

TIPS FROM THE TOP

A LHASSA LAMASERY

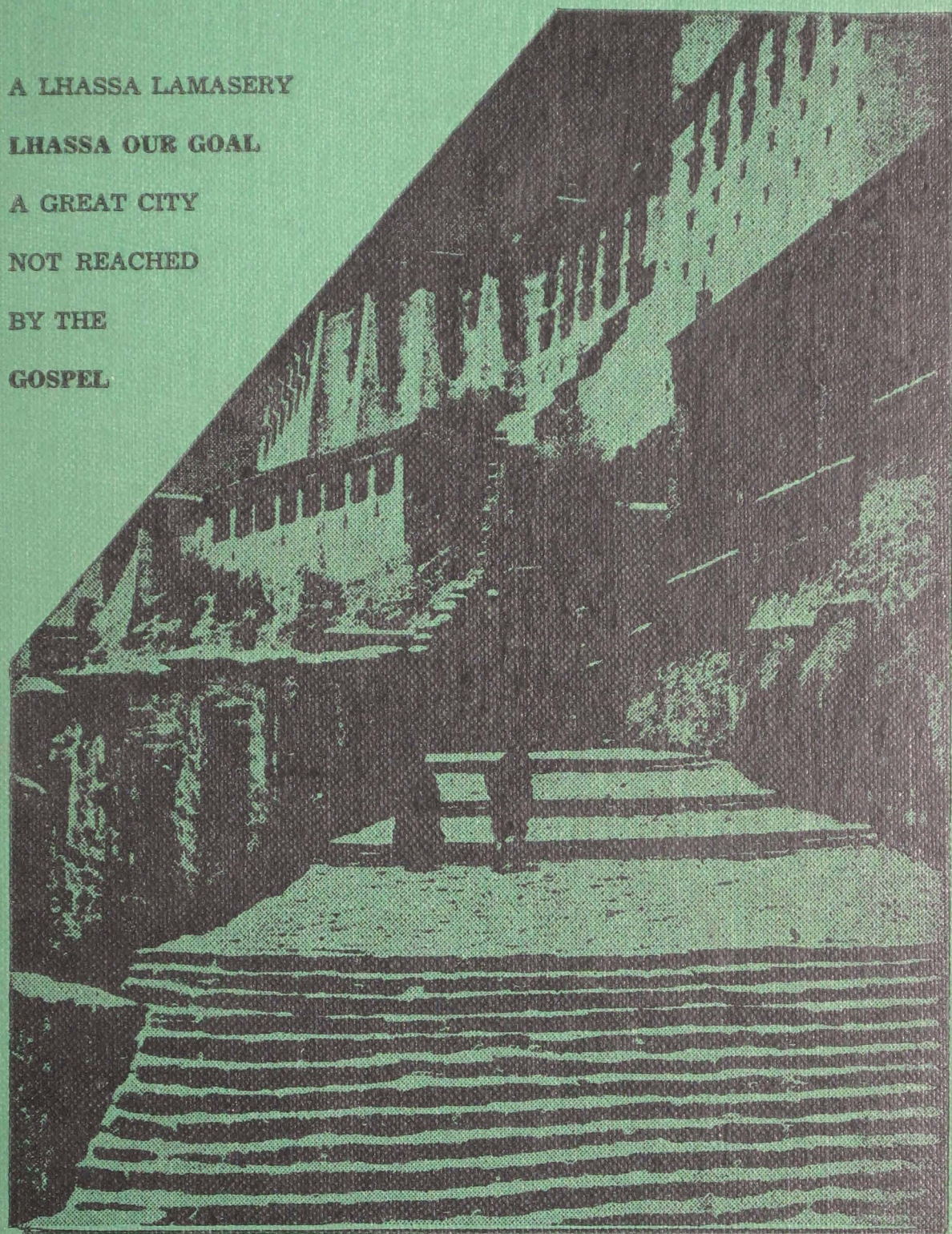
LHASSA OUR GOAL

A GREAT CITY

NOT REACHED

BY THE

GOSPEL



TALES OF THE TIBETAN BARES

Tips
from the
Top

OR

Tales of the Tibetan Bares

By

C. W. NICHOLS

Box 391, Seminole, Oklahoma.



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BY

C. W. NICHOLS

DEDICATION

DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO ARE SERVING
AND SACRIFICING EVERYWHERE, AND TO
THE MEMORY OF THOSE WHO HAVE DIED,
THAT THE LIGHT OF THE GOSPEL MAY SHINE
IN THE FARTHEST AND DARKEST REGIONS
OF THE EARTH.

WITH GRATEFUL PRAISE TO GOD

THIS BOOK IS AN ANSWER TO PRAYER

Having undertaken the task with fear and trembling, its problems and details were worked out only through Divine help.

I wish to express sincere appreciation to Mrs. M. E. Sipple, Los Angeles, for most of the illustrations and a large amount of information from the *Tibetan Christian*; to the Rodeheaver Company, Chicago, for all of the hymn plates and permission to use the copyrighted song, "The Old Rugged Cross," the Rally-song for Tibet; to the *Oklahoma News* for the cover design; to the *Revivalist Press*, Cincinnati, for favors in publication; and to the "Living Link" churches and many other friends who have sent in advance orders and are promoting the distribution and use of this book and are constantly praying and working for the salvation of Tibet.

In the spirit of prayer I thank you all.

C. W. Nichols.

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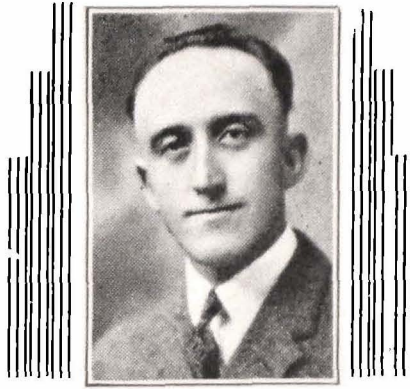
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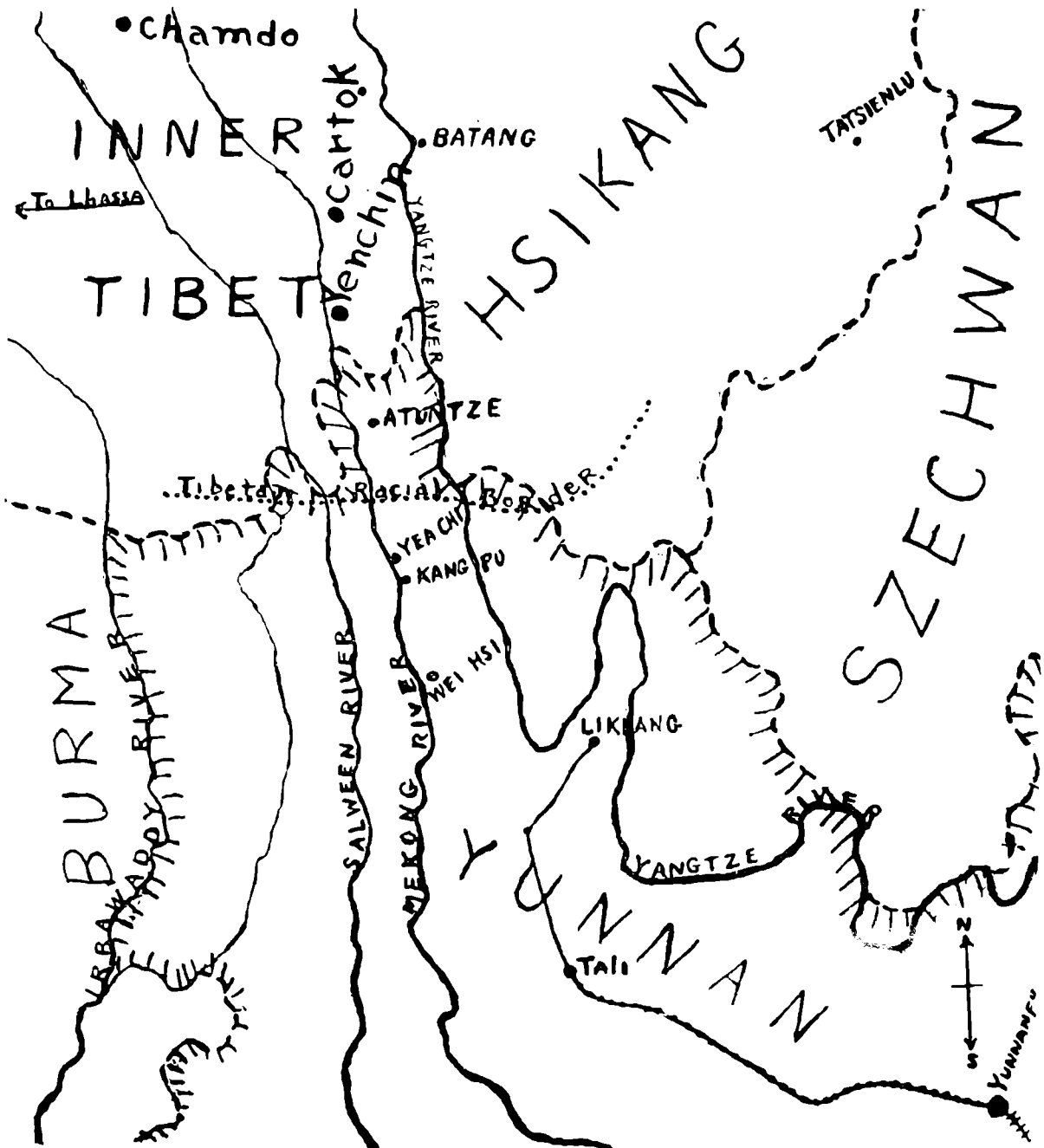


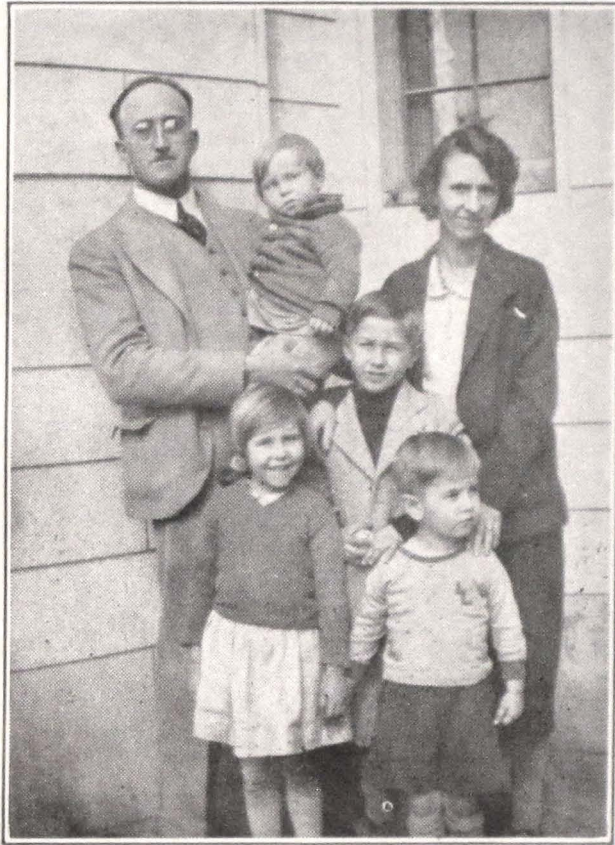
NORTON H. BARE, M. D.

“Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.”



LOIS NICHOLS BARE





THE TIBETAN BARES
Dr. Norton and Maribel, Lois N., Edgar A.
Marguerite, Garland
IN HIS GLAD SERVICE



MRS. OGDEN
After Thirty Years Service at Batang
MRS. NEWLAND
Starting Her Record at Yea Chi, China,
Chapter XIV.



MRS. GRUBB, ANZIE AND THE BARES
Chapter XV.

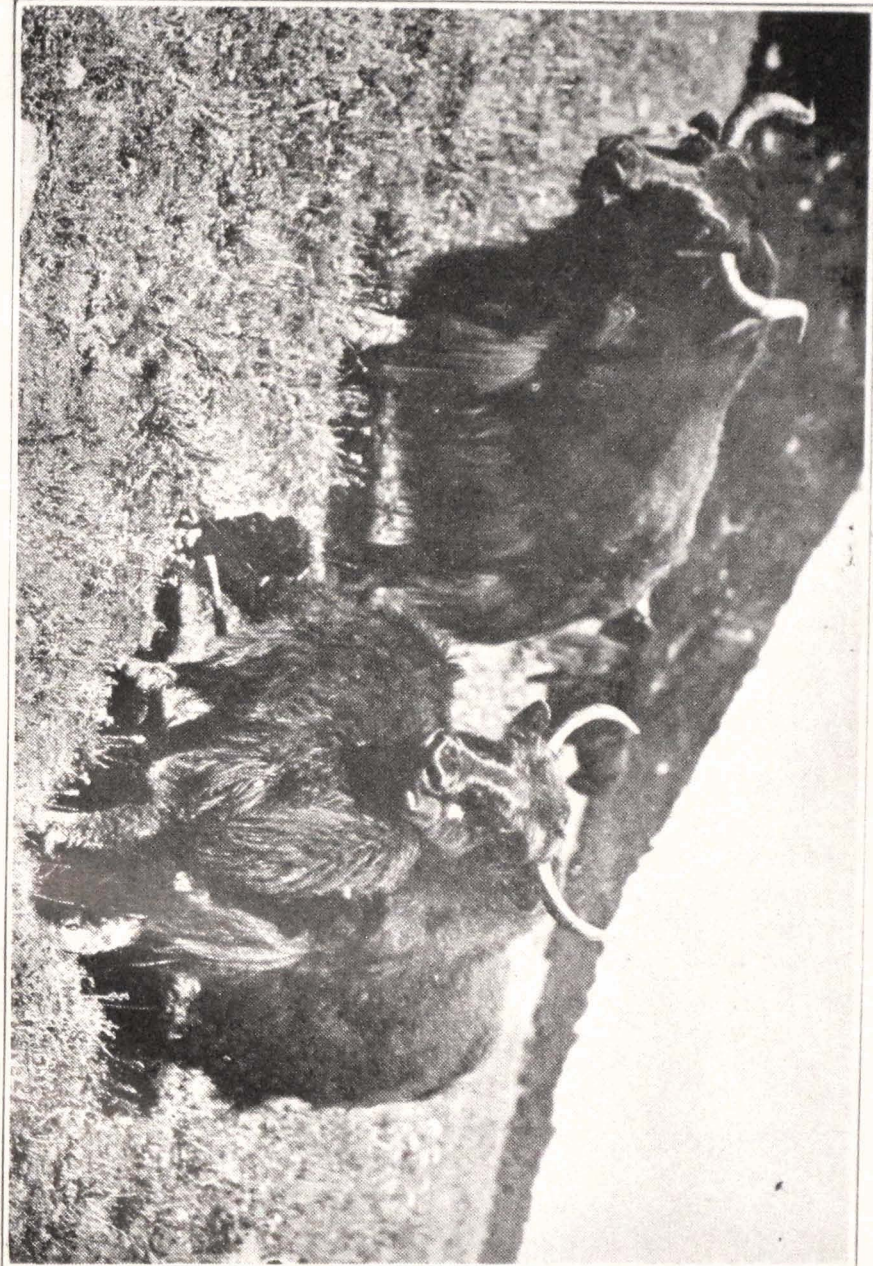


FAREWELL TO THE MORSES
By the Yea Chi school children
Chapter XI.

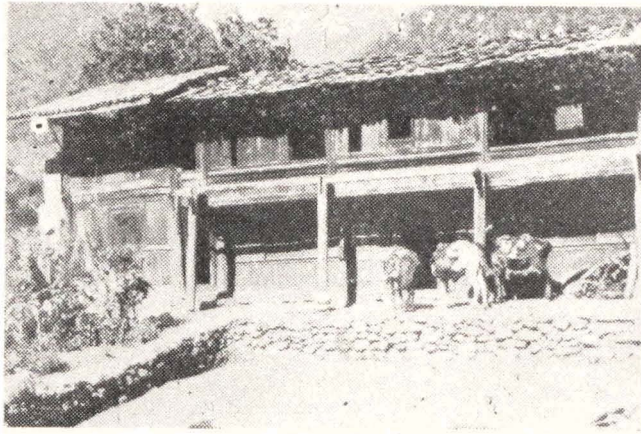


GIGAN AHTRING AND FAMILY

**Bare's language teacher at Batang, joining
them again at Atuntze, after five years.**



THE YAK, THE ALL-PURPOSE ANIMAL.
Chapter VI.



THE "HOUSE OF HAPPINESS"

Chapter XII.



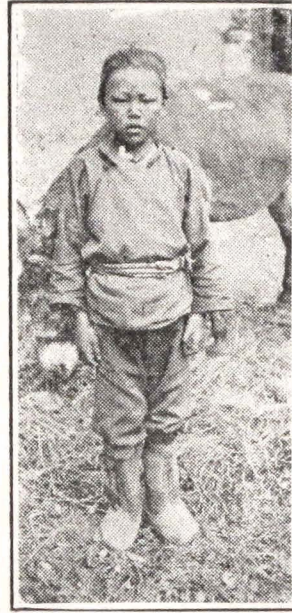
THE BARES AND HSIAOS



THE DEACONS OF A NATIVE CHURCH
Chapter XII.



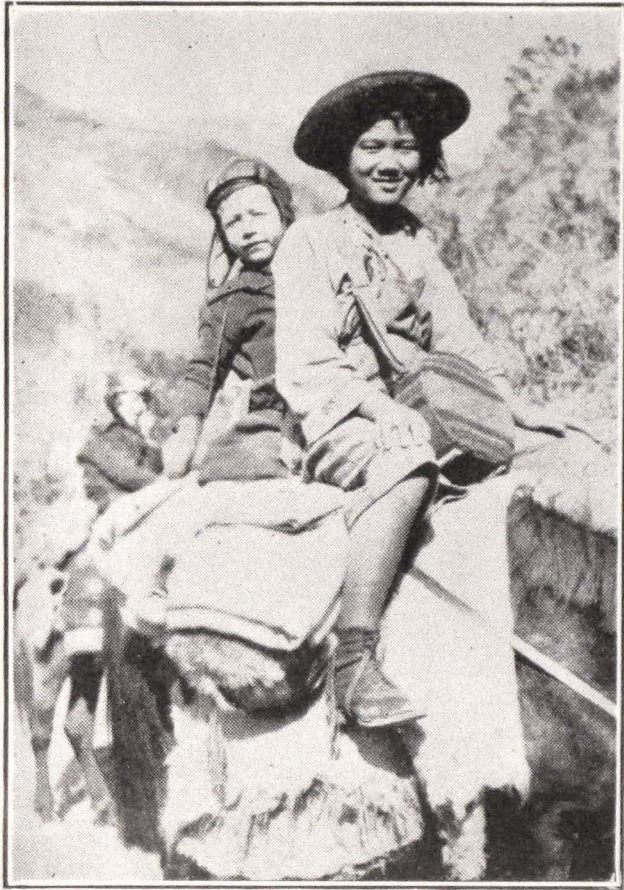
**EVANGELIST HSIAO
AND AH DRO SHE**
A Tibetan Lama



SIMON
Cured of leprosy
Chapter XV.



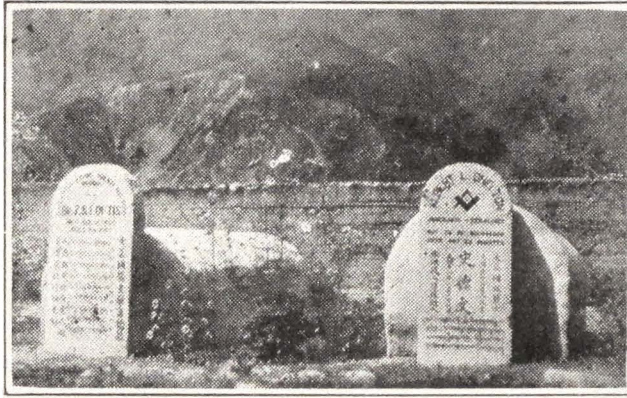
MR. HSIAO
And Evangelistic Tent at Kang Pu
Chapter XII.



ANZIE AND GARLAND

on their way to Atuntze, Chapter XIV.

**Anzie was one of the two native orphans left
with the Bares by Morses on their way home.**



TOMBS OF LOFTIS AND SHELTON

On the trail at Batang

ON SHELTON'S TOMB

"Not to be ministered unto but to minister."

ON LOFTIS' TOMB

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Inscription in English, Chinese and Tibetan

Chapter X.



ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL

Via the rope bridge.

Another method of crossing streams is by coracle, a boat made by stretching yak hides over a rude framework.



NATIVE OFFICIALS
Snapped at Gartok by Dr. Bare
Chapter XV.



**MR. AND MRS. EDGAR NICHOLS, JOHN
GARLAND, 11; DOROTHY MAY, 9;
PHYLLIS JOY, 7; LOIS GAIL, 3**

Chapter XVII.

OUR THANKS TO YOU

(An Acrostic)

O ur thanks to you for all your gracious giving.
U nmasked, unmerited, your largess came,
R evealing your pure love and Christian living.

T he zeal you have to glorify The Name,
H ow we are stirred that you have so remembered!
A nd have so sacrificed to meet our need.
N ow unto you be grace and peace unmeasured,
K nowledge of mercy, peace, and life indeed.
S o may we fellowship in Christ's glad service;

T eaching His Word where He has not been known.
O ut-reaching to the last untouched Tibetan.

Y ou working with us while the seed is sown.
O h, pray with us that God our strength renew
U ntil our task is done. Today, our thanks to you.

THE BORDER BARES.

AFTERWORD

After this manuscript was completed this picture and poem, which had been received at different times, were somehow drawn together and without Mrs. Bare's knowledge are added to the book.



THE BORDER POET

LIFE INDEED

*I dreamed I was walking in heaven,
And I saw through an open door
A writing desk in a beautiful room,
With a chair set just before.
On the desk was a stack of paper,
And a beautiful fountain pen,
And interest leaped in the question,
"Who will write at this desk, and when?"*

*But before it was framed,
The answer clear in my vision came,
For I saw on the pen and paper
My own new mystical name.
I woke at that happy climax
In the gray of the early dawn,
My spirit still glowing with pleasure,
Though the desk and the pen were gone.*

*For there still is the hope of heaven
To fill the soul with delight,
And earth offers pen and paper,
And sometimes a word to write.
But pity these my neighbors,
These women, and even the men,
Who never have held between finger and thumb
Even a Chinese pen.*

*Who know no blessed Saviour,
Whose spirits are never stirred
To the glorious hope of heaven,
The quickening power of the Word.
Who have never received a letter,
Nor read the letters of Paul,
Who dwell in the things of the filthy flesh
And know nothing better at all.*

*May God in His marvelous mercy
Use me in meeting their need,
In bringing to these my neighbors,
Life that is life indeed.
And maybe when life is over,
I may see that room again,
With the writing desk and paper,
And beautiful fountain pen.*

FOREWORD

"For even Christ pleased not himself."—Romans 15:3.

The purpose of this book is to raise every thoughtful reader to a higher elevation for a spiritual vision, as though from a vantage-point on our Rocky Mountains it might be possible to view the rugged heights of the land, shrouded in darkness, "the roof of the world"—Tibet.

You cannot associate with godly people even through the printed page without being the better for it, and this familiar and intimate contact with this missionary family will build you up.

To accomplish the purpose of the book, it is necessary to present many personal incidents and conditions which, on account of their modesty and humility, Doctor and Mrs. Norton Bare would not have recorded. But even so, there are depths of anxiety, heartache, sacrifice and suffering which must be read between the lines.

The information presented with the poem stories forged from the heat of heavy toil, the intense devotion, the complete self-abandonment of these "Heroes of the Cross" will inspire your admiration and love for this family in particular and for all missionaries in general.

If you are already a friend of Tibet, this record will deepen and strengthen your friendship. If not, this introduction will no doubt add you to the great and ever-increasing number who are praying and working for the harvest in this "Land of Mystery," our most distant, dangerous and difficult field.

CHAPTER I

THE DOCTOR

"And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also."—2 Timothy 2:2.

Mr. O. S. Bare (familiarily called "Doc") and family were early settlers of Antelope County, Nebraska, where they took land in the Grecian Bend neighborhood, east of Clearwater, and lived and thrived with the usual hardships and privations of pioneers.

Mr. and Mrs. Bare were not unfriendly toward the church, although they did not become members, as they did not believe in creeds. Father Bare helped financially in building two churches and contributed to their support, and four of the children had become Christians before Norton took the step. The family was highly respected. They were good citizens, honest and reliable, and did their part in securing prohibition for their county and state.

Norton H. Bare was born Dec. 16, 1892, the baby of the family, as there were three sisters and two brothers older than he. His oldest brother died in Iowa in 1927.

When quite small he was very fond of "wice," as he could not say rice, and from this he was called "a little Chinese," but he did not mind this beginning of nicknames, nor did anyone imagine then that he

would, in the future, frequently eat rice with the Chinese in their own country.

He grew and thrived in an atmosphere of work and workers, attending the Grecian Bend country school, four miles east of Clearwater and one mile from home, through its entire course of eight years. He was quite a reader, especially on subjects which attracted him, and a good student, but somewhat hot-tempered and headstrong, which often got him into difficulty with his fellow-students.

He remained at home, working for father, until he was twenty-one, and then worked nearly a year for a neighboring farmer, saving his money for further education.

*He who is satisfied
Always at ease to ride,
Turning with every tide,
The idle dreamer,
Cannot compete with grace,
Hoping to win the race,
With him who takes his place
As an upstreamer.*

*Row, then, with zeal and zest,
Knowing the sweetest rest
Waits him who stands the test,
Not for the dreamer.
Upstream is higher ground,
Fairer the scenes around,
Upstream the goal is found—
Be an upstreamer.*

LOIS NICHOLS, 1914.

Norton became a Christian during a tent meeting at Antelope Creek, at the age of nineteen, uniting with the Methodist Church. When a Christian Church was built at Clearwater, the following year, he became interested, and asked the advice of an older sister, who told him to consider the matter carefully and decide for himself, which he did, and cast in his lot with that group. Soon after that he decided to prepare for the Christian ministry. He knew of Cotner, the Christian College at Bethany, a suburb of Lincoln, and determined to attend there. He had invested in a piece of timberland in northern Minnesota, and had thought of continuing frontier life by making a home there. It was no small problem, then, whether to go North for himself or South for Christ. He had the physical strength and experience for the North. Without much encouragement or experience, and with little means, he was at the threshold of manhood, facing ten years of school work to become efficient for Christ. It took grit and grace to make the life decision—to go against the current, ever, ever upward to the top of the world.

THE BORDER DOCTOR

*There is in him no mighty healing power
To touch the lepers and pronounce them whole,
But working with them hour by patient hour
He deals with tortured flesh to save the soul.*

*He cannot to the blind give sudden seeing,
Or change their painful dark to golden day,
But he can teach the wretched, blinded being
To walk with Christ, the Master and the Way.*

*He has no hospital; they seek him here—
The suffering and sick, the blind and lame—
In his own home, where he with ready cheer
Receives them all, and all are glad they came.*

*Some come in hope and some in desperation,
And all in need, whatever boon they ask,
Remember, friends, in earnest supplication
The Border Doctor in his daily task.*

He received assistance from his father, who gave him \$250 in lieu of a team of horses, which he gave to each of his other sons; and from his brother, O. S. Bare, who gave him a generous price for the Minnesota land, which enabled him to get a start in the new venture while looking for employment; for, like Dr. Shelton, he had to make his own way. Working his way, there was no time for play. He gave little attention to athletics. Having been a hard worker on the farm, he was the same at books, and covered the four-year high school course in three years at Cotner Academy, and, likewise, the four-year college course in three years, and worked during vacations to pay expenses. Again his father came to his rescue when he paid the bill for a costly operation for appendicitis, at Lincoln.

These were the years when Christian influence and spiritual atmosphere prevailed to such a degree

that more students of Cotner dedicated themselves to lives of Christian service than from any other college of like resources. It was this influence that turned Norton's purpose from the ministry to the missionary field, and a step forward was to become a medical missionary, and finally to serve in the most distant and difficult field known. With this determination it was necessary to move again to a strange city and find employment and undertake a four-year course at the Nebraska College of Medicine at Omaha.

This poem, fittingly expressing the Cotner spirit, was written by Lois Nichols, while a student, little thinking it would apply to the Doctor and herself in years to come.

TO A MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER

*Know you are nothing, nothing,
Only a morsel of clay;
One of a million, million,
Only the work of a day.*

*Know that your GOD doth measure
A thousand years as a day;
Know that GOD breathed His Spirit
Into the sluggish clod;
Know you're the infinitesimal child
Of an infinite GOD.*

*Know that He said, "I have loved you"—
Know that He bade you show
That love to the million million,
The millions that do not know.*

*Know that you are not able—
Know you are weak and low;
Know that He said, "I am with you;"
Know that He bade you go.*

*Know that He said, "When you do it,—"
No matter what deed it may be,
"Whatever ye do to my brethren,
In My name, ye do it unto Me.*

*"Give but a cup of cold water
Unto My humblest ward—
Know I am clothed in the mortal,
Do it as unto the Lord.*

*"Know when they ask for water,
Whoever, wherever they be,
What ye withhold from the thirsting,
Ye have withholden from Me.*

*"The water of life floweth freely;
Ye have enough and to spare.
Can you withhold from the thirsting,
That you were given to share?"*

*The fields are white for the harvest,
Lift up your eyes and see—
Then pray to the Lord of the harvest,
“Lord, here am I, send me.”*

As Norton Bare was the youngest child in the family, his nose was not put out of joint or broken, in the ordinary sense; but he did have the more painful and unusual experience of a broken nose three times within a year. It was broken first in a boxing bout with his brother; that had scarcely healed when the kick of a horse knocked a fork handle into his face with such force as to cause the second break; and the third was caused by a fall on the ice while skating. Perhaps his Grecian schoolmates were not just satisfied with his facial beauty and his nosing around in their affairs. At any rate, they changed his homey name of “Nort” to “Snort,” and for the most part left nature to finish the job. He was quite indignant, but snorting did not help the matter. On coming to Cotner, his “Snorting” days were over, and he was promptly given the appropriate name of “Teddy Bare,” for, like Roosevelt, he could grasp and hug—clinch and hang on, no matter what the obstacle. And now having achieved his life purpose and climbed to the top, he wears the short and honorable title, “Doc,” worn by his father and earned by his own worthy exertions.

CHAPTER II

THE MOTHER

"Having a great desire these many years to come unto you."—Romans 15:23.

Consecrated to Christian service by her parents before birth, Lois Nichols was born at Lincoln, Nebraska, January 5, 1897. Her name was suggested by the account of Timothy, but she inherited the "Faith of our Fathers" from both sides. She was a lineal descendant of Elder Brewster of the Mayflower through her grandfather, John Sears, a missionary in Indiana, which, in his day, was on the Western Frontier. He was the first pastor of the first Baptist Church in Fort Wayne, organized in 1822. Her grandmother, Lucy Sears Nichols, both lived her faith and wrote it into poetry, and her father, who was a Nebraska pastor for some years, was strongly missionary, with a tendency toward poetry. Her grandfather, William Garland, on her mother's side, was of good old English stock, and came to this country when a mere lad; and Mother Garland was a GRAND MOTHER indeed, whose chief delight was in serving and enjoying her grandchildren.

About as soon as Lois could write, she began making up verses, and has continued with ever-increasing genius since. The following was written at the age of nine years:

THE WORLD

*We're locked in a great big building
Which people call the world,
From which we may not go
Until the crepe is furled
Around the cottage door,
Where we at last pass out
And to this home on earth
Return no more.*

*We go to the land of joy supreme,
There with the Lord to dwell.
Upon us doth His kind face beam;
He doeth all things well.
For e'en a little sparrow
Without Him doth not fall,
And this is one of many proofs
That He is Lord of all.*

While living at Avoca, Nebraska, she was baptized by her father at the age of seven years. While still a young girl she was stirred by one of her father's missionary sermons and the chorus of the invitation song starting out, "I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord." She thought to herself, "Shall I sing it or not? If I sing it I must go." She decided at once and sang, and adhered to her decision from that time on, but did not mention this experience until long afterward.

The accompanying pledge, prepared at the age of twelve, shows her natural leadership, even among her own brothers and sisters, the wonder being that

Dear Papa

We children
"have little to give
in remembrance
of your forty third
birth anniversary
so we will do the
best we can we
wish to make a
little bit go a long
ways so we will
make a pledge which
will last the rest of
our lives we put our
trust in Jesus and we

want you to put your
trust in us. we think
that this will please
you and mamma both

Pledge

we will try not
to fight not to leave
our things around
and not to be hasty
in blaming each
other.

Garland Nichols,

Lois Nichols

Edgar Nichols.

Mary Nichols

PAUL Nichols

she did not make a cross and sign baby Lorena's name, thus making it unanimous.

While still a young girl she gathered and managed a company of boys, one of them being her youngest brother, Paul. A feature of the club was to keep the college campus cleared of trash and paper. Much valuable experience was gained during vacations: as a clerk, a factory worker, a nurse at the orthopedic hospital, Lincoln, and roughing it on a Wyoming homestead.

Early in her course at Cotner College she became a member of the Volunteers, a band of Christian students who pledge themselves to become missionaries if GOD opens the way, and heard the addresses of Dr. Shelton, Dr. Dye, S. J. Corey, Alexander Paul and others, which fed the missionary flame. Her loyalty and college spirit were shown by her constant poem contributions to the *Collegian*, the college paper, during this period. The children of the community were continually begging for another story. Her personal influence was strong for missions. Her two younger brothers offered for foreign service, and of the thirteen members of her senior class of 1919, six entered the College of Missions the same year.

This poem was written long before the call to service, when her hopes were still a dream:

SO ARE WE SENT

*Once an angel said, "Go, tell
That JESUS the Nazarene,
The crucified, is glorified.*

Go, tell what your eyes have seen."
They had come to weep at the tomb,
But straight when that message fell
'Gainst doubt and scorn, the words were borne,
He had bidden them, "Go and tell."

And still does that message ring
That was given beside the tomb
In that early dawn, ere the night had gone,
Ere the glory had scattered the gloom.
And the message is ours, "Go, tell
That He conquered the cross, the sword,
Till the whole world knows that the Christ arose—
Go, tell of the risen LORD."

Once the SAVIOUR said, "Pray ye,"
When He looked on the golden yield
Of ripened grain o'er all the plain,
"Pray ye the LORD of the field
That HE send HIS reapers forth.
Lift up your eyes and see—
The fields are white, fast falls the night;
For laborers pray ye."

And still does that mandate ring
That was given by Jacob's well,
When the wondrous theme of the living stream
From the lips of the MESSIAH fell,
"Lift up your eyes to the fields,
Say not there is time for delay.
There's much to do, the reapers few—
To the LORD of the harvest pray."

*Once the Master said, "Go ye
Into all the world, and preach,
That the world may know that GOD loved it so
Go—and baptize and teach."
"Go ye," the MASTER said,
And so was the challenge hurled
That unafraid HIS own obeyed,
"Go ye into all the world."*

*And that challenge rings out today,
As it rang from the mountain crest,
That bade them go to the vales below
And give to the world their best.
And the bidding is ours, "Go ye"—
With the Christian's flag unfurled.
GOD gave HIS SON that it might be done—
"Go ye into all the world."*

CHAPTER III

THE CHILDREN

"A little child shall lead them."—Isaiah 11:6.

OUR FIRST-BORN

*Whom I am yet to know,
How shall I care for you!
Grief I shall bear for you,
Death I shall dare for you,
Into the valley unfearing I go.*

*Your life shall so deeply be blended with mine,
My dreams shall be of you,
My plans be made for you,
My purpose include you
In every design.*

*Oh, how I would shield you from sin-bitter woe,
The vulgar and low,
I know you must know.
If shaping your destiny partly is mine,
May that part be fine.
Into the valley unfearing I go.
You will come back with me whom I shall know.*

A TRUE BARE STORY

Soon after Norton Bare left his farm home at

Clearwater, Nebraska, to go away to school, he was dubbed "Teddy Bare" by his fellow-students at Cotner College.

"Teddy" shined his shoes and his intellect and took a shine at one of the finest girls in college, Lois Nichols. This young lady, following her brother's lead, took a homestead joining theirs in Wyoming. As "Teddy" had to work his way, it was quite natural that he should work all summer with her brothers, fencing and improving the homesteads, and he finally secured the young lady for his own Mrs. Bare. So it happened that Mrs. Bare, Den 22 (not Box 22), Bear Creek, Wyoming, held down her homestead while "Teddy" finished his college course, and when Dr. Shelton was shot, "Teddy" was at the Nebraska Medical College at Omaha. His first work after graduation was at a hospital at Casper, Wyoming, and Mrs. Bare secured a leave of absence from the homestead and taught school at Midwest oil field north of Casper. When her family drove out from Lincoln, Nebraska, she joined them on a vacation camping trip through Yellowstone Park.

*With tent staked tight to shed night air,
We slept all night till waked by bear,
But Bruin made us lots of fun—
We kodaked him at rising sun.*

And while Lois offered a large, half-wild bear a cracker, we got two bears at one shot with a kodak.

The first "Teddy" Bare cub received, not a silver collar, but a silver cup from beloved Professor Aylsworth, who had tied the nuptial knot and for

whom he was named Edgar Aylsworth. This little cub was jostled halfway around the world, leaving Lincoln before he was four weeks old, and arriving at Batang on the very day he was six months old.

After some time a Tibetan bear cub was captured and given to the missionaries. Then the tussle began between the two growing cubs, pet bear and boy Bare, helter-skelter, rough-and-tumble, catch and scratch; but the pet bear grew faster and stronger, and by the time another little white "Teddy" Bare, named Marguerite, arrived, the Bares ate bear to save the baby and chickens from danger.

Having served seven years, the Bares started home, and Maribel, as sweet and merry as a bell, was born at Yunnanfu, China.

The little Bares can sing in English, Chinese and Tibetan. They love to sing "The Old Rugged Cross," which is the missionary hymn for Tibet and which Mother Bare translated into Tibetan.

Edgar Bare began real missionary service when he went with his father to Gartok, and taught the Bible to the natives of Tsakalo on his eleventh birthday.

Five months after leaving Lincoln, and nearly thirty days from Yunnanfu on the caravan trail, the Bares were travelworn and weary. Two of the natives of the company had died, and others had dropped out along the way, too sick to go on. Baby Edgar had been carefully handled and had flourished, unmindful of the daily dangers he was passing through. On one occasion at a sharp turn in the mountain trail the wind almost upset his basket, and

another time one of the forward ropes gave way, nearly causing a catastrophe; but now they were almost there. They had missed the intended stopping place and night was approaching. The trail, along the face of the precipice and with unknown depths below, was scarcely wide enough to be safe in the daytime; but they must go on. Darkness prevailed, but the caravan moved slowly on into the night. Finally the chair-men stopped and insisted that Mrs. Bare get out. They would continue to carry the baby, but she must walk. A few unsteady steps convinced her that she could not walk and carry the baby, and his father was weak from illness. The Lord seemed to say, "Did you come out here to work for me? or is this son your idol?" With trembling and pleading with GOD for his safety, he was committed to the chair-men's care. The suspense was not long, as a trusty native had hurried forward and presently returned with a light; the terror of that night was over. You may think this was a test of faith similar to that of Abraham, and perhaps it was.

OUR CHILDREN

*God of the living, see our first-born son.
I shall not take him to a mountain-top
And pile a heap of fagots on the stones,
And offer him a burning sacrifice—
But he is Thine.*

*Place, then, Your hand on him for good or ill.
With joy or anguish bind him to Your will.*

*Yes, guide him with Your eye, that he fulfill
Your high design.*

*Lord GOD of Jacob, see our second son,
We do not ask that, with his brother, he
Reap shining honors, high and lifted up,
But as Yourself shall proffer, drink the cup,
And let him shine*

*In some dark place where You have need of light.
Teach him to walk by faith, and learn aright,
In all his weakness still to trust Your might
And Your design.*

*Lord of the harvest, look on all we have,
Our little children, tender ones, and dear,
And look upon the waiting harvest-field,
And know as You require so shall we yield
Each little one.*

*Speak but the word and we will take them all
To work with us out where the grain is tall.
Put in each little hand a sickle small,
Through rain or sun.*

*Yes, GOD of Glory, Lord of all that is,
It seems to us to grace Your tender care
That these should grow to stature full and fair,
And then each one*

*Receive a task from Your almighty hand.
But if You ask them now, at Your command
We yield, and, though we do not understand,
Thy will be done.*

ANTICIPATIONS

Edgar, age 10 years

*It makes us feel American,
And not so far away,
To know that friends remember us
And gifts are on the way.*

Garland, age 6 years

*It makes us very happy,
We want to sing and pray,
To know that people think of us
And gifts are on the way.*

Margaret, age 8 years

*It makes us want to honor Christ
In all we do and say,
To know that you are serving, too,
And gifts are on the way.*

Maribel, age 4 years.

*And happy little Maribel
Is planning every day
That she will have a Christmas doll.
Praise GOD, it's on the way!*

BY THEIR MOTHER.

CHAPTER IV

THE CALL AND JOURNEY

"I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles."—Acts 22:21.

As members of the Student Volunteer Band at Cotner College, both Norton and Lois kept in close touch with missionary activities and with the United Christian Missionary Society through its missionary speakers. It was a great experience for Lois to be sent to a student conference at Madison, Wisconsin. Both had applications for appointment pending long before they were ready, but neither one had ever considered any field but Tibet.

The question of health was a serious one, especially with Lois, who naturally appeared rather frail. While she was at the College of Missions, some doubt was expressed as to whether she was physically fit, but her determination, prayer and will-power, with some professional service, restored her usual strength.

They were married December 25, 1922, at the bride's home in Lincoln, and kept on with their individual pursuits while anxiously awaiting appointment by the U. C. M. S.

Lois taught for several years, while Dr. Bare completed his education, and was fortunate to secure a position at Papillion, while he was at the Nebraska Medical College at Omaha. As soon as he secured

his degree, he followed her to Wyoming, where she had taken a homestead, doing his first interne work at Casper, while her last teaching was at Midwest oil camp.

Their appointment was received in 1925. In May of that year, a few days before the close of school, Lois received a message saying, "Come at once. Mama is worse." Midwest being off the railway, there was some delay, and she did not see her darling mother alive. But there remained the influence of her life and character and the consciousness that her mother passed on, happy that her prayers were answered in the calling of her daughter to Tibet.

Dr. Bare had removed from Casper, where oil-field accidents were common, to a mountain district in Tennessee, where mining casualties were the rule, for the last part of his interne service. He returned to Lincoln for the funeral, and said at that time, "I feel as though I were losing my own mother." Although in great sorrow, plans were partially completed for procuring equipment and proceeding with their life purpose. How true to that childish poem—"The crepe was furled" before they went out, and "To this earthly home return no more." Before their return, Dr. Bare's father passed away, and thus both homes were broken.

OUR HOPE

*The trumpet shall sound and the saints
That are dead shall arise,
And they that have died in the LORD,
That have fallen asleep,*

*Rejoicing in faith and in love,
Who have fought the good fight,
And committed their souls unto HIM
Who is able to keep—*

*All they shall arise, and then we
Who are left will be changed,
And, together with them, we shall meet
JESUS CHRIST in the air.
Our hearts and our minds will be fixed
On our glorious LORD.
Even so, I shall know
That my wonderful mother is there.*

*The saints that have slept will awake
At the sound of the shout,
And death and the grave will acknowledge
The sting of defeat.
With what wonder and glory the bride
Will behold the beloved,
And HE will have joy of the church
That HE cometh to meet!*

*A glorious waking, a soul-thrilling flight
Through the sky,
While the saved of the infinite ages
In fellowship fare,
And we shall be changed—be like HIM
Whom on earth we adore.
Yet my mother, I think, will take note
If her children are there.*

*New strength for our flight, and new joy
 And a far way to go.
 And after the journey
 A season of feasting and song.
 Then let there be oil in my lamp,
 Let my little light glow,
 For HE said HE would suddenly come,
 And it may not be long.*

*It seems that my heart can scarce fail,
 To take thought of my own,
 For those who are gone,
 And these, too, for whom daily I care,
 My heart and my soul and my love
 For my glorious LORD.
 Yet I think I shall know in my joy
 If my loved ones are there.*

But now another problem arose: would the stork annul their plans? No—not on their part—they would go at the appointed time unless their appointment was annulled. The United Christian Missionary Society, perhaps with some misgivings, but to the Bare's great delight, allowed the appointment to stand. Edgar Aylesworth was born September 17, 1925. Within four weeks, with their most precious baggage in a basket, they took the train at Lincoln for Batang. At Seattle they joined R. A. MacLeod, his wife and three children, returning to Tibet after a furlough.

The University Church led in a warm welcome and a fond farewell to the departing missionaries, who saw no hardship yet, as they took possession

of their comfortable quarters on one of the Dollar Line steamships. A brief stop allowed them to see their fellow-missionaries in Japan, and, during a longer stop at Shanghai, they visited Nanking, Miss Kelly, and the South Gate Mission, and took dinner with the Macklins. All of this fellowship was greatly enjoyed. They quickly sensed the change from America to China, when they went aboard the native coastwise boat which took them to Hong Kong and Haiphong, the latter being the port of French Indo-China, where the ordeal of customs must be endured. From Haiphong it is a three days' journey by the French, daylight-only narrow gauge railroad to Yunnanfu. This feat of French engineering—passing through some one hundred forty tunnels on the second day—gives an idea of the mountainous country at the top.

At Yunnanfu, the head of the railroad, the chief city of Yunnan province, with some manufacturing and a caravan center, they rested from their easy journey, waiting for their equipment to catch up, and then repacking it all into horse-loads of eighty or eighty-five-pound packages, two of which, one on each side, is a load for an animal. Then the animals, drivers and chair-carriers had to be hired and the caravan organized. All caravans are supposed to be provided with a military escort as a protection from robbers, but they sometimes went without, rather than spend the time and effort to secure it from unwilling natives. On the third day they passed through the rough country where Dr. Shelton was held for ransom, and two days later they caught sight of two robbers and saw, in the

bushes, the head of one who had been summarily executed.

Their first accident was only a warning. Much of the trail, especially along the Mekong River, is so narrow that when an animal falls, it falls off into space. One of the loaded mules fell off the road, but landed on rocks fifteen feet below, and was recovered without damage. They found it a fight to keep themselves free from dirt and vermin. At one stop the water was so yellow that baby and his clothes had to go unwashed.

ODE TO A TIBETAN INN

*Your bathroom is not sanitary, baby boy.
 There's the dust of ages thick upon the floor,
 And this mat we pushed aside
 Is where fleas and bedbugs hide.
 There's a doorway, but there isn't any door.
 But Lao Yea has brought your bathtub, baby boy,
 And the room is not too cold if we are quick.
 A little boy that's white
 Ought to have a bath each night,
 Lest the dust and grime of travel make him sick.
 Just see what a crowd has gathered, baby boy;
 Do they wonder what I take your clothes off for?
 Some will gasp and some will grin,
 When they see me put you in,
 For they've never seen a baby bathed before.*

At the China Inland Mission at Talifu they noticed a vast difference between the ordinary people and the Christian-clean converts of the mission. A slight

earthquake was felt one night, and later perhaps from such a cause, they found the trail so obliterated by a landslide that the chair-carriers could not proceed, and they had to get out and carry the baby over the slide. One of the pack mules died and two others fell off the trail. One fell into the river and crushed a box of MacLeod's clothing like an eggshell. The other, loaded with grain, landed on the rocks and both animal and load were recovered. It was necessary to employ two native women to carry bundles of bedding for a time. Dr. Osgood had joined them at Shanghai to accompany them to Batang to check up on the mission. This seemed providential, as Dr. Bare became too sick to travel, as a result of eating native food and exposure. The caravan stopped for two days while Dr. Osgood treated him till he was able to resume the journey, riding in a hwagan.

The winter increased the hardships of travel, particularly in crossing dangerous mountain passes in snowstorms, but it reduced the attacks of vermin and robbers. They were not molested by the latter, although Dr. Osgood was called out one night to fight bandits; but it was a false alarm. One can imagine their relief when, on February 17, the day Edgar was six months old, they reached Batang, their first home.

They received a royal welcome. The missionaries, the school children, the children from the orphanage and many of the natives, in gala attire, made known their joy at their arrival. How great the change in eighteen years since Dr and Mrs. Shelton and Mr.

and Mrs. Ogden came as pioneers, and were regarded with unfriendly suspicion!

HOME AT LAST

*You have ridden in Fords and spent days on the train,
And you've sailed in a ship on the sea.
In a sedan chair for week after week
You have ridden, my love, with me.*

*Three weeks old were you when we hit the trail,
And you spent three weeks on the sea.
You waited in Shanghai three long weeks,
And you traveled again with me.*

*So here you are on the far frontier,
And strange are the sights you see,
And strange are the tongues you will learn to speak
Where you have come to be.*

*Little white boy in a brown boy's land,
What will your future be?
What will you love and what will you learn
On the roof of the world with me?*

*Sonny, my darling, this is your home,
This mansion of mud you see;
Everywhere else we were going to leave,
But here you will live with me.*

CHAPTER V

DIRT AND RELIGION

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."—Matthew 5:8.

Dirt and religion are two of the most outstanding characteristics of Tibet. They cast their shadows before—you run onto them before you reach Tibet. The lowliest, filthiest hovel shelters some religious emblem, and the most exalted and revered lamasery or temple is more than dirty. It is recorded that at one of the larger lamaseries, at the great kettle where soup has been served to the lamas for time unknown, the drippings have caked on the floor inches thick.

Dirt and religion thrive together. Babies are fortunate if born in a stable, as many are born on a dungheap outside. Instead of bathing and dressing them, they are greased with butter and wrapped in rags; and if they survive for a year they are often sewed up in a skin which the youngster must wear out or break out. Is it any wonder that the babies die of dirt?

When the first boy baby, whose birth Dr. and Mrs. Bare had attended, arrived at his second birthday, the mission mother had a new suit ready for him. When he was brought to receive it, he was not going to submit to that strange foreign custom of a bath. When the servants, Lhatsu and Della, and

his mother, Drima, were about to give up, the mission mother took hold. Then he submitted to his scrubbing meekly enough and the muddy water proved efficiency.

The common custom is to use the ground floor of the house as a stable, with the family habitation above. This is for the safety and protection of the animals, as robbery is so prevalent. Since the accumulation is not removed till spring, it no doubt serves, more or less, as a heating plant. At the annual housecleaning season the manure is not carted or wheeled out, as there are no transportation wheels in Tibet, not even a wheelbarrow. It is carried out onto the land in baskets on the backs of women and children, and this brings on an epidemic of influenza. Success is attained by the hotbed method of forcing vegetation, but trying it on humanity is another matter.

Mrs. Bare writes: "On one occasion on the trail, the best accommodations available were not exactly a pigpen, but so close and so smelly that we could not endure it. Tibetans would not have objected, but it was too loud for us; we could not sleep. We packed up and moved on." Edgar, at two years old, intent on building a block-house one day, when finished to suit him, went for some wooden dolls which he called his "little robbers," to put into it. But he noticed that they were not perfectly clean; so he got soap and water and gave them a going-over before allowing them in his house. A few days later a native was handling and showing some cloth he had for sale, when Edgar spoke up, "No—no, man, no—no, mama! The man's hands are dirty." At

another time, after Drione, a friendly native, had asked him so often for his little sister that he was tired of it, he refused again and said to his mother, "Drione's babies are a bah (dirty); our babies are clean. I do not want to give our babies to Drione; they would get dirty."

Stale butter, instead of being in disrepute, is rather at a premium. Stored in goatskins with the hair on, and kept sometimes for years, it improves with age, while increasing in smell and hair. The tallow of sheep and goats is largely used in the grazing regions and stale goat grease is one of the ingredients in the powerful fumes found in the abodes of nomads and Tartars, so that the Chinese, who are not altogether sweet themselves, call these frontier people "Stinking Tartars." One writer names a certain city in southern Tibet as the filthiest city in the world, caused by the accumulation of garbage in its streets from generation to generation without being removed. The most charitable view of the situation is to accept the statement, "The people are too poor to keep clean," which is largely true. Cold water is inefficient against the dust and grime and smoke and grease laid on by winds, hot and cold. The cost of soap, and fuel to heat water, puts these things beyond the reach of many. Wishing to encourage a faithful servant in acquiring a higher standard of cleanliness, she was given a bar of soap and a towel for her personal use. Some time later they were found hidden away in a drawer. Being too fine to use, she was saving them to start a hope chest.

ON THE TIBETAN BORDER

*Smoky the atmosphere, sooty the "tsamba" bowl,
 Dirt crust on everything, thick;
 "Tsamba" and butter tea, salt and some ancient
 cheese,
 Dirty, and hard as a brick;
 Strong food, and odorous, sandy, but nourishing,
 One can partake and be blest.
 So, if you're strong enough, hungry and cold
 enough,
 Thank God, and eat with the rest.*

*Over Tibetan trails, steep and precipitous,
 Go not for feasting and cheer,
 They who live daintily live in the home-land,
 So look not for luxuries here.
 But if your Saviour has bidden you go for Him,
 Out to the uttermost lands,
 Then where He guides you, go, knowing He wills
 it so,
 Trusting it all in His hands.*

"Om moni padme hum." This is the Lama Label, the Tibetan Token, the brief and beautiful basis of their worship; found everywhere in Tibet and in every book and magazine, and in nearly every published story of Tibet. It is their creed placed on prayer-flags, on housetops in the wind. in prayer-wheels small enough to whirl in the hand or so large they are turned by water power; suspended over rivers and printed on the water by means of a prepared board pressed on its surface, to be carried to regions below; inscribed on bones

of animals and hung up to clatter together in the wind; engraved on countless stones, piled at every wayside chorten and at the top of every mountain-pass, and in huge characters on the faces of mountain cliffs. Their ritual is mechanical; their faith is superstition; their morality rises perhaps no higher than their prayers.

Lamaism is a conglomeration, a mixture of Buddhism, Catholicism and Mysticism. The Lama is ruler in both material and moral affairs, varying in rank from authority over a single lamasery with limited territory to the Tashi Lama, accepted as a reincarnation with authority subject only to the Dalai Lama, who occupies the Potala at Lhasa, whose authority is supreme, and who represents to his people what the Pope in the Vatican at Rome means to Catholics. Buddhism, as well as their language, came originally from India, and there are indications that Catholics influenced their system in past ages, as the rosary is in use. Dr. Bare found a cross engraved on one of their sacred stones. There is a passage in one of the Tibetan sacred books in which Ya shu (Jesus) is mentioned as the good, kind, and loving Saviour.

Since the death of the Dalai Lama, some five years ago, there has been no successor found. He was the thirteenth, and there is an old tradition that there were to be only thirteen Dalai Lamas. As the mass of the people remain in dense ignorance, the lamas are able to practice the greatest frauds upon them, which are accepted as mysteries. Their system provides that the first-born son of each fam-

ily be consecrated as a lama, and the lamaseries absorb the wealth of the country, and so keep control.

THE BORDER COUNTRY

*Here are minds as dark as that dark "ninth hour,"
As the rock-hewn, stone-sealed tomb,
Where never a wholesome hope has flower,
Or a selfless thought has room.*

*Here are hearts as hard as the driven nails,
Cruel as the priestly sneer,
For wherever the power of death prevails
Man still is the dupe of fear.*

*The barriers here of creed and clan
The devil himself has reared,
And a man's sole thought of his fellow-man
Is, "How much must this man be feared?"*

*Oh, heavy this care for the many lost,
This grief that the saved be few,
That the old must perish at fearful cost
Before ever all things are new.*

*Yet, after the darkness there broke the dawn,
And life from the rock-hewn grave,
And in these hands whence the nails were drawn,
Alone is there power to save.*

*So here, where the priest holds sneering rule,
And fear has double sway,*

*The Master has set for Himself a school
And is drawing men to the Way.*

*Oh, hail Him who conquers with nail-pierced hands,
And serve with the strength of ten,
And praise His name in the uttermost lands,
For joy that He comes again.*

Tibetans have a natural love of drama and pageants and feasts. Perhaps their greatest religious event is their annual butter festival, when a great exhibition of statuary, made of butter and appropriately colored, is held for several days. Their dramas are on the pageant order, given in the open air, somewhat historical and mystical; their costumes and hideous masks and dances have given the impression and reputation of devil-worship. Here is an avenue of approach. An Easter pageant representing the resurrection arranged by the missionaries at Batang was given outdoors, in which the natives willingly took part with great interest. The large native audience expressed hearty approval of the person representing JESUS, and their emphatic displeasure at the one who took the part of Judas.

Tibetans do not forget favors; they make enduring friendships. They are not given to the use of opium. They are more emotional and more chaste in marriage and home life than the frontier Chinese.

Owing to the variation of climate from tropical valleys to frigid mountain heights, there is a great variety of flora; the water-lily or lotus is regarded

as most sacred of them all. Their supreme Deity is conceived to be a young lama born out of a lotus, with a thousand arms and hands radiating out in every direction from his body like petals of a lotus, and in every hand and eye. The idea TO SEE AND TO SERVE is superb. This is the explanation of the creed, "Om mani padme hum"—"O GOD, THE JEWEL IN THE LOTUS!" But, if they understand it, they make no move to put it into practice. They must be taught of the One who came and saw and served, and saves unto the uttermost part of the earth. They are not taught that they can continue in their dirt and be clean at heart, nor that they can continue in immorality and devil-worship, if they make a profession and clean up outside. They are not even taught that they can smoke on the way to worship, and sit acceptably at the LORD'S TABLE. As much and no more is desired and expected of Tibetan converts than CHRIST desires and expects of you and me.

CHAPTER VI

BATANG

“For a great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries.”—1 Corinthians 16:9.

Batang is situated on the Batang River near its junction with the Monastery River, and not far from where both help to make China's greatest river, the Yangtze. Being in the latitude of Houston, Texas, it would be very warm if it were not for its elevation, which is not quite ten thousand feet. Its valley is surrounded by lofty mountains, so its climate is temperate, verging onto tropical compared with surrounding highlands. It is a caravan center for Chinese-Tibetan traffic, although Tibetans dislike to take their chief beast of burden, the rugged yak, into the warm valley, where the temperature may be 100 at noon and fall to zero by midnight on the mountains.

The origin of the Tibetans is an open question. Their language and religion came from India, and they claim their first rulers were of Aryan stock. Other writers place them with the Mongolian race; and, while they are not at all like the Chinese, they are very much like American Indians. Their dress and appearance, their outdoor life and love of animals—the yak instead of the buffalo being their general utility animal—some of their domestic and religious customs and their tribal wars, all favor

a distant relationship with our Indians. But whether of our own race as Aryan Indians or akin to our American Indians, WE OWE THEM THE GOSPEL.

Their produce and industry are quite limited. The grain, vegetables and fruit of the temperate zone can be raised in the valleys; herding and robbery are the main interests in the high plateaus and mountains. The yak is their main dependence—as their freight train; for milk, butter, cheese and meat; its hide for boats and bedding; its hair is made into rope; its bones are put to various uses, and its dung is very generally used for fuel.

Dr. Shelton found it possible to lead water from the river to irrigate the mission tract of eight or nine acres, and our common vegetables and fruits were grown and canned, supplying acceptable food to the missionaries. Barley, wheat, rye, peas, turnips, cabbage, melons, tomatoes and walnuts are grown. A trusty servant is far more capable of finding and buying at a fair price what is needed than is a foreigner. Lhatsu, Mrs. Bare's most faithful helper, was instructed to purchase any of the following: barley, millet, corn, bran, buckwheat or wild peas. Eggs, butter, honey, pancakes, cheese, yak-meat, and mutton are used by the natives able to secure them; but the staples are samba (which is grain, usually barley, parched and ground into meal) and butter tea. Most of their fruit is inferior, peaches and strawberries being exceptions. Alfalfa was introduced by Dr. Shelton, and is used for greens by the natives. The time of planting and harvest, instead of proceeding from south to north, as with us, begins in the

valleys and advances up to the Arctic heights. With the Batang valley as a base, where the harvest begins the last of June, it climbs steadily upward and reaches the limits of cultivation about the first of October.

Mrs. Bare has written, "Chinese sugar is dirty; it smells bad and is expensive, but it is sweet and we use it. Lhatsu has found walnuts, dried peaches, red rice, honey, wheat and buckwheat for sale. Some villagers had brought them in from about a day's journey. The folks had her bring the wares here and weigh and measure them, for, even though it is Sunday, the dependents must be fed and people from outside cannot well be asked to wait. Having the honey it will not be necessary to make beet syrup."

It is sometimes necessary to resort to native dress, as well as food, or at least to the raw material, so that, beginning with wool, it is worked up into mittens, socks and sweaters, more useful than beautiful, in the mission home. Some cloth and quite artistic and durable rugs are produced. Large quantities of hides and wool are sent out, and there is quite a trade in medicinal herbs, which are in much demand in China. Considerable wool from the Cashmere goat of the very highest quality is produced.

There are no doubt immense mineral resources in the attic just under the world's roof, but still in the dark. There are gold mines, worked in a small way, in western Tibet, and some is panned in the rivers; and salt is produced for local use. The pay of a field worker is about four cents a day, with food which does not cost that much, so the missions

employ as many natives as possible, both inside and outside, to bring them into close contact with Christian living and teaching and to allow the missionaries time to serve where the natives cannot.

As the United States opened the doors of Japan, so it appears that our missionaries are destined to open the last and greatest hermit nation to the "Light of the World" and Christian progress. With four great rivers and their tremendous canyons and mountain chains between, on the east, and the Himalayas, the highest mountains on earth, on the south, Tibet has been able to shut the world out without much effort. They were not able to withstand the Younghusband expedition, however, which Great Britain sent from India to Lhasa in 1904, but which gained only trade agreements in limited territory. On the eastern frontier there is intermittent warfare with Chinese garrisons in the larger towns, and the Tibetans, with their natural love of robbery, trying to drive the Chinese out to sack and plunder. The border Tibetans are largely in sympathy with the Chinese, for the reason that there is more control and protection under Chinese than under Tibetan authority; so they intermarry sometimes when husband and wife cannot understand a word of each other's language.

Many of the houses are built without windows on the danger or mountain side, and watchmen are employed to prevent robbery of houses and driving away of the animals. One night some local thieves, trying to get into the garden, knocked some stones off the wall which wakened the family, and Dr. Bare's gun woke the neighborhood, and three of the

pilferers were caught, taken to the Yamen and given two hundred lashes each. The next day a Chinese soldier was brought to the hospital who had fallen from a tree while stealing walnuts, and lay with a broken leg part of the afternoon and all night in the cold rain before help came. The doctor made him as comfortable as possible with his terribly swollen leg, but found, the next morning, that he had taken off all the bandages and splints during the night. He finally recovered and manifested surprise at his kind treatment at the hospital. On another occasion, Mrs. Bare was awakened by the bawling of their yearling heifer and the barking of the dog. In the morning the lock was found broken at the barn and the three cows had been taken. The heifer had evidently escaped from the robbers and come home. The authorities were notified and two of the servants took up the trail for the day, but without result. Three herdsmen who were guarding about fifty head of cattle and horses were attacked suddenly early one morning by a large band of robbers, who killed one and wounded the other two and drove away the stock. One of the herders was brought to the hospital, and Dr. Bare found the left arm completely shattered and needing amputation. But the man's friends refused this, so the bone fragments were removed and jagged ends trimmed, and he made a slow recovery but lost the use of his arm.

On the night of April 3, 1928, the sound of crashing glass and shouting aroused everyone in the vicinity of the hospital. Dr. Bare jumped into his clothes, snatched his revolver and went over as quickly as he could, while Mrs. Bare and the servants

shivered on the front balcony in suspense. "Shots were fired from our barn, Ogden's barn, the school and the hospital balcony where Tsam Den was guarding. One of the robbers shot at Dr. Bare and made quite a hole in the mud wall of the hospital near where he stood. Twenty-nine panes of glass were broken and some other damage was done. One of the robbers was wounded and captured and placed in the Yamen; and, when Dr. Bare went over to treat his wound, he was told that it was not at all necessary, as he would soon be dead. He, and an old man who had been harboring robbers on the outskirts of town, were decapitated at the west gate at noon." Executions are commonly viewed by the populace, and Mrs. Bare felt the deepest gratitude toward Lhatsu, who happened to be out with little Edgar Bare on such an occasion, that she had moral fibre enough not to go with the crowd and allow innocence to see the ghastly sight. After some real fighting between Batang forces and Tibetans about two hours out from town, ten wounded men were brought to the hospital, two of them critically injured. But it is surprising from what desperate conditions the natives will rally and recover. Goitre is very prevalent, and malaria is ever present. Relapsing fever is a scourge; the relapse is usually fatal unless within reach of the missionary doctor, but appendicitis is almost unknown on the border.

This translation of a letter, in appreciation of the hospital, was sent by the head man of a Tibetan village to the United Christian Missionary Society:

Cherishing love in my heart, I send to
America, to the disciples of the precious

Lord, these greetings: I, Ah Den, a very poor Tibetan of Tong Ko Ding, speak these words. My meaning: I went from Tong Ko Ding up into the mountains for some timbers. Having cut a large one, it fell, breaking my leg, so that I suffered unbearably. When unable to endure it, I went into Batang before the American Christian missionary, Dr. Bare, and begged him to help me. Whereupon, for mercy's sake, he gave me medicine and care. Now I am better and have been saved from awful misery. Also, among my neighbors was a poor woman called Ja Nga who was very sick. She also called this doctor, who did a doctor's work, and the illness departed. Also in Batang, among the very poor, a great number have been healed. There are poor, suffering people in such number that continually and without ceasing he gives assistance, and we have gratitude beyond our power of expression. Therefore, from hearts filled with thanks, we repeatedly offer prayers for Dr. Bare to the true God Himself. Especially to the officers of the Christian Church in America do we, who are poor, give thanks with this message. Also again, please understand that our gratitude continues. This message from the Tibetan border, Ah Den, the Tong Ko Ding headman, in the Tibetan eighth month, seventh day, respectfully offers.

As a rule the Tibetans are a very hardy race if they survive the dangers of childhood. Their life in the open air and their unintentional double destruction of deadly germs in one operation in the preparation of butter tea by which the local germs in the water and the Chinese germs in the tea both perish in the boiling, are two chief factors of their physical salvation. Like our Indians, they allow no flesh to waste. They relish the inwards of animals and find it less trouble to consume than to remove the hair from their food. Perhaps their religious teaching against taking the life, even of vermin, tends to encourage them in eating what has been killed by others, or by accident, or by disease. The Christian natives purchased a yak for Christmas festivities, had it butchered early, and did not hesitate to use the meat which had become tainted, and as a result many of them were sick.

A calf belonging to the mission, after being sick for some time, died. It was given to the natives, who dressed and ate it with pleasure. Dr. Bare found that a Batang man had died from eating the meat of a cow which died of blackleg. Another interesting fact proved by Dr. Bare, in his work by examining the blood of new-born infants, is that malaria is transmitted and is in the blood at birth.

LOOK UP

*War clouds and war curses come,
The hearts of men fail for fear,
The counsels of peace are dumb,
The Communist hordes draw near.*

*Darkness and terror increase,
And perplexity, more and more;
Yea, Christ did not prophesy peace,
But wars, and rumors of war.*

*Earthquakes and famines shall be,
Kingdom 'gainst kingdom be set;
Many shall say, "I am He;"
Even so, the end is not yet.*

*There are places yet unreached
On Tibetan heights far flung,
And the Gospel must first be preached
To every tribe and tongue.*

*Perhaps the murderous herd
Will break the Border ban,
That we enter and preach the Word
Where today no Christian can.*

*Then, whether to die is best,
Or, 'tis needful to live, He knows,
In whom is our perfect rest,
Whatever His grace bestows.*

*Perhaps it is time to rise
And seek where the last tribes lie;
Yea, let us lift our eyes—
Our redemption draweth nigh.*

CHAPTER VII

DARK DAYS

"We glory in tribulations also."—Romans 5:3.

A season of distress and trouble at the Batang mission was between June, 1927, and August 11, 1929. The latter date is the day of the arrival of Marion H. Duncan and family after their varied experiences of robbery on the Border, starvation in Burmah and recuperation in America.

Along the Border were "wars and rumors of wars." There was the constant danger of gorilla warfare between the Chinese and Tibetans at and around Batang, and the fighting of the Chinese among themselves in the interior of China was increasing.

PEACE IN TUMULT

*There's war to the north of us, war to the south of us,
Bugle calls sounding to death and despair.
Hate is turned loose again, swords are in use again,
But Peace is our portion, who trust in God's care.
Beyond this diurnal strife we vision eternal life,
And grace more abounding is ours to declare.
Thanks to the Living Way, it's always Thanksgiving
Day,
And Peace in proportion He grants us to share.*

The American Consul at Yunnanfu, after several

warnings, finally sent word that he would not be responsible any longer, and the missionaries were remaining at their own risk. They were not frightened out, but Dr. Bare kept a separate supply of provisions ready for quick departure, and hammer and nails at hand to nail down the trapdoor of the second floor of the house in case it became necessary for the family to take refuge up there.

It was the warfare in China that brought on the crisis at this time by cutting off all communication from outside—no mail, no funds, no supplies, no contact with the home society. Here was an independent mission, but not willingly so. What could they do? They prayed and took counsel together. It was dangerous to stay, and perhaps more dangerous to go. If part of them could leave, the funds and supplies might last with careful use till the crisis was over. The decision was acceptable to all that Dr. Bare should remain, and Marion Duncan and Roderick MacLeod, with their families, would try to reach the United States. Each family had three children, so there were ten persons with their servants and caravan men who made up the party which left their co-workers and a host of friends among the natives on June 7, 1927, with mingled feelings of apprehension and sorrow. They were making good progress and hoped to reach Atuntze in a few more days, when they were fired upon and robbed of nearly everything they had on July 6. Their faithful servant, Andrew, interceded vigorously for the children, although he was brutally beaten, and was allowed to keep a part of their clothing and some food. They did not give up

and turn back, but gathered up what was left and, with two animals that had escaped the bandits, proceeded on their way. As soon as the word of their misfortune reached Batang, a pack of most necessary things that one man could carry was made up, and the native carrier was instructed to make all possible speed to their relief, which he did in good time, and, on reaching Atuntze, they secured needed supplies and went on.

On January 1, 1928, Mrs. Bare wrote, "Happy New Year. The other years have been happy and, though this one begins under a cloud, it may end in the sunshine." Sickness was one of the clouds which, however, passed away after the birth of Lyrel Marguerite on January 6.

The Easter services on April 8 began with an outdoor sunrise prayer meeting, followed by a baptismal service, one of those baptized being Lhatsu, Mrs. Bare's most faithful servant, who, under her personal instruction, later became the first Tibetan Bible woman to work among her own people.

As furloughs were due for Mr. and Mrs. Ogden, who had been co-workers with Dr. Shelton, and Miss Young, the nurse, and communication had been restored and warfare had subsided in China, they decided to start for America by the northern route and Tatsienlu, rather than by the southern route on which the Duncan-MacLeod party had been robbed, and they got through safely.

Mrs. Ogden was the orphanage mother, and there was very vigorous weeping and wailing among the twenty-two younger children, whom Mrs. Bare tried

to comfort when they saw their mother leaving them on May 26.

An efficient native woman, Tsering Hlamo, was matron of the orphanage, and Mrs. Bare, the only hospital and mission nurse, assisted in the daily clinic and the operations and conducted the clinic, and was the physician in charge when the doctor was away.

The orphanage storeroom had been converted into a sitting-room, and the opening of this room, with the showing of stereoptican views at a public reception, when a short history of the orphanage was given and tea was served, was the occasion of the celebration of its ninth anniversary. And it was quite a thrill when, for the first time, one of the orphan girls played the organ for the Sunday services. Results of the orphanage work are still evident, as many of the native Christian leaders along the Border received their first training there.

With all the work of orphanage, hospital, and regular mission services, which were held almost daily, the Bare home and children were not neglected. Being too young to protect themselves against daily dangers, they were carefully guarded, and treatment began with the least appearance of symptoms of illness.

It was an unpleasant affair when the local officials, accompanied by the town rabble, came to survey the mission property, claiming they were occupying more ground than they had paid for and must make restitution, an effort of extortion, no doubt, but for some time an added worry and annoyance to the mission, for just then expenses were

being reduced and the budget scaled downward.

A Chinese leper, formerly secretary at the Yamen, had been taken in. He was twenty-eight years old and had been a leper for five years. A little house was prepared for him in the mission garden, and both Doctor and Mrs. Bare did all they could to make him comfortable. He seemed to appreciate the relief and kindness and made some progress toward recovery. But he refused to give up the use of opium, and the doctor would not combat both opium and leprosy in the same individual.

During these days of darkness there was no lack of work. Because of several families leaving, those who remained were overworked and for various reasons the results appeared so meager and prospects so dark that Doctor and Mrs. Bare believed it advisable to start work at some other point or resign, and cabled the home society to this effect. But there were some sparks of light in the darkness. A Tibetan official from a town some distance away sent a young cow as a present, and Mrs. Bare received a letter from the bank at Irvington, Nebraska, saying there was twenty dollars, gold, there to her credit which she had forgotten since her teaching days at Papillion.

It was prayer that sustained them. They prayed for strength and ere that was gone they prayed for more till help arrived. The promised help was the Duncan family who after all their suffering were just as anxious to go back as the Bare family were to have them come.

This word, that Duncans would return just as soon as Mrs. Duncan's physician would permit, was

received with deep gratitude at Batang early in 1929. At that time Dr. Bare's mother and brother and Mrs. Bare's father were living at Lincoln, Neb. They were somewhat familiar with the situation and, when they received the word that Duncans had sailed, but that on account of renewed warfare in the interior the United Society had cabled advising them to remain at Shanghai, these Lincoln relatives held a conference and then wired the Society imploring them to send Duncans on. This prayer to God as well as to the Society was answered immediately, as a telegram was received the next day, signed by Brother Yocum, saying that Duncans had passed the danger zone, had reached Chungking, and a cable had been sent them to proceed. This was on April 13 and, as is often the case, more was received than was prayed for. Just one week later, Bro. S. J. Corey of the United Society visited Lincoln and held a conference with these most interested relatives to the inexpressible relief of their anxiety. Brother Corey mentioned his appreciation of the faithful service of Dr. and Mrs. Bare in a difficult situation. It is fitting to bear testimony here to the fair and kind treatment of the Society and particularly to Brother Corey and Alexander Paul, who have been most closely associated with the Bares and their relatives, for their Christian spirit and personal regard manifested through the years and to say that that love and friendship continues on both sides although circumstances have broken up the early and close relationship.

Gleams of light began to break through at Batang soon after they heard that Duncans were on the way.

First from Wyoming came the word that the former school teacher associates of Mrs. Bare at Midwest had been so impressed with one of her poems which they had found that they ventured to send it to the *New York Times*. To their great delight it was accepted and published, and a twenty-dollar check came back which was raised to fifty dollars by Mrs. Bare's relatives at Lincoln and placed as a nest-egg bank deposit in the name of Marguerite Bare, who was the baby at that time. There was encouragement in the local work also, and Dr. Bare baptized eleven converts on May 26.

Nearly four years had passed since Mrs. Bare had filed final proof on the Wyoming homestead and nothing had been heard from it. But when her father was out that way to visit his daughter, May, a teacher at Casper, he went to the Land Office at Cheyenne and found the patent which had been held all that time for correct address. The thrill received by the father was sped on its way to the Border and the Bares were thrilled, having all but given up hope of a refuge on the Wyoming frontier in case the Tibetan frontier failed them.

The Duncans, knowing how badly they were needed, made a quick trip via the northern route, up the Yangtze River and by caravan from Tatsien-lu; arriving at their journey's end on August 11, and the sun shone again at Batang.

MIDWEST HOME CAMP

(Mrs. Bare's first paid poem. Published in the *New York Times* about May 1, 1929)

*Houses alike in your deadly monotony,
Built on the sand or the miserable muck,
Set like an Arab camp out in the wilderness,
Reared like a shrine to the goddess of luck.*

*Oil derricks rearing their grimy, gaunt skeletons,
Glaring sun, bitter winds, wide wastes, sudden
hills,
Like a newly-dug remnant of long-buried nations
Or the very old scar of humanity's ills.*

*The wearing and wearying roar of machinery
That beats on the ear till the weary sense nods;
Noise that is set in the midst of far silences,
Oil-bedaubed men that might else have been gods.*

*We thought we could loathe you, the grimy, the
sordid;
But we are your captives in heart and in hand;
You've won us entire with your awkward, grim
loveliness,
Accept our allegiance, O Paradox Land.*

*Let the low sun but love-kiss the prairie,
And the wearying shackles are loosed from the
soul.
In the eye wakes an artist, in the ear a musician,
In the heart sings a poet for crowning the whole.*

*Soft, indescribable shadings and shadows,
The rugged hills calm in their infinite might,
The torch flare grows brighter, for lights prick the
darkness,*

*And the wide field is hushed 'neath the fingers of
night.*

*Oil is not the last word, not oil-camp, but home
camp,*

Gleaming afar through the gathering night.

Beautiful, wonderful, mystical city,

Speak for the ultimate triumph of right,

Shine for the Way and the Truth and the Light.

CHAPTER VIII

BABIES

"And he called a little child and set him in the midst of them."—Matthew 18:2.

Soon after reaching the real frontier on the caravan trail, it was found necessary to barricade baby Edgar at the noon stops as much as possible. Many of the people had never seen a white baby, and their curiosity or human interest was so keen that they were liable to throng him. From their environment of dirt and darkness his whiteness and purity were a revelation, almost as of an angel; instead of an obstacle, as many had feared, he was rather a miracle in introducing these foreign strangers to human hearts.

The Bares used two mighty levers to open the gates and the homes of the Land of Mystery, the appeal of beautiful innocence and the appeal of physical healing and Jesus used both.

LITTLE BROWN BABIES

*Your mothers speak words strange to me,
Little Tibetan babies,
But I understand when you smile at me,
And put out your little brown hands to me,
Oh, you have captured the heart of me,
Little Tibetan babies.*

*You are dirty and lousy, I know,
 Little brown Lisu babies;
 Naked or clothed in rags you go,
 The pinch of hunger your wee legs show,
 But you fight for life, and you try to grow,
 Brave little brown-skinned babies.*

*My little white boy has a bath each day,
 Little Tibetan babies,
 Food to eat till he turns away,
 Milk to drink, and a place to play.
 God loves my boy, but what shall I say
 For little Tibetan babies?*

*Oh, He has meant that you, too, should know,
 Little neglected babies,
 The love and care that would make you grow
 As the Christ-Child did in the long ago.
 And God gave His Son that it might be so
 For even the uttermost babies.*

The first and greatest problem the Bares faced was the child problem. They expected and accepted willingly privation and rugged and dangerous conditions for themselves, but what of the children? Here are the conditions. Mrs. Bare noticed baby had something in his mouth and discovered that the servant, true to custom, had chewed up food and then transferred it to the baby's mouth. There are no scruples in the childish mind toward native food, color or present condition and if the children or their parents are too good to associate

with the wretched, they are too good for Tibet and perhaps for heaven. The malignant relapsing fever is communicated by the bite of a louse, but the Bare children were allowed to play and associate with the children around them from the first. Of course they were not allowed to go everywhere, but the difficulty was attacked from both sides. The children were under constant surveillance and their little playmates had to submit to bathing and delousing or lose their standing. But to have a leper occupying the mission compound and receive his food and medical treatment there indefinitely, and later to take in a leper lad and allow Edgar Bare to give him lessons in English—great precautions—yes, and great faith were required for this.

THE LEPER BOY

*Twelve days he journeyed through country fraught
with danger,
An outcast from his father's house because of his
disease.
He came, a little leper boy, a timid little stranger,
To seek the Border Doctor's help, who cares for
even these.*

*Then arose the question of how to house the leper,
There was no home would take him in, no inn,
nor barn, nor shed;
He camped outside the Doctor's gate, a lonely little
leper,
Like Him the Doctor serves, He had no place to
lay His head.*

*Many are the lepers with lives in like disorder,
Where shall they go where men will let them stay?
Christ's tender mercy is not known along the Border.
Everywhere they go they are cursed and turned
away.*

The child problem is also foremost in the Tibetan economy. In their ignorance, superstition and unstable existence it is not strange that only about half of the babies born survive the period of childhood. And yet there must be deep in the heart of at least some of the Tibetan mothers a feeling akin to that which possessed the souls of the Jewish maidens before the birth of Christ; for, whenever the Dalai Lama at Lhasa dies, it is believed that his spirit passes into a babe born at that time and goes on living and this sacred infant must be found and reared to fill that high position. And when the demonstration of a clean, bright, healthy, beautiful missionary baby is before them, they receive an impulse, too strong to resist, to clean up. The Bares were tactful and did not say, "Bring your dirty babies to the mission," but they spread the word that there would be a baby clinic and all that needed help would be treated at the appointed hour. And they began to come. Not all of them needed medicine, but they all needed soap and warm water and it was a great relief to the "Mission Mother" when the ordinary wash-basin which soon overflowed was replaced by a sizeable tub of local manufacture.

One of their superstitions is that either a birth or a death in a home is evidence of the displeasure of the gods and that more distress will follow. A native

woman who could find no place of refuge very reluctantly came to the mission and was made comfortable during confinement. The same month the subject of the following poem was brought to the home and tenderly nursed to the end, but she did not survive. The natives watched in vain for a calamity and no doubt were disappointed that their tradition was broken.

HANNAH NELL

*Lord, if it be Thy gracious will,
 Good in Thy holy sight,
 Bend from the mercy seat, Lord God,
 Grant us Thy love and light.*

*Poor little Mosu child, drooping and dying,
 How shall I pray for her frail little life?
 Hers which thus far has been little but anguish,
 Illness and hunger, terror and strife.*

*Born when her mother was burdened with sorrow,
 Five predecessors were laid in the grave;
 This wee one only a delicate daughter,
 "Throw her," the witch-man said, "into the wave.*

*"Drown her, and banish your bane for a blessing.
 A brother will follow her, sturdy and strong;
 Keep her and never have ought but a daughter,"
 And yet they have kept her these three full years
 long.*

*They starved and they stuffed her, they loved and
they hated,
By mood, and in turn, little "Heaven Restore;"
Then sought her father the high flooded river,
Which thrice cast the tiny form back on the shore.*

*"The river refuses, now try you the Christians,"
Somebody counseled. "They will not refuse.
Strange are the Christians, but give them the baby,
There's little to gain, but there's nothing to lose."*

*So "Heaven Restore" was brought to my doorstep;
I looked in her eyes and she came to my heart.
Poor little Hannah Nell, frightened and dying,
How shall light shine that her darkness depart?*

*I shall say, "Father, grant for this little one
Light for her darkness, and faith for her soul,
Touch her poor, bruised, shrunken flesh with Thy
healing,
Change it to living flesh, healthful and whole.*

*"Thou art Jehovah, gracious and merciful,
If this be Thy holy will, good in Thy sight,
Bend from Thy throne of grace, gracious in mercy,
Save Hannah Nell, for Thy glory tonight.*

*"Just if it be Thy holy will,
Good in Thine own clear sight,
Look from the mercy seat, dear Lord,
And save this child tonight."*

The Bares' nearest missionary neighbors are the Newland family at Yea Chi, five days' journey south. Mr. Newland writes in the *Tibetan Christian* of July 1, 1935: "A Tibetan woman, upon learning that Dr. Bare was setting out for Yea Chi, suggested he take along some baby clothes. 'Oh, Mrs. Newland will have clothes ready,' replied Mrs. Bare. The woman's astonishment was great. Butter or butter and barley meal is given the new-born baby in a few hours. There is no bath for the baby in less than three days. The frequent conclusion is that if the child gets along all right for three days without a bath, he can get along without one thereafter. On one occasion, Mrs. Bare, seeking to render friendly assistance, sent word to a Tibetan mother that she would come and bathe the baby. The mother sent her thanks with the request that she 'wait one month.'" The young mother in the following poem is a Christian convert and is much more appreciative.

A YOUNG MOTHER SPEAKS

*Thanks, Mother-teacher,
And tell the Doctor, thank you.
I know that I had died this day
Had I not had your care.
No, do not try to hush my lips,
My heart would burst to thank you,
And, most of all, my thanks, my praise
To Him who answers prayer.*

*My precious baby, my son,
 My shout of triumph.
 Even husband's mother
 Must say that he is fair.
 I would not serve their idols,
 And now behold my triumph.
 Well they know that I had died,
 Had God not answered prayer.*

*Now my son shall serve my God,
 God, who is Jehovah.
 Serve Him well and love Him well,
 No matter how he fare.
 He shall be called Jo El,
 For our God is Jehovah,
 And there is no other
 Who hears and answers prayer.*

Again from Mr. Newland's letter: "The Chinese baby's arms are bound close about its sides to keep it from scratching. The legs are then bound together, and then it goes on its mother's back where it remains for the greater part of the next two or three years. This position serves the convenience of the working mother, and also serves to keep the baby warm, for it has little (sometimes none at all) clothing. They first walk at about two years of age.

"Eggs are unthinkable for a child's diet—they give worms.' Milk is scarce, and when available is not often given to children; it must be saved to make butter. Perhaps one of the strangest practices is that of the mother nursing her children until they are four, five or six years of age. This is very

common. Mrs. Bare tells of a mother who came with a request for a bottle and a little cow's milk. Questioning revealed that of the five children (ages 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10) in addition to the new-born baby, only the eldest was not nursing at the mother's breast. There was nothing left for the baby, she said, hence the request for the bottle and the cow's milk."

SEVEN BABIES

*This morning I found seven
Native babies at my door;
Some of them I knew,
And some I'd never seen before.*

*None of them were larger
Than our own, who's scarcely three;
And every one with solemn eyes
Looked questions up at me.*

*Those that were clothed
Were clothed in rags,
And they were hungry, too,
So I looked questions back at them,
And wondered what to do.*

*The burning sun, the hunger pain,
The insect's sting they know;
Their folk are in the rice fields,
And the rice has long to grow.*

*The rice fields offer pain and tears,
And here they heard a song.
(Some questions were but little ones,
And some were BIG and long.)*

*I smiled at them, and then they laughed,
And knew that they could stay,
And all their other questions,
For the time, were laid away.*

*But they woke questions in my heart
That stay to vex me still.
That little ones should hunger,
Can it be my Father's will?*

*But sharper yet the one that stings,
And burns like living coals,
I've pity on their little flesh,
What pity for their souls?*

*Shall I consider food and clothes,
And things of earthly store,
And fail to lead to Jesus
These whose feet have sought my door?*

Beginning like the Gospel with babies in stables, the Border work has grown gradually upward through childhood to motherhood, for the Tibetan mothers soon learned that the "Mission Mother" from a strange land and of another race was the first person who had ever served them from a sense of love; and they were compelled to love in return. Although not so soon and not so evident, the healing

and teaching ministry of Dr. Bare had its effect on the rough and rugged men of the community, with a gradually increasing respect for him and for one another. And when through babyhood, childhood, sisterhood, motherhood, brotherhood and neighborhood the ideal is reached, the age-old questions, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and "Who is my neighbor?" will be answered.

CHAPTER IX

THE RECALL

"How shall they hear without a preacher?"—Romans 10:14.

They were so far away that it required two months for a letter to go either way and two weeks to reach the nearest telegraph office, and the mail runners were so frequently robbed that it was the practice to send three different copies of important matters between the Home Society and Batang, so that one, at least, would get through. Magazines were usually received the year they were printed. The *World Call* announcing Garland Bare's birth arrived when he was nine months old, and before the next one came he could say words in Tibetan, Chinese and English.

The arrival of mail thrills even the children, as shown by this poem, written by Marguerite Bare, at the age of ten years, in appreciation of a child's magazine.

OUR MAGAZINE COMES

*We live in Tibet, "the roof of the world,"
Where the mountains are steep and high,
In the village where the salt wells are,
And the Mekong rushes by.
We have dolls and a train and a toy airplane,*

*Which we show to our wondering chums,
But the time we like best, as perhaps you have
guessed,
Is when "Children's Activities" comes.*

*We live in Tibet, where the prayer flags fly,
Where prayers turn in wheels and are carved in
stone,
And the lama priests beat their drums all day,
And at night the cold winds moan.
And we tell the stories of Jesus our Christ
To our wondering little chums,
But they don't understand from what a wonderful
land
The "Children's Activities" comes.*

Christmas boxes must be mailed in mid-summer to be received in time, but those coming late are kept over for the next Christmas. In preparing for a Christmas the mother asked the Bare children to sort all their toys and put in a box all they would give as presents to their native friends. She was surprised that they gave many toys that they still enjoyed, but did not give up their dirty and ragged dolls.

The natives regard a colored picture as a treasure and the mission, having received a number of large colored Bible pictures, placed them on wooden backs, framed them, and gave them as Christmas presents. They became the chief attraction in the homes of Christian Tibetans and Chinese. Mrs. Bare mentions how her emotions were stirred on

that same Christmas by the girls of the orphanage singing "Silent Night" in the Tibetan language.

The missionaries become so hungry and homesick to see a white face outside of their own group. For five or six years their only reinforcements and the only new faces seen were the faces of their own newborn babies which averaged about one each year for the entire group. Duncans and Bares had manned the mission where four or five families formerly served, for more than two years before the return of Mrs. Ogden and Miss Young, who arrived on the morning of August 1, 1931. They had been gone more than three years, and during that time Mr. Ogden had died in California. Society finances were at a low ebb and these noble women came at their own expense. Here is Mrs. Bare's description: "You can imagine we had plenty to talk about. Well, while we were at the supper table and making every moment count, the amazing news was brought in that an American woman was coming in by the other road, afoot and alone; had reached Sa-sha and, though nearly exhausted, would try to come on yet that night. We hustled the boys out to find a horse to take to meet her and suggested that all on the place who were free should also go out to meet her. We finished our supper quickly, and as soon as Mrs. Ogden and Miss Young, who refused our urgent invitation to spend the night with us, had gone over to Chu Kor Hing where they are living, I went over to the girls' orphanage, and the matron and all the girls went with me out to meet our guest-to-be. It was already dark, so we did not go far. But we had not waited long when we heard the horse

and Sham Chu, who was leading it, said, 'This is she.' I gasped two or three times before I could speak in English. You see, I have not spoken to a stranger in English for five and a half years, but I finally said, 'Mrs. Grubb?' She said, 'Yes, I suppose this is Mrs. Bare?' Why, it was the most thrilling conversation I ever had in my life! I walked beside her horse. I would not let her dismount, for she was barefooted and exhausted so that it was an effort for her even to speak. We came on till we met the Duncans and the first introduction we have heard in years caressed our ears; then near our gate we met Norton and there was another introduction. But we did not see our guest until we nearly blinded her with the blaze of light as we led her into the sitting room where Lhatsu had the kerosene lamp lighted. The first thing she said was, 'Oh, you have kerosene lamps! kerosene, it is lovely! She is a member of the Holiness Church. She has no salary nor fixed income. She started with the hope and determination to reach Tibet, and has come thus far in spite of every effort of American Consuls and all kinds of missionaries to discourage her and turn her back.'

This was the beginning of a close friendship, which brought to Mrs. Grubb, the lone stranger, a friend indeed. This isolation was one of the points that influenced the home society to abandon Tibet.

An immense load had been lifted from the mission by the arrival of Duncans and these reinforcements added new enthusiasm to the work. The Sunday school averaged 100 and the day school 93. Of the 49 orphans taken care of, 23 were members of the church and under Mrs. Bare's careful train-

ing her faithful servant, Lhatsu, became the first Tibetan Bible woman and was employed for half time, but gave nearer three-fourths of her time to that service.

The hospital report for Dr. Bare's last full year shows 153 operations, and a total of 23,115 treatments, a large increase over any previous year. Although a great many patients were unable to pay for service, the income was sufficient to pay for the light, heat and native help employed at the hospital.

The first out-station had been established at Yen Chin at his own request and under his own management by Li Gwei Gwang, one of the two brothers brought up in the home of Dr. Shelton. Both the Duncans and Bares had long desired to do some evangelizing outside of Batang, but war-like conditions had prevented. Li Gwei Gwang was asking for help, and upon inquiry Dr. Bare learned that an official party was about to go to Yen Chin, and the doctor's party could accompany them. This was good news and the caravan was quickly made up with Dr. and Mrs. Bare, two donkeys to carry the children, five pack and five riding animals, five native helpers, and the owners of the horses to care for them and their loads. They took one load of medicine, a half load of tracts and Gospels, but did not take a tent or camping equipment, thinking it best to stop with the people in their homes. The season was unfavorable for vermin, but the dirt and smoke which did not freeze, nor faze the hosts, were bitter for the Bares. They were well treated, but sensed that strangers back from the Border away from Chinese influence would be in danger. They realized this

keenly on their return trip. The journey required seven days each way. Ge Sen and Lhatsu taught and preached each night in the homes where they stopped and Dr. Bare preached during the eight-day stay at Yen Chin. The name in Chinese means "salt springs." Water is evaporated and salt for the local need is produced. This attracts some traders and there are about one thousand people within easy reach of this centre. Under later conditions, Yen Chin passed to Tibetan control and is now called Tsakalo. Li Gwei Gwang returned to Batang to lead the church there. Dr. and Mrs. Bare were well pleased with the progress made and agreed with Li that both a dispensary and a school were needed to be opened in a small way.

Dr. and Mrs. Bare had hoped that conditions would permit the continuation of this trip to Gartok, inner Tibet, and they might have gone if it were not for the children. But they could not willingly take them into danger.

Some information and some legendary tales were given the missionaries in regard to the Jong people, who occupied the valley before they were driven out by the Tibetans. By intermarriage, dress and habits they have been almost absorbed by their conquerors. Tradition tells of a great earthquake which destroyed their city, and its inhabitants, which was located a short distance above Batang and on the other side of the river. They still retain their ancient language, which is liable to disappear before scientists make out their history. Native food was used largely on the trip and "allo," which the children like, was a

daily ration. It is made by mixing tsamba and butter-tea.

An annoyance is the entire lack of modesty on the part of the natives. If there are no inside fastenings on the doors, privacy is almost impossible. They will sometimes leave if urgently requested, or the strangers can put out the candle and retire with their clothes on. After they were located one night, on the return journey, a company of rough-looking men visited them and asked for medicine. Lhatsu recognized some of them as concerned in the Duncan robbery and secretly informed Mrs. Bare, who then spoke to the doctor in English and suggested that he open all the boxes that they might see that they contained only medicine. The same gang appeared the next night and demanded fifteen rupees, about \$9.00, for protecting them through their district. The doctor protested that they were under Chinese protection and were traveling with their permission and finally with much talk got them to leave with one-half dollar.

On reaching home, instead of word in regard to their furlough, which was nearly due, they found a cable from the United Society requesting them to remain another year as there was no physician ready to take the doctor's place.

And now it seemed that the prayers and hopes of the mission inherited from Dr. Shelton were about to be realized. A written invitation was received by Dr. Bare from Ru Ben, an official at Gartok, accompanied by animals and an armed escort for his use and protection. The most careful examination, including interpretation of the let-

ter by their trusted servants, convinced them that it was valid and sincere, and Dr. Bare went with them leaving Batang September 2, for the five-days' journey, which required travel in every direction, although the distance straight across was only forty miles. The official was treated successfully, and the doctor as an honored guest was given valuable presents and invited to return with his family and heal the people. The mutual confidence was so strong that the company that came back with Dr. Bare brought an invitation to Mr. Duncan, and he went back with them to Gartok for a brief visit. It now appeared that the doctor could make the forward move to Gartok with the family and so establish the first Protestant mission in Tibet. He was studying on this plan when he returned from the successful trip to Gartok and found the cable message that Batang mission must be closed.

The entire mission force united in a protest and an appeal to the United Society to reconsider even by a reduction of the budget and the Bares begged to be allowed to go on to Gartok for at least a few months, now that the way was open, but the letter explaining the cable desired the work to be closed so that all the missionaries could leave in the spring of 1932. Mrs. Bare wrote to her father at that time: "And now it seems that at last they are about to open the door just a little crack to let us in, and we could go with practically no additional expense. Must we tell them, 'Our people have waited here twenty-five years to bring you the Gospel and now that you say, Come in, it is too late?' If they call us and we refuse to go now, neither we nor anyone else

can go in for years. I know you have been praying for us."

They were on their seventh year of service and, having to give up the forward move to Gartok, they immediately began preparations for home and left Batang March 24, and for three weeks did not see a white person, nor a machine, nor a telegraph pole, nor a gum wrapper, nor an advertisement. But without the latter they made a good stove deal by promising the Lama who controlled the territory where the Duncan-MacLeod party had been robbed that if he would conduct them safely through, he would be given the stove they were leaving at Batang. This arrangement was carried out. They reached Atuntze April 12, and were glad to find Mrs. Grubb well and happy and left her a new supply of literature. At Yea Chi they tarried to enjoy fellowship with Russell Morse and family, who had left Batang and the service of the United Society soon after Bares arrived and had established a successful mission among the Mosu and Lisu mountain people in the vicinity of the Salween River. The Bares were carefully and prayerfully feeling their way out in order that they might know the divine will for their future. They were very favorably impressed with the China Inland Missions which they visited. They were not trying to travel rapidly and it was sixty-nine days from Batang to Yunnanfu, where they were very cordially received by missionary friends who secured a comfortable dwelling and much furniture and equipment for their use. Here once more in safety and comfort Dr. Bare concentrated on the study of the Chinese

language and Mrs. Bare on the care and instruction of the children until entering the same missionary hospital where Dr. Shelton was brought back to health after his captivity, Maribel was born July 21, 1932. Their homeward journey was resumed in September via the French railway to Haiphong on the coast, then by boat to Shanghai, where the steamship President Coolidge was taken, which landed them at San Francisco on October 18, 1932, exactly seven years from the day they sailed from Seattle.

TIBETAN VOICES CALL

*We are the brown-skinned Tibetans,
Unkempt, poorly clad, underfed.
But are we not "Sheep of His pasture,"
As one of the prophets has said?*

*Years ago there served God on our Border
A doctor named Shelton, 'tis said,
Who laid down his life for our people,
The doctor still liveth though dead.*

*We have heard how his friends in the homeland
Said as they brought forth their gold,
"We have raised this memorial to Shelton,
To Tibet must the Gospel be told."*

*Other workers were sent to our people,
And a doctor was here in our midst,
When someone sent forth the sad edict,
"Come home—from your labors desist."*

*“The time is not opportune now, friends,”
Some of your churchmen have said.
But will it be opportune later,
When we who are living are dead?*

*“Will you still slight Jesus’ commission?
‘Go ye therefore and teach every nation?’
Is not now the acceptable time?
Come—now is the day of salvation.”*

CHAPTER X

RECESS

"How shall they hear without a preacher?"—Romans 10:14.

Grandpa was at the wharf with a six sedan, and imagine the thrill of the four children from seven years down who had never seen America and luxurious living except on the steamship which brought them over and even the parents, who had heard of the great depression, looked but could not find it. There were more cars and more radios and more people glad to see and hear them than there were seven years before.

It required a day to get the goods transferred and shipped by rail and then the easy cross-country ride began but not by caravan. This was a broad, smooth, patrolled highway instead of the narrow, rough, neglected and dangerous mountain trails to which they were accustomed. Crossing by ferry to Berkeley, the route was taken through Reno and the miles of salt flats, like fields of hard snow, were crossed approaching Salt Lake City. A stop over night permitted an outside view of the Temple and a visit with Miss Bettie Britt, a long-time friend and relative. Casper, Wyoming, was the next stop, where Mrs. Bare's sister, May, a teacher there, made them welcome and Dr. and Mrs. Bare took some time to meet old friends. It was just across the state line east

of Van Tassell in Nebraska where her younger sister, Mrs. Lorena Ellicott, was settled on a ranch. Here the little Bares played with their own cousins, their first playmates in the U. S., and greatly enjoyed them and their modern toys.

Here at Van Tassell, and at Harrison, Neb., the next town east, where Paul Britt, Bettie's brother, was superintendent of the school, just twelve days after landing, Dr. and Mrs. Bare began to give addresses about their work in Tibet. People of all churches were anxious to hear of that mysterious hermit nation on the top of the world. If there had been a feeling of resentment at being recalled they might have said, "We are through and will have nothing more to do with Tibet." But they were serving God, and they were not through.

They proceeded on to Dr. Bare's home town, Clearwater, where a host of relatives and friends were waiting to see them and the children—cubs in this case—who added much, both in public and private, by singing in from one to three languages, as occasion required. Guy Dunning, of the Elkhorn Valley, and G. O. Bell, pastor at Norfolk, were old friends and co-operated in presenting the missionaries to their people, during their brief visit. At Lincoln they were entertained in the home of Mr. O. S. Bare, State Entomologist, Dr. Bare's brother, at Bethany. His mother was also living in this home. Both were so well known here where Mrs. Bare grew up and both were educated, that pastor Lomax, the church and many friends gave them a hearty welcome. They tarried over Sunday when they gave addresses at Bethany and East Side Churches and a

reception was held for them at the home of J. O. Rowland in the afternoon.

A stopover of one day was enjoyed in the home of Mrs. Bare's older brother, Prof. Garland Nichols, at Kansas City, and here the children made the acquaintance of another group of their American cousins. They also called on Father and Mother Morse at Tulsa, Oklahoma, and brought word from Russell Morse and family, who are doing such a great work on the Border extending from Yea Chi to the mountain country beyond the Salween River. A warm friendship continues with Mother Morse, who has backed up Russell and family through the years by her untiring efforts in writing, speaking and financing in their behalf.

The final celebration of their return, at the end of their journey, was the Thanksgiving feast at Nichols' Station, the home of Edgar and Father Nichols, nine miles out from Houston, Texas. Her brother, Paul Nichols, and his family were also there at that time and at this reunion there were nine grandchildren and eight adults, all relatives with the exception of one lone neighbor man, who enjoyed the fellowship with the rest.

They arrived Monday, November 1, and by Wednesday evening they were at home in a rented house at Houston. Both spoke at Heights Christian Church on Sunday and introduced Edgar to his first American school the next day.

Dr. Bare soon found an opening to engage in practice at the Tri-cities, thirty miles east of Houston. He began practice January 1, 1933, and the family moved down from Houston, living at Pelly, close to

the doctor's office, within a month and Edgar immediately started in another school. His foreign residence had not fazed him as a student, for in his seven months' schooling, in a city, town and country school, he was promoted three times.

Alexander Paul from the United Society had visited the family in Houston for final reports and intimated at this conference that he personally would bid them Godspeed if they felt it their duty to return to the Border on their own resources. Texas seemed hungry for missionary information and it seemed providential that inspiration from the farthest Border should be carried to this border state. The family placed their membership and Edgar was baptized at Goose Creek, and pastor L. L. Lemon and his wife became staunch friends of Tibet.

The Duncan family had left Batang some time later than Bares and on the way east from the coast came via Houston and arrived March 23, to visit Bares and renew their missionary fellowship. This was a great occasion and their addresses at Goose Creek and Houston confirmed the crying crisis and necessity of the Gospel in Tibet as presented by the Bares.

A VOICE FROM AFAR

*Out in the Orient I hear my country crying,
Breaking the bread of life to those in famished
need,
Healing the sick and comforting the dying,
Fighting with the GOSPEL, against ignorance
and greed.*

*Like as a mother who hears many children fretting,
 Listens with but half an ear until she hears her
 own,
 So wailed the nations when their markets were up-
 setting,
 So unconcerned was I till Uncle Sam did groan.*

*Oh Uncle Samuel, I really must reprove you,
 You have more bread than you can eat—more
 clothes than you can wear.
 You called us from the foreign field—there's hunger
 there to move you,
 And now we're going back again—and you should
 kneel in prayer.*

*Pray, Uncle Samuel, the great God to forgive you,
 Forgive you for your lust for gold, and for your
 lust for beer—
 Forgive you for your rottenness, and maybe He will
 give you
 Another chance at least. Good bye—and I'll be
 glad to hear.*

The doctor had made progress in his practice; he had been appointed health officer and was gaining patronage with the oil companies and their employees in the community and had even looked at property for a permanent home. But they continued to pray and speak for Tibet. This was just at the time of the "banking recess" all over the country and, while there was a prospect of success in building up a substantial practice, there was, from a human standpoint, no prospect of raising two

or three thousand dollars among the churches to take them back to the Border.

Mrs. Bare had spoken to the Woman's Council of the First Christian Church at Houston and soon after when they sent a \$50 check it was not only the substantial amount but the encouragement at a crisis that urged them forward. They had \$100.00 in the return fund May 1, and on May 5, they started on a tour of central Texas churches with good results. They moved back to Nichols' Station, planned their canvass and Dr. Bare and Edgar went to fill an appointment at Dalhart, Texas, on May 31. The rest of the family started a few days later, all meeting at Mother Morse's at Tulsa, then via Kansas City to Lincoln, and here the family separated again (quite customary with missionary families), Dr. and Mrs. Bare taking Garland and Maribel with them on their tour, and Edgar and Marguerite going with grandpa to the Ellicott ranch on the headwaters of the Niobrara River for the summer.

GRAVES

*There are graves out there on the Border,
Graves that we can't forget.
There are souls out there on the Border
Who have not heard of Jesus yet.*

*There is sin out there on the Border,
And degradation and shame,
And we must go back to the Border—
Back in the Master's name.*

*Then send us back to the conquest,
Back to the need we know,
Back for the love of Jesus,
Send us, for we must go!*

And what a summer it was for these alien youngsters with all the ranch pets and animals to look after; the little stream in which to wade, bathe and fish; rocks and high bluffs to climb in search of Indian relics, and a small all-English Sunday School and church to attend; the birds and frogs and snakes to look out for, and flowers in the meadows! And then in September the little district school opened and Edgar and Marguerite with their trusty cousin, Leslie, trudged away with their dinner buckets every day for six weeks. This was Marguerite's first schooling.

In the meantime, the missionaries had toured the east to Buffalo, N. Y., where under the leadership of pastor E. H. Wray, the Pilgrim Tabernacle, already supporting the Kowalski Brothers at Shanghai, undertook to support Dr. Bare, as another "Living Link." With this great lift and their travel fund mounting up, they returned to the ranch August 30, to see the children and take a brief rest, then pushed on to Cheyenne, Denver and south. Edgar, Marguerite and grandpa bade the loved ones at Happy Ranch good-bye on October 13, expecting to connect with the parents at Lincoln or Kansas City, but arrived at the Texas Station two days ahead of them. Pastor Lambert at Heights Church had been doubtful of their success, but when they returned with travel fund raised and considerable pledged for sup-

port, he, with Mrs. Lambert, Pastor and Mrs. Knowles and Mrs. G. A. Smith, of the First Church, took the lead in providing all the supplies and equipment needed. They secured lists of clothing and sundries for the entire family and the people of Houston churches provided them.

Word was received that the Rio De Janiero Maru would sail a day ahead of schedule, and pastors Lambert and Dalrymple, with Dr. and Mrs. Bare and all the Station force were hard pressed to get everything packed and delivered at the wharf on the afternoon of November 15. Mrs. Bare wrote from the ship a few days later: "Our thirteen months in the homeland have meant much to us. We have grown somewhat in faith and in understanding. Strong ties have been woven, binding us to you by whose prayers and gifts we have been strengthened and sent back. The response of His people, especially during the closing weeks of our furlough, has left us amazed at the manifestation of the power and goodness of God, and at His mindfulness of even the least in His kingdom. Our hearts are filled with praise and thanksgiving for all His goodness, and we pray that this joy may be in you also who have labored together to send us back to the task to which He has called us.

"The farewell service at the Heights Church Wednesday evening just before we came to the boat seemed to lift us to the throne of grace. Then when, next day, some of our relatives and dearest friends stood on the pier as the water widened between them and us and sang 'Send the Light,' and 'God Be with You,' it overfilled our hearts with love and gratitude.

and quickened the high resolve to spend and be spent more worthily of those who await us, of you who send, and of Him through whom we all have entered into life."

THE BARE NECESSITIES

*The Bares go back to the Border
Of a bare and barren land,
Going to bear the Gospel,
Sent at the Lord's command.*

*Human, they raised the question:
"How shall our wants be supplied?"
And He said, "That is not your problem,
Trust Me and I will provide."*

*Then the Lord God wrought with His people,
In the month that the Bares should sail,
"My chosen ones, will you fail Me,
That My Word should seem to fail?"*

*Then they brought from their hearts and their
houses,
Treasures both new and old;
Stockings, and shoes and clothing,
Books and provisions and gold.*

*And the Bares did not go barefooted,
Barehanded nor bare of hand,
When they sailed from the port of Houston
Back to their promised land.*

CHAPTER XI

YEA CHI

“For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.”—Heb. 13:14.

The Rio De Janiero Maru was a Japanese ship and a missionary complex began to be acquired immediately by association with the considerable number of Japanese people on board. The children especially were very soon playing familiarly without regard to race or language with the little Japanese, of which there were about thirty, and they showed great interest and perseverance in working the jigsaw puzzles which kind friends had provided plentifully to the little Bares and which proved very helpful during many hours of the long voyage.

Passing through the Panama Canal was of great interest, although the afternoon was rather cloudy for snapshots, and when the tropical shower broke they gave their new rain togs a trial and remained on deck till darkness spoiled the picture just before the end of the six-hour passage. Plowing northwest in the waves of the Pacific was quite different from the placid Canal, and while they did not admit illness, like some others, they found the motion of the ship more agreeable while lying down.

At Los Angeles they were met by Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Newland, who were joining them as reinforcements for Tibet and who had arranged for

them to speak at the Figueroa Church, J. Merle Applegate, pastor, and Mr. Newland, their living-link, that same evening. The two-days' stop permitted them to speak at Hollenbeck Heights Church Sunday morning, and the voyage was resumed Sunday afternoon with the joy of having made new friends and receiving their hospitality and gifts and assurances of their continued prayers and interest. Mr. and Mrs. Newland were not quite ready to sail with them, but left a short time later and joined them at Shanghai.

It was a serious problem with the Bares whether to take all of the children back. They had advice and opportunity to leave them with relatives and friends, but the prospect of such a wide and long separation and the possibility of a native environment that would better fit them for future missionary service, decided the question temporarily. But when it was thrust upon them again, whether to take eight-year-old Edgar to the Border or leave him in civilization and in school at Hong Kong, it was a problem that covered expense, but the expense by no means covered the problem. They prayed earnestly for divine guidance and began to make inquiries and investigate carefully if a satisfactory school could be found. They seemed to find an opening at every step. The mother was half willing to be refused that the family might go on unbroken, but when a school for the children of missionaries, conducted by former missionaries with room for just one more boy and at a moderate expense, and Edgar consented to remain, there was no doubt about God's will in the matter. This was the

Louise Schultz Home at Kowloon, a suburb of Hong Kong.

Both families were short of funds at Yunnanfu, especially the Newlands, who had more new equipment and on which the customs duties are always high. So they remained at Yunnanfu, where the language could be studied to better advantage than in the interior, and the Bares made the caravan journey not quite alone, as a Mr. Collie, a British citizen and member of the English Pentecostal Church, was with them for three weeks on the way to Lichang. Mrs. Bare describes this trip as follows: "It was a somewhat dubious start. Marguerite had been ill with chills and fever the two days just preceding, and rode in the double chair with Garland. Maribel rode with me in the makeshift sedan chair. Friends, both Chinese and missionaries, came to see us off. The rain delayed some of the carriers. The first to come were impatient. So when I got in, to try my chair, the chairmen started at once, without waiting for the baby, absolutely deaf to my demand that they wait a minute, and regardless of the fact that they had, in tightening the chair ropes, pulled the top down so that I could not hold my head up, and also without the moment of prayer with our friends that would have so blessed our parting. Among those who came to see us off were two of the nurses who attended us when Maribel was born here on our way home. They saw my dilemma and ran through the mud for more than a block to bring her to me. They also tried to have them readjust the chair top, but their plea fell on unheeding ears.

"My carriers took another road than that followed

by the rest of the caravan, so it was afternoon before I saw any other member of the family. Then I heard a shout, 'There comes the other chair.' In a moment or two the chair was set down in front of an inn. We got out and I tried to stretch my stiff neck. Our cook boy had missed his cue, and neither he nor the food basket were anywhere to be found. The innkeeper had boiled rice and tea, and Mr. Wagner, who went that far, shared his lunch with us, and so one way and another we got on very well. The rain continued, but a little food is wonderfully cheering. I refused to enter the chair again until it was altered. So we put Maribel in with Garland, and Marguerite in my chair, and I rode a horse. We reached the stage end just before dark, but it was quite dark before the innkeeper assigned a room to us, and we could set up our beds and prepare for the night. This was scarcely accomplished when the cook boy brought in the hot rice, the chopped, steaming vegetables and meat, and with the opening of a tin of milk we were ready to give thanks for all that the day had brought.

"At the end of the fourth day's travel, we came to the stage end just before dark. When we set up our three cots there was only a tiny space left at the door. There were no windows, and Mr. Collie had to put up his bed in a large open balcony. The whole place was filthy. Perhaps, then, you can imagine our surprise to hear good American speech, in a pleasant, well-modulated voice. I hurried down into the court while Norton was calling me. Miss Wright, a Pennsylvanian who is opening a new station there, had learned of our arrival from a little

Chinese boy; and, as she had not seen any other Americans than the members of her own mission in the two years she had been in China, she had come right over. She is all alone except for the little boy, about eight years old. We had a fine visit, and we had bread and peanut butter, which was a real treat for her. All else we had was Chinese food. She had lived on Chinese food for two years, but bread and peanut butter was a real treat. How glad we were to share it with her!"

This further account of their journey and arrival at Yea Chi is from the *Tibetan Christian* of July 1, 1934: "My, isn't this a nice meal the Lord sent us?" exclaimed the four-year-old Garland Bare, when the end of a day's travel, midway of the journey, brought them to a mission post, and a table spread with foreign food. We dare say that Garland had dreamed about such delicacies, and expressed what all felt on this occasion. It was the first such food they had tasted for many days."

The places provided for sleep in the villages at night may be said to compare rather unfavorably with barns and stables in America. A considerable population of lice, dangerous sources of typhus, may be expected, and frequently necessitate the removal of native furnishings and the installation of such sleeping equipment as the foreigner possesses follows. Mosquito nets are also essential.

"A cook who will consent to make such a long journey is a necessity from the beginning. He must search through the village for food, find water, fuel, and a place to cook the none-too-appetizing supplies obtained. Should the 'rich foreigner' undertake

these things among strangers, he would not only encounter much difficulty, but pay several times the normal cost of these items—likewise several times the cost of the cook. Our cook, Li, gave us good service to Wei Hsi; but his heart failed him there, as he imagined only wild men lived out here in the wilderness. So, although he was hired through to Yea Chi, we let him go back. We had no cook from Wei Hsi to Yea Chi; but Ho Bei Ma, sent down by Russell Morse, helped us those last four days.

“We’re camping here in a house and, of necessity, I have turned ‘botch’ carpenter. By using boxes we have fitted up some shelves for books, clothing, etc. By putting a couple of shelves in the portable organ box, and hinges and lock on the cover, I have made a small medicine cabinet which serves very well for daily use in treating those who come to the house for medicine. Eugene Morse made a temporary cupboard for Mrs. Bare by putting shelves in the big box that the small tin bathtubs made the long journey in from Yunnanfu. Morse tried to call some native carpenters two months ago and several times since, but we are still waiting.

“The medical work of this only Tibetan Border doctor is continuous—his services were petitioned even before he left Yunnanfu. While the people have no conception of the science involved and many do not forsake their long-accustomed medical advisers, devil-spirits and the like, yet a ‘foreign doctor’ soon has no little reputation. Two days ago the mail came in bringing a letter from Hsiao Bin Sen, our medical helper—evangelist at Batang. He, with his wife and baby boy, two and one-half years

old, were expecting to leave Batang about two weeks ago and should be here in about a week."

Mrs. Bare wrote soon after their arrival as follows: "The work here we found in particularly difficult straits. The Morses, almost breaking under the burden, were holding on beyond human endurance through faith and prayer. How we rejoiced together on that Easter Sunday, and are rejoicing still!

"The Morses had been able to rent a Chinese house for us because the owner was unable to finish it. It will be a comfortable place if we put a little work and money into it, as we will if the Lord so leads. It is a two-story house; the lower floor lacks doors, windows, floor and east wall. We use the upstairs mostly.

"Yea Chi is unique in some respects. It is a Mosu village. There is neither market-place nor market street. There is no small change in circulation. Little round cakes of tea or bowls of salt are used instead. Even large deals are usually done by barter. It took us weeks to make an arrangement whereby we get about three pints of milk a day. We are praying that we may soon be able to get one or two good cows. We can buy meat here only as we buy it alive, eggs and butter only as someone brings them for tea or medicine. We have secured butter only twice, very stale and dirty. We cannot buy flour, lard, or fruit. There are no canned or packed goods. They say there will be walnuts, wild fruit, and honey in season. We hope so, for in spite of a certain amount of sweet in our diet, we feel sweet-hungry all the time. We can make a starch quite

similar to corn starch from ripe peas which are frequently obtainable here. It has a slightly disagreeable smell, but we got cinnamon bark the other day which, pounded well, makes a good substitute for powdered cinnamon and enables us to make a very palatable pudding. We fare well and praise the Lord who gives it. I cannot tell you all we have to be thankful for, nor even make a beginning. If I could you would surely thank God for all His goodness to us.

“This valley is surrounded by towering and majestic mountains, and the mountains are full of members of the Lisu tribe, who are pleading for the Gospel. Our arrival, and the responsibility we are able to take for the work, has enabled the whole Morse family with a few of their helpers to go out among the Lisu, where they now are. The Lisu are responsive. There were twenty-three baptized at one out-station on Easter Sunday. Several times since men have come even a distance of several days to plead for a teacher for their villages.”

THE WONDERFUL NAME

*On the steep mountain sides
 Little log cabins,
 Stubborn as cockleburs, cling.
 Cascading down from them
 Narrow-gauge cattle trails
 Lie, like a lost piece of string.
 Windowless, chimneyless,
 Floorless and ceilingless,
 Little of comfort they claim;*

*But people abide in them,
Live in them, die in them,
Who know not the wonderful name.*

*Up those steep cattle trails,
Dizzily down again,
Someone must faithfully go,
Preaching the Gospel,
Which Jesus commanded
That men of all nations shall know.
Jesus will come
In His glory and majesty,
Now and forever the same,
When even the uttermost,
Farthest and outermost,
Know of the wonderful name.*

*Wonderful, Counsellor,
Mighty and merciful,
God everlasting, Father and Son,
Come once to save the world,
Coming to judge the world,
Jesus, the wonderful One.
Over the mountains
And down in the valleys,
He sends us His grace to proclaim,
Till all knees shall bow
And all lips shall confess
To the power of the wonderful Name.*

“Our children here are well and happy. I had two boys we know bring sand from the river for them to play in. They each made two trips, carry-

ing thirty to sixty pounds each. When I asked them how much they wanted, they finally said they wanted an empty milk tin. The children also have a stone-pile, a garden, three pigeons, a puppy and a cat. We paid a dollar (about twenty cents) for the cat and she is worth it, for we were overrun with rats. We would pay as much for something that would be as effective an enemy to the flies, fleas, ants, and worse that make themselves at home on our premises.

“We have a daily Bible service, and the sick and suffering come for care at all hours. Then with teaching the children, the garden and the house, we are busy. We still have no east wall at all downstairs. The landlord has a pile of timbers there that keeps the stock out of our house most of the time. His barn is under the east bedroom, and fleas as well as flies swarm in. We have mosquito nets, but the fleas fail to respect them. Our first recreation every morning is a flea catching contest while we dress. The winner is champion for the day. This morning I got thirty-two, and I have paused to remove perhaps a dozen from my person since I sat down to write. Fortunately, the rats rid the place of cockroaches before we moved in, and our cat has done very well in ridding the place of rats, though we still hear one occasionally. Constant vigilance has thus far prevented lice and bedbugs from establishing residence with us.”

A leper arrived at the mission asking for treatment at about the time the *Tibetan Christian* of July 1, 1934, was received containing Mrs. Bare's poem, which follows.

A LEPER SPEAKS

I am a leper—yes, I must be a leper.

*My eyebrows gone, this weariness—and see, this
flesh is dead.*

I am a leper; I'm young and yet I'm dying,

*Just in my strength and fit for life, and here is
death instead.*

I will call the lama priests; yes, I will call the lāmas.

*They will come and chant the prayers for days
beside my bed,*

*This bed, that I could rise from, and hurl from the
house top,*

*But all my strength will leave me—and death will
come instead.*

Once there was a doctor; they say he helped a leper,

*From over seven passes and beyond the Chinese
land,*

A strange foreign doctor with healing for a leper;

*But now he's gone away again; I do not under-
stand.*

I think about the doctor, I, who am a leper.

*I saw the crowds the day he left. I laughed and
shook my head.*

*I did not like the fuss they made, the wailing and
the crying.*

*But he could give me life again, who must have
death instead.*

Come back, doctor, back to the lepers.

*We will hear your strange, sweet words of Him
who raised the dead,*

*Him you called the Son of God. Come and tell the
story.*

*Come and take away this death, and give us life
instead.*

CHAPTER XII

KANG PU

"For unto you it is given in behalf of Christ, not only to believe in him, but also to suffer for his sake."—
Philippians 1:29.

It had been planned that, as soon as things were well in hand, Morses should return home to recuperate and Bares would establish a mission at the promising out-station, Kang Pu, which has a larger proportion of Tibetans than Yea Chi, and when Newlands came up from Yunnanfu they would carry on at Yea Chi. In working out this program, Mrs. Bare wrote on August 3, 1934: "Norton left early this morning for Kang Pu. He took our carpenter and a horse-load of lumber. There is a house there that the Mission has leased for several years. There are three rooms downstairs, a native kitchen, a large room that could be used as a chapel, and another small room between the other two. There is a fair-sized garden with the house.

"The roof is one that is common, so far as I know, only in this part of the world. It is formed by rough boards of varying length and width, laid across the supports and held more or less in place by their own weight, others by stones placed upon them. The roof does not leak as much as one would expect, and such a roof can be repaired from inside during a rain by taking a pole and pushing the

boards until they are so arranged as to carry the water off, or to cause it to leak where it does no damage. Norton arranged for the making of mud bricks to finish the other wall of the kitchen and started negotiations for putting in a partition upstairs.

“They held a meeting in the large room last night, at which there were about sixty present, and the interest was good. He is much encouraged that we should make definite preparations to occupy Kang Pu this fall. The name means ‘universal peace.’”

The *Tibetan Christian* of January 1, 1935, gives this account of the move to Kang Pu: “The Morses secured the use of this piece of land and tumble-down Mosu house some two years ago. I remember we stopped to look it over as the prospective site of an out-station on our way home in '32. We camped here the last night before we reached Yea Chi on our return last spring, and now it is our happy home. We moved in last Thursday and, though the carpenters are still remodeling, and most of our goods are still in trunks and boxes, we probably feel more ‘at home’ now than at any time in the last two and a half years.

“God has marvelously led and blessed. It seems as though our hearts should be full of joy and our lips of praise all the rest of our lives for blessings we have already received. Our first meeting here was our Saturday night prayer meeting, and on Sunday we had two services. In the evening the little chapel room was full to overflowing. We estimated there were about seventy. They were quiet and attentive. Even in its unfinished state, we are delighted with

our new home, mostly because we feel that it is where God means us to be. Some of the walls are of mud and are whitewashed. The rest are of rough new boards which we will paper as soon as we get enough newspapers." They arranged to take the window glass, which they had supplied, with them when they moved.

OUR HOME

*God bless this missionary home,
This "House of Happiness."
Here come the sick, the hungry-souled.
Lord God, be here to bless.*

*Here morn and evening prayers ascend,
Here souls their sins confess.
The hungry-hearted multitudes—
Dear Lord, be here to bless.*

*God bless these missionary lives,
For freely we confess
That we have nothing in ourselves,
'Tis Thou alone can bless.*

*Thy holy hand has set us here,
Where sin and fears oppress,
Have mercy on the multitudes,
And use our lives to bless.*

"There are four languages in common use in this locality: Chinese, Tibetan, Lisu and Mosu. The people are primitive and poor. Distances are great

and travel is difficult. Those who accept Jesus as their Lord and are baptized suffer bitter persecution."

Mrs. Bare describes the opening at Kang Pu in the *Tibetan Christian* of October 1, 1935. "Someone asked me, 'How do you start a new station, and how do you preach to those who have never heard?' To record a few glimpses of the beginnings at Kang Pu will help to answer these searching questions. We reached Kang Pu on Thursday evening, October 5, 1934. We and our possessions came the fifteen miles from Yea Chi on horses. It was nearly dark when we arrived. The house was unfinished; no stoves or beds were up, and the little ones were tired—so we just had private devotions that night, praising the Lord for all that had come to us and asking His guidance in the new work. The next day we made haste to unpack some necessities. We also had an opportunity to tell our neighbors (many of whom came to watch) that our purpose in their midst was to teach the religion of Jesus to them and their children.

"On the next evening, Saturday, we invited our Christian helpers and others who had shown interest to a service of prayer and praise. There we announced a communion service for the following morning, and a preaching service for Lord's Day evening. By Tuesday we were ready for a children's service, although as yet we had no gong with which to call them, nor Scripture cards to give them. We depended on the portable phonograph and singing voices to attract them. On Thursday the folding organ was unpacked, and at the general preaching

service that evening the little chapel was full. By the second Lord's Day our Tibetan Chinese evangelist and his family had arrived, and thus, in addition to the regular services, there were two centers from which the Gospel message was going forth in daily conversation.

"After a week or two, when medicines had been unpacked, a dispensary was opened and a little later we opened a school for children who wished to learn to read the Bible.

"When the Morses started home in January they left with us their accordion, a supply of tracts, picture-cards and Gospels in Lisu, Chinese and Tibetan. These increased the reach and efficiency of the work and stimulated the local desire to learn to read. They also left with us Anzie and Drima, two dear Tibetan orphans, to whom we try to be foster-parents and who are taking worthy places in home and school. Anzie had already taken her stand for the Lord and eight-year-old Drima was baptized with ten others in the Mekong River on Easter Sunday. We have outgrown our first chapel room and rented a better one. The daily Bible class has outgrown our dining-room and we are looking for a larger one. Looking back on the nine months' service here, the hardships dwindle into insignificance. In the lives saved, the hearts changed, and the souls brought into the kingdom we joy and do rejoice."

When Morses started for America they stopped the first night with Bares. As they were getting the caravan ready to start in the morning, Mrs. Bare noticed that there seemed to be no efficient head

of the chair-carriers and, although they had already arranged for one of their trusty servants to go as a helper, she hastened to their other right-hand man, Aku Tsering, who was milking, and asked him if he would go. He gulped with surprise or fear, but said he would go. This deprived them of their two capable men-servants, but added the two above-mentioned young orphans whom Moses had been keeping, to the family. This same man proved himself invaluable on the trail when Mr. Morse discovered a plot to capture and hold him and his family for ransom. The servant was sent on to the next town, while Moses waited, and he returned with a sufficient body of Chinese soldiers to properly protect the party.

The favorable conditions at Kang Pu did not continue long, as a later letter indicates. "This morning we were wakened by the sound of a bugle, reminiscent of warlike days at Batang. The Lisu insurrection seems to be growing more serious. Three of our Christian Lisu came in this morning. They are in a bad place. Their interests and associations are with the local Mosu and Chinese rather than with the outside Lisu, but they do not want to fight them. The local people however will not permit them to be neutral, and insist that they should be among the first to meet the poisoned arrows. These three have already been in one battle, and are back now where the local magistrate is assembling his forces anew. The main band of the enemy is variously reported as being from 500 to 1,000 strong. Our evangelists cannot go over on the Salween to preach now that the 'war' has broken

out, and one young man who has done some preaching as one of the volunteer evangelists has been drafted into the army of defence. He seemed quite broken up about it. He may meet in battle some he has preached to, possibly some of his converts; but the Chinese, being somewhat suspicious of local Lisu, want them in the front of the battle to stop the poisoned arrows of their compatriots, as a double protection to themselves. If the fighting continues I may have more opportunity than I covet to try my medical skill. (Dr. Bare had gone to meet Edgar.) They say the Lisu army is armed almost exclusively with bows and poisoned arrows and swords. The army organized by the Chinese boasts a few guns, but our Lisu boys have only arrows."

"After Brother Morse and Eugene returned from an itinerary among the Lisu, the officials in several of the villages began a severe persecution of the new Christians. In one they called them and offered them wine. The Christians refused to drink. They tried to force them to drink by holding chin and nose and poured the wine down. Then they demanded that they deny their faith in Christ. This also the Christians refused. Then they beat some of them till they vomited blood. In another village they confiscated the property of the Christians until they should recant. Surely these people must be upheld through prayer, teaching and encouragement. Two Lisu volunteer evangelists came in last Saturday and reported on their work over where the fighting had been going on. Many fields had been laid waste, and a few homes burned. Some of it was done by Chinese, but some of it was

done by the fighting Lisu against the Christian Lisu for refusal to fight. Some of their Gospels were taken and burned. There are many who have learned to read and are clamoring for books. We have Acts in Lisu now for the first time. I gave them seven copies of Acts, five of Luke, four of Mark and one hymn book, the only one I had. They will be gone for several months this time because they will be cut off by the snow on the passes. They were gone for several months before because they could not come back here from the enemies' territory. Their last words to us were, 'Pray much for us'."

Dr. Bare gives this summary of the work in the *Tibetan Christian* of January, 1936. "More than 300 Lisu have, in the past year (1934) in the various out-stations, obeyed their Saviour in baptism. And how happy we are to be able to report to you that already in the first nine months of this year, (1935) in all of our mission stations and out-stations, a total of 369 have been buried with Christ in the waters of baptism, rising to walk with Him in joyful newness of life. Some of them, like one of the Tibetan girls baptized at Kang Pu this autumn, came up from the waters with hymns of praise upon their lips; and the light of Jesus' love shines forth from hitherto dull, hopeless, Oriental eyes. Only Christ can put that light of hope there.

"In this first year of active evangelistic work at Kang Pu, fifteen have been baptized. Several of those were pupils from the mission Bible school, a little school which we insisted should be conducted for so long a time as we should be permitted to

teach the Bible there. The Word of GOD is still being taught there day by day. Early this year we were petitioned by residents of the little village of Hsin Tang to open a school there. After prayerful consideration we replied that we would do so only if the Bible might be taught there. Consent was given, and a Christian teacher being available the school was opened. Six of its pupils this autumn confessed Christ as their Saviour and received Christian baptism.

“Truly the hand of GOD is in the work and His blessing upon it. And you who have been praying for and contributing to this work may well rejoice with us over the great harvest of precious human souls. Pray the Lord of harvest to send forth consecrated laborers into these whitened harvest fields. I have had opportunity this autumn, both traveling and here, to visit a number of mission stations, and I wish to state now for your information that I have seen no other work out here so encouraging as that of our mission.”

This same paper gives the story of Edgar Bare's return. “He had been gone for nearly two years, and had completed the fourth grade—now he was coming home. One does not have to be acquainted with Mrs. Bare very long to discover that she is ‘all wrapped up’ in her first-born son. ‘When did you last see Edgar?’ I asked. She replied without a moment's hesitation, ‘January 13, 1934.’ I well remember the scene. We were all on board a freighter well out in the harbor of Hong Kong. There was a little boat standing by. Mrs. Bare and Marguerite were crying; none of us had dry eyes.

A little boy was leaving his parents, brother and sisters for—no one knew how long. There was a warning signal. The minutes were numbered. It was the time of parting. Slowly, step by step, mother went down the stairway with little eight-year-old son. The last warning bell. The last embrace and the last kiss. He was received into the little boat quickly. We were moving over the sea to Indo-China, but Edgar Bare was left behind, and I know that a part of Dr. and Mrs. Bare remained behind also. O GOD, watch over our little boy! When shall we see him again? Shall we meet again in this world? Three-year-old Maribel does not remember her 'big brother.' Mrs. Bare handed me a picture that Dr. Bare had sent up from Yunnanfu by the last runner. 'Isn't it fine?' she asked. Why, how he has grown and gained in weight!"

HIS BIRTHDAY

*Tenderly, graciously, GOD has been guiding us,
Granting us always whatever was best,
Faithfully leading, and always providing us
Food for our hunger; for weariness, rest.
Tender with us as are we with our little ones,
Careful for us as are we for our own,
Bringing again the dear lad we are longing for,
Hearing our prayers from His glorious throne.*

*He who created the stars in their places
Permits them to fail not and calls them by name,
Suns and the planets, and limitless spaces,*

*And yet to this earth as Emanuel came;
 Looks on our little son, cares for him lovingly,
 Knows he has been from my side long away;
 Marks out the task He will shape him and use him
 for,
 Knows he is ten, 'tis his birthday today.
 While Edgar is coming, and while I am heedful,
 May He who enables put into my heart
 Wisdom, and knowledge, and all that is needful
 To teach him and train him for bearing his part;
 Bearing his part where the burdens press heavily,
 Shining for Christ as he walks in the way,
 GOD will not fail me, who've never been mother
 Of a ten-year-old boy, till his birthday, today.*

The "Mission Mother" continues: "The 'House of Happiness' is full of praise, thanksgiving, and great joy in these days. Doctor and Edgar returned November 15. How graciously GOD has dealt with us; how worthy are His works and how marvelous His love! Doctor has been gone for three months to the day, and Edgar for nearly two years. He has grown and developed physically a little better than either Marguerite or Garland has, and the villagers who gathered to meet and greet him can hardly believe that he is but ten years old. The Newlands came to be here to meet our loved ones upon their return. We packed a big basket of lunch, and presently, on the road, we set down the lunch basket, discarded the horses and started down the road to meet the boy. He was advancing with his party and I with mine; but upon mutual recognition we both began to run, and we met some-

where between the lines. I doubt if you, any of you, have ever witnessed a happier meeting. The younger ones all seem to think big brother is absolutely perfect."

JOY

*The prodigal came to his father again,
 With name besmirched, and living spent.
 He came home bearing the scars of sin;
 His elder brother refused to come in,
 And his brow in shame was bent.
 But there was music and feasting for joy,
 And a robe and a golden ring for the boy,
 The boy who had grace to repent.*

*Our laddie has come to the fireside again,
 Our well beloved from a task assigned,
 In wisdom, stature, and favor grown,
 With joy, what joy, did we welcome our own.
 Leave the long pain of parting behind.
 Of earthly joys, a sweeter one
 Than attends the return of a faithful son
 I never expect to find.*

*GOD'S SON will be leaving the Father, again—
 One more great task for the crucified.
 He will suddenly come when the time is due,
 To gather from earth His chosen few,
 The ransomed for whom He died.
 Then 'mid such joy as earth never has known,
 The SON will present at the Father's throne,
 His own perfected bride.*

*I, who have known the exquisite joy
Of the blessed reunion 'twas mine to share,
Would see the SON at His Father's side,
Behold Him presenting His beautiful bride
In the home He has gone to prepare.
I would learn the words of the grand new song,
I would see you there in the shining throng,
And I shall, for the Word I have cherished long
That bids us, beloved, be there.*

CHAPTER XIII

PRAYER

“Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples.”—Luke 11:1.

DISCIPLE'S PRAYER

*I would not pray tonight, I'd rather dream
Of fame, of love, of poetry, of power.
The day has been so bright its fading gleam
Will sweetly speed the soothing twilight hour.*

*And GOD'S so far away, so very far
That human thought cannot conceive the space,
If but a single ray as from a star
Should pierce the darkness to reveal His grace.*

*That I might see the sign and seek the light,
It seems that I might learn to love to pray.
Nor seek the soul divine alone at night,
But live in sweet communion day by day.*

*How can I pray, “O Lord, forgive our debts
As we forgive our debtors here below”?
For, having used the sword, can vain regrets
Heal up the wounds in those we've injured so?*

*Far swifter than a thought of lightning speed
I wreak revenge upon my fellow men.*

*Forgiveness is unthought until my need
Is greater than my enemies' had been.*

*And so, to be forgiven, I forgive.
A vengeance swift would fall from heaven above.
My only hope in heaven some day to live,
If more than judge or justice, Thou art Love.*

*Yet in the heavens broad are glowing there
A myriad stars that man may see and know.
The glory of our GOD the heavens declare,
The firmament His handiwork doth show.*

*At least I can repeat the prayer Christ taught,
When His disciples asked Him how to pray.
"OUR FATHER." "How complete a change is
wrought!
A listening Father is not far away.*

*"Who art in heaven." There we have the place
Where He is keeping watch above His own.
And all mankind doth share the Father's grace,
For all, I intercede before the throne.*

*Would that Thy name by all might be revered—
Held sacred, hallowed, loved and sanctified;
That none, in vain, should call the name endeared
To those who love Him who was crucified.*

*"Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven,"
Oh, may our hearts to do Thy will be stirred!
For at the Saviour's birth mankind was given
A message of GOD'S will through Christ, the
Word.*

*And, Father, now I pray, "Thy kingdom come."
How many million souls have breathed that
prayer?
And then to speed the day have given a crumb
Of living bread to those who asked a share?*

The Tibetan Mission was rooted and grounded in prayer. Not only was the foundation laid in prayer by Rijnharts, Sheltons and Ogdens, but the Bares could not have gone to Tibet nor stood the strain laid upon them during those dark days at Batang if it had not been for prayer. Those very experiences taught them the power of prayer, which power has enabled them to carry on. As Mrs. Bare has said, "We are going forward on our knees."

"Pray that we may be found faithful, and that many souls may be saved. If ever anyone asks you what we want, or what we need, please tell them that we want and need prayer. We need spiritual gifts more than we need temporal things, and we need the prayers of GOD'S people more than we need money. We are willing to live in any house and work in any field, as the Lord leads. Please pray for us constantly, that we may not mistake His leading. I would rather that one hundred of our friends would pledge themselves to pray daily for my spiritual welfare, for the well-being of our children, for our poor persecuted babes in Christ, than that that number would pledge ten dollars each for my support.

"There are seven points on which we particularly solicit your prayers. They are these: 1. That we may have divine guidance; 2. That we may be

more Spirit-filled; 3. That we may preach the Word with convicting power; 4. That those who are persecuted may remain faithful; 5. That our evangelists may grow in grace and power; 6. That we may, GOD willing, have a school in this region for our children; 7. That we suffer hardships as good soldiers.

“The young Tibetan lama for whom we have been much in prayer has asked for baptism, and so has Ping An, who went on the road with Morses. Please pray for them both. If Gazong Tstring (the lama) goes through with it and holds true it will be almost as much as his life is worth to ever go back among his people, and in any case he will suffer bitter persecution.”

Pastor Clifford L. Carey, who welcomed the Bares to his home and to his church in Los Angeles, has this to say in the Hollenbeck Heights Announcer for December 3, 1933: “Dr. and Mrs. Bare will be with us this morning and speak for us at the morning hour. They, as most of you know, are leaving this afternoon at 3:00 P. M. for Tibet, where they will join Brother and Sister Morse in the great missionary work there. The going of a doctor to the field is in answer to many prayers that have been offered. Heretofore there has been no doctor anywhere near the Morses. The return of the Bares to the field is just another one of those things that man said was impossible. Indeed, it was with man, but with GOD all things are possible to those who believe. Thank GOD for people who still have faith in GOD. They, like Paul, are able to say, “I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me.”

Also this item appears: "There will be an all-day prayer meeting at the Figueroa Church on Wednesday of this week. We will combine our regular Wednesday afternoon prayer meeting with this one. The occasion is the sailing of two missionary families for the foreign field. The early church, according to Acts 13, sent missionaries out from their knees and in the power of the Holy Spirit. If we are to be a New Testament Church we must do the same thing. The services will start at 10:00 A. M. Wednesday." In the Tibetan Christian of October 1, 1934, Russell Morse adds this testimony: "Isn't it significant that Christian missionaries are the only white people in these regions? Except for the grace of Christ we could not keep on staying here and loving the work like we do. Write to us often, but most of all pray for us, for such prayer is in a way just another kind of friendly letter that is put in GOD'S care for delivery rather than going through the post office." Dr. Bare writes in the same issue: "Locally ten or more services, conducted in Tibetan and Chinese, are held each week, culminating in the Saturday night prayer service. Not only the local and out-station work and workers are remembered, but special prayer is offered as well for friends and churches in the home-land who have this work upon their hearts."

The following incident occurred while Edgar Bare was at the missionary school at Kowloon. "It came about that Edgar could not join his folks, as they all had hoped, so his parents earnestly prayed that the same Lord who had bidden them leave Edgar would provide for his care during those weeks

when Hong Kong is almost like a fiery furnace. So on the last day of June, a letter from Mrs. Cook reached Yea Chi, saying, 'We would like to take Edgar north with us when we go on our vacation. If you are willing please just wire—GO. We do not want to take him without your expressed permission.' They were to start July 6, in 6 days) and Yea Chi is 9 days of pack-train travel from the nearest telegraph office. Hopeless as it seemed, Edgar's parents hired a man to run at his best speed to Li Kiang, where there is a missionary who would send the message. The runner reached there on July 4. Miss Scharton sent the wire, and wrote us that the service is very uncertain. We did not know what time on the sixth they were to start, but it seemed scarcely possible that the message would reach there in time for him to go with his friends. There was one other hope. Edgar's mother asked the Lord our GOD to put it into Mrs. Cook's heart to take him whether the word came or not. This He did. Edgar was taken to a lovely place where there is a picnic beach, a pleasant garden, and his friend Calvin's sweet missionary grandmother (to make them all welcome in her home."

An atmosphere of prayer pervades the mission home, which is constantly evident in their letters; even the children show its effect in their own way. Doctor closes a letter like this: "We need your prayers and those of all our friends, to whom please convey our greetings and kindest regards." Dr. Bare wrote from Yunnanfu, while Mrs. Bare wrote one day earlier at Kang Pu: "The earnest, persistent prayer of a righteous soul may well be worth more

to us than money because we need spiritual power to win these souls, and our material need will be supplied according to His purpose. If I had some way of sorting out the offerings I believe I would accept only those that are prayed over." And the children—"Recently Norton, thinking to please Maribel, sang, 'Everyone ought to love BABY.' She looked up to him earnestly and said, "No, I didn't die on the cross. Everybody ought to love Jesus.' She sometimes gathers all the dolls together and teaches them hymns and prayers, and neither she nor Marguerite ever gave them a meal or put them to bed without prayer. Garland is the one who is concerned about people. The searching question he asks about every guest is, 'Is he (or she) a Christian?' If the answer is negative he wants something done about it." It was Garland who, when the family were enjoying the thrill of undoing Christmas packages and someone said, 'How thankful we are for this,' spoke up, 'I feel like giving thanks right now, this they did, as described in this poem.

THANKS FROM THE BORDER

*Dear ones, beloved and longed for,
In whom we rejoice in the Lord,
Accept our thanks for your loving gifts,
And GOD grant you rich reward.*

*For you did indeed take thought,
And the parcels came today,
Things that you sent for the glory of GOD,
All the weary, danger-fraught way.*

*We started to open the wealth,
Then we stopped to offer prayer,
Kneeling to thank the Giver of good
For His gracious and beautiful care.*

*We have all things and abound,
Having received from you,
And our hearts are filled with the grateful hope
That you may be prospered too.*

*Not that we seek for the gift,
But for riches laid up in store,
That increase to your account, and ours,
Where hardships shall be no more.*

*And GOD will supply your need,
In the dark of the coming night,
Through the riches in glory in Christ—
Oil in your lamps, and light.*

*Perhaps when the night is past
We may still remember them,
And thank you more worthily for your gifts,
In the New Jerusalem.*

Mrs. Bare describes this incident at Kang Pu when the doctor was on the trip to meet Edgar. "We sent one of the young men down to Wei Hsi on an errand, and when he returned he brought three young men friends up for a visit. They expected to remain just a few days, but on Thursday one of them was indisposed. They thought little of it but decided to stay over Friday. By Friday noon he

was decidedly a sick boy. The other boys came to the dispensary and Mr. Hsiao, the doctor's assistant, and I after considerable thought prescribed for him to the best of our ability. The symptoms then were that he refused nourishment, had high fever, and was broken out on arms and legs. A few hours later he seemed to be in a stupor from which his friends could not rouse him and with a much higher fever. I asked for Mr. Hsiao to come and see him, and then all the Christians on the place gathered in the dining room and asked healing for him with the gift of faith. This morning I asked Lhanzone, our cook, how he was and she said, 'I have not asked, but he must be better; we prayed.' I had the same feeling but I had her ask the other boys whom we saw through the window just then, and they very happily announced that he was 'well.' A little later when I asked what he would eat, I learned that he had gone with Lhanzone's husband to the mill a half-mile distant. Just before we prayed the friends were discussing the possibility of making a stretcher and getting carriers to take him back to Wei Hsi. A few minutes ago Garland came in and said, 'The boy who was sick is reading the Bible with his friends.' I have just recorded the facts; you will have to interpret them. We give GOD the glory."

COME

*It is written, "Behold I come,"
And our spirits, rejoicing in Him,
Are quickened to pray
With each new dawning day,
"Blessed Lord Jesus, come."*

*No one knows WHEN He will come;
The day and the hour are with Him.
But He's coming some day
And permits us to pray,
"Blessed Lord Jesus, come."*

*'Tis a hope when the hardships come,
'Tis a light when the highway is dim,
It is prayer and praise
Through the passing days,
Amen, Lord Jesus, come.*

CHAPTER XIV

ATUNTZE

*"To whom he was not spoken of, they shall see;
and they that have not heard shall understand."*—
Romans 15:21.

Atuntze (Ah' den zuh)

*It is snowing in September, at Atuntze, at Atuntze,
Though it's summer in the valley less than thirty
miles away.*

*And it's snowing still in April on the mountains at
Atuntze,*

*Though the fields are green with springtime
where the valley children play.*

*Oh, it's winter in the spirits of the people of At-
untze,*

*For they have not felt the purging flame of full
salvation yet,*

*Dwelling in degrading darkness are the people of
Atuntze,*

*For the Day-star has not risen on the mountains
of Tibet.*

*We think many things are needful for the people
of Atuntze,*

*Books and bathtubs, antiseptics, sheets, and soap
and bandage rolls.*

*Jesus said, "One thing is needful." May we have it
for Atuntze,
That we never serve the body at the cost of saving
souls?*

*Hitherto the Lord has helped us, He has brought
us to Atuntze,
And has given us a mission, "Heal the sick, the
Christ proclaim."
And they come, the blind and broken, lame and
leprous, to Atuntze.
May God use our simple service to the glory of
His name!*

Here is a part of a description of Atuntze prepared by Marguerite in school work: "It is pleasant here and neither too hot nor too cold. It is just about like any person would like to have it. It is a long thin valley and is surrounded by mountains, and there are two streams one on each side. The smaller stream flows into the larger stream and it runs a half day to get to the Mekong River. There are two lakes near the town, one north, and the other south, probably about four miles apart. We have gone to both of them.

"About ten or twelve of the families call themselves Chinese, quite a lot are Tibetans but most are mixed. We are the only white family here now. We have had visitors here, American, British, French, German and Swiss. The Lewers are the only white family living here before us, so far as we know of. For recreation they visit the graves, have New Year dancing, gambling and they have

school games that we have taught them, like baseball and other ball games.

"We need more missionaries, because there are lots and lots of people who have not even heard the name of Jesus. Send Missionaries."—Lyrel Marguerite Bare.

Atuntze is a walled city of some 200 houses and about 1200 people, about midway between Batang and Wei Hsi, and a few miles back from the Mekong River. It is under Chinese control and a garrison of soldiers is maintained for its protection. This, with the fact of its walls, probably prevented the comparatively weak force of frontier "Reds" from attacking it in the spring of 1936.

The "Mountain of Silver Snow," which is the title of Marion Duncan's very instructive book published in 1929, is not far away; and most of the pilgrims who visit it also visit Atuntze and camp near by. The city is just above two miles in elevation, but is partly surrounded by high mountains. It had been impressed upon the Bares in past years that on account of its climate and altitude it would be impracticable for missionaries to live at Atuntze; but when they found that Mrs. Grubb, more than sixty years old, had lived there alone for more than two years and was still vigorous and active, they investigated further, as their underlying purpose, experience, and language continually pointed toward inner Tibet and Lhasa.

In September, 1934, Dr. Bare, accompanied by Robert Morse and evangelist Fu, started north on a preaching tour. Each evening they held a meeting of preaching and healing; also at Atuntze and

the next village beyond, where there was some idea of locating if it seemed more favorable than Atuntze. The impression from this visit was that Atuntze would be the better location. A second visit was made in the spring, when only natives accompanied the doctor. Each evening, although weary from travel (in the saddle), it was a delight to speak upon the flat Tibetan housetops to natives some of whom had never before heard why they came from a distant land, somewhat as GOD sent His only Son to declare His love to all the world. More interest and friendliness was shown than on the first visit. These two trips are linked together by the doctor's account in the *Tibetan Christian* of July 1, 1935:

“Last autumn, returning from Atuntze, we spent the first night in the Tibetan village of Jah Bee. Knowing that we had come prepared to treat the sick, our host carried to our room on the roof his sick son of eighteen years, who is a young lama. Prayerfully we ministered as best we could, although not having available just the medicine we would have liked to give in his case. I had frequently wondered whether the treatment was successful, but had no way of knowing. This year as we again reached that village at close of day, we were warmly welcomed by our host and his lama son, who had completely recovered his health. It was cold and rainy, and our host himself quickly kindled a charcoal fire in my room on the roof, rather than leaving that task for a servant to do later. That night the entire family, and some of the neighbors who had gathered, listened attentively

to the Gospel message and to my explanation of the meaning of the hymns that I played for them on the Morse accordion. When we arrived that evening incense was burning upon every roof. Next morning before we left, incense was again being burned upon every roof but one, and that one was the roof of my host. Their parting query was, 'When may we expect you again?' Dear friends, will you pray with us that our good Lord may give us more such opportunities to use in breaking down barriers of heathenism that too long have kept missionaries from living and working for Christ within the borders of dark Tibet?"

Another journey was enjoyed with Mr. Newland in June, 1935. Their arrival was soon made known and Tibetan and Chinese friends began to call at the house the doctor had leased on his former visit. The highest Chinese official of Atuntze, laying aside formality, called the same afternoon urging a speedy and permanent move to the city. The four-days' visit was occupied with doctoring, teaching, preaching and observing the general conditions, which were encouraging. Coming back, the company was urged to stop at several villages, among them Jah Bee, where the young lama was brought up on the housetop to be treated. The increasing friendliness of the people was very evident.

IN JOURNEYS OFTEN

*Out of the Garden of Eden, out of the wilderness,
Out of the bondage in Egypt, out of the promised
land:*

*With no abiding city, pilgrims, and shelterless,
GOD'S people have journeyed, journeyed, under
His guiding hand.*

*Out of our own home country, out of our normal
sphere,
Out of a settled station, into forbidden land;
Strangers where Christ is a stranger, in peril, but
never in fear,
We also must journey, journey, under GOD'S
guiding hand.*

*So our goods are again in boxes, our beds are in
rolls again,
We carry our bowls and chopsticks, and the Book
we are given to teach;
By the foolishness of preaching seeking the souls of
men,
For plain in the Word it is written, "Go ye, and
going, preach."*

From the *Tibetan Christian* of April, 1936: "This move on their part is one of Christian courage and faith. It is one of the very few attempts ever made by any soldier of the Cross to plant a Christian home and a preaching chapel in Tibetan territory. There have been a few other efforts, but they have without exception, so far as we know, been only temporary, with the workers withdrawing back into ministries among the Chinese or the numerous tribes people of southwest China. The severities of pioneering, the high altitude, isolation, and lack of a warm welcome on the part of Tibetan people

have been chief factors in making the Tibetan people the last to be given the Gospel."

As soon as the family was settled a mission school was started with evangelist Hsiao at its head, with Andrew as his assistant and Dr. Bare teaching English. It was found necessary to enlarge the plan to take in little children and Mrs. Hsiao, Mrs. Grubb, and Mrs. Bare arranged to teach them from kindergarten up. This helped to provide schooling for four little Bares as well as for the natives.

A meeting was opened for Christians and seekers, to be held in the mission dining-room on each Thursday evening; and the Sunday School, which had been meeting as a single group for a few weeks, was organized into classes. Dr. Bare had the men's class in the dining-room; Mr. Hsiao, the large boys in the dispensary waiting-room; Mrs. Hsiao, the women in the sitting-room; and Anzie had the children in the big storeroom, which left Mrs. Grubb and Mrs. Bare as a reserve force to help wherever needed.

About this time the "Reds" were threatening and menacing the towns along the border, and the Bare children were interested in watching the native soldiers on the drill-ground close to the mission. Dr. Bare, while on a medical mission south, had purchased a number of horse-loads of food supplies and had arranged with natives for their transportation to Atuntze. A considerable delay in their arrival caused some concern; but the head man explained that, fearing capture, he had gone into hiding for several days. There had been fighting

at Batang and another band of "Rcds" was known to be south of Yea Chi; Mrs. Newland and the children had crossed the Mekong to Tobalo for safety. Mail service was interrupted; people who could were leaving and others were hiding their valuables. Under these conditions Mrs. Ogden decided to leave Batang for her final return to the United States. Bares had been at Atuntze about six weeks when they received word that Mrs. Ogden was on the way. Long Life was sent to meet her on the far side of the nearest pass, taking fresh food for her, while final preparations and dinner were under way at the mission, when a joyful shout was raised at the arrival of the Doctor from the south. A few minutes later another shout of welcome was raised for Mrs. Ogden and party from Batang. Her ten days' visit was greatly enjoyed, although the dangers ahead were somewhat disconcerting, and it seemed impossible to secure animals for the continuance of her journey. An official sent an order that she must leave the city without delay. Answer was sent that she was ready if he would kindly supply the necessary horses, to which he did not reply. Mrs. Ogden had with her Opal Ione, a little native girl she was taking to America. Opal and Marguerite remembered each other from the former days at Batang, and were boon companions during the days of the visit. It was fortunate that the delayed goods arrived just at this time, as these horsemen readily agreed to take Mrs. Ogden and party back with them.

The Batang mission was at a very low ebb when Mrs. Ogden returned, on her own resources, a few

years ago; and she has been teaching and sustaining the work alone. The fine plant representing the life-work of the Sheltons and Ogdens has been reduced to ruins by warfare, but the native church still survives and will no doubt continue to shine in the darkness. All honor to Mother Ogden, the "Orphanage Mother" who began service at Tatsienlu in 1906 and at Batang in 1908, and continued till the spring of 1936. This thirty years' service in a most difficult field, and part of the time alone, is a record for the angels to note.

Toward the last of July the Newlands arrived for a visit to the new station, and during their visit Mr. Seiring, of the German Pentecostal Mission at Likiang, arrived unexpectedly, which raised their number to six adult American missionaries. They greatly enjoyed an unconventional convention. Mr. Seiring being right from the scene of Communist destruction at his own station and others in that locality, gave a vivid description, interesting because the Bares were acquainted with several of the families who suffered, had received hospitality at some of the missions, and realized more keenly what they had narrowly escaped. The missionaries had already left and, as the "Reds" approached Likiang, the Chinese soldiers fled rather than fight. The first cry on entering was, "Where are the foreigners?" They went to both missions, smashed the windows, typewriters, portable organ, mirrors, pictures and everything smashable. At Brother Seiring's station they dumped the feathers out of the beds and emptied the jam they found in the cupboard, and the sauerkraut into the feathers, and carried off clothing and

bedding. A faithful native saved the three cows of the mission by secreting them at his home. Mrs. Bare and Mrs. Newland made up a package to send back with Mr. Seiring to show their sympathy for their unfortunate co-workers.

BORDER CHRISTMAS

*There will be no Christmas candles burning bright
in dark Atuntze,*

*Save as we be used to light them here where Jesus is
the light.*

*There will be no Christmas carols ringing clear in
sad Atuntze,*

*Save as we shall teach the children hymns of
Jesus' natal night.*

*There has never been a Christmas bringing joy to
drear Atuntze,*

*Where they've never heard the song the angels
chanted from the sky.*

*But the time has fully come wherein the Word must
move Atuntze,*

*As men learn of Christ the Saviour, and of how
He came and why.*

*So shall He, whose birth we honor, use our service in
Atuntze,*

*Bringing peace that passeth knowledge into hearts
long sick with strife.*

*Not by might, but by His Spirit, Christ shall conquer
in Atuntze,*

*And the people of Atuntze shall behold the Light
of Life.*

*Oh, beloved ones in the home-land, keep on praying
for Atuntze;*

*Pray for us and for our people and the land in
darkness yet;*

*For the closed land, grim, forbidding, waits us just
beyond Atuntze,*

*And we're ready with our lives to take the Gospel
to Tibet.*

The wedding of Aku Tsering, the first Christian marriage ever celebrated in Atuntze, was a very special event. Dr. Bare had baptized him at Batang and he worked for them there. He went with them on their homeward journey as far as Wei Hsi. The Boltons, the local missionaries, told Bares afterward of his loud demonstrations of grief at their leaving. When he learned at Batang that Dr. Bare had returned to the Border, as soon as he could, he made the long journey to Yea Chi to join the family, and has been with them since. He was the man added to the Morse caravan on the spur of the moment, at Kang Pu, by Mrs. Bare and was a hero on that trip in helping them in a time of danger.

The mission wardrobe was overhauled and hauled over to find and decide the most fitting apparel for the children, the servants and all concerned. Edgar and Marguerite went with the reception group to meet the bride at the top of the pass; and the larger company met them outside the city gate and led them to their rooms, made ready at the mission

house. Then tea and Chinese sweets were served. The Bares excused themselves from the dinner following, knowing the natives would be ill at ease in their presence. Mrs. Bare and Mrs. Hsiao coached the bride for her part in the ceremony, which took place in the sitting-room the next day, and so this first social occasion at the Atuntze Mission was enjoyed by all present.

LATE

*On the other side of these Atuntze mountains
Several million people wait,
People who have never heard the Gospel,
And it is growing late.*

*Between us and the several million
Are deep snow, wild winds, and treacherous trails,
But "My Gospel shall be preached" has been written
In the Word that never fails.*

*Worse than cold or mountain trails are the people,
Men who deeply fear our kind, and fearing, hate.
But, "Go ye into all the world" has been written,
And it is growing late.*

*On your knees to our aid in the home-land,
For fierce the powers of death assail;
And "The prayer of faith shall save" has been written
In the Word that cannot fail.*

*Let us keep our lamps shining through the darkness,
Having oil in our vessels while we wait.
"Behold the Bridegroom" may be heard at midnight,
And it is growing late.*

CHAPTER XV

GARTOK

"Come over into Macedonia, and help us."—Acts 16:9.

How can they treat lepers without a hospital or place for them to stay? It would not be so difficult if it were not for the children, but no one is turned away, and lepers are being cared for. This is Mrs. Bare's account: "The little leper boy, between Marguerite and Edgar in size, is getting better. He is interested in Christianity; though he cannot attend the meetings, we often find him listening just outside the door, and we give him personal instruction as we can. Our children take an interest in teaching him, though I try to keep this ministry restricted to the older ones, who know how to be careful. He is really a dear child, and all of us are fond of him." They were also treating, for the same dread disease, an older boy, whom they called Naaman. After some time he confessed his faith and requested baptism, and was the first convert at Atuntze.

This item is from the *Tibetan Christian* of January, 1937: Recently a young Tibetan came into the dispensary, laid down a dozen eggs and asked for medicine. 'What is your sickness?' With evident apprehension he admitted, 'Leprosy.' 'How long have you had it?' 'Three months.' Questioning brought out the fact that his father had died seven years before of leprosy. Thus he and his mother

—the sole surviving members of the family—had recognized the early symptoms. Since he had the courage to seek help while still strong and unmarked, if he persists in the treatment, there is hope for him.” Imagine Dr. Bare with the means to establish a leper hospital!

The party that made the momentous journey to Gartok, one of the very few that have carried the Gospel over the border, consisted of Dr. Bare, his son Edgar, their missionary friend, Mrs. Ena Grubb, and natives to supervise the caravan.

Dr. Bare writes in the *Tibetan Christian* of January, 1937: “Edgar and I are just back from a long itinerating trip, crusading for Christ in Tibet. We were gone thirty-seven days, twenty-eight of which were spent in the long closed land of the lamas, inner Tibet. The remaining nine days were spent among Tibetans in border country. It had been five years since my first trip there by special invitation from a sick Tibetan official at Gartok. This time the invitation came from a new official to whom we were strangers, but when it came we had permission to go as far as Chamdo, twelve overland stages, by riding horse to the northwest of Gartok. It was there that the beloved missionary martyr, Dr. Shelton, received such a warm welcome about twenty years ago, when he ministered to the sick and wounded subsequent to fighting between Tibetans and Chinese, shortly before the latter were driven out of Tibet. We did not go to Chamdo this time, for our supply of medicines was nearly exhausted while we were at Gartok. Perhaps we can visit the former city next time.

“On the way to Gartok we spent ten days at Tsakalo, where is located the only mission station of our church within Tibet. Progress will be slow. But our God can give the increase in His own good time. We found much sickness there, and heavy inroads were made upon our limited supply of medicines; but we were glad to be able to relieve much suffering, and especially were we glad for the opportunities afforded to preach and teach the Word, there and along the road, and later at Gartok, capital of MahGar Province, eastern Tibet. At Gartok many sick were treated, and some kinds of medicine were soon used up. The officials and most of the other people were friendly, and part of the time we were entertained as guests of the Governor of the Province. Tibetans, who are fond of music, were interested in our feeble attempts with the new accordion, as we played and sang various hymns. An invitation from lama priests to play at the lamasery was accepted. They gathered around us, and most of the lamas gave respectful attention as we played and sang various hymns and explained their meaning. Evangelist Han preached a few minutes to them. That was probably the first time God’s Word had ever been preached and taught in that heathen temple. Let us pray that it may not be the last time.

“On the walls of the Gartok lamasery is a huge painting depicting their distorted conception of heaven and hell. The blind grasping after truth is pitiful; and yet many of them, as in every land, reject the truth when it is presented to them. At another place we found Jesus mentioned in one

of their religious books as Saviour. And He was mentioned as being merciful and loving. But their books tell of many other religious leaders, some of which they consider with greater reverence than they would accord to Christ. However, these are points of common interest, enabling us a little more readily to reach them with Christian teaching. Some years ago I saw on one of their large piles of prayer-stones one stone with a cross carved upon it. These things suggest to us the probability of their having had earlier contacts with Christianity, possibly with the Nestorian Christians of Mongolia and north China.

"Sickness at home led us to start on the return journey after spending eight days at Gartok, although we were urged to stay longer. We were most happy to return with the Tibetan Governor's invitation for our family to spend next summer at Gartok. We know that you will rejoice with us that, slowly but surely, Tibet is opening her long closed doors to the Gospel of the Son of God. And pray that it may not be long until many in the dark land shall know and confess Jesus as the only Saviour, and not as one among many. There must be more workers coming forth, too, into the whitening fields. We must all realize that it will take more than two families with a handful of native workers to evangelize eastern Tibet and all of this border country. Again we commend to your prayerful attention Matt. 9:35-38.

"Han Wen Shen (Peter Han), the young evangelist mentioned above, returned with us from this journey. He is spending several days with us, and each

night we are conducting special services in the nature of a Preachers' and Teachers' Bible Conference, which is proving of mutual benefit to each of our native workers and ourselves. We trust and pray that each one of us may be better fitted for the future service which He has for us here upon the border and within Tibet. We covet your continued prayers."

The Bares dared the weather and suffered some discomfort on a trip to visit the Newlands at Yea Chi, and spent New Year's with them. Both adults and children had a lovely time, making it also a hold-over Christmas with gifts and a special cake. The trip required three weeks, and Mrs. Bare writes of their return: "It is good to be at home again, to find that the Hsiao's have been faithful, to gather the large family about us for evening prayers, to greet the patients and the neighbors, and to find such delightful mail awaiting our return."

INCIDENTAL

*Doctor goes out to preach the Word,
 And is gone a week or two;
 And I remain to keep the camp,
 With dozens of things to do.
 I try to be watchful in tending the home,
 Faithful in feeding the flock;
 But when he returns it always appears
 I've forgotten to wind the clock.*

*Tibetan beggars come to the door,
 Droning their doleful hunger song,
 Always pleading for "tsamba" and tea,
 And always the road has been toilsome and long.
 Always we offer the bread of life,
 The Word of salvation, eternal and free;
 Sometimes they shake their heads and say,
 No, but just give us some tsamba and tea."*

*Our mail-runner comes with his pack on his back
 Every five days or so.
 We eagerly wait for the mail that he brings
 And are troubled if he is slow.
 We know he is up at the first dim light
 In the cold of the dawning day;
 That he bolts his rice, and gulps his tea,
 And is out and upon his way;
 That he sometimes carries a heavy pack,
 And has thirty-odd miles to do;
 So we give him tea, and praise the Lord
 When a fine big mail comes through.*

While the Doctor was gone to Gartok, Mrs. Bare and Mr. Hsiao had about twenty patients each day to treat at the clinic. In contrast to American Christianity, their prayer-meeting attendance is always greater than their membership, and they never run out of a prayer list. An attendance of thirty is mentioned at the beginning of the nightly Bible conference mentioned above.

The Gartok trip was a real experience for Edgar Bare, who, at the age of eleven years, is able to teach the Gospel to the natives. Mrs. Grubb was

greatly missed from the family, as she remained at Gartok. But the Doctor brought a native lad from Tsakalo, a little taller than Edgar, who gives his age as fourteen. (Tibetan children often do not know their ages.) He is to be brought up in the mission school as an evangelist, if capable, and was named Joseph. In a way, Mrs. Grubb had prepared for the work of the Bares at Atuntze by her own service and sacrifice there. The following account by Mrs. Bare refers to the time before they moved there:

“We were delightfully surprised by the arrival of our dear friend, Mrs. Grubb, who walked down from Atuntze. We consider the trip a hard one with good horses. She had a pack animal to carry her bedding; but she, over sixty years old, made the trip afoot. One night the party with whom she had been traveling stopped at a house where some of them were acquainted, and all were admitted and given food and lodging but Mrs. Grubb. They motioned that she was to sleep on the rough stone platform outside the door, and for food she had one little bowl of tea. She had a ‘very good night,’ however. There was a coffin-cover standing near by, which she laid over the stones for a bed, and on that she spread her blankets. Someone had built a fire outside for cooking pig feed, and there she warmed herself, and the house-wall afforded shelter. The people at the next stage were more hospitable, and treated her as guests usually are treated—food, fire and shelter for a half-dollar. For nearly four years she has faithfully borne witness there. Through misunderstanding, her resources

were entirely cut off at Atuntze, and she wondered what she should do. The people from whom she should have received money offered her the use of a pack-horse, and one of the family who was coming this way as escort. I had just felt a necessity of sending her cash (in a box of soda), which she received enroute and which helped to pay her road expenses, and here she is."

Later, Dr. Bare gave her the opportunity she had been seeking for years, to enter Tibet, by inviting her to accompany his party to Gartok. This heroic, aged woman, without the language and without means, remained alone to witness for Christ at Gartok when the party returned. The Bares were prayerfully concerned for her welfare until they learned that, after two months, the winter climate was so severe that she had returned to Batang.

*Not all brave souls have had their valor noted;
Not all high faith has changed and passed away.
I know, because I have received a letter
From one brave woman, in the mail today.*

*Ten years have passed since last she saw the home-
land,
Ten years of which no theme or song is sung;
In journeys oft, by land and sea in perils,
Afar from those of her own race and tongue.*

*She has been robbed and beaten, cold and hungry,
She has been stoned and cursed, and none to care.
When she has found no friendly roof to shelter,
Cold stars have shone upon her snow-white hair.*

*She follows in the footsteps of the Master,
Who said, "Lo, I am with you all the way."
She suffers hardships as a worthy soldier,
And only praise was in her note today.*

*When she has paid devotion's last full measure,
And those who jeered her gather at her grave,
God grant they may perceive her love perfected
And understand that Jesus died to save.*

CHAPTER XVI

SUPPORT

“Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel.”—1 Cor. 9:14.

During their first term of service, Dr. Bare was the “Living Link” of a Christian Church at Toronto, Canada, and Mrs. Bare of a church at Denver, Colorado. After serving seven years, they were recalled, with others, from Batang, and reached home in the fall of 1932. They refused no opportunity to tell of the work they had been doing, and there were very few Sundays when they had the opportunity of being hearers only. This was preparing them for the remarkable canvass they made during the summer of 1933—driving a car, with their two younger children, through the summer heat, in the midst of the depression, and without accident. They did not meet with a ready response, and arrived at the home of Pastor E. H. Wray, Pilgrim Christian Tabernacle, Buffalo, New York, about worn out. This church was already a “Living Link” to the third degree, supporting three missionaries; and it must have been a divine influence that prevailed that day, both in speaking and hearing, and raised this church to the fourth degree by adding Dr. Bare as their pastor for Tibet.

A great deal of help was received for their travel

fund, as they visited many churches, and numerous responses to their appeal came by mail from all over the country; so that their estimated travel expenses, at under-class rates, was fully provided, but their support was only half in sight. There were no supporting pledges for Mrs. Bare and two of the children, but they went out by faith. Mrs. Bare's attitude in this matter is expressed in several letters written after their arrival on the field, as follows:

“Do not ever be concerned about my support. If I never have a ‘Living Link’ church, if no definite promise of regular support is ever made, it is perfectly all right. I have God's promise, and surely that is better than any earthly promise or pledge. I do want people to pray for me and for the work. I want them to pray earnestly and often and down on their knees, that we may bear much fruit, for so shall we be His disciples. I would rather trust God to send what we need and have His blessing with it than to campaign for it, get more, but lose the blessing. We think it not necessary for you to make any effort to raise my support fund other than that given you through prayer. God called us according to His purpose and He will see us through. An abundance of things that perish with the using might prove a snare and a hindrance. I believe that a very little money meant for me, given by people who have confidence in me, money that they have offered to the Lord our God, and on which they have besought His blessing, will meet my needs, bring me a blessing, and redound in blessing to those who send it, whether it is humanly sufficient or not. I would rather get along on ten

dollars a month, as dear Mrs. Grubb does, hungry sometimes, cold sometimes, bitterly persecuted, but blessed of the Lord, than to have one hundred dollars a month and no blessing.

“As to the children: It seems to me unreasonable to require of them sacrifices for spiritual reasons while they are primarily physical. I mean that Edgar, for instance, must be safeguarded spiritually, and developed physically and mentally; that Garland must have eggs, cream, vegetables, a richer diet than his parents need, or he will not grow up to preach and sing the Gospel as we think God means him to. We think we should somehow provide a home where the girls can have their dolls to play with as they cannot here, for the lack of privacy and the ‘taking’ way of our neighbors. We think the house should be more sanitary than this. Swarms of flies from the landlord’s cow-lot and pig-pen just below enter freely into our windowless kitchen, unglazed, un-screened and unshuttered.”

From the *Tibetan Christian* of April 1, 1934: “Strange as it may seem, there were those in America who would have kept both families at home, this in spite of Christ’s ‘Go ye’. On the other hand the prayers and gifts of many friends, with the assurance of the leading of His Spirit, have upheld them as they journeyed.

“The future of the mission is promising. Opportunities and responsibilities are ever increasing. The mission covets the prayers and gifts of an increasing number of friends as it heralds broadcast the ‘good news’ on the ‘roof of the world.’ ”

THE BETTER PART

*Our sisters are toiling, toiling,
 They sow, they reap, they spin,
 Nor lift their eyes from the task in hand,
 What do they hope to win?*

*Walking still in the darkness,
 Groping still for the light,
 Toiling, toiling, toiling,
 From dawn till the dark of night.*

*Cumbered with weary serving,
 Troubled and anxious indeed,
 Our Lord would give them the better part,
 Who died for the world's deep need.*

*When shall we heed His purpose?
 When shall we do His will?
 When shall we take the light
 To those in darkness still?*

*When shall we save our own souls
 From our sloth and this dry decay?
 May God forgive that we tarried,
 And give us a task today.*

*May He let us be toiling, toiling,
 From dawn till the dark of night,
 Lifting our eyes to our blessed hope,
 And walking in the light.*

Mr. Newland writes in the *Tibetan Christian* of July 1, 1935: "Dr. Bare might well compete for

the long distance record attained by a missionary in the line of duty. Living Link support has not been granted. Mrs. Bare as yet, but what does she say? 'If friends back home ask what we need most, tell them it is not money, but prayer.'" To which Editor J. Merle Applegate adds this note: "This item came from Tibet, and since being written the First Christian Church of Elizabethton, Tennessee, has taken Mrs. Bare as their Living Link. 'Prayer changes things.' Prayer will send more workers too. Let us pray."

This is further explained in the issue of March 24, 1935. Pastor Musick writes to Editor Applegate, at Los Angeles: "Dear Brother: I have it upon my heart to lead the church here into Living Link support of some missionary. Will you advise me in regard to the Bares, or the Newlands, as to the amount necessary for the support of one of these, if they are not already provided for? I am particularly interested in their field. If we should decide, for instance, to take up the support of Mrs. Bare, what amount would this call for and to whom should we send it?"

To this Mr. Applegate replies in part: "It is always a great blessing to me to read such a letter as you wrote, showing your interest in having a Living Link missionary directly on the field. You will be interested to know that I just received a letter from the Newlands, in which Brother Newland makes a most heart-searching appeal for more workers in that benighted land. You of course know the Newlands have their Living Link support provided for. However I believe Mrs. Bare still

needs Living Link support, and I am sure she is very worthy of your consideration. I suggest that you get in touch directly with Dr. and Mrs. Bare." This was done, and in regard to the amount, Mrs. Bare wrote that she preferred not to set a definite amount, but that if the church would pray for God's blessing on the funds as they were given and she would ask His blessing in using them, all would be well. The arrangement was soon concluded as this letter shows.

J. MERLE APPLGATE.

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR BROTHER:

Thanks for the extra copies of the *Tibetan Christian*. We are today sending cashier's check, payable to Mrs. Norton H. Bare, to Mr. C. M. Myers, Associated Mission Treasurer, Shanghai, China, for \$50, for the first month of Living Link support, to be sent to Mrs. Bare. Have also written Mrs. Bare. We trust a relationship may be established here that will be a great blessing. Yours in Christ,

J. J. MUSICK, Elizabethton, Tenn.

And Brother Applegate adds: "God be praised for this work of faith by this great church and its pastor. The Bare family were so willing to go back to Tibet on faith, and we can see now that their faith has been rewarded. The Lord surely provides. Brother Musick is certainly a man of faith to lead out in this missionary support in a time

like this." Almost a year later Brother Musick wrote: "Attended a district meeting of our East Tennessee churches yesterday. I was asked to tell of our undertaking in assuming Living Link support of a missionary. I was glad to assure the people of the joy that will come to the church that undertakes in a definite way to do something about the preaching of the Gospel in a foreign land. Many of our churches ought to be doing this with one or more missionaries." Brother Applegate adds: "Any church with 175 members, each of whom sets aside one penny a day for spreading the Gospel in other lands, could provide Living Link support for one missionary; and two smaller churches could join together to accomplish the same thing. Brethren, missionary leaders, in view of Christ's command and the widespread failure to respond, we suggest that you give more than passing interest to the words of Brother Musick above. Have the courage to set such a proposition before your church. Goals for each separate department, class or organization is a simple and effective plan. Probably the use of this paper and other such material would help to educate doubtful ones."

This highly prized letter in the January, 1936, issue, from the pastor's wife of the Living Link church.

MY DEAR MRS. BARE:

All my Christian life I have wanted to hold in my hands and read with my own eyes a letter from a "Living Link" mission-

ary whom I was helping to support. It is with thanksgiving in my heart that I have this very day had that desire fulfilled in the coming of your letter. Your letter is so helpful, and it has already inspired me to want to do more for Christ. You will perhaps be interested to know that we have a circle in the church which we have named the "Lois Bare Circle." Each member of this circle is making a little gift to be sent to you for Christmas. They are all so interested in you and your work. We always have prayer for you at each meeting. The circle is composed of the young business women of the church. Sometime when you can find time I wish you would write a letter to this group.

May the Lord richly bless you and yours in that far-away land, and help you to continue to win souls for Him. We shall pray for you often. We are happy in the fellowship that is ours in helping to hold up your hands in this noble work.

Yours in the bonds of friendship and Christian love.

MR. J. J. MUSICK.

MARY OF BETHANY

*Mary brought out her spikenard,
In an alabaster case.*

*She may have felt shy of the frowning men,
But if so, she thought of her Lord again,
And looked on no other face.*

*She poured it out on His head and feet,
And wiped His feet with her hair.
Mary's memorial thence was borne,
And we speak the name of Judas with scorn,
For words that he spoke to her there.*

*She knew that her Christ would be crucified.
She only had understood.
She would have died to save her Lord;
Her helpless love met meet reward—
He said, "She hath done what she could."*

*Mary, if she were here today,
With faith as of old her Lord to discern,
Would read the signs of the gathering night,
Have oil in her lamp, and trim her light,
Be prepared for her Lord's return.*

CHAPTER XVII

VOLUNTEERS

"And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and COME after me, cannot be my disciple."—Luke 14:27.

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations."—Matt. 28:19.

The remarkable developments, in answer to prayers in several languages, and only partially recorded here, demand an added chapter to present those who have said, "HERE AM I, SEND ME."

Edgar Nichols grew up under the same Christian influences with his sister Lois. He was an active member of the college Volunteer Band and corresponded with the Bares about missionary service soon after their location at Batang.

An item not mentioned in their own statement is that Mrs. Nichols plays the violin and both are good singers. Here is their statement from the *Tibetan Christian*, April, 1937: "We were surprised and made happy this morning by receiving a cable from the 'Bares' via Hong Kong, containing the single word 'COME.' We knew it to be in answer to our letter of last November in which we expressed not only a desire to 'GO,' but a definite calling for service on the Tibetan border.

"Mrs. Nichols and myself are graduates of Cotner College, Lincoln, Nebraska. I have also a degree

of B. Sc. in Engineering from the University of Nebraska. We have four children: John Garland, 11; Dorothy May, 9; Phyllis Joy, 7; and Lois Gail, 3.

"For the past five years we have been operating a garage and filling station on the highway nine miles from Houston. During that time we have been members of the Heights Christian Church, Houston, and I have been an elder in that church for most of that time.

"As many of you know, Mrs. Bare is my sister. We were so strengthened and spiritually refreshed by her stay here some three years ago, we decided to get busy in our own community. We started a Sunday School in our own home. This Sunday School has grown until it now has an enrollment of 65, with an average attendance of 30. About six months ago we were able to move into our own building, a modest frame chapel, but large enough to seat 100 persons. We have insisted on this one thing, that Christ be preached and the saving power of His death and resurrection be declared. God has blessed this work, and we are glad to say that many lives have been regenerated and many souls saved. All who have confessed His name have also obeyed Him by being buried with their Lord in Christian Baptism."

Mrs. Bare writes in the same paper: "The mail brought us a letter from my brother, Edgar Nichols, telling of his decision to join us in the Tibetan work in response to what we are convinced is a clearly God-given call. Edgar and Mabel are deeply spiritual believers in the inspiration of the Word and the Deity of Christ: and though the letter

telling of their decision came as a surprise to us, we believe it is God's answer to the prayers the Newlands and ourselves have been offering for reinforcements. We hope you are making this need and their call a matter of much earnest prayer. Naturally we will also appreciate such encouragement and co-operation as you or any of the friends there can give them.

"There is an increasing urgency of the need for more missionaries in this end of the field. With both Tsakalo and Gartok opening to us we must press on into Tibet—but what of the Atuntze work that has grown, by God's blessing, far beyond our expectations? This is not such a work and such a station as can be entrusted to these new-born babes in Christ, who alone are available should new missionaries fail to come."

From this same issue of the *Tibetan Christian* we gather the following inspiring account of Miss Melba Palmer, a young lady volunteer whose home address is 1570 Pearl St., Eugene, Oregon: "Miss Palmer is the daughter of E. A. Palmer, a Christian minister, (deceased) one of the early students at Cotner University and later at Enid, Oklahoma, where Melba was born. She was brought up in Christian surroundings, is twenty-four years of age and has had experience in all lines of church work, and is a graduate of Northwest Christian College." Miss Palmer has had musical training and will be of great help in this line of work.

Here is her statement: "The missionaries on the field have been pleading for helpers, so we feel it necessary to go as soon as possible. I pray that God

will put it into the hearts of many of His people to want to have a part in this great work. Those who sacrifice at home in order to send are just as important to the work as those who go, for 'how can they preach except they be sent?'

“‘The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest.’ And back up your prayers with giving. Remember, Christ has left the evangelization of the world to His followers. He has no other plan, and if we are earnest in our prayers for the work, we will do our part to help answer them.

“Nearly all my life I have felt my place in life was that of a missionary, and that when the time came for me to go, God would definitely lead me to that field where He intended me to serve. When the time for my graduation from college approached, I began to think seriously and study and pray a great deal over the matter of my place in the world. It was during these months of earnest prayer and consideration that I received what I believe was a definite call to the great land of Tibet. I know that it is one of the most dangerous and difficult fields in the world and farther from home than a good many others, but I never intended to choose an easy life. I have always tried to prepare myself for hardships. The decision was not made in a moment's rashness, nor in a spirit of seeking adventure, but after much deliberate thought, with the idea of serving Christ to the very greatest extent.

“Dr. Bare has offered to teach me what medicine

I need to know in addition to what I have already studied at home, while I am learning the language. I believe it is God's will for me to go, but the proof of His will will come with the response from churches and friends in the matter of support. I will be happy for the privilege of speaking to churches and other groups who are interested, telling of my plans and of the work which is being done now by our missionaries.

"Tibet is a large area almost untouched by the Gospel, but through the influence of the missionaries the field is opening; and as it opens, new workers are needed to meet the increased demands.

"I realize I am not worthy of the task I have chosen and by my own strength could do nothing, but 'I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me.' Your prayers will help, too. May I count on them?"

TIBET

*My heart is centered on Tibet;
I must go there some day.
And hopes are high that that glad day
Will not be far away.*

*For souls are starving in Tibet,
And I can take that bread
That God has sent from heaven above,
With which our souls are fed.*

*Great thirst prevails in Tibet,
And God has sent to men*

*The "living water" that forbids
That thirst return again.*

*And darkness reigns there in Tibet,
But we have light to spare;
Oh, I must take the light of life
To men and women there.*

*Tibet is much in need of help,
What I can give is small,
But may my mite be multiplied,
For I have heard the call.*

MELBA PALMER.

Gladys Schwake is the elder of the two daughters of Rev. and Mrs. H. G. Schwake, and was born at Ann Arbor, Michigan, in 1897. As a child she desired to become a deaconess, and a missionary to India and the leper colonies. She is a registered nurse who determined some time ago to give her life to God for Christian service.

She is proficient in the German language and is a graduate of the Bethel Deaconess Hospital, Newton, Kansas. This course included Bible study and the watch-care of a godly mother in Israel; the seven years spent there was a season of character building. Miss Schwake has also taken a three months' laboratory course at the St. Francis Hospital, Wichita, Kansas, and a summer course at the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. She has long known of the problems of the mission field and is especially well equipped for medical service. Her voice also is consecrated to Tibet.

For the past four years she has been a member of the Pilgrim Christian Tabernacle at Buffalo, New York, of which Ernest Hunter Wray is pastor, and where she was first inclined toward Tibet by hearing Dr. and Mrs. Bare tell of that work. Later, when Pastor Wray suggested her going to assist Dr. Bare, she gave the matter most serious thought and prayer, and is now determined to go to his assistance in his medical work in Tibet.

A group of Miss Schwake's friends in Buffalo will assume her support and a prayer band has been formed, which meets about every two weeks to pray that the way may be opened for her to go soon. At the first meeting of this group necessary funds and equipment were discussed and, after all present had prayed about these matters, Miss Schwake gave a message on John 3:27: "John answered and said. A man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven."

Miss Schwake is eager to obey the marching orders of God to preach the Gospel to every creature, and we are thankful for the number of friends in this prayer fellowship who are intercessors in this great work. The Lord is indeed opening the way. A small part of the fund needed for transportation has been received. Even during their first meeting some unnamed person telephoned a promise of \$25 for traveling expenses, which was taken as a token of the loving favor of the Lord. From time to time as matters of interest arise, and later when letters are received from Miss Schwake on the field, duplicate copies will be prepared and sent to members of the prayer group and any friends

who are praying for her and the work in Tibet. The Financial Secretary of this group is Miss Julia Fix, 319 Highgate Avenue, Buffalo, New York, who will be glad to send receipts for gifts or further information.

NEW FRIENDS

*Once we were strangers, and far
 From you whom our eyes have not seen.
 Now workers together we are,
 Though the whole world rounds between.
 When we greet the day's first hours
 You see the darkness fall;
 But God looks your way and ours,
 Guiding and blessing us all.*

"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."—Gal. 2:20.

This is the life verse of Miss Violet Gibson who is preparing for service in Tibet and writes as follows: "Before I entered training at 'Booth' Pastor Wray told me of the need of a nurse to aid with the work in Atuntze. As God alone knows the future, I am believing Him to direct my steps as He wills.

"In my early childhood I was impressed with the need of the Chinese by an aunt who served twenty-five years under the China Inland Mission. Being self-willed, I steered my own course until, at the age of twenty-two, God in His abundant mercy took

control of my worthless life, and there have been joy, peace and satisfaction ever since. Willing for His will, I was ready for service. A year was spent in witnessing at home and its associations. Then I was able to enter a school of training, completing the course at the Missionary Institute at Nyack, New York. I was encouraged to take a year in Practical Nursing, in which I am engaged at present.

"My call or leadings to China have been gradual. Every returned missionary impressed me greatly, riveting upon my heart and mind the need of the Gospel in this darkened area. Tibet seemed to be drawn out strongly, for it seemed to be in the densest darkness. The life of the people impresses me—their sincere religious attitude: seeking, yet having no teacher; bound by superstitious traditions. My heart aches for the need of Tibet, and only action can bring release. As God is leading gradually yet steadily, I trust to tread on virgin soil with the 'Good News' in order that 'They having ears may hear.' "

VIOLET GIBSON, Booth Memorial Hospital,
314 East 15 St., New York City.

Concerning Miss Agnes Kowalski, Pastor E. H. Wray of Pilgrim Tabernacle, Buffalo, writes of this volunteer who has lived in China for several years and, having met Dr. and Mrs. Bare on their way to the border, has had a yearning to join them in their work and is anxious to go!

"Miss Kowalski is working in Shanghai and supporting her mother. She is one member of a family of six—the mother, two boys and three girls—who went out from our church to China four years ago.

We support the boys, Ray and Al, who are in Kwangsi, China; but Dr. Bare would like Agnes to join his staff, and we are praying she may go. Mrs. Bare's "Living Link" church at Elizabethton, Tennessee, is also praying that Miss Kowalski may find support to enable her to go to the border, and these prayers will not be in vain.

COME OVER AND HELP US

*You have prayed to God for the midnight souls
Of the millions waiting yet,
Who have never heard
The blessed word,
In the mountains of Tibet.*

*You have asked of God, "Is it not yet time
To enter the long lost land?"
And His word of power
Points the fateful hour,
And here, at the gate, we stand.*

*You have prayed to God to search the hearts
Of the thousands who hold Him dear,
And from them all
To choose and call
Someone to serve Him here.*

*God searched His own and He called His own
Before ever our knees unbent,
And, lest souls be lost
While we count the cost,
Let us see that the called are sent.*

*Take thought for the work, beloved of the Lord,
Tho' night darken in clouds of war.
Pray, work, and give
That souls may live
Where darkness shall be no more.*

*Oh, pray for Tibet, ye saints of God,
That the kingdom of Christ increase!
Pray for these you send
To the world's far end
In the power of the Prince of Peace.*

*Oh, plead for the souls that are yet unreached,
With faith and with fervor plead;
For the task is great,
And the hour is late,
So pray us the help we need.*

*Yea, intercede for the last far tribe,
That witness be borne to them.
Plead with hearts that yearn
For the Lord's return
And the peace of Jerusalem.*

CHAPTER XVIII

MUSIC

“Sing unto the Lord a new song; play skilfully with a loud noise.”—Psa. 33:3.

Two years after the Bares left Lincoln, and in the Bethany Church where they were ordained, Mrs. Bare's father gave a short talk to the Bible School on the rugged character of the trail to Batang and on the mountains on the roof of the world, and on the rugged character of Dr. Shelton and those who have followed him all the way. He suggested that “The Old Rugged Cross” would be an appropriate rally song for Tibet. It was sung on this original occasion with appreciation by Mr. and Mrs. Louis Epler. A year later Marion H. Duncan, the missionary representative, told of the work at Batang at the one-day missionary convention in Lincoln, and after his evening address “The Old Rugged Cross” was sung by Mr. and Mrs. Barton Johnson. The Batang Mission officially adopted this song, which Mrs. Bare translated into Tibetan, and it was the closing song of the Easter pageant at Batang in 1931, sung in the Tibetan language. It continues to be sung with satisfaction both here and there.

The natives love music; and, while their music is very crude, the missionaries have been quick to attract all classes by Gospel music both vocal and

instrumental. Musical ability is a very important qualification for border service.

Mr. Newland writes in the *Tibetan Christian* of July, 1936: "It was also worth something to hear plump little Maribel astride her horse, riding along singing in her mellow baby voice, 'Evuhbody ought-ta love Jesus.' Then too the big, five-foot-eleven-and-a-half Doctor has a tenor voice of no mean quality, and I can still hear him singing these words of the beautiful negro spiritual, 'You can talk about me as much as you please; I'll talk about you down on my knees.' And so they journeyed to Atuntze, a city 'high and lifted up.' Every night the accordion was brought out, and the Doctor alternately played it and talked to the gathered group about the Saviour."

These hymns are supplied for use in missionary programs. A good effect may be obtained by the main group singing one verse of "The Old Rugged Cross" and another group at some distance, or in another room, responding with a verse of "Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?" and so alternating back and forth.

The story of Mrs. Bare's decision when a little girl, in connection with the song, "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go, Dear Lord," is found in Chapter II. She found where the Lord would have her labor. "Tho' dark and rugged the way," and for eleven years she and Dr. Bare have gone up and down "The Long, Long Trail." If the next eleven are as favorable, they will plant the Gospel in Lhasa as their goal.

The hymns, "Send the Light" and "God Be with You till We Meet Again", were sung at the pier

in Houston as the Bare family departed for their second term of service. "God Be with You" was written as a Christian benediction, and has been sung in many lands and languages wherever Christian Endeavor conventions have been held. "Silent Night" was written especially for use on Christmas of 1818 at a small town in the Tyrolean Alps, and is a Christmas favorite in all lands and languages. In August, 1936, while the Newlands were visiting the Bares at Atuntze, Mr. Siering, a German missionary from Likiang, was also a welcome visitor. During a song-fest in this rare fellowship Mr. Siering sang "Silent Night" in the German language, and the rest of the company sang it in Chinese, Tibetan, and English. Thus from the Alps of Austria this beautiful hymn has reached even to the mountains of Tibet—not only in its original tongue, German, but in all intervening languages as well.

By encouraging the little children to sing for Jesus they will naturally increase in ability, and as they become older will take up some favorite instrument which may be sent them by interested friends. They may thus glorify God by leading upward with sacred music. Music as well as medicine is essential in winning Tibetans to a higher life.

(End)

The Old Rugged Cross.

G. B.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.
NOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. Geo. Bernard.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
 2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
 3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous
 4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-

suf-f'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
 trac-tion for me, For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
 beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
 proach glad-ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,

CHORUS.

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
 To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. cross, the
 To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
 Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share.

cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
 old rug-ged cross,

old rug-ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
 cross, the old rug-ged cross,

This is the first verse of "THE OLD RUGGED CROSS" in the Tibetan language. It was translated by Mrs. Bare and is used in Tibetan services. In English it is the RALLY SONG FOR TIBET.

འོ་མི་འགོ་མི་རྒྱ་མཚོ་ལ་
སྤྲིན་གྱི་མཚོ་ལ་སྤྲིན་གྱི་མཚོ་ལ་
འོ་མི་འགོ་མི་རྒྱ་མཚོ་ལ་
སྤྲིན་གྱི་མཚོ་ལ་སྤྲིན་གྱི་མཚོ་ལ་

Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thomas Shepherd.

George N. Allen.

M. 120 = ♩



- 1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
- 2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sor - r'wing here!
- 3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;
- 4. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,



No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with - out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.



I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

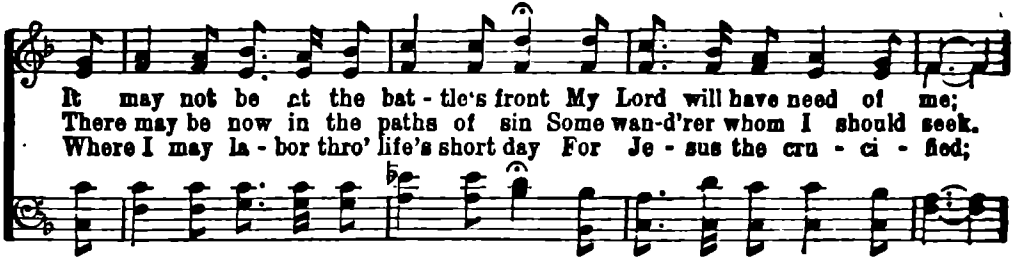
MARY BROWNE.
Andante.

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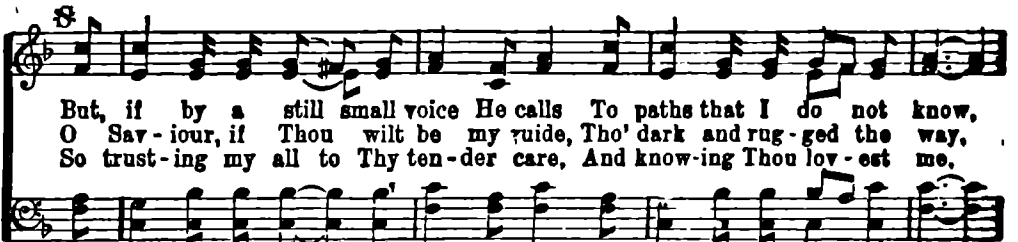
CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.



1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o-ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,



It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wan-d'r'er whom I should seek.
Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus the cru-ci-fied;



But, if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And know-ing Thou lov-est me,

D.S.-I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;



I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where You want me to go.
My voice shall ech-o Thy message sweet, I'll say what You want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what You want me to be.

I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be.

THE TIBETAN TRAIL

The following words are to be sung to the tune of

"The Long, Long Trail"

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Up to the roof of the world,
Where an altar high is lifted
And Christ's flag unfurled;
There's a long, long night of waiting
'Til Lhasa's gates shall swing clear
And the dreamed-of chain of guide-posts on
That long, long trail appear.

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of our dreams,
O'er the heights where children call us
And a white star gleams;
There's a long, long night of waiting
Ere Shelton's dream shall come true,
O Tibet—we now are climbing up
Our long, long trail to you.

There's a great city a-waiting
Up upon the very top,
Shall the graves of Shelton—Loftis,
Cause the Church to stop?
Shall they always keep on waiting?
No—we'll suffer every loss,
We'll push on till we plant in LHASSA,
Some day, "THE OLD RUGGED CROSS."

The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

Dr. Wm. S. Pitcher

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No lov-er
 2. How sweet on a clear Sab-bath morn-ing, To list to the
 3. There, close by the church in the val-ley, Lies one that I
 4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the

place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
 clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing:—"Oh,
 loved so well; She sleeps, sweet-ly sleeps 'neath the wil-lows; Dis-
 wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare-well hymn shall be chant-ed, I shall

D.S.—spot is so dear to my child-hood As the

FINE. CHORUS.

lit-tle brown church in the vale. Come to the
 come to the church in the vale."
 turb not her rest in the vale.
 rest by her side in the tomb. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

church in the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No
 come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

LIGHT IN DARKNESS

Tune, "The Church in the Wildwood"

These words are part of a song written by Wm. E. Simpson, who was murdered by Mohammedan soldiers, and whose father was a missionary in Tibet.

Chorus adapted

Away in the dark heart of Asia,
Afar from a Savior's great love,
No knowledge of sins all forgiven,
No hope of a Heaven above.

Chorus:

Oh, pray, pray, pray, pray, pray,
For Tibetans in darkness,
Then pray for Tibet every day,
Pray that the light of the Gospel
Shall drive all their darkness away.

To huts in the forest-clad valleys,
Black tents on the open plateau,
To golden-roofed temples resplendent,
The Savior still asks you to go.

Tho' strong be this fortress of evil,
By faith we shall break every chain:
Tho' fierce be the rage of the tempter
Thru Jesus the victory we'll gain.

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

First Tune.

J. E. Gould.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me'. It consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes a 'First Tune' section, a 'FINE' section, and a 'D.C.' (Da Capo) section. The lyrics are written below the staves.

1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea: Un-known waves before me roll,
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me. Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;

1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them: "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

THE TOP OF THE WORLD

Tune, "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me"

(Words by Lois Nichols Bare)

Land of mountains bleak and cold,
Lhasa, city ages old,
Sing, ye heights; ye deeps, reply,
Your redemption draweth nigh.
Over mountains, rivers, sea,
Comes the Gospel now to thee.

Superstitious Lamas chant,
Doubting Thomas says, "We can't."
Prayer-wheels turn and prayer-flags wave,
Demons are besought to save,
High the mountains, deep the sea,
But the Gospel comes to thee.

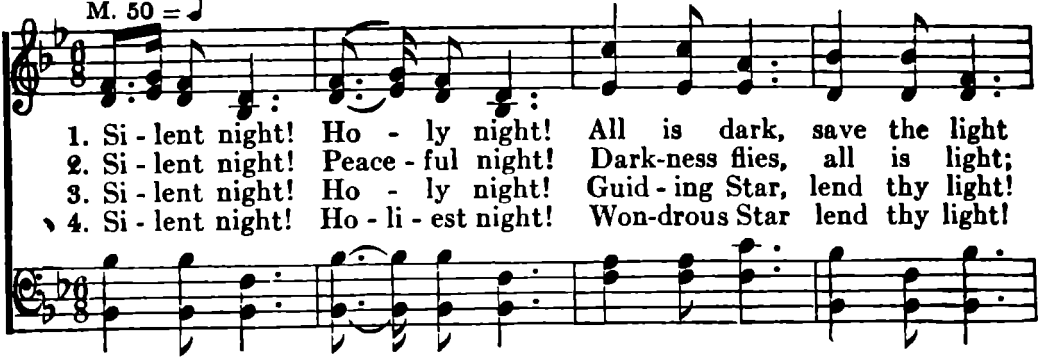
Here we plant the rugged cross,
For Christ counting all things loss,
King of kings and Lord of lords;
Through the wrath and flaming swords,
Though a host may martyred be,
Still the Gospel comes to thee.

Silent Night!

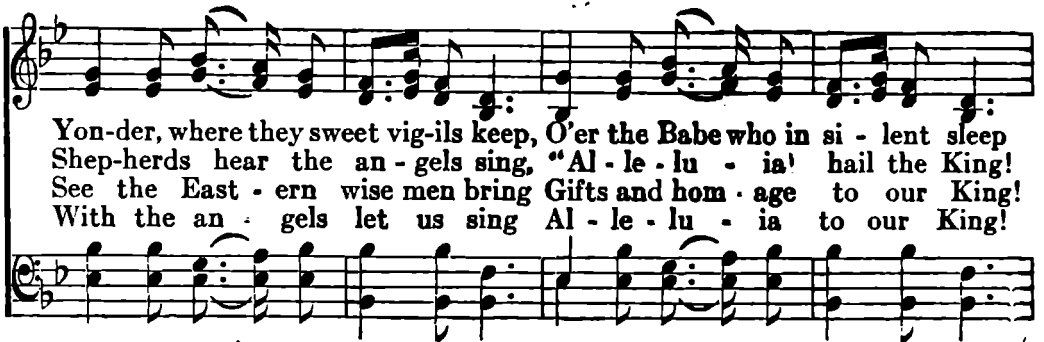
Joseph Mohr.

Franz Gruber.

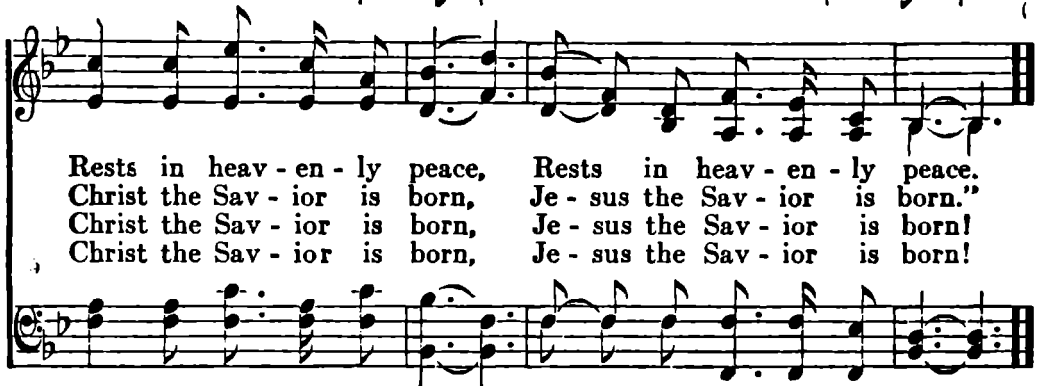
M. 50 = 



1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is dark, save the light
 2. Si - lent night! Peace - ful night! Dark-ness flies, all is light;
 3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Guid - ing Star, lend thy light!
 4. Si - lent night! Ho - li - est night! Won-drous Star lend thy light!



Yon-der, where they sweet vig-ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep
 Shep-herds hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
 See the East - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!
 With the an - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King!



Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.
 Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born."
 Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born!
 Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born!

SAD TIBET Tune, Silent Night

Sad Tibet! Lama Land!
 Wayside shrines on every hand,
 Prayer-flags waving on house-tops and trees,
 Smoking incense that perfumes the breeze,
 Jesus is calling for you, Jesus is calling for you.

Sad Tibet! Mystery land!
 Building still, on the sand,
 Many are praying now for you,
 And the Gospel still is true.
 Jesus is calling for you, Jesus is calling for you.

Sad Tibet! Hermit land!
 Life and Light understand.
 May your darkness be turned into day,
 Driving sin and error away,
 Jesus is calling for you, Jesus is calling for you.

Send the Light

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light!
 2. We have heard the Ma-ce-do-nian call to-day, "Send the light!
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound, "Send the light!
 4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love, "Send the light!
 "Send the light!"

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
 Send the light!" And a gold-en off'ring at the cross we lay,
 Send the light!" And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-where be found,
 Send the light!" Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove,
 Send the light!"

CHORUS.

Send the light!.... Send the light!..... We will spread the
 Send the light! Send the light!
 We will spread.....the ev-er-

ev-er-last-ing light, With a will-ing, willing heart and hand
 last-ing light, With a will-ing heart and hand,..... Giv-ing

Giv-ing God the glo-ry ev-er-more; We will fol-low,
 God..... the glo-ry ev-er-more; We will fol-low His com-

follow His command, { Send the light,..... the bless-ed gos - pel light,
 { Send the light!..... and let its ra - dian't beams
 { Send the light, the bless-ed gos-pel light
 { Send the light! and let its ra-diant beams

mand,.....

Let it shine..... from shore to shore!..... }
 Light the world... for ev - er } more.....
 Let it shine from shore to shore! }
 Light the world for ev - er-more.

Christmas.

Tate. M 96

Handel.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The an-gel
 2. "Fear not," said he, -for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind, -"Glad tidings
 3. "To you, in David's town, this day Is born, of Da-vid's line, The Sav-ior,
 4. "The heav'nly Babe you there shall find To hu-man view dis-played, All mean-ly
 5. Thus spoke the seraph—and forthwith Ap-peared a shin-ing throng Of an-gels
 6. "All glo-ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace; Good-will hence-

of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And glo-ry shone a - round.
 of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind, To you and all man-kind.
 who is Christ the Lord, And this shall be the sign, And this shall be the sign.
 wrapped in swathing bands, And in a manger laid, And in a manger laid."
 prais-ing God, who thus Addressed their joyful song, Addressed their joyful song:
 forth from heav'n to men Begin, and never cease, Be-gin, and nev - er cease!"

Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

J. J. Husband.

M. 116 =



1. We praise Thee, O God, For the Son of Thy love,
2. We praise Thee, O God, For Thy Spir - it of light,
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain;
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love;



For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
Who has shown us our Sav - ior, And scat - tered our night.
Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
May each soul be re - kin - dled With fire from a - bove.



REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glory, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.



PRAY FOR TIBET

Tune, "Revive Us Again"

We pray Thee, O God, for a land far away,
For a people in darkness, who know not the way,

Chorus:

Frigid mountains; rushing rivers;
Bitter barriers we see,
Jesus said it! I believe it! "I'll draw all men to Me."

We pray Thee, O God, for a Gospel sunrise,
For eyes for their houses and glasses for eyes.

We pray Thee, O God, that brigandage may cease,
And that even Tibetans may live in sweet peace.

We pray Thee, O God, THAT WE PAY AS WE PRAY,
That we send them Thy Word, and Thy Gospel obey.

(Note: v. 2. There is scarcely any window glass, and very few eye-glasses in Tibet.)

Brightest and Best.

Reginald Heber.

M. 96 = ♩

Lowell Mason.

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
2. Cold on His cra-dle the dew-drops are shin-ing, Low lies His
3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost-ly de-vo-tion, O-dors of
4. Vain-ly we of-fer each am-ple ob-la-tion, Vain-ly with
5. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our

dark-ness and lend us thine aid! Star of the East, the ho-
head with the beasts of the stall; An-gels a-dore Him in
E-dom, and of-ferings di-vine, Gems of the moun-tain, and
gifts would His fa-vor se-cure: Rich-er by far is the
dark-ness and lend us thine aid! Star of the East, the ho-

ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid!
slum-ber re-clin-ing, Mak-er and Mon-arch and Sav-iour of all.
pearls of the o-cean, Myrrh from the for-est, and gold from the mine?
heart's ad-o-ra-tion, Dear-er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.
ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid!

THE COMING KING

LOIS NICHOLS BARK

YEN CHIN, TIBET 11-14-37

LOUIS W. A. BUNGE

Adagio con gravita

Trained were the eyes that searched the sky For the sign that
Faith-ful the hearts of the shep-herd folks x Keep - ing their

should ap-pear,..... Wise were the hearts that knew the star and pro-
flocks by night,..... A-wake and a-watch at the mid-night hour for the

claimed "The King is here."..... Strong were the souls that took the
com-ing of the Light..... Since I am neith-er wise nor

trail A - mong the sons of men, Bear-ing their gifts to the
strong, Nor have rich gifts to bring, May God grant me a

rit. *a tempo* *rit.*
new born King The King who is com-ing a - gain.
faith-ful shep-herd heart For the com - ing of the King.

Copyright, 1938, by C. W. Nichols

FOOLS

BY LOIS NICHOLS BARE

Can be sung to the tune of "The Old Oaken Bucket"

Fools for Christ's sake we have heard His clear calling,
"Leave the home that I gave you, the friends you have won,
Enemies wait for you, fear not their faces,
The task I appointed is yet to be done."

Chorus:

The Tibetan Border, the dangerous Border,
The souls on the Border out there can be won.

Fools for Christ's sake we have taken our journey
Where rivers are flooded, where mountains are steep,
Where hardship prevailed and where peril abounded,
For our faith is in Him who is able to keep.

He held back the bandits, gave strength for the climbing,
Provided us food in the midst of our foes,
He gave us the message, the Word of Salvation,
And the peace which the power of His presence bestows.

Fools for Christ's sake, He has given us helpers,
Friends in the homeland who give of their gold
That the Word of the Lord should cross the last border,
That His grace, where His name is not known, should be told.

Fools for Christ's sake, His fools, He has called us
Into His fellowship, where we partake
Even today of the joy He has promised,
Co-heirs of His Kingdom, and fools for His sake.

Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Second Tune.

FINIS

Thomas Hastings. D. C.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; | Let the wa - ter and the blood, }
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. | From Thy wounded side which flow'd }

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton.

Third Tune.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. | Safe - ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way; }
Let us now a bless-ing seek, } Waiting in His courts to - day;

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest; of e - ter - nal rest.

2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.


3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

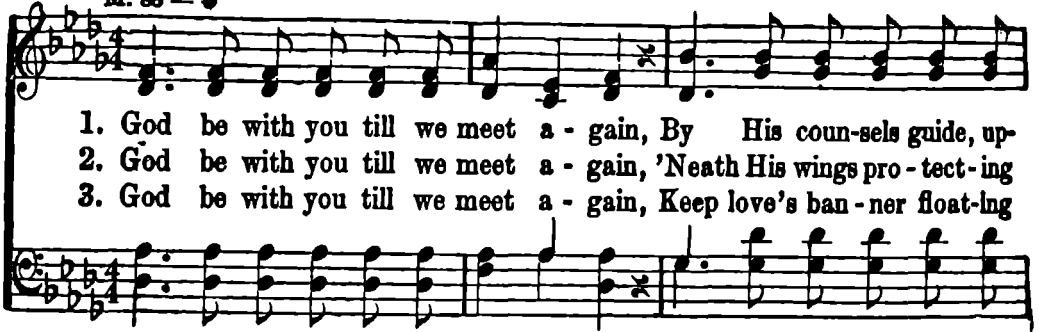
4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

God Be With You.

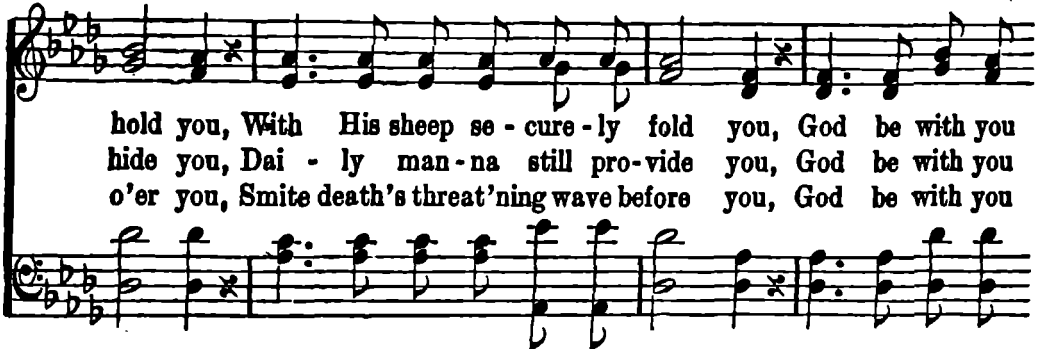
J. E. Rankin, D. D.

W. G. Tomer.

M. 88 = 

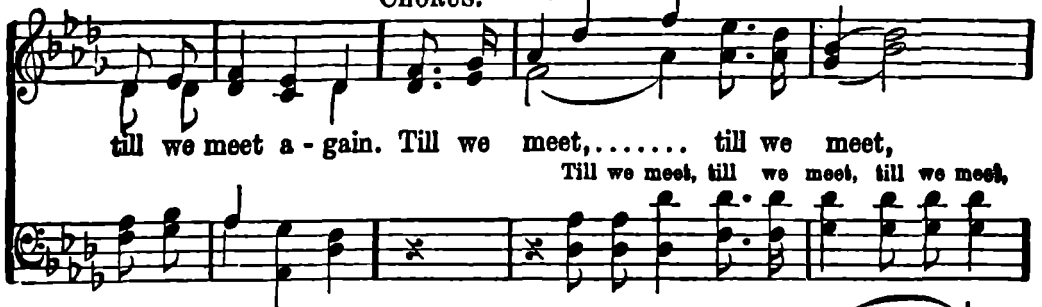


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings pro - tect-ing
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban - ner float-ing

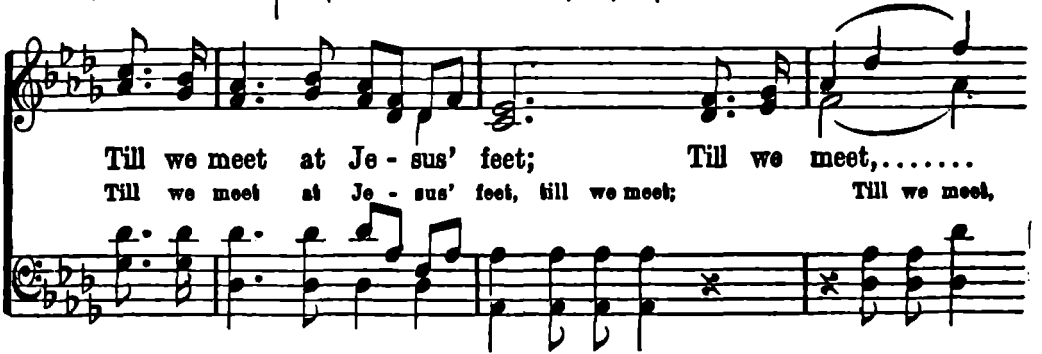


hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you
 hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you, God be with you
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you

CHORUS.



till we meet a - gain. Till we meet,..... till we meet,
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,



Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet,.....
 Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, till we meet; Till we meet,



till we meet,.. God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

