



= One of the =  
**King's Jewels**

. . . OR . . .

**THE CHINESE LEPER BOY.**

. BY .

**MRS. C. H. JUDD.**



China Inland Mission:  
PHILADELPHIA : 235, School Lane, Germantown.  
TORONTO : 507, Church Street.



**ONE PENNY.**



. One of .  
the King's Jewels,

. OR .

THE CHINESE LEPER BOY.

. BY .

MRS. C. H. JUDD.



A CHINESE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

# One of the King's Jewels, *Or, the Chinese Leper Boy.*

---



**ON** the banks  
of the  
northern  
branch of the  
Grand Canal, in  
China, stands the  
large and impor-

tant city of Yang-chau, renowned alike for its commercial standing, and the profligacy and wickedness of its inhabitants. For many generations back the people had gone on in the same old-time way; observing the same feasts, honouring the same gods, worshipping at the same temples, knowing nothing of the true GOD and eternal life.

But changes came, and probably the one that affected them most was the partial destruction of their city by the T'ai-ping rebels, who surged through the country in their victorious march, carrying everything before them. Temples were destroyed, beautiful houses sacked and razed to the ground, and the once fine city presented a spectacle of misery to those who knew it in its prosperous days.

But it is of a more important event I am about to write—the entering of this city by a few of the King's servants, and the story of one who enlisted under his banner, and for a few short years rendered him loyal service.

It is now many years since a little band of CHRIST's servants gained a footing in Yang-chau. For a time they lived in an inn, but afterwards succeeded in renting

a house which belonged to a military officer of high standing ; and thanking GOD for this open door, took up their residence there. But as soon as their coming was noised abroad in the city, there was great excitement and displeasure. The well-behaved, milder people said these "guests from the outside kingdom" must not remain. The "baser sort" declared that somehow or other the "foreign devils" must be got rid of, and so the ferment grew until at last an angry mob attacked the house, and the missionaries, all more or less injured, were obliged to flee, having lost the greater part of their earthly possessions.

But GOD had some of his jewels in that wicked city, and so He brought it about that the missionaries should be reinstated in that very same house. When quiet had been restored, the work which had

been so rudely interrupted was resumed, and we, *i e.*, my husband and myself—went there to assist in it.

The premises were rather large, and surrounded by a very high wall which shut out all but the sounds and bad odours that rose from the busy streets which skirted the enclosure on two sides.

The entrance was through a gateway on one of these streets, then up a narrow lane with a few small houses on one side, at the end of which was a large Hall where daily preaching was carried on : then came other buildings, used for school-rooms, dwelling-houses, etc., and on the farthest side, a small house with an upper storey which we ourselves occupied.

The peculiar feature of this house was, it possessed the only windows that looked out over the city, and though the scene

was by no means attractive, consisting, as it did, of heaps of ruins, with here and there a partially demolished house, or a tiny mat hut, yet it was nice to see beyond the high, prison-like wall, and I often found myself gazing out, and wondering what had become of the people who once lived in these houses ; had they succeeded in escaping from the rebels, or had they died, without GOD, and without hope ? But one day as I looked out of the window my thoughts were turned from the past to the present, from the dead to the living. The heaps of broken bricks and rubbish were partially overgrown with weeds and coarse grass, and a poor lad who seemed to be lame was making his way, wearily and painfully, over these heaps, trying in vain to drive several pigs before him, who, true to their nature, would go every way but the right one.

I felt sorry for him, and wondered who he was, where he came from, and why he had to exert himself in a way that evidently caused him much suffering. My pity for him led me often to look out and see if he was there, yet it seemed so useless *only* to pity him! But the time was coming when I could do something more.

One day, on returning from the preaching Hall, my husband told me this boy had been present, eagerly listening to what he had been saying. The story of the love of JESUS had touched his heart, and after that first visit he seemed as if he could not stay away, and would hobble in to listen to the Gospel as often as he could be spared from the work of minding the pigs. We found on talking to him that his name was Huang-keh-kong, that he was the nephew of a military officer who lived in one of the houses in

the lane. When quite a little boy his uncle had taken him from his parents, partly to relieve them as they were very poor, and partly for his own gain, thinking the boy could work for him at less cost than a hired servant. He treated him very cruelly, giving him the coarsest food, and making him sleep on the earthen floor in the kitchen, which was often very damp, thus increasing, if it had not actually caused, the disease of leprosy from which he suffered. It was something new to the poor boy to be spoken kindly to and to know that we cared for him, and he loved to talk with us about that greater love of GOD which the HOLY SPIRIT was revealing to him. It was not long before he trusted the LORD JESUS, and told us of his happiness in knowing Him.

You may be quite sure his conversion caused us much joy also, for as we looked

upon his poor, crippled body, and the lines of suffering on his colourless face, we felt he needed the comfort that hope in CHRIST brings, for he certainly had none in his earthly life as it then was. Just about that time we decided to commence a home for destitute and orphan boys, and when he learned that we were receiving such destitute boys into our home, he begged us to take him in, but at first we refused, for he was then about fifteen years old, and we expected that before the boys reached that age they would have had sufficient schooling, and be able to partially support themselves by work. Again and again he pleaded with us to have pity on him, and after prayer we decided, that out of consideration for his helpless condition, and the fact that he was a child of GOD, we would take him if his uncle would give him up. This,

almost to our surprise, he willingly did, and we concluded that he foresaw the lad would soon be quite unfit for work, and thus become a burden instead of a help. When Keh-kong came under our care, we found the leprosy had made greater inroads than we had supposed, and that the bones of his fingers and toes were decaying, and dropping off joint by joint. We could not put him in the same dormitory as the other boys, on account of the offensive odour arising from the disease, and he was not well enough to go into the schoolroom to study, so for a time he was placed in the next room to our own, that we might the more easily attend to him, and every day my husband washed and dressed his sores, a work which all the natives around us refused to do.

There was only a thin, wooden partition between the room he occupied and our

own, and very often we could hear him talking to GOD in prayer, and bringing before Him some of the needs of our large household. I learnt quite to lean upon him for help in this way, and if any difficulty arose, would ask him to pray about it, the result being generally a speedy answer.

A time of rest and careful nursing, with GOD'S blessing, made him well enough to join the other boys, and it was always a pleasure to see his grateful, smiling face in the school-room or chapel, or wherever we might meet him. He was a diligent scholar, and soon learned to read "Peep-of-Day," "Line upon Line," and the New Testament, of which he was specially fond. He learned to write also—though it was really wonderful how his poor crippled fingers managed to hold the pen—and occupied his spare time in writing out the

Gospels which he loved so well. He longed, and worked, and prayed for the conversion of others, and when two or three boys in the school also became Christians, Keh-kong held prayer-meetings with them, and for some time these lads spent most of Saturday night in prayer for blessing on the Sunday services. They used to prepare a pot of tea to sip when they felt sleepy, as they naturally would do, as the hours went by, and a wadded coverlid to wrap any boy in who *could* not keep awake.

And those prayers were answered: souls were converted, and the power of GOD so manifest in our meetings that on several occasions a crowd of literary students—usually the bitterest opponents of the Gospel—would listen in silence to the preaching, and appear unwilling to go away.

In a short time a little Church of true believers was gathered in that hostile city, though it was a veritable stronghold of Satan's power. But changes came; we were called to work in another city, and as it was not far away, we took the boys with us, but my health giving way not long after, we had, most reluctantly, to sail for England, leaving the boys in charge of others. On returning to China, we were appointed to a different sphere, and again it was for the commencement of work in a fresh place. It was a comfort to us that we were able to take Keh-kong with us, for amongst all the strange, unfriendly faces, it was nice to get loving and responsive looks from one at least, who had become almost as dear to us as our own children. Usually the doors of a missionary's house stand open all day, and passers-by walk in and out, and if

they care to stay long enough can hear why the "Western scholar" has come to their "Great Pure Country," and something of the message he has to bring. But the missionary has many other things to do, so part of the time a native helper takes his place in the guest hall and talks with those who come in from sheer curiosity, or really because they wish to know what the "Happy, Sound Doctrine" is.

Knowing how Keh-kong loved to talk to others of his Saviour, and point out to them the wonderful sayings in the "Holy Book," he was given the use of a little room near the entrance, and there he might constantly be seen closely occupied with one or more listeners, telling them the "Old, old story," "with earnest tones and grave," his face lighted up with the joy of salvation, for he had himself drunk deeply

of that ever-flowing Well of Living Water, and he knew that CHRIST could satisfy the heart in a way their idolatry had never done.

His influence told on those in our household also, the tradespeople who came on business, and others. His patient, gentle manner won their confidence, and some who had difficulties in the way of confessing CHRIST, got help, sympathy, and teaching from him. How true it is still, that GOD in His infinite wisdom *chooses the weak things* to confound the things that are mighty!

Five busy, happy years passed, and through failure of health we were obliged to leave that city, Wu-chang, and go to the North of China in the hope that, should that climate prove beneficial, a voyage to England might be unnecessary. We feared the extreme cold of the

northern winters would be too severe for Keh-kong, and most reluctantly had to part with him.

A dear friend, Miss E. Wilson, who had lived with us, and who knew and valued him, kindly offered to take him with her to Han-chung, in SHEN-SI, and she has told me how glad she was to have him with her on that long river journey, and how eagerly he seized every opportunity of preaching the Gospel. When they were anchored for the night, he would sit on the deck and talk to the people on the neighbouring boats, although this confession of CHRIST entailed some persecution, as many of his listeners thought his disease was a judgment on him for having left the religion of his ancestors.

As the Mission House in Han-chung city was not airy enough for him a lodg-

ing was taken for him outside the wall, and very soon his landlord was led by him to the SAVIOUR, and continued steadfast in the faith.

Many others heard from his lips the way of salvation, and became "children of GOD by faith in CHRIST JESUS."

After he had been there for some time the little church was organised, and elders appointed, Keh-kong being chosen as one of them. To this he objected, urging that he was too young to be "an elder." They said, "Oh, but you *must* be, for you have led most of us to CHRIST." Thus for a few years he lived among them, respected and beloved; then the disease attacked his lungs, and after a few months of acute suffering the LORD JESUS called him to occupy one of the "many mansions" which He had prepared for the poor leper who had loved and

followed Him. Not only was his absence sorely felt in Han-chung, we, too, missed him very much, for after we had parted from him he used to write very loving and grateful letters, calling us his "father and mother in grace," and saying how it had comforted him to have our love and care when he was deprived of that of his earthly parents.

Better still, he knew the truth of what JESUS said to His disciples, "The Father *Himself* loveth you," and has now for many years known the joy of being in the Father's Home. Dear readers, there are many other young lives to be won for CHRIST in this, and in heathen lands. What are *you* doing to win them? Will there be any stars in your crown?



# CHINA INLAND MISSION

LONDON - - Newington Green, N.  
TORONTO - - 507, Church Street.  
PHILADELPHIA 702, Witherspoon Buildings.  
MELBOURNE - 267, Collins Street.

---

Donations, Requests for Speakers, Offers from Candidates, and other Correspondence, may be sent to the Secretary at any of the above addresses.

---

## “CHINA’S MILLIONS.”

The Organ of the Mission, is published monthly by Messrs. Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C. It may also be had direct from the offices in London, Toronto, or Melbourne. Price 1d., or 1s. 6d. per annum, post free.