LOTTIE MOON: A SHORT BIOGRAPHY

Dec. 12, – Dec. 24, 1912

Lottie Moon was a heroine for today–a woman passionate about a lost world, a woman who didn't hesitate to speak her mind.

A kingdom-focused life

Today's China is a world of rapid change. It's home to 1.3 billion individuals—one-fifth of the world's population. Village dwellers flock to trendy megacities with exploding populations. And China holds its own in the world's economy. It's very different from the vast farmland Lottie Moon entered in the 1800s. But one thing hasn't changed: China's need for a Savior.

Lottie Moon—the namesake of the international missions offering—has become something of a legend to us. But in her time Lottie was anything but an untouchable hero. In fact, she was like today's missionaries. She was a hard-working, deep-loving Southern Baptist who labored tirelessly so her people group could know Jesus.

Her mission

When she set sail for China, Lottie was 32 years old. She had turned down a marriage proposal and left her job, home and family to follow God's lead. Her path wasn't typical for an educated woman from a wealthy Southern family. But Lottie did not serve a typical God. He had gripped her with the Chinese peoples' need for a Savior.

For 39 years Lottie labored, chiefly in Tengchow and P'ingtu. People feared and rejected her, but she refused to leave. The aroma of fresh-baked cookies drew people to her house. She adopted traditional Chinese dress, and she learned China's language and customs. Lottie didn't just serve the people of China; she identified with them. Many eventually accepted her. And some accepted her Savior.

Her vision

Lottie's vision wasn't just for the people of China. It reached to her fellow Southern Baptists in the United States. Like today's missionaries, she wrote letters home, detailing China's hunger for truth and the struggle of so few missionaries sharing the gospel with so many people—472 million Chinese in her day. She shared another timely message, too: the urgent need for more workers and for Southern Baptists passionately supporting them through prayer and giving.

In 1912, during a time of war and famine, Lottie silently starved, knowing that her beloved Chinese didn't have enough food. Her fellow Christians saw the ultimate sign of love: giving her life for others. On Christmas Eve, Lottie died on a ship bound for the United States.

But her legacy lives on. And today, when gifts aren't growing as quickly as the number of workers God is calling to the field, her call for sacrificial giving rings with more urgency than ever.

From Southern Roots

By John Allen Moore

You know about Lottie Moon. She rendered sacrificial missionary service in China long ago.

You know she aroused Southern Baptists to begin a Christmas offering for foreign missions and that the offering bears her name.

But did you know that a leading Southern Baptist educator called her “the most cultivated woman” he had ever known? She belonged to the first small class of Southern women to receive a university-level master of arts degree.

Did you know that, even in the days when male predominance was unchallenged, the corresponding secretary of the Foreign Mission Board consulted her repeatedly for her wise counsel with mission administration?

Did you know that although she fully accepted the idea that men should do the preaching and the leading for mixed groups, she once offered her resignation when the board seemed to be preparing to deny the vote to women in its missions? Her own mission in North China gave women full voice and influence, but Miss Moon refused to serve under an agency that denied this on other fields.

Did you know she was quoted by one who knew her as having said she was only 4 feet, 3 inches tall? This was a recollection after many years and not quite accurate; though not a dwarf, she was petite.

Charlotte Digges Moon, born Dec. 12, 1840, grew up in an eight-room plantation house—Viewmont—on extensive Harris-Moon land holdings just south of Charlottesville, Va. Viewmont had 50 or more slaves to attend to every manual task. Lottie, as she came to be known, was the third of seven children. Private tutors came and went teaching the youngsters in the classics, French and music.

When Lottie was 12, her wealthy father died of a heart attack or stroke while on a business trip traveling by boat from New Orleans to Memphis. His widow, Anna-Maria Moon, then 44, assumed family leadership. A cultured, rather well-educated Southern lady, she held staunchly to her Baptist faith, though some other members of the family became Catholics or members of the Christian Church. She conducted Sunday worship in her home, unless some itinerant Baptist preacher came by.

The Moon children—even the girls, although contrary to Southern custom—received the best possible education. Each was left free to choose his or her own course. The eldest, Thomas, became a doctor but died early in his career while tending patients in a cholera epidemic.

Orianna, Lottie’s older sister, flying in the face of tradition, received her M.D. degree from a Pennsylvania medical college in 1857. She and a North Carolinian were the first women of the South to earn degrees in medicine.

Lottie was sent in 1854 to a girls’ school run by leading Virginia Baptists and boasting a hundred boarding students. Most of each day was rigorously scheduled. Lottie distinguished

herself in studies, especially Latin and French. She belonged to a literary society and helped edit its paper. Her worst grades were in math, science—and “deportment.” Early on April Fools’ Day her second year she climbed the school’s bell tower and muffled the bell with towels and sheets. Classes started late that day.

John A. Broadus, Baptist pastor in Charlottesville, along with Crawford H. Toy and other Baptist scholars, began Albemarle Female Institute in the city; all teachers held master’s degrees, unique for women’s schools. Its basic premise was that women should have educational opportunities equal in excellence to those offered men. Lottie enrolled at the institute.

Never a beauty, but vivacious and fun-loving, she became one of the most popular students. She soon gained the reputation of being a “brain.” She did well in everything she tried. She excelled in language, becoming proficient in Latin, Greek, French, Italian and Spanish.

One professor—Crawford Toy, probably the one who later courted her—said, “She writes the best English I have ever been privileged to read.” Toy also suggested she take up Hebrew, and gave her a Hebrew Bible, inscribed to her. She followed his suggestion.

Lottie was also the institute prankster. She called new non-Baptist students aside and told them they would have to join the local Baptist church. To their tearful protests that they did not wish to become Baptists, Lottie replied that since the principal was Baptist, he expected all students to join. The poor girls would flee in distress to a professor, only to be informed with a patient sigh that this was just another of Lottie Moon’s practical jokes.

One student asked what “D” stood for in the middle of her name. Lottie shot back, “It stands for ‘Devil’—don't you think it suits me excellently?” The nickname stuck. She signed a poem for student publication, “Deville.”

Students, including her closest friend, thought her a skeptic. A student once noted she hadn't seen Lottie at church on Sunday. The reason, Lottie retorted, was that she hadn’t been there; she’d been lying on a haystack reading Shakespeare—much better than a dry sermon.

Pastor Broadus, already invited to help open Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Greenville, S.C., conducted a series of evangelistic meetings in his church in December 1858. He directed appeals for life dedication and Christian service mainly to students.

Concerned students at the institute held sunrise devotional and inquiry services. Lottie's name was prominent on their prayer list. In the midst of one gathering Lottie surprised everyone by appearing. She told how she had attended the service the evening before, then left it “to scoff.” But in her room she couldn’t sleep because of a barking dog. Her rambling thoughts finally turned to her spiritual condition. She decided to give Christianity an honest, intellectual investigation. This lasted with soul-searching prayer, all night.

Now she had made her choice—for Christ—and would join the church. There was rejoicing at that meeting and later in the church service. She gave her testimony at church, the only kind of occasion on which a woman was allowed to speak to a mixed gathering.

Fellow student Julia Toy, sister of her English and Greek professor and a lifelong friend, said of her: “She had always wielded an influence because of her intellectual power. Now her great talent was directed into another channel. She immediately took a stand as a Christian.”

The pastor kept before students and others the challenge to ministry and mission. Among the many to respond were Crawford Toy and John L. Johnson, who later would marry Julia Toy. Both men surrendered for mission service. The Foreign Mission Board appointed them to open work in Japan, but health and other reasons prevented them from going. Lottie also evidently felt the beginnings of a call to foreign missions. She remained at Albemarle Female Institute four years and received both the full-course degree and the master of arts degree.

By this time the Civil War was on. Many suppose that Toy, who served in the Confederate chaplaincy, proposed marriage to Lottie at this time. If so, she did not accept.

Lottie seems to have spent most of the war years at Viewmont, helping on the plantation and tutoring younger sister Edmonia—“Eddie.” Lottie was at Viewmont when General Robert E. Lee surrendered at nearby Appomattox and the Confederacy crumbled.

Lottie’s mother at the start of the war loyally converted all cash assets into Confederate money and bonds—now a total loss. She let son Isaac sell most of her land for a pittance to secure enough to live on. She leased remaining land, except the house and immediate surroundings. But debts could not be collected; cash was very short.

Conditions were not as bad in border states, and Lottie applied to teach in the Danville (Ky.) Female Academy, operated by the local First Baptist Church. She taught there five years—history, English grammar, rhetoric, literature—even after the school merged with another run by the Presbyterians. Active in the church and as popular there as in the school, she assisted the pastor in various ministries and taught teenage girls in Sunday School. In Danville she met returned Southern Baptist missionaries who had served in China. Lottie's mission interest deepened.

The situation at Viewmont steadily grew worse. Lottie divided her wages with her mother to pay interest on debts and avoid foreclosure on remaining property. Mrs. Moon died, in peace and faith, in June 1870. Viewmont was divided among the children, but legal battles dragged on until 1884, when Lottie got a very small settlement and Eddie a bit more (originally meant for her education).

As Lottie and Eddie rode horseback over the estate after their mother’s burial, Eddie revealed her dreams of being a missionary to China. Converted at age 16, she had received strong impressions while at college from reports of foreign work, especially those of Martha (Mrs. T.P.) Crawford in north China. Lottie confessed she had felt similar impressions, but squelched them due to family duties.

In her last year in Danville, Lottie developed an ardent friendship with another young woman teacher, “A.C.” Stafford, who taught the subjects most troublesome to Lottie: math, natural philosophy, astronomy. A.C., a Presbyterian, like Lottie was interested in foreign missions.

Pleasant Moon, Lottie’s distant cousin and a merchant in Cartersville, Ga., with other men of the town opened a school for girls. Lottie and A.C. became teachers and co-principals, starting

the summer of 1871. The school's advanced section was equal academically to the best female colleges. Opening with seven students, the school soon enrolled a hundred.

Lottie and Eddie gave through the Foreign Mission Board to aid Martha Crawford's school for girls in China. Lottie also gave—always anonymously—to other projects, including a Baptist church building in Rome, Italy.

The board at the time was not appointing single women missionaries. Martha Crawford wrote pleas for such appointments, explaining that men could not render the needed service among women in the homes of China. H.A. Tupper, the board's new corresponding secretary, proved an advocate of women's work in and for missions.

Eddie—at 21, more than 10 years younger than Lottie—on impulse wrote Tupper asking to be permitted to go to China with a missionary couple who were to be accompanied by the wife's unmarried sister. Eddie offered to pay her own expenses until support could be arranged. However, women of five Richmond churches organized to support her. Salary: $400 a year. She sailed with the group and by June was in China. Her letters beckoned Lottie.

Still interested, Lottie wondered whether a single woman could find fulfillment in light of restraints placed on women in any kind of public ministry. She had taken part in a continuing controversy in Baptist papers of Virginia and other states about women's role. She researched work of deaconesses in European churches and recommended that Southern Baptist churches, especially larger ones, employ deaconesses "to minister to the poor and suffering, establish Sunday Schools, sewing schools, night schools, mother's meetings."

She added, "Our Lord does not call on women to preach, or to pray in public, but no less does He say to them than to men, 'Go, work in my vineyard.'"

Lottie felt her call to China "as clear as a bell" in February 1873 after the Cartersville Baptist pastor preached about missions. Lottie left the service to go to her room, where she prayed all afternoon. A.C. also felt led to join a Presbyterian mission in China. Students wept when the teachers said they were leaving.

On July 7, 1873, the Foreign Mission Board appointed Charlotte Digges Moon. She was asked to join her sister in Tengchow. About to sail from San Francisco, Lottie got word Baptist women in Cartersville would support her.

The steamship Costa Rica carried a large number of missionaries of several denominations bound for the Far East. Lottie wrote that they never expected to see home again. Missionary appointment generally was "for life." There were no regular furloughs or retirement.

After 25 seasick days for Lottie, the ship docked at Yokohama. She went ashore—also later at Kobe and Nagasaki—and fell in love with Japan and its people. En route to Shanghai, the ship was caught in a hurricane, and the crippled vessel limped back to Nagasaki.

Lottie and the others finally reached Shanghai Oct. 7. Matthew T. Yates and T.P. Crawford, veteran Southern Baptist missionaries, welcomed her.

With Martha Crawford, Lottie traveled by boat northward along the coast to Chefoo in Shantung, the province then considered the most densely populated on earth. Tengchow and

Chefoo were among port cities forced open by foreign powers for trade and mission work in 1858. Foreigners were subject not to Chinese authorities but to their own. The imposed treaties guaranteed toleration for foreign and even Chinese Christians.

From Chefoo, Lottie traveled the 55 miles to Tengchow in a shentze. Shaped like a huge barrel on its side, open at the front and heavily padded inside, a shentze had a long, supporting pole on either side attached to mules in front and behind. This afforded Lottie a skickening two-day ride. Exhausted, she arrived Oct. 25 in Tengchow, to be her home for 39 years.

Shantung province was home of the honored teacher of ancient times, Confucius. Tengchow, the chief city, had a static population of 80,000. Massive walls of gray stone, dating from before the time of Christ, surrounded the city. The narrow streets were paved with worn millstones.

Lottie and Eddie, delighted to be reunited, moved into quarters in T.P. Crawford's compound. J.B. Hartwell, the real pioneer in Tengchow, had begun a church years before in the northern part of the city, but the two men could not get along, disagreeing on almost everything. Crawford started his own congregation, Monument Street Baptist Church, and completed its Western-style building with tower—highly offensive to Chinese—the year before Lottie arrived.

Lottie saw at once that it was not wise for her and Eddie to live with the Crawfords, though she would continue through the years to attend Monument Street church. She and Eddie moved to the mission compound of the other church. In her first week at Tengchow, Lottie wrote Baptist women of Richmond and other points suggesting funds be raised to build a house for the Moon sisters. On the property to be purchased, Eddie and Lottie also wanted to open a girls' boarding school.

Sallie J. Holmes, slightly older than Lottie and a pioneer in north China, lived with her young son in a Chinese house near the Crawford compound. She and her husband had worked in the area before treaties opened it to foreigners; brigands had murdered Holmes. Now Mrs. Holmes conducted a girls' boarding school. She turned over to Eddie a small day school for boys and traveled to villages, evangelizing among women house to house.

As was the custom for new missionaries, an educated Chinese man was engaged as Lottie's language teacher. He visited her home daily, pointing out Chinese characters with his scholar's inches-long fingernails and hearing her pronounce words after him until her intonation satisfied him. It usually took about two years for a foreigner to get a good working knowledge of the spoken language; there were many local dialects. Lottie progressed rapidly and became interested in Chinese history and culture.

Within weeks she was visiting with Sallie Holmes or Martha Crawford in Tengchow homes. Then she began country work. Sallie took the lead, riding her braying donkey; the other women, sometimes including Eddie, rode in sedan chairs borne by coolies. If a tour was to last several days, another donkey would be laden with bedrolls and provisions. The experienced missionaries would tell the gospel story to crowds of women and children in each village and teach hymns and a catechism Martha had prepared. Sometimes a Chinese deacon would go along and, if village men gathered also, he would preach.

For recreation, Lottie enjoyed occasional social gatherings of Baptist and Presbyterian missionaries in Tengchow. She swam in the sea, rode donkeys sidesaddle, collected

seashells, took walks on the city wall and embroidered. A.C. Stafford, stationed in a Presbyterian mission near Shanghai, remained a good friend. She and the Moon sisters exchanged visits, and she made suggestions that Lottie followed, such as securing Bible picture cards from the United States to give to Chinese children.

Lottie kept up extensive correspondence with Tupper at the Foreign Mission Board and with women across the South, especially in Virginia and Georgia. She begged for missionary recruits, including single women. She wrote articles for the Virginia Religious Herald and other Baptist papers, urging women to organize more mission societies, pray for worldwide work and give generously for it. At board headquarters and elsewhere her letters in faultless prose were copied and recopied and sent to women's groups throughout the convention.

The Hartwell-Crawford controversy made mission work difficult in Tengchow. Lottie tried to mediate. She wrote Tupper and the board in 1876, outlining the situation impartially about differences in mission theory and personality and the mission properties on both sides. Board members marveled at her ability to lay out the complicated case succinctly and convincingly like a lawyer before a high court. She warned the board not to view the situation as hopeless or even unique—other mission agencies also had disputes. The problem was not finally solved, however, until Hartwell resigned three years later.

Eddie Moon, obviously immature and emotionally unstable, faced one health problem after another. She often was irascible and contentious. When she first set foot on Chinese soil in 1872, culture shock had been so great she wanted to return home at once. A Shanghai doctor pronounced her "hysterical." She settled down a bit, did well with the language, taught in Sunday School and led the boys' school.

On a wintry day early in 1874 Edddie, Lottie, a deacon and other Chinese Christians went to a village to hold services. Upon return, Eddie was weak and ill. Pneumonia developed, then typhoid. Late that year she suffered respiratory problems. She sought help in Shanghai.

Mrs. Yates saw that Eddie's condition was more than China missionaries could deal with; she took her to Japan and sent word to Lottie to meet them in Nagasaki. Both older women saw that Eddie must return home permanently, and Lottie would have to go along. Three days before Christmas 1875 the Moon sisters reached Viewmont. Eddie was put to bed at once; three doctor relatives treated her. Prescription: cod liver and whiskey.

Lottie was eager to return to China, but not until Baptist women in Richmond raised needed funds would she be able to reach the field once again—in December 1877.

The Offering Begins

By John Allen Moore

Lottie Moon's return to China after accompanying her sister Eddie (Edmonia) back home to Virginia was not nearly as quick as she wanted. H.A. Tupper, corresponding secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, recruited her to travel to church and mission societies to bolster mission support. Tupper also corresponded with her about mission business.

When Richmond Baptist women authorized use of part of the funds raised for the Moon house to send Lottie back and also promised to provide her support, Lottie returned to China.

During a stopover in Japan, Lottie wrote Tupper, "Now I honestly believe that I love China the best. Actually, which is stranger still, I love the Chinese best." Famine raged in north China as Lottie arrived in December 1877. She and other missionaries gave to relief programs and shared personally as they could to relieve the suffering.

Early in 1878 Lottie opened a girls' boarding school for higher-class Chinese. Her purpose was evangelistic: She knew the school would help her enter pupils' homes, since the exclusive citizens of Tengchow wanted little to do with "foreign devils" otherwise. Finding pupils would be hard, for females generally were judged incapable of education. Some Christian missions paid parents to send their children—especially girls—to school; Baptists did not do so but did provide instruction and materials free.

Lottie's school soon had 13 pupils, but all from poor families. They studied arithmetic, reading and geography and learned from Martha (Mrs. T.P.) Crawford's catechism and a book of Bible stories Sallie Holmes had prepared. Lottie taught singing, accompanying with an organ Eddie had ordered and paid for. Lottie wrote to women's societies to suggest that each adopt a girl to support for $15 a year. She promised to report on each girl's progress.

She managed to save about a third of her pupils from the practice of binding girls' feet. The custom usually began about the time a girl would be entering school. The four small toes were bent under and bandaged and drawn toward the heel until bones broke. The suffering young women wound up with a three-inch foot and a pointed big toe. Often infection, illness and sometimes even death resulted.

She kept trying to buy the mission house where she lived or other property—in vain because of Chinese opposition to selling land to foreigners. T.P. Crawford, with Lottie's support, persuaded the older Baptist church in northern Tengchow to move outside the city; this united work by Southern Baptists around the other congregation, renamed Tengchow Baptist Church.

Mrs. Holmes and Miss Moon devoted most of their time to village visits. When invited into a home, one would take the children into the yard to tell Bible stories and teach the catechism and songs. Lottie, if she were the one staying inside to teach the women, sat cross-legged on the kang, using her bedroll for a backrest. A kang, a brick bed about 5-by-10 feet and 3 feet high, was found in every home. It was heated from fire built inside it through an opening from an adjoining room. People sat, ate and slept on the kang, the only heated place in the house. At night, Lottie unrolled her bedding there.

In the morning neighbors usually crowded around to stare at the foreigners as they ate breakfast. Once Mrs. Holmes remarked, “Miss Moon, please note that we are being observed by 30 people; I’ve counted them.” Two were in the doorway; others peeped from behind. Four boys stood on a table for a better view.

“Now look,” said Lottie. “Some boys are tearing holes in the window [made of paper]. We are a wonderful sight, I suppose.” Later she wrote Tupper, “Have you ever felt the torture of human eyes bearing upon you, scanning every feature, every look, every gesture? I feel it keenly.”

She spoke from early morning to late evening, from the kang, on the street, in the yard of dirty homes, traveling in shentzes or riding donkeys, in the heat and dust of summer or wintry rain and snow. She was constantly in contact with the people, continually at risk of exposure to smallpox and other diseases. Yet she suppressed her craving for cultured life and conversation and her Southern tastes—all for the cause of Christ. “As I wander from village to village,” she said, “I feel it is no idle fancy that the Master walks beside me, and I hear His voice saying gently, ‘I am with you always, even unto the end.’”

She found strength in prayer and Bible reading and in devotional classics. She often wrote quotations from spiritual writings in the margin of her Bible or devotional books. One favorite was from Francis de Sales: “Go on joyously as much as you can, and if you do not always go on joyously, at best go on courageously and confidently.”

Lottie suggested to Tupper that the board follow the pattern of some other mission groups and provide for a year of furlough after 10 years on the field. The board eventually adopted such a policy, but not until several missionaries in China died prematurely and others returned home in broken health.

“Mission life takes the strength and energy out of us before we know it,” she wrote. “We have to learn to be watchful and not overwork lest the time come too soon when we can work no more.” Becoming more careful of her health, she cultivated her garden and took walks for exercise. She read extensively and kept up with mission thought in her own and other denominations.

Loneliness became her great enemy. “I am bored to death with living alone,” she wrote Tupper. “I don't find my own society either agreeable or edifying.”

She bombarded the board with requests for recruits, including single women. Tupper tried, but with small success. “I estimate,” he said in one speech, “a single woman in China is worth two married men.”

Lottie continued correspondence with Crawford Toy, through the years the only man in her life. In addition to seminary teaching, he was president of the American Philological Society, which promoted phonetic spelling. Lottie used it for a short time, even in letters to Tupper, who believed she and Toy were considering marriage.

In 1879 Toy, accused of teaching a liberal view of biblical interpretation, had to resign from the Louisville seminary faculty. He became a professor at Harvard University, but the controversy continued in Southern Baptist papers between heresy hunters and some of Toy’s former students. Tupper wrote Miss Moon in some defense of Toy; she replied, “What you say of our

mutual friend is very pleasing to me. You are right in supposing that I think very highly of him (this is not to go in The Journal!)"

Martha Crawford, visiting in Richmond, reported Lottie would go to Harvard as Mrs. Toy. Lottie apparently wrote family members to prepare for a wedding in early 1882.

Besides her loneliness, Lottie felt abandoned in the mission. For extended periods she was the only Southern Baptist missionary in north China. One side of her responded to the prospect of cultured life in a community of scholars such as at Harvard. But her deep commitment to missions and China won out. A niece asked her years later if she ever had been in love. "Yes," Lottie replied, "but God had first claim on my life, and since the two conflicted, there could be no question about the result."

An article by Lottie in Women's Work in China brought protests from conservative Southern Baptists. She listed three classes of single women missionaries regarding decision making in a mission: (1) those greatly dissatisfied and wanting changes; (2) those content to work under current restrictions and exercise influence indirectly; (3) those who enjoy full rights but wish these extended to others. The board's committee on women's work quoted from the article in a report in The Foreign Mission Journal, noting, "This is not endorsed by the committee but is reproduced to show what some others think."

When Lottie saw this, she protested to Tupper: "I wrote the article for deep and intense sympathy for my suffering sisters. I have belonged heretofore to the third class who are free. It seems to be the purpose of the committee to relegate me henceforth to the first class. I distinctly decline from being so relegated. Will you be so kind as to request the Board to appropriate the proper sum, say $550, to pay my return passage to Virginia? On arrival, I will send in my resignation in due form."

Tupper assured her the board considered her a full partner in determining policy. She responded calmly that single women missionaries in all missions should have equal voice—as in her own mission—but again threatened to resign. She declared she was unable to understand why the China committee "do not endorse my position."

Sallie Holmes, after long service in China, had left in 1881, so Lottie took over her compound,"Little Crossroads," and made that her home for the rest of her life. She conducted both her school and Sallie's, but soon was devoting full time to city visiting and country work.

Early in 1882 missionaries N. Weston Halcomb and C.W. Pruitt reached the field, the first new personnel since Lottie's arrival almost 10 years earlier. Two years later, a single woman missionary arrived and soon married Halcomb. Next came two couples—the E.E. Devaults and James M. Joiners. Some new arrivals soon died; others went home as invalids. Lottie respected Halcomb as an effective missionary and a man of integrity. However, he resigned after concluding his views on biblical inspiration and interpretation were inconsistent with mainline Southern Baptist teaching. Pruitt remained the only man active in the work.

Meanwhile, T.P. Crawford always seemed less involved in missions than in his business ventures, attacking the board and trying to force on others his ideas of full self-support. After a few years, he left the board and formed his own Gospel Mission. He took many Southern Baptist missionaries with him as he opened interior stations.

Lottie Moon nurtured a dream, shared by some colleagues, of establishing a chain of mission stations toward the interior. Hwanghsien, 20 miles from Tengchow, was the first, led by Halcomb, Devault and Joiner. But since those workers were soon ill or gone, Lottie had to serve there for a time.

She saw as the next stop Pingtu, the world's 12th largest population center, 100 miles further inland. Lottie, the first Southern Baptist woman to open a new mission outpost, made a survey trip to Pingtu in late 1885, spending three nights in miserable Chinese inns on the way. A month in Pingtu convinced her a mission station must be started. The people seemed curious and open, even in religion. She returned to Tengchow and gathered a supply of warm clothing, medicines, staple foods and reading material. The U.S. North China consul opposed her going, since there was no consular protection for foreigners in the interior (Pingtu had no resident foreigners), but the few other Southern Baptist missionaries on the field supported her plan.

She reached Pingtu in December 1885. Aided by a Chinese couple from Tengchow, she rented a four-room, dirt-floor house for $24 a year, planning to stay until summer. She ate and lived as the Chinese did. No one she knew spoke English.

She first wanted to be accepted as neighbor and friend. It was easy to attract a friendly, curious crowd, and she quickly adapted to the local dialect. She began visiting surrounding villages and within a few months had made 122 trips to 33 different places.

She returned to Tengchow in June 1886 and after catching up on her work there she felt she needed to nurse seriously ill new missionaries in Hwanghsien for the winter and care for the local church. It was April 1887 before she could return to Pingtu, where she met a warm welcome.

Lottie knew she was wearing herself out. She had had no co-worker since Sallie Holmes left six years earlier. Lottie wrote Tupper to ask for a furlough and also requested missionary recruits. She said of the people, especially those in Pingtu: "We must go out and live among them, manifesting the spirit of our Lord. We need to make friends before we can hope to make converts."

At the same time she wrote to encourage Southern Baptist women to organize, conventionwide, to study and support missions. They were planning to act on the idea at their usual informal gathering along with the Southern Baptist Convention in 1888. Lottie's article in The Foreign Mission Journal told of the example Methodist women had set: "They give freely and cheerfully. Now the painful question arises, 'What is the matter, that we Baptists give so little? Whose is the fault? Is it a fact that our women are lacking in the enthusiasm, the organizing power, and the executive ability that so conspicuously distinguishes our Methodist sisters?'"

Her letter that was to become famous appeared in the Journal for December 1887. For several years the women's society in Cartersville, Ga., had taken a Christmas offering to help Lottie's work. Now she learned that Methodist women that year were to observe the week before Christmas as a time of prayer and giving for missions. She urged Southern Baptist women to follow their example:

Need it be said why the week before Christmas is chosen? Is not the festive season, when families and friends exchange gifts in memory of The Gift laid on the altar of the world for the

redemption of the human race, the most appropriate time to consecrate a portion from abounding riches and scant poverty to send forth the good tidings of great joy into all the earth?

She wanted it clear that she was not trying to separate women's work from other mission work:

In seeking organization we do not need to adopt plans or methods unsuitable to the view or repugnant to the tastes of our brethren. What we want is not power, but simply combination in order to elicit the largest possible giving. Power of appointing and disbursing funds should be left, as heretofore, in the hands of the Foreign Mission Board. Separate organization is undesirable, and would do harm, but organizing in subordination to the Board is the imperative need of the hour.

She opposed raising funds by entertainments or gimmicks. She wrote:

I wonder how many of us really believe that it is more blessed to give than to receive. A woman who accepts that statement of our Lord Jesus Christ as a fact and not as "impractical idealism," will make giving a principle of her life. She will lay aside sacredly not less than one-tenth of her income or her earnings as the Lord's money, which should would no more dare touch for personal use than she would steal. How many there are among our women, alas, who imagine that because "Jesus paid it all," they need pay nothing, forgetting that the prime object of their salvation was that they should follow in the footsteps of Jesus Christ!

After 10 months in Pingtu as the only Southern Baptist missionary within a hundred miles, Lottie Moon returned to Little Crossroads in Tengchow in July 1888. Looking over her accumulated mail, she learned that women of the South had formed a conventionwide organization at their spring meeting in Richmond. Miss Annie Armstrong served as corresponding secretary for the Woman's Missionary Union, auxiliary to the Southern Baptist Convention; headquarters were in Baltimore, Md.

Lottie's request for furlough had been granted, but reluctantly, for Tupper feared for the North China mission without her. Despite failing health, Lottie also was unwilling to leave until new women missionaries had arrived and been introduced to the work. She returned to Pingtu with Martha Crawford. Most promising outpost was in Sha-ling, 10 miles away. A church was formed there in the fall of 1889, the fourth church related to Southern Baptist missions in all of north China.

The success of the first Christmas-season mission offering among Southern Baptists, in 1888, resulted chiefly from Lottie's suggestion, Tupper's strong support and Annie Armstrong's extensive letter writing and publicity. It had been designated in advance to send women missionaries to help Lottie in China. The goal: $2,000. The result: $3,315.26, enough to send three single missionaries.

During these years Lottie lived mostly in Pingtu but managed to get to Tengchow to give orientation to new single women missionaries. She regarded July as her time for semi-relaxation and catching up on Tengchow work.

Persecution broke out in Sha-ling in 1890. Relatives of one of the first inquirers, Dan Ho-bang, tied him to a pole and beat him, but he refused to worship at ancestral tablets. A young convert, Li Show-ting, was beaten by his brothers, who tore out his hair; still, he remained

steadfast in his faith. He was to become the great evangelist of north China, baptizing more than 10,000 believers.

Lottie rushed to Sha-ling and told the persecution leaders, “If you attempt to destroy his church, you will have to kill me first. Jesus gave Himself for us Christians. Now I am ready to die for Him.” One of the mob prepared to kill her but was restrained. Lottie calmed the terrified believers and remained with them until persecution waned. When the believers did not retaliate with the usual legal action, the Chinese turned with more respect to hear of the new faith. The church became the strongest in north China; its members evangelized in nearby villages.

“I am trying honestly to do the work that could fill the hands of three or four women,” Lottie wrote in an open letter published in the Religious Herald, “and in addition must do much work that ought to be done by young men … Our dilemma-to do men’s work or to sit silent at religious services conducted by men just emerging from heathenism.” Letters against women speaking in public where men were present or taking the lead in general work continued in Baptist papers; nothing on the other side was printed from American readers.

Finally came furlough—Lottie’s first trip to America in 14 years. The last family property at Viewmont had been sold. Eddie Moon, still sickly, though she taught school at times, had bought a small house near Scottsville, Va., and awaited Lottie there. To recover her health and strength, Lottie declined speaking invitations for six months. Tupper, at her invitation, visited her in Scottsville to talk about mission work. Pruitt, then on furlough but leaning toward Crawford, also came to talk to Lottie and became a loyal supporter of the board. All Southern Baptist missionaries in north China at the time joined Crawford and his Gospel Mission, except William and Effie Sears and Laura Barton. The board reappointed J.B. Hartwell.

Refreshed, Lottie at her own expense visited church and women’s societies in several states. She attended WMU meetings in connection with the SBC, in Atlanta, admitted to convention sessions as an “observer.” At the 1893 convention in Nashville, the WMU meeting honored Lottie, and she supported a plan to use the Christmas offering that year for mission advance in Japan.

Her Journey Ends

By John Allen Moore

Lottie Moon lost one administrative friend in June 1893 when Henry Allen Tupper resigned as Foreign Mission Board corresponding secretary at age 65 after 21 exhausting years. But Robert J. Willingham, who also would become a supporter of Lottie, succeeded him. A few months later Lottie said goodbye to her sister, Eddie, and before the end of the year was back in Tengchow—really "at home."

Eight Southern Baptist missionary men and women now made up the north China mission. Lottie could have claimed the pleasant, growing work around Pingtu—people there adored her—but she left it to younger missionaries, visiting there less and less often. She went instead to Tengchow where she visited regularly in many homes and toured among a hundred or so villages with a day's reach of the city. She made fewer long evangelistic tours.

Though she suffered chronic throat and other health problems, Lottie spent long periods nursing seriously ill members of her mission and some among the Presbyterians. Realizing the need to care for herself, she took daily cold baths and usually a shampoo (she thought "a very hot head at night meant loss of sleep"). She ate a tomato a day and took a quarter-hour nap after lunch. She made July vacation time in Tengchow, catching up on reading and writing, attending to local school and church duties, but avoiding extensive travel.

Visitors from villages stayed with her for days or weeks at a time, some indigent guests semipermanently. She never turned away a beggar from her door without giving aid. She bore all these expenses personally.

During the Sino-Japanese War (1894-95), a shell demolished a wall at Little Crossroads (as her compound was called); and other sections were damaged. Missionaries fled on a U.S. warship, but Lottie, then on her way back from Pingtu, did not try to join them. Hartwell soon returned, and peopled flocked to hear him preach. His missionary daughter, Anna, left Canton to join the Tengchow mission and aided country work, relieving strain on Lottie's throat. Lottie's goal: visit 200 villages each quarter.

"I fear you work yourself too hard," Corresponding Secretary R.J. Willingham wrote her. But at the same time, in response to her continuing appeals for recruits, he told her new missionaries could not be appointed, due to the board's indebtedness. The news was disheartening, but the forming of a new church in Pingtu city delighted her. "I have never found mission work more enjoyable," she wrote. And later: "To go out daily among a kindly people, amid enchanting views of nature, everywhere one turns catching lovely glimpses of sea or distant hills or quiet valleys, all that to me is most delightful. I constantly thank God that He has given me work that I love so much."

In 1898 she began a day school for boys and girls together, an innovation for Chinese. Teaching mainly involved extensive memorization and, as was the practice, she employed a Chinese teacher to lead memory drills; Lottie gave the examinations every Monday. She visited villages Tuesday through Saturday. Sundays were busiest. Up at 6:15, she helped at the morning church service, hosted the English-speaking community for a service at Little Crossroads followed by dinner for the group and taught an afternoon Sunday School class.

Later, she led a special class at her place for boys and girls. After reading and some writing, including her diary, she retired at 10 p.m.

Disease, exhaustion and despair at the lack of recruits felled Hartwell, his daughter and other missionaries for long periods. More often than not, Lottie was the nurse, especially for women and children. In all this she kept herself disciplined, writing a friend: “When I think myself threatened with nervous prostration, I quit work at once and take perfect rest. Not all people have the resolution to do this, and of course, not all are so situated that they can do it. I argue thus: I refuse to go any longer. I rest. I get well in a month or so and then take up my work.”

Willingham greatly admired Miss Moon, almost as much has had Tupper. “I wonder,” Willingham wrote, “if you know how much the brethren of the Board think of you and your work.” At the same time he announced that new missionaries were coming—at last. In mid-1899 the J.W. Lowes settled in Pingtu. Also, after years of Lottie’s pleading, a single woman, Mattie Dutton, arrived early in 1900. Lottie welcomed her to Little Crossroads, helped acquaint her with language and customs and later took her on country tours to train her.

Boxers, as those in the violent and anarchistic uprising were called, opposed foreigners and any modernization. They became most violent in 1900. Roving bandits murdered every foreigner they could—especially missionaries. Thousands of Chinese Christians died during this time.

Among Baptists of north China, those in Pingtu suffered most. Warned against going there, Lottie—disguised—risked her life to reach the city. She slicked back her hair and donned a Chinese man’s long robe and the red-buttoned cap designating officials. Engaging a sedan chair she sat, arms folded, at the front opening and looked condescendingly from side to side in royal fashion.

Thirteen Pingtu Baptists had been imprisoned and tortured. Lottie offered encouragement to them and other believers, enhancing her unique place in their hearts. But realizing the best hope for the believers was to cut all ties with foreigners, she returned to Tengchow in the same way she had come.

The U.S. consul ordered all foreigners to leave the province. Lottie and other missionaries boarded a Chinese gunboat, whose captain, a gracious Christian, opposed the uprising. A U.S. ship took the Americans to Chefoo, and later they reached Shanghai. Expecting a long conflict, Lottie and Mattie Dutton sailed to Japan.

Welcomed by Southern Baptist missionaries in Fukuoka, the two rented a Japanese house. Lottie stayed nine months, teaching English in a commercial school with her Bible as textbook. She also taught private students; three of these young men became Christians. Upon return to Tengchow in April 1901, she resumed her schoolwork and city and country visiting. Work flourished in north China. Chinese Christians of Pingtu province, entitled to large indemnity payments for the Boxers’ atrocities, refused all except that paid by persons clearly guilty. This non-vengeful spirit won many friends for Baptists.

Jessie Pettigrew, first trained nurse the Foreign Mission Board appointed, had grown up in Virginia as an admirer of Lottie Moon. When she and another single woman arrived early in 1902, Lottie, as usual, helped them adjust.

The board had adopted a policy—one Lottie suggested—of providing each missionary a furlough after 10 years on the field. As her furlough neared, Lottie was tempted, as usual, to delay it, but factors—among them Eddie's worsening health—drew her home. Eddie had sold the Scottsville house and wandered from one boarding house to another in North Carolina and Florida seeking a healthful climate. She made occasional small loans to the Foreign Mission Board and bought a $3,000 annuity from the board, guaranteeing her a return of $150 a year for life, payments to go to Lottie should she survive Eddie.

Lottie made her furlough home at Crewe, Va., where a nephew cared for her brother Isaac and his wife. Eddie joined them. Lottie—now heavier, slightly grayed and missing some teeth—dressed in black and traveled to visit various relatives, churches and women's missionary societies. Women everywhere heard her respectfully.

Relatives tried to persuade her, after 30 years in China, to retire. "Oh, don't say that you don't want me to return," Lottie pleaded. "Nothing could make me stay. China is my joy and my delight. It is my home now." At age 63 she sailed from San Francisco, Feb. 27, 1904, sharing an economy cabin with two strangers. Back at Little Crossroads, she happily donned her modest Chinese robes and 67-cent, cardboard-soled fabric shoes to resume work.

The board began a policy—one Lottie supported—that missionaries must study the language two years before undertaking major mission responsibilities. Among new recruits were the Jesse C. Owenses, W.C. Newtons, Ella Jeters and Ida Taylor. Former members of the mission who had defected to T.P. Crawford's Gospel Mission, returned to the Southern Baptist fold on the recommendation of Mrs. Crawford after her husband's death.

Progress continued. The board's first hospital on any field opened in Hwanghsien, conducted by Dr. T.W. Ayers. A theological school and a girls' training school were begun in Tengchow. China was making progress also. With abolishment of the classical examinations, formerly offered in Tengchow, the city declined, and the theological and training schools were moved to more-prosperous Hwanghsien. Chinese Christians took the lead in combating the practice of binding girls' feet, organizing the Heavenly Foot Society. Parents of most girls in Baptist schools allowed daughters to unbind their feet; some schools no longer accepted girls with bound feet.

Even as a veteran, Lottie at times still used a teacher to drill her in niceties of the spoken language and to help in writing materials. She paid her teacher—and all her servants—from personal funds. She continued her school for girls and boys; grown men now clamored for admission. She organized other schools to help meet the new, widespread desire for education, still using the Christian catechism and Bible stories as basic texts, plus courses in arithmetic, geography and classical Chinese literature.

Rigors of frontier life and work continued to thin the ranks. At Little Crossroads Lottie nursed Mattie Dutton, who had a nervous breakdown, but the younger woman never again was able to resume mission work.

Despite her age and circumstances, Lottie remained in fairly good health. Her schools were growing, and she put even more of her own funds into them. She kept up local church work, the English-language service, two Sunday School classes in different parts of the city, and her visiting in Tengchow and the villages. Her guestrooms at Little Crossroads were in constant use with sometimes as many as 15 Chinese guests (at Lottie's expense).

With other missionaries transferred to more fruitful fields, she was now alone in Tengchow except for Ida Taylor, who later contracted three types of smallpox simultaneously, and was never able to return to work, though Lottie cared for her. New recruits arrived for inland stations; two more hospitals were opened in north China.

While two single women recruits studied Chinese life with Lottie, they noticed during devotions that her Scripture reading did not correspond with their Bibles. One asked what Lottie was reading from. “Oh, the Greek,” she replied, continuing her translation. She translated with the same facility from Greek to Chinese.

Willingham became the first Foreign Mission Board official to tour the Orient, visiting north China in October 1907. Shantung Baptist Association was to meet in Tengchow, but an outbreak of meningitis in the schools forced transfer to Hwanghsien. Later the Tengchow area suffered a siege of bubonic plague.

New missionaries included Dr. and Ms. James Gaston—he opened the third hospital, at Laichowfu—and Wayne Adams, a tall, young bachelor. They all had been influenced to come to China by Lottie Moon and her story. Adams, an admirer, for a year took his meals with her (paying his part), often followed by discussions of Chinese life, language, theology, literature or current events. He regarded this as a liberal education. When Floy White arrived to marry Adams, Lottie oriented her also.

On Jan 11, 1909, Adams found Miss Moon nervous, her eyes cloudy. Years later he learned that a letter had just brought tragic news: Sister Eddie, living in a tiny cottage in Starke, Fla., finally had given up in her search for health and holiness. She lay on her bed, pulled the covers over her, put a gun to her head and took her life. Long in a disturbed emotional state, Eddie Moon in a sense had continued to live in China through Lottie. Eddie wrote cheerful letters to her older sister, who faithfully replied. The two sisters loved each other more than anyone else. But Lottie bore her grief alone; she did not tell her associates, but went on with her hard, dawn-to-dusk schedule.

In the fall of 1911 women from three women’s missionary societies met in Lottie’s living room and organized the Woman’s Missionary Union of North China. They elected Lottie president.

One new missionary Lottie helped adjust was Jane Lide, another who had been reared on stories about Lottie. The veteran taught her how best to visit in the city and in villages. Jane was a good student. As the two walked one day beside the Tengchow city wall, a mounted Chinese soldier galloped toward them on the path. Jane prepared to step aside onto the narrow, slippery ledge between the path and a partially filled moat. Lottie stopped her. “Don’t worry, Jane,” she said. “I’ll teach him some manners.”

Lottie stood fast, tightening her hold on her umbrella. As man and mount bore down upon the two, threatening to knock them into the moat, Lottie suddenly opened her umbrella. The horse shied, throwing the rider into the moat. The two women walked on, while the angry but chastened soldier picked himself up out of the water.

China’s revolution broke out late in 1911. Fighting was intense around Baptist mission stations in north China. The U.S. consul asked missionaries in Hwanghsien to move to a safer port city, and they agreed—all but Lottie. When she learned Chinese hospital personnel had been left

alone in Hwanghsien, she made her way safely through warring troops and took charge at the hospital, encouraging the terrified nurses and other personnel by her courage.

They resumed work caring for the ill and wounded. When Dr. Ayers and other male missionaries risked their lives to return, they were amazed to find Lottie directing the hospital efficiently, as she had done for 10 days.

With the hospital in rightful hands, Lottie packed to return home, but the men warned that heavy fighting made this impossible. When she insisted, they sent word to the opposing generals that Miss Moon would be passing through at a set hour. A young missionary escorted her, and as they made their way through the battle lines, firing stopped on both sides.

Revolutionary forces won early in 1912. Under the lead of Sun Yat-sen and Yuan Shih-kai, a personal friend of Lottie and other missionaries, a republic was established with a Christian calendar and a declaration of religious liberty. Lottie was delighted, but other developments saddened her. These were destined to break her spirit.

Famine, no stranger to China, broke out in unusual severity. Churches around Pingtu were multiplying under vigorous evangelism by Lottie's beloved pastor Li. But Lottie wept to think of people in the area living—if they did live—on ground leaves, roots and sweet potato vines.

Plague also ravaged the land. Lottie and other missionaries gave all they could to relief agencies, and they continued to help all who came to her door. The Foreign Mission Board's debt was a crushing concern. With church members in America not trained in systematic giving, the board had proceeded on faith to expand its work in many lands; there were now 273 missionaries.

Willingham wrote Lottie in August 1911: "It is difficult to know how to plan. Our indebtedness has been so great it will take over $600,000 to carry out the work which we had already planned for and meet the debt. Last year our receipts were only $500,000. We are trying to be very careful." A week later he wrote, "We are in an embarrassing position on account of our debt. We do not know what to do." Lottie made rather large gifts to the board (the income from Eddie's annuity for certain periods) to help relieve the pressures. In midsummer 1912 he was still mission secretary, always pleading with the board for new missionaries.

When the Gastons visited her at summer's end, all seemed in order. But in Lottie's heart the burdens were piling up. The immediate need: the suffering around her. Her compound was no longer an informal training school for Chinese women but a hostel for the ill and indigent.

She buried herself in China's misfortunes, trying to help and no longer taking care of her needs. Her small cash reserves were gone. She gave and gave, not counting the cost to herself. She almost stopped eating. If others could not have food, neither would she. Her strength failed.

Alarmed, young colleagues sent for medical help. Missionary nurse Jessie Pettigrew came from Hwanghsien, discovered and treated a large carbuncle at the base of Lottie's ear and took her home with her. Lottie dozed by day, tore her hair and refused to eat. Missionary doctors tried to help. Dr. Gaston, early in December, gave his diagnosis: She was starving herself to death.

The doctors decided her only hope for survival was a voyage to America. As Dr. Hearn packed her in pillows for the long day's shentze ride to the coast, she sat up.

"Just lay down, dear Miss Moon," he implored.

The old, precise, literary Lottie Moon erupted. "I will not lay down, sir," she corrected. "I will lie down."

Cynthia Miller, missionary nurse, went with Lottie, whose slight, self-starved body was said to weigh only about 50 pounds. Miller arranged to sleep in Lottie's ship cabin to care for her. Hearn brought aboard a supply of Lottie's favorite grape juice and other food. He doubted she would survive the trip, but felt it her only hope. Lottie dozed most of the time or was otherwise unconscious.

After a few days she roused, took some juice and spoke weakly but rationally about spiritual things. She whispered the words of the song with her companion, "Jesus Loves Me," and asked the nurse to pray for her. Next morning Lottie no longer spoke, but pointed upward when her nurse neared, indicating the source of her life.

The ship docked in Kobe, Japan, one of Lottie's favorite places, to take on coal. On Christmas Eve 1912 she opened her eyes, smiled and looked around. With her last remaining strength, she raised her fists together—the fond Chinese greeting. She must have been greeting her Lord, for in that moment her spirit went out to meet Him.

Her remains were cremated, by Japanese law. Nurse Miller delivered the urn of ashes to a board representative. Her life was never the same for having been with Lottie Moon. The same can be said of thousands of others—in America and in China.

The Christmas offering, launched at her suggestion, was named for her in 1918.