

GLEANINGS FROM CHINESE FOLKLORE

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Gleanings from Chinese Folklore by Nellie N. Russell

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NELLIE N. RUSSELL

**GLEANINGS FROM
CHINESE FOLKLORE**



TO MRS
ANNETTE

Mellie W. Russell

Gleanings
From Chinese Folklore

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA
BY

NELLIE N. RUSSELL

*With Some of Her Stories of Life in China, to which are added
Memorial Sketches of the Author from Associates and Friends*

COMPILED BY
MARY H. PORTER



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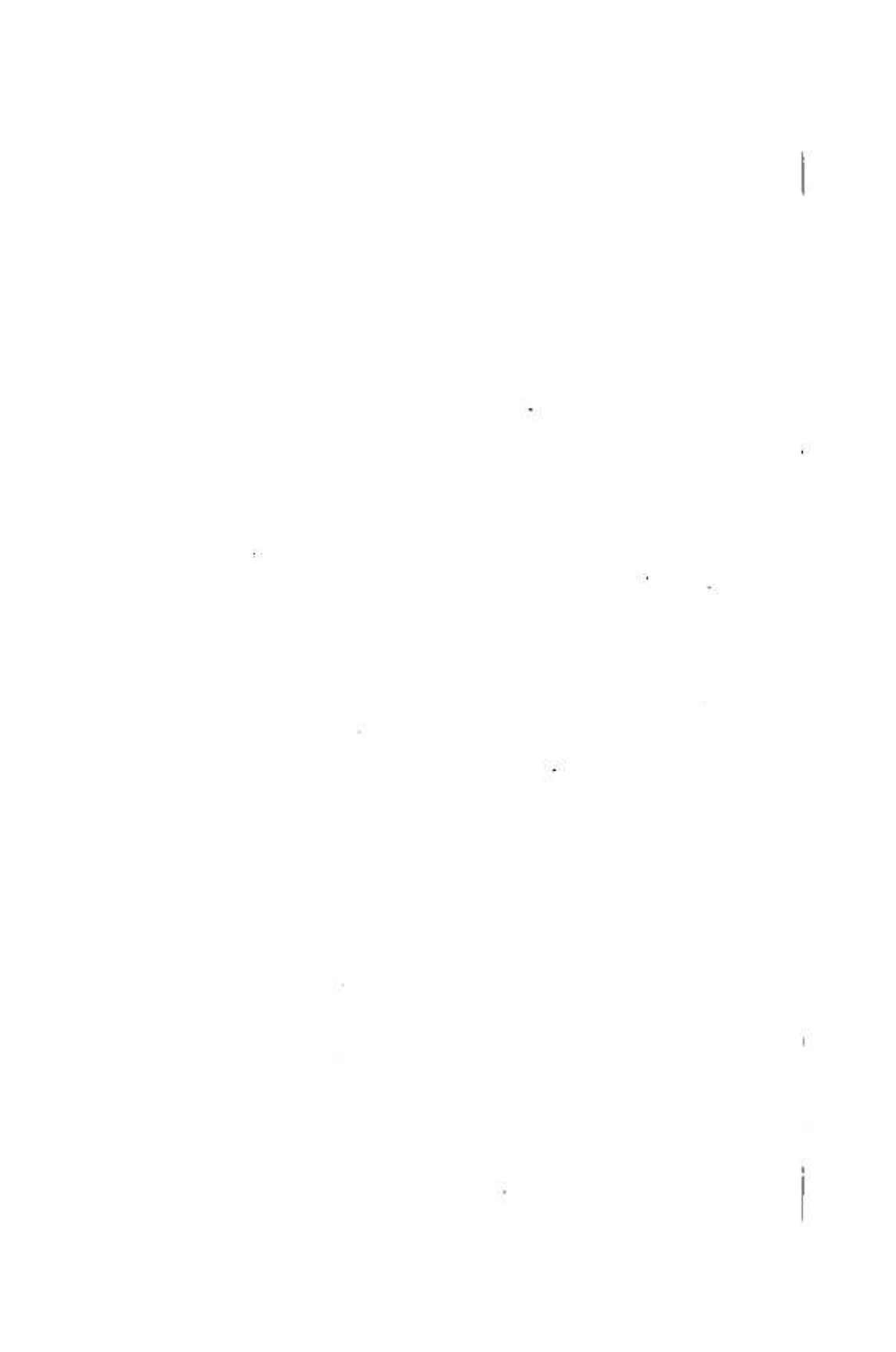
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To Miss Russell's fellow-workers, who still have the joy of service in the great old-new land which she loved; and who tread the unfamiliar ways with more strength and courage, because in many of them she was the Pathfinder, this little volume is affectionately dedicated by

M. H. P.

LA MESA, CALIFORNIA,
January, 1915.

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FOREWORD

IT was in the autumn of 1890 that I sat one evening looking into the face of a young woman who was passing through Tungchow on her way to her new field of work in Peking. A few words about her work in the past explained the sadness of the brown eyes which had already seen many life tragedies in her five years of city mission work, but their merry sparkle when she entered into the happy flow of talk about her showed that her sympathies were as full and rich for joy as for sorrow. Hers was one of those rare natures in which all the lives about them are relived. Such lives are intense, but their earth span is short.

Before many years Miss Russell knew the life histories of most of the thousand Christians connected with the Peking Congregational churches and outstations, knew them with her heart as well as her head. The time-piece was never made which could tell her that the night hours were passing when she sat in a humble, dirty home in a far-off outstation beside some toil-worn, heartsore woman, listening to the details of the sordid daily life, and the wrecked hopes, then resurrecting hope, and

Foreword

ennobling life by linking it with the Divine life. She took no note of the lapse either of time or strength when, in her city home, she entertained guests of high or low degree with equal courtesy and charm. Hers was the gift of making even the brief, formal call an opportunity for speaking the word which might lead to an upward look or an outward vision.

The Chinese pastor came to Miss Russell with his problems, also the child with her new toy. She loved flowers, animals, and children, the latter with the passionate love of a mother-heart. One who watched her taking a little dead goldfish out of the water said, "Don't keep goldfish any more, it hurts you so when they die." But the things which hurt could no more be put outside of that wide-embracing life than could the things which gave a thrill of joy, or enraptured her with a sense of the beautiful.

The tragedy of 1900 brought to one of such wideness and depth of friendship and intimate knowledge a sorrow whose outward tokens were whitening hair and a physically weakened constitution. The first massacres in the country brought refugees to Peking, to whom she ministered day and night. In the British Legation she went to the hospital to nurse wounded soldiers when she needed herself to