

**FRED C. ROBERTS OF
TIENTSIN, OR, FOR
CHRIST AND CHINA**

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Fred C. Roberts of Tientsin, or, For Christ and China by Mrs. Bryson

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MRS. BRYSON

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TIENTSIN, OR, FOR
CHRIST AND CHINA**



Your son "a Hope that-makes
not ashamed"
Fred C. Roberts.

FRED. C. ROBERTS

OF TIENTSIN:

OR,

For Christ and China.

BY

MRS. BRYSON,

AUTHOR OF

"CHILD LIFE IN CHINESE HOMES," "THE STORY OF JAMES GILMORE,"
"JOHN KENNETH MACKENZIE," ETC.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE

REV. F. B. MEYER, B.A.

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TO
THE FATHER AND MOTHER
WHOSE JOY IT WAS
TO LAY AT THE MASTER'S FEET,
A GIFT SO RARE,
FOR
THE CAUSE OF CHINA'S REDEMPTION

"All things he forsook, to give himself
To ministry among the poor and sad.
And now, still young, for many years his life
Had been among them; wheresoever need
Was bitterest, and the heart was pierced the most.
And mighty gifts of healing, and great power
For soul and body's aid and comforting,
Went with him in the toilsome way he trod.
Whenever called him the most hopeless cry,
Whenever want most sad and pain most sore,
Through the dark hours his constant watchings were;
The touches of his tenderness were spent;
Till, from the saved, the succoured, the consoled,
One voice of blessing clung around his name."

E. HAMILTON KING.

PREFATORY WORDS

By REV. F. B. MEYER, B.A.

It was my happy privilege to know Dr. Roberts intimately, and, as I write, sacred and lovely memories come trooping back from the past. He was a frequent visitor in the houses of his married sisters, who, with their husbands, were my loyal and generous fellow-labourers in the work of Christ connected with Melbourne Hall, Leicester.

He generally came during his vacations, and always left behind the savour of a sweet and strong soul. Glad and happy in spirit; courteous and sympathetic in manner; enthusiastic in devotion to his life-purpose; reverent and intense in his religious life,—his was a rare personality; and I am not surprised to learn that the Chinese Christians frequently remarked, that they never saw anyone so like the Lord Jesus as Dr. Roberts—"he dresses our wounds with his own hands; and the poorer a man is, the more care he lavishes upon him."

One of the most remarkable farewell meetings I ever attended, was that held at Melbourne Hall on the occasion of his departure for China in 1887. He, too, often referred to it in after years. It was a fresh anointing for service; not alone for him, but for others. We asked that he might have divine power, without realising that, as it passed through his slight frame, it might consume its energy prematurely. We asked that he might be long spared, without realising that God would give him length of days for ever and ever. We asked, as we read the ninety-first Psalm, that he might dwell in the secret place of the Most High, without realising

that it might mean the innermost Presence of the King. Like the mother of the two apostles, we asked the Throne for our beloved friend, and our prayer was answered more speedily and fully than we thought.

A treasured letter to me from him says: "Thanks for that message about the worker being God in us; I have often thought of it, and found it helpful. It is a message we need to hear often—at least I do." But it was hardly necessary to remind him of a spiritual fact which was the constant inspiration of his life. His was no wearisome struggle to fulfil the demands of a Master infinitely beyond and above him, but of One who was "nearer than breathing." His life was hid with Christ in God; and therefore God's life, which is stored in Christ Jesus, was hidden deep in him, as a spring of living water.

Love endeavours to enshrine and perpetuate, however inadequately, by portrait and memoir, its impression of its friend who is with God, that others may know his worth and forgive its tears. Such, however, is not the main reason for the issue of this biography; but the hope that, as in the Old Testament story, many a young life, touching the grave of the prophet, may live, may be baptized for the dead, and may dedicate all to the cause for which Dr. Roberts counted not his life dear.

He sleeps in the English burying-ground at Tientsin, in a strip of land stolen from the featureless, desolate, and malaria-stricken plain, beside Gilmour of Mongolia and Mackenzie of Tientsin. Three kindred souls, whose graves hold the land for Christ, as that lorn cave of Machpelah held Palestine for the Exodus! And surely the spot where they lie, redeemed from the desert around, with its trees and flowering shrubs, is an emblem of what that moral wilderness is destined to become, when Jesus sees of the travail of His soul and is satisfied.

F. B. MEYER.