind dry and hot.

July 18th—Still no rain, and the poor country people and idol worshippers are looking very much disheartened, as the clear sky and burning sun give no signs of a shower.

19th—Saturday duties as usual. The weather still dry and not, and I have heard several sad accounts from the country about the famine, which has already commenced in consequence of the long drought. Prayers are multiplied. Crowds of people are seen going about with gongs, drums, and other noisy instruments calculated to awaken and propitiate the gods of the seas, of the waters, and of the winds. The people are forbidden to kill any animals or eat any flesh until it may please the offended gods to grant rains.

The Bishop still absent; consequently, I did not examine the boys in their weekly review lessons. Other duties of the day as ordinary. (281) In the evening walked in the garden, where I have not been for the past ten days, and, on going to look at a peach tree, from which I had told the boys they must not gather any peaches, was very glad to find that they had not touched them, even on the lowest limbs the peaches were hanging as I saw them last, which is quite to the credit of the boys, as there is no fence between the garden and their play-ground. The fruit is of little value; but their obedience to my wishes in letting it alone is to me of great value.

Sunday 20th—Morning study of the Chinese Scriptures at 6 o'clock. Chapel services at 9. **Mr. Tong** preached from Matt. 24. 7. Boys' Bible classes in Chinese and English; catechising the school, and evening prayers closed the day. At eight o'clock went to the usual Sunday evening service at the Bishop's. **Rev. Mr. N. [Robert Nelson]** preached from the text, "The secret of the Lord is with those who fear Him." In the afternoon one of our former pupils, who now lives in the city, called to see me. He expressed much sympathy for the Chinese in their anxiety for rain. He says that now the people are not only forbidden to eat meat, but also fish and eggs; that no animals are killed; that all the fish and meat markets are closed. I asked him what good was expected to result from such fasts? He said it was supposed the people had offended the gods by surfeiting and indulgence; that now they wished to purify their hearts, and make them very clean, in order to please the gods. The mandarins and other officers go barefooted to the temple twice every day to pray for rain; and every variety of tempting and costly gifts are offered on the altars of the idols, in hope of propitiating their offended majesties. These things remind one of the fasts of great cities in "Old Testament" times, particularly that of Nineveh, "when the people proclaimed a fast, and put on sackcloth, from the greatest of them even unto the least of them." But here the resemblance ends. "The people of Nineveh believe god, and cried mightily unto Him and He heard them; while these poor idolators fast before the face of, and cry and pray unto, gods which can neither hear nor answer them.

And will not Christians at home pray much, that the Missionaries may be faithful, living, as we do, in these strongholds of idolatry—and will they not join us in earnest prayer, that these idol temples, and altars, and worshippers may soon become the temples, and altars, and worshippers of the ever-living and true God?

Monday 21st—Duties of the day as ordinary, with a little more fatigue than usual, on account of hearing the long review lessons preparatory to the semi-annual examination, which will take place on Tuesday week. Passed the evening at Mr. N.'s in company with Dr. and Mrs. M., and some other very agreeable people. Dr. and Mrs. M. are shortly to sail (282) for England, with the expectation of returning here after an absence of three years.

Tuesday 22nd—Thermometer at 92. Still no appearance of rain. Boys rather more industrious and ambitious at their lessons than yesterday which lightens the load of teaching. Passed the evening at Mr. Nelson's. Returned about 9 o'clock, and, much to my surprise, found all the boys out in the courtyard, and quite a crowd of people gathered around some object which I could not clearly distinguish; and on going out to disperse them, and send the boys to their rooms, was much shocked to see a man with his arms tied behind him, and bound to a large stake stuck in the ground. On asking who it was, the watchman said it was a thief which he had caught trying to break into the chapel. As soon as he heard a foreign voice he began to moan most piteously; protested his innocence, and begged to be released. Presently Mr. K. came and ordered him to be unbound from the stake, and, with the cords still around his body and hands, led to the U.S. Marshall for examination, and correction, if found guilty.

24th—Our dear Bishop returned today from Fouchau. We were all very glad to see him, but exceedingly regret that he is not as well as when he left us.

Thermometer at 93 in the shade, and not a single cloud to give hope of rain. The country people are making great efforts to water their cotton fields and gardens by the use of water-wheels which they employ to irrigate their rice fields. Even the hardy winter shrubs of our gardens seem withering and dying, a scarce a flower is to be seen. It is said the present rice crop is nearly dead, and even rain would not now restore it. I cannot but feel anxiety for the poor generally, whose means support are thus cut short; but much for the

provision of our school boys, next winter, whose limited allowances will hardly allow us to pay one cash extra per pound for their rice and cotton. Yet, I trust "that the Lord will provide."

25th—Duties of the day as usual' the boys are showing a good degree of interest and patience in studying their long review lessons, preparatory to examinations.

The weather still hot and dry, and the air seems burning at mid-day but in the evening a fresh breeze from the water renders the evenings tolerably cool, compared with the heat of the day.

Saturday—The Bishop still not able to go out; consequently, could not make his usual visit to the Chinese school.

Sunday—**Mr. Tong** preached, in Chinese, quite an able and eloquent sermon upon the Trinity. Sunday duties as usual; teaching the Chinese and English Scriptures to the larger boys, hymns and prayers to the smaller ones, taking care of the sick, etc., filled the day.

Thermometer still at 93 in the shade; the wind dry and hot; the air filled with dust, and we hear sad accounts of the sufferings of the country people from the drying up of the water courses, springs and wells, and garden vegetables. People in the city are still praying for rain, and keeping a strict fast. No animals are yet allowed to be killed.

Monday, 28th—The Bishop again able to go out; conducted the morning prayers in the Boys' School, and examined the first and second departments in their Chinese studies. Most of the members of the Mission were present, and seemed pleased with the progress of the pupils, and the changes which have been made in conducting the Chinese part of their education.

29th—The Bishop opened the school by morning prayers, and conducted the semi-annual examination of the pupils. The first and second divisions of the first department in English, which has been for several years under the efficient care of Mrs. Keith, were examined in the following studies: [curriculum] the first division, in geography, astronomy, grammar, and exercises in composition, with readings from Henry and his Bearer in Shanghai, Romanized Colloquial, and translating it into English; the second division, in reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and writing. Mrs. K.'s classes did her much credit, not only by the readiness with which they answered difficult questions from memory, but much more in their reading, parsing and exercises in composition, by the knowledge and skill which they showed in the use of the English language.

The first and second divisions of the second department in English were examined in reading, spelling, writing, composition, geography and Gallaudet's Natural Theology, with reading St. Matthew's Gospel in the Chinese character, and translating into English—in all of which they showed as much progress, and as god understanding of, as one could reasonably expect from boys of their age, in studying in a language so different from their own as is the English from the Chinese.

The examination being over, the Bishop made some remarks, and closed the school by prayer; then dismissed the boys and Chinese teachers for a vacation of three weeks.

Thus, to begin with to-day, August 25th. Rose at 5 o'clock. At 6 o'clock rang the bell for boys to commence their usual morning studies in Chinese. Dismissed them at 7 o'clock. At 8 o'clock the Bishop conducted the morning prayers of the school, at which I am always present with the pupils. At 8^{1/2} o'clock went with them again to their Chinese books. At 9 o'clock the Bishop visited and examined the Second Department, while I recorded the progress each pupil had made since his last visit, two weeks before. In the afternoon I went to Miss J.'s [Emma Jones] to see the betrothal presents exchanged between Mr. Tong and his bride elect, who is one of Miss J.'s pupils. All the members of our mission were there, and quite a number of Chinese. As I had never been at a betrothal, I asked my Chinese teacher before I went, to whom I must pay my respects on entering the room? as I knew neither Mr. T. nor his betrothed would be present; he said, to the "mae nium," (those who negotiated the match.) To the "mae nium" thought I, as I hurried along, the latest of all the party—I wonder how I will know them! But as I entered Miss J.'s parlor, though it was somewhat crowded with guests, I was no longer at a loss to know who were the "mae nium," for two Chinese teachers, dressed in soiled robes of mandarin satin, with caps on their heads, from which hung large tassels of red silk, were sitting on the sofa in an attitude of great dignity and importance, immediately rose upon my entrance, and bowed and smiled with an air that plainly said, *we* are the "mae nium!" and we are the persons to be congratulated on this occasion. Accordingly I advanced, and "did my best" to bow reverently, and offer them my congratulations in Chinese upon so joyful an event; then hastened on to see Miss J., and greet other friends in English, and examine the bridal presents, which were quite pretty, and very tastefully arranged with flowers and Arbor Vitas. I intended to pass the evening with Miss J., But before I had fully examined the presents, two of our school boys rushed into the room, pale and frightened, calling for the *Fee-Koo-Niang*, (my name in Chinese;) and the moment they saw me said, "Mur-Zoong" (a boy whom I had left in the dormitory slightly indisposed) "was crazy; that be was

in my room crying and making a great noise!" In a few minutes "mae nium," brides, bridal presents, and social intercourse were all forgotten, and I was at the bed-side of a poor, deranged boy with a brain fever. Dr. F [Fish] was also soon by his side, and by the skilful application of active remedies, he is again conscious. When I asked him why he went in my room while I was absent, he looked very much frightened; said he thought he saw black tigers and spirits after him; that his mosquito-net was in flames, and that he ran to me for protection. But still there is a strange, wild brightness in his eyes, and nervous tremulousness in his voice that makes me fear he is very ill, and I shall not leave him to-night.

Aug. 28.—Weary with watching and the close air of a sick room; went with Mrs. K to visit one of her day schools. Saw lying on the road-side an old woman, apparently dying; stopped and spoke to her, but she made no reply, and seemed not to notice us; asked some women who were standing near her, what was the matter? they replied with great indifference, that she was very ill and would soon die! As we could do nothing for her, passed on to the school-house, which we entered, and a respectable looking Chinese woman, who is the teacher, rose to receive us, and welcomed us with a pleasant smile.

A number of little girls were sitting around her on narrow benches, all busily engaged in study or sewing. Their eyes brightened as they looked at Mrs. K, and there was evidently a movement among them, and an interchange of looks as they glanced from her face to mine, which said, "Now we are to be examined." Presently Mrs. K. called a class to read. And they read a chapter in St. Matthew's Gospel, **in the colloquial dialect**, with much ease and fluency, after which they were questioned upon it. and answered in a manner that did themselves and their teachers much credit. They then repeated the Creed, Commandments, and Lord's Prayer, and answered questions upon them with a degree of interest and intelligence that was very gratifying.

Aug. 31.—While in my study this morning a pale, quiet little boy, who has had chills and fever for some time, came to ask me if he might go home for a few days. There was such a look of home-sickness and entreaty in his face, as he waited my answer, I was half inclined to let him go, but told him to sit down upon a little cushion at my feet until I thought about it—and considered that he ought not to go. as he would neither have the medicine nor the care necessary to his recovery—but sent to consult Dr. F. who said, "By no means;" then told him I would like to gratify him by allowing him to go home, but the Doctor thought it was not best, therefore he could not go. He bent his head upon his hands for a few moments, brushed away a tear, then left the room without saying a word, and without the least look of displeasure, though the refusal of his request was evidently quite a trial to him, as he was not well enough to study and too weak to enjoy playing; gave him a few cash, and told him to ask some of the boys to "buy something" for him.

Sept. 6.—After the usual morning duties were over and the pupils at their English lessons, went to my Chinese studies, commenced the "Shoo-King, " or "Historical Classic;" a book which Dr. Medhurst (who has translated it into English) says is far from being familiar and intelligible to the generality of Chinese teachers.⁹⁶ Yet, as it is included in the course of studies pursued in our school, I am anxious to read it before the larger boys commence studying it, that I may better judge of their progress, and compare the explanations of their teachers with the translation of Dr. M., and also of M. de Guignes, who has made a translation in French, both of which the Bishop gave me from his library the other day, as he has decided the "Shoo-King" is the next book in order, which the pupils study in Chinese. The book commences with the Canon of "Yaou," which I finished to-day. Yaou is the name of an Emperor who is said to have begun his reign 2,356 B.C., and was a personage of such extraordinary virtue and accomplishments that his actions are considered worthy of being held up as "constant laws." The first chapter of the book therefore, as it contains some account of him, is called "The Canon of Yaou." Confucius said of him, "Heaven alone is great, and none but Yaou is able to imitate Heaven."

Sept. 10. Midnight.—Seven of the boys are ill—two dangerously—and I am watching with them and also with Mrs. F., who is very ill. But now the moans of the sick are hushed in the stillness of sleep, and the watcher for the night seems the only living thing that wakes. I have walked through the dormitories, and up and down the long verandah in front of the house; have looked upon the quiet waters of the harbour, though covered with foreign ships, rude, unsightly junks, and boats of almost every size—all seem still and

96 A book by Confucius. Medhurst, Walter H., *Ancient China, The Shoo King, or, The Historical Classic; being the most authentic record of the annals of the Chinese Empire*, Shanghai, Mission Press, 1846). The SHU King, or the Historical Classic, Being an Authentic Record of the Religion, Philosophy, Customs and Government of the Chinese from the Earliest Times, Translated by Old, Walter Gorn, (London, The Theosophical Publishing Society, New York, John Lane, 1904). De Guignes, Joseph, *Le Chou King, un des livres sacres des Chinois, qui renferme les fondements de leur ancienne histoire, les principes de leur gouvernement & de leur morale; ouvrage recueilli par Confucius*. (Paris, N. M. Tillard, 1770).

motionless as in a picture—the pale moonbeams fall softly upon tall masts and tiny sails, giving to the whole scene an expression of beauty and repose one could hardly conceive of in the bustle and toil of midday. "Fee-Koo-Niang," I hear in a faint voice from the dormitory, and must to my watching.

Sept. 15.—Continued care and watching with the sick have quite unfitted me for the duties of the day; consequently some of them are left undone, while others that must be done have been performed by the Chinese. "Wang-seen-sang," the Chinese teacher of the second department, has taught the boys their Sunday-school lessons, and taken my place in the school and clothes-room, and Mr. Tong conducted the evening prayers, which I consider among the most pleasant of my duties.

To-day commences a festival, called by the Chinese the "Autumn Festival," which continues until the



16th of the Chinese month, during which time families visit and feast with each other, and friends interchange presents of "Yueh-ping, (**moon-cakes**)⁹⁷ oblations are made to the moon, and young people amuse themselves by "pursuing the moon," or, as it is sometimes called, "congratulating the moon." On the evening of the last day of the feast, every householder and boatman raises a lantern upon the tip of a high pole from the highest part of his house or vessel, on which is inscribed in Chinese characters, "Joyfully congratulate the middle of Autumn."

Have just received a present of some "**moon-cakes**," nicely put up in a little box, and covered with red paper. It was brought to me by one of the school-boys, whose face was beaming with pleasure as he said, "Sing-seen-sang"

(one of our former teachers) sent it to me, begged me to eat one of the cakes directly, that they were very sweet, and the dearest that could be bought. This, however, was more than I could do, as they were very rich and fragrant with oil; but I opened the box and broke one of the cakes, which was round and white, about the size of a common biscuit, the inside consisting of sugar and walnuts, the outside a thick, white paste of oil and flour, on which were painted curious red figures and a Chinese character, which means, "to preserve one from evil influences."

Sept. 17.—After a few days indisposition, again able to attend the sick pupils, go into the Chinese school, and conduct the evening prayers. It was with a thankful heart I once more seated myself in the school-room and waited with grateful pleasure as one after another, at the sound of the bell, hastened with willing feet and took his accustomed seat in the place appointed for prayer and instruction. Read and explained to them the second chapter of "Proverbs," and tried to impress upon them the importance of being diligent in the pursuit of knowledge, and of improving their present opportunities of being good and wise. But most of all, to fear God and depart from evil. May the Holy Spirit open their hearts to receive instruction, to repent of their sins, and believe in Jesus, that they may have "eternal life."

Sept. 18.—This is the season of the Cotton harvest, which is very abundant this year. Multitudes of men, women, and children are in the fields picking the cotton from the pod and putting it in their aprons, or in baskets which are suspended in front of them by a string passing over their necks and fastened to each handle of the baskets. Large platforms of boards are seen in front, or in the court of almost every house, and the women are busily engaged in spreading the cotton to dry. After it is dried it is put in large sacks, one of which is tied to each end of a long pole, which the men put across their shoulders, and thus carry it to the various market-places for sale. Met quite a number of men thus engaged. They are anxious to sell the cotton as soon as possible after it is gathered, because it weighs much heavier than when thoroughly dried; and sometimes) when selling a large quantity or to persons not accustomed to "their ways," they put several pounds of water into each sack; this I have learned to my cost, in buying cotton for the school. The first time it fell short in weight—I thought it accidental. The next time I sent for the man of whom I had bought 100 pounds, which fell short several pounds, (when weighed a few days after, to give to the man who cards it,) and told him he had cheated me twice; that if he did not make up the full weight, and afterwards bring me the driest cotton, I should buy no more from him. He smiled, said in Chinese I was "very smart to find him out; that after this he would always bring me dry cotton!" Though whether he does or not, I never accept the weight until the men whose business it is to card it receive it; for which, as they are paid by the pound, they could have no reason for making it under weight.

Sept. 21.—It is so rare to find a Chinese woman who can read, and who will engage in any useful

97 Mooncakes are large pastries, usually with a red bean or lotus seed paste with duck egg yolks. Usually served in small slices.

employment, that the habits of Missionary ladies in this respect are a kind of standing wonder to them; sometimes of admiration, yet oftener of pity and contempt. Several of my Chinese teachers, when I have left my studies to attend to some necessary work, or to wait upon the sick, have asked, in a tone of great surprise, "Why I, who could read Chinese, would use my hands to work" saying the Chinese had no such custom. Occasionally, however, even the teachers condescend to approve, as one said to me some time since, he wished that Chinese women were intelligent and useful, like the American. And my Mandarin teacher asked me the other day why I did not teach girls in place of boys, then I could teach them to read books, and they would also learn to work and make themselves useful, like foreign ladies.

Thus we may hope our schools are gradually gaining an influence among the people which, with the preaching of the Gospel, may, under the blessing of God, accomplish the great purpose for which we labour.

Sept. 22.—Attended to the ordinary duties of the day. Read the new Catechism on the Ten Commandments in the Shanghai Colloquial, a little volume of 31 pages, which is just from the press, having been revised and corrected by the Bishop.⁹⁸ There is no time in which I so truly feel the Gospel is preached to the poor as when I read a book of religious instruction, prepared by Missionaries in a language which the poor can understand. I could not but make this reflection to-day, when in the Chinese school the Bishop came in, as is his custom, to hear the pupils review their lessons. The first exercise was recitations from the Classics, "Lun Yu" and "Mucius," each boy reciting separately, page after page, with great accuracy, but with a countenance as dull and unmeaning as if the sounds conveyed not the least idea to his mind; and probably they did not; for, as it has been said, "The written language of China bears about the same resemblance to the spoken, as does the Latin language to the French and Italian." After the recitations were over, the Bishop called all the pupils to read in a class. They read to him the 37th chapter of Genesis, which they had studied during the week, in their own colloquial, and a looker-on, who saw their faces brighten and their eyes light up with intelligence and interest, and listened to their ready answers as the Bishop questioned them upon the story of Joseph, could hardly believe they were the same set of boys who so mechanically, and in a dull, sing-song tone, had just repeated the words of their "time-honored Classics." It is in scenes sometimes like this, and sometimes by the bedside of the dying, that the Missionary feels the great importance of the study of the Colloquial dialect, and the giving to the people the Holy Scriptures, and other books of religious instruction, in their own tongue. And though in a boys' boarding-school, where a knowledge of Chinese literature is necessary, (as we hope some of the pupils may be called to preach the Gospel.) neither the acquisition nor the teaching of it can be considered *the work* of Missionaries, nor *the preaching* of the Gospel to the poor.

Sunday, Sept. 23.—To-day we had the pleasure of hearing the Bishop preach and read the prayers. He preached in his usual animated and earnest manner, from the 18th chapter of St. Matthew, on the miracle of Christ's feeding the five thousand. Dull and apathetic as the Chinese generally are, when not excited, I have never seen a people more alive to eloquence, and an earnest exhibition of truth. Even the youngest of our pupils, as well as the elder and their teachers, will fasten their eyes on the Bishop, and listen to him with the most intense interest. And not unfrequently have I seen a poor beggar man or woman struggle into the Chapel with a vacant look, and stand thus in the aisle, until attracted by his voice; they would stop and look at him with open mouth and eyes, almost without breathing, until he ceased preaching. No doubt one cause of their interest is the hearing of truth new to them, in their own language; though here, as at home, much depends upon the power of the speaker to awaken and continue an interest in the great subjects on which he speaks. Oh! how earnestly should we pray for our ministers, and how earnestly would we ask the prayers of our friends at home in their behalf, that God may give to them his Holy Spirit, that their preaching may be to those who hear, the wisdom of God, and the power of God unto salvation.

At 10 o'clock went into the Chinese school, heard lesson in the Catechism and St. Matthew's Gospel in the "King See." Dismissed at 11^{1/2} o'clock. At 3 o'clock heard my class in English say their lessons. At 4 o'clock heard all the boys say the Catechism in English, and closed their exercises for the day with prayer. At 7^{1/2} o'clock went to our usual Sunday evening service at the Bishop's, which I have been prevented from attending, either by the illness of others or myself, for the last four weeks. To-day our dear Bishop seems to have realized the fulfilment of the promise that "they who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." After the morning service in the Chapel, he went to the church in the city, catechised the schools, and visited several sick persons. After his return, went a little way in the country to visit a sick

98 Medhurst, W., edited by Boone, W.J., *Shih t'eaou kene hin. Brief Exposition of the Ten Commandments*. 35 leaves. Shanghae, 1848. This consists of a brief introductory section, followed by ten short chapters on the commandments respectively. Wylie, op cit, p. 35.

man named "Kung-Hwae," (in whom we all feel a good deal of interest,) and exhorted him in a very solemn and earnest manner to believe in Jesus, and to improve this opportunity of sickness and suffering to save his soul—and with many other like words commended him to the Saviour of sinners. At 7^{1/2} o'clock he conducted the evening service, reading the prayers and lessons, and addressed those present from the 3d chapter of 1 Peter, 10th, 11th, and 12th verses. After the service he visited one of his own servants, and gave him medicine; then, as I wished his advice in regard to a woman who was reported to be very ill of a contagious fever, and lying in one of the school buildings, he went with me to see her. We found her lying in bed, though she started up as we entered, her eyes wild and staring with excitement and fever, fearing, too, that the Bishop had come to order her away. But he spoke very kindly to her, told her she could remain until she was better, and able to go away. She seemed much comforted, and then began to talk of her husband, the sick man whom we had visited in the afternoon.

Sept. 25.—Retired at 12 o'clock last night, and rose at 4 this morning. Have spent the whole day and evening (with the exception of teaching two hours) in visiting and waiting upon the sick. Have been to see "Kung Kwa" (who lives but a short distance from us) three times. He is much weaker than when I saw him on Sunday, and I fear will soon be beyond the reach of all human aid or sympathy. But it is gratifying to feel that he dies trusting in Jesus. The first time I saw him this morning I thought there was still some hope of his life, and told him he seemed better. Yes, he said, but was sure he could not live; said that he trusted in Jesus to forgive his sins and save his soul; spoke of the Bishop's visit to him on Sunday; commended his adopted son, who is one of our pupils (to my care, begged I would be as kind to him as I had always been, and continue to call him to listen to the Bishop's words, and believe in Jesus, (referring to my sometimes calling him to go with me to the Saturday-evening prayers, in Chinese, in the Bishop's study.) Then named the spot where he wished to be buried. I feared he would exhaust himself by talking so much; and as I was much affected by what he said, told him he could speak of this some other time. He closed his eyes, and said in the deep, solemn tone of a dying man, "*To-day lam here, to-morrow my soul will be with Jesus.*" I hastened home to tell Dr. F., who was too ill to go out, but ordered some medicine, which I returned to give him in about an hour. But he was so much changed I feared there was little hope of his life. Yet I sat by him some time, administering the medicine, but he spoke no more, except to murmur a faint "thank you," as he took it. When I left I asked him if he would like me to send his son from school to sit by him? He said "haw," good; and on my return I told him to go, and take St Matthew's Gospel in the Colloquial, and read to his father about Jesus.

Have just returned from my third visit to him, and called to see his wife, who seems a little better, and quite overwhelmed me with thanks for my attention to herself and her poor dying husband. I hope she may be able to go to him to-morrow.

Sept. 26.—Passed the day as yesterday, waiting upon the sick. And oh! how sadly does evening dawn upon me. Though like the Psalmist I can say, "I will sing of mercy and judgment;" of mercy, because two persons who have been the objects of my care and watching are much better. But one of our pupils is still very ill; and I have just heard "Kung Kwa" "*is no more.*" I trust, as he said yesterday, his soul is with Jesus. My heart is too sad to write. The death of "Kung Kwa" is truly a loss to me; he was one of the most faithful, honest, and obliging Chinese I have ever met with. Faithful in the discharge of his duties; obliging and honest to a degree that has made me quite dependent upon him in the expenditure of money for the school. During all the time of the war he was particularly obliging and painstaking, even at the risk of his life. When it was dangerous to go in the city to make purchases, "Kung Kwa" was always ready to go to any neighboring city or village. However large or small the amount, of whatever kind or sort was the article I wished, he never once failed to purchase and bring it to me, and in a manner so kind and prompt, one would suppose he was the person who was receiving the favour, and not myself.

Sept. 27.—Have spent almost the whole day at the bed-side of our little pupil, who is still very ill. The Bishop visited him and talked with him about dying, though he seemed too ill to realize much of what he said; yet when he asked him if he wished him to pray for him, he said "he wished it;" and the Bishop offered a fervent prayer that God would restore him to health, if according to his will, or that his soul might be prepared for heaven, "if his sickness is unto death." Poor little thing! I feel very anxious for his recovery, though he has neither father nor mother, nor any relatives, that we know of.

Sept. 28. Midnight.—Still watching by the bed-side of the sick, and have hardly found time for any other duties to-day, except two hours teaching. Even while at the evening prayers, one of the larger pupils took my place by the side of our sick pupil, "Tung-Fong," who seems a little better to-day than yesterday, though his life is very uncertain. "**Wong-Chai**" visited him this morning—told him he thought he would not live—asked him if he "believed in Jesus, and in such a place as heaven, where Jesus is." He replied in a voice scarcely articulate, that he believed. I feared, however, that his mind was so enfeebled by pain that he hardly appreciated what was said; but when "Chai" continued to speak to him, asked him if he

knew he was a sinner? he answered in such a sad, earnest tone, "Nyoo hiaw tuk ko," "I know it," I could not but hope his young heart was moved by the Holy Spirit to see his sins, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Then he asked if he wished him to pray to Jesus to forgive his sins and save his soul, he answered as he did the Bishop yesterday. One of the boys was standing by his bed, and we all kneeled, while Chai offered a fervent prayer in behalf of the poor little sufferer, which I trust our Heavenly Father heard and will answer.

Sept. 29.—The Bishop visited the First Department (in Chinese) of the school, and heard recitations in "Mencius," "She King," and "Shoo King," reading in the "Lun Yu," translating the text and commentary into the Colloquial. After the Bishop left, I heard the class read the 28th chapter of Genesis in "Rung See," of which they gave a verbal translation in the Colloquial; then dismissed school for the morning, or rather for the day, with the exception of one hour's study, from 2 to 3 o'clock in the afternoon, of their lessons in English for Sunday-school recitation.

October 1.—Another day passed by the bed-side of my poor little child, who still lives, and much to my surprise and joy knew me this morning and called me by name. The physician thinks it possible he may recover, though he suffers severe paroxysms of pain, and is occasionally deranged, and calls most mournfully for his mama and then for "Fee-Koo-Niang" to sit by him and give him tea, and seems unwilling that I should leave him for a moment. It is a great comfort to me that he again recognizes me, and that I can in any degree alleviate his sufferings.

Oct. 2 and 3.—My poor child is still alive, but no better; and I have no hope of his life, though he is still conscious, and for the first time during his illness has asked me to leave him; calling my name in his low, mournful voice, and saying in Chinese, "I wish you to go sleep." Poor little thing! he seems very considerate and grateful for all my care. I have just left him, but not to sleep.

Oct. 4.—**My little orphan boy is no more!** He died last night about 8 o'clock, and I have just seen all that remains of him placed in his coffin this evening.

Oct. 5.—This morning at 9 o'clock was the funeral of our deceased pupil "Tung-Fong." His body was carried into the Chapel, where both the schools and others were assembled. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Nelson. I was unable to attend, as my strength is so prostrated by watching, and care, and sorrow. I have not been out of my room to-day, except to conduct the evening prayers, at which the boys were unusually attentive and serious. And when I spoke to them of the death of their fellow-pupil, of another of their number who died in August, of the uncertainty of life, and of the sickness which prevails throughout the country, they seemed much affected. And I trust the Holy Spirit may sanctify this death to us all, by making us more faithful and earnest in our work, and more diligent in making our calling and election sure.

November 3.—From Oct. 5 to this date, my "daily proceedings" have been essentially the same as during the preceding months. With the exception of a few days' excursion into the country for my health, my time has been fully occupied in the ordinary duties of the school, and in taking care of the sick. The Bishop visited and examined the Second Department in Chinese this morning, and expressed himself highly pleased with the progress of the pupils. L [Lydia MARY FAY.] considers the school in quite a prosperous condition; is very happy in her work, and thinks the Chinese boys as affectionate and grateful, as studious and obedient, as would be any school of boys of the same class in a Christian land.⁹⁹

EPISCOPAL MISSION,

SHANGHAI, Nov. 5, 1855.

DATE/PLACE: **1858, March 4.**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 23 July 1858, p 339-342. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
RECIPIENT: Rt. Rev. William Jones Boone.
SUBJECT: (i) Miss Fay's Report. 4 March 1858 (Part 1).
(ii) Boys' Boarding School.
(iii) General Maintenance.
(iv) Domestic Department.
(v) Care of Boys Out of School.
(vi) Care of the Sick.
(vii) English Studies.
(viii) Chinese Studies.

Shanghai, March 4th, 1858.

Rt. Rev. William J. Boone—

My dear Bishop: Though it has pleased our Heavenly Father to withdraw you for a season from your chosen field of labor, and you are no longer permitted "to go in and out among us," to advise us in difficulties, to lighten our duties and cheer us in our toils; yet I trust you have no less interest in us and our work than when you were daily with us. Therefore, as I am still in the same place and position in which you left me in the Boy's Boarding-school, trying, though in much weakness, to perform the duties thereof, I beg leave to submit to your notice the following Report of 'how we have done' since you left us. And after the order of the former Reports which you have requested me to write, I would *first* speak of the general supervision of the premises and school buildings, the repairs of which have occupied about the usual amount of time, and a little more than the ordinary annual expense, including the arrangements and changes that were made in the west wing of the one of the dormitories, for the reception and home of *Mr Wong* (as we now call *He Ding*) and his bride. This, however, was supervised by Mr. Nelson, and would hardly find a place in my Report as being on the school premises.

The long continued rains and high tides have injured our garden, nearly washed away the walks and fences, and made the floors and walls of the lower rooms of the house so damp and wet, that they are quite uninhabitable. I have, however, been able to accommodate myself with a study and other rooms above stairs, without any additional expense.

2. THE DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT

For this I fear I have little vocation. It is still a dragging, wearying duty, and I am never in any respect satisfied with my efforts. The boys are fed and clothed after a fashion that might be called comfortable for boys in their station in life; but to do even this, upon their present allowance, requires of me such an amount of time, of management, of foresight, of carefulness, of economy, of eagle-eyed watching that nothing be lost, that everything be taken care of, that all be used and made the most of; and more than this, it brings me into such close contact, and daily acquaintance with all the petty details of poverty and filth, which seem the only noticeable features in the lower walks of Chinese house-keeping, that I am willing at any time to give it up to a more competent person, or to any one who may fancy the life of a missionary teacher is not one of self-denial, self-discipline, and self-sacrifice.

3. CARE OF THE BOYS OUT OF SCHOOL

In this I have succeeded a little better, and it has given me comparatively little trouble; not have I been wearied as formerly by hearing complaints from others of their rudeness when out of school. On the contrary, even during the holidays (when you know they are allowed to go where they choose) several foreigners said to me, "I know 'your boys' when I meet them, by their cleanly look and upright bearing." I always charge the boys when they go out to remember they belong to Bishop Boone's school, and to remember Him whose ye is ever on their hearts, and "knows all their ways." I trust the admonition is not entirely lost.

4. CARE OF THE SICK

I cannot say, as in my last Report, the duties of this department have been light, for they have been so heavy I quite broke down under them for a time. The first six months after you left us, some of the boys were sick continually, not only requiring medical attendance during the day, but watching at night, as there were long cases of fever, intermittent and remittent, bilious and typhoid, with occasional mental derangement. There were also several cases of Pneumonia, Inflammatory Rheumatism, etc. Some of the boys were very ill, and

often for weeks I would quite despair of their lives; but it has pleased God to raise them up again, and by His blessing upon the excellent skill and kindness of Dr. Lockhart, all recovered. I might also mention the kindness and sympathy we received from Dr. [Chaplain Henry] Wood, of the *San Jacinto*, U.S.N., who not infrequently called and went through the dormitories with me, assisting and advising in cases which required more time than Dr. Lockhart could give. After watching and nursing the boys so long, and still continuing my ordinary duties of teaching those who were well, I was attacked with the fever (just as the last boy who had it was getting over it), and for two months was not able either to go to the school-room or dormitories, and ere I recovered, Dr. Wood left for America and Dr. Lockhart for England. Their loss as friends and physicians we still deplore; thought it has pleased our Heavenly Father to give both myself and boys each a measure of health that we have had no occasion for medical attendance since their departure.

During my illness the principal part of my duties (except the teaching of my English classes) devolved on *Mr. Yang*, Mr. Nelson kindly taking the general oversight, looking over the accounts, paying the teachers, servants, etc., also the bills for rice.

5. ENGLISH STUDIES

The labor of this department has been divided about equally between *Mr Wong* and myself (except, when I was ill my class studied Chinese); not by either of us taking the entire charge of all the studies which a given class or classes were pursuing, but by his teaching all the classes in the morning that are studying Arithmetic, Geography, Astronomy, etc., and my teaching in the afternoon the same boys in Grammar, Composition, Moral Philosophy, Bible studies, Reading, etc. By this arrangement I know each day how every boys in school is getting along in his studies, which I could not do if I only took the entire charge of teaching one or two classes, as was the former arrangement in regard to foreign teachers and English studies. I am much gratified by the diligence and success of *Mr. Yang* in teaching, and by the improvement of the boys in all their English studies. (342)

6. CHINESE STUDIES

In this department also I have been much pleased by the diligence and improvement of the boys, no tin in committing their classics to memory, but also by their efforts to understand what they learn, and their progress in writing and Chinese composition. For the details of this department, the names of the books studied, number of pages learned by each boy, I refer you to the teachers, *Ching* and *Saw's* Reports in Chinese, which I forwarded you by last mail; though in their Reports they did not tell you (as they still consider the Bible even in Chinese a foreign book) that the boys had read the New Testament through several times with them, committing to memory the Gospel of St. Matthew and the Parables of our Lord as recorded by the four Evangelists. With me they have again read and recited the same, and have translated the whole of the New Testament (Dr. Bridgman's version in *Kinglee*) into English. And when, after a lesson is recited, I lay aside the Chinese text and question them in English, and listen to their ready answers in my own dear native tongue, I feel a pleasure and satisfaction that makes former years of drudgery and toil, when I wondered if they ever would understand English, seem only a little moment.
(To be continued).

DATE/PLACE: **1858, March 4.**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 23, July 1858, p 396. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
RECIPIENT: Rt. Rev. William Jones Boone.
SUBJECT: (i) Miss Fay's Report. 4 March 1858 (Part 2).
(ii) Religious Instruction.
(iii) General Department.

Shanghai, March 4th, 1858.

7. RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION

In this department I need not tell you how much the boys have lost this year by your absence, and also that Mr. Liggins and Mr. Williams have given up their Sunday classes, as you know their duties have called them into the country, and to attend to their day schools. The class of eighteen boys which you taught on Thursdays have continued their regular weekly lessons together, and have just finished committing to memory the Parables of our Lord in Chinese, and translating them into English. In hearing their lessons, I have tried to supply in some little degree the loss of your explanation by reading to them from "Notes on the Parables, by Trench," such portions as I judge they could best appreciate and understand. This class (you remember) is composed of boys belonging to the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd classes, and thus only in short weekly lessons could well recite together. In their daily Bible studies they belong to three different classes, the

youngest of which has studied on the Gospel of St. John in Chinese, and translated it into English; the 2nd have committed to memory the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and have translated it, the other Gospels, and about half of the Acts of the Apostles.

The first class, which is my special pride and pleasure, have, as I said under the head of Chinese studies, translated the whole of the New Testament into English, besides memorizing St. Matthew's Gospel and the Parables. On the Gospels I read to them from "Barnes Notes." On the Epistle to the Ephesians they studied Dr. Turner's excellent Commentary. On the other Epistles I read to them from Macknight's Commentary. On the Apocalypse, many passages of which seemed to fill their minds with strange wonder and awe as they read them for the first time, I read no Commentary nor attempted any explanation.

The first class are now studying "Dueteronomy" and Mr. Nelson thinks this year he will be able to hear the Bishop's class a weekly review lesson upon select portions of the New Testament.

A fourth class, consisting of eleven "little ones" who have just finished committing to memory the Church Catechism, have begun to learn St. Mark's Gospel in English, and study the translation in the Colloquial, a *Tosback* version by Rev. Mr. M'Clutchie, and they, as do the other boys of the school, show more pleasure and interest in studying the Bible than any other book. And I am encouraged to give a much larger portion of my time than formerly to these Bible classes, not only on account of the serious attention and interest manifested in them, but also on account of the intellectual improvement they derive from them. They somehow seem to think more, and speak more, of what they learn from the Bible than from all the other books they study.

8. GENERAL DEPARTMENT

In this department you would judge from what I have already said thee ought to be considerable improvement, and I am glad to tell you there is, though with some of the boys there is still room for more. But some of them are my entire delight, in school, and out of school, in their hours of play and in the Church of God; and my trust is strong that I shall yet see some of them in the sacred desk, duly commissioned, and ministering to their own people "in holy things."

In conclusion, I can only say, pray for us, dear Bishop, that the Holy Spirit may bless us, give us a "right judgment in all things," and most of all grant that the souls of those whom we may teach may be truly converted to the truth as it is in Jesus.

I cannot tell you how much we miss you in each, in all, in every department of our school and social studies, and how earnestly we pray that God will restore you to health and enable you soon to return to your waiting children in the far off land of Sinim.

I am, Right Rev. and dear Bishop, Very respectfully and affectionately yours.

DATE/PLACE: 1859, June 15.
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 24 1859 pp 468-469. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
RECIPIENT: Rt. Rev. William Jones Boone.
SUBJECT: (i) Miss Fay's Report. 15 June 1859.
(ii) Confirmation group.
(iii) Fay's health and outlook improved.

Dear Sir:

Last Sunday twelve of "my boys" between the ages of fifteen and nineteen, were baptized by Mr. Syle¹⁰⁰ in our Chinese Chapel. Rev. Mr. Zong-he-Diong and myself stood sponsors for them at their own request. In all my nine years of labor in this school I have never known such a day of entire thanksgiving of buoyant hopes, and of gratitude to God, and that for several special reasons: first, out of the forty-seven boys, who compose the school, these twelve were the "brightest and best," those for whom I have toiled the longest, and though sometimes almost hopelessly, yet earnestly and perseveringly. Just those whom I would have chosen to offer first to the service of God; and as I saw them, one after the other, with bowed heads and tearful eyes, reverently kneel to receive the baptismal water and that sacred sign that marks them Christ's faithful soldiers unto their life's end, I felt as if I could join the angels in their song of "Glory to God on high, and on earth, peace, good will toward men;" and that I would never again doubt the readiness of our

Heavenly Father to bless abundantly the work of our hands. My prayer for these converts is that they may be "faithful unto death," and that I may hear some, if not all, of them preaching the Gospel to their own countrymen. Second, a native ministry is my strong hope for China, and when I see what God has already done, my hopes are strengthened and my zeal awakened. Only six years ago some of the boys who were baptized on Sunday, and are now grown men, came to this school ragged and dirty. Yet even in those dim days of doubt and discouragement, when my principal duties were to teach the A.B. C's, keep the boys clean, and out of mischief when well, and nurse them when sick; I sometimes met with the most touching instances of gratitude on the part of the boys, which made me hope for "better days;" though "faint, yet still pursuing" seemed to be the only text in the Bible that was entirely expressive of my every day feelings.

My days are happier now; my duties more agreeable to my tastes; my hopes are more definite; my health and spirits made better. But from my heart, I thank our Heavenly Father for all and every bitter trial He has given since I came to China. It has taught me a confidence in Him; a looking to Him for success in our work, which I feel I could never have learned truly except in the path of loneliness and lowness in which He has led me. Now I know "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes," or in any son of man.

I think I told you in a former letter that twenty-one of "my boys" were candidates for baptism, and they have been going to Mr. Syle once a week for instruction, but only the twelve, of whom I have spoken, gave him entire satisfaction. I am quite satisfied with his decision, as the others are younger, and it may be better for them to wait a while, though I trust the Holy Spirit has moved their hearts also to believe in Jesus as the only Saviour of sinners, and that I shall ere long see them "put on Christ" and "walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they are called." They spend an hour with me every day in reading the Bible in English, and I often feel my own faith strengthened by their earnest reading, and the implicit manner in which they receive the promises of God. They are all very fond of reading the Bible; even in play hours you may see a group of boys gathered here and there eagerly listening, while one, who reads English better than the others, reads the Bible aloud; and sometimes I see a solitary one sitting apart, his head bent over the sacred book until his eyes almost touch the pages.

In former days when I opened suddenly the doors of their rooms, my heart was often pained and my ears saddened by the sound of rattling dice, and their confused faces told, without asking, that they had been gambling. But now I find them reading their Bibles or Prayer Books; they meet me with a look of confidence when I come upon them suddenly, and then ask me to stop and explain some word or text of Scripture they are reading.

Formerly I used to feel that my dwelling was truly "where Satan's seat is." But now, though I dwell in the same place and teach the same boys, I feel that good angels are about us; that we can lie down and sleep in peace, because "the Lord maketh us to dwell in safety." Will you not pray for us that these "good days" may continue, and that the 'work of the Lord may prosper in our hands?'"

DATE/PLACE: 1860, June 13.
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
AUTHOR: Virginia Historical Association, Richmond, Va. MISSIN3386a14961516
RECIPIENT: Lydia MARY FAY.
SUBJECT: Rt. Rev. William Jones Boone.
Resignation

Episcopal Mission, Shanghai, June 13th 1860

Rt. Rev. Bishop Boone, D.D.,
My dear Bishop,

It is now ten years since I received the appointment of Missionary teacher to China in the Mission under your charge. I arrived here a few months afterwards and have been more than nine years in the Boys' Boarding School, filling, as the absence of other teachers required, the position of teacher and matron, nurse and matron and for the last five years, matron and teacher while the school was under your special superintendence, therefore I need not say how I have discharged my duties, as my work has been daily before you and I have tried to do all with a hearty good will, an earnest desire to please our Heavenly Father, and the firm conviction that the work was a good and able work. I feel too that the Lord has blessed me in it, and in a great measure fulfilled His promise that: "They who wait upon Him shall walk and not fault." I am stronger, in better health and spirits, and have a livelier hope of the final success of missions than in the first years of my missionary labors, but there seems no longer a "needs be" for my remaining in the Boys' School, as the vacant positions of honor, trust and labor are now filled by those who are just from the bosom of the Church "at home" and might be full of the Holy Spirit and stronger to carry on the work of the Lord in the

school, than I have been. I have also some other reasons for wishing to resign all further connexion with the school and do therefore, beg you will kindly accept my resignation and appoint my duties in some other department of the great vineyard of our blessed Mission.

That you may be guided by heavenly wisdom in appointment, to each of our fields of duty, ... a right judgement in all things and that the blessings of God may rest and inform you ...

Yours truly and affectionately,

Lydia MARY FAY.

DATE/PLACE: **1860, August 7.**
American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
PROVENANCE: **Virginia Historical Association, Richmond, Va.** MISSIN3386a1496-1516
AUTHOR: **Rt. Rev. William Jones Boone.**
RECIPIENT: **Lydia MARY FAY..**
SUBJECT: **Re Resignation.**

My Dear Miss Fay

I have allowed your letter of 13 June resigning your place in the Boys' School, to remain unanswered until now. I wished to take time to see how matters would go on until the vacation. I regret very much your leaving the school. I can bear testimony that you have worked hard & efficiently; I am sure it is a very great trial to you to leave a school for which you have laboured so long.

You know that I have always thought you a good teacher but have also held the opinion that no lady can properly manage a school of forty boys. I have always thought the school needs the strong hand of a male superintendent. When I was recently in the U.S, the Presbyters of the mission wrote urgently on this subject.

The Committee, on my recommendation, and that of these letters, appointed a male superintendent, and sent his mother to assist as matron; supposing this would be a much pleasanter arrangement than to ask you to act in this capacity while Mr. Doyen¹⁰¹ was Superintendent.

They never designed for a moment to dispossess you of your place as a teacher in the school, nor had I any such wish.

You have told me you determined before Mr. and Mrs. Doyen arrived, that you would not teach in the school, if he were made superintendent.

You told me this, plainly upon our arrival, and left them in no doubt of your mind and that you regarded them as intruders.

You now inform me that you are still of the same determination and I know there is such a want of harmony in the personal relations between Mr. and Mrs. Doyen and yourself that there is no prospect of your being able to conduct the school together. Neither yourself or Mrs. Doyen will consent to make friends and live in peace.

These facts constrain me to accept your resignation. Under the circumstances, I cannot blame you for resigning, but I cannot but deplore the circumstances.

While saying this, I do not wish to pass any opinion on your difficulties with Mrs. Doyen, or to throw any undue share of the blame upon you.

I trust God may have much more work for your to do for Him and that He will grant you Grace to discharge the same with both fidelity and in peace.

I am, my Dear Miss Fay, Very sincerely Yours

Wm J Boone

DATE/PLACE: **1862, January 7.**

101 JAPAN, Conf Prot Miss Japan 1833, p 62. "In September of this year, Mr. James S. Doyen, who in 1859 had gone with Bishop Boone to assist in school work connected with the Episcopal Mission in China, (Resigned 1861) having adopted Baptist sentiments, united with the Baptist Church, and on the 7th day of the month was, by the missionaries, assisted by Rev. Mr. Ludlow, ordained in Yokohama to the ministry. On the 9th of December following he become a missionary of the A. B. M. U. Mr. Doyen, with the hope of more speedily acquiring the language and of doing better work for the Master, took up his residence with a native family at Noge, Yokohama. Am. Bapt. 1874. Mr. Doyen also removed to Tokiyo, and " at the suggestion of some Buddhist priests who expressed a desire to hear about Christianity, took up his abode in quarters offered him in one of their temples in Shiba. He was attended by a recent convert who acted also as interpreter. Towards the close of the year, however, Mr. Doyen was obliged by failing eyesight to seek a change, and accordingly returned to San Francisco. He there became interested in work among the Chinese, and in August, 1875, his resignation as a missionary of the Union was accepted by the Board."

PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 27 1862 pp 149-151. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.

AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.

RECIPIENT: Private Letter republished with permission.

SUBJECT: (i) Letter from Mary Fay 7 January 1862.
(ii) Fay working with Church Missionary Society.
(iii) Second Taiping Rebel attack on Shanghai.
(iv) Boys' Boarding School.
(v) Girls' Day School in Shanghai (Chinese city).
(vi) Letter in English from Kie Who.
(vii) (SoM Includes letter from Boone (23/1/62) and Rev. C Keith (22/1/08) re Taiping advance on Shanghai)

We are permitted to publish the following extracts from a private letter, dated Shanghai, January 7, 1862, and written to a lady in Pennsylvania, a Sunday-school teacher. After speaking of the contribution of the school to Foreign Missions, [Miss Fay](#) says:

May the sum never be less—may it go on increasing as you grow in grace and abound in every good work. There never was a time when missionaries required as much from friends “at home” as now, on account of there being such constant demands upon their liberality from the starving, suffering Chinese. We have just heard of the sufferings of those (150) at Ningpoo, on the taking of that city by the rebels, who have also proved very unfriendly to foreigners, driving them from their houses, plundering and spoiling their goods—to hundred Chinese converts at once driven off, scattered or killed. The missionaries have exerted themselves to the utmost to provide for as many as possible. Rev. Mr. Russell kept one hundred in his own house, almost robbing himself to provide for their wants—Mrs. Russell and himself staying many days in the city after the rebels entered, amidst scenes of blood, burning and carnage too shocking to relate. At last the rebels threatened violence upon the, and they were obliged to leave, as have all the missionaries, the city; some are still remaining in the suburbs, trying to comfort and sustain the poor, persecuted converts. We hear that Hanchow [Hankow], one of the largest and richest cities of China, has just fallen into the hands of the rebels, after and long and obstinate resistance of several months; that millions of people have been killed, and long streets rendered impassable by heaps of dead bodies, upon which dogs and birds of prey are continually feeding. But I spare you the horrid details. For the present, we are in comparative quiet and safety. But the rebels have repeatedly sent official letters to Chinese and foreign officials of this place, saying: ‘We want Shanghai.’ ‘We must have it.’ ‘We will have it.’ Success in other places has emboldened them so much, and they are showing less and less fear of foreigners. The French and English are making active preparations to defend Shanghai in case of an attack; and I trust we may be spared the horrors and carnage of other cities. For the last few years it has been a great city of refuge for the distressed and persecuted Chinese from all parts of the Empire, and a great deal of the wealth of the conquered cities has been deposited here for safe keeping. It is supposed this is known to the rebels, and is one reason why they are so anxious to get this city; another is, the enormous revenue received at the Imperial Custom-House, which is in part supervised by the English.

In the midst of all these stirring and exciting scenes, it requires strong faith in God, long suffering, patience and perseverance to go quietly on with schools and other missionary work. Servants seem almost distracted, and it seems almost impossible to get them to do any thing properly; and I am often obliged to take the time I used to give to Chinese studies or writing, for household duties; even when I have paid servants in the house. Still, I manage to teach several hours a day, and visit my day-school in the city. I have seventy children under my charge, namely, fifty-five boys in the boarding-school where I live, and fifteen little girls in the city. The girls I do not teach English, hence do not spend so much time with them as the boys. They are taught by a Chinese lady, who has been reduced to the most abject poverty, and her husband killed by the rebels at the taking of the city of ‘Soong-Kong.’ She made her escape to Shanghai, was befriended by some of the London missionaries; taught the first principles of the Christian religion; believed its great truths, and was admitted to the communion of our Church a few weeks since. She shows great interest in the study of the Bible and in teaching it to her little pupils. She has two sons of her own, both of whom are in my boarding-school and are studying English, with about forty other promising boys, among whom is ‘Kie Who,’ the lad to whom you have sent the illustrated *Pilgrim’s Progress*. It has not yet been received, but I hope may yet come, as ‘Kie Who’ is quite delighted with the idea of a new book. I have told him he may write to you for himself, thinking it might interest your school. When he went to Mr. Syle’s

school he only studied Chinese, and was a very good reader. Is reading tolerably well now in English, and is very anxious to improve. Mr. Syle's day-school was given up some time before he left, and I have the house now for my day-school, which is a small church belonging to the English Church Mission Society, with which I am now connected.

I am going to have another day-school after the Chinese New Year, which will be in about twenty days. One of our Chinese teachers was married a few weeks since to a nice Christian girl, educated in Mrs. Bridgman's mission-school. They live here, and I shall get her a class of little girls to teach, which will keep her employed, and be very convenient for my superintendence.

This week is set apart as a special season of prayer by all the missionaries for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The Chinese also have their separate services; some of my larger boys seem greatly interested, not only for themselves, but for their friends.

LETTER FROM THE CHINESE BOYS SPOKEN OF IN THE FOREGOING COMMUNICATION

My Dear Miss H__

My teacher Miss Fay has told me I may write a letter to give to you. Thank you for the book wish to sent me, but the Book not yet come. If the Book come, I very thank you. Before I was in Mr. Syle's school to study; but now I am in Church mission school, learn much English. Only seven months Miss Fay has taught me, and other Boys the same. I hope to learn much English, read many Books, then I can write a better letter to you. I think you very kind to send a book give China Boy. I hope truly believe in Jesus, and thank you more. You small friend in China, KIE WHO, Jan 8, 1862.

DATE/PLACE: 1862, November 30.
Singapore,
PROVENANCE: Virginia Historical Association, Richmond, Va. MISSIN3386a1496-1516a
AUTHOR: Rt. Rev. William Jones Boone.
RECIPIENT: Lydia MARY FAY..
SUBJECT: Health of Phoebe Caroline Elliott Boone, 2nd wife.

My Dear Miss Fay,

I have not been able to answer before the letter I received by Antonio just before we left Shanghai and to thank you and the young ladies for the beautiful presents sent us. We recedive them all safe and were most grateful at your remembrance of us. The not least demonstrative of the party was Master Robbie.

Since you left us we have seen a great deal of trouble and anxiety. Mrs. Boone's health has been very precarious now for more than a year and sometimes her condition has been alarming. In the Spring as you know we went to Macao; she got better, but relapsed after we return home. In Aug she went to Yokohama and enjoyed the best care from Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn. Henry, Mr. Thomson and Robbie accompanied her. Jane stayed behind to keep house for me. She staid three months, but lost ground all the time, and at length ran down so low that I had to go over to bring her back. I was greatly shocked when I saw her; she was so emaciated, her eyes were so hollow and lusterless; her face had such a careworn look, her pulse was so very feeble and her weight only about 100 lbs. The voyage over did her great good and she got on famously after she got home. Friends were very kind, especially Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Cunningham, who sent her milk every day and Pheasants etc., etc., and she seemed to thrive on this treatment and we hoped was getting well fast, when all at once she had a violent return of her disease which quite prostrated her. I felt that if she had another such [attack?] right on the back of this she might never leave Shanghai. Drs. Sibbald and Henderson had attended her with ?? before she went to Japan. On the 2nd November I called them all in consultation to say what was to be done. They said she must leave Shanghai for 2 yrs; must come to Singapore at once and stay 2 or 3 months, and by no means reach England before July. We left Shanghai in the P&O steamer on the 9th November. I have now been here 10 days. Mrs. Boone grew much better and stronger, but is not so well again. I have no doubt of her recovery, with extreme care and God's blessing, but it will take some time.

Our plan is for me to go back to my duties if her health will permit, and let her and Jane and Robbie go with Bp and Mrs. Smith who go home for good, by the first mail in February. They go by way of Bombay and stop a fortnight with Bp Harding and will probably reach Malta about 26 March. Have a letter there to meet Mrs. Boone and tell her where you can most conveniently meet her to take her to your place, if it is not too cold for her. If too cold advise her where to go, Naples, Rome, and ell her how to manage. She will leave the Bp's party at Malta. Direct to care of Rev, Chas Popham Miles, Protestant College, Malta, to await the arrival of the Bishop of Victoria.

All our plans were made for Jane to stay and keep house for me, but 2 nights before we set sail, Mrs. Boone and Jane got talking and they both broke down. It was too late then for her to come with us and Mrs.

Boone can do well without her while I am with her, so we left her to follow.

Our expenses are so great that I determined to turn the Parlor into my Chamber and rent out Mrs. Boone's room & that side of the house; selling our parlor and bedroom furniture. Jane will see to all these things and will leave Shanghai just one month after us and be here 21 December. And then, if all is right, I will go back 30 December.

It was very uncertain when we were leaving Shanghai, when I would get back, as it is still; depending as it does on Mrs. Boone's health. If I have to be away with her for a year or more the loss of my property in Charleston would be a serious embarrassment to me; as my salary ceases on my leaving Shanghai and I would have no means of sending the \$900 for my boys. Upon learning this casually, my friends without a word of warning to me, place Taels 8550 to my credit at the Oriental Bank, presenting it as a testimonial of their respect, regard, etc.

I was very much affected by this repeated instance of God's care. When the revolution was at hand and I was about to be cut off from the Interest of my Southern friends, the Board, without any solicitation on my part, increased my salary to Taels2000, now that I have probably to lose it all through the ruin of Charleston, and my absence from home prevents my saving anything from my salary; I am here presented with this handsome sum which seems to say, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee or thy children; take the interest of this sum and keep you boys at school and college.

Mrs Boone is unable to write by this mail but she will endeavour to do so by the next.

I send you a letter from Mr. Thomson.

Send me a line to Shanghai to let me know that you have received this.

Be sure to take good care of Mrs Boone when she reaches you, and get good advice where she shall go to from Malta, and send her some letters of introduction to people in Naples or Genoa, or wherever else she ought to go until it gets warm in Switzerland.

The school house comes on slowly, the plan is not yet settled. I recommend a good dwelling house for Principals and boys apartments on the plan of Seka Vrie.

Kind regards to Mrs. Gates and the young ladies. Mrs Boone and Robbie send abundant love.

I am my Dear Miss Fay, Yours very truly,

Wm J Boone

Miss Fay, Care of Chas Dimier Esq, Case 209, Geneva, Switzerland

MARGINAL NOTE.

I have just read this over to Mrs. Boone and she thinks I have asked a great deal of Miss Fay. She says she will write herself next mail; at any rate you will hear from her from Malta.

DATE/PLACE: **1863, February 8.**

PROVENANCE: **P & O Steamer, Syria, Bay of Biscay,**
Virginia Historical Association, Richmond, Va. MISSIN3386a1496-1516a

AUTHOR: **Rt. Rev. William Jones Boone.**

RECIPIENT: **Lydia MARY FAY..**

SUBJECT: **Death of Phoebe Caroline Elliott Boone, 2nd wife.**

Wife 1: Sarah (Sally) Amelia De Saussure Boone (Columbia, SC—Father Hon Henry William de Saussure, lawyer), (Died Amoy [Xiamen], China, 26 August 1842)

Wife 2: Phoebe Caroline Elliott, the sister of one of his closest friends, the Rt. Rev. Stephen Elliott of Savannah, Georgia. (Died Suez, Egypt, January 1863)

P & O Steamer, Syria, Bay of Biscay, Feby 8, 1863

My Dear Miss Fay,

I know that your Miss Bates and the young Ladies who are with you will all condole with me when you learn that my beloved wife has been taken away from me.

I wrote to you from Singapore, her illness, of our hopes and plans. All these were defeated by her growing worse instead of better, and when Jane joined us the 2 December we hastened on at once, the climate of Egypt being thought the only thing that could benefit her. She was too ill to land at Galle, and nearly fainted in passing from ship to ship. At one time I was afraid she would not reach Suez, but she did and was safely landed on a cot borne by 4 men on the 16th January. At first my hopes were excited. She seemed to revive a little. I called to mind "the wonders" God had done of old for his people, "in the land of Ham" and I hoped he would call her "out of Egypt" but it was soon evident that the call was to be from Egypt to "Abraham's bosom." She passed away peacefully January 20th at 4.45 p.m.

Her disease was like her own nature, quiet, gentle, nothing violent but persistent. Nothing can be more calm or tranquil than her end. She often expressed the wish that she might fall asleep and wake no more. Her wish was granted to her. I was sitting at her side watching her and thought her asleep when a change of expression in the countenance caught my attention & I found she had ceased to breathe. She literally fell asleep in Jesus.

She always had a shrinking from physical pain and especially from the pains of death. When in Japan she had much conversation with Mrs. Hepburn on this subject. They sympathized on this point. She was enabled then to ease off this care, trusting to the promise, "as thy days so shall thy strength be."¹⁰² A few hours before her death she told me of this conversation. She knew she had but a little time to live and she was without fear. She begged me to write to Mrs H and inform her of this for her encouragement.

I often looked at her on the voyage from Singapore and said to myself, "Kept in perfect peace because she trusted in Thee." Though it pleased God that her disease should be painless to the end it was not without suffering. She became extremely emaciated and the nerves (?) so bare that she shrank from every touch. She was so weak that every motion was a dreaded exertion and we could not keep her still, as her food produced nausea and made her throw up and she had diarrhea as well. And when lying at perfect rest she felt an overpowering sense of oppression.

During all her hours of languor and weakness, and oh how many there were, not a single impatient word or murmur would escape from her. Towards the last she complained of a want of air and cried out, "Can't you help me? Can't the doctor help me?" This cry rent my heart for I could only answer, "No, my darling, God alone can help you." Soon after this she said, "Don't any of you speak to me" and was heard from time to time to say, "God have mercy upon me; God have mercy upon me." These were her last words.

During all her illness her conduct was most brave. She was a model of patience and meekness and submission to the Divine will.

She had lived, as she died, a Christian woman possessed of "the ornament of a meek and quiet saint." She was always gentle, yet earnest and persevering in whatever she undertook.

She died in an Inn, but she wanted for nothing that human hands can supply and her husband and little boy and the faithful Jane were by her side.

It is a satisfaction to think that everything was done for her that the best medical skill could advise. Notwithstanding all these efforts, it has pleased God to take her to himself. "the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, Blessed be the Name of the Lord." She has finished the probation allotted her by infinite wisdom. She had lived usefully and happily and died in peace. We dare not call her back to this vale of tears.

For me the light of my dwelling is taken away and my house is left unto me desolate. I must seek in closer communion with my Heavenly Father and compassionate Savior a solace for the companionship I have lost.

We buried her in the cemetery for foreigners at Suez, a quiet retired spot on an Island in the harbour. Four Chinese bore her to the grave. She had spent 19 years of her life in endeavour to Christianize this nation and although 7000 miles away from China Chinese are appointed to carry her to her last resting place and this came about without design. They were the boats crew of the English Consul.

Ah, Miss Fay, you will understand as few will a loss I and my dear children have met with.¹⁰³

I would have returned from Suez to Shanghai to my duties, but for the necessity of making some provision for Robbie & Jane. It was his mother's expressed wish and mine that Miss Jones should take the charge of him at least until there is peace in our unhappy country. I am now on my way to London to place him in her hands. I shall then return to Shanghai, as I have no heart for sightseeing or making new acquaintances. Jane will probably go to America.

Write to me, Direct to care of Charles Shaw Esq, 4 Copthall Court, London EC. Write at once. Give my kind regards to Mrs. Gates and the young ladies with you. Your letters from Shanghai will have informed you of the sad death of Miss Kate Jones from Malignant small [lymphoma]. It is a sad, sad, story. Our mission is melting away. The faithful Thomson is our only Foreign missionary alive.

I am Yours very truly,

Wm J Boone

Miss L M Fay, care of Charles Dimier, Esq, Geneva, Switzerland.

MARGINAL NOTE. FEBRUARY 15 LONDON. I am staying with Mr. Shaw and expect to go to Wiesbaden next week to take Robbie to Miss Jones and then on to Marseilles en route for China on steamer of the 26 March.

102 Deuteronomy 33:25

103 Points to the death of Ethan Allan Fay, Mary's father.

Robbie will, if very unwell with diarrhea & rheumatism. Mrs. Shaw offers Jane a place as chambermaid but she has been so very unaccustomed to scrub and make fires that she doubtless thinks ...[unreadable]

PLACE/DATE: **1865, May 5—1866, April 5.**
PROVENANCE: CMS East Asia Archives, Reel 221 C Ch 033, Original Letters and Papers of Missionaries, Miss Lydia MARY FAY. 1863-1866.
AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
RECIPIENT: (a) Rt. Rev. J. Burdon, Anglican Bishop of Hong Kong.
(b) Rev. Henry Venn, Secretary, Church Missionary Society, London.
SUBJECT: (i) Fay nominally with American Episcopal Mission but unable to resume because of stoppage of mission funds from US due to American Civil War.
(ii) Content of letters suggests that Fay did not particularly like Burdon.
(iii) English Church Missionary Society maintained boys and girls schools in Shanghai and Fay applied for employment.
(iv) By 1868 Fay returned to American mission and most of her students, many originally from the American Boys' Boarding School, and some from Mrs. Henderson's school, went with her.

To Rt. Rev. John Burdon, Hong Kong.

Shanghai, 22 May 1865

Lack of success with Chinese conversions

It is so easy to fancy we have some merit of our own in comparison with the wretched heathen among whom we serve.

To **Henry Venn**, CMS London.

Shanghai, 5 April 1866

Irritated by dominance of young and inexperienced male missionaries.

To consent to it, my influence would be weakened, my spirits so harassed and usefulness so impaired it would be much better for me to leave the mission field entirely. ... The life of a single lady is a constant sacrifice to nursing the sick and watching the wives and children of the missionaries. Year after year every moment of my leisure (aside from the care and teaching of sixty boys) has been passed in sickrooms—besides more or less nursing among the Chinese and I always volunteered to take my place at a sick bed of the wife or child ... so that the husband might be free to attend to his public duties.

Refers to “long, sad, weary, sleepless nights: and the weary, hard-working days.”

DATE/PLACE: **1868, April 15.**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 33 1868 p 622. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Rev. E M Thompson
RECIPIENT: Letter Published under Missionary Correspondence.
SUBJECT: (i) Mary Fay returns to American Mission after Civil War break spent with Church Missionary Society Boys' Boarding School.
(ii) American Mission reopens Boys' Boarding School.

The Rev. Mr. Thompson's letter of April 15th, which will be found in our Missionary Correspondence gives the interesting intelligence of the reopening of the Boys' Boarding-school under the charge of the tried and valued teacher, Miss Fay. This school was closed during the war in this country, and we rejoice in its reopening. It was a source of great good. A number of **Miss Fay's** former pupils are now preparing for the Ministry and now the school is reopening we trust that many more will here commence a course of training that will lead to the same great end.

DATE/PLACE: **1869, FEBRUARY 18.**
American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.

PROVENANCE: *Spirit of Missions*, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 34 1869 p 378. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.

AUTHOR: Lydia Mary Fay

RECIPIENT: General Letter, 18 February 1869.

SUBJECT: (i) Importance of Chinese Literature.
(ii) Chinese people and Buddhism
(iii) A Buddhist Ascetic in Shanghai.
(iv) Importance of Christian Schools in China.

I am very fond of Chinese literature, and think it generally too much neglected by residents in the East; and I have an idea that we can no more preach the Gospel acceptably and effectively to the Chinese without knowing their modes of thought, their standard of actions and their religion, than can a medical man wisely administer medicine without knowing in detail the disease of his patient. People are very fond of saying, "Oh! It is very easy to preach the Gospel to the heathen; they are all idolators and need a Saviour;" which is quite true, but it is not *all of the truth*. As well might any one say, "Oh! It is very easy to be a good doctor; people are ill and want medicine; medicine will cure diseases, therefore furnish yourself, and give medicine to whomever may be ill," without inquiring either into the disease, or as to the *kind* of medicine best calculated to cure it. How truly does Inspiration [Luke 16:8] say, "the children of the world are wiser than the children of light!" I have often heard Missionaries spend the time of a whole sermon labouring to impress upon the Chinese some moral duty, like (479) reverence to parents, obedience to rulers, self-examination, fasting, alms-giving, etc., and speak as if the Chinese had never *heard* of these duties; whereas, if they had read their books, a quotation might have sufficed to remind them of the necessity of these things, and they could pass on to the preaching of the *Gospel* proper—"Christ and Him crucified"—which would be indeed a new doctrine to the Chinese, as it is nowhere to be found in Chinese books. Besides, a Chinaman is offended by being preached to, as if he had no idea of morals, and had never learned the duties of civilized life. As a system of morals, political economy, jurisprudence and social intercourse, the doctrines of Mencius and Confucius suit the Chinese admirably' but I often say to them, "You cannot even come up to the standard of morals laid down by Confucius without the aid of the Holy Spirit." Thus, their own *law*, well understood by the Missionary, may be as a "schoolmaster to bring them to Christ," and prepare them to receive the still purer *law* of God; besides, it gives a common ground of interest between the teacher and pupil. Teaching, as I am obliged to do, the Chinese classics to my boarding-school, I suppose I am inclined to look at them more carefully and perhaps more favourably than some others do, and do not consider that their influence is really against Christianity. Rightly used, they may aid, as Christianity *begins* where they *end*. Neither Confucius nor Mencius made any pretence to any thing *supernatural*, and said little or nothing of a future state of existence. It is, then, easy to make a Chinese *scholar* feel and see the reasonableness of revealed religion and supernatural power.

DIFFICULTIES FROM BUDDHISTS—WHAT CLASSES ARE BUDDHISTS

But for the *Buddhists*—there lies our great obstacle. The women are all Buddhists, as are the priests. All retired scholars and officials, and all very wealthy men after sixty or sixty-five years of age, almost uniformly become strict Buddhists, often great ascetics, like their founder, Buddha, or Cakyamouni, "the great solitary one;" and they are taught to believe in all possible and impossible wonders, miracles, the natural, supernatural, transformations, transfigurations, existences and pre-existences, incarnations without number, metempsychosis, and Nirvana, or entire annihilation; and all this is taught and mixed up with the most subtle and refined system of philosophy, or rather psychology, severest self-discipline, and self-abnegation and absolute asceticism.

AN ASCETIC

For instance, to illustrate their self-discipline, etc.: I pass, every time I go to my day-school in the city, the cell of an old man, who is striving to attain the "*perfection of Buddha*," and of Nirvana. The room is about twelve feet square; it contains a table, upon which always burns a small light; several mystic cups are also there, incense sticks, and rosaries. In one corner of the room is a small furnace, where he cooks his rice; he only eats once a day, and always before twelve o'clock. In another corner of the room is a round mat of straw just large enough to sit on; this is his only bed, and he says he has used no other, nor ever slept lying down for the last sixteen years. He has no regular time for sleep; but when he is overweared with prayers, he sits on this mat with folded arms, his head hanging on his breast, and his legs crossed, as one often sees in the images of Buddha, and thus he sleeps until he is sufficiently refreshed and rested to continue his prayers. Oh!

how I have shuddered to see this old man at his prayers. He does not kneel as we do, this being considered too great a luxury for a saint like him. He stands upright, and before him is placed a wooden boxlike bench about a foot and a half square. Placing the palms of his hands together, he bows as if to a superior, saying rapidly, "O-me-ta-Feh! O-me-ta-Feh!" and knocks his head against this bench. This he continues to do for hours and hours, saying the same words, and knocking his head until one would fear that he would break it. There is a large protuberance on his forehead, caused by this sort of knocking. At first I thought nothing could turn his attention from his prayers. I used to stop and look in at his open window and try to talk to him; but the more I said, the louder and faster he repeated his prayers, not would he look at me even; yet, as I often passed his cell, I as often passed and said a few words to him, which he appeared neither to hear nor understand; but one day I was a little encouraged by his raising his head and saying, "Yes, what you say is very good; but I believe another doctrine." I was glad to hear him speak at all, so I said, "What kind of God do you worship, who can be pleased with your knocking and bruising your head in that manner?" He gave me a look of wondrous pity and went on with his prayers, and I passed on to my schools. From time to time, however, I still kept up my visits, until at last he always stopped his prayers when I spoke to him, and seemed inclined to converse; and one day he asked me to come in and sit down, which I did upon the only seat that his cell contained—an old chair without a back. It would make my letter too long to repeat even one of the conversations I had with him. After this, once my heart was quite cheered by his saying, "Yes, the Jesus you worship is good; I believe in him." I had hardly time to reply, and all my hopes were extinguished by his repeating, "Yes, Jesus is good; Ta soo A sz Feh; Jesus is also a Buddha!" I knew but too well that this is one of the fundamental principles of Buddhism; namely, that everything *good* in this world, in the world above and below, comes from Buddha; that he rules, controls and governs all things, existences, and powers.

I have given you this detail as an illustration of the difficulties we meet with here, and to prove what I say, that our greatest difficulty is with the Buddhists. If we talk to a Confucianist, of God, of a Saviour, of redemption, of immortality, of the resurrection or eternity, they are subjects beyond his own creed, and we may be listened to; but to a Buddhist, he has his own great ruler, subordinate gods, incarnations, redeemers, atonements resurrections; a heaven of dazzling glory, and a hell of unspeakable torment; nor is there any high moral duty that we learn from the Bible that is not inculcated by Buddhist books. They believe so much more than we do on every possible subject, that they seem rather offended at the *paucity* of our system of religious truth, and fancy that if there is any good in it, it is included in Buddhism; just as the old recluse at first told me, "he believed, in another doctrine;" and afterward, when he knew what I did believe and saw the truth of it, he had only to say, "Yes, that is good; it also comes from Buddha," and to continue in his own ways.

And now may I ask what *you* would say to my *old* friend, for I do not give him up? After the holidays I shall go to my schools again, and as I shall have to pass his cell, shall renew my visits to him. Will you not send me a message for him? Will you not tell Dr. ___ or some one of your clerical friends about him, and ask them to send me a message for him, and, above all, to pray for him?

IMPORTANCE OF SCHOOLS.

Such cases make me feel more and more the importance of schools, and of teaching the young; it seems our only hope of final success. All the other Mission Boards here, seem sending new Missionaries, clergy and lay teachers; while ours are going away, and no one seems coming to fill their places.

Our dear good Bishop's heart is breaking that no one is coming to assist him at Wuchang; and after Mr. Thompson leaves, there will only be Mr. Nelson and myself here.

DATE/PLACE: **1869, February 18.**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 34 1869 p 598. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
RECIPIENT: General Letter.
SUBJECT: (i) Episcopal Mission Hospital.
(ii) Dr John McGowan, American.
(iii) Dr. Jamieson, English.
(iv) Dr. Henderson, English.
(v) Hong Neck, Chinese Assistant.
(vi) Mary Fay, American Assistant.
(vii) Fay supports day-schools for Chinese girls in Shanghai.
(viii) Boys' Boarding School funded by English widow.
(ix) Six boys baptized.

This Institution, opened more than a year since by Mr. Thomson, has been highly successful. A larger building has been erected on the Mission grounds, to meet its pressing wants, from the contributions of the European and Chinese residents of Shanghai. It is open for the reception of patients three days in the week. The number of applicants varies from four hundred to six hundred per day. Here is a growing field for Missionary effort, and that under the most favourable circumstances. The Chinese heart, softened by the Christian sympathy and skill of its attendants, is opened and prepared for the reception of saving truth.

Dr. McGowan, an American physician, and Drs. Jamieson and Henderson¹⁰⁴ (English), kindly attend in turn each day, their services being gratuitously rendered. Hong Neck, under their instructions, has been the principal Chinese assistant from the beginning, and has gained the marked approbation of his superiors.

The female patients, being the most numerous, have found a place in the large heart of Miss Fay, who, notwithstanding her other arduous duties, devotes a portion of her time to this work of true benevolence. "No one in China," writes Mr. Nelson, "is so competent. Besides her work in the Hospital, she has charge of the Boys' Boarding-school, in which her knowledge and experience of Chinese books and Chinese boys renders her services of great value." So far, Miss Fay's school has been supported without expense to the Mission, and principally by an English lady, whose husband, now deceased, several years since opened a school for destitute orphans, at his own charge. Several of these boys are now under Miss Fay's care. Besides the labors now mentioned, Miss Fay has the supervision of several day-schools in *Shanghai* and *Kong Wan*.

(599) We append extracts from a letter by a female missionary of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, residing at Shanghai, in which the labors and recent success of our Missionaries at that point are favourably represented.

SHANGHAI, OCT 21, 1869

Last evening being Sabbath, we witnessed a very interesting scene. Six boys belonging to Miss Fay's school of the Episcopal Mission, were baptized by Mr. Nelson in the Chapel. The history of these lads is connected with a physician, now deceased, well known in this community. Dr. Henderson, who attended my dear husband in his last illnesses, picked up these poor, destitute lads, who were deprived (as I understand it) of both father and mother by the rebels. He fed, clothed, and instructed them in the doctrines of the Bible, and when he died, his widow, though she returned to England, made efforts to sustain them under the care of Miss Fay. It is the only Boarding-school connected with the Episcopal Church.

104 Dr. Edward Henderson was the Health Officer of the Shanghai Municipal Council. See Henriot, Christian and Noel Castelino, *Prostitution and Sexuality in Shanghai, A Social History, 1849-1949*, Cambridge University Press, 2001. Henderson graduated in medicine from Edinburgh in 1864.

DATE/PLACE: **1869, APRIL 1.**
American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
PROVENANCE: **New York Observer and Chronicle, (1833-1917), April 1st 1869, Vol 47 No 13, APS Online, p 95.**
AUTHOR: **Lydia MARY FAY.**
RECIPIENT: **General Letter, 1 April 1869.**
SUBJECT: **Religious role of Chinese Women.**

The “News from the Foreign Field,” a publication by the Episcopal Board of Missions, has a letter from [Miss Fay](#), missionary in Shanghai, giving the following facts in regard to the position and influence of woman in that country.

It sees a curious fact, little noticed by writers on China, that the women are almost the only *teachers of idolatry*; they take their own children or their friends to the temples of instruction; sometimes even before they can speak they are taught to lift their hands, to bow and prostrate themselves before the idols. This duty is imposed upon the mothers by the priests, who take a special interest in the religious education of the children. The priests themselves rarely teach, except classes of boys, who live in the temples, and are destined to succeed them in the priesthood. I mention this fact of the ‘mothers’ teaching in China, as an argument in favor of girls’ schools.

Thought the women of China have not the *acknowledged social* position as in Christian lands, they have an immense ‘*home influence*’ and the continuation of idolatry seems mainly to depend upon them and the priests who direct them. They are much more superstitious than the men, and it is much more difficult to get their consent for the children to enter a Christian school than it is to get the consent of the men. This applies particularly to the better classes; there are people so poor who have little regard for anything, save to obtain the food that may sustain life, who will send their children or give them away, but we have found by experience that such children do not make very desirable scholars, and it is still very difficult to get access to the higher classes, or to get their children in our schools.

I have been trying for a long time to get the son of a wealthy man, who lives in the city, to come to my boarding-school there. At last the father consented, as the lad wished to come, but the mother objected. After a month or two I won her consent; but then the grandmother, whom neither the father or mother dare disobey, will not consent; she says, ‘he is the eldest son; the light of the house, and the joy of her heart would depart if he left her.’ But I do not give up the point, though I doubt not the old lady has her priest to sustain her. I have already persuaded her to let him attend one of my day-schools, that is near her house in the city—so though he still studies the Confucian classics, I have the comfort of teaching him Christian books, and he goes to our Chinese Church every Sunday, where our good and faithful ‘*Chai*’ preaches. Last Sunday I was pleased to see him come in, leading a poor blind girl, who is one of our communicants, and lives in the family of the teacher, whose school he attends. He is a kind, gentle lad, but I am sure he did this to please me and as I value all personal influence over children as the means of leading them to ‘*the truth*,’ I have hope that this child may yet know ‘*the truth*,’ and by it be made free from all idolatry and superstition.

DATE/PLACE: **1869, JULY 19.**
Foreign Missions Committee, New York.
PROVENANCE: **Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 35 1870 p 408. (Yale University Divinity School Library).**
AUTHOR: **Lydia MARY FAY.**
RECIPIENT: **General Notice, 19 July 1869.**
SUBJECT: **Lydia Fay takes first home leave in twenty years.**

Miss Lydia M. Fay, after twenty years of faithful, laborious service in our Mission in China, has returned to the United States, at the urgent advice of her physician. She arrived at New York, by way of California, on the 30th May, with her health improved. After full recovery, she expects to rejoin the Mission.

A daughter of the Rev. Robert Nelson accompanied Miss Fay, for the purpose of pursuing her education in this country.

DATE/PLACE: **1869, JULY 19.**
 American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.

PROVENANCE: *Spirit of Missions*, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 34 1869 p 604-608. (Yale University Divinity School Library).

AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
 RECIPIENT: General Letter.
 SUBJECT: (i) Appeal for Missionaries.
 (ii) Girl of 6 years old, a prodigy.
 (iii) Education of the blind.
 (iv) Mary Fay's girls' day-schools in Shanghai.

By a note from Bishop Williams, at Osaka, I am reminded that he wishes me to write to you by this mail; and if I could only transmit to friends at home a little of the interest and satisfaction I feel in my everyday work, it would give me great pleasure to do so. But China is so far away from you, and as we are surrounded by scores of people, so strange and so different, which call for duties so varied and multiplied, I fancy it must be very difficult for one at home, to appreciate or take any deep interest in our Missionary work. But when one is once *here* in the midst of this teeming population of ignorance, of vice, of poverty and suffering, on one side; of wealth, of pride, and entire contempt of anything that is not *Chinese*, on the other; and both classes passing on to eternity, without hope and without God,—then the “unspeakable gift” of Christ to a lost world, with the privilege of making known the blessing to others, and thus helping to lighten the load of human misery that all seem more or less destined to bear, begins to be appreciated. . .

GENERAL BIBLICAL APPEAL TO MISSIONARY SERVICE FOLLOWS BUT OMITTED

But I suppose it is the place of the Bishop to give general statements of Missionary work, solicit aid and sympathy, while we confine our writing to our own duties, and the part we are trying to sustain. I have been passing a good deal of my time in our hospitals lately as there are hundreds of women there, and one seems “moved with compassion” to try and do something to alleviate their suffering. This, however, is only as an incidental duty, and I pass to the regular ones assigned me by the Bishop. By the blessing of God, I am glad to say, I have been able to go on steadily with these duties without the interruption of a day's illness since my letter to you last November. By the advice of the Bishop, the boys' boarding-school has been increased to twenty scholars, which gives me much satisfaction, as six of them have been baptized, and nine of them confirmed and admitted to the Holy Communion within the last six months; their ages vary from fourteen to eighteen; they are all in one Bible-class, are studying evidences of Christianity, are well advanced in writing, and the Chinese classics; there is a fair amount of talent among them, they are obedient, industrious, fond of study, and seem desirous of making the law of God their only rule of action. The second class of eleven are very promising lads, and my hope is still strong, that some among them will preach Christ and Him crucified, when “I have passed from earth away.”

My day-schools (I have five now) are still going on with little or no change, except the steady improvement that must mark all well-regulated schools. In my boys' day-school, is still the lad I spoke of in my last letter, as belonging to a wealth family, and leading a poor blind girl to Church. His grandmother does not yet consent that he shall come to our boarding-school, but has promised that he may do so after two years. I am glad to say that Mr. Syle, who lives next door to us, had kindly received the blind girl into his boarding-school for Chinese girls, where she is learning to read books with raised letters made for the blind, and has every advantage of continuing her Christian education. I have had the charge of supporting this girl for the last eight years, though her mother is still living, a very poor widow, and was in the habit of putting the child in bed, locking the door, and leaving her alone, while she went out to work during the day, returning at night, and leaving early again in the morning; this seemed to be her only alternative, as she had another child, a boy some years younger, that she used to take with her. In passing the house from time to time while going to my day-schools, I heard always a low moaning sound, as of a child in pain or sorrow. In enquiring the cause of this, I was told by one of my teachers that it was only a little blind girl who was locked up by her mother while she went out to work, as she had no one to take care of her. I determined to take the child, arranged to see the mother, who seemed ready to agree to anything that would better the condition of the child. When I first saw her, I feared she was merely a little idiot, though she had a pretty pale face, and beautiful long hair; yet her lonely forlorn life had given her such a stupid, hopeless look, it was painful to see her; and when I gave her in charge to one of my teachers, it was only with the injunction that she should be kind to her, and try to amuse her. I did not think it possible for her to learn anything, but told the teacher she might sit in the school-room with the girls; as the **Chinese children always study aloud**, I hoped she might like to hear them. She soon became interested in their Bible-lessons and the Church Catechism, and after some months could repeat the Lord's Prayer and some texts of Scripture that she had learned by hearing

others repeat them. After a year, she showed so much quickness and intelligence, that I have her regular lessons to commit to memory, which she was able to do by the aid of one of the other girls to repeat them to her. She was always so gentle, amiable, and uncomplaining, that she was a favourite with teachers and scholars, and I was as much surprised as pleased to hear how well she recited her lessons, whole chapters in St. Matthew's Gospel, without missing a word, until she had finished the Book. In the course of three or four years she had learned all the four Gospels; some of the Epistles; the Church Catechism, which in Chinese is expanded into three volumes; also a Catechism in four Chinese volumes, on the History contained in the Old Testament. About three years ago she expressed her firm belief in the truths she had learned, and desired to receive the Sacrament of Baptism, which was administered to her by the native Pastor of the English Church Mission, who was also her friend, and had taken great interest in giving her religious instruction. Since that time she has been a regular communicant. She never failed to sit by me, and I always led her to the Church, when she kneeled by my side, and together we received the elements of Christ's body broken for our sins, and of his blood shed for our redemption.

And now it is only by her reception into Mrs. Syle's school that we are separated at the Lord's table.

I still receive the Communion, as I did when in the English Mission, with the native communicants, and from a native Pastor in the city; while "A. Ne," my little pet, goes with Mrs. Syle's school to our Chapel here, under the personal care of Mr. Nelson, as also the boys of my boarding-school.

But I see her every day, and consider it a great favor that Mrs. Syle has taken her into her school; indeed a special providence for poor A. Ne, as the native pastor, who baptized her and took such a fatherly interest in her, died about two years ago, and his family is quite broken up. I have felt some anxiety about her future. I could not take her to live with me as my quarters are small; I do not even keep a woman servant, and every vacant place is filled by my twenty boys.

I fear I have taxed your patience by this long history—perhaps it may do for the "*Carrier Dove*." A. Ne has a brother between eleven and twelve years of age, who seems a clever little lad, with two bright eyes, ready if study if had only books and a teacher. He has been in one of my day-schools, but his mother is still very poor, working by the day to support herself and him; she can give him little care, and is anxious to put him in our Boarding-School. Do you think any of the great army of American children who seem so brave and strong among the "conquering Hosts of God's elect," would contribute to make a Soldier of the poor blind girl's brother, and put him in my school for training? If I could tell them of some of the difficulties I have had in supporting the sister for the last eight years, and the pleasure I now have in seeing her a nice well-grown Christian girl, I am almost sure they would.

By a curious coincidence, just as I had finished the last sentence, the mother of A. Ne came in from the city; she had walked two miles, bringing her boy with her, again begging me to receive him in my Boarding-school. I told her that I was just writing home asking the means to do so, and that she must wait until I get an answer. May she not wait in vain!

I intended to tell you of our school at Kong-Wau, and another in the city, in which Mrs. Nelson and myself have a common interest, as, through the generosity of some of her friends, she bears the expense, and I teach the children, which I can do quite conveniently, as it is near our Church, where I have a Girls' school of seventeen little beggars, taught by one of our best native teachers, A. Kun. I will however, leave the details of these schools, with some incidents of my work in our Mission Hospital, for another letter.

DATE/PLACE: **1871.**
 Foreign Missions Committee, New York.
 PROVENANCE: *Spirit of Missions*, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 36 1871, p 533-535. (Yale University Divinity School Library).
 AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
 RECIPIENT: General Report
 SUBJECT: Sketch of Life of Woo Hong Niok, Chinese Candidate for Ordination.
 LINKS: <http://sites.google.com/site/accsacw/Home/hong-neok-woo>
http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_qa3905/is_200105/ai_n8945520/

**“HONG NIOK, CHINESE CONVERT AND CANDIDATE FOR ORDERS
 A SKETCH OF HIS HISTORY, BY MISS FAY**

Hong Niok is really quite a remarkable man—a man of strong health and of untiring energy; generous, warm-hearted and impulsive; one whose entire self-confidence never seems to falter or change for a moment; with him an impulse of duty is followed by corresponding action; I have known him to leave his dying child to conduct the ordinary chapel Services when it was “his turn.” In this, though, he seems guided by an admiration of Chinese examples of lofty self-denying virtue as well as by the example of Him Who has said, “he that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of Me.” Chinese annals say that the “Great Yu was absent eight years from his home, lest the sight of it or his children might weaken his resolution, or hinder the accomplishment of the mission with which he was charged by the sovereign.” It easy to see that the religion of JESUS, grafted on such principles, ought to make staunch Christians, and as easy to see that such Christians might be wanting in the graces of humility, meekness and consideration for others, as well as in the silence and gentleness that become self-knowledge.

Hong Niok was a little boy in our Mission boarding-school when I went to Shanghai, some twenty-one years since; and as I was a young teacher in those days, he was one among twenty boys whom Bishop Boone gave me in charge to teach English the day after my arrival in the Mission. I taught him several years, and considered him rather a patient, plodding boy, with a good amount of self-esteem and self-will, neither of which I took much notice of, as he was uniformly respectful to me, and obedient to all my little rules, and generally stood well in his classes. As time passed on, a new teacher was put in charge of our school. A class of my boys, fifteen in number, considered sufficiently advanced to be promoted, were placed, with others, under his charge for more efficient teaching. Hong Niok was of the number, and for a little while seemed pleased with the change. I must say in defence of the boys—for they nearly all rebelled against the new superintendent—that the pages of algebra, geometry, history, philosophy, etc., that were required of them every day, besides their Chinese studies, did seem rather impossible. At all events, one after another took refuge in running way from the school. One morning, on going into my class-room, I saw a slate lying on my desk, on which was written: “Now dear Miss Fay, I run away like other boys. Superintendent say I am dunce. I think I stupid. I go. Your affectionate Hong Niok.”

From that time he disappeared from our school, and I saw no more of him for several years. In the meantime, the superintendent returned to America, and, for lack of other teachers, the boys’ boarding-school again fell into the hands of the ladies. A good number of the old runaway scholars reappeared, among whom was Hong Niok, and begged to be permitted to enter the school again; but Bishop Boone did not think best to readmit them; so **they found places of employment, knowing just enough of the English language to bring the teaching of it into general disrepute** among the Chinese, as well as the English residents. Several of them got situations as table-boys on board an American man-of-war then lying in port, which sailed for New York soon after. Among this number was Hong Niok, who left the vessel on its arrival in port, and remained in this country about eight years, learning to speak the language, and also learning the printing business in the establishment of some good Christian man and friend of missions in Pennsylvania. I have often heard Hong Niok speak of him, but do not remember his name. He seems to have been well satisfied with his Chinese *protégé*, as, after he was master of the business, he was anxious that he should remain, and offered him a fair price for his work. But Hong Niok’s heart was with his own people and in his own country; so he refused all overtures to remain here, and returned to Shanghai just after the death of our beloved Bishop Boone.

Mr. Thomson was then the only one left of our former large Mission (I was in the English Church Missionary Society’s Mission at that time). The funds of our Mission were low, and Mr. T. had no means of employing Hong Niok, or rather no means of *paying* him, so Hong Niok engaged himself as an interpreter in an English establishment where Chinese workers were used. In the meantime he attended all the Sunday and

some of the Evening Services of the Mission, and began a course of reading under Mr. T., preparatory to being admitted a candidate for Holy Orders.

He showed, too, great love for the theory and practice of medicine, nursing and caring for the sick. A medical Missionary, Dr. McGowan, whose name you may see in the Reports of our Mission Hospital, took a great fancy to him; lent him books, gave him occasional instruction, took him with him in his visits to Chinese patients, till he became so expert in the names and uses of medicines, and in treating the ordinary diseases of the country people, that Dr. McGowan often trusted him to administer medicine to them during his absence; and then, under charge of Mr. T. and the Doctor, of dispensing medicines, on certain days of the week, at our Mission chapel, to the Chinese, after the Services were over; and he never failed to accompany his medicines with a good amount of religious advice to his patients. This was the beginning of our present flourishing Mission hospital, in which he still holds a prominent and efficient position, is still learning, and is of great importance in interpreting for the two very superior English medical men who are in charge. He assists in the difficult surgical operations, and performs the simpler ones alone; has charge of the medicines, makes up prescriptions, keeps the Chinese applicants in excellent order, which is sometimes rather difficult, as there are often three or four hundred or more in one afternoon to administer to and send away.

After Mr. T. left for this country, at the request of Mr. Nelson I used often to go the hospital, to assist in administering to the women and children. Hong Niok's order, energy and despatch were quite my admiration; and his graceful English, as he assigned me my duties, did not at all remind me of the *poor little* note he had left on my writing desk some years before.

But I fear I am making this sketch too long, so I will finish by saying that since Bishop Williams has had charge of the Mission, Hong Niok has been admitted candidate for Orders, and devoted all his time to Mission work, studying theology first with Mr. T., and since his absence, with Mr. Nelson or the Bishop. The Summer after Mr. T. left Shanghai, our good pastor, Wong Chai, had a severe illness, and was ordered to go to Hankow for his health, which left Trinity Church in the city without a pastor. The Bishop was in Oosaka. Mr. Nelson had four regular Services to conduct every Sunday—three in our Mission chapel and one at Kong Wan. Hong Niok assisted him, reading Morning Prayers, and had besides two or three services among the Chinese; so Mr. Nelson sent me to Trinity Church to attend to the reading of the Morning Prayers, look after the people, the schools (we have six or seven that attended the Mission there), and Hong Niok was to come in after the reading, in time to "preach" or speak to the people. In this way I had an opportunity of seeing him in the pulpit, or rather in the chancel, as I had during the week of seeing him in the hospital. I at first thought it would be the "extreme of self-denial," as I told Mr. N., "to sit there, with one eye on the school children and congregation generally, and listen to Hong Niok 'preaching.'" "

But I soon became so much interested, and was so surprised to see how eloquently he could speak, I considered it a special favor that I had the opportunity of listening to him. For a Chinese, he had a wonderful gift of speaking, seizing upon the most simple and effective truths of our holy religion, and impressing them upon the hearts of his hearers. It was also very gratifying to see how attentively he was listened to by the whole congregation. Hong Niok is probably the best and most efficient teacher and superintendent of schools that we have ever had among the Chinese. Mr. Thomson made him superintendent of all the Mission schools while I was in the English Mission. On my return, I took the full charge of my own schools. I had six when I left for New York, which I suppose have mostly fallen back into his hands, as the Chinese teachers have great respect for him; and I most earnestly pray that grace may be given to him equal to his day, that he may continue CHRIST'S faithful servant unto his life's end."

In my next, I shall try and tell you something of "Ting-Seen-Sang," candidate for Orders, who has charge of the Mission station at Kong Wan.

Pix of Miss Fay with “her boys”.



On the back of the photograph from which the above was engraved Miss Fay had written these words of explanation:

The boys are the ten orphans given me by Mrs. Dr. Henderson after the death of her husband. She has done much for their support. They are the boys who wrote a letter to Lady Henderson, the translation of which I gave you when at your house.

Perhaps some who have read the preceding account may be interested to see the letter to which Miss Fay refers:

Shanghai Hong, at the High School of the Kingdom of the Flowery Flag (poetic name for America) Teung yong Kwe. Woo Fok Tsang, Lee sere Fah, Dan Tuk Hune, Chang sih kung, Lee koon Twan, Sak kung non, Wang Tse lan, Mok Coong see, Tsue mo lan, Sak me dong, Chang Hon tsna, Tse Ke fok—all the former and senior members of the school, with the younger and present members thereof, on this day and at this time desire to send to Lady Henderson, dwelling in her own noble country (England), their most respectful and reverent greetings, assuring her ladyship that, during all the changes of six successive years since their hearts were illuminated by her benevolent presence, their esteem for her has continually increased, nor can their ever forget her brilliant goodness.

Woe seen sang (Bishop Williams), in his condescending kindness, has assured us that he will convey this expression of our hearts to your ladyship; therefore we write joyfully, with all the powers of our minds, praying continually that happiness, peace and rest may ever abide with you.

In the intervals of our studies we draw near to each other to speak of you and pray for you, not knowing if we may gaze once more upon your serene countenance. Then we think of bitterness of the day you departed from us, and we could only pray the true GOD to be with you, and with us, your little and feeble ones. Then GOD heard our prayers; and after the departure of our honored Lady Henderson, Fee Koo Niang (Miss Fay) sustained and nourished us, and taught us several years, but in the third month of this year (April 1870) our hearts were again separated from our visible provider, and Fee koo Niang was suddenly removed to her own country on account of grievous illness. We hope to see her face again during the coming year. Then our darkness was shone upon by Sung seen sang and Sung niang Niang (Mr. and Mrs. Nelson), and now Woe see n sang (Bishop Williams) teaches us clearly from the fullness of his own wisdom, lifting our souls in prayers every evening to th “GOD whose we are and WHOM we serve.” And the Bishop adds to his benevolence by giving us the aid of a teacher of the Middle Kingdom (China), whose mind is filled with the learning of the classics and the doctrine of the ancient kings. For all these blessings we unitedly give thanks, and rejoice in he peace and happiness which abides in our dwellings and in our school, while wars and miseries and death

are with many in our own land in in other lands.

Our hearts; desire is to preach the glad Gospel to our people who know it not; and, if your ladyship ever looks again upon the children of the Middle Kingdom, we trust you will find us thus employed. Words cannot suffice, and our time is too short, to express even a small part of the loving gratitude and respectful reverence we owe and freely bestow upon you, praying always that God may give you grace and peace and all the influences of His Holy Spirit, and prolong your precious life to see the results of all your noble works for His name and for His glory.

And now with bowed heads and folded hands, we write our adieus from the Middle Kingdom, in the 9th year of the reign of the Emperor Toong Tse, on the 8th day of the month of Chrsysanthemums (poetic name for the month of October).

<http://sites.google.com/site/accsacw/Home/hong-neok-woo>

The Medical Ministry of WOO Hong Neok,

written by KWOK Chuen Hau

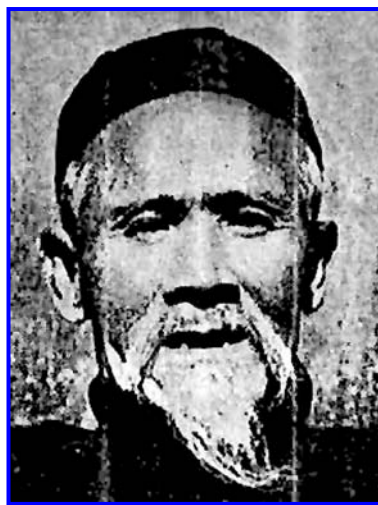
The article was written in Chinese language and was printed in the SHI JIE RI BAO (World Journal), SECTION F, PAGE 2 from 9/28/2000 through 9/30/2000. Translated into English by the webmaster, Gordon Kwok. Special thanks to Him Mark LAI and Ruthanne Lum McCunn for sending the article to the Webmaster.

Please note that with the exception of the name WOO Hong Neok, translated from Shanghaiese pronunciation, all other names are translated in Cantonese pronunciation.

Woo Hoong Neok—We Hongyu.

(Naturalized U.S. Citizen, Lancaster Co, Pennsylvania, 22 September 1860).

Union Soldier, c1863. Retired, c1918.



During 1861 to 1865, the conflict of American Northern States and Southern States created a political and economic standoff, on the issue of whether to free or to keep the Negro slaves, and it progressed to a serious break up of the Country, and ended up in a Civil War. However, not many people know that in this War, in the Union Army, there was an American of Chinese ancestry serving as a soldier. His name is WOO Hong Neok, who later became an Episcopalian minister.

WOO Hong Neok was born in August, 1834, in Yeung Woo District, Kong So Province, China. Generations of his family were farmers. WOO's father sent his son, at age thirteen, to study with the American Bishop William Jones Boone, of the American Church Mission in Shanghai. This son of a peasant studied hard, and took courses in English, Chinese, Astronomy, Science, Philosophy and Mathematics and achieved high grades. Two years later, WOO was converted to Christianity and was baptized by Bishop Boone.

In 1854, the seventh year WOO had attended the Academy, the U.S.S. Susquehanna visited Shanghai.

With the permission of the Captain, WOO Hong Neok could work on the ship for his passenger's fare. From then on, WOO started his new life in America. He was assigned to wait on Dr. John S. Messersmith, the surgeon of the ship, U.S.S. Susquehanna. In March, 1855, U.S.S. Susquehanna arrived in Philadelphia Navy Yard, and Dr. Messersmith took WOO back to the Doctor's hometown, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Later on, WOO got a job as an apprentice in a newspaper, the Lancaster Examiner and Herald Weekly. His hand got injured but not crippled. In 1860, WOO Hong Neok took an oath in a local Court of Lancaster to become a Naturalized American Citizen. He was the only Chinese Naturalized in the Lancaster County.

The year after WOO became a U.S. Citizen, the Civil War broke out. In 1863, the Confederate Army invaded Pennsylvania. WOO responded to the Volunteer Recruitment, and joined the Army, determined to fight against Slavery.

Hong Neok joined the Pennsylvania Militia 50th Regiment, Company I. WOO did his picket duty, sentinel work, cooked meals, guarded the railroad station and dam. When the Southern Army was defeated, the danger of the occupation of Pennsylvania had passed. He had not experienced combat, but army life left an unforgettable impression in his mind.

He served about one and a half months in the Army, and was mustered out with full honor. Although he did not make any significant contribution, he left his footprint in the history of the American Civil War.

Although WOO Hong Neok was already a U.S. citizen, he still thought about China very often. He figured when the Civil War was over, or, when northern victory was substantially ascertained, America would, sooner or later become a united country again. So WOO decided to return to China to serve his people.

In February 1864, WOO said goodbye to the friends of the local Church, the colleagues of the Newspaper, and his comrades-in-arms, and went onboard a ship called "Kiu Kiang", one of the passenger ships of the American Oliphant Company, and sailed back to China.

In May, he arrived in Shanghai, and decided not to return to the United States. Woo went to visit the American Episcopal Church Archdeacon Thompson in Shanghai. He also visited WONG Kwong Choi, the first baptized Chinese and the first pastor of Chinese ancestry, of the American Episcopal Church, as well as an old classmate NGAN Wing Ging, who graduated from Kin Yeung Institute of the State of Ohio in 1861. NGAN was the first Chinese student to get his Master's Degree in America. WOO accepted NGAN's invitation and stayed in the latter's home.

Woo had lived in America for nine years, and even after he returned to China, he still wore western suits. He found there was a barrier in communicating with the Chinese, since his Chinese language skill had deteriorated. He was aware of his situation and asked Archdeacon Thompson to delay his job assignment in the Church, because he needed more time to re-learn his mother language. Thereafter, he spent eight months to re-learn Chinese, especially his Shanghaiese dialect. The Episcopal Bishop encouraged WOO to re-learn Chinese language and literature, especially paying attention to composition. The Bishop further encouraged WOO to wear Chinese style clothing, making it easier to approach his fellow Chinese citizens, and to pay attention to giving sermons. WOO learned and progressed quickly.

Later on, not only would WOO deliver sermons, he also managed two Elementary Schools. Several years later, he was promoted to the President of the Shanghai Episcopal Church. In his sixteen years as pastor of the Church, WOO became one of the pioneers in the American Episcopal Church.

In the Fall of 1866, the American Episcopal Church started to establish its hospital in Shanghai. Because of scarce funding, the Church rented two small houses in the corner of Rainbow Street and Broadway, and opened a small Medical Clinic and invited Dr. MacGowan {Dr. Daniel Jerome MacGowan} to see patients and to dispense prescriptions. WOO served as a pharmacist. In less than half a year, the clinic attracted heavy traffic. Therefore, WOO started to raise fund to build a hospital, with 24 beds, and named it St. Luke Hospital. St. Luke was run by Dr. McGovern and WOO served as his assistant.

Not everything ran as smoothly as expected. A new Church Director wanted to rent out the properties that the Church owned, and gave order to dismantle St. Luke Hospital. The Hospital almost disintegrated. On the determination of WOO, he rented a small house as the clinic, and alone he continued the Medical ministry work: healing, dispensing prescriptions, bookkeeping and managing without complains. The result was quite remarkable. WOO's generous act had moved the Church. In 1880, St. Luke Hospital officially opened for service, and later, it became the famous affiliated Hospital of the St. John University Medical School, one of the three earliest famous hospitals in Shanghai.

WOO continued to contribute to St. Luke Hospital, by working tirelessly in fund raising efforts. He raised 20,000 plus silver coins from a Kwangtung merchant, LEE Chau Ping, and finally built new buildings for St.

Luke Hospital. When he heard that LEE Chau Ping had planned to donate a large sum of money to repair the Ching On Temple, WOO walked to LEE's house through a blizzard snow storm and persuaded LEE to donate the money to St. Luke instead. LEE was moved by WOO's sincerity and determination. LEE changed his mind and handed the money to WOO. After, receiving the fund, WOO was able to expand more Hospital buildings and facilities. Working in the Hospital for eight years, WOO gradually grasped the medical skills, and, combined with his religious ministry, he could save lives and save souls at the same time.

When WOO preached in Shanghai, specially in the rural areas, he really understood the difficulties that the poor peasants faced in their struggle to make a living, because he went through similar circumstances when he was growing up. WOO wanted to train these poor people to become financially independent, and so he established Yun Tak Institute, an Industrial Home for the poor.

WOO was already in his old age. His initial idea of establishing a school did not gain support from the Church. WOO reflected on his work and it appeared he was the only one taking the lead on any project and then other people would follow later. He relied on his gut feeling and became a trailblazer again. In 1906, he donated his four Chinese acres of land to build the school. His generous action moved many people to support his work. A Church member donated one thousand silver coins, and the society responded likewise. In May 1907, twenty thousand silver coins were collected, and with WOO's supervision, the school was constructed.

Yun Tak Institute, an Industrial Home, was located in the Chow Family House, an eastern town in Kong Wan. It consisted of two buildings and several separate units, including a church, school, reception room, guestroom, utility room, restaurant, dormitory, kitchen and nursery. The Institute accepted poor widows, orphans, regardless of whether they were Christian or not, provided that they followed the regulations.

Room and board was free. Except for the weak, sick and the disabled, every participant had to work, including farm work or sewing work. WOO hired teachers to conduct classes and taught them reading, writing and attending daily religious service. WOO appointed a female Director to run the Institute, and several supervisors to assist. WOO Hong Neok was the unnamed Chairman of the Institute.

By 1918, WOO was nearly 84 and too feeble to continue the management. Therefore, he passed his executive authority to the Church, with one condition; that an Executive Board comprising Chinese to manage the place.

Yun Tak Institute remained a pioneer Independent Social Service Agency of the Chinese Episcopal Church, and a milestone of WOO Hong Neok's fifty four years of religious and social work ministry.

WOO passed away on December 18, 1919 (correct date: August 18, 1919) in Shanghai, at age 85. Thousands attended his funeral and a Memorial was dedicated to him, to commemorate his philanthropy and extraordinary deeds.

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DATE/PLACE: **1871.**
PROVENANCE: ***Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 37 February 1872, pp 45 and 136. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.***
AUTHOR: **Lydia MARY FAY.**
RECIPIENT: **General Report**
SUBJECT: **(i) Fay to return to China**
(ii) Miss Fay's School and notes by Rt. Rev. Channing M Williams.

Vol 37, Feb 1872, pp 45 ([Henderson](#))

Miss Fay—The Committee rejoices to know that Miss Fay's health has been very much benefited by her sojourn in her native land. She has been detained for the same reasons as led to the detention of Mr. Thomson. She will return with them to a field in which she had, until eighteen months ago, labored uninterruptedly for nearly twenty years.

Vol 37, Feb 1872, pp 136 ([Civil War](#))

MISS FAY'S SCHOOL.

Few names among the workers in the Foreign Field are more familiar to our ears than that of Miss Lydia M. Fay, who, after nearly twenty years of faithful labor, has lately made a visit home, and has now returned to China. The readers of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS will remember in the November number, a sketch, by Miss Fay, of the history of Hong Niok, a Chinese convert and Candidate for Orders; and, as soon as the

portrait arrives which is to accompany it, another will be given of Ting-Seen-Sang, also a Candidate for Orders, who has charge of the Mission station at Kong Wan. Those who know nothing of the Boys' Boarding-school in Shanghai, so dear to Miss Fay's heart, save the little which they gather from these sketches, may feel their interest increase when they consider the vicissitudes through which it must have passed during all these twenty years of work and waiting.

While the American War continued, our China Mission was in a sad condition. The funds were low, and the work languished; but, as time went on, its prospects brightened once more, and Miss Fay returned from the English Mission, in which she had been obliged for a while to work in consequence of a lack of means to sustain the school, and resumed her labors under the auspices of her own branch of the Church Catholic. Meanwhile she had become acquainted with a little school of orphan boys, under the charge of Dr. Henderson, an English physician, who was known and beloved by Missionaries and people throughout the city. These orphan boys he had found, poor and destitute and homeless, wandering about the streets. He fed, clothed and taught them; and when at last, honored and mourned by all, he was called to his reward, his widow, on her return to England, commended them to the care of Miss Fay, and made efforts still to aid and carry on the work which he began. About three years ago, a donation from some ladies in Pittsburg, together with a little money contributed in Shanghai, enabled Miss Fay to receive a few more boys, so that the school now numbers twenty pupils. Before this addition, Bishop Williams wrote regarding it:

The boarding school under Miss Fay's charge is looked to with the greatest interest, as the source from which we must, in good measure, draw our supply of Ministers and Catechists for evangelizing the country around Shanghai. The encouraging fact that six of the twelve boys have been baptized and confirmed during the past year is pleasing evidence that we shall not look to it in vain for help. In addition to the school, Miss Fay renders much valuable service, visiting many families, and supervising two day-schools in the city. She goes to Kong Wan with Mr. Nelson on Sunday and Thursday, where she has charge of a girls' school, and instructs the women who attend, (137) and has increased her labors very much of late by the assistance she renders in the hospital attending on the sick.

Later still, in the Report for the year ending June 30, 1871, he writes:

We are still, I am sorry to say, unable to increase the number of boys in our boarding-school, as our school-house is already too small. We need badly a suitable building, that we may take a larger number and have them under better supervision. As an evidence of the benefits of having them constantly under Christian influence and instruction in a boarding-school, it may be mentioned that eight of the boys are communicants, three are at present candidates for Baptism, and two of the larger ones have expressed a wish to enter the Ministry. This is very encouraging, and makes us all the more earnestly desire to see our boarding-schools fully restored and put on an enlarged basis. With the labor and time expended on the fifteen boys, we could train thirty or forty, and from them we might reasonably expect that a larger number of native Clergy and Catechists would be raised up.

Here is work for some of our women at home to do. One from out their number is spending her life in labouring among the heathen in far-distant China. Who will remember her in their prayers, and strengthen her heart by their sympathy, and her hands by their support?

What Branch Missionary Association will give a year's offerings to Miss Fay's school in Shanghai? What individual or what parish will pledge forty dollars a year for the support of another scholar? Is one dollar a week too much to ask from the women of a single parish as their own especial offering for the Foreign Field?

PLACE/DATE: **1871, DECEMBER 11.**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Shanghai.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 37 March 1872, pp 232-234. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
RECIPIENT: Personal Letter from Fay to unknown recipient.
SUBJECT: (i) Fay left USA via (?) train from Baltimore on 18 October 1872, embarked San Francisco 1 November 1872, Arrived Shanghai 6 December 1872.
(ii) Arrival in Shanghai. Reception at Nelson residence.
(iii) Bishop Williams and Boys' Boarding School
(iv) Rev. Wong Kong Chai (Rev. Huang Cuangci) at Church of Our Saviour, Shanghai old city.

Intelligence has been received of the safe arrival of Rev. Elliott H. Thomson, Mrs. Thomson, and Miss Fay,

at the scene of their labors for many years past, Shanghai. They left the Atlantic coast about the 18th of October, sailed from San Francisco, November 1st and reached Shanghai, December 6th.

We take the liberty of publishing parts of a friendly personal letter from Miss Fay, though it was not intended for publication. We are sure that the glimpses which the letter gives of the inside of Mission life will be of interest to many friends, and that for their sake Miss Fay will pardon the liberty which we take.

EPISCOPAL MISSION, SHANGHAI, 11TH DECEMBER, 1871

We are "home at last." The dangers, seen and unseen, of 10,000 miles of land and sea are all safely passed! My only thought is henceforth "My life shall be one hymn of praise, O God, to Thee!"

We arrived here on the 6th, just fifty days after leaving Baltimore. Our journey was long:—on the sea, stormy, consequently I was continually under the influence of "mal de mer," which always prevented my reading, and rarely allowed me even the pleasure of conversing with, or of being useful to, my fellow passenger; but as soon as the steamer entered the still, muddy waters of the Woo Sung River, on which Shanghai is built, and I saw again the old familiar places that past years have made seem so home-like, I was quite myself again.

The tedium and discomforts of the voyage were all forgotten when I saw Bishop Williams, Mr. Nelson, and a number of Chinese friends on the wharf to meet us ere we anchored. The stately vessel was quickly moored, and they were the first to step on board. It was early morning, cold and rainy, but everything looked bright, or seemed so to us. We were quite ready to leave the steamer, and so glad to be once more on land and "at home," that Mrs. Thomson and myself passed the sedan chairs that had kindly been provided for us; and to the great surprise of the Chinese, and against the remonstrances of the Bishop and Mr. Nelson, *splashed* through the mud and rain and walked to Mr. Nelson's, which is always the resting place for newly arrived Missionaries. Mrs. Nelson received us with open arms, and we were soon seated at the breakfast table, with glad hearts and happy faces. Such a clamor of voices—children, Chinese, old men, young men, and residents—was rarely ever heard. We are not much trammelled by ceremony and etiquette *here*, and had hardly left the table ere one after another of our 'dear 500 friends' came to welcome us back to China; and so the day passed.

Dinner and tea found Mrs. Thomson and myself still in the travelling dress we had worn on leaving the steamer.

The next day we had also a crowd of visitors, but I managed to follow the Bishop into the boys' boarding-school, as he was going to hear lessons in the Chinese classics; but several cards were sent to me from some of the Missionaries who live at a distance. He advised me to go and see them, adding, but way of a *hint* as to the future, "that I could say to my friends I should be engaged after Monday."

The next day was Saturday, but he had lessons in the morning on the evidences of Christianity and in mathematics, so sent for me to listen. He is the most painstaking, patient, thorough teacher I ever heard examine a class. He kept "us," i.e., the boys and myself, two hours and a half. I am greatly pleased with the progress of the boys; it really surprised me. I have always found Chinese mathematics somewhat difficult, but the Bishop makes it a mere pastime. I told him I wished he would give me a few lessons ere he gave back the classes to me. I am sure I have some love for Mission work, but when I see his entire self-consecration, his devotion to the work, his patient consideration for others, and forgetfulness of self, I feel as if I were of little or no account anywhere, but am thankful I am under the direction of one who "allures to higher worlds, and so pre-eminently leads the way."

Yesterday I went to the church in the city, Pastor Wong's. The cabinet organ came safely, was put up directly, and a Chinese girl, a pupil of Rev. Mr. Syle's, was engaged to play on it, so I heard it for the first time. I had told the Bishop your kind remark about it in Baltimore—that "you did not value \$50 if it would give him pleasure." He seemed quite touched by it, and well pleased with the instrument. Pastor Wong was almost childish in his delight. The Bishop preached from the text, "Ae nqoo la ku?" "Lovest thou me?" His style is masterly in Chinese, so solemn, so gentle and earnest, and so plain—not one there but felt the heart-searching question the blessed Saviour asked St. Peter, and resolved to love Him more and more.

Next Sunday we are to have two Jubilee Services, one in English, at the chapel near here, and one at Trinity Church, in the city. The Bishop seems greatly interested in both. Last evening I engaged a young Englishman, who is a friend of mine, to go to the city, and play the new organ for us next Sunday afternoon for the Jubilee Services.

DATE/PLACE: **1872, JANUARY 11.**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Shanghai.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 37 March 1872, p 224. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
RECIPIENT: General Report
SUBJECT: (i) Fay left USA via Baltimore
(ii) Jubilee Services for Episcopal Mission in China.
(iii) Church of our Saviour, Shanghai.
(iv) Christ Church, (Episcopal), Shanghai.
(v) List of clergy.

Rev and Dear Sir, I have a great desire to give you some account of the ‘Jubilee Services’ held on the third Sunday in Advent, at Church of Our Saviour, in the morning, and at Christ Church, in the city, at three o’clock in the afternoon; but could wish the subject in other hands, as I cannot do justice to it or my own feelings. It seemed but a few days since I left that great congregation of the faithful, in Baltimore, the leaders of God’s sacramental hosts; their solemn and affectionate, “God speed,” to a heathen land, still cheering my heart—nor could I realize that I was already in a heathen land—when I still found myself in the midst of a Christian congregation, and in the cancel was our own beloved and faithful Bishop with four surpliced priests.

Can this be China! I mentally exclaimed; can this be the place where in former days the disciples of Jesus were only a few of the poorest and most illiterate Chinese, led in their devotions by a Missionary, who never dreamed of a foreign resident uniting in the Service, or even coming into the church. But my thoughts were called back from the long past when Mr. Thomson began the Morning Service by reading, “The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him;” then followed the confession and prayers; Bishop Williams pronouncing the Absolution; Rev. Mr. Nelson reading the First and Second Lessons, the Bishop, the Ante-Communion Service; Rev. Canon McClatchie reading the Epistle and Gospel. After singing,

‘Glorious things of thee are spoken Zion, City of our God,’ etc.,

appropriate addresses were made, first, by the Bishop, who gave a concise account of the planting of the Church in America by the “Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts,” its subsequent history, its first Missionaries to China, the planting of the Church here, its increase and present prospects and ended by an earnest, touching, and effective appeal to the whole congregation present to assist in spreading the Gospel and establishing the Church throughout the length and breadth of this great empire. The Bishop was followed by Rev. Mr. Syle, (the eldest of our Presbyters, who came to Shanghai in 1844, ere a chapel, church, or foreign house was built), who gave from his own experience and observation a succinct, lucid, and most interesting account of the history and progress of Missions in Shanghai and adjacent stations, and closed by summing up a few of the many reasons we had for keeping a Jubilee.

DATE/PLACE: **1872, MARCH 14.**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 37 March 1872, pp 357-358. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
RECIPIENT: General Report
SUBJECT: Chinese Educational Mission.

In an article recently published in “Home and Abroad,” on the subject of Japan, we took occasion to refer to the remarkable thirst for knowledge evinced by the Japanese, and to the fact that not only are school of a high grade being established in Japan, but that her youth of both sexes are being sent, for education, to this country. The following extract from **Miss Fay’s letter, dated Shanghai, March 14, 1872**, shows that measures to the same end are being adopted in China.

China seems waking up and looking after truth and science from the West. You have no doubt heard that the Emperor of China, through his Prime Minister, is going to send thirty Chinese boys to America this year for their education; that in three years thirty more will be sent either to America or Europe, these to be

followed by other thirty in three more years, until several hundred shall be sent, and the first thirty return to their country, etc.

The first thirty are to be absent from eight to ten years, and most of them will be put to school in New Haven, Conn., so one of the gentlemen who will have charge of them told me yesterday, as he called on me to see about one or two of my school-boys joining the "Mission to America," as he calls it. I am quite sorry that the boy who was most anxious to go, and is quite the cleverest boy in school, is too old to go: he is twenty, and none are admitted over fifteen, as they are to stay ten years. I have a nice little pet of eleven, that I should be right glad to send, but he is rather too young; yet there is already a school established here for receiving pupils who may be prepared to go among the thirty for the next ten years; so, if our Bishop does not object, I shall hope he may be one of the next *lot* sent, as he would then have every facility for a good education, and all at the expense of the Chinese Government. Mr. Chan Laisan, who takes them to America, is a nice gentlemanly person, a member of the London Mission, and was educated at Yale, New Haven.

The Boys' Boarding-school, the Hospital, and the Kong Wan Mission are going on as usual. Hoong Niok proposed the other day that I should go on with Mr. Nelson's teaching of him and Kia-Sung Ting, which I would have done, but Ting lost his youngest son a few days after Mr. Nelson left. His wife is quite inconsolable; he does not like to leave her; so I have only seen him once since—and Hoong Niok has inflamed eyes—and does not read at all—though he can attend to most of his duties at the hospital, and will, I hope, soon be able to read and study. then, if Bishop Williams does not come over from Japan, I shall on with their lessons until Mr. Nelson returns.

DATE/PLACE/: **1872, MAY 5.**
PROVENANCE: **American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.**
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 37, March 1872, p 577. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: **Lydia MAY FAY.**
RECIPIENT: **Miss Juiia Emery, Secretary, Women's Department. PEC Board of Missions, New York.**
SUBJECT:
(1) Sunday at a Chinese Mission Station.
(2) An orphan girl.
(3) Buddhist Temple and Nuns.
(4) Christian School for Orphan Girls.

MY DEAR Miss EMERY: As you are kind enough to say you are interested in all the details of my everyday life, I am going to tell you how I passed this afternoon. Soon after an early dinner, Hong Nioke, one of our catechists and candidates for Holy Orders, called for me to go with him to one of our out-stations in the village of Law Zok, where he has two day-schools and occasional religious services. I took two of the larger of my school-boys along, as they assist much in the responsive part of the Church Service, and I like to accustom them to the routine of Mission work at the out-stations where, I trust, they may, in time, make efficient helpers.

THE VILLAGE OF LAW ZOK.

Law Zok is a village, about two miles from here, lying on the Low Chow river. The afternoon was lovely. The road from Shanghai follows the bank of the river all the way; but, as you enter the village, the principal street runs at right angles with the river; and, at the farther end of it, is the one house occupied as our Mission station at that place. The house consists of several rooms, one of which is used for religious services and for a boys' day-school, of thirty scholars. Another smaller room is used for a girls' day-school, of fifteen scholars. A Christian man and his wife have the charge of these schools. They are supported by the pupils of our former boarding-school, under the late beloved Bishop Boone; and are considered among the most promising schools of the Mission.

By some mistake, no notice had been given of our visit, or that there would be Service; but one must live in China to know how quickly a great multitude can be gathered together. We had not stood five minutes in the open door, before crowds began pressing in, and staring at us. There are so many very, very poor and very idle people here, that the least excitement, or a new face, draws together such a motley crew as would frighten any one, but an old Missionary. Dirty, sickly-looking beggars; old men and boys; women with babies in their arms, and three or four ragged urchins clinging to their mothers' tattered skirts; little girls, and big girls, and old women—all draw closer still to examine some articles of the stranger's dress. However, I am as much at home in one of these crowds as in my own study; so, after a few kind words to those nearest me, I went into the house, and invited them to follow.

CHURCH SERVICE AMONG THE CHINESE.

As Hong Nioke entered the desk, and I sat down near it, the room was soon filled; and many lingered about the door outside, as there was no room to enter. You, "at home," who worship in costly churches, where a quiet, well-bred congregation join in a reverently ordered Service, can have little idea of our "meetings" here, where the congregations know nothing of real worship, or of the living GOD Whom they ought to obey. All this must be taught them, and I have never met any one more gifted in this kind of initiatory instruction than our catechist, Hong Nioke. Thoroughly imbued with the spirit of our holy religion, and knowing well the Chinese mind, their superstitions and modes of thinking, he finds little difficulty in keeping a congregation in order, and fixing their attention on what he is saying. If, as is often the case, any one shows a wish to speak or ask questions, he quickly tells them they must wait until he has finished, and then he will give them all an opportunity of speaking. This is a common practice with all our Clergy, whenever they hold informal Services intended for the heathen who hear the Gospel for the first time. The women and children generally think this the most interesting part of the Service, as I sometimes feel that it is; they come around me asking so many curious and strange questions about the "new religion." If any of the scholars from our day-schools are present, I take the opportunity of questioning them on their lessons, such as the Church Catechism, Creed, etc. At this time I was much pleased with two little girls, who recited the whole of the Catechism, including the Duty towards GOD and towards their neighbor, without missing one word.

TALK WITH AN ORPHAN GIRL.

By the other side of me sat a bright-looking, quiet girl, who had been very attentive during the whole Service, though I saw by her dress and short-cut hair that she belonged to a Buddhist nunnery. I have always felt the deepest interest in this most hopeless of all departments of Missionary labor; yet I did not speak to her until, just as I was leaving, she caught hold of my dress and said, "O, I would like to learn this doctrine. Will you come here again and teach?" Before I could reply, two women, who were standing near, put their hands on her short-cut hair, and said in a most contemptuous manner, "You little nun! How can you learn any doctrine but that of Buddha?" She gave them a pitiful look, but made no reply, and turned again to me. I asked her if she had a father or mother? "No," she replied, "nor brother nor sister." As I supposed, she was one of those forsaken little orphans that the Buddhist priests pick up, or buy for a trifling sum, and educate for their nunneries; and it would be difficult to say whether the life they lead there is preferable, or not, to the death, by poverty and starvation, which they would probably suffer if not thus cared for.

VISIT TO A BUDDHIST TEMPLE AND NUNNERY.

As the little girl kept by my side, after we left the house, I asked her several questions, and, among others, if she would like me to go to her home. She seemed much pleased with the idea at first, but then made some excuse, and looked quite grave, evidently being afraid the nuns might not approve of her bringing a foreign teacher into their midst. Yet, as Hong Nioke offered to accompany me, I decided to go; and telling her so, she seemed to take courage. I wish I could describe to you a Buddhist temple and nunnery—its high, dark walls; its numerous courts; its long, low, rambling halls and chambers, filled with shrines and a multitudinous variety of idols of all shapes, sizes, and conditions—numerous gilded Buddhas, with blue hair, black mouth, and red eyes, sometimes represented standing, and sometimes sitting on a lotus-flower; the goddess of Mercy, who assumes a great many forms, the most popular of which is "the thousand-handed goddess of Mercy," in allusion to the great benefits she is supposed to bestow on those who worship her; and the smaller idol gods and goddesses, with the avenging deities that fill up every niche and corner around and on both sides of the high altar, before which incense is continually burning, and benighted worshippers continually kneeling—all make up a scene too sad and too complicated for description.

We were ushered in through several small courts, in which stood huge tripods, or incense-burners, into a reception-room, where two or three nuns received us very civilly. I asked for the lady-abbess, but was told she was not at home. The sub-abbess, however, soon appeared, accompanied by several more nuns, and we were invited into a larger reception-room—one side of which was quite filled with idols—in the centre of which was a gaudily gilt shrine, hung with tawdry artificial flowers, in which sat a full-sized goddess of Mercy, clad in gorgeous embroidery, with a gilt crown on her head, from which depended strings of pearls that nearly covered her face like a veil of rich fringe.

As we were invited to sit down, we did so, and I began conversation by asking the sub-abbess some questions about their mode of living, which is supposed to be very strict and abstemious. In return, she asked me many questions about the "doctrine of JESUS"; how many fast-days I kept in the year; and if I passed all my time in repeating prayers, which is considered one of the first and highest duties of the Buddhists.

Tea was then brought in, served in tiny covered china cups, and placed on a small table at our side. As I took the cover off my cup to taste the tea with, in place of a teaspoon, there seemed to be only a few rose-leaves in the bottom of the cup, and the water quite colorless; yet, on tasting it, I found the flavor exquisite—such tea as is only seen in China.

We sat about half an hour longer, and then, as the perfume of burning sandal-wood, and the smoke of the incense, gave me a headache, I rose to take leave, amid many protestations of Chinese politeness that I should not go so soon, and many pressing invitations to come again; and I walked sadly away thinking, "Who is sufficient for these things?" and how can a simple Missionary exert an influence in these strongly fortified holds of the Arch-deceiver? In a Christian land, one can form little idea of what idolatry really is; or with how much of learning, wealth, gorgeous display, and attractive courtesy it is bound around the homes, the hearts, the affections, the very lives of the heathen, who know no other religion.

SCHOOL FOR CHINESE GIRLS.

Do you not think that, in some way, through the Woman's Department of the Board of Missions, you could bring forward the subject of the Buddhist nuns, and the poor little orphan girls, who have no other refuge, from whom they recruit their numbers? Is there no philanthropist who would like to furnish means to open a school for these little unfortunates, who might afterwards devote their lives to the Church, as they are left to do now to the temple service of Buddha?

I send you a photograph of one of my day-school teachers, who left the convent some twenty-five years ago. I have mentioned her before in a sketch I gave of Ting seen sang, catechist and candidate for Holy Orders. She has a strange, romantic history, quite too long to begin upon now. I knew her more than twenty years ago, when she was rather pretty, and one of the most brilliant and clever Chinese women I have ever met. She is still clever enough to teach a tolerably good school, and the girls seem very fond of her, particularly the two who are taken with her, and who are also my favorites, though I am in constant dread of hearing (poor little things!) that they will be sent to a nunnery, as their mother is very poor. The father held some inconsiderable office under Government, and died suddenly, while I was in America, leaving his family quite destitute. The mother came to see me, immediately on my return, begging me to reopen the school which had been closed during my absence; and several times brought the girls with her, saying she wished them to learn the "doctrine of JESUS," and her only hope was in being able to send them to my school; so I consented to employ the "Ne Koo" again. The widow and her children live with her, and they share their scanty pittance together.

Dear Miss Emery, I trust you will pardon me for sending you such a rambling sketch. When I began, I fully intended to copy and condense, but I find myself unexpectedly obliged to give it up, as some of my best friends are leaving by this mail, and require a part of my time. Hoping you may find something in it which you can use, I am,

Affectionately yours,

L. MARY FAY.

DATE/PLACE/: **1872, MARCH.**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 37, March 1872, p 577. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Lydia MAY FAY.
RECIPIENT: General Report
SUBJECT: (i) Infanticide
(ii) Hakka People
(iii) Working Women.

Infanticide is fearfully prevalent in China, although there are some localities where it is not practised. This is true of the northern provinces, but there are others where not more than one or two girls in a household are endured. Jong Chuo's history will illustrate that of many a mother in China.

This woman belonged to the large-footed (?Hakka) and working women of China. She had been accustomed from her earliest years to gather fuel upon the mountain sides, to plough, sow and reap. All the hard labor which we are accustomed in this favored land to see the stronger sex perform, fell to the share of Jong Chuo and her sisters of the same class. Yet all the rule toil, and hardening, degrading influences of heathenism had failed to crush out the love and tenderness of her nature. We had occasion to employ her for a short time, and while we were in such affliction...

DATE/PLACE: **1872, JULY 11.**
American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.

PROVENANCE: *Spirit of Missions*, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 37 March 1872, pp 715-717. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.

AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.

RECIPIENT: Miss Juiia Emery, Secretary, Women's Department. PEC Board of Missions, New York.

SUBJECT:

- (i) General Description of Mission Work.
- (ii) Woo Hong Niok.
- (iii) Buddhist nuns.
- (iv) Chinese prison.

My dear Miss Emery: As I have before sent you some account of my visits to the out-stations of our Mission which are principally in charge of our native Pastors and catechists, I trust you may feel some interest in reading the notes of a visit I made with Hong Niok, last Sunday, to Cha-ka-pang, where he has a boys' day-school, and holds regular Services on Sunday. The room in which the school is taught is of a good size, and is also used for the religious Services of this station. If I say this room was about as clean as the reception-rooms of ordinary Chinese temples are; and that there was a somewhat dirty bed, surrounded by a very dirty mosquito curtain, in one corner, a tolerably dirty table in another corner, where the teacher and his family eat their daily rice, and a second table in the centre of the room, where the boys sat at their studies; that the low ceiling was well festooned with cobwebs and dirt, and that there was no floor to the room but the hard-trodden earth upon which the house was built—it might shock some of my fastidious friends at home, who would be ready to exclaim, What! hold religious Services in such a hovel, and teach people to worship Him Who made all worlds, and Who has said the silver and the gold are His, in such a filthy place!

I own that some such thoughts at these passed through my own mind, as I sat down upon a bench, and drew up the skirts of my dress to keep it off the dirty damp ground. But when I considered the extreme poverty of the people, and thought of the lowly Jesus, Who, born in a manger, had not where to lay His Sacred Head, and died to save them, I was content; particularly as there are many reasons for not building even small churches at those stations which are not under the special supervision of a foreign Missionary.

We have a nice large church in the city, and a nice Mission chapel near us, the inside of which was recently painted at the expense of our esteemed consul, Geo. F. Seward, Esq., who, to our great regret, left Shanghai not long since with his family.

I have before spoken of the extreme simplicity and contentment of the country people in China; and I am still more struck with these features of their character since my return from America. After the Morning Service was over, Hong Niok invited the people, as usual, to remain for conversation, which they are always very ready to do, particularly if there is a foreign lady "to be talked to," or who will answer questions. He had been preaching to the people on the duties involved in the First Commandment, and spoke particularly of the sin of worshipping one's ancestors, saying, no doubt very justly, that many Chinese were more careful to offer costly sacrifices to their parents after death, than to provide for their daily wants while living. He reproved them somewhat sharply on this point, telling them it would be better to minister carefully to the wants and wishes of their parents while living, and at their death commit them to the hands of the true God, Who alone ought to be worshipped. As this seemed such an ordinary commonplace to me, I hardly thought of it again; but it made a great impression upon the congregation, who afterwards asked many questions on the subject, and said with a simplicity that surprised me, as if the thought had for the first time entered their heads, that it would be better to provide well for their parents while living, than to carry food and other offerings to the temples for them after their death. "Yes," I said, "for the priests to eat, who are already well supplied!" At this they opened their stupid eyes again, and said, "Do the priests eat the food we offer our ancestors? We though their spirits had need of it."

As we passed out of this house, which is in the midst of a little hamlet, situated at one side of a shady brook on the banks of which much of the household work of the people is done, I stopped and spoke to a number of women, who were busily engaged in warping a piece of cotton for the loom—which is always done in the open air and by the roadside—saying, "Why are you at work today? Have you not just been to the place of worship and heard about Jesus?" "Oh, yes," they replied with an air of the most perfect self-content, "we have just come from there;" and then, looking at me as if they thought me quite unreasonable, added, "The seen sang (teacher) told us must be true and diligent in our every-day work, and now *you* ask us to stop work." I simply said, "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work," and passed sadly on my way,

hoping the dear Lord would forgive them their case of ignorance, and send some one to teach them “all His commandments.” Of course, we try to do this from time to time, but day-schools in these little hamlets are really the only effective means of teaching the truths of our holy religion to the people. They interest the mothers as well as the children, and the mothers are the real teachers and keepers of idolatry among the Chinese.

I would like so much to open a girls’ day-school in this hamlet, if some generous friends would be responsible for the expense of such a school. Can you not kindly present the subject to the Woman’s Department of the Board of Missions, for the sake of those “who are perishing for lack of knowledge?”

I was intending to send you a continuation of my visit with Hong Niok to Lau Zak; and an account of another visit to the nunnery, of a return visit from thee of the Ne Koos ‘nuns’ that I received last week, the first time they had ever been in a foreign house. I offered them tea and fruit, according to Chinese custom, which they tasted in most sparing, dainty manner (also according to Chinese custom). I then showed them Scripture pictures, of which they eagerly asked an explanation; and I gladly explained to them, and gave them each a little picture to take home with them, telling them they must keep them in their rooms and think of the dear Lord Who died to save their souls. Instead of going into particulars, however, I wish to tell you of a visit I made in the city of Shanghai a few days since, with some friends who leave soon for England—one of whom has just sent me a sketch of what we saw there, and asks if I “do not wish to send it to my friends.” It is written with a more graphic pen than mine, yet as I was an eye-witness of the scenes described I can vouch for their truth. I will pass over our walk through the “Tea-Gardens” and begin with our visit to the city prisons.

“About half a mile further on the city are the prisons, and, shade of Howard and Fry! what horrors have we here. We enter a high gate, guarded by two enormous stone lions, which opens into a large, square, open court, paved with stone; on two sides of it, behind a row of strong wooden bars are some of the prisoners—a mass of seething and writhing humanity, swarming over each other in heaps, more like a lump of maggots on a dead dog’s carcass than so many fellow-men. those in front thrust their arms out between the bars, begging for food like monkeys in a cage; while in the dim obscurity of the background, pallid, blanched faces, void of all expression save stony despair, are turned hopelessly on the observers. Some of them are chained to the wall. Fancy the utter misery of such a position in the summer, without room to lie down, sweltering with heat and smothered with vermin and filth! The endurance of such a punishment would kill nine Europeans out of ten in a couple of days; but, except when a fever comes, it does not seem to affect these wretched Chinese much. These are the *tender* mercies of the Chinese; but in the Yomen [yamen-courthouse] on the other side of the open court, can be seen instruments of cruelty, showing what they can do when they mean to be severe. there may be seen various appliances for torture, and several round cages about two feet in diameter and over five feet high, made of stout wooden bars wide apart. The top is like the head of a barrel, with a hole in it rather larger than an ordinary man’s neck. The wretched victim is put in the cage, and the hole at the top fitted around his neck; his feet cannot touch the ground, though sometimes a brick or two is put in, so that he can just rest his toes on them; and there he is left to die. No food or drink being given to him, he would speedily starve; but it is not that that kills him: he soon has cramp in his legs, and, to relieve it, has to cling by his legs and arms to the bars, and hang by the chin: soon his legs are covered with bruises and sores from his struggles, and then *the flies come*. In about three or four days—a shapeless, tortured, half-devoured mass of flesh—death relieves him from further pain.

Even some good people are very fond of saying, Oh, let the heathen alone! they do very well. What is the use of all your schools? and what good comes from all the money spent upon them? And yet few who visit such places of torture, such “cemeteries of human pain,” as prisons, jails, and opium dens, but would fain do something to save the wretched inmates; and is this best done by waiting till the maelstrom of crime and passion has swept them beyond the pale of society into depths of vice and misery from which there is no rescue, or by placing them, when young, in Mission schools and under Christian restraint and instruction? “What thou does, do quickly,” seems ever in my heart and mind.

I trust you are encouraged by your work “at home” and that we may feel its influence in these ends of the earth, “these habitations of cruelty.” May the blessing of Him who maketh rich and addeth no sorrow be with you now and ever, is the earnest wish of yours affectionately,

Lydia M. Fay.

DATE/PLACE: **1872, DECEMBER 21.**
American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.

PROVENANCE: *Spirit of Missions*, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 38 1873, pp 278-280. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.

AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.

RECIPIENT: General Report

SUBJECT:

- (i) Visit by Chinese woman to Fay's house.
- (ii) Woman requests enrolment of son in Boys' Boarding School.
- (iii) Fay evangelizes woman.
- (iv) Rev. Wong Chai.
- (v) St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Baltimore.

It is in eastern climes that one feels more forcibly the imagery and phraseology, if not the truth, of the Holy Scriptures. The Missionary, however simple and unobtrusive in dress and manners, is not only an object of marked interest as he goes to and fro from one field of duty to another, but is often addressed with the question, "Teacher, where dwellest thou?" and so often replies, as did his great Master, "Come and see."

In returning from a Chinese Service last Sunday afternoon, I was accosted by a respectable-looking woman from one of the out stations, leading a lad of some ten or eleven years by the hand, whose first salutation was, "Teacher, where dwellest thou?" I could only reply, as did our dear Lord to the disciples of St. John, "Come and see"; so she followed me to my rooms, and was soon seated in my study, the foreign aspect of which, the English books and writing materials, seemed to awaken a great deal of interest and curiosity, though what she remarked as most "Ae qe, wonderful", was the order and cleanliness of the apartment—this by comparison with Chinese, of course, as it was her first visit to a foreign house.

After giving her some little time to examine and remark upon everything around her, to ask a number of curious and odd questions, and, as a special favor, to look into my bedroom, I began talking to her, and explaining the reasons that had brought us to these ends of the world, and made us content to pass our lives here, if by any means we could teach her people the "way of life." She seemed much struck by the reasons I had assigned, and said she thought Jesus must be very glad that He had such brave, loving followers, that they would leave their homes and live for ever with a strange people for His sake. My heart smote me at this remark, and I thought, O, how unfaithful are we all in His blessed service! and still more so as she naively added, "I suppose you will meet your home friends in that Heaven to which you go after death! and the Chinese boys you teach in your schools, will they also go to Heaven with you?" "Ah! That will depend upon themselves," I said, "Jesus wills that all should be saved, that all should go to Heaven where peace and joy for ever reign, and where sin and sorrow can enter no more." "I would like my son to know the way to your Heaven," she said. "Will you teach him? Will you take him in your boarding-school?" "My school is quite full," I told her and asked, "Why should you wish me to teach your son the Christian religion, as you are a Buddhist and, if your son were to believe in Jesus, and follow His commandments, you would not meet him in Heaven unless you also believed in Jesus the Saviour of Sinners." She was silent for a time, and then asked if she was too old to learn about Jesus, and what she must do to be saved? adding, that she had heard Pastor Wong preach several times, and already knew a little; and again urged me to take her son into my school, that "when he had learned the way of Jesus he could teach her."

I began to relent, yet as we have so many applications to receive pupils with no other motive on the part of the parents that merely get board and clothes for their sons during the few years they would be quite useless at home, after which they will take them away, and put them to a trade, profession, or some business quite foreign to the interests of the Mission, I told her my school was small, and I did not consider Mission schools the places to learn how to make money, or get a living, so I only received pupils whose parents were willing that they should remain in the Mission as teachers, catechists, or candidates for Holy Orders, after their school course was finished.

She readily assented to this, and said she thought our life here would be well spent in securing eternal happiness beyond the grave; and, if her son only had necessary food and clothes, she would gladly leave him with me as long as he lived, if I would teach him to love and serve the Christian's God that he might be sure of Heaven after death. Then she begged as a special favor that I would teach her also, as she did not much mind being separated from her son in this life, she knew she could see him occasionally, but to be separated for eternal ages from "her very life" she could not endure it! That she wished to learn about Heaven *now*, and it would be a very long time before her son would know enough to teach her. If I could only give her a half hour once or twice a week, so that she could come and ask me questions, and learn a little more about Jesus,

she would be so glad, and would never forget a word I told her. It is so seldom that one ever sees a Chinese woman in earnest about learning anything, they are generally such ignorant, bigoted Buddhists, that I could not find it in my heart to say no to this simple, earnest pleader for the truth; and though there really was *no vacancy* in the school, yet, as Bishop Boone used to say, when it was a question of receiving a promising pupil, I always found room for “one more” and as the Church of St. Peter’s, Baltimore, had just promised the support of five scholarships, I decided to admit the lad so providentially thrown upon my care, and to give lessons to his mother twice a week until Pastor Wong may judge her sufficiently instructed to receive the Sacrament of Baptism.

Her son is now a member of the school, assigned to the scholarship of Rev. Julius Grammer, D.D., Rector of St. Peter’s, Baltimore, Md., and I trust, if this meets his eye, his prayers may be that this Chinese mother and her only son “may so perfectly and without all doubt believe in Jesus Christ that their faith in His sight may never be reproved,” and thus their names may be written together in the Lamb’s Book of Life.

The other four scholarships of St. Peter’s Church will be filled as soon as vacancies occur, or our school building is sufficiently enlarged to receive a few more pupils.

Lydia M. Fay.

DATE/PLACE: **1873.**
PROVENANCE: **American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.**
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 38 1873, pp 341-342. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: **Lydia MARY FAY.**
RECIPIENT: **General Report**
SUBJECT: **(i) Incidents of Missionary Life.**
(ii) Daily Routine.
(iii) Example of St. Paul’s life.

Miss Fay sends us the following extract, which we will introduce with a few words from the letter which accompanied it:

The Church at home certainly has a right to know something of our daily routine, and I shall try from time to time to give you some account of how my days go on; yet it always seems to me that the details of a daily life, however well that life may be filled with necessary duties, are something like a huge dictionary—one likes to know that it is correct, true and reliable; but one never thinks of reading a page in a dictionary, however valuable it may be,—an occasional reference is all we prize it for. So in case the events in my daily life be found wanting in interest, I have copied for you some remarks of a favorite author, on the subject of Missionary writing, which I trust you will make public, as I consider them a beautiful apology for those who don’t write with any spirit, and also a tolerably good plea for not writing at all!

An English writer of the day, while lamenting the modern taste for religious excitement, refers his readers to Bible history as a model of Missionary writing and speaking. In alluding to St. Paul he says: There is something almost awful in the unruffled calm which pervades the narrative of nearly continuous imprisonment in the latter part of the Acts of the Apostles—St. Paul is confined at Philippi and Jerusalem, Caesarea and Rome, warily guarded as an important person, now by sea and now by land; but it is all given as a matter of course; no particulars of the jail, no description of the dungeon, scarcely an incident of years spent by him girt with a chain or in free custody; above all, no account of “how he bore it,” none of his looks, his words, his sufferings; none of his patience, his cheerfulness, his prayers, his union with Christ: we are supposed to know all this, and not require to be told that St. Paul in the stocks of the inner dungeon of Philippi, singing God’s praises, was the same St. Paul speaking with noble courage before Festus; that it was the privilege of the Apostolic character to be as serene in a dungeon as on the Episcopal chair. “None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear,” should be the spirit and tone of all Missionary writings.

When will the day come that we shall all be moved—less by the stirring recital of an occasional deed of heroism or an overwhelming need of assistance, than by the love of Christ and of our fellowmen for His sake—to give regularly, systematically, and faithfully, instead of impulsively as we are too apt to do now, for the building up of the Kingdom of our Lord?

PLACE/DATE: **1873, July 25.**
American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.

PROVENANCE: ***Spirit of Missions*, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 38 1873, p 657. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.**

AUTHOR: **Lydia MARY FAY.**

RECIPIENT: **General Report**

SUBJECT: (i) **Glimpse of Mission Life**
(ii) **300 students at worship service-Hongkou.**
(iii) **Rev. Wong Chai.**

“All things whatsoever you ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.” This promise of our dear Lord to His disciples was forcibly brought to my mind last Sunday morning, as I looked around upon the crowded congregation which filled our Mission Chapel, at Hong Kew. In this congregation were nearly three hundred boys and girls, pupils of our Boarding and Day Schools, more than half of whom have been gathered into our schools during the past year, and thus brought regularly to attend the Church Services at this as well as at several of the out Stations.

Even a Christian teacher “at home” can hardly appreciate the grateful joy of the Missionary as he or she looks around the House of God on Sunday morning, and sees those who have been taught in separate schools during the week, *all there*, sitting, as it were, “clothed and in their right mind,” and listening to the message of Jesus. We feel then they are really separated from their idols, at least for a time, and our prayer is so earnest that it may be forever! As I glanced over the quiet, orderly assembly, I was glad to notice a number of teachers, among whom were five—four men and one woman, who, a little more than a year ago, were my pupils, now seated with their respective schools, about one hundred boys and thirty girls.

I could not but feel that the work is progressing;—those whom I have taught for years are now teaching what they have been taught, and this is real encouragement. There, just in front of these Day Schools, sat the pupils of my Boarding School, among whom I noticed five sitting together, looking so grave and earnest, and so absorbed in the Service. I asked myself if there could be any special reason for this, as I had often noticed their sober, thoughtful ways, and that they always sat together in church; and I remembered that that they were all assigned “to scholarships supported by contributions from churches “at home” and were all, no doubt, objects of special, earnest prayer by Pastors, Sunday-school teachers and scholars, and this must be the answer to their prayers. I involuntarily repeated to myself the promise, “All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.”

Perhaps the opinion of one not connected with the Mission, nor even a communicant in any Church, may be of some interest, as confirming the truth of my own impressions.—As we were leaving the chapel, after the Service was over, a lady, who, though a resident of Shanghai, was, for the first time present at a Chinese Service, said to me, “Oh, I am so surprised; I shall always believe in Missions after this.” “Yes,” I replied, “why so?” And she continued, “Your chapel is so well filled, there are so many children, they are all so attentive, they sing so well; what a nice choir of Chinese girls! and who is that Chinese lady who plays the organ so well?”

“Our organist is the eldest daughter of Pastor Wong,” I replied, “two of the choir are his nieces, another is a younger sister of the organist, and the others are girls who were educated and taught to sing in our Mission Schools.” “Are they communicants in the Church?” she again asked, and was answered, “Yes, and members of my Sunday afternoon Bible Class.” “And who are the four grave-looking young men in the midst of that crowd of boys? and where to these four or five big boys, so scrupulously dressed, and so serious in their devotions, belong?—gentlemen’s sons, I suppose,” she added. “No,” I said, “the four or five big boys” are only poor orphans,—members of my Boarding School, filling scholarships supported by friends of Missions in the Church, “at home.” “That accounts for their being so different from the others,” she said, as if speaking to herself, and then, in a louder tone, “but you have not told me who are the four young men that exercise such a fatherly care over the boys.” “They are former members of my Boarding Schools, who also filled scholarships for a number of years and now are promoted to the charge of schools, by the names of ‘student teachers,’ as they are still going on with their own studies preparatory to becoming catechists, or candidates for Orders.” “What a miracle of patience you are,” she smilingly said, and left me.

This may seem a flippant commentary upon our Mission Services, but, as it is the first impression of one who came from mere curiosity to attend a Chinese Service for the first time, it may be considered by some persons a more unbiased view of one of our Chinese congregations than the Missionary could give, who, grown familiar with Chinese Services, may look too leniently on their defects, or overrate their influence for

good, though I always fancy that the latter is impossible whenever I attend the Services of Pastor Wong, or of a Catechist at one of the out Stations, where the congregation are all heathen, restless, inattentive—never knowing when they ought to sit down, stand, or kneel, and not having the least idea of joining in the Service, or of taking the least part in any office of devotion. I then turned with grateful thanks to our Shanghai and Hong Kew congregations that God has so greatly blessed, and, from what has been done, gather up strength to go on, praying for grace to be “faithful unto death.”

DATE/PLACE: **1873, November.**
PROVENANCE: **American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.**
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 39 March 1874, p 169. (Yale University Divinity School Library).
AUTHOR: **Lydia MARY FAY.**
RECIPIENT: **Miss Juiia Emery, Secretary, Women’s Department. PEC Board of Missions, New York.**
SUBJECT: **Brilliant Girl student.**

It is a pleasure to call attention to a very interesting letter from Miss Fay which will be found in the Women’s Department of this number. Such a faithful filling up of time, as the record of her daily work, therein given, shows, furnishes a fair example of that which is common among those who are seeking in the field abroad to extend the Kingdom of our Lord. This letter of (169) Miss Fay presents many striking facts—among them these two may be mentioned—the offer by a lone widow of the use of a room in her house for a school because she waned to hear the voices of the children at their studies—who watches every word of praise or blame—repeating in a low tone in concert with each one who is reciting, and who, when Miss Fay is leaving the school for the day “gives” Miss Fay says, “a loving, anxious glance at the School and then walks a short distance with me on my return, bidding me goodbye with many thanks and kind entreaties that I should take good care of myself.”

The other striking fact to which we refer is that which relates to a little Chinese girl of six years, in one of Miss Fay’s schools, who has a most remarkable memory and quickness in learning. She is not satisfied with books which would seem to be suited to a child of her years, but, to Miss Fay’s amazement asked that she might study the “Ta Yak” and “Mencius,” books used by the large boys in a course of Chinese Classical Studies.

The whole letter will amply repay a careful reading. (SEE FOLLOWING).

DATE/PLACE: **1873, November 8.**
PROVENANCE: **American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.**
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 39 March 1874, p 189-195. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana
AUTHOR: **Lydia MARY FAY.**
RECIPIENT: **Miss Juiia Emery, Secretary, Women’s Department. PEC Board of Missions, New York.**
SUBJECT: (i) **The Everyday Life of a Missionary in China**
(ii) **Weekly routine.**
(iii) **Boys’ schools.**
(iv) **Girls’ schools.**
(v) **Student Teachers.**

My dear Miss Emery: As I promised a long time ago to give you some account of how “my days go on” in these ends of the earth, and as I have been engaged in essentially the same routine of duties for the eighteen months that have passed since my return from America, still finding no wish or reason for a change, you may like to know something of the cords that bind me so contentedly to an almost unvarying round of work.

THE MORNING ROUTINE OF EVERY WEEKDAY

As I have already sent you occasional sketches of Sunday Services and work, of regular congregations assembled for worship, of irregular and informal ones assembled for amusement or curiosity at the out-stations, of Pastor Wong’s preaching of my talking, I shall begin with Monday morning, the duties of which, with all the other week-day mornings, are for me, essentially the same all the year round. My first care is the boys’ boarding-school of twenty-three pupils, and the very mention of a boys’ boarding-school involves the idea of *early* study hours, breakfast and prayers, which I am able to command with a fair amount of

regularity. This school I consider “my family,” and my greatest responsibility, as the special training and culture is bestowed upon it which I trust will result in raising up teachers and catechists who will assist in carrying on our future Mission work. All my mornings till twelve o’clock are given to this school, or to studies and translations with a Chinese teacher for the benefit of the pupils; yet, as I never assume a duty that I fancy a Chinaman could do as well, I leave much of the work and teaching to Chinese teachers, and make the larger boys assist the smaller, while I give my time more to a general superintendence, looking after the boarding department, providing the clothes, keeping accounts, paying bills, etc., etc. And oh, what a busy season this is just now! making new clothes, mending the old ones, and getting each “little youngster” into new stockings and shoes, a wadded jacket, winter cap and long blue gown, ere the cold weather comes, as they never have a fire in their school or bed rooms. I have no special aptitude for this branch of duty, particularly when the clothes wont fit, or a piece of “stuff” that I thought would make ten garments only makes eight and a half, and I am told by way of apology, “hok-san, to tu che lay kin nien: “the boys have grown so much this year.” However, with the experience of long years and little order and dispatch, I manage to get through with it, and am ready for my next *large* duty, which is a day-school of fifty boys not a hundred yards from my boarding school.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON IN A BOYS’ DAY-SCHOOL

This is my largest day-school, and is quite my delight. The boys are mostly bright and pleasant, the children of our Chinese neighbors, and very fond of study; and if some of them are a little dirty or ragged, I don’t make them unhappy by trying to put every thing right at once! So when I enter the schoolroom and fifty little urchins rise and clamor out, “Fe Koo-niang.” or “Miss Fay” with a smile, I bow and seat myself with a glance of thanks to each eager face ready to begin the lesson, and apply myself with real pleasure to the duties before me, which are the hearing and explaining page after page of lessons, either from the Chinese classics or the Holy Scriptures, catechisms, primers, etc., and marking the day of the month on the page of each book where the lesson ends, as I only pass one afternoon (Tuesday is given to this) of each week in a school, and the lessons always begin at the marked page.

MONDAY AFTERNOON WITH THE CLASS OF STUDENT-TEACHERS

The school is taught by two of my former pupils who have just been admitted candidates for Orders, and licensed to assist Pastor Wong as catechists at the out-stations, and in some of the Sunday duties at this Station, still continuing their studies out of school hours. They are relieved from their teaching every Monday afternoon by one of the boys of the boarding-school, in order to join my class of “student teachers” that I examine on subjects connected with their special duties, on Monday afternoons.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AT ANOTHER BOYS’ DAY-SCHOOL

Wednesday afternoons I have to another school of boys, about three quarters of a mile from here. When I opened this school about eighteen months ago, it was more to give work to one of my big boys and to gratify the wish of one of our old converts—a lone widow, who offered to give me the rent of a room in her own house if I would only open a little school and let her hear the voices of children at their studies—than from any hope of benefitting the pupils. I limited the number of boys to ten, with the usual promise that I should give them one afternoon of each week. The school soon increased to fifteen, then twenty, and then twenty-five. I remonstrated, and said that twenty-five was more than a young teacher could well manage—but no one wished to leave, and the old lady was so much interested, and assisted so much in keeping order, that I yielded not only to twenty-five but to thirty and then thirty-five, as she had thrown another room open to accommodate them; and allowed another of the large boys of the boarding-school to assist in teaching, telling him that he must not expect any wages, as I only gave the head teacher five dollars a month, and the Mission made no provision for such schools. So far he seems quite contented with the honor and novelty of change; and both teachers and pupils feel so much interest in the work, and are making such good progress in their studies, that I am always glad to make my Wednesday visits—particularly as it seems such a comfort to the old lady, who, through she can neither read nor write, rarely takes her eyes off me, or the boy who is reciting his lessons, the whole afternoon. She watches every word of praise or blame, knows how each lesson is recited, what I approve or disapprove, and if any little ‘unfortunate’ fails in duty or has blotted his writing-book, is much more distressed about it than I am. As Chinese scholars always study aloud when learning their lessons, she has learned to memorize a great deal of the Bible, the Creed, catechisms and other books, which passages she is very fond of repeating in a low tone in concert with whomever may be reciting, thus keeping up her interest in each recitation, and she is always very careful that I never miss marking the page of each book where the next lesson begins. When I leave, she gives a loving, anxious look at the school and then walks a short distance with me on my return, bidding my good bye with many thanks and kind entreaties that I should take good care of myself.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON AT A GIRLS’ DAY-SCHOOL

On Thursday afternoons I go to one of my girls' day-schools in Shanghai city, and here it is no longer a lone widow of seventy to whom the Missionary's visit is the "event of the week," but also a bright little girl of six years who is the first to welcome her approach. This school is taught by a Ne-ku or Buddhist nun, who has been before mentioned in your department of the SPIRIT OF MISSIONS, and in the CARRIER DOVE, as has also the little girl, one of her pupils just referred to, whose first ambition was to "pray JESUS' prayer." This little girl is still in school—a great favorite with both teachers and scholars. She has the most remarkably accurate and retentive memory I have ever met in China, and has already memorized all the elementary books studied by the older girls. The Church Catechism, and catechisms of Scripture History, and a good part of St. Matthew's Gospel, all of which she seems to retain in her mind—always ready to prompt and help along a dull scholar, which she does with such an artless, merry glance at the teacher, I find it difficult to call her to order; yet she is very obedient, quiet and silent as a flower, and will listen by the hour to recitations or explanations, without showing the least sign of weariness. I told her some time ago I fancied she was trying to be like "San-ta-ku," (a famous scholar, poet and historian, who by order of the Emperor, on the death of her brother, took his place as Imperial Historiographer and completed for him a voluminous history of the Han Dynasty). "How can I be like her," she gravely replied, "when you only give me girls' books to study?" "What would you like to study?" I asked. "The books you give boys to study. The Ta-Yak and Mencius," she said. "The Ta-Yak and Mencius?" I repeated in amazement. "You are scarcely six years old and talk of studying these books which even big boys hardly understand!" "I shall soon be seven," she added in a quiet, determined tone. The next time I went to the school, a some of the boarding-school boys were in want of books, I stopped at a book-store and bought several copies of the Ta-Yak or "Great Learning," (the first of the four books with which a course of Chinese classical study begins) and gave her one without saying a word. Her eyes sparkled with delight, she grasped it with both hands, as if she feared I would take it from her again, and, after looking at it for some time, put it carefully under a pile of other books belonging to her; then said with a little smile of triumph—"But I shall not begin it until I am seven years old!"

There are fifteen little girls in this school, besides the large one who will, I hope, be able to assist in teaching ere long, as she is very studious, has been several years under my care, expresses her entire belief in all the Articles of the Christian Faith, and desires to receive the Sacrament of Baptism, which I trust she will soon do with her teacher, the Ne-ku who has long since given up any faith in Buddha and is one of the most faithful and efficient of all my teachers. She and her pupils attend the Sunday and other Services at Christ Church, Shanghai City, under the pastoral charge of Rev. Mr. Thomason, who says they are among his most regular attendants and attentive listeners. As my other schools are all in the neighborhood of Hongkow, they attend the chapel near here, which is in charge of Pastor Wong.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON AT ANOTHER GIRLS' SCHOOL

Friday afternoons I pass in another day-school for girls, which is taught by a former pupil of one of my day-schools who has been some time a communicant in the Church, is active, and energetic, and persevering, and seems to take much interest in teaching the twenty-five little girls that she has drawn together from the families near where she lives. To me, the special feature of interest in this school is the number of children of Canton parentage. As I have never before had a Cantonese child in school, and it is seldom that one is ever allowed to attend a Mission school, I look upon their presence as an omen of good, and find much pleasure in teaching them. They bring their own books, yet make no objection to the usual course of religious study we require of all day-school scholars. They are very different from Shanghai girls. They have such sweet, gentle voices, and recite whole chapters of the Bible in a low, musical rhythm, that I always feel is very attractive—though it is sad, sadder than words can tell to see how little their young hearts are moved by these lessons of truth and power they so gracefully and perfectly repeat.

THE SATURDAY HOLIDAY

But I forget what a long letter I am writing, and that I cannot transfer to you the interest with which I linger over my work, so will hasten to a close, as I have taken you through the circle of my schools and accounted for all "my days" except Saturdays, the mornings of which, are as other mornings, devoted to the boarding-school or Chinese books, and the afternoons are, as you may readily suppose, holidays for both teachers and scholars—at least we are both free from teaching and study, though the boys have a variety of duties assigned them preparatory to Sunday, and the Missionary finds the time quite short enough to finish up her six days work and be ready for the duties of the "sacred Day of rest."

Affectionately yours,

L.M. Fay

DATE/PLACE: **1873, December.**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 39, March 1874, pp 389-392. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
RECIPIENT: Miss Juiia Emery, Secretary, Women's Department. PEC Board of Missions, New York.
SUBJECT: (i) Christmas Reminiscences.
(ii) Length of Service brings experience to idealism.
(iii) Making meaningful contact with Chinese.
(iv) Only foreigner at 'happiest' Chinese Christmas Service.
(v) Memory of Christmas 1851.
(vi) Rev. Wong Chai.
(vii) Rev. Yung Kiung Yen
(viii) Rev. Woo Hong Niok.

To the thoughtful Missionary who has been a long time in the Mission field, life seems only the gradual and sure fulfilment of the promises of GOD as revealed in the Holy Scriptures. On the Missionary's first arrival among the heathen, he needs little or nothing to cheer him but his own ardent faith, the Word of GOD folded closely to his heart, and the strong resolve made in the strength of Him "At Whose supreme command, be all on earth forsakes, its wisdom, form and power, and Him his only portion makes, his shield and lower." But, as has been so truly said, "It is a difficult thing to keep the heart at the heights it has gained," and perhaps the first rude shock to the young Missionary's faith, on his arrival in heathen lands, is the utter indifference of the people, the clouds of incense that dim his sight, and the harsh music that deafens his ears, as he finds himself in some lofty temple, near huge idols before whom crowds are prostrating themselves and offering all the worship their darkened, untaught hearts are capable of. He groans in spirit, and whispers, "Who is sufficient for these things?" How can the still small voice of the SPIRIT ever touch the hearts of these noisy idolators! or how can the Missionary even be seen in these clouds of incense, or his voice be heard in this din of gongs and drums! Sadly he walks away, thinking that a heathen temple is not the place in which he can best 'tell of Jesus.'

Perhaps he then turns to the young, and surrounds himself with a school of boys—resting upon the promises, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." "They who seek me shall find me." Anxious to teach first the way of salvation, he asks a bright looking boy, "Who made you?" and is answered by a stupid stare or vacant smile that seems to say, How should I know anything about it? "Who made the world in which we live?" The same stare or smile is the only answer. "Have you a soul as well as a body?" continues the teacher. The face brightens a little and the answer comes readily, yes, "san wun, lok pak" i.e., I have three souls and six spirits! But ah! These rough, rude shocks to the young Missionary's faith may be passed over, with the patience of long years, the fading away of hope and strength and heart, as they can never be written except by the recording angel.

And when at last, the not unwilling pupils have been taught of the GREAT GOD, "Who made them all worlds" of "Jesus Who redeemed them and all mankind," and have learned the duty of prayer and praise, and are told by the teacher that at Morning and Evening Prayers they must join in saying "Our Father," he feels, by the cold, careless way in which they repeat the sacred words that there is no real thought of prayer in their hearts, and that he is still *alone* in his prayers, though the crowd of heathen boys around him are repeating the same words. This is another sharp trial to his faith, as he sees he has only the *unfulfilled* promises of GOD to rest upon. "Faint yet not pursuing," is all that can be said of his once ardent faith! yet he trusts and works and knows that light will come. Watching and waiting in the common round, the daily task, at the hours of prayer, his ear and heart are at length gladdened by the sound of earnest praying voices joining in the LORD'S Prayer, and he afterward notices that a number of the pupils are particularly serious and attentive to their daily Bible lessons, and ask questions which plainly show they really desire to know "what shall they do to be saved?" Then one after another becomes a candidate for Baptism; numbers are baptized. There is a new element of prayer and praise and hope in the school. The teacher no longer feels himself alone. The promises of GOD are being *fulfilled* before his eyes. He is hope-lifted as he sees he has not only help but real sympathy in his work from those who not long since were without hope and without GOD in the world. And when he sees these same pupils, who after Baptism, Confirmation, and a proper course of study extending over many years of a sober, godly life, admitted to the Sacred Ministry—duly commissioned to preach the Gospel of CHRIST to the heathen—his faith no longer rests on *unfulfilled*

promises, but joyfully exclaims, "What has GOD wrought! Mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Such were some of my reflections on Christmas Day, as I looked around upon the crowds of Chinese that had already filled the church at this, the Hong Kew station, ere the Services began. The church was very tastefully, even elaborately decorated with evergreens and a species of bamboo whose berries far surpass the holly in tint and richness of cluster. Illuminated texts of Scripture in holly leaves and gold, alternately in Chinese and English, with a simple cross of holly or bamboo on a white ground, on the walls and in the chancel, seemed to give a sweet assurance of the joy with which the Chinese hailed the coming of our LORD.

The whole Service, even the administration of the Holy Communion, was entirely conducted by the Chinese Clergy—as there was not a foreigner in all that great congregation (but the writer) which was composed of the converts from Kong Wan, Lau Zak and Tsa Ka Pang and those belonging to the church here under Pastor Wong's care. Until within the last two years our Christmas and Easter Services were held alternately in Shanghai city and here at Hong Kew, but, as the converts increased, and new stations were opened, either church proved too small for the accommodation of the communicants and the pupils of the schools connected with both stations. It was therefore arranged, that as Rev. Mr. Thomson had charge of the Shanghai city station, its out-posts and church, that henceforth separate Services should be held in each church at Christmas and Easter as well as on other days. And even now the Hong Kew church is quite too small to accommodate our regular attendance, though benches are always placed on each side of the aisle for the school-boys.

In 1851, my first Christmas in Shanghai, we had neither church nor chapel at this station (Hong Kew). The Christmas Service was held in one of the school rooms. And though our well-beloved and sainted Bishop Boone was there—his family and eight other American Missionaries were also there—yet there was scarcely a Chinese convert and only one school of boys present. How well I remember that class of orderly, well-behaved boys, then in charge of Miss Jones and taught by Miss Tenney and myself. A number of these same pupils were again assembled for Christmas Services of 1873, not as in 1851, in a low school room, the obedient scholars of lady teachers but in a beautifully decorated Christian church which their own willing hands had prepared for the coming of the LORD.

There they sat, some of them grave and wealthy men by the side of their families, some of them with grown sons and daughters, and there was the Rev. Mr. Yung Kiung Yen, now in Priest's orders, who used to assist me in dictating translations to a Chinese teacher, and then with a set of Scripture catechisms on the Old Testament which are still used in our Mission schools. He was the quickest, cleverest, most amiable, and quiet of all my class of boys. By the side of him sat another, a brother of our good Pastor Wong, who used to be quite a pet of Miss Jones, though he was at times a little unmanageable. He is now a man of considerable wealth, holding a good position in Chinese society, a communicant and most constant attendant at church. He has two grown daughters, both communicants; both sing in our Chinese choir, and both are married. The husband of one was sitting by him, elegantly dressed, and he, in a new satin robe, with a mandarin's cap and crystal button on his head, looked the very embodiment of contentment and happiness, as did many of the "old scholars," as we call them. But my chief delight was in the well-ordered Christian congregation, the appropriate and joyous Christmas carols, hymns and chants sung by the Chinese choir, accompanied with the organ played by Pastor Wong's daughter, the offices of devotion as performed by the Chinese Clergy, Rev. Mr. Wong and Rev. Hoong Niok, also one of the old scholars, assisted by Ping Tsu (one of my present pupils, who was licensed a lay-reader, to assist Pastor Wong, at this and the out-stations, by Bishop Williams at his last autumnal visit here.

As a Missionary, this was the happiest and most satisfactory Christmas I have passed in China. The proof's of God's goodness and of His willingness to bless even the poorest efforts made for His glory seemed everywhere around me. "Seeing is believing," and my faith could walk by open sight.

DATE/PLACE: **1874, April 7.**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 39 September 1874, p 589. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY
RECIPIENT: Miss Julia Emery, Secretary, Women's Department. PEC Board of Missions, New York.
SUBJECT: (i) Annual School Examinations, Shanghai District.
(ii) Native village schools of Episcopal Mission.
(iii) Difference between Chinese and Christian Modes of Teaching.
(iv) Boys' Schools.
(v) Girls' Schools.
(v) Girl Prodigy (see previous).
(vi) Examinations.

My dear Miss Emery: Though two or three mail steamers have left here since the Annual Examination of our Mission schools at this station, and though our Chinese New Year holidays have passed and I am again so immersed in present duties that I have hardly time to pick up the threads of the past, and speak of what *has been*; yet I know you are always glad to hear from us, and as some of my schools were somewhat of an experiment, owing to the inexperience of my 'student teachers,' and as a two days' public examination held in the church before the resident Clergy and other spectators was rather a severe test of the competency of my young teachers, I am sure you will like to hear that the examination was considered an entire success, both for them and the pupils whom they have been teaching.

EPISCOPAL NATIVE VILLAGE SCHOOLS

A picture of special interest which I have not seen mentioned in other Mission Reports, was the presence of three native schools from the villages near. These are taught by native teachers (paid by the parents of the pupils), who, though not converts to Christianity, yet through our influence consent to teach our Bible and Catechisms and bring their pupils to Church on Sunday; the Pastor having at any time the privilege of visiting and catechising the schools. To this class of schools the Mission allows two dollars per month to aid the villagers in paying the teachers' stipend, though it claims no supervision over the teachers or pupils, nor have they ever been required to present themselves at our Annual Examinations, and until this season they have never expressed a wish to do so, yet they were cordially welcomed and were even allowed to compete for the Bishop's Prizes (he has two in each school, one for progress in study, one for deportment and regular attendance), and we were much (590) interested in comparing the recitations of the pupils with those under our immediate superintendence.

A CROWDED CHURCH

But our school examinations here are conducted so differently from school examinations "at home" I must give you some details. As we have no examination halls, and all our school rooms are a little too small for the scholars, we are obliged to use the church. The Christmas decorations were not yet taken down—and when I entered the church, with Rev. Mr. Nelson, about ten minutes before the hour appointed for the exercises to commence, it was filled, even crowded with children and their teachers—all the schools, nine, under the supervision of Pastor Wong and myself, being present. The very sight of so many little immortals is inspiring, and I always feel "we are very successful Missionaries!" when I see a place so crammed with children, particularly when their bright faces and earnest glances are peering out from holly wreaths, crosses, illuminated texts and other symbols that go to make up holiday decorations.

AN ALPHABET CLASS

The exercises began by singing "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," the accompaniment of which was very well played on the organ by a former pupils, Miss Wong. Then prayers were said in Chinese by Rev. Mr. Nelson; after which the first school called out for examination was "nung-ki-ok-dong"—the one of which I told you in my Report of schools—as being nearest to my boarding school and containing fifty pupils. This school is divided into four classes which are taught by two of the "student teachers" each of whom examined the classes under his charge. First the younger ones were examined in their "fong-sz" or what answers to our A.B.C's, except that we have only twenty-four to learn ere we commence joining them for spelling and reading, while the Chinese have more than forty thousand! We do not, however, insist upon the children learning more than three or four hundred ere they begin to study simple books and Scripture Catechisms.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN NATIVE AND CHRISTIAN MODES OF TEACHING

In Chinese systems of education there is nothing that answers to our elementary works, not have they a book written in the spoken language of the country, excepting those translated by the Missionaries. The first book

of Chinese classics put into the hands of children is one of the most difficult and metaphysical of all their classes. Fortunately however the “young celestials” have most wonderful memories, and their teachers, in mercy to their poor little brains, never for moment deem it necessary that they should understand what they learn; hence years are passed in school and whole volumes recited through with marvellous accuracy, which convey not the slightest idea to the learner, as they are written in a dead language which the teacher does not take the trouble to explain or perhaps could not even if he wished.¹⁰⁵

It is not only then in what we teach but in our modes of teaching that we consider our Mission schools so superior to the native schools, and to us they seem absolutely necessary to the successful preaching of and final triumph of the Gospel. Every Missionary’s influence is increased double or quadruple in proportion as he can place schools under teachers of his own training who will of their own free will teach others as they have been taught—carefully, prayerfully and understandingly. This is a very long digression, yet without it I could not give you an idea of the grateful pleasure and satisfaction we all felt in hearing the “student teachers” examine their classes in a sensible Christian-like manner, and the thoughtful and ready answers showed how carefully and profitably they had been taught.

BRANCHES TAUGHT IN THE DAY SCHOOLS

In my boarding-school, and in teaching my teachers, my ambition knows no bounds. Whatever they accomplish, I am always urging them “onward and upward,” to something higher, but in our day-schools we do not even aim at a very extensive system of instruction as the pupils rarely continue with us more than two or three years—often leaving the ages of thirteen or fourteen—even younger if they can be of any use to their parents in supporting the family. Hence we consider that, to teach them well and thoroughly, the great truths of our Holy Religion as embodied in the Church Catechism and Creeds with such parts of the Old (592) and New Testament as they have the time and ability to learn, is all they can undertake. Though if they desire to do more, and are willing to buy their own books, time is allowed them and they are encouraged to remain in school. Two of our best student teachers were once pupils in the day-school. They are now teaching after having remained four years in the day-school and six in the boarding-school.

A SECOND BOYS’ SCHOOL

The second school examined was a boys’ school of about thirty-five scholars taught by a native Christian under the supervision of Pastor Wong. The classes were examined by the native teacher on the Creed and Catechisms, Scripture History, the Gospels of St. Matthew and of St. Mark—and in one or two books of Chinese classics.

TWO GIRLS’ SCHOOLS—ONE TAUGHT BY THE BUDDHIST NUN

The third school, a girls’ day-school—also under charge of Pastor Wong—was then examined by him—though taught by a Chinese woman who has been for a number of years a communicant in the Church—yet as it would not be according to Chinese ideas of propriety to a woman to speak, or to take any part in a public examination, she was not even asked to examine her classes. The little girls however did not seem wanting in confidence, and their ready, prompt answers to questions upon the books they had been studying showed they had been well and carefully taught. The fourth school called, was one of my girls schools; taught by the Ni-ku or Buddhist nun. Of course it was considered *my duty* to examine the school, which I did with much pleasure—the Ni-ku being very clever and having a wonderful gift of managing children and inspiring them with a love of study, I know they were well prepared and further advanced in their studies than any other pupils of the same age. Their recitations, though long, were quite perfect and not one question was missed.

A LITTLE PRODIGY

The Bishop’s Prize for “progress in study” was awarded to the ‘little Dot’ as I called her when writing to you some time ago of her, and of her first recitation in school which was the “praying of Jesus’ prayer,” as she so impressively said. She has been in school ever since and is quite a little prodigy; I am curious to know her future. She has learned six times as many books as any other girl in school. She is anxious to be baptized, but such a little thing, scarce seven years of age, I hardly (593) dare propose her as a candidate, though she has committed to memory, and seems to understand more religious books than many an adult Communicant.

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Do you ask then how they ever know anything? They who attend only a few years rarely do know much of anything. If boys have been in school for a number of years, and intend to remain in study for degrees and Government offices, competent teachers are looked for. Books are explained, the course of instruction is thorough and severe after their own routine, which does not include any science, unless their systems of philosophy and cosmogony may be called science.

EXAMINATION OF A NATIVE SCHOOL

The fifth school was one of the native schools—and we had much difficulty in persuading the teacher that he must examine his own pupils, as he deferred to Pastor Wong or to some others present. He however succeeded very well, as did his pupils, two of whom were awarded the Bishop's prizes. After this, as it was already getting dark, the exercises of the first day were closed by singing "There is a happy land," and prayers in Chinese by Pastor Wong.

EXERCISES OF THE SECOND DAY

The exercises of the second day were essentially the same as those of the first. The remaining four schools were examined including the boys; boarding school. The "student teachers" were then very critically and thoroughly examined on the "Tahsio" or "Great Learning," than which one can rarely find a more abstract and metaphysical dissertation on Natural Law, the Foundation of Rights, their application to the varied relations of life, the well-being of the people and government of the Empire. Lastly the prizes were given by Rev. Mr. Nelson, who closed the exercises by a short but very appropriate address, and the happy youngsters were dismissed for three weeks' holiday.

ENCOURAGEMENT IN THE PAST AND HOPE FOR THE FUTURE

Imperfect as this sketch is, and comprising only the schools belonging to the Hong Kew station, we trust that friends at home who have contributed so generously to their support will rejoice with us in their successes, and be glad to know that we have never before looked at them with so much encouragement and such assured hope of the influence they will have for good in spreading the Gospel throughout the length and breadth of China.

PLACE/DATE: 1874, April 7.
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 39 June 1874, pp 435-437. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
RECIPIENT: General Report
SUBJECT: (i) Cultural Isolation.
(ii) Rev. Wong Chai.
(iii) Rev. Woo Hong Niok.

Rev and Dear Sir: As our dear Bishop is with us now, you will doubtless not be wanting information of this and of the adjacent stations he is visiting, or of the Missionaries, how they are and what they are doing, yet I trust you will excuse my telling you how *very, very* glad we were to see the Bishop again, particularly as he brought the Rev. Mr. Millar with him who we trust will fill Mr. Nelson's place as pastor of the American congregation here—and I am so glad to have some one in the same house with me—as I was here quite alone after Mr. Nelson's departure. Mr. Thomason, as I suppose you know, lives about four miles from this place at what we call the Shanghai city and west gate station—so though I see him for a few moments once or twice a week, it does not prevent me from feeling very lonely, and all the more that I have no one near me—not even a servant, to whom I can speak a word of English, and so for days I never hear or speak my native language—yet I talk enough in Chinese and have always on hand even more work that I can well accomplish—still it is rare that one has so much to do that their thoughts linger not over the past nor anticipate the future.

But Easter Day was such a delight to us—this dreary past was soon forgotten and we could truly say, "Rise, heart" thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise without delay."

The first services of the day, held in the Church of Our Saviour, began at nine o'clock A.M. Pastor Wong said the morning prayers, the Bishop reading the Declaration of Absolution—the Epistle and Holy Gospel. After a short sermon in Chinese the Holy Communion was celebrated by the Bishop, assisted by Pastor Wong. At eleven there was a full morning Service in English—Rev. Mr. Miller said the morning prayers and preached the sermon. The Bishop administered the Holy Communion, assisted by Mr. Miller.

At half-past one, the Bishop held another service in Chinese and administered the Rite of Confirmation to several Chinese men and women and to one of the pupils of the Boys' Boarding School.

At three o'clock, the Bishop held another Service in Chinese at the newly constructed church at Kong Wan. Rev. Hung Neok Woo said Evening Prayer, the Bishop reading the Declaration of Absolution, and preached a sermon upon the Resurrection of Jesus. The Bishop administered the Holy Communion assisted by Mr. Woo. The Service was the special delight of us all who have watched the beginning and progress of

the Kong Wan Station. It was the first time the Holy Communion had ever been administered at one of the out-stations—and it will be a day long to be remembered with glad and grateful joy. Quite a number of communicants were present from Shanghai and Hong Kew Stations, which have been hitherto, but I trust will no longer be, the only stations in which the Holy Communion has been celebrated on our great east days or on other days.

We returned from Hong Wan just in time to take our tea, and go to the evening Service at half-past seven, which was in English, and conducted by the Rev. Mr. Miller who said Evening Prayer and preached to a very attentive congregation, mostly Americans.

You will see by this, something of how the Bishop passes his time when with us, particularly the Sundays. If we have not made some attainments in the divine life it is not for want of a holy living example. He seems to have but one thought and that is to do HIS FATHER'S will and "finish the work He has given him to do,"

But I must beg a thousand pardons for so trespassing upon your valuable time. I only intended to send you a note of apology for sending you the enclosed "translation" of a curious piece of Chinese superstition—which I made at the request of my English friend, who desired to send it to a friend of his in London. It is said that one of these "Palls of Victory" was sent from Peking to the Vienna Exhibition—that it excited a good deal of interest, though no one could give an explanation of it or decide upon its use. A gentleman formerly connected with the British Legation was enabled to get a facsimile of the Pall printed on white cotton, which he gave me to translate. I have never seen one before in all my long residence in China—and the "Explanation" seems so strange and preposterously superstitious—and illustrates so well a phase of Buddhism that lies in the way of the conversion of the Chinese to the Gospel—I fancied it might interest you and that you might like to give it a place or perhaps a part of it, in some of the religious papers under the patronage of the Church. If so I shall be quite glad to have sent it, and even if you do not care for it—I trust you will appreciate my motives in sending. I am always at a great loss to know what special subjects will be considered interesting and will be appreciated "at home"—if you could sometimes give us a hint in THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS and HOME AND ABROAD, we might profit by it.

April 10. Our dear Bishop left us on the evening of the 7th, for Hankow—as no doubt he has told you—as he left a letter for you in my charge to be mailed today—which I trust will reach you safely.

DATE/PLACE: **1874, June 9.**
PROVENANCE: **American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.**
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 39 September 1874, pp 572-573. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: **Rev. Woo Hong Neok.**
RECIPIENT: **Rev. Dr. Robert Nelson.**
SUBJECT: (i) **Letter to Rev. Dr. Robert Nelson on leave in America**
(ii) **Report on activities in Shanghai Mission District.**
(iii) **Polygamy.**
(iv) **Miss Fay promises bell for Kong Wan chapel.**

A very interesting account was published in HOME AND ABROAD for April on the erection of the Chapel at Kong Wan, about five miles from the city of Shanghai. This enterprise was planned and carried out to completion by the Rev. Dr. Nelson, who is at the present time in this country. The chapel is now in charge of a Native Deacon, Rev. Hoong Neok Woo.

We are permitted to publish the following extracts from the Rev. Mr. Woo's letter to Dr. Nelson.

HONG WAN, June 9, 1874.

My dear Dr. Nelson,

By this time, I have no doubt that you have safely arrived home. Above, all, hope you had a pleasant journey, and found Mrs. Nelson, and all your sons and daughters, as well as your friends and relations at America, in perfect health and happy.

I presume the Foreign congregation at Hong Kew Church must have missed you very much. For I have missed you ever so much on Sunday afternoons at Kong Wan chapel, as well as Tuesdays and Thursdays, in Hong Kew, of each week, as we used to meet each other; more especially at the Sunday Services in the Chapel.

Two days more will be three months since you left China. Of which time we have had Bishop Williams and Miss Fay with us on the Easter Sunday afternoon Service, and Mr. Thomson on the morning of

Whitsunday.. Each time we have got communion in the Chapel. On the last mentioned day, we have had (6) six baptisms also. It was Doo Ziang Ziang's father, mother, and his two children, besides, Tign Sien Sang's brother (storekeeper), and the first wife of the man, who was the candidate for Baptism ever since last Autumn. Poor old man, so far he is as sincere as ever, attends the Services on Sundays, as well as on Wednesday evenings regularly, also with us in the daily morning prayers. Pray the LORD to change his mind more and more, each day, that he may be overcome the obstacle in his way, preventing him to receive the holy Baptism. His second wife and his daughter continue visit us, but less than used to be. Every time they come to us, we used all our influences and all our, we think, the good ways, in hope to lead them into the Church. I must said, they were a most, respectable and well mean people I ever say amongst the Chinese heathen.

I have made a wooden font for Kong Wan chapel, the pattern of our "Christ Church's" only a little smaller and lower. I had painted it in dark brick color. I think it suited this chapel very well.

We expect to put up a bell tower in the chapel lot soon. Miss Fay was so kind, have promised me to give us the bell, now left in her house- I have no doubt you will please to hear it, as well as Mrs. Nelson.

On the 13th of May, Kong Wan was crowded with people from all directions, as far as ten miles, being the birth-day of the three Kong Wan principal idols. A grand procession on the main street (about a mile long), for the occasion. I had preaching in the chapel in the forenoon, assisted by Mr. Ting and Dzang, but it was too noisy, so I did not have any preaching in the afternoon. The following day was the Ascension Day, so I had two services, one forenoon and the other after. I had two full and quiet congregations. Both sex about equal number. I trust the Gospel seeds thus sewing from time to time will, at least some of them take root and spring up at the proper time. We had about two hundred and fifty visitors at our house, on five days, May 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th. Of course we use all our knowledge and good ways to entertain them. Every chance we have to use the Christian teaching, we have done so. My wife was quite tired out in the end.

On Sunday, the 17th of May, another lively day for Kong Wan, being the birth-day of the above goddess. A large procession in the afternoon and as well one in the night. Only two of the three goddesses were out. The eldest of the three stay home, on account of her husband's chairbearer was broken on the 13th, so the people concluded not to take her out, for fear she might meet more serious accident than her husband three days ago. Of course, I have the Services like the rest of the Sundays. The following day (Monday) I had a very good congregation also in the afternoon. The people were very well behave, and listened me very attentively—hope they all may carry some words of the Gospel to their homes.

Nothing special or worthy of notice at the Woo Sung station. Every thing as you were here. Tsing is faithful as heretofore; his wife and the girl seems know great deal more of the Christian duty as well as doctrine than when they were in Hong Kew.

DATE/PLACE: 1874, June 18.
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 39, September 1874, pp 571-572. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
RECIPIENT: General Report
SUBJECT: Challenge of Foreign Missions.

With all that the Church at home is doing for Foreign Missions I cannot help feeling sometimes that she has never really faced the great question in all its magnitude: not do I think it can be realized except in heathen lands—standing in costly temples, before huge idols, enveloped in clouds of incense, and surrounded by prostrate worshippers and deafened by discordant music. The sights and sounds and impressions first make upon a Christian in heathen lands can never be described or realized except by those who, like St. Paul, have felt their spirits stirred within them as they have seen whole cities "wholly given to idolatry." This is why I wish so much you could come here—then you would know the wants, as I said before, and you would know what to pleaded for and what the Church ought to do.

DATE/PLACE/: **1874, July 7.**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 39, November 1874, pp 633=634. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: American Church Mission, Hongkew, Shanghai, China.
RECIPIENT: Lydia MARY FAY.
SUBJECT: Unknown Episcopal Clergyman.
 (i) Fay suffers from ophthalmia (inflammation of the eye).
 (ii) Fay's memory.

Rev. and Dear Sir: I am very sorry not to send you a proper Report for this mail, but trust you will excuse me when I say that I have not yet recovered from a severe attack of *ophthalmia*, which began the very day I received your last kind letter. I dare say I used my eyes too much; the doctor tells me I must neither read, write, nor study. I can teach, as I know by heart nearly all the books we teach, and I make the pupils of my different schools come to my study in classes, and so manage to hear their lessons and keep out of the light, which, at this hot season, is an important item in curing this most painful and disagreeable and vary common disease of the eyes.

Our summer vacation will begin in about ten days, during which time I intend to give my eyes entire rest, I hope they will be quite well by the time the school begins again.

DATE/PLACE: **1876.**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, HongkOU, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 41, 1876, pp 279-280. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
RECIPIENT: Mrs Mason, USA
SUBJECT: (i) Letter by Choo-sz-sing.
 (ii) Student sponsored by Mrs. Mason.
 (iii) Rev. Woo Hong Niok also sponsored some years earlier by Mrs. Mason.

**COPY OF THE LITERAL TRANSLATION OF A LETTER FROM
 A NATIVE CHINESE (CHOO-SZ-SING)—
 A PUPIL IN MISS FAY'S SCHOOL**

Extract from Miss Fay's letter which accompanied the Letter from Choo-sz-sing.

I have just finished the translation of a letter from your little protégé, Choo-sz-sing. It is in reply to yours, and he assured me it is entirely his own composition. I have given you a perfectly literal translation, thinking (280) it would interest you more to see his own peculiar mode of thinking than it would if I had translated it after my own style, using the first person *I* or *me*, which the Chinese consider very disrespectful, as they do all epithets of affection, such as 'dear friend,;' 'dear Madam,;' or anything of that sort, which you see he entirely avoids in his letter.

To the Honorable Lady Mason greeting:

Choose-sing a pupil still in school on receiving a letter (from this Lady) his heart was filled with joy and delight. He thought it *must be true* that "God had made of one blood all nations under Heaven," and, though he dwells in the uttermost parts of the earth among the heathen, this foreign Lady had thought of him and written him a letter, and he is only a boy in school! In the early morning and night-time will this school boy pray the great and good God to preserve and take care of this honored Lady, giving her health and strength of body with peace and repose of mind and heart. The pupil who writes this dwells in Shanghai at the High school of the Hong Kew station of the Episcopal Mission where he has been more than three years, not only without meeting any adversity or sorrow but receiving my good under the benevolent and wise rule of Fe Koo Niang (Miss Fay) eating the rice and wearing the clothes provided by her generous kindness—while studying the books and obeying the teachers as she directs;—moreover God moving her heart, during the last few months, has called him to assist in teaching other boys in a Day school, for which extra work he receives \$1,00 per month which he gives to his mother as she is very poor.

But the Holy Gospel is preached to the poor i—even in “The Middle Kingdom” and the Spirit of God has moved the heart of his mother to believe in Jesus. She lives 12 miles from the school in the village of Kong Wan, yet there too the glad news of a Saviour has reached.

“Hong Niok Woo, “ (who 20 years ago was also a pupil in Miss Fay’s school as is now the writer of this letter to Lady Mason) is now an *ordained minister* living at Kong Wan in charge of a foreign built church where he preaches the Gospel of Jesus to many people every day—and by him was his mother baptized into the Church, renouncing all her idols and all idol worship and striving to serve the only true God Who alone can save sinners by the blood of Jesus and the sanctifying of the Holy Spirit.

And now when Lady Mason, strong in the faith of Christian lands, prays for the poor and feeble who believe in Jesus among the millions of idolators, will she pray for Choo-sz-sing’s mother as well as himself that she too may be strong in the faith of the Lord Jesus, and that her son be counted worthy to preach His Gospel to the heathen among whom they dwell.

Lest Lady Mason should be weary of reading this, and write no more, her pupil with grateful heart and bowed head will now day, *Adieu*, Choo-sz-sing

Written from the Flowery Land in the 1st year of the reign of the Emperor Kwong Su, 1875.

DATE/PLACE: **1876, January.**

American Church Mission, Hongkew, Shanghai, China.

PROVENANCE: ***Spirit of Missions*, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 41. January 1876, p 47. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.**

AUTHOR: **Lydia MARY FAY.**

RECIPIENT: **General Report.**

SUBJECT: **The Chinese ‘God of Wealth.’**

**CHINA: THE GOD OF RICHES, AND HIS ATTENDANTS.
BY MISS LYDIA M. FAY.**

The supreme ruler of the wealth and commerce of the Chinese empire is called, “The God of Wealth.” He is generally represented, sitting on a black tiger, a fierce looking old man, with piercing eyes, distended cheeks, and a heavy black beard; in his left hand he holds a large shoe of gold suede, and in his uplifted right hand, a long, massive rod of corrugated iron.

For the use of the temples and ordinary shrines, this idol is oftener represented sitting in a huge black chair with an attendant on either side, and a little child standing in front. The attendant of the *left hand*, which is considered the place of honor by the Chinese, is called, “Chan-tsee-li-sz” the literal interpretation of which is, “calling to wealth, by putting out money at interest, and by buying and selling in the market-places.” This attendant is represented standing, his right hand raised to show a gold coin, and his left hand grasps tightly a shoe of gold sycee; with eyes raised (though not to heaven) he looks eagerly forth upon the multitude, beckoning them to *come*, invest their money, and learn the secrets of amassing wealth.

The attendant at the right hand of the god of riches is called, “Chih-tsee-Zung,” “the god who receives.” His eager eyes and bent head seem already counting interest and laying new plans for increasing wealth. With his left hand he presses closely to his breast (what is supposed to be) deeds, bonds, securities, receipts, etc., etc. The two uplifted fingers of the half raised right hand, indicate the silence and carefulness proper to all successful business transactions.

A SMILING CHILD AS AN ATTENDANT

The fourth and last figure of the group is a gaily dressed, smiling child, standing in an attitude of joy and delight, upon an enormous shoe of silver sycee. In his right hand he holds a flag or pennant, on which is inscribed a mystic word, which shows he carries the banner of the “Supreme Ruler of Riches”; and being thus honoured, must be looked upon as sacred and secure from all harm or undue liberties from the multitude, as would be the supreme ruler himself. The child is called the “Tsoon-tz-tsee”—the “treasure child.”

If one is inclined to question the wisdom of putting forward a little child so prominently in the pursuit of wealth, a Chinese replies: The god of wealth always loved little children, he knows how easily they are led, how attractive they are to others; he knows if he pleases the children they will please others; then their parents, who, seeking their children happy in waiting upon the god of riches, would also enter his service, forgetting the care and pain and toil that after success would require.

And lest anyone should presume upon the innocence of these “decoy children,” each must ever hold high in his right hand the sacred flag of the supreme master—the fierce god whom all the empire fears and

worships.

LEGENDS CONCERNING THE GOD

It is said that the worship of this God began at the commencement of the Chan Dynasty, B.C. 1022; that he is one of the heroes who fought for Noo Wang and Wen Wang, the founders of the dynasty; that he was apotheosized soon after Neo Wang ascended the throne, by the name of “Chan Yun tan”—became an object of worship, and has continued such to the present day.

Other theories say he was a poor man and a tax-gatherer, who by great prudence and economy amassed such enormous wealth, that he bought large tracts of land, compelling the people to pay him in servile homage that amounted to worship, which continued after his death. But this, the scholars and the rich reject, saying it is a mere fancy of the poor country people.

THE WORSHIP AND SACRIFICES OFFERED

The worship and sacrifices offered to this favorite god differ very much from that offered to any other idol; not the least difference is, they are (49) offered by the head of a family or guilt without any special prayers, or even the assistance of a priest—the costliness and variety of the offerings (which the god is supposed to watch with a jealous estimate of their value) being considered the test of the earnestness and deserts of the worshippers. The god is supposed to be a great epicure, and to delight in magnificent feasts’ only the most dainty and costly viands with the rarest and strongest wines, can be offered to him; not even fruits or vegetables are accepted, though the offerings must always be decorated with stately flowers of the most brilliant colours, and their perfume heightened by burning incense.

As the worship of this idol is very expensive, only one great sacrifice is required during the year, which being properly prepared and offered, no further worship is necessary, only the burning of a little incense, of gold or sycee paper before its shrine, on the first day of each month.

SUPPOSED CAUSE OF BUSINESS MISFORTUNES

All misfortunes in business, all failures in getting and keeping wealth, are traced to some fault in the proper observance of the great annual feast, which is kept at the beginning of the New Year, or on the fourth day of the first month. At the feast a curious custom prevails, which has been followed for ages (3000 years it is said), *i.e.*, the day after the feast has been offered to the god, the wines, viands, flowers and other offerings that have remained untouched all night on the altars before the idols, are rearranged and re-cooked, if necessary, and a grand feast is made of them by the rich landholders, officials, merchants, etc., to which they invite all the tenants and employees whom the wish to retain for the ensuing year. To those who have not been faithful during the past year, or whom the patron intends to dismiss from his service, no hint or word is given on the subject, except, he is neither invited to assist in the worship of the god on the fourth day not at the feast on the ensuing day. New employees are engaged, simply by a note or verbal invitation from the agent, signifying that they are expected to assist at the great sacrifice on the fourth day of the first moon, and at the feast on the following day.

IN WHAT THE HAPPINESS OF THE GOD OF WEALTH CONSISTS

As the happiness of the god of wealth is supposed to consist, not in the devotion of his votaries, but entirely to depend upon the cost, the glare and circumstances of their offerings—the more of pomp, of splendor, of music, of noise, of fireworks, incense, gongs, drums and trumpets, are seen and heard, the more likely is he to be propitious, and grant them success and prosperity in their public and private interests—hence the noise and turmoil of this feast, which is still celebrated, as it has been for ages, at the New Year, and it is a greater annoyance to foreigners than all the other idol worship of the Chinese.

DATE/PLACE/: **1876, January 28.**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, August 1876, pp 422-424. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Lydia MAY FAY.
RECIPIENT: Miss Julia Emery, Secretary, Women’s Department. PEC Board of Missions, New York.
SUBJECT: (i) ‘A man’s work done by a woman.’ Fay’s work in Shanghai.
(ii) Eight Episcopal schools in Shanghai.
(iii) School Examinations in China.

My dear Miss Emery: The Chinese New Year began on the 26th of January this year, and our schools closed on the 19th—that is, the schools at this station in charge of Pastor Wong and myself. We have eight schools, and as usual the Examination was public and in the church. I should like to give you some account of it, though when I read in THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS the very interesting accounts that Miss Muir always

sends of her schools in Greece, my courage quite fails me, and particularly as I remember a remark made by an English Clergyman, who attended one of my examinations some years ago, "that my work seemed all granite—nothing to please or amuse an audience—it seemed a man's work done by a woman!" This is more true than complimentary—yet as my lot has seemed to be the teaching of men and boys, I could only teach them as I fancied they ought to be taught, and from such books as would be most useful to them in their future life. And if, during the few years they remain with me, they get a fair knowledge of their own books, with a good understanding of the facts and principles of our Holy Religion, I am content, and more than content, when I see them quietly settling down in life with the zeal and good sense "to practice what they know."

But I am forgetting the Examination of the **eight** schools of the Hongkew station, about which I began to write. All were in their places at an early hour, and the church was nearly filled with teachers and scholars and Chinese friends, when I entered, rather as a visitor than as heretofore a leader of the exercises. Rev. Mr. Thomson, Rev. Mr. Boone, Capt. Bridgman of the U.S. Navy, and several ladies, were present. Pastor Wong [Kwong chai] opened the exercises by a short prayer, and then, by request, proceeded to examine the various classes of his own schools and of mine, or rather, the four which have been taught by my Chinese student teachers. The first class called consisted of about twenty little boys, belonging to one of my day schools, who, with their heavy shoes, thickly wadded jackets, over which the long blue gown is worn, with the indispensable little black cap on their heads, marched forth with evident satisfaction at being called—though one of the ladies present remarked that "they looked more like good sized rolls of blue cotton than like real boys!" They were examined in Scripture, History and the Church Catechism, which the same lady said, "they did marvellously well, though they were such stupid, funny looking little things!"

The next class was of larger boys from the same school. They were examined in Genesis, with the Gospel of St. Matthew and St. Mark, which they had committed to memory during the past year, also several of the Chinese classics, which they never seemed weary of learning or repeating.

After this, Pastor Wong called out one of his girls' day-schools, which he examined and questioned in the usual course of Bible and religious instruction given in our day-schools. This is a school of some years' standing, and the girls showed not only the careful training they have been under, but good progress in their studies. My own and only girls' school, taught by a Ne-ku in Shanghai city, was not present, as the weather was too rainy for the little pupils to walk so far. I was quite sorry, as this is one of my pet schools; and in it is the little prodigy of 'learning and ambition' I have spoken of as throwing away "*girls' books*" and begging to study Chinese classics that boys and men study. She has been indulged in this precocious case, thinking it the best way to tire her of it, but she is as earnest as ever, and makes wonderful progress, has already mastered "Tai-Hiok" or Great Learning, the "Chung yung" or Golden Mean, and is in the third or fourth volume of the "Analects of Confucius," besides her usual religious studies.

Yet as there are six more schools to be examined and prizes to be given, there must be no more digression, nor will I weary you with minute descriptions of lessons recited and questions answered with a fluency and accuracy that, I fancy, is rarely excelled by schools of the same class "at home." If we had only the power to make them *practise* what they know with the same facility and ease they learn it, we should be the best of Missionaries? Still we do not lose heart or hope, as we remember that even though St. Paul may plant and Apollos water, GOD alone can give the increase.

The visitors all seemed well pleased with the Examinations, and I was content, although feeling what a stranger might not notice, that the learning of the pupils was rather more conspicuous than their teaching, *i.e.*, the pupils had done their duty of learning more thoroughly than the teachers theirs of teaching and explaining. But this I attributed to my own continued absence from the schools, on account of long illness, which has barely allowed me from time to time to hear lessons in my room though rarely able to visit the schoolrooms and never able to *teach* both teachers and scholars, as I so much love to do—and do so easily when in strong health. Yet my teachers are young, except the Ne-ku, and they are very willing, and I trust will go on improving. They are faithful, patient, industrious, and well versed in what they are required to teach. They have been teaching three years, still continuing their own studies, and when they are admitted candidates for Holy Orders—as I trust five of them will soon be—perhaps they will not teach longer, unless it may be to superintend schools, as does Pastor Wong.

The next larger class of boys in my boarding-school are coming on very nicely. They seem so grave and studious, and write so well, I already look upon them as teachers who will take the place of the present student teachers when they enter the Ministry.

My health is still so uncertain I hardly know whether to think most of living or dying, yet am quite content that it shall be as GOD wills, and happy in my work, feeling sure that it will live long after I "have passed from earth away."

With love and best wishes, Ever faithfully and affectionately yours, L Mary Fay.

DATE/PLACE: **1876, September 11.**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 42, 1877, pp 164-166. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
RECIPIENT: General Report
SUBJECT: (i) Chinese teachers in Duane Hall and Divinity School
(ii) Fay's health.

In the meantime I am sure you will be glad to know that I have "inherited my very wishes," what I have been sighing for and praying for, the last ten years—*i.e.*, a schoolhouse big enough to hold forty or fifty boys! Teaching is my life and my delight. I like large classes and the teaching of big boys and men! I always find them so studious and so anxious to learn, and they take such an interest in their studies; as one of my Divinity students said the other day, he did not know that the Bible was such a beautiful Book till he studied it with Fe Fe-ku-niang, my name in Chinese.

The only shadow on my path now is my still frail health. I am not able to do a tenth part of what I should gladly do if I were well and strong again. Yet I have a very efficient corps of teachers in the six young men who have been admitted Candidates for Holy Orders, and who are still in charge of my schools and delight to do my will. They are such a comfort to me. The oldest is twenty-five years old and has been thirteen years under my charge. He is the head master of my Boys' Boarding-school, and has been for nearly two years. I have just increased the school to thirty, appointing another of the Candidates to assist him. He is nearly five years younger, but is quite a *marvel* of piety and learning. I have also nominated him, and with the consent of Dr. Nelson he is appointed to fill the "Preston Divinity Scholarship," the only *Divinity* scholarship we have in the Mission. He is the youngest and most learned and humble of them all, and was supported for a number of years by the late Mrs. Dr. Preston, of Pittsburgh, who gave me the money to found a *Divinity Scholarship*, which is to be perpetual in the Mission, although tenable for three years only by any one Divinity student.

No. 3 is a protégé of Bishop Williams', whose scholarship he filled for seven or eight years. The Bishop thinks he is the most promising *Chinese* he has ever known.

No. 4 is one of my special pets. He was given to me about twelve years ago, by his mother, on her death bed, who told me she should die happy if I would only promise to take care of her only son, who was then a lad of nine years. This was in 1864, and he has been in my school ever since. When I was in America, in 1869 and 1871, Bishop Williams had charge of him, and I found him greatly improved on my return. No's 5 and 6 also have a history, but I fear you are already fatigued.

I am ever faithfully and affectionately yours, L.Mary Fay.

DATE/PLACE: **1876, NOVEMBER 9.**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 42, 1877, pp 84-88. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Unknown
RECIPIENT: General Report
SUBJECT: (i) **Opening of Duane Hall and Divinity School.**
(ii) **26th anniversary of of Fay's arrival in China.**
(iii) **Based on Fay's development of Boys' Boarding School.**
(iv) **Macgowan on Fay's work as translator of Chinese literature.**

Yesterday afternoon (Nov. 8th, 1876), a large gathering of Missionaries and the friends of Missions took place at the residence of Miss Fay, Hongkew. Amongst those present we noticed the Very Rev. Dean Butcher, D.D., Rev. Dr. Nelson, Rev. W Muirhead [London Missionary Society], Rev. J. Thomas, Rev. E. Thomson, S.W. Williams, LL.D., D.J. Macgowan, M.D., etc., etc.

The occasion was doubly interesting. It was the twenty-sixth anniversary of Miss Fay's entrance on the field of missionary enterprise in China, and also the inauguration of the "Duane Hall" and a Divinity School similar in some respects to that which has recently opened at Ningpo under the direction of the Rev. J. Hoare.

The institution is called after the late Dr. Duane, of the Board of Missions in connection with the Episcopal Church, and is under the superintending care of Bishop Williams. Dr. Nelson is Vice-President and Professor of Systematic Theology and Greek, Rev. E.H. Thomson, Professor of Pastoral Theology, Rev. Wong Kwong-chai, Assistant Rector, etc. An important feature in this institution is the fact that many of the more proficient Chinese students hold scholarships founded by friends in the States. Dean Butcher opened the proceedings with prayer, read a lesson from Canon McClatchie regretting that the state of his health prevented him from being present, and wishing Godspeed to the institution, and then delivered the following address:

My Friends: I have been requested to open this meeting with a few remarks, and I feel it a high privilege to do so. I have always been fond of commemorations, for I am persuaded that if persons never hold commemorations they will very soon give up doing anything worth commemorating. Well! to-day is an epoch—an era—in a well-spent life. Our sister has been twenty-five years a laborer in the field of Missionary endeavour. her thoughts have doubtless gone back frequently to the day when she first entered on her task. She has contrasted her feelings *then* and her feelings *now*. They must be very different, for things wear a bright and glowing tint at the outset, which after a while dies out and “Fades into the light of common day.”

This at least is the experience of those who labor at the busy callings of secular life. The glow of interest cools, the strength of endurance falters, the disappointments and rebuffs that we have to encounter seem more and more formidable, and like the old man in Ecclesiastes, we grow “afraid of that which is high,” and a very small obstacle seems high to us. Of course in the Life given to Religion it is different, but I should contradict the experience of every veteran here, if I ventured to describe the religious, aye the devoted life, as one of unvarying sunshine. However cheerfully and unselfishly we go about our work, however open we keep our hearts with the Master, all the year cannot be spent on the Mount where it is good to be, and where we have the unclouded vision. There are many hours and days when we are in the mist-shrouded valley of doubt, anxiety and struggle.

Our sister has not been unvisited by these trials which are not frowns, but only the graver countenance of the Father’s love. She has known many bereavements. The rooms in these Mission-houses are full of memories of solemn partings, yet she has by God’s will been enabled to carry through her work. What are its lessons to us? First, I would say that which all Missionaries in this country need—is love of books. If this commemoration has a voice for us, if we have any special quality to admire in the example before us, it is the little word—*study*! And no one who has not thought seriously about the matter can understand how difficult it is sometimes to pursue arduous literary labors with other cares coming, as it were, across the intricate pages. The troubles of some fellow-worker, the little anxieties of the native pupils and their families interfere, perpetually, and we are ever tempted to sacrifice accurate scholarship to discursive philanthropy. When so tempted, I, for my part, have often recalled the earnest worker whose name is in our hearts and thoughts and prayers to-day, and recognized the difficult union of warm sympathy for the cares of others, and exercising intellectual severity to self which have characterized the life of Mary Fay! Twenty-six years is a long time, but what is it in the retrospect of many a more unproductive desert? True, indeed, is the saying of the poet:

“We should count time by heart throbs;
We live in *deeds*, and not in figures on a dial.
He *must*—lives—who *feels* most—
Thinks the noblest—acts the best.”

The heart of the missionary throbs with others. The teacher of Christianity lives unselfishly and so *most* lives. There is no calling comparable to this one in the largeness of its aims, in the entirety of its devotion—and, God be thanked, in the amplitude of its promise. The number of converts gathered in may seem small—but how small were the beginnings of Christianity!

In the sixteenth chapter of the Book of Acts we read of the meeting of a few women under a certain Lydia, a seller of purple, in the city of Thyatira, who gathered a little group of people by the river side, at Philippi; that was the *introduction of Christianity into Europe*! But we have got far beyond that stage in China, and in Duane Hall and Divinity School we see an important foundation, with Presidents, Professors and Scholarships. I hold in my hand the First University Calendar of this Institution, so to speak, and read there a list of ten Chinese teachers and Divinity students, and thirty-five scholars, the Scholarships being founded and the funds supplied by the Churchmen and Churchwomen in the States—the veteran Bishop Potter founding one, and such names as the “Buston Scholarship,” the Coleman Scholarship,” and the like, reminding us of the interest taken in the Church in China by the Church at home.

And recollect, if the Church in China is to be a substantive Church and living branch of the Church of

Christ, we must look forward to the day when we have a native Pastorate, for the principle laid down by Bishop Cotton, the late Bishop of Calcutta, is undoubtedly true—"I hope," he said, "that we English Bishops are only 'the foreign Augustines and Theodoretts, to be followed, we trust, by a 'goodly succession of native Stigands and Langtons'."

We must hope for a native Clergy and for a native Episcopate—at present the Church is in leading strings as it were, but institutions like this one, it seems to me, are the most hopeful signs for free and healthy action of the Church in China. the plan of giving Clergy and pious lay-people at home a living interest in the religious work here, through the students who hold their Scholarships, is an admirable idea and seems almost certain to work well.

Let us beg a blessing on Duane Hall and hope that it will be a nursery of sound learning and religious education, extending its influence far and wide, over this ancient Empire. And for its faithful teacher who now hands over her school to the Mission she has served so well, may we hope and pray that God may send on her abundant blessings.

The religious life has its trials. But it has also its calm, unclouded ending—it has the light which shines more and more into the perfect day. It has the promise that those who go forth weeping and bearing good seed shall doubtless come again with joy and bring their sheaves with them.

After the conclusion of the Dean's speech the next speaker was Dr. Macgowan, who read a translation of an address from a large number of Chinese congratulating "Lady Fay" on the occasion. Before giving his translation Dr. Macgowan explained that it was not as adulatory as the framers originally intended; having seen the first copy he advised them to tame it down, yet as now presented it had still a rather florid, Oriental style. he was reminded of an incident named in Haydon's correspondence and Table Talk. The great Painter, writing to Wordsworth reminded the poet of a party which he gave to Keats, Charles Lamb, Keats Monkton, and other like spirits. Says Haydon, "Do you 'remember Lamb voting me absent and then making a speech descanting on my excellent parts and passing a vote of thanks? Do you remember his then voting me present (I had not left the chair), and informed me what had been done during my retreat, hoping I should duly appreciate the honor?" We shall not resort to this fiction and send Miss Fay out into the cold. But to spare her feelings I would parody a line that Mr. Black sang to us the other evening. It was Terrence taking leave of his beautiful Kathleen, and fearing that others might also be smitten by her charm sings to her:

"They'll say you're a swate charmin' cratur,

But don't you belave them, my dear."

If Miss Fay finds the Chinamen, whose mouth-piece I am, telling her she is clever, she need not believe them. The address was drawn up, and signed by Chinese, who had known Lady Fay for more than twenty years, and for that period had observed the extraordinary simplicity, constancy and purity of her life, and her devotion to work and study, comparing her to the illustrious literary women of China. The various translations that she had made from English into Chinese, and from Chinese into English were named, a tribute paid to her knowledge of the classics, and reference made to a celebrated native author, in whose works Lady Fay received the highest encomiums. The concluding words were somewhat the following: "If our countrywomen ever deserved a mark of distinction for virtue and filial piety, much more does this American teacher deserve such a mark of Imperial favor, as her life is sacrificed not for father, mother, husband, friend, or even for her own people, but for a far off and ancient people, who had no claim upon her sympathy, except through the religion of Jesus the Redeemer of the world." Dr Macgowan then read an effusion addressed to Lady Fay by a poet of high position in the Chinese literary world. It was suggested by what the poet had read of Miss Fay in the work named above, entitled "Pencilings of Things Seen and Heard." The verses ascribed to Lady Fay all the charms that adorn her sex, and all the intellectual qualities that are attributed to man. The notice of Miss Fay in that work is remarkable, as no other foreigner in modern times has been thus honored. Ricci, Verbiest and few others of olden time have their names embalmed in Chinese literature, but Miss Fay alone enjoyed such a distinction and Sinologues would unite in admitting the garland well adapted for the fair brow for which it was woven. Dr. Macgowan remarked on the appropriateness of the title which Chinese literati conferred on Miss Fay. to Englishmen, it might seem an invasion of the royal prerogative, for public of their own motion to apply such a term to honor a woman, but Miss Fay being an American, her countrymen might well accept that title for her, the more, as the term Miss is applied to girls not far from their teens, and applied to unmarried ladies of advanced years. The same title that is given to children seems incongruous; therefore, the title conferred by Chinese literati on an American scholaress seems fitting and appropriate. Dr. Macgowan also referred to Miss Harris, a competent coadjutor of Lady Fay, who lately came to her assistance, naming also Miss Nelson, to the manor born, being a native of Hongkew, the name of which signifies 'rainbow' the emblem of hope. He hoped that his young friend might live to receive an ovation a quarter of a century hence, either as a maiden or as a matron (the positions

were equally honorable), such as Lady Fay has earned.

During twenty-six years' absence from American she has spent twenty-three summers at this port, and has seen a great number succumb to its debilitating influence. Do you desire to know how to live long in China? Imitate the lady whom we have met to felicitate. Be cheerful and innocently gay, seek to diffuse happiness, and be profuse with your smiles. Thus contributing to the happiness and, consequently, health of others, you will do much to promote your own longevity.

Dr Macgowan, in closing, said he was sure that the Nestor of Sinologues, the late acting Ambassador of the United States for China, Professor-elect of Chinese in Yale College, would endorse all the laudation awarded to Miss Fay. Dr Williams did endorse all that had been said about that lady, commending her and her work in an eloquent manner, and at the same time giving an account of the educational movement in China, beginning with Mrs. Gutzlaff and the Morrison Education Society and pointing to Tong King-sing, Yung-wing and others as first-fruits. Other addresses followed, the closing one by Rev. Dr. Nelson.

DATE/PLACE: **1877. March 20.**
American Church Mission, Hongkew, Shanghai, China.

PROVENANCE: ***Spirit of Missions*, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 42, 1877, pp 375-376. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.**

AUTHOR: **Lydia MARY FAY.**

RECIPIENT: **Joshua Kimber, Associate Secretary, Foreign Missions Board, New York.**

SUBJECT: **Scholarship from St James' Sunday School, Bristol, Pennsylvania.**

My Dear Mr. Kimber . . . I was quite delighted with your letter of January 18, telling me of a new scholarship for Duane Hall, viz. St James', of St James' Sunday-school, Bristol, Pa. The taking of this scholarship seems timely help in time of need, as a very promising little lad of eleven years was brought here about two weeks ago by his mother, begging that he should be received as a pupil. I was too ill to see either mother or child, but sent word that they were to go away and come again when I might be able to see them.

Our teachers always take the part of new-comers—often share their rice and bed with them—hoping to recommend them to me and induce me to receive them at last into the school. This little lad seems to have been a friend of the head teacher of Duane Hall, who is a great favorite with all the other teachers, one of whom his mother persuaded to take care of her son till such a time as he could see me. They always trust me to forgive their disobedience when it consists of “acts of mercy” like this, and I was not even informed of it until, about ten days after, another request was made that I should see the lad; nor was I then told that he has been staying here. It is really a curious study to see how the Chinese *manage* to get their own way. However, I merely said, “Wait till next week.”

In the meantime your letter came, which I considered a special Providence for the poor lad in waiting—and all the more as you say, “Please place a scholar upon this scholarship with due promptness.” So as this seemed the nearest at hand, I first sent for the head teacher to know something of his antecedents. Being satisfied in that particular, I sent for the boy—a pleasant, well-grown lad of the regular Chinese-student face and class; large features, grave, calm, half-shut eyes—answering questions in the fewest possible words and often with the sententious gravity of age. For instance, I asked him *why* he wished to come to this school. “Because how can I be a man unless I have learning and wisdom?” he quietly said. I then asked, “Are your parents willing you should study Christian books?” “I already believe the doctrine of Jesus,” he replied, “and wish to come here to learn,” “so,” thought I, “this must be a chosen child that Providence has brought here to fill the St. James' Scholarship of Bristol, as the same Providence has put it into the hearts of the members of that Sunday-school to provide for his wants, not only giving him the means of becoming acquainted with the great doctrines of a Crucified, Risen Saviour, but of being a good and useful man.”

I love to think of my work in this way, as being all arranged and planned and carried on by the wisdom and goodness of Him Who has said, “Lo, I am with you always.”

DATE/PLACE: **1878. January 18.**
American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.

PROVENANCE: ***Spirit of Missions*, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 43, 1878, pp 212-213. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.**

AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
RECIPIENT: Joshua Kimber, Associate Secretary, Foreign Missions Board, New York.
SUBJECT: (i) Fay's health—congestion of the liver.
(ii) Extent of correspondence.

My dear Mr. Kimber: . . . I have been very ill for more than a month with congestion of the liver, from a violent cold. The first three weeks the doctors could make no impression on the disease. Since then I have been gaining slowly, but not equal to writing letters, which must account for my long silence. I have not written a letter for six weeks, not even to congratulate our Bishop; and though I have just been sighting over forty unanswered letters—as I have counted them from my writing-desk—I shall try and write a few words of welcome to him ere this mail closes. Yours with regard and esteem.

DATE/PLACE: 1878, February 18.
American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
PROVENANCE: *Spirit of Missions*, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 43, 1878, p 278. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY/
RECIPIENT: Joshua Kimber, Associate Secretary, Foreign Missions Board, New York.
SUBJECT: Scholarship for Duane Hall, (Miss S.C.M.)

My Dear Mr. Kimber: . . . In regard to the scholarship for seven years for Duane Hall, I think we owe it to the kind interest of Miss S. C. M., who for some years supported a pupil in my school who turned out very well. He is now a divinity student and one of my teachers. She wrote to me last spring that a brother-in-law of hers would take a scholarship in Duane Hall for seven years, but did not like to be “bothered” with yearly payments—could he pay it all at once? Oh, yes, I said by next mail, all the better. After the first year the sum, or rather the remaining sum could be placed at interest, and the interest might be given to the boy at the end of the seven years if he should prove worthy of it, or say any other disposition be made of it which might be thought best.

Just now we are in the midst of our China New Year holidays, so I cannot well choose a scholar till the pupils return from their homes or friends. Ten remain with me, and among them are two not assigned to scholarships; but they are not very interesting, except as their entire poverty and helplessness appeal to my sympathy. But for a pupil whose support is secure for *seven years* I would feel a double interest, and shall try to get a very bright promising lad, and then I should be free from that haunting fear I have that any mail may bring me news that a scholarship is discontinued, and then a favorite boy, upon whom I have lavished earnest prayers and careful teaching, is suddenly sent back to his heathen home, his idols, and his superstition.

By the 1st of March, which you say is the time the scholarship begins, I hope to be able to choose a boy who will be in all respects satisfactory to the founders of the scholarship and to myself. Yours faithfully.

DATE/PLACE: **1878. May 24.**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 43, July 1878, p 316. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
RECIPIENT: Joshua Kimber, Associate Secretary, Foreign Missions Board, New York.
SUBJECT: Famine in China.

Dear Mr. Kimber . . .

Just now, as you doubtless know, all China is mourning over the grievous famine in the north and west; and we daily hear sickening news... almost insupportable, and though we tax ourselves to the last point of endurance to give bread to the hungry, they are too often sent away unfed. You can imagine my delight, then, when I can take a needy one in school and feed and clothe him for a whole year; aye, and teach him too! I often think—how true indeed!—“that all worldly joys grow less to the one joy of doing kindnesses.”¹⁰⁶

There have been floods and famines, wars and pestilences, in China, since I came here; but we have never seen or heard of anything half so terrible as the present state of things. The poor women and children suffer most; the men tramp off to other places, leaving their starving families to a lingering though certain death. And what seems more painful that the want of timely rains in these famine regions will entirely destroy the spring crop of wheat, millet and rice.

One cannot but feel that the LORD in His anger is stretching out His hand and punishing this great nation. Like Nineveh of old, we pray that it may turn to the LORD with weeping and with fasting, casting away idols, learn to serve the living GOD.

There are some half dozen candidates for the ‘Frances Stanton’ scholarship but the happy one who will hold it will not be known till the 1st of April, when the school year begins; I will the send you his name, etc.

DATE/PLACE: **1878.**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkew, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 43, July 1878, p 325. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: Lydia MARY FAY.
RECIPIENT: Joshua Kimber, Associate Secretary, Foreign Missions Board, New York.
SUBJECT: (i) Divinity Students.
(ii) Bishop Schereschewsky.
(iii) Chinese Candidates for Ordination.
(iv) Fay’s Translation Work.
(v) Tsang—Fay’s teacher and colleague.

OUR DIVINITY STUDENTS

When Bishop Schereschewsky has been among us, pleading for the establishment of his college, and offering as one of the strongest appeals to our interest and aid the facilities it will give for raising up a native Ministry to do a better work among their people than we can hope to do, perhaps we have been inclined to forget that such a work is already going on, and that to-day in China there are sixteen candidates awaiting Holy Orders, as there are three native Clergymen already working among their race. The college will give greater opportunities than have been heretofore, but the work that has been done in this direction is already bearing fruit. A letter recently received from Miss Fay tells us something of two or

OUR CHINESE CANDIDATES

The present teachers in Duane Hall are two young men, my former pupils. They have been teaching four years for me in the same school. These young men, first called “student teachers,” and now “Divinity students,”—as it is about two years since they were admitted Candidates for Holy Orders—are very superior to most of the teachers that are accessible to Missionaries, and I consider them quite competent to teach even the advanced pupils of Duane Hall.

You ask, however, if they are able to help me in my own literary work. Not much, except when the road is very plain. I should never think of sitting down to translate anything with them, and deferring to their judgment in case of doubt; though one of them was highly complimented the other day by a Clergyman who

¹⁰⁶ From Aesop’s Fables, “The Dog in the Manger.”

is translating the New Testament. As his teacher was ill, he sent for mine, who being unwilling to go, I sent one of the Divinity students, whom he seemed to think was the learned *Tsang*, speaking very highly of his knowledge of the Bible and facility in translating.

But I quite despair of giving you any idea of the difficulty of translating anything English into the “book style” of the Chinese. It is not their spoken language, and even for a Chinese to write it well is considered as rare and difficult as it would be for American teachers to write well in Greek or Latin.

Tsang was the best and most perfect writer I have seen, and also the cleverest scholar, as well as the most amiable and obliging of friends. His death is still a great grief to me. He used sometimes to instruct the teachers of Duane Hall in composition, the higher departments of Chinese classics, and also International Law; but these lessons were always given in my study, and only after he had read them over with me. He had a fine, clear voice, and after he had been over a lesson with me he had the power of reproducing and giving explanations that were just splendid, and I found it easier to go over a lesson with him, explain terms and names—which are always a great puzzle to the Chinese—and then leave him to repeat, while I would lie on a couch and listen; or, if I felt too ill, leave the room altogether.

But without some such arts and discipline as this I never could have made him do what I did. Chinese teachers hate explanations; nor do they know much of what I call *teaching*. They make scholars learn a great deal; that is; *memorize*, but to *understand* what they learn seems mere useless presumption! It is for this reason I value so highly my trained Christian teachers.

DATE/PLACE: **1878**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkew, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 44, January 1879, p 33. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: General Notice.
RECIPIENT: Readers of *Spirit of Missions*.
SUBJECT: DEATH OF LYDIA MARY FAY AT CHEFOO (Yantai, North China), 5 October 1878.

We have received the sad intelligence of the death, at Che-Foo, on the 5th October last, of Miss LYDIA MARY FAY. She had been absent from Shanghai for some five weeks because of impaired health.

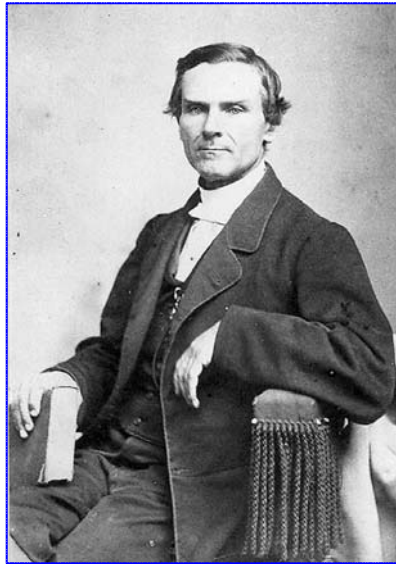
Miss Fay was appointed in 1850, from Essex County, Virginia, as Missionary teacher under Bishop Boone. She first sailed in the ship “Horatio” Nov 8th of that year.

Under the head of China we give varied and interesting testimony as to Miss Fay’s great eminence as a scholar and usefulness as a Missionary.

Our thoughts recur, in this connection, moreover, to the celebration of the twenty-sixth anniversary of her sailing, and the reopening of the boys’ school under the name of DUANE HALL, and to the testimony then given by the Very Rev. Dean Butcher, D. J. Macgowan, M.D., and others, all of which appeared in the February number for 1877.

DATE/PLACE/: **1878, October 14.**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkew, Shanghai, China.
Southern Churchman, Alexandria, Va Thursday November 28, 1878, Vol XLIV, No 48.
AUTHOR: Rev. Dr. Robert Nelson, Shanghai, China.
RECIPIENT: Editor, *Southern Churchman*.
SUBJECT: (i) **Obituary, MISS LYDIA MARY FAY.**
(ii) **Died 5 October.**
(iii) **A friend since 1839.**
(iv) **Early years in Virginia**
(v) **Early education in Albany, New York.**
(vi) **Knowledge of languages other than English.**
(vii) **Good general literary education.**
(viii) **Conversational gifts.**
(ix) **Chinese literary skills.**
(x) **Role as teacher/administrator in Boys' Boarding School.**
(xi) **Hopes for boys as future clergy.**

Rev. Robert Nelson.



Mr. Editor— I have already telegraphed to our Secretary of Foreign Missions the sad news of the death, on the 5th inst., of our sister and co-worker in this field, Miss Lydia Mary Fay, whose connection with this Mission was of twenty-eight years duration. Many in the Church in America will be saddened by these tidings, and not least many in Virginia, whee an early part of Miss Fay's life-work was done. To the influence of Bishop Meade, and of Rev. Mr. Dana, their rector of Christ Church there, it was in good part due that she became a missionary in China. This I have learned from herself.

My acquaintance with her dates from 1839, when he was governess to a private family at "Shooter's Hill," near you, before that fine old mansion was burned. Her devotion to the surviving members of the family was one of the elements of her life, and her early associations with them were often mentioned with pleasure by her.

Miss Fay's early training at a school in her native city, Albany, N.Y., was unusually thorough. Who were her teachers, I cannot say, but judging them from their pupil, they were adepts in their art. Certainly, Miss Fay possessed an exactness of acquaintance with the subjects she had studied which was of great value to herself and many others in her after life. Being well endowed intellectually, she was by this training specially qualified to teach others, as was manifest in her whole career as a teacher, and this accuracy of knowledge of elements acquired in her academic course gave her a heritage in books and the love of study which made her increasingly useful in her special work and general intercourse. And on this inalienable heritage, this inexhaustible resource, she drew largely in many a lonely hour of day and night. (For, during a large portion of her missionary life, she kept her solitary table; and for the last year or two she was the only foreigner in the house which she occupied.)

Miss Fay had been well grounded and instructed in several languages, especially English, Latin and French (she also had a useful working knowledge of Greek), in much of the best English literature, in botany and chemistry. She was decidedly the best English grammarian of my acquaintance, and Murray's Grammar was almost as much her own as the English alphabet. Of history ancient and modern, ecclesiastical, political, and general, she had large and accurate knowledge. Her logical and critical perceptions of the unities I prized as highly as often to avail myself of them. I make special mention of her knowledge of botany and chemistry, because by it she was enabled (through her acquaintance with Chinese and English), to render valuable assistance to Dr. S. Wells Williams (now of New Haven, Connecticut), in preparing his valuable Chinese and English dictionary, which is now the standard in this field.

Joined to these internal stores of knowledge, Miss Fay had great capacity of utterance, too. Her resources were all and always at ready command, and were easily and often effectively drawn on when occasion required. Her conversational gifts, intelligence and good manners, gave her a deservedly high place in the esteem of many in this community foreign to the missionary circle, and by them she was not unfrequently sought after both for their own entertainment and as an aid to them in entertaining others. And I have incidentally that on some such occasion, when some would-be-wise have ventured scoffing or irreverent remarks at Christ, or His servants, or His religion, they have found their own weapons turned on themselves by Miss Fay with such effect that they have had to regret the folly and weakness of their course.

As to Miss Fay's missionary life and work, more particularly: She sailed from America for China on the 8th November, 1850, arriving at Shanghai in the month of March 1851. The English language being at that time taught in the boy's school of the mission, she at once took part in the teaching of this school, entering at the same time to the study of Chinese. She early discovered an aptitude for the written or printed Chinese characters, as distinct from the spoken language. And this difference continued with her through her course. In the Chinese books she became quite a scholar, while her speech, though intelligible to those accustomed to it, was always peculiar and defective. But her work was the care and nurture of the boys under her charge. This consisted not only in their school exercises, but in doing the work of teacher, matron, nurse and guardian all in one. And this, in the early days especially, meant much that was trying to heart and stomach, and patience and temper, and strength and endurance, and faith and hope. It meant the personal application of sulphur to extraneous diseases, salve to horribly sore heads, the rod to obstinate or disobedient boys, oversight and insight to unclean dormitories and beddings and clothing and to many a heathenish thing with the reading of which I will not try you.

Among the sundry changes which (from causes I need not enumerate) took place in our mission, it occurred that Miss Fay for several years had charge of a school attached to the English Church Mission. But on my return to China, in 1867, in conjunction with Rev. Mr. Thomson, I arranged to bring Miss Fay again into the charge of a boy's school, on our own mission premises, as the former one had unhappily to be disbanded for lack of necessary supplies, during the war in America. From that time her work grew into favor with the Church at home, and enlarged into its present status, the school having been given by her the name of "Duane Hall" in memory of our late Secretary of Foreign Missions, Rev. Dr. Duane. Several of the higher classes in it have grown out of school boys into men, and some of these former pupils have become teachers in this and other schools, or student teachers, as Miss Fay prefers to call them, and a few are candidates for holy orders, and there are over thirty younger pupils under training in Duane Hall. With physical health and strength adequate, Miss Fay's ability to conduct this school could not be questioned. For more than a year past her health as been, for the most part, at a very low point. During much of last winter she was confined to her chamber; and often on her back for weeks together. About six weeks ago, by medical advise, she went to Che-Foo, 500 miles north of this, in hope that the change might tend to restoration to health. But the Lord Christ saw fit to take her from Che-Foo to a better country and give her there rest from her labors. She was very anxious, we hear, to get home, and the home of the blessed is her's. The last week of her life was one of prostration, and almost unconsciousness, and on Saturday, the 5th October, at about 10.15 p.m., she fell asleep to wake in the light of an eternal Sabbath in heaven. Her mortal part lies buried near Che-Foo, and not far from the spot where were buried, some sixteen years ago, the remains of Mrs. Dudley Smith, the daughter of Dr. Sparrow.

Miss Fay has left an example of devotion and singleness of purpose as a missionary to the heathen, not to be spoken of and praised, but to be followed by others. Her life was well spent, happily spent, and, no doubt, profitably spent. Industrious in occupying the talents committed to her, blessing with instruction in divine truth and the way of life those who were ignorant and out of the way, doing the Lord's will and thus buying up in store for herself by the grace and to the glory of her Saviour, the good things kept for his redeemed in heaven—what could she have done that is better?

Miss Fay was the last remaining member in China of our mission as it was when Mrs Nelson, with

Messrs. Keith and Points, arrived here on Christmas Day, 1851. Bishop and Mrs. Boone, Miss Emma Jones (whom you have known in Alexandria), Mr. and Mrs. Syle, Miss Tenney and Miss Fay welcomed us that day. Now not one of them is here. Miss Jones and Dr. Syle are all of them now living.

It is a cause of deep regret to us here that no member of our mission could be with Miss Fay in her last days and hours. But we knew that she had all care, medical and friendly, and from those who were not strangers to her. One of the best physicians of Shanghai and his wife were staying in the same hotel with her and gave very attention in their power. Another English lady also from Shanghai, who went to Che-Foo on the same steamer with Miss Fay, and staid in the hotel, was her constant friend and nurse at the last. This lady and Miss Fay's faithful servant, formerly one of her pupils, were the only persons present with her at the end. Both of them I have seen. The lady of the house did what was in her power, as did missionaries and other friends. On the day of her burial, the American consular flag was put at half-mast, and almost the whole foreign population of Che-Foo attended her funeral.

Miss Fay's work is done. Where are those who should take it up and carry it on?

Very faithfully and affectionately yours. R. Nelson.

DATE/PLACE: **1878. November 25.**
PROVENANCE: **American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.**
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 44, January 1879, pp 36-40. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: **General Notice.**
RECIPIENT: **Readers of Spirit of Missions.**
SUBJECT: (i) **IN MEMORIAM- LYDIA MARY FAY—Died Chefoo (Yantai, North China, 5 October 1878.**
(ii) **Nine Chinese ordained through Fay's teaching role.**
(iii) **Testimonials:**
Rt Rev. Horatio Potter, Bishop of New York;
Emma G Jones, former missionary co-worker in Shanghai;
Mr. A A. Hayes, Jr., former Treasurer of the Mission;
Rev. Dr. Snively, clergyman; (William Andrew Snively?)
S. Wells Williams, LL.D., of Yale College;
(iv) **Fay reports death of Tsang, her Chinese teacher.**
(v) **Rev. Dr. Robert Nelson.**
(vi) **Tsi-wang, Chinese Scholar, on Fay's translations.**
(vii) **Rev. Elliot H. Thomson.**
(viii) **Rev. Hunter Corbett of the Che-Foo Presbyterian Mission describes Miss Fay's death.**

IN MEMORIAM—LINDA MARY FAY

38 EAST TWENTY-SECOND STREET.
NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 25TH, 1878.

MY DEAR MR KIMBER: I return to you the proof of your proposed "Memorial Paper" for our dear friend Miss Fay, with many thanks for the privilege of reading it. It is very interesting; as so far as brief notices, hurriedly collected, could go, gives a faithful portrait of Miss Fay's character and labors. Though I had the pleasure of knowing her just previous to her first entrance on her Mission work in China, twenty-eight years ago, and had several opportunities of seeing during her single visit to this country for the benefit of her health, and have always been much interested in her character and work. I do not feel that I can add anything of value to your interesting paper.

At the time of her visit to this country, a few years since, she favored us with one or two brief visits. There was not a trace of egotism about her. She was not prone to dwell upon our own trials and labors; but naturally we encouraged her to speak of Chinese character and habits. It was very pleasant to observe how deeply interested she had become in the wonderful people among whom she lived and labored, and how fondly she was inclined to bring into notice every kindly trait—every custom of humane tendency and deep significance. Hers were the feelings and judgements of a large and comprehensive mind, full of human sympathies, never unmindful of what that people needed to enlighten, elevate, and purify them, to make them children of God and heirs of His kingdom, but yet recognizing those deep touches of humanity which reveal a Divine origin, and are to be discerned by an eye of charity and love in every nation and tribe of the earth.

Affectionately yours

HORATIO POTTER

In another part of this number appears the formal notice of the death of this illustrious Christian woman, which occurred on the 5th of October last. By an editorial which appeared in *The Churchman* immediately upon the receipt of the intelligence, the Church has already been informed how wonderfully her heart's desire and prayer to GOD has been answered, in that, humanly speaking, she and her life's work will continued to be represented by no less nine native Chinese admitted, and to be admitted, to the ministry of reconciliation; and this even is a cursory estimate, as it takes no account of those in other walks of life who, through her teachings, have been instructed in those things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health; not of those who, through her instruction, may in maturer years feel themselves called to enter Holy Orders.

The question which meets us at the outset is not, what shall be said, but what shall be omitted. As we feel at present, we would prefer that others should speak who have known her in the different relations of life—all but one of them in daily intercourse in the home of her adoption.

Miss **Emma G Jones**, her long-time co-worker, writes:

Miss Fay has gone to her rest, but her works remain to testify to her zeal and perseverance in her Master's service. She had left behind her a little army to take up her staff and follow her footsteps. I know not who can fill her place. There will be as faithful laborers, but, I fear, none of such varied talents, who can aid in the literary department—so important among the Chinese.

Mr. **A. A. Hayes, Jr.**, who for a number of years rendered most valuable service as Treasurer of the Mission, has written to *The Churchman*.

There was an announcement in a recent number of your paper which possessed a sad interest for many of those Americans whose lot it has been to visit or reside in China during the last quarter of a century—that of the death of Miss Fay at Shanghai. Having had the privilege of a long and intimate acquaintance with her, and knowing in what honor and esteem she has been held by the lay community at that place, I desire to say that they have sustained an irreparable loss. She was one of the truest, and best, and most efficient missionaries that ever lived, and her praise as such should be in all the Churches; but her life was also a daily testimony to those about her of the beauty and happiness of self-sacrificing duty. Almost alone in the world, engrossed in the hardest of work, and living most frugally, and without many of the comforts which are generally thought indispensable in an inhospitable climate, she shed the sunshine of a genial and hearty sympathy on all about her. In the annals of Missionary work, her faithful devotion to the heathen will have a lasting place; and great generals and admirals and eminent travellers have recorded their opinions of the wonderful "Boys' School" of years ago; but who is to reckon up the number of her fellow-residents whom she helped, and cheered, and comforted.

Her life and example were more than a thousand sermons, and in view of the obstructions which they ways and doings of some foreigners in the East are declared to offer to the success of Mission work, it is no small thing to say that no one ever lived who did more than she to gain for that work their goodwill and assistance.

It was altogether fitting, as it was doubtless her wish, that she should die and be buried among the people to whom she gave her life; and by none, I am sure, could she be more deeply mourned.

The **Rev. Dr. Snively**, who for a brief time, during her last visit to the United States, was Miss Fay's Pastor, and who has already had a communication upon the subject in *The Churchman*, writes to the Secretary.

I have in my possession extracts from *The Far East*, containing the notice which the celebrated author, Tsi-Wing (a resident of Shanghai), made of her in his book "Pencil Sketches of Things Heard and Seen," as well as the account of the interest which Lord Elgin, Sir Frederick Bruce, Admiral Hope, Sir Hope and Lady Grant, as well as our own American Minister, Mr. Ward, felt in her school and its results; and also the address of the Rev. Dean Butcher upon the occasion of the celebration of her twenty-sixth anniversary. You tell all about her as a Missionary, as teacher in the school, and nurse in the hospital' but she was also a linguist of no ordinary grade, and a woman whose superiority, all unconsciously on her part, drew forth the encomiums of all who knew her, and commanded a respect which was as profound as it was rare.

It was my privilege to know her personally for a few months, and my intercourse with her impressed me with this single thought, viz., that hers was a universally sweet and amiable temper, allied to an unconquerable will and an inexhaustible patience; and that these all were consecrated to and concentrated upon the darling work of her life—the education of her Chinese boys. But of her intellectual greatness and her literary renown I learned through other sources; and the mentions of these, at least, is needful for the adequate delineation of her character.

Dr. Snively has now kindly furnished the extract above referred to from "Pencil Sketches of Things Heard

and Seen," by Tsi-Wang, which we here incorporate, preceded by a prefatory note.

Is it not strange that the native friends of Miss Fay should refer to the account given of her by the author of 'Pencil Sketches of Things Heard and See'; for while the names of Ricci, Verbeist-Schaal, and a few olden time foreigners are embalmed in Chinese literature, *Miss Fay, alone of modern Sinologues, has been thought worthy of notice by Chinese scholars.*

The author, **Tsi-wang**, was a resident of Shanghai. His father, a scholar of eminence, filled the post of Superintendent of Literary Examinations; but he himself declined office, and devoted himself exclusively to literary pursuits. The best known of his works, "Pencillings," is a book of anecdotes and collections, in ten small volumes. It has already come to be regarded as a classical production. He makes the following remarks about Miss Fay:

"I am told, by a learned friend, that there is a foreign lady named Fay, who has a school in Hong Kew. She is of middle age, and unmarried, yet with a face as fresh as a peach or an almond blossom, and a nature cold as ice, and pure as the falling snow. She loves Chinese books, and has the Scholar Tsang Chu-Kwei for her teacher. She speaks Chinese, having mastered the tones and combinations of sounds, daily increasing her knowledge by the study of the 'Imperial Dictionary' (Kanghi). Living thus, her pure nature and love of study supersede all family ties and joys. This is a woman to be revered. To this true lover of study, Lady Fay, praise can add no more."

We need not say how glad we are to be able to add here the testimony of so distinguished a scholar as **S. Wells Williams**, LL.D., of Yale College.

My first thought in writing to you on learning the lamented death of Miss Fay, and joining in the tribute justly due to her character and works, is that, however said it may be to us to see a useful life end in the midst of its usefulness, not a kernel of the wheat garnered in by the good Husbandman is unripe, nor a (38) stone fitted for His living temple by the great Builder is unsuited to its place. If all GOD's works are thus perfect, such a life as hers, even though we cannot here see its ripeness and completeness, must furnish us much for our encouragement and instruction.

I first became acquainted with Miss Fay in 1856, and soon saw that the tuition and training of the lads under her care was a heart work, which drew out all her strength, thoughts, time, and hopes on its full accomplishment. That it was well done is now to be seen in the character and position of many of her pupils who have long since entered on their life-work. When she took the school she entered upon the thorough study of the language and literature of China, in order to fit herself for teaching them the better in all knowledge; she soon became interested in the pursuit, and to the end of life her appreciation of the works of Confucius and Mencius increased. All that was true and good in those writings she regarded as coming from the Infinite Source of truth and goodness; and she led her pupils to make comparisons, and give a juster value to their own authors, as they learned the perfect words of GOD. Miss Fay's interest in Chinese literature was subordinated to the improvement of her scholars, but when increasing weakness laid her aside from active teaching, these early researches furnished constant enjoyment to her mind.

My intimate acquaintance with her began when I came down from Peking in November, 1871, in order to print my Syllabic Dictionary. She arrived from America during the next month, and willingly agreed to my proposal to aid in the revision of the manuscript, which we examined together, so that she should know just what was to be done. Her old teacher, Tsang, happily, was able to render her service, and soon became much interested in making the work both accurate and full. Nineteen months soon passed away in this manner, and the feeling that Miss Fay and her enthusiastic assistant had revised every one of the 90,000 phrases in it, removed much of my anxiety lest numerous slips and errors should creep in unnoticed.

The death of his man by apoplexy is thus referred to in a letter received from **Miss Fay** last July:

"Did I tell you of the very sudden death of my old teacher Tsang, who had been my friend and guide in Chinese studies for more than fifteen years? He was the one who read the manuscript of your Dictionary with me, and knew by heart every character and every definition in it. He had a wonderful memory, and was so amiable, too; and I depended much upon him for my Chinese knowledge that his sudden death was a great grief to me. He was with me on the 1st of October, seemingly in good health; but as I waited for him the next morning, his brother rushed into my study to say he was dead. It was a terrible shock. There lay his open book and his half-closed fan, just as he had left them the evening before, and his empty chair. I could not believe I would never see him again. I can never hope to get another teacher like him; not have I tried, or even opened a Chinese book since in the way of study. I fear I was all too fond of it, and perhaps studied when I ought to have been teaching, or looking after the hundred boys I had in my different schools."

In that unconscious biography which we see constantly writing of ourselves when we write similar letters, Miss Fay delineated many of her traits of character, and motives, in the justest manner. In one of the many

now before me, she describes her feelings at being laid aside:

“I doubt not the severe illness or suffering of any kind brings us nearer our Heavenly FATHER; and I often feel that all the real value of theology may be comprised in that one line of the old hymn, ‘Only Jesus can do helpless sinners good.’ To me the great trial of sickness is being laid aside from work. The pain, the nauseous medicines, the bitter draughts, the sharp remedies, are as nothing to that of doing nothing, seeing one’s daily duties accumulating week after week, month after month, until the very thought of so much work undone is a weariness and trial beyond all others. Ah! I have much need that you should remind me, “They also serve who only stand and wait,” and must keep it in mind, for the doctor says I must not expect, or even try, to work among the Chinese as in past days. I shall need much patience in the effort to do cheerfully and lovingly the little that I am able, resting upon the promise, “as they days, so shall thy strength be.”

Twenty-eight years spent in this useful and laborious life brought with it many of the disappointments, trials and weary days which every worker in the MASTER’S vineyard must bear; but Miss Fay endured to the end, and in singleness of purpose carried on her oversight of the schools. She wrote many short contributions to magazines and the local foreign papers, and published a good translation of the various official documents connected with the Emperor Tungchi’s marriage in October 1872. But I do not think that she wrote much in China, for she had no time to do so amid the constant oversight of the schools. I remember her expressing her relief on one occasion that vacation had come, and the boys were all going home for a little while, and stillness would once more pervade the house. But in less than a week she was awakened one morning (39) by the usual din of a Chinese school-house, where the boys all scream as they memorize their lessons, and soon learned that it was the clamor made by her own pupils. Soon tiring of the dullness of their homes, they had come back to school to study by themselves, and were there altogether vociferating in English in every imaginable key, and repeating bits of every sort of lesson in a kind of babel as comical as it was unexpected.

You will have so many better notices of Miss Fay’s life and labours, my dear sir, that I will not lengthen these remarks. I was one of the large party of her sincere friends which met at the opening of Duane Hall, in Shanghai, on the 8th of November, 1876, to join our thanks with hers to the gracious Providence who has watched over us during the many years some of us had spent in China, and congratulate her on the opening she had done so much to bring about. You have read the notice of the meeting, and there was never a more cordial and graceful testimonial given to any Missionary in China than Miss Fay received at this time. It was the closing scene of my acquaintance with her; and completed, too, in a pleasant manner, my own work in China in the same good cause. Miss Fay has written her record in many minds which will revive and continue her work among their countrymen, and be her crown of glory at the last day.

Even while we write there comes a mail from China, bearing dates to the 15th of October. Speaking upon the one topic that engrossed their thoughts, the **Rev. Dr. Nelson** says:

No member of our Mission was with Miss Fay—a source of vain regret to us; but she had kind friends, and a skilful physician from Shanghai, the hotel with her, from whom she received all necessary care and attention. Besides ... a resident physician of Che-Foo attended her. The Missionaries there did what they could for her, and the landlady of the hotel showed every attention in her power. One English lady of this place, who went to Che-Foo on the same steamer with Miss Fay, was with her very constantly and to the end... The last week of her life was passed in a state of half or total unconsciousness. She expressed strong desire ... to be brought home to Shanghai, but ... heavy weather and Miss Fay’s own weak state prevented. She died about fifteen minutes after ten o’clock on Saturday night, October 5th, and was buried the next afternoon. The funeral was attended by a large portion of the community, both visitors and residents. The flag of the United States Consulate was put at half-mast that day, as a mark of respect to Miss Fay.

Miss Fay’s health had been a source of anxiety to me for more than a year; but such was her reluctance to have anything written about her condition that I rarely make mention of it.

The Rev. Mr. Thomson writes:

One of the old body of standard-bearers has fallen in the field. Who will come to live, labor, suffer, and, if needs be, die for the great MASTER’S work? ... We would indeed have been glad to have had her here with us in Shanghai; but next to being here, Che-foo, with the friends there, was the best place.

On Sunday (yesterday) afternoon there was a large gathering at one of the city churches, when Miss Fay’s death was announced, and some kind words in her memory were spoken. The Rev. Mr. Wong then arose and made a beautiful address, speaking of her great regard for the Chinese, and the high standard of goodness and learning that she had set for her scholars.

The **Rev. Mr. Woo** arose to speak, but was so overcome with feelings of grief that he could not utter a

word. Truly, his wordless address was more eloquent than words.

The **Rev. Mr. Wong** sends Miss Fay's last letter to him, as he says, "to show" us. That letter does show that her work was uppermost thought in her mind even when in weakness of body and spirit she was seeking change and rest. Mr. Wong speaks of Miss Fay as "our most dearly beloved friend and Christian mother," and says, "We mourn for her because she has gone to her eternal home too soon, and left these scholars like motherless children. Please share our sympathies."

Through the kindness of the **Rev. Hunter Corbett of the Che-Foo Presbyterian Mission** we have the satisfaction of knowing some more particulars of Miss Fay's last hours. Miss Downing (an old missionary) spent nearly the whole of the day, Saturday, with her. Mrs. Nevius (wife of the Rev. Dr. Nevius, Missionary) had been with her previously. The Rev. Mr. Greenwood, of the "S.P.G." Mission, administered the Lord's Supper on the Monday before her death, which seemed to be a great comfort to her. She was buried in the foreign cemetery of Che-Foo, a lovely spot above the town. The Rev. Mr. Greenwood read the Service, after which the Rev. Dr. Williamson made a short address. Mr. Corbett adds; "We feel sad that she should have died at the hotel, but after she grew worse she did not wish to be removed. She seemed anxious, however, to return to Shanghai to die."

With what words more fitting can we close than with those of the beloved and aged disciple:

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, from henceforth, blessed are the dead which die in the LORD; even so with the SPIRIT, for they rest from their labors."

DATE/PLACE: **1878**
PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkou, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 44, January 1879, p 47. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: General Notice.
RECIPIENT: General Notice—Miss Julia Emery.
SUBJECT: (i) **IN MEMORIAM- LYDIA MARY FAY**— Died Chefoo (Yantai, North China, 5 October 1878.
(ii) "Letters written from a lonely room."

When, nearly seven years ago, the Secretary of the Women's Auxiliary was called to make up her first number of the Women's Department, for the THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS of February, 1872, she could find nothing more fitting for her purpose, or more worthy of the first place in this record of women's work, than a picture of Miss Fay surrounded by her boys, and an account of her Mission life.

And all along since then, through the entire existence of the Auxiliary, we have rejoiced to give place to the words of her ready pen, and have felt honored to see them on our pages. And now that no fresh words can come from her to us, and as soon we may cease to print what she has written, or to name her name as frequently as of old, we must add one word of loving sorrow to those which have gone before.

Yet it can hardly be a word of sorrow when we recall her different letters—letters written in much pain of body, or in grief at the loss of friends—letters written from a lonely room, a room seeming more lonely perhaps to all others than to her who long had entertained her Saviour in it and never ceased to find in Him her comfort, That she should die away from it, away from the familiar places of her work, the loved faces of her boys, is our greatest grief. That she should die, it is not, since to die for her is gain.

The memory of such a life as hers must ever be a precious legacy as itself was a bright example to us all. She lives again and again in her scholars' lives—in the lives of those of those of their countrymen whom they shall bring, by God's grace, to the loving knowledge of the Cross of Christ. She lives in our lives, as, thinking of her, we do our duty better in our several callings, remembering that we too are Missionaries, and are called, each in her degree, to preach the Gospel to the poor, deliverance to the captive, recovery of sight to those who are blind.

In *our degree*. Ours may be poor and lowly work compared with hers, but it is the work God gives into our hands, and it is done in faithfulness to Him. He will look with loving and commending smile upon it, even as we do not doubt with such a smile He is looking now on the finished work of our dear Miss Fay.

DATE/PLACE/: **1879.**

PROVENANCE: American Church Mission, Hongkew, Shanghai, China.
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 44, March 1879, p 120 Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.

AUTHOR: Very Rev. Dean [Charles Henry] Butcher. Holy Trinity Anglican Church, Shanghai.

RECIPIENT: General Notice.

SUBJECT: (i) **IN MEMORIAM- LYDIA MARY FAY**— Died Chefoo (Yantai, North China, 5 October 1878.
(ii) **Memorial Sermon by Very Rev. Charles Henry Butcher, Church Missionary Society, in Holy Trinity Church, Shanghai.**

Reverting to the sad event now known far and wide throughout the Church—the death of Miss Fay—we are able to give this month, “through the thoughtfulness of Mrs. Schereschewsky,” an extract from a memorial sermon preached by the Very Rev. Dean [Charles Henry] Butcher, of the English Church, entitled

“Christian Service and Christian Hope,”
Text—1 Thess iv, 13, 14 . . .

Most of those who have listened to me thus far will have guessed why I have spoken of this solemn theme today, and will have conjectured why it was hardly possible for me to speak of any subjects save a future life and the condition of the faithful departed, for a very loyal servant of the MASTER has been called to another and nobler service than ours here on earth, within a few brief days. The Missionary character is pursued with an unrelenting criticism, and of course there are spots on the armor of every soldier of the Crucified. But I think we may say, without exaggeration, that the cause of GOD in China has lost an ally (yes, and contradiction as it seems, a strong ally) in the feeble, toilworn invalid who died at the little Northern port by the sea a week ago. The name of Lydia Fay occurs to you all.

The characters of Christians differ. It is the peculiarity of life of the SAVIOUR to impart different gifts, and a different selection of gifts to different believers, so that while all have a family likeness to the MASTER, yet they are “not like to like” but “like in difference.” Now, if I were to try and say what type our late friend bore, I should say that her character was moulded and fashioned in the Anglican pattern. Quiet, careful, reverent, not caught up by passionate revivals and the gospel of hysterics, but equable and calm and thoughtful. To speak from my own experience, I may say with absolute truth that I have derived priceless lessons from the mines of knowledge and the clear wells of pure judgment this poor invalid possessed. Her letters were full of quotations from the older and more learned Divines. She was richly provided with the two great treasures—principles and illustrations. The basis of her faith was reasonable and calm and broad. She had not hesitations about the great doctrines; there they were, deeply and firmly held as a foundation. And beyond this, less valuable perhaps, but more attractive, were illustrations from mediaeval biography, from French preachers, from great writers in many languages and of many lands. The mind of our pious and kindly friend was no scantily furnished book-case, with a few half-remembered texts and fragments of essays on the shelves. It was a thoroughly well-filled storehouse, with the wise thoughts of wise men carefully treasured and ready when rapid memory touched the spring to open and to help.

I leave to others the task of speaking of the Missionary labours of our dead friend. There are colleagues in the work who will not fail, we hope and believe, to speak distinctively of the thoroughness of the Teachers’ work—a work continued truly “through evil report and good report,” amidst drawbacks and difficulties which it is painful to recall, and with gradually sinking health. Two points, however, in that Missionary work may be commended here. 1. It was never narrow—never sectarian. It was the work of one who had grasped the truth that there was good in heathen systems, and who studied the modes of thought and the influential motives of those she taught. 2. It was never spasmodic, or capricious, or emotional. It was systematic and careful. Forms and rules were wisely studied in dealing with natives of a land where order is so prized. And the results are apparent in pupils, who, in the best and truest sense, have been accustomed to understand what they read. I think nothing can be in worse taste than exaggeration in praise over the poor, erring, sin-stained men and women, to whom one is after all only a very little better than another. But while we are humble in the sight of a great, just, and hold GOD, we should also not neglect to note those who seem to have had more of the atmosphere of heaven about them than their fellows, and who have led more self-denying lives, and caught clearer visions of duty and of attainment. The career that closed yesterday week amidst comparative strangers, but with the sympathy and kindness of affection and respect circling around it, was a model and example thus. Here, at least, was a woman who gave twenty-eight years to the hardest Missionary work, who labored for the bodies and souls of a race whom, before Christianity, were regarded as an alien race, and who, without vows of poverty, loneliness, or asceticism in a Protestant Church, did a large amount of good,

brining not a weak enthusiastic temper, but a strong head, a warm heart, and powers cultivated by study to the difficult task . . . And of the circumstances of her death. Only a few weeks ago I wrote to her and mentioned incidentally my own sad employment in reading so frequently the solemn services of the Church when she commits the bodies of her children to the ground. She replied: “You are thinking of the graves of others. I am thinking of my own”; and then I recalled how she had over and over again quoted me the sentence of Pascal, quoted in the *Christian Year*, “We die alone.” Yes, indeed, we die alone. In one sense, “Yes,” in another and a better sense, “No” for ‘no man liveth to himself, and no main dieth to himself.’ We may have outlived our kindred, we may have no blood relations to follow us to the grave, but we are not alone. We never *can* be alone, if we have the memory of faithful labor, humbly done unto CHRIST, to make the dark journey light, and if we have all the rich comforts and consolations of Religion to guard us on our star-paven way to Heaven. The only book this faithful servant took with her to read in her illness, save the Bible, was the “Lives of the Saints.” Amongst that blessed company she will be found, we hope and pray.

When the resurrection morning
Has just bean to break.

And rely on it, to the eye of faith there were sights and glories revealed before the saintly parting, for there, there, and at every death-bed which closes a good life, there, I say, was CHRIST, the Great Absolver, Who warns us lest we sorrow, “even as others which have no hope.”

And why have we hope? Because CHRIST died and rose again, and will come with thousands and ten thousands of radiant saints at last. And why have we something more than hope? Because of the lives spent like the life so lately closed we *cannot, we dare not*, believe that silence is the end. We cannot, we dare not, believe that such lives of conscientious labor for others, and assiduous culture of all Christian graces, can perish utterly, can die as the withered grass or the trampled flower. Not assuredly good people are the pledges of the goodness of GOD. Every holy life turns to Him who is the centre and the sun. GOD is goodness. GOD is immortal. Goodness is immortal, and therefore His servants will not perish; they shall shine as stars for ever and ever; they sleep now, but they shall be awakened by the words of approval and of victory. “Well done! thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

DATE/PLACE: **1879, January 30.**
PROVENANCE: **American Church Mission, Hongkew, Shanghai, China.**
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 44, May 1879, p 176. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: **Mrs. Schereschewsky, wife of 3rd Episcopal Bishop in China.**
RECIPIENT: **General Notice re Episcopal Mission in Shanghai.**
SUBJECT: (i) **Rev. Woo Hong Niok.**
(ii) **Fay Memorial School.**
(iii) **Letter from Miss Fay dated May 23rd, 1878**

Mrs. Schereschewsky¹⁰⁷ writes to a parish officer of the Auxiliary.

“We have seen another of our native clergy, the Rev. Woo Hoong Neok, who has proved so thoroughly useful and trustworthy in all that he has undertaken. Mr. Thomson told me of him, that he (Mr. Woo) could tell of more work that might be done that could be accomplished in a year. This one statement made me feel how needful it was for us all to be up and doing, and we pray God that the Church at home may be made more and more zealous for the cause of Christ in this land.

Dear friends, we all of us need to be amused and to act in the living present, not to wait, not to falter, for God’s blessing will rest upon those who, strong in faith, take hold of this work in an earnest, willing spirit, ready to avail themselves of every vantage-ground, and to press on to victory.

And again she says, in writing to the Secretary of the Auxiliary:

I want to send you some lines that I received from one of **Miss Fay’s** Bible-Readers, now a school teacher in a girl’s day-school which has been placed under my care. I thought that the words which she wrote concerning Miss Fay would be valuable in expressing the impression that dear Miss Fay has made and left on the Chinese mind.

“Dear Miss Fay was my guide and protectress in all my troubles, therefore her death I shall always lament, and her kindness I can never forget. She entered into all my difficulties, though herself frequently

107 Mrs. Susan Schereschewsky, nee Susan Waring.

sick and feeble, and she truly did assist me to the uttermost of her power; but she has finished her beneficial labor on earth and gone to her eternal reward in Heaven.”

In a letter to the Secretary of the Foreign Committee, dated January 30th, Mrs. Schereschewsky says:

“I want you to tell my friends that it is my earnest wish to push on girls’ day-schools. Of this the Bishop heartily approves. I had an informal meeting with Mrs. Bates and Mrs. Sayres, who give me their earnest sympathy. Mrs. Sayres desires to begin a girls’ day-school as soon as possible. Mrs. Bates hopes to do the same when she gains more strength—as the voyage out told upon her . . .

I have taken in hand one of the girls’ day-schools, which I have called the Fay Memorial School. There are eighteen girls, and I should to improve and engraft, if possible, new ideas upon the old. Will you send me some pictures, either framed or unframed,—scenes from the life of Christ preferred—and some maps of the world.

Miss Fay made mention of her day-schools in a letter dated May 23rd, 1878. She says:

I have four day-schools besides the thirty-seven boarders belonging to Duane Hall, and as my health is not very strong, if it were not for my very efficient teachers I should hardly be able to do anything. The day-schools still continued are the same as several years ago, and all but one of them with the same teachers. . . There is hardly a day that I do not have the most urgent appeals for receiving pupils into my schools. The parents would give me their children, or sell them, or do anything to induce me to take them (because of the terrible famine pressing them so sorely), and I am more delighted than I could tell you when I get a letter from Mr. Kimber telling me that I can take a new scholar. I always have some one on hand waiting, and put him on the scholarship as soon as I read the letter; and if you could see the grateful, happy faces when told they “can stay,” you would not wonder at my pleasure.

DATE/PLACE: **1880, August 24.**
Foreign Missions Committee, New York.

PROVENANCE: ***Spirit of Missions*, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 46, May 1880, p 359. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.**

AUTHOR: **Mrs. Susan Waring Schereschewsky, wife of 3rd Episcopal Bishop in China.**

RECIPIENT: **General Notice re Episcopal Mission in Shanghai.**

SUBJECT:

- (i) **Rev. Woo Hong Niok.**
- (ii) **The Lydia Mary Fay Memorial Scholarship.**
- (iii) **Wu Ching Chang, beneficiary.**
- (iv) **Rt. Rev. William Boone Jr., 4th Episcopal Bishop in China.**
- (v) **Fay reburied in Shanghai—Rev. Dr. Robert Nelson.**

**THE LYDIA MARY FAY MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP,
ENDOWED BY THE MASSACHUSETTS BRANCH OF THE AUXILIARY**

For some time we have wished to print the following letters, which, for one reason or another have been crowded out of our pages from month to month. From them we learn something of what our endowed scholarships are doing in China.

To the many Contributors toward the endowment of the “Lydia Mary Fay Memorial” Scholarship.

Dear Friends—It is with great joy that I learn that the scholarship proposed at the meeting in St. Paul’s Church, Boston, in October, 1878, as a memorial to Miss Fay, is already fully endowed. It shows how many workers joined by one holy bond can do a work that shall go on for long ages doing good, for Christ’s glory, and upbuilding of His Church and the very great help of those who may become students under the provisions of the Memorial Scholarship.

The first to hold this position is Mr. Wu Ching Chang, long connected with Miss Fay, and by her esteemed most highly for his steady character, earnest work and good abilities. He is married and a father, and will (D.V.) be sent forth this winter as a Catechist. This is to prove our students in practical work; and if he gains a good record, in two years we shall hope to ordain him to the Diaconate. Thus he will very soon vacate this Scholarship, but you will, I know, none the less follow him in your prayers. Indeed he will the more need them when directly opposed by heathen antagonism, and surrounded by those who can be no help to him in living so as to set forth Christ’s example in the midst of a gainsaying and materialized people. Another is ready to enter for a longer term into the benefits of this Scholarship, and we can only hope that he

will prove as sincere and steadfast. Meanwhile it is very pleasant to feel that Miss Fay's probable wish has been met in thus linking Mr. Wu for the first year to her Memorial Scholarship.

We all, teachers and taught, need your earnest prayers for ourselves and our work, which is, as we believe, our Master's; and we cannot too often urge upon you this duty and privilege, one that all may take part in.

Very sincerely yours, Wm J Boone
Shanghai, August 24, 1880.

A letter written by Wu Ching Chang, and translated from the Chinese by the Rev. Yung Kiung Yen.

... When Miss Fay was living, she taught us what was good and important. When, by reason of her severe sickness, she went to Chefoo, all her scholars accompanied her to the ship to see her depart. Afterward, when the news of her death came, there was not one who did not shed tears. Finally, when **Dr. Nelson brought her remains to Shanghai to be re-buried**, hundreds of people attended the funeral—people who remembered that during her life of twenty-eight years in China, she superintended schools, and wrote books, and exhorted all for good—doing all things with untiring diligence. All were mindful of her earnestness of heart in making known the Gospel, and of her sincerity of purpose in giving instruction; all were thankful for her virtuous deeds even to the end of time. Hoping you will write me again for my instruction. Yours respectfully

Wu Ching Chang,

St John's College, October 29th, 1880.

DATE/PLACE: **1885.**
PROVENANCE: **Foreign Missions Committee, New York.**
Spirit of Missions, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 46, February 1885, p 103. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.
AUTHOR: **Albert Carrier Bunn.¹⁰⁸**
RECIPIENT: **General Notice.**
SUBJECT: **(i) Death of an unidentified brother of Lydia Mary Fay. (Note: There is no evidence in the family history of the person referred to.)**
(ii) Rt Rev. William Boone, JR., 4th Episcopal Bishop in China.
(iii) Ordination of students of Lydia Mary Fay.

“NUNC DIMITTIS”
THE PRAYER OF LYDIA MARY FAY

An Albany home was many years ago made desolate by the death of a youth, his parents' pride and hope. They had dedicated him to the work of the Christian Ministry, and had devoted a sum of money to his education.

But these hopes of him so far from being blasted, as must have seemed to be the case at his death, were to be wonderfully fulfilled, though in a strange way and after many years.

A sister of the dead boy was inspired with a desire to do a work as nearly as possible like that which she supposed he would have done had he lived, and she became like Queen Elizabeth in the place of the young Edward. The money which had been intended for him was used for her, and she acquired an education which even in this day would be considered remarkable.

In the year 1850 she offered herself as a Missionary teacher under Bishop Boone in China. The spirit in which she entered upon her work was expressed when she was last in this country to the late Dr. Twing. “I went,” said she, “praying that God would make me instrumental in leading one native youth to the Ministry of Reconciliation, in which case I would gladly sing the song of the aged Simeon.”

Twenty-seven years passed and she too died. She was many thousands of miles away from the old homestead, and not a face of a kinsman or early friend bent over her in her last hours. But fellow-missionaries, exiles like herself from the native lands for Christ's sake, were around her, and tears flooded the dusky faces of many of the people among and for whom she had labored all those years, and who mourned for her as for a mother. Hers had been (104) a life of self-surrender, of many trials and few apparent recompenses. But judged by her early hope and purpose it was a glorious career. Before her patience and

108 Dr. A. C. Bunn was an Episcopal missionary doctor at Woochang (Wuhan) 1874-1878. Mrs. Bunn died in Wuhan 28 January 1878.

devotion barrier after barrier of opposition and prejudice had fallen, and she had received numberless tokens of appreciation both from her own countrymen and from the natives. Hundreds of youths had passed from under her instruction to the responsibilities of life. Her name was mentioned with honor among Chinese scholars. The distinguished Dr. Williams had submitted his great "Dictionary of the Chinese Language," and the Rev. Dr. Burdon, the present Bishop of Hong Kong, was not satisfied to put his Chinese translation of "Brown on the Articles" to press until she had read the proofs.

An American merchant in Shanghai, who knew her intimately for many years, said:

She was one of the truest, and best, and most efficient missionaries that ever lived, and her praise as such should be in all the churches; but her life was also a daily testimony to those about her of the beauty and happiness of self-sacrificing duty. Almost alone in the world, engrossed in the hardest of work, and living most frugally, and without many of the comforts which are generally thought indispensable in an inhospitable climate, she shed the sunshine of a genial and hearty sympathy on all about her. In the annals of missionary work, her faithful devotion to the heathen will have a lasting place; and great generals and admirals and eminent travellers have recorded their opinions of the wonderful 'Boys' School' of years ago; but who is to reckon up and number of her fellow-residents whom she helped, and cheered and comforted!"

But the best remains to be said, It is the record of the fulfilment of her most ardent hope, Not one only, but four young men had been led under influence to the Ministry of Reconciliation. Three of them were labouring as clergymen of the Church among their own people; one had preceded her to Paradise. Six years more passed, and on St. Simon and St. Jude's Day in 1884 there was held in Shanghai, the city of Miss Fay's labors, a solemn religious service participated in by three bishops, several English-speaking clergymen and nine Chinese Presbyters and Deacons. It was the consecration to the Episcopate of the Rev. William Jones Boone, born in Shanghai, son of the first Bishop, whose early education was intrusted to Miss Fay.

Five days later, the newly-consecrated Bishop wrote:

Sunday, November 2d. Messrs Chang, Chih jen, Li Kai Ching, Chang tz Ming and Ku chun Lin were duly ordered Deacons, and thus the last of the young men who were under Miss Fay's training have reached the goal of her hopes and prayers. May God, by them, hand down to many the truths she taught and held so dear.

Besides these, another of her pupils had been ordained since her death. So in God's providence it came to pass that the youth who was never permitted to break the bread of life to men was, by God's blessing upon the consecrated labors of his sister, represented in the holy Ministry by no less than ten clergymen.

What a happy "Nunc Dimittis" must hers have been, her eyes having seen the wonders of grace God had wrought and was working through her. May we not reverently imagine something of the joy of the now united family in the Paradise of God, because of this tenfold answer to the daughter's prayer. Albert Carrier Bunn.

DATE/PLACE: **1885.**
Foreign Missions Committee, New York.

PROVENANCE: ***Spirit of Missions*, Journal of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Vol 50, 1886, p 256. Yale University Divinity School Library. Hathi Trust Archive, University of Indiana.**

AUTHOR: **Unknown.**

RECIPIENT: **General Notice.**

SUBJECT: **Ordination of students of Lydia Mary Fay.**

ANSWERED PRAYER

LYDIA MARY FAY was sent out by our Board to be a missionary in China in 1850. Her success as a student of the language, and as a teacher of Chinese boys, was very great. It was the desire of her heart to see one of her boys a minister of Christ before she died. Her desire was more than gratified, for she three of her pupils ordained to the Sacred Ministry, while six others were about to be ordained at the time of her death.