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A GOD OF DELIVERANCES



Mr. Saunders. Jessie. Mrs. Saunders. Miss Riggs.
George.

Mr. Fanson,
Martyred at Ta-tong.

GROUP OF P'ING-YAO NATIVE CHRISTIANS.
Taken October 1895.

Frontispiece.

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

THE STORY OF
THE MARVELLOUS DELIVERANCES THROUGH THE
SOVEREIGN POWER OF GOD OF A PARTY OF
MISSIONARIES, WHEN COMPELLED BY
THE BOXER RISING TO FLEE FROM
SHAN-SI, NORTH CHINA

BY

ALEXANDER R. SAUNDERS

(ONE OF THE PARTY)

LONDON

MORGAN AND SCOTT, 12 PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C.
CHINA INLAND MISSION, LONDON, TORONTO, AND MELBOURNE

IN
PRAISE TO ALMIGHTY GOD
FOR THE
MERCIFUL DELIVERANCE FROM DEATH OF EIGHT PERSONS
AND IN
LOVING MEMORY
OF THE SIX FELLOW-SUFFERERS
WHO WERE FAITHFUL EVEN UNTO DEATH.

“ Let the Redeemed of the Lord say so.”—PSALM cvii. 2.

“ We would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning our affliction which befell us in ASIA, that we were weighed down exceedingly, beyond our power, insomuch that we despaired even of life : yea we ourselves have had the answer of death within ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead : who delivered us out of so great a death, and will deliver : on whom we have set our hope that he will also still deliver us ; ye also helping together on our behalf by your supplication ; that for the gift bestowed upon us by the means of many, thanks may be given by many persons on our behalf.”—
2 COR. i. 8-11 (R.V.)

PREFACE

“They that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches ; none of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to GOD a ransom for him : for the redemption of their soul is precious (A.V.) or costly (R.V.), and must be let alone for ever.”—PSALM xlix. 6-8.

GOD only was able to provide a ransom for the spirit, and He only can prolong the natural life : human wealth and human power can never effect redemption. The work of our LORD JESUS CHRIST for our salvation was indeed a costly one, and it is complete—a finished work—but in spreading the good tidings and in conflict with the powers of darkness there is a fellowship with CHRIST’S sufferings in which His people may share. The Apostle Paul prized this fellowship and was anxious to fill up to the full his share of the afflictions of CHRIST, for the sake of His body, the Church. And he found in this a personal benefit also, for in the fellowship of His sufferings he learnt to know his LORD as he could not otherwise have done. Nor was his experience unique ; sufferers with CHRIST have in every age been given this privilege. Those

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

of our friends in N. China who have received the martyr's crown are no longer with us to give us their testimony, but GOD in His goodness has spared some beloved workers whose cup of suffering was as full, to tell us of His sustaining grace and power to deliver from the utmost perils.

We have nationally been learning in sad experience how costly the work of maintaining earthly sovereignty may be ; and to this end life and treasure have been lavishly expended. Shall we complain if the kingdom of our LORD and SAVIOUR call for like sacrifice? "GOD so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son": CHRIST so loved His own that He humbled Himself to the death of the cross for their redemption, and gave His life a ransom for many. Who will follow in the train of this Divine love? China still needs the Gospel. Their treatment of their best friends shows how sorely they need it. Where are the parents who will give their sons and daughters? Where are the men and women who will give up earthly prospects and advantages and risk all costs to spread CHRIST'S kingdom? And shall not others, who can neither go nor give son or daughter, yet share in the warfare by prayer and gift to the point of suffering? Is not He worthy of our best and of our all? May no failure on our part cause us to be ashamed before Him at His coming!

Lessons such as these are surely GOD'S purpose for us to whom the following record comes, and

PREFACE

while we read of the sufferings of the missionaries and their families, let us not forget that the roll of the noble army of martyrs includes hundreds of our native brethren and sisters, and that many of the native Christians who escaped death have suffered grievously and need both our succour and our prayers.

The doors now closed in N. China were opened in answer to much prayer and at considerable pecuniary cost; shall we not both pray and labour that they may speedily be reopened? Reopened not through indemnities wrung from unwilling heathen, but by our love-gifts, and free-will offerings.

The value of records like the following is great. A felt need of the present day is a more vivid sense of the reality of unseen things. Not merely of our forefathers but of us is it true that we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. And we need to remind ourselves in this day of culture and luxury that the things which are seen are but temporal, while the things which are not seen are eternal. For it is only when keeping this truth in view that we shall face the light afflictions which are but for a moment, and obtain the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory which they work out for us.

The coming of the LORD draweth nigh; let us

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

exhort one another daily while it is called to-day, for soon to all of us the opportunity of service will have passed away; and let us show our love and sympathy with the beloved ones whose trying experiences are detailed in this record by earnest prayer, that they as well as ourselves may be kept faithful unto death or till He come.

J. HUDSON TAYLOR.

GENEVA, *18th June* 1901.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE BY REV. J. HUDSON TAYLOR, M.R.C.S., F.R.G.S.	7
1. BEFORE THE RIOT	15
2. THE FLIGHT TO THE YAMEN	19
3. WITHIN A STEP OF DEATH	25
4. OUR SECOND RIOT	34
5. A SPECTACLE TO MEN AND TO ANGELS	43
6. PRISONERS OF THE LORD	57
7. TWO MARTYRS	64
8. WONDERS AT THE YELLOW RIVER	68
9. SORROW UPON SORROW	75
10. SAFE HOME AT LAST	85

ILLUSTRATIONS

NATIVE CHRISTIANS AT P'ING-YAO . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	<small>PAGE</small>
MR. AND MRS. SAUNDERS AND TWO CHILDREN . . .	18
JESSIE AND ISABEL SAUNDERS	19
PLAN OF P'ING-YAO CITY	21
MR. AND MRS. E. J. COOPER AND FAMILY . . .	36
MISS E. GUTHRIE	37
MR. A. JENNINGS	37
MISS RICE AND MISS HUSTON ITINERATING . .	66
CHINESE PACK MULE AND SADDLE	67

I

BEFORE THE RIOT

“Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you.”—1 PETER iv. 12.

THE city of P'ing-yao was opened as a station by the China Inland Mission in 1888. Being the banking centre for China, its position is important, and it subsequently became the business centre for the C.I.M. in Central Shan-si. During the twelve years of missionary work in this station, 133 persons have been baptized. With these Christians organised under eight separate congregations, all paying their own expenses, and in two cases with chapels mortgaged by native contributions, and with nearly 100 candidates waiting for baptism, the Lord's work had never seemed more encouraging than just prior to the *Boxer* rising.

In consequence of information received concerning the *Boxer* troubles in Shan-tong, I was led, during the earlier part of the year, to speak much to the Christians on the subject of persecution and affliction for Christ's sake, and one cannot but praise God for having been led so to do.

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

The first *Boxer* proclamation was posted up in the city of P'ing-yao about 25th April, exactly one week after the new governor, Yü-hsien, reached T'ai-yüan-fu. From that time on, reports were freely circulated as to what the *Boxers* would do to all who persisted in following the foreign religion. The proclamation was as follows:—

The missionaries of the Roman Catholic and Protestant religions persuade the people to forsake the worship of idols and the sacrifices to ancestors. Consequently the wrath of Heaven is manifest in the present long-continued drought. Ere long the armies of Heaven will make war with and exterminate all foreigners. Every one should at once join the Society of *Boxers*. It is the duty of all to circulate this proclamation for the remission of sins. If it is neglected, how can calamities be averted?

Up to this time there had been no outward manifestation of malice on the part of the people; in fact, when in May the annual fair was held, we were visited as usual by thousands of men and women who evinced nothing but friendliness. Undoubtedly, but for Yü-hsien and his emissaries, we should have had no disturbance.

On 2nd June two agents of the *Boxer* Society rented a small house in the city, where they at once commenced exhibitions of their arts and supposed invulnerability. News of this spread like wild-fire, but when our local mandarin summoned these two men to his judgment hall and threatened to test their invulnerability with a foreign rifle, they earnestly pleaded to be excused. After a night in jail, they were escorted by Yamen runners beyond the county limits and dismissed with a warning.

BEFORE THE RIOT

This timely action, and the issuing of a proclamation condemning the *Boxers*, for a time quashed the movement, and it was not until 24th June, when learning that his action would be resented by the Governor Yü-hsien, the mandarin ordered these anti-*Boxer* placards to be washed down. The results of this step were not long in following. We had meanwhile (12th June) heard by wire from T'ien-tsin that the province of Chih-li was in a state of anarchy, and then realised that we were cut off from all supplies of funds and information from headquarters.

The day the proclamation had been washed down was a Sunday, and the Christians gathered for worship as usual. They showed not a little apprehension on our behalf, and even suggested flight. We assured them, however, that we proposed to remain, hardly realising that that was to be the last Sabbath we should all spend together. Reports and letters now began to reach us from all hands telling of the gathering storm. Many were getting short of funds; and as our city was the banking centre, on 26th June we telegraphed to Shanghai, but ere a reply could reach us we had been rioted and driven from our home.

It was the evening of Tuesday, 26th June. The daily routine had been accomplished as usual, save that I had been led to pay all wages, though not due till the morrow. This was the more remarkable because I had never done so before, but God thus ordained that we might not leave our station in any one's debt.

Despite all the rumours, our hearts were kept in peace and quietness, and our four children had their usual romp after tea. Prayer followed, and the



Photo by Anderson of Aberdeen.

MR. AND MRS. A. R. SAUNDERS, WITH NELLIE AND GEORGE.

Taken since returning home.

To face page 18.



ISABEL SAUNDERS.

Photo taken May 1900. Died and was buried near Si-ping, Ho-nan, on 27th July 1900, aged 1 year and 9 months (see page 72).



JESSIE SAUNDERS.

Photo taken in 1897. Died at Tan-kin-ho, Ho-nan, on 3rd August 1900, aged 7 years and 3 months. Buried at the same place, 4th August (see page 76).

II

THE FLIGHT TO THE YAMEN

"It is a night to be much observed to the Lord for bringing them out. . . ."—EXODUS xii. 42.

WE were a party of eight,¹ four adults and four children. While we were on our knees seeking guidance from God the crowd came. Taking the children from their beds just as they were, we escaped by the cart gate on the western side of the compound, while the rioters entered by the east. Our two Chinese servants and a Christian carpenter expressed their desire to accompany us wherever we went. Praising God for their love and devotion to Christ, we gladly availed ourselves of their proffered help to carry the children. Thus we left what had been a happy home to us for many years. What had the future in store for us?

Unable to enter the city by the gate near our home, we were obliged to circumnavigate the crowd by passing down the main suburb, and, crossing

¹ Mr. and Mrs. Saunders and four children, Mr. Jennings, and Miss Guthrie who was paying a short visit to P'ing-yao. The single ladies, Misses French, Johnson, and R. Palmer, had fortunately left the station some weeks before, and escaped with another party.

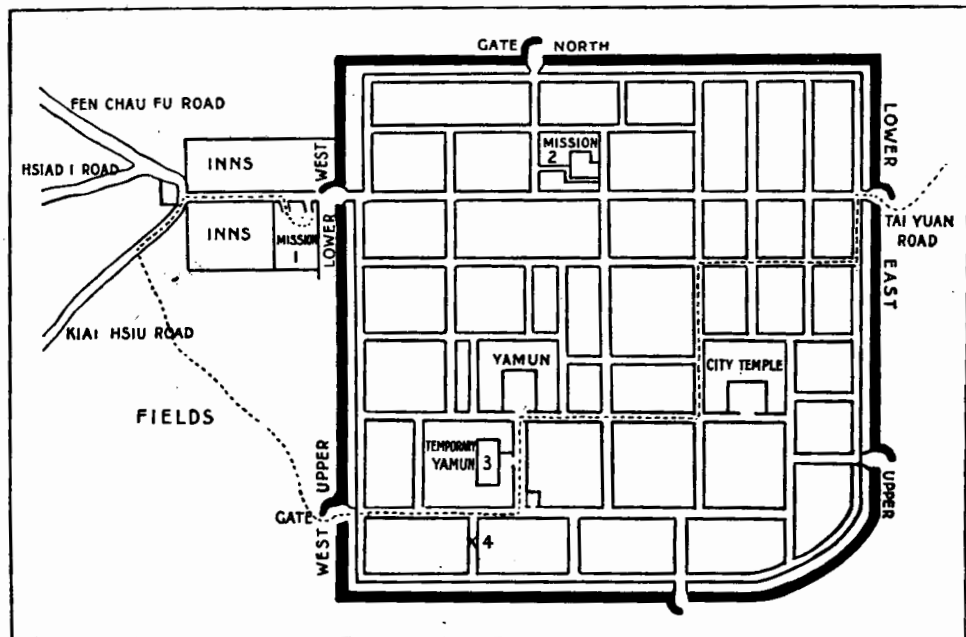
A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

the fields, seek entrance by another gate (see Plan). Had our neighbours been at all unfriendly, they could easily have betrayed us, but this they did not do. Reaching the upper west gate we sought to make our way to the Yamen, temporarily occupied by the mandarin. Urged to our topmost speed by the sound of voices behind, we pressed forward, thankful that God kept the dear children quiet, when a cry from them would have endangered the whole party. The Yamen was reached, but what was my dismay to find my wife and two of the children had become separated from us in our hasty flight through the dark city streets. At my request the official kindly sent out runners to search for them. My wife's experiences during this painful separation are best told in her own words.

“Stumbling along in our hasty flight through the dark city street, I suddenly found myself pulled by our two faithful servant-boys¹ up a very dark alley. They were each carrying a child (Nellie and Isabel), and it was not until we had gone some distance I found we were alone. I immediately said, ‘Where is Mr. Saunders? Why did you bring us here?’ to which questions one of the lads whispered, ‘Because men with drawn knives were following, calling out, “They are caught! caught!”’

“Standing there in the darkness, we lifted up our hearts to God. Following an old man who passed we reached a dimly-lighted spot with a well. Hearing the voices of men pursuing, our brave boys pushed us into a dark corner, where we crouched down, while they stood in front to cover us.

¹ Their names are Ki-yuen and En-tsu.



1. Mission premises where Mr. and Mrs. Saunders and party lived.
2. Mission premises in the city where Street Chapel was.
3. The place we fled to, used temporarily as a Yamen.
4. Lane where Mrs. Saunders hid.

The dotted line indicates the line of flight.

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

“What a moment! The children looked so fair and pure, fresh from their evening bath and clad in their white flannel night-dresses, and baby, when warned not to speak, pressed her sweet little face against mine and seemed hardly to breathe. But here came our pursuers, naked to the waist, with their lanterns in their hands. Committing myself and precious children to God, I asked that He would take us quickly to Himself. The lads were soon discovered and the lanterns flashed full into my face. Then did I prove the truth of the text I had read in *Daily Light* that morning, ‘When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?’ With the little ones clinging to me I went forward to meet I knew not what, but with my heart filled with the peace of God. Just then our boy whispered, ‘They are only water-carriers.’¹

“Praising God for this deliverance, and clasping baby in my arms, we began to retrace our steps. We had hardly gone halfway down the alley when we heard the renewed shoutings and howlings of the mob. Again we sought shelter in the darkest corner of a courtyard hard by, hoping we should not be observed. It was useless. We were soon discovered, and once again lifting up my heart to God, and clasping the children in my arms, I hoped we should all be taken together. Again God was better to us than our fears, for a big burly man said, ‘Don’t fear, we’ve come to protect you’; and so they had, for they were the soldiers sent by the mandarin to find and escort me to the Yamen. The noise had

¹ Many of the Chinese when out after dark give vent to most unearthly cries to frighten evil spirits away. It was these cries we had heard.

THE FLIGHT TO THE YAMEN

been occasioned by the rabble which had followed them.

“What a glad reunion to join once more my husband and the other members of our party! What a proving of God’s faithfulness and power to give that peace which passeth all understanding under such trying conditions! What a demonstration, ever to be remembered with loving gratitude, of the devotion and Christian gallantry of our two noble servants!”

Thankful to be once again a united party, we were nevertheless weary with our hurried flight. No place of rest was, however, offered to us, so spreading a coverlet for the children in the open courtyard, they were soon fast asleep. Several of the native Christians had now joined us, and together we sought guidance from the Lord. Some advised hiding in the hills locally, and one Yamen runner whom I had helped to break off opium, though not a Christian, urged us to take shelter in his own home close by. Knowing that this course would but endanger them we refused.

The mandarin sent word to say that we must leave the city before daylight, as he was powerless to protect us, and should he refuse to give us up his own Yamen would be destroyed by the *Boxers*.¹ From the secretary—for I was not permitted to see the mandarin himself—I learned of the taking of the Ta-ku forts, that forty foreign war-vessels had arrived, and landed 20,000 marines. T’ien-tsin and Peking were said to be burned, and all the foreign

¹ That these fears were not without cause has been proved by what happened in other cities.

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

residents killed. An edict forbidding any official to protect foreigners made our case appear hopeless.

Knowing how frequently in China reports are exaggerated, we pressed our plea, and at last received an offer of escort to the boundary of the county, and then to be left to make our way as best we could towards Lu-ch'eng, another C.I.M. station, where the country was less disturbed. As robbery and murder are frequent on this road, we felt we could not accept this offer. After much discussion and running to and fro to see the mandarin it was decided for us to be sent by cart under escort to T'ai-yüan-fu.

By this time the ladies and children had been conducted to a filthy room occupied by an old opium-smoking woman. Though almost choked by the opium smoke and impure atmosphere, here the children slept till near daybreak. We had prayer with the native Christians, and urged them to do what they could for their own safety. Five of them, however, elected to come with us, and the Yamen runner before mentioned also volunteered to do so. As he had previously known us, the mandarin gave him permission to come.

Before daybreak carts and escort were all ready, and after prayer we started on our journey towards T'ai-yüan-fu, not knowing what lay before us, life or death.

III

WITHIN A STEP OF DEATH

“There is but a step between me and death.”—1 SAMUEL XX. 3.

WAS it fact or some strange dream? In this city we had lived and laboured for years. Here we had seen souls born into the Church, and our own loved children born into our family. Along these high roads we had frequently travelled alone and without fear. And now! Home was gone and we ourselves under a military escort. Why this sudden change? Simply the Governor's edict. Even now among the crowds along the road many expressed their sympathy with us, and their disapproval of the *Boxers*.

In this dark night of trial we were not without bright stars of rejoicing. At one of our out-stations (K'i-hsien), where we stopped for dinner and change of escort, though soon surrounded by a crowd of city roughs, our native helper there boldly shouldered his way through, not ashamed to identify himself with us in this our time of adversity. At the next city where we spent the night (Hsü-kou) we were also sought out by a young native convert, with whom we had some happy fellowship. How cheering was such faithfulness! We praise God upon every remem-

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

brance of them, and rejoice in the privilege of labouring for the salvation of such men and women. This very road we were travelling became impassable even to native Christians within three days' time, so at a later date we saw God's hand over-ruling in the details of the riot, for escape would have been impossible had it been delay but a few days.

But difficulties multiplied as we proceeded. When only twelve miles from T'ai-yüan-fu (at Siao-tien-tsz) we heard reports of a riot in the capital, and when almost within sight of the city walls (at Ta-ma, only seven miles away) we were met by a young convert, who earnestly urged us not to proceed. Into what perplexities did his terrible story not plunge us? Only the night before (Wednesday, 27th June) he said the Schofield Memorial Hospital, Chapel and Compound had been burned. All the foreigners had escaped to the house of Mr. G. B. Farthing of the English Baptist Mission, with the exception of Miss Coombs. Turning back to rescue a sick Chinese girl, she had been cruelly clubbed and thrown in the flaming building, where she was burned to death. When our informant had left, Mr. Farthing's house was surrounded by a mob of several thousands who threatened to set it on fire.¹

The lad urged us to go back, it being certain death to proceed. Our escort endeavoured to persuade us to go forward, assuring us there was no danger, and promising to take us direct to the Yamen of the district mandarin. This we had already heard them proposing on the road, little conscious of Yü-hsien's

¹ That this was not done was probably because, being situated in the midst of other valuable property belonging to Chinese merchants, the whole would have been endangered.

WITHIN A STEP OF DEATH

deeply-laid plot to massacre all foreigners in the province. What should we do? With our home destroyed behind us, and a city given over to riot before us, we felt like the Israelites when shut in between Pharaoh and the Red Sea. But He who made a pathway through the deep for them, made one for us, for the God of miracles is not dead.

Some urged us to seek shelter with the Roman Catholics, who were strongly entrenched west of the Fen river. In our dilemma this did appear more hopeful, but we praise God that though it appeared hopeless to go back we were led to do so. Subsequent events have proved that any other step would have been fatal. In T'ai-yüan-fu only ten days later the whole foreign community, forty-four men, women, and children, were put to death, not by a mob, but by Yü-hsien's orders. Many of the Roman Catholics west of the Fen river were also slaughtered.

So near to death and yet to be delivered! Let the glory and praise be given to God alone. That we escaped the cruel clutches of Yü-hsien cannot be explained by any human reasoning. Even native officials have marvelled at the fact, and the most sceptical must acknowledge that our deliverance was wrought by God through a series of miracles.

When we turned back it soon became apparent to all that we were between two fires, and when we drove back into the inn where we had but recently had our dinner (Siao-tien-tsz) the large innyard soon became full of an angry mass of humanity. Some of our goods in the carts were stolen, but with the sentence of death already within us that mattered little. Two of the Christians who had hitherto accompanied us had now left, realising, no doubt, the

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

utter impossibility of rendering further assistance. We still had three faithful Christians with us, and also the friendly Yamen runner mentioned previously. We urged them to leave, and seek safety for themselves, as our escape now seemed hopeless. Our two noble lads (Ki-yuen and En-tsu¹) wept bitterly at the thought, and with heavy hearts bade us farewell. The other Christian (Wang-yong), a colporteur, refused to go, and he subsequently told me that the way God had enabled us to preach the Gospel in that yard when face to face with death was what had caused this decision.

Other Christians escaping from T'ai-yüan-fu passed through the town, and though they could have proceeded without our knowledge, and with much less danger to themselves, they elected to come to the inn that they might show their love for, and sympathy with us. One was a former schoolboy of ours, and when urged not to allow these troubles to make him lose faith in Jesus, he said, "To see the foreign teachers suffering so much for Christ only makes me all the more desirous to serve Jesus."

That this has been the result of these persecutions upon many others is shown by the following extract from a united letter from some of the Church officers in Shan-si. Speaking of the sufferings of the native Christians, the letter says, "The calamities that have befallen the Chinese Christians have been very great, and their steadfastness has been severely tested. Many of the brethren, however, through God's mighty preserving power are *much more zealous than*

¹ We have since heard that for his kindness to us En-tsu was threatened with death, and he and others were compelled to hide for about two months in the mountains.

WITHIN A STEP OF DEATH

they were before. From this it is manifest that nothing man can do can separate us from the grace of God."

Though we did not sleep that night, expecting each moment to be our last, the peace of God possessed our hearts, enabling us to calmly await our expected end. Our deliverance was due to a marked coincidence, which was but one link in the long chain of God's providential arrangements. Our escort were in a difficulty. They had been sent from Hsü-kou to take us to T'ai-yüan-fu, but we had refused to proceed. They dared not take us back without orders, and we would not go forward. The leader decided to go himself to T'ai-yüan-fu for instructions, while another soldier returned to Hsü-kou to notify the officials of our refusal. While instructions from an official are pending, the worst rabble in China dare not move a hand, so we were kept in safety for a time.

But what instructions would our escort receive? Why was he not told to bring us on to T'ai-yüan-fu in chains if need be, as was done in the case of others? Here we saw God's wonderful arrangement. The Hsü-kou mandarin was at that time visiting the Tao-t'ai (Intendant of Circuit) in T'ai-yüan-fu. Our escort, therefore, instead of going to the district mandarin, as he would have done under ordinary circumstances, called at the Tao-t'ai's Yamen. The Tao-t'ai, who was friendly, at once told our escort to let us go wherever we wished, so that our lives were saved by the mere visit of one official to another.

By daylight, then, with hearts full of praise and thankfulness to God, we once more left this inn, intending after following the main road for a little (to Hsü-kou) to branch off across the hills towards

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

Lu-ch'eng, another C.I.M. station where we hoped to obtain a few days' rest before proceeding on the long journey to Han-kow.

After a long day's journey, late in the evening of Friday, 29th June, we reached the foot of the hills at Ch'i-hong. During the day we had overtaken two soldiers who were going all the way to Lu-ch'eng, and we were able to arrange for their escort. The friendly Yamen runner had volunteered to go on to P'ing-yao and try and get some of our money from the bank for us. But as we rested at the foot of the hills a heavy cloud hung over us.

Our carts could proceed no farther, and we experienced great difficulty in engaging litters. Our troubles here commenced through repeated attempts on the part of the natives to obtain money from us by intimidation. An Imperial horse courier asserted that Yü-hsien had sent a warrant for our arrest, and, at this man's instigation, we were subjected to repeated attacks by a band of *Boxers*. For two whole days, Saturday and Sunday, we were exposed to extreme peril, for these men, who at first were only used to intimidate us, soon got beyond control, so that the natives themselves had to seek help from a neighbouring city.

During this time of danger we were greatly cheered by the simple faith of our dear little girl Jessie. Upon one occasion, when the crowd rushed in upon us, we had barely time to shut the door of our room. On they came, and soon the windows were destroyed and showers of brick and stone came flying through. Water was thrown over us, and one large piece of iron nearly wounded several of the

WITHIN A STEP OF DEATH

party. In their hate they spat at us and endeavoured to batter down the door with clubs, passing a sword through between the leaves in the hope of severing the wooden bolt.

Thus we spent the whole of that Sunday afternoon. In the midst of it all little Jessie said, "Keep praying, mother," to which her mother replied, "Darling, let us all pray in our hearts, we are so tired." But she persisted, "Mother, just once more," and so we prayed again, and, in very truth, after that prayer the crowd left the innyard. How the eyes of the child glistened as she said, "Jesus has sent them away." Truly out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God has ordained strength. How little did we think that at that very time our dear friends at Pao-ting-fu were being put to a cruel death, and that our nearest neighbours, Miss Whitchurch and Miss Searell, had suffered martyrdom only the day before. Yet, in God's mercy, though we were *three* times attacked by that crowd of *Boxer* recruits who were already wearing the red badge of their order, three times we were spared.

But how were we to get away? We had not enough money to pay the ransom demanded. After prayer we decided that the colporteur (Wang-yong) and one of the soldiers should go to the city T'ai-ku, which was only fifteen miles away, and see if our friends of the American Board could help us. By travelling all night they succeeded in going and returning to us next morning with the following letter from Mr. Williams¹:—

¹ This is the last letter received from Mr. Williams by any one now living. On 31st July the six American missionaries in that city, together with a number of native Christians, were massacred.

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

DEAR BRO. SAUNDERS—We are glad to send you a packet of silver containing about taels 33 (£5) although we are very short ourselves, and we trust you will get away safely. These are terrible times. We are all here together barricaded in our city house. We have not slept all night, expecting an attack at any time. As I write our house in the south suburb is being destroyed. The Atwaters' house at Fen-chau-fu was attacked the other day, but the officials acted promptly and no one was hurt.

It was a great wonder that our messengers were able to bring us this money from a house already besieged. Enabled by this to meet the demands made upon us, we were not long before we started upon the further stages of our journey. The man who had caused all this trouble in the hope of extorting money from us reaped but a small benefit, for the petty official who had arrived in consequence of the disturbances helped himself to twenty-five out of the thirty taels.

From this point on to Lu-ch'eng our journey was comparatively easy, though we were badly pressed for need of money. Our friendly Yamen runner with his father-in-law, Li-uan-kuei, had come on from P'ing-yao, but had failed to get the needed money from the bank. This was a real perplexity, and Li-uan-kuei volunteered to go back, this time with my bank-book and my card, to try again. However, we never saw him after this. Before he started he had presented us with two thousand cash, without which we could not have moved. What were we to do to meet our obligations to the muleteers and

Their heads were sent to Yü-hsien, and these six make up the total of fifty-one for whose murder Yü-hsien claimed rewards from the Empress-Dowager.

WITHIN A STEP OF DEATH

escort? God had provided, though in a way we had little imagined. At the time of the riot, when we hurriedly left our home, our servant had put together a bundle of our best clothing. This with my wife's wedding-ring, the Christian carpenter, who had rejoined us, was able to pawn, and thus we had just enough to pay what we had promised and also provide ourselves with necessary food until we reached Lu-ch'eng. In one way or another God had provided, and with grateful hearts we received the hearty welcome of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Cooper, Miss Rice, and Miss Huston, at Lu-ch'eng.

Our hearts were sad, however, for the poor native Christians we had left, and we have since been pained to learn what some who befriended us have had to suffer.

Li-uan-kuei, who went back with our bank-book, was seized and cast into prison, where he lay for two months. In vain he tried to communicate with us. His messengers were intercepted and badly treated by the *Boxers*. One of them, together with our friendly Yamen runner, was hung up by the wrists in a temple and only released upon payment of a fine. The friendly Yamen runner got into trouble with the mandarin, who had himself given him permission to accompany us. Though he was obliged to hide, his family have suffered much in consequence, and his wife has been cast into prison. When passing through Nan-kuan we were only able to bid a hasty farewell to a young Christian named Wang. Six members of his family have since been killed by the *Boxers*, and he himself had not been heard of by his friends up to November 1900.

IV

OUR SECOND RIOT

In perils of robbers . . . in perils of the heathen."—2 COR. xi. 26.

WEARY with our past eight days' experiences we welcomed the calm. All seemed so peaceful that we fully hoped for a few days of rest before starting on the longer journey to Han-kow. As our station at P'ing-yao had been the banking centre for all the stations in Central Shan-si we discussed plans for opening up communications by another route. Mr. Gracie's station in Ho-nan appealed to us as best, and we despatched a messenger. Little did we think that persecution had commenced there too, and that the very next day Mr. and Mrs. Gracie would commence their perilous journey to Shanghai. It was well for us that God kindly veiled these things from us. What a delight this rest after the past eight days of storm, and what a pleasure to see our children happily playing with little Edith and Brainerd Cooper.

In the afternoon Dr. Hewett arrived from Yü-wü to consult with Mr. Cooper concerning some alarming reports in that neighbourhood, and soon after midnight a messenger arrived saying that Mr. Barratt had

OUR SECOND RIOT

fled to the hills, news of the dreadful proceedings in T'ai-yüan-fu compelling him to do so. This message led Dr. Hewett to start back before daybreak, and shortly afterwards I started to the prefectural city Lu-an-fu, hoping to see the prefect, who had previously shown himself to be a friendly man.

Again God mercifully prevented me, for when only three miles from the city I became aware of a young man running after me. As soon as he came up he urged me not to go forward as the city had been rioted, the Roman Catholic cathedral had been looted, and our mission was even then being plundered, while our missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Glover and Miss Gates, had fled at daybreak. Following this young Christian to a village where he and some other Christians were hiding, I had some prayer with them, after which I started back to Lu-ch'eng. Had I not been stopped by this young convert I should certainly have been killed, but had I not gone thus far and become acquainted with the real facts of the case we should probably all have suffered, for the Lu-ch'eng official purposed sending us all under escort on to that city.

What a walk back to Lu-ch'eng that was! It became apparent that the rising was general, and since the prefect had refused an escort to Mr. and Mrs. Glover and party, what could we expect from a subordinate. We planned to leave Lu-ch'eng that night (7th July). We could not hire any litters and the mandarin informed us that he dared not openly help us because of the Governor Yü-hsien's prohibition. He promised, however, secretly to send two carts for us if we would inform him as to the time of our leaving. The carts were to be sent to the

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

mission gate and the escort to wait for us outside the south gate of the city and take us to the boundary of his county.

While Miss Rice was reading to us the text for the day from her scripture text-book, "Arise, eat, for the journey is too great for thee," we were hurrying forward with our few preparations. While we were sewing some silver into our waist-belts the crowd began to batter at the gate and hurl stones into the courtyard. Escape by daylight was impossible and the Lord mercifully sent a heavy thunderstorm, the first for many months in that district, which dispersed the mob and left us a few hours of peace.

Just at dusk the crowd returned and broke through into the east courtyard. We hastily moved into a little south courtyard which opened directly on to the road and waited there in breathless silence—the children not even uttering a sound. We heard the rioters rush in and heard the smashing of the crockery, etc. What anxious moments! Would the mandarin fulfil his promise? We waited on—one, two, three hours. In vain we waited, and deeming it unwise to remain longer we started forth. Oh! what a prospect. How hopeless escape seemed. Riot was on all hands, and the only place of refuge 700 miles away, and all the way through an enemy's country.

What a helpless party we were—three men, five women, and six children. Our band now consisted of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Cooper and their two children, Edith and Brainerd, Miss Rice and Miss Huston, all from Lu-ch'eng; Miss Guthrie from P'ing-yang-fu. Mr. Alfred Jennings, my wife, myself and our



Photo by Turner & Co., London.

MR. AND MRS. E. J. COOPER AND FAMILY.

Mrs. Cooper died at Ying-shan, 100 miles N.W. of Han-kow, on 6th August 1900. The eldest child Amy was at school in Chefoo, the two younger, Edith and Brainerd, were among those who escaped, but little Brainerd died at Han-kow a few days after arrival.

To face page 36.



MISS EUPHEMIA GUTHRIE.

Photo by Pearlman & Co. of Glasgow.



MR. ALFRED JENNINGS.

Photo by Tear & Sons, London.

To face page 37.

OUR SECOND RIOT

four children, Jessie, George, Nellie and Isabel, all from P'ing-yao. The oldest child was $7\frac{1}{4}$ years, and the youngest just over a year.

Never can we forget the leaving of Lu-ch'eng that night. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock (Saturday, 7th July), when on foot, with a little silver sewn into our belts, most of us carrying a child, we silently passed in single file through that little gate into the darkness beyond. Although there was a moon, God granted us a heavily-clouded sky, and thus enabled us to get away unobserved. Our utter destitution began to dawn upon us as we more fully realised the attempt to exterminate all foreigners in China. Some of the native Christians sought to persuade us to hide in the hills, and several offered us shelter in their own homes. Han-kow seemed hopelessly far away, and to some this appeared the best course. The importance of our decision we have since realised, and bless God for guiding us to attempt what appeared an almost impossible task. Calm and kept in perfect peace, and with the children so kept that they uttered not a sound, we started on our terrible journey.

We had two donkeys to carry our bedding and a few necessaries, and were accompanied by several natives. The evangelist went to the Yamen to see about the promised escort, but we never saw him again.¹ The natives who accompanied us were the colporteur, the Christian carpenter, and the friendly Yamen runner, all from P'ing-yao; in addition to these, the young convert who had warned me to turn back from Lu-an-fu, and one of Mr. Cooper's

Weeks afterwards he was met by Mr. Dreyer's party in Ho-nan whither he had followed, hoping to overtake us.

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

servants. Another servant had charge of the second donkey, but they were never seen after we left the mission-house.

We had not gone far that night before it began to rain, and we were soon tramping through heavy mud, sometimes over our ankles, but we praised God for it and for the dark cloudy night. It must be remembered that practically no rain had fallen for a whole year, and this was the excuse given by the *Boxers* for driving us away. Had it not rained at this time we should never have escaped from Shan-si, but God, who had purposed to deliver us, began to work for our deliverance as soon as we had started, and occasionally showers of rain fell during the next six days, until we reached the borders of Ho-nan. According to native letters received from Shan-si no rain has fallen since.

On, on, on we trudged, resting at times by the roadside, when the faithful natives would take off their coats and spread them on the ground for the ladies and children to sit upon. How anxiously we looked for any sign of the evangelist with the promised carts and escort. Whether they were refused or had missed us we do not know, for we had in the darkness taken the wrong road. On, on, on, passing near a village where we heard shots fired—probably Ma-ch'ang, where the Roman Catholics were fortified. Day dawned at last, and we found ourselves passing what seemed the same Roman Catholic village, and if so we must have wandered a good deal in the night. That we had missed our road was evident, for the walls of Lu-an-fu were in sight; and we had sought to avoid this city. Changing our direction, we entered

OUR SECOND RIOT

a village and stopped for some breakfast, which we much needed after our weary night of tramping. Little did we think it would be our last meal for two long days.

Here we were glad to hire five donkeys for the ladies to ride, although we had to pay a most exorbitant price. The friendly Yamen runner branched off on the P'ing-yao road, hoping to meet the man who had gone with our bank-book for silver. We did not know he was in prison. The carpenter also soon left, probably in consequence of the plot he had overheard. We had barely gone a mile when we were confronted by a huge mob of men and boys, all armed with clubs and farming implements. Like Edom of old, they had come out to refuse us a passage through their borders. In vain we pleaded, "Let us pass, I pray thee, through thy land: we will not pass through field, or through vineyard, neither will we drink of the water of the wells; we will go along the king's highway, we will not turn aside to the right hand, nor to the left, until we have passed thy borders."

After some parley they consented, only purposing, however, to rob us. As we passed through the village, we heard the women and others who lined the streets calling upon the mob, "Don't do it; let them go on"; and we perceived that mischief was intended. We had no sooner reached the village boundary than the mob fell upon our poor donkey. With difficulty we rescued Edith, who was riding on the top of our bedding, and then we beheld our belongings torn into shreds. Not finding the silver they had looked for, they turned upon us. Taking Isabel from the arms of our faithful colporteur

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

(Wang-yong), I urged him to escape, and then to save ourselves from violence we threw our belts and silver to the mob. In was in vain. They tore our clothes from off our backs, and in a few minutes the most any one of us had were two thin undergarments and a pair of socks. I was stripped to the waist, and left with neither shoes nor socks; and even little George, to save himself, pulled off his clothes as he walked, and threw them down. Having stripped us of all they could with any show of decency, they returned to the village, and left us to continue our journey as best we could.

Bareheaded and under a summer's sun, barefooted and 700 miles from our destination, penniless and face to face with starvation, almost without clothes, and weary with the long night's tramp, what could we do? Had God forsaken us? If not, then why such straits; why such ignominy heaped upon us? Would not the heathen say, "Where is now their God?" Ah yes, there were times when such questions did arise, and when we were surrounded by doubts and fears. We truly passed through deep waters, and all His billows went over us, but all praise be to His glorious Name, they did not overflow us.

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength and health and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, Thy mercy never dies.

But though we could in a measure understand why God allowed us to suffer for Christ's sake, it did seem strange that He should permit the dear children to suffer so. Yet God enabled some of

OUR SECOND RIOT

them to wonderfully enter into the spirit of Christ. Dear little Jessie would often say, "If they loved Jesus they would not do this," and so many times she reminded us that Jesus was often hungry, and had no place to lay His head. When our clothes were taken away she said, "They took Jesus' clothes when they put Him on the Cross," and at another time, when we were lodged in a place where animals were fed, and we put the children into the stone manger, when her mother was fanning her, though very weak, she looked up so sweetly and said, "Jesus was born in a place like this," and the thought seemed to help her much.

She had her little sorrows—very real ones to her. She would sometimes begin to cry and say, "Mother, do you think the naughty men will hurt Martha and Hua-nü?" Martha was her much-loved dolly, and Hua-nü a little dog she was very fond of. She often mentioned the native Christians by name, and expressed the hope that they were not being hurt or killed. We are sure God has glorified His name through the patient sufferings of the little ones, but those days were dark times, especially for those who saw their loved children suffer. But many a time, though we had no Bible, God comforted us by bringing passages of His word to our remembrance, and frequently were we helped by those words—"Why are thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him."

There was another passage of Scripture we clung to. Perhaps the very first thought that flashed through our minds when we were left on the road in that deplorable condition, with head and shoulders

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

bare, under a fierce summer sun, was that in a very short time we should all be dead from sunstroke. We did not see how it could possibly be prevented. We knew of some who died through merely crossing a courtyard without sufficient covering to the head. Here we were in the open country, without even any shade to rest under, and with no covering to the head. Was it possible that we could live through it? The Devil whispered "No," but God, by His Spirit, gave us His precious word, "The sun shall not smite thee by day," and we felt if ever God's people could claim the fulfilment of such a promise, we, who had been brought into those circumstances for Christ's sake, could. The true reason of our marvellous preservation from sunstroke, although at the time we knew it not, was God's purpose to deliver us, and therefore God's Spirit led us to lay hold upon God by faith, and claim the fulfilment of this word.

In the strength of that psalm we went on day after day, and this record of God's power is written that His name may be glorified everywhere; that in this day, when miracles are denied by even some who profess to be His servants, a testimony may be borne that God is still a worker of miracles.

We suffered much from exposure to the sun, and the death of dear Mrs. E. J. Cooper and our darling Jessie were due in a large measure to that exposure; but it must be put on record for God's glory that there was not one case of sunstroke, and the fact that eight out of fourteen persons who started from Lu-ch'eng are still living is in itself sufficient to convince the most sceptical that the day of miracles is not past.

V

A SPECTACLE TO MEN AND TO ANGELS

In the great and terrible wilderness
I wandered in thirst and dread,
The burning sands were beneath my feet,
And the fierce glow over my head.

C. P. C. in *Hymns of Ter Steegen*.

WE were now quite separated from the dear natives who had accompanied us, and we never saw any of them again. The last we saw of the young convert Li-chong-sin who had warned me from Lu-an-fu was lying on the road being pounded with clubs, and we do not know what befell the faithful colporteur Wang-yong.

The record of the next six days is one of almost unparalleled suffering, and though we shrink from the pain of going over it in detail, we do so that we may magnify the grace of God. In weakness we were made strong. Such patience as was inconceivable to us before was given that we might endure. We were hunted and driven along the roads from village to village by howling mobs. We were stoned, clubbed, thrown to the ground and belaboured with sticks, bricks, or anything else they could lay their hands upon; we were spit upon, buffeted and sub-

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

jected to many indignities ; but we proved God's grace sufficient to bear all uncomplainingly for Jesus' sake.

Although our bodies bore black and blue bruises even after we had reached Han-kow, God so wrought for us at the time that apart from the pain when the blows were inflicted we had no pain afterwards, nor were we incapacitated from continuing our journey. Six nights we slept in the open fields, and one night in a filthy and tumbled-down shanty, and sometimes the ground whereon we lay was damp, yet we did not even suffer from a cold. My dear wife, who in England had suffered from rheumatism, was saved from even the slightest indication of it. Twice for two whole days at a stretch and twice for twenty-four hours we were without food, yet we were spared the awful pangs of hunger which would naturally follow such long fasts, nor did the six children murmur. Only once do we recall some of the children, after two days of fasting, ask if we were to have some food and a place to sleep in that night.

Sometimes when night came we felt so weary that it seemed we could only sink down and die, yet when morning broke after a night of attempted rest on hard and stony ground we were enabled to proceed. We realised as never before that God gives daily strength for daily need. Such sufferings were hard enough for the three men of our party ; but our hearts were bowed with grief as we saw the ladies and the children enduring the same.

Upon one occasion, after being stoned, Mr. E. J. Cooper was so weak from loss of blood that he sank down in a village. We thought he had passed away, and Mrs. Cooper had taken farewell of him. The villagers, unwilling that he should die in their village,

A SPECTACLE TO MEN AND ANGELS

did their utmost to make us go on, but we resolutely declined to move. After repeatedly threatening to get ropes to bind and drag us out, they bound Mr. Cooper round his legs and dragged him off with his head dangling on the hard stony road. Seeing that resistance was useless, we followed and were amazed to see the strength God gave him after these heartless villagers had left him. Helping him on to his feet, he walked with comparative ease, though we urged him to lean upon us lest the villagers might think he had been shamming.

Although special grace was given to us during those days of intense suffering, after all we were but human and subject to the temptations common to man. Naturally it would have been much easier to have retaliated, but special grace was given. Often I have been thankful that we had no weapons with which to resist, or the temptation might have been too strong. Many times, when fording a river, the thought came, "Why not end our sufferings by lying down in the water and being drowned." Only those who have passed through similar sufferings can ever know how welcome death would have been to any of us.

Except when we had to cross a river, we were obliged to quench our thirst from stagnant pools or from the gutters after a shower of rain. More than once, when we were drinking from a stagnant pool where the water was quite green, a crowd of roughs would maliciously stir up the muddy bottom. Yet although we drank such filthy water for days, no ill effect followed, though at ordinary times such a thing would be considered almost fatal.¹

¹ Unboiled water is never drunk in China.

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

After we had been robbed and stripped we were allowed to pass through two villages without being set upon, though we were frequently searched for silver. At the third village, being weary and tired, we sat down to rest. No sooner had we done so than we were set upon by a band of rough lads, who pelted us with stones and hard lumps of clay. This was our first experience of being stoned, and for the next six days, with little respites now and again, we suffered this treatment. We were sometimes stoned from one village to another, for, as if by a preconcerted plan, as one mob left us, another from the next village ahead would greet us with the same treatment and so on.

Passing through the villages we asked for water, but no one gave to us; we asked for bread, but none took pity. We were worse off than beggars, for they could often beg successfully and they could sleep in the temples, but we had to go on long after dark and then steal away in single file across some field to some out-of-the-way corner and there seek a few hours' rest on the hard uneven soil. Even from such poor resting-places we were sometimes driven. Having settled one night in an open field after some of the party had fallen asleep, we heard the shouts of an approaching crowd. We were ordered to move on, and about half a mile farther we found an old hut by the roadside, into which we crept, disturbing a tramp who was already in possession, but he soon left us alone. Upon another occasion, during a heavy thunder-shower, a rough villainous-looking man, who had taken away Mrs. Cooper's wedding ring,¹ drove us from a little country temple where

¹ Near this spot Mrs. Cooper buried another ring.

A SPECTACLE TO MEN AND ANGELS

we had sought shelter. We were enabled to more fully enter into fellowship with our beloved Lord, who, as Son of Man, had not where to lay His head.

We were not, however, without sympathetic friends. At one village where we sat down to rest, a man came out of his home and offered us a bowl of cooked vegetables, his own dinner. Taking it, we each had a mouthful, and he, seeing we were really hungry, went back and brought us another. By this time a considerable crowd had gathered, and seemed friendly; but urged us to go, as they expected a band of mounted *Boxers* to pass through their village that night.

At another place a woman brought us a piece of black bread. It was only a mouthful each and of the coarsest kind, but was relished by us then. Her little boy gave me a small ragged portion of a jacket, for which I was very thankful, as my shoulders were terribly blistered by exposure to the sun. Upon another occasion, when passing a well where men were irrigating their vegetable gardens, we asked for a drink, and one of the men fetched us a bowl that we might quench our thirst. How we praised God for such kindly actions. We believe there were many among the crowd who lined the streets and villages we passed through who felt deeply for us, but in consequence of the Governor Yü-hsien's inhuman edict, they dared not show us any sympathy or help. Even the shopkeepers were forbidden to sell us anything.

Our road led through a place called Pao-tien, and here we had hoped to be able to hire a litter to take us to Han-kow. We were, however, warned not to go, as it was said to be a *Boxer* stronghold, but as

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

our road passed that way we had no alternative ; besides, we felt we might just as well die there as anywhere else. We were stoned right up to the very gates of the place, where we were met by a crowd of men who sought to turn us back. We sat down by the side of the street, saying, that as we had not had any food for two days, we could not and would not move until we had had some. After repeated attempts to intimidate us they at length brought us a large bucket of cold water and a quantity of dry bread and cakes. This all happened in a town where foreigners were well known, and where at that very time Dr. Hewett had over one hundred taels (£14) deposited in one of the cash shops.

After we had partaken of our bread and water, which reminded us of God's promise, "Thy bread shall be given and thy water shall be sure," we were escorted by the elders of the town for about half a mile. Only one man followed us any farther, and when all the others were out of sight, he entered into conversation with us. Sitting down by the roadside we talked together, and he suggested that we should go back and take refuge with the Roman Catholics who were fortified at Ma-ch'ang. After we had pointed out to him that this was not possible, he took about three dozen hard-boiled eggs from a bag he was carrying and gave them to us.¹

The next evening (Tuesday, 10th July) we reached the city of Ch'ang-tz. On the way I had been attacked by a villainous-looking man and robbed of my only remaining garment. Fortunately, one of the party had two pairs, so I was

¹ Recent information causes us to believe that this man was sent after us by the Roman Catholic priests.

A SPECTACLE TO MEN AND ANGELS

mercifully saved from a painful situation. The officials had heard about us, for before we had reached the city we were met by several clerks and runners and escorted to the city gate. We were, however, not admitted, though for the sake of the ladies and children we pleaded with them. While we were left to rest upon the bank of the ditch outside, we were stoned from the city walls, and twice had to shift our position. Later one of the Yamen clerks and some of the runners brought us some bread and tea—we had had no food for twenty-four hours—also three garments and a small sum of money, about half-a-crown. They told us that at midnight an escort would take us on in carts to the next city. At midnight we started, and soon after daylight reached the county limits. Here a bitter disappointment awaited us. Though we remonstrated with our escort we were obliged to leave the carts and face the next twenty-five miles on foot.

How can the next two days be described? Our road lay for the first day along a stony river-bed, and for the second along a sandy road. With bare, blistered, and swollen feet, we limped along that burning sand in great agony. The small sum of money given us at the last city had been violently stolen from us, and for these two days we had no food to eat. But for the water of the river on the first day we should surely have perished. We shall never forget the grateful shade we found under a few low bushes by the river's side, and how at another time, when the scorching became unbearable, the Lord sent a thunder-shower.

The first night (Wednesday, 11th July) we

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

passed through a terrific experience. All but two of the party had crept into a small unused hut by the wayside, and there we hoped to pass the night. But there was to be no rest to us there that night. A number of men from a village not far ahead soon assembled. They were carrying lanterns, and came pretending great solicitation for us and promised food and a lodging if we would follow them. Though weary and exhausted, for the sake of this hoped-for respite, we arose and followed them, but were not long before we found we had been deceived. Entering the village we saw the whole of the long street lined on both sides with crowds of people all armed with spears and hoes. Bonfires were blazing, and the people were carrying great torches, which they flashed in our faces, thereby scorching us much. They seemed almost beside themselves with rage and mad excitement. But though we thought without a doubt that this was but the prelude to our execution, the Lord kept our hearts in perfect peace. Passing along the centre of that howling crowd we passed out safely at the other end of the village. It seemed almost impossible to be true, but God restrained the remainder of their wrath and we soon found ourselves once more quite alone. Farther on we found another small hut by the roadside, and into this some of the party crept, while the others took what rest was possible on the bare ground outside.

We were still ten miles from the city, and next morning, hungry, footsore, and weary, we resumed our painful journey. As we look back upon it all, we are amazed at the wonderful way that God sustained us. Limping slowly along, we heard

A SPECTACLE TO MEN AND ANGELS

most unfavourable reports about the mandarin ; but though we knew we were running great risks, we had no option but to throw ourselves upon his mercy. About noon we reached a temple distant one mile from the city wall. Under the grateful shade of a tree close by, we were thankful to be allowed to take shelter. For days we had not been allowed to rest unmolested for even a few minutes in any shade. It was an oasis in our desert of sufferings. A stagnant pool was close by, and to this we made frequent trips, bringing water for the ladies and children in a basin which had been given us.

Later in the afternoon, over the still scorching sand, we entered the city, followed by an immense howling mob right into the Yamen courtyard. Here we were met by several clerks, who asked us what we wanted. We told them food, carts, and an escort to the next city, Tseh-chau-fu, and we made a strong point of being taken right to the city and not left on the road halfway. A bucketful of cold water, some dry bread, and a few bowls were brought us, and there, in the presence of thousands, we sat in the open courtyard and partook of the first scanty meal for thirty-six hours.

We were then ordered to walk to the west suburb, where carts and an escort were awaiting us. The whole city apparently turned out to gaze upon us, and they manifested a strong anti-foreign feeling. The badges of the *Boxer* Society were everywhere in evidence, and many showed their contempt for us by winding their queues round their mouths and nostrils, indicating that the smell of the *foreign devil* was more than they could endure.

Amid the shouts and jeers of tens of thousands,

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

we started again in the carts provided for us. Surely we were a spectacle to men and to angels. We have often since thought of with what love the Father must have looked upon us as He saw His grace triumphing in the patient endurance, for Christ's sake, of all that scorn and contempt.

We had only gone ten miles, and had reached a lonely part of the road, when we were peremptorily ordered to dismount from the carts. It was between ten and eleven o'clock at night, and once again we found ourselves outcasts and deserted. We hoped to trudge alone another mile or two before seeking rest in the open fields, but we had not gone many yards before Miss Rice and Miss Huston both completely broke down. They entreated us to leave them, but that we could not do, so we settled there in a hollow part of a field for the night. Although the country there was infested with wolves and other wild beasts, God enabled us to rest in perfect peace.

Next morning dawned, and we were confronted by one of the most painful situations possible. Miss Rice and Miss Huston had so utterly collapsed that they could not move. With six children in the party, and only three men, it was impossible to render the ladies any help. What was to be done? To stay meant death for all; to leave them behind was out of the question. Such a crisis baffles language. God only knows the agony of such a situation.

There was only one small gleam of hope, and that was that we might be able to hire carts at a village not far ahead. We had 700 cash (2s.), which had been given to us by the mandarin at the last city. Leaving 200 cash with Mr. Jennings, after special

A SPECTACLE TO MEN AND ANGELS

prayer Mr. E. J. Cooper and I took the remaining 500 cash and pressed on to the village. The cart inns were at the farther end, and we pressed forward until we reached them. Should we be successful? Would they yield to our urgent entreaties and take pity on us in our dire calamities? "Alas! the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." We were attacked, clubbed, and robbed of all we had. Not only this, but we were driven with sticks out of the village and away from the other members of our party. We could not return, and our only hope was that they would be able to overtake us. That this might be, we moved as slowly as we could, though we received more blows in consequence. Their blows and yells were nothing to us if only the others could rejoin us.

When we had gone about a mile in this way, we saw the others following, being driven like cattle after us. Alas! the two ladies, Miss Rice and Miss Huston, were not with them, and we stood where we were to hear the sad story, which we must reserve for another chapter.

These were anxious moments. We could neither stay where we were nor go back to rejoin our sisters. To have attempted either would have meant certain death to the whole party. We only had one path, and that was to push on to the next city (Tseh-chau-fu) and plead with the mandarin to send back a cart for Miss Rice and Miss Huston. We had twenty long weary miles to go, and all on foot, up a steep mountain, and the only road a strong mountain torrent.

To attempt to write of all that happened that day would be impossible. Then it was that our

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

sufferings reached their climax. Broken-hearted at what had befallen our two sisters, we were also subjected to the most cruel treatment. We were beaten and stoned wherever we went; and, as though that were not enough, men would even strike us on the ankles, hoping to lame us. That any of us survived at all is miraculous.

Three times that day we were stopped by angry mobs, who threatened to put us to an instant death if it did not rain, and they stood with their clubs ready to do the deed while we lifted up our hearts and voices to God. Be it said to the glory of God, who heard the prayer of Elijah, that while we prayed the rain came. On one occasion the rain was not enough to satisfy the crowd, and we again lifted up our hearts, and it came then in such a downpour that our tormentors had to flee for shelter, and we were allowed to go on.

At another time we were thrown to the ground and beaten most unmercifully with clubs, bricks, or anything they could lay their hands upon. How can we praise God for the grace given at such a time! We learned then that for special suffering special grace was bestowed, and we are sure that in the case of those who were called to lay down their lives a like experience was given.

There was one reason for much of the ill-treatment we received that day. We were passing through a district where one of the agents of the Peking Syndicate had been prospecting for coal-mines and railways only three months before. In the course of his observations, he had made use of surveying instruments on the top of a high hill, a harmless act from a Westerner's standpoint, but one fraught with

A SPECTACLE TO MEN AND ANGELS

the greatest calamity to the superstitious natives. According to them, this had spoiled the luck of the whole district and had caused the long-continued drought. Not only were the people indignant at what had been done, but I was mistaken by them for this surveyor.

Up to this time we had had to convince the people that we were not Roman Catholics, otherwise we should never have escaped; but now I had to prove that I was not a mining engineer. In every village the streets were thronged with people, and as we passed along we heard them saying, "Yes, that is he. Kill the foreign devil. Where is that instrument you had? You came here on horseback; where is your horse now?" Each separate crowd had to be convinced that I was not the person they thought I was. This I was enabled to do by reminding them that the engineer could not speak Chinese, while I could, and that he had short hair, while I had a queue, which could not have grown in so short a time.

In one village they bound my hands together, intending to tie me up to a tree and there beat me to death. It was only because an old gray-headed man (probably one of the village elders) heard my story and interposed on my behalf that I was spared.

One of the couriers who carry letters between the native banks in P'ing-yao and Han-kow passed us about this place and offered to take a letter for us to Han-kow, but we had no means for writing one. We believe he told the bank agents at Han-kow that we could not possibly get through, nor, humanly speaking, could we; but God displayed His power on our behalf.

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

How long those twenty miles seemed. It was piteous to hear the dear children cry out, "Mother, I am so tired ; mother, I am so tired !" At length we reached the suburbs of the city ; but what a sight met our eyes. Bonfires lined the whole long street of the east suburb, and great crowds of men and women flashed their torches and lanterns in our faces. It was midnight ere we reached the city gates, and then we found them shut. In vain we pleaded for admittance. Hungry and exhausted, we were compelled to spend the night on the cold stone paving outside.

VI

PRISONERS OF THE LORD

“Not only to believe, but also to suffer for His sake.”—PHIL. i. 29.

IT was on Friday night, 13th July, when we reached the outside of the unfriendly gate of Tseh-chau-fu. Six days had passed since we had been rioted at Lu-ch'eng—days that had been like weeks. We had passed through so much suffering that our very existence seemed more like a dream than a reality.

As we, the despised followers of a despised Jesus, lay that night on the cold, damp curb-stones without the gate, we little knew what had already taken place in Shan-si. Our two nearest neighbours, Miss Whitchurch and Miss Searell, had been put to a cruel death at their own station at Hsiao-I. The great and cruel massacre of thirty-three Protestant missionaries had taken place at T'ai-yüan-fu, and others were being hunted from place to place in the mountains, soon to suffer a like death. It was well for us that we did not know.

Sleep was hardly possible as we lay outside that gateway, and soon we got into conversation with the soldiers who were within. These men were God's

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

provision for us, for they supplied us with their own tea during the greater part of the night. Mr. Jennings had been able to keep the 200 cash we had previously left him, and with this the soldiers bought us a quantity of bread. Though we had had this money no one had dared to sell to us, and we were very grateful for what we were now able to get.

When daylight came, many villagers gathered at the gate seeking admittance. The gate was not, however, opened at the usual time, and we began to fear personal violence from the angry and impatient crowd. At length a voice from within said the gate would not be opened that day at all, and any who wanted entrance to the city must go round to the west gate, which was about three miles away.

At this news the crowd became so boisterous that at length the gate was opened just wide enough to allow the villagers to pass through one by one. We were not allowed to pass, and though we frequently insisted that we must see the mandarin, it was nearly noon before any one came from the Yamen to see us. Two under-secretaries and several runners came, who wanted us to go on without any help whatever. After all we had already suffered, and knowing the utter hopelessness of trying to keep on like this, we said we would not go on unless provided with an official passport, and a document which would entitle us to a conveyance and escort all the way to Han-kow.

After several hours had passed, and their attempts to intimidate us had failed, animals were brought, and the passport and documents made ready, or at least we were assured so. Long ere this we had entreated that some one should be sent to help the

PRISONERS OF THE LORD

two ladies we had left behind, and we now begged to be allowed to await their arrival. To all our prayers, however, they turned a deaf ear. Heart-broken at the thought of going on without them, especially when now, with animals and passport, our prospects seemed brighter, we were utterly helpless to do other than yield. Even while we were lingering they almost threw our children into the common coal basket in which they were to be carried, and drove the pack-mules off. Reluctantly we were assisted to mount our mules, and a start was made. Our escort had promised to buy us some straw hats when passing through the south suburb, but they did not do so, and we were obliged to go on bare-headed under the blazing sun.

For the next two days our journey was over the great range of mountains which separates the province of Shan-si from Ho-nan, and the last day was an almost continuous descent down the precipitous hills, until we reached the plains of Ho-nan. Mule travelling can be made fairly comfortable, but the bare wooden pack-saddles with the hard-ridges caused us untold pain. Upon the two sharp projecting bars of wood we were obliged to sit for two whole days, jolted up hill and down dale.

The pain we endured is beyond description, but as we had learned we were being escorted as common criminals we could not hope for better treatment. Some idea of what we suffered by this mode of travel may be imagined by the fact that those who could walk, though it was with swollen and bleeding feet, preferred to do so. But some of the party could not so much as put their feet to the ground, so they had no alternative but to ride. The

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

wounds caused by these pack-saddles did not heal till long after we had reached Han-kow. These, together with the privations and fatigues of the road, were no doubt the cause of the death of dear Mrs. E. J. Cooper and our darling Jessie. At that time the smallest mercies would have been a comfort to us, but even straw was denied us. In vain did Mr. Cooper endeavour to get a little straw to pad the hard saddles, but the men were deaf to all entreaties.

It was most pathetic to hear little Edith Cooper, ever solicitous for her mother's welfare, call out from her coal basket, "Mother, dear, are you quite comfortable?" Our dear Jessie and baby Isabel were huddled together into the same coal basket, and the weight of baby on her sore and swollen feet seemed almost more than she could endure.

The first night we stopped at (Lan-ch'ae) the customs barrier between Shan-si and Ho-nan. We were lodged in the jail where criminals are kept, and when Mr. Jennings and I started to go and buy a little calico to bind up our feet, the jailor told us we could not do so as we were his prisoners.

There was only one room for all of us, and here the natives cooked, smoked opium, and slept. Here we had the first warm food we had had for seven days, and though it was but "dough strings" we enjoyed it immensely. Here, on the one brick-bed (kang), all our party of twelve, men, women, and children, and the four natives, depraved opium-smoking sots, had to pass the night. It was a wretched place, but after many nights in the open air we were thankful for any covering.

The men doubtless thought we were asleep and

PRISONERS OF THE LORD

they discussed quite freely plans for getting rid of us. Most thankful were we when daylight came. Here fresh mules were commandeered. Mules laden with coal were seized, the loads lifted off, and when the required number had been obtained we mounted and started.

During these two days we did not suffer any violence from the people, but when passing the outskirts of a village near Huai-k'ing-fu, where a theatre was in full swing, we were followed by a crowd of lads who pelted us with lumps of dried clay. The muleteers whipped up the animals, and in the confusion which ensued Mrs. Saunders was left behind. Showers of dry clay were hurled at her, and one large piece struck her on the back of the neck, and knocked her off the animal she was riding.

She tried to rise, but her knees gave way and she fell into a ditch and was covered with mud, at which the crowd yelled with delight. When they saw how weak she was they stopped throwing and contented themselves with jeering and laughing. At length the muleteer returned, who, with the help of another man, lifted Mrs. Saunders on the mule again, and she soon rejoined the others. Farther on, when quite near the city, she was again thrown from her animal into the midst of some filthy stagnant mud and water, and though she was obliged to sleep in these wet muddy garments, God, who had wonderfully kept her heart in perfect peace during the first painful experience, preserved her from any cold or harm by the later.

When we reached the city (Huai-k'ing-fu) the people were somewhat boisterous, but the officials treated us fairly well, and lodged us in an official

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

inn and gave us food. This city was on the plain, and from here we travelled in carts. How glad we were of these straw-covered carts, the first protection from the sun we had had for eight days.

At our next stopping-place (Wu-chi) we were well treated by the officials, food and money being freely given to us. Rain delayed us one day here, but we found the city very quiet and the people friendly. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Jennings, and I even paid a visit to the barber-shop, and when we wanted to buy a comb for the ladies they gave us an old one. What an acceptable luxury this was after ten days!

The next day (18th July) we crossed the Yellow river and proceeded to Yong-tse. Here the people were quiet and friendly, and we, being ignorant of what had happened in the south of Ho-nan, began to rejoice that our sufferings were over. Our cup of suffering for Christ's sake was, however, not yet full, for on the morrow, just as we were getting ready to start, we were told that the local mandarin refused to send us forward.¹ Was it possible? Were all our hopes to be dashed to the ground? We were told that we must go back to the last city, but we suggested that we should be allowed to stay while our escort returned alone for further instructions. They informed us that they dared not leave us, and go we must. It was all inexplicable, but a loving Father was overruling, and we hoped it might be God's way of arranging for Miss Rice and Miss Huston to overtake us.

¹ Several months later, when Dr. Hewett passed through this city, the mandarin denied any knowledge of our having been there. By that time things had changed,—Peking had fallen and the Court fled, and no doubt the official saw the error he had made.

PRISONERS OF THE LORD

In recrossing the Yellow river we had an adverse wind, and so we spent nearly the whole day getting across, and we spent the next night in an inn not far from the river. The next day (Friday, 20th July) we reached the city of Wu-chi about noon, and then we saw one reason at least why we had come back and why we had experienced such a contrary wind.

The first news we received was that a foreign lady had arrived about an hour earlier and was then in the inn having dinner. How wonderfully God had arranged the details. Had we reached the city sooner we should have left again ere Miss Huston had arrived, so that we saw winds and all fulfilling God's will.

We were not surprised to hear that Miss Rice had passed away, because we had so often feared her weak heart would not hold out. Now we learned that she had joined the great throng of martyrs.

VII

TWO MARTYRS

“They loved not their lives unto the death.”—REV. xii. 11.

WE must now go back in thought to the time Mr. E. J. Cooper and I left the other members of our party that we might endeavour to hire a cart at the neighbouring village. Soon after we had left them it commenced to rain, and our friends determined to seek shelter in an unused hut situated about fifty yards from where they then were. As Miss Rice and Miss Huston could not walk they told the others to go ahead, while they would slowly try and follow them. As Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Saunders were almost equally exhausted, Miss Guthrie and Mr. Jennings had all they could do to help the children, and could not possibly assist the two ladies.

Just as they were settled into the hut, and before Miss Rice and Miss Huston had had time to join them, two men appeared, who, with a whip and stick, drove them forth from this shelter and on through the village until they had overtaken us, as already related.

Much uncertainty hangs over the experiences of Miss Rice and Miss Huston subsequent to this

TWO MARTYRS

separation. Though Miss Huston joined our party later on, she was never herself again, and at times her mind wandered a good deal. This was, no doubt, in consequence of the severe wound in the head which laid bare the skull, and in this painful state she lived and journeyed with us for twenty-three days, until God mercifully took her to Himself.

From what we were able to gather from Miss Huston herself, it appears probable that the party of men who had driven us on went back and, finding Miss Rice and Miss Huston still there, endeavoured to do the same with them. When, however, they had passed beyond the village they sank down by the roadside, utterly exhausted, and told their persecutors they could go no farther and if they wished they could kill them there.

It should be borne in mind that such crowds as we met with in Shan-si were composed of the very rabble of the towns and villages. It is no more fair to judge the actions of the Chinese people as a whole by these than it would be to judge England by its Hooligans. Moreover, to obtain an impartial view of the case, it must be remembered that at that time the Governor Yü-hsien had given full licence to the mob, so that all the restraining power of law was crippled, and no friend dared even interfere on our behalf. Under such circumstances what would London become? The marvel is not that any were killed, but that any escaped.

Miss Rice, who had for long suffered from a weak heart, soon succumbed. Miss Huston, who was more robust, suffered more cruel treatment than even Miss Rice did, for when the crowd saw that she had more than ordinary strength, they even pulled a cart over

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

her to break her spine. When the crowd saw that Miss Rice was actually dead they took fright and fled, leaving Miss Huston alone in a most deplorable condition by the side of the dead body of her companion and friend.

Who can ever imagine the agony of the long hours that followed before any help came. It was Friday afternoon when Miss Rice died, and it was not till Saturday evening that the man sent by the Tseh-chau-fu mandarin at our request arrived upon the scene. By this time Miss Huston was in a dying condition. Being too late to return to the city that night, a lodging was found for Miss Huston in a temple not far distant. Here she heard the priests going through their incantations to the gods almost the whole night. When they had finished, one of the priests came and told Miss Huston the gods had said she was not to die, and that the mandarin would give her protection and an escort.

Before they left the vicinity where Miss Rice had been murdered, the under official from Tseh-chau-fu gave orders to the village elders to have the body coffined and properly buried, and warned them that the Tseh-chau-fu mandarin would hold them responsible if that order was not carried out. A cart was then procured, and Miss Huston was safely conveyed to Tseh-chau-fu, and she told me she was treated very well on the way there.

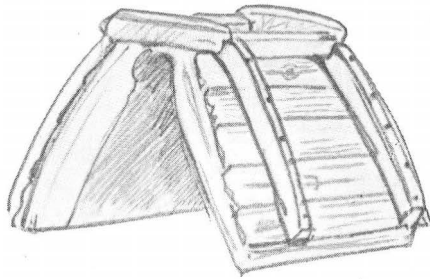
From this city, as Miss Huston was too weak to ride an animal across the mountains into Ho-nan, as we had been obliged to, she was carried in a basket in the same way that criminals are sometimes carried in the hill districts. She told us that the men who carried her that part of the journey did not treat



MISS RICE AND MISS HUSTON ITINERATING.

This is the last photo taken of them. Miss Rice was killed on 13th July 1900, and Miss Huston died as a result of her injuries on 11th August 1900.

To face page 65.



A PACK SADDLE.



MULE AND PACK SADDLE.

To face page 67.

TWO MARTYRS

her well. Although she was so weak, they compelled her at times to walk. From the city of Huai-k'ing to Wu-chi, where she rejoined us, she was conveyed by cart. At Tseh-chau-fu garments had been given her, and a straw hat, so that when she rejoined our party she looked much more respectable than we did.

Miss Guthrie (a trained nurse) did all she could to dress and attend to her wounds on the road through Ho-nan, but as water to wash with was denied us, it was little that could be done.

Though she suffered much during the twenty-three days she was with us, she never complained, and endured all the pains her wound gave with great patience, until she entered into rest on 11th August at the city of Yün-meng in Hupeh, only two days before we reached Han-kow.

It is a powerful testimony to the grace of God to record the long and patient suffering of these two devoted servants of His. Theirs has been the joy of laying down their lives in the noblest of all services—the service of the Lord Jesus Christ—and they are numbered in that great company of martyrs who from Shan-si have entered triumphantly into the presence of their Lord and Saviour.

VIII

WONDERS AT THE YELLOW RIVER

"Fearful in praises, doing wonders."—EXODUS xv. 11.

IT will be remembered that we had all been sent back across the Yellow river to the city of Wu-chī, where we had been rejoined by Miss Huston. The mandarin here said he was anxious to do all he could for us, but since the Yong-tse mandarin had refused to let us proceed, he was unable to help, as he had no power outside of his own district. He told us the most probable reason for this conduct on the part of the Yong-tse official was, that Yü-chang, the governor of Ho-nan, had not only ordered all protection of foreigners to be withdrawn, but that they should be killed.

The mandarin said that all he could do would be to give us carts and an escort as far as the south bank of the Yellow river, and supply us with some money so that we could there hire some barrows for the ladies and children, and then make our own way as best we could to Cheng-chau, avoiding the city of Yong-tse.

We were thankful for this offer, and started once more. That night we stopped at an inn and were

WONDERS AT THE YELLOW RIVER

astonished to find how quiet the country was, though so near to Shan-si. There were several Han-kow barrow-men returning from Shan-si staying in this inn who were very friendly. One of them gave me an old pair of shoes, and as the other members of the party had been supplied at the city before starting, we all felt thankful for this relief to our weary feet.

The next morning (Saturday, 21st July) we reached the Yellow river, and were told to get on to the ferry-boat and hide ourselves away. Believing that they wished to take us over secretly we implicitly obeyed. In about half an hour a man ordered us to leave the boat. When we looked out we saw we were still in the same spot, moored to the bank, but that our carts and escort had decamped. We remonstrated with the man in charge of the boat, telling him we had been promised a passage to the south of the river, but all to no purpose. We had been deceived and deserted. We were told it was useless for us to cross, for as the opposite bank was under the Yong-tse jurisdiction we should not be allowed to land.

It is not possible to exaggerate the hopeless and helpless condition in which we were placed. Without either passport or escort, at an official ferry, in a province ruled by the fiercely anti-foreign Governor Yü-chang, a man of like spirit to Yü-hsien, what could we do but cry to God, and though it seemed God did not hear us we did not cry in vain.

What thoughts exercised our minds during the long and weary days of waiting on that river bank. The fact that hitherto the Lord had helped, inspired us with the hope that God would still provide. He

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

who had preserved us from sunstroke, had sent rain in answer to prayer, and had brought us so far through deaths oft, did wonders for us at the Yellow river as truly as He did for Israel of old at the Red Sea.

To go back into Shan-si was altogether out of the question, but how could we go forward with a river about two miles wide before us ?

All that day, Saturday, we remained sitting on the bank of the river, continually lifting up our hearts in prayer with the cry, "O God, make a way for us across the river." There was a booth near at hand, and here we were able to buy our food at reasonable prices, and most grateful were we for the welcome shade that booth afforded while we were taking our meals. The many customers who came prevented us from enjoying it for longer than these brief spells.

Many Chinese spoke and sympathised with us in our pitiable condition, but nevertheless told us it was hopeless to try and get across the river without a passport. Some advised us to go back to Wu-chi and plead with the mandarin, and a Shang-tong Christian who had boldly spoken to us at Yong-tse gave the same advice. Several times during the day we talked with the ferryman and offered him all the money we had (3000 cash = 8s. 6d.) if he would take us across, but he assured us he dared not do so.

While waiting here the man who had been cook to Dr. Malcolm of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission in Ho-nan, and who had escorted that party of missionaries as far as Fan-ch'eng, met us on his way back to his home. He told us of the terrible experiences of that party at Nan-yang-fu, of the death of Mrs. Slimmon's child, that Mr. Goforth had been

WONDERS AT THE YELLOW RIVER

seriously wounded, and that Dr. Leslie had been killed, though this last item we subsequently learned was not true. We eagerly inquired about our station at Siang-ch'eng, for we were hoping to reach that place. He told us that though the station was all right when he passed down, he had found it deserted when he returned.

These reports did not brighten our prospects. They made our case appear even more hopeless than before. It was evident that all the stations in Ho-nan had been looted too, and that the province of Ho-nan was in the same state as Shan-si. We wanted this man to take us a message to the official at Cheng-chan, but he was afraid to do so.

At length, when all hopes of crossing that day had gone, and the ferry-boats were all tied up for the night, we chose as level a spot as we could, and, putting our money under our heads for safety, lay down upon the hard damp soil, and with God's blessing resting upon us, though in adversity, we slept.

The next morning we renewed our pleadings, but all in vain. The boatmen either could not or would not take us across. Early in the forenoon several men who had formed the escort from Huai-k'ing-fu for the Peking Syndicate railway engineers came back across the river. They were very kind, and showed their sympathy by ordering us a good breakfast, and our hopes were raised that they might make some arrangements for us to get across the river. But as the day wore on these hopes were dashed to the ground.

Another weary day of waiting was drawing to its close, a day full of mingled thoughts. Sometimes

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

our eyes would follow the great road leading to the north as far as we could see, thinking, perhaps, our T'ai-yüan-fu friends might be following us under a strong escort. How little did we dream of the dreadful deeds which had really happened! Suddenly, during our evening meal under the friendly booth, we were startled by a call from the ferryman telling us to get into the boat. Was it possible? It seemed too good to be true. Yes, God's time had come, and He opened up the way.

Amazed, we entered the boat, and were the sole occupants, with the exception of two Imperial Horse Couriers. With the wind in our favour we were soon across. We do not know what means God employed to open up our way, but our hearts were full of praise and thankfulness. We were not taken to the usual landing-stage, but to a point farther down the river, which was probably in the county of Cheng-chan. This was doubtless that we might avoid Yong-tse, and one of the boatmen was sent to put us on the right road. He, of course, expected a small bonus, so we gladly gave him 200 cash, or about fivepence.

As night was coming on we hired two barrows for the children and went to an inn about three miles away, where we spent the night. The country through which we passed was quite peaceable, and though we had no escort we were neither robbed nor molested. Though we were in a deplorable and pitiable condition, the innkeeper terribly fleeced us, so that we barely had enough to hire two barrows for the children to ride to Cheng-chan.

From the many reports we heard about the

WONDERS AT THE YELLOW RIVER

Cheng-chan official we should have preferred to avoid the city, but that was not possible. Reaching the city about the noon of Monday, 23rd July, after a brief rest in the west suburb, we wended our way to the Yamen. We were a forlorn party, with our few clothes in rags and old shoes tied on our feet with string, as we tottered single file along the street carrying the children.

As spokesman of the party I led the way, and our hearts were full of mingled feelings as we remembered we had been turned back from the neighbouring city of Yong-tse. Should we be turned back again? Few followed us through the streets, and we passed through the outer court of the Yamen without any molestation. At the hall which separates the outer and inner court we were met by the mandarin's chief secretary.

Our story was soon told, and to our request for carts and escort he replied: "Oh! don't you know China is at war with Western nations, and edicts have been issued ordering all foreigners found on Chinese soil to be put to death." Just then the mandarin himself came out and looked us all over. "Ah! you foreign devils," he said, "you have come from Shan-si, where His Excellency Yü-hsien has issued a warrant for all foreigners to be arrested and taken to T'ai-yüan-fu to be killed, but you have escaped out of his hands. Had you come here a few days earlier I would have had you all taken outside there and killed" (and he drew his hand across my neck to indicate the mode of death), "but fortunately for you an edict has arrived this morning,¹ saying that the Empress-Dowager has

¹ When we reached Han-kow three weeks later, we learned that,

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

extended great grace, and all foreigners are to be escorted safely to Han-kow, so I need not put you to death." He then began to stamp his feet on the ground and to curse us, saying that "China no longer protects your Jesus. You had better leave our country and never return."

We now saw why God had mercifully delayed us at the Yellow river and other places, for had we arrived sooner we should have all been killed.

Though we were hungry, no food was given us, only some tea to drink while two carts and a passport were being prepared. Then began a journey of 250 miles, the memory of which will never fade away. Thirteen men, women, and children all huddled together in two carts for eight days, and once for thirty hours with hardly a break between the stages. These were hot July days, and the little air there was, was kept from us by our escort sitting in front. Over rough unmade roads in bare wooden springless carts all day, and at night thrust into the common prison with only wooden bars between us and the ordinary criminals, whose chains clanked at every move. Here, in a space ten feet by fifteen, with bruised and sore bodies, we all had to sleep on the damp uneven mud floor, with nothing either beneath or over us, and our few clothes in rags. Our food was of the coarsest, and we had no water given us for toilet purposes, and for several days we had a criminal travelling upon the same cart with us.

in consequence of the strong pressure of the Yang-tsz viceroys, this edict had been issued, and to this, under God, we owe our lives.

IX

SORROW UPON SORROW

“All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me.”—PSALM
xlii. 7.

WHAT caused us more pain than all our hardships was to see the children's sufferings. When we had started upon this long and weary journey they had been well and hearty, and we can well remember the merry way our little Isabel, during the early stages of our journey, had called out for *mien mien* (dough strips) when we reached the inns. But the merry laugh had gone, and appetite had failed. She could digest nothing we could now give her. For a time she took raw eggs beaten up in a little hot water, but she soon turned against this. She, called so early to have fellowship in suffering with the Great Shepherd of the sheep, was very patient under her heavy load of trial. She would quietly sip a little water, and then when her mother folded a piece of rag (used during the day to cover her head), and said, “Now, darling, come and lie down,” she would lay her weary head upon this poor pillow and go to sleep.

On 26th July we were lodged in a filthy prison

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

where men were smoking opium nearly the whole night. Repeatedly baby would ask for milk, but we could only give her water. We were thankful to have that. When the water was finished, she became unconscious, and in the morning Miss Guthrie called me, and, bursting into tears, she told me baby would not live till night. Ah! how we longed for quiet and rest, to nurse our little darling, but we were ruthlessly told we must go on.

Was it possible? Must we mount those springless carts with a dying baby, to be rumbled mercilessly throughout a blazing July day? Mrs. Saunders, though hardly able to sit up, insisted on nursing her child. The little one never regained consciousness again, except when the cart was jolted more than usual in being pulled off a ferry-boat outside the city of Yen-ch'eng, when she called "Mama."

At noon we stopped at a little roadside inn for dinner. While there, we thought she was passing away, and with tears in our eyes we said, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away," and Miss Guthrie prayed, "Lord give grace to say 'Blessed be the name of the Lord,'" and by His grace we were enabled to say so from our hearts. Our darling was still breathing when the order came to mount our carts and start. We pleaded that we might be allowed to wait until the little one had breathed her last, but our escort would not yield. We pointed to the dying child, hoping its piteous condition might touch their hard hearts, but all in vain. Broken-hearted, and with spirits bowed down with grief, we mounted once again those springless carts, knowing that our dying child, in whom was centred all our

SORROW UPON SORROW

love and pity, must still endure the terrible jolting of the road. Could anguish be more keen?

Miss Guthrie kindly came into our cart, and as she was better able to sit up than Mrs. Saunders, she nursed the little one. Our eyes were never off our precious darling during the whole afternoon. About three miles from our stopping-place, at Si-ping, the carters stopped to drink tea. In the other cart little Edith Cooper was singing "Suffer little children to come unto Me," and during that brief song our sweet pet heard the call from the Saviour Himself, and her weary spirit sped its flight to realms of endless day.

On the evening of 27th July, just as the sun was sinking, the little body was laid to rest "till He come." God wonderfully sustained us, and He had graciously provided, in a special way, what was necessary to enable us to buy a rough little coffin. Two nights previously, at Lin-ying-hsien, the mandarin expressed a wish for Mrs. Saunders and the children to visit the ladies in the Yamen. While there, the mandarin himself went to see them, and afterward sent a present for the children. In this way God supplied the little money necessary for this sad and hurried funeral, at which no one but myself was allowed to be present.

Through this and other trials which followed, we experienced the special power of the sustaining grace of God. I can well remember at that time saying to our fellow-travellers, "It is just about the time of the Keswick Convention, and there will be much prayer for us." And so it was. Among the many prayers raised for us, the one in which Mr. Meyer voiced the hearts of God's people at Keswick is worthy of special mention, because of its singular

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

appropriateness. It was at the great missionary meeting on 28th July, only the very day after our sweet baby had died. It was as follows :—

“We pray that the angels who camp round about Thy children may be sent in their myriads from Thy bright heaven to encamp round about those 2000 missionaries in every part of China. At this very moment there may be mission premises surrounded by mobs ; there may be streets filled with infuriated crowds ; there may be weapons raised to shoot or slay some child of Thine. Dear Lord, arrest the hand, scatter the crowds. May they be led by some mysterious influence to feel the hand of violence paralysed by their side. Wherever there is the agony of the mother’s heart for her child, the father for his wife and children, the wife for her husband, may they hear Thy voice saying, ‘Fear not, I am with thee ; be not dismayed, I am thy God ; I will help thee.’ . . . In this pause, we put in the name of many a one of whom one and another is thinking, and we ask Thee to be a wall of fire round each one. O Son of God, who walked the burning embers by the side of Thy witnesses, send Thy angel to close the lions’ mouths, but if it be Thy will that Thy servants should seal their testimony with their blood, as the martyrs in every age, and if at this moment some servant of Thine is called to lay down his or her life, may they light such a candle as shall never be put out, and may the Lord Jesus give them such a vision of His face as He gave to the dying Stephen, and out of the death of the Stephens may there come apostle Pauls. Right through China, as the result of this evil, may the word of God spread and be multiplied. Forgive the sin of England, O Lord, in poisoning the Chinese with opium. Our land has sinned, and has brought upon herself her own most terrible chastisement. May this be the end of the opium traffic and all abuses that we

SORROW UPON SORROW

have inflicted upon China." During the prayer hundreds were in tears, and at its close a fervent "Amen" was uttered by every lip.

As we drew near to the last city before we reached the province of Hu-peh (Sin-yang-chau), we heard good news of the mandarin there. We were also told by our escort that Mr. Glover's party was still there.¹ They had been detained because soldiers were expected, but had been well treated, and the mandarin had given them all new clothes. This was good news, almost too good to be true. At last, on Monday, 30th July, we reached the city, and as we passed on in single file from our carts into the little temple courtyard, where our quarters were to be, we were met by Mr. and Mrs. Glover and Miss Gates.

Never can we forget the warmth of that welcome, nor the way in which our friends ministered to our needs. Miss Gates made us chicken broth, hot water was provided for us, and the mandarin made us a present of some ready-made clothes. How grateful was such a rest! Here we remained three days, until the soldiers had passed through, and then started for the province of Hu-peh. Two bamboo stretchers were provided for Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Saunders, who could not sit up. We were also able to buy straw, etc., and make rough cushions for our barrows.

One kind act among others touched us much. The night before we left, the telegraph operator called upon us. In broken English he expressed his sorrow, and said he had asked his uncle, who

¹ Mr. and Mrs. Glover and two children and Miss Gates.

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

was the mandarin's chief secretary, to give us a little money. This he did, sending 2000 cash. The operator also said he would like to give us a dollar himself. We could but thank him and praise God for raising us up such friends. Unsolicited and spontaneous sympathy such as this was especially cheering. It reveals the possibilities of the Chinese people.

Our sorrows were not ended, however. Though the worst of our hardships were over, sickness now attacked our party. Most were now suffering from dysentery. Our darling Jessie had suffered greatly all the way through Ho-nan from sores caused by exposure to the sun. It was hard to see our bonny Jessie reduced to a skeleton, with her beautiful round face so pinched and wan, and her large blue eyes looking at us in such a pathetic way.

When we left Sin-yang-chau on Friday, 3rd August, I put Jessie on the bamboo stretcher with her mother, for in her weak state we could not let her sit on a barrow. At first the bearers objected, but finally yielded, and throughout the journey treated Jessie very kindly, showing her several little attentions.

At T'an-kin-ho, in consequence of the size of our party, we had to divide and occupy two inns. Little Jessie soon fell asleep, and we were tempted to let her rest, but we knew that if her sores were not attended to, they would, in consequence of the heat and flies, be full of maggots before the morning. Most reluctantly, therefore, we roused her. I held her while her mother bathed and dressed the wounds, but ere we had finished the dear child fell forward, gave a few gasps, and passed away. At first we thought she had fainted, but though we tried several

SORROW UPON SORROW

restoratives she never moved again. It was hard to realise she was really gone, her face looked so peaceful. Miss Guthrie was too ill to help, but we shall ever remember gratefully Miss Gates' loving sympathy and assistance.

This was our second child called away, and under such painful circumstances. The innkeeper, when he knew the child was dead, compelled us to carry the body out of his inn into the street, and here we sat down beside it. The Chinese women gathered round my wife, and stroking her hands and face sympathetically would say, "Don't grieve overmuch." How sweet such comfort was at that time of sorrow.

As no coffin could be bought that night Mr. Jennings and I sat all night long by the side of the body to keep the dogs away, and at sunrise next morning (4th August) the little body was laid to rest in a lovely spot on the top of a little hill not many miles from the borders of Ho-nan and Hu-peh "until the day break and the shadows flee away."

E'en for the dead I will not bind myself to grief,
Death cannot long divide,
For is it not as though the rose that climbed my
garden wall,
Hath blossomed on the other side ?
Death doth hide ;
But not divide.
Thou art but on Christ's other side ;
Thou art in Christ and Christ in me ;
In Christ united still are we.

As it was feared we might meet soldiers on the road before we reached the next city we made an early start. We, however, did meet some, and were subjected to some rude treatment from them, but,

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

as the idea abroad was that they were fighting with Japan, we escaped worse treatment. Our barrow-men could not keep up with the stretcher-bearers, and though I insisted that we should keep together, Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Saunders were alone for a great part of that day. It was a trying time. Some passing soldiers struck the mat covers of the stretchers with their sticks, and later on the bearers took flight and left the ladies alone. Some of the villagers tried to frighten them by saying what the soldiers would do to them. By this time Mrs. Cooper was in a semi-conscious condition, and Mrs. Saunders, who was quite worn out with the strain and grief of the last few days, could only continue to breathe the name of "Jesus," and God graciously kept her calm and peaceful.

When we overtook them our escort recalled the bearers, and together we safely entered the city of Ying-shan-hsien before the soldiers had left. Great crowds followed us to the Yamen, but, in the presence of all, the mandarin came out to the street and greeted us himself. In Western fashion he shook hands with the male members of the party and said how glad he was we had reached there in safety. Not content with this, he took us to his own room and had water and towels provided. He then gave us easy-chairs and lounges and entertained us with tea and foreign biscuits, and for Mrs. Glover, who became faint, he produced a bottle of wine. Such kindness helped to revive us all.

One of the first to greet us was Mr. Lo, a native evangelist of the London Missionary Society. The mandarin, with whom he was on friendly terms, asked him to stay and help us. What we owe to

SORROW UPON SORROW

that dear brother can never be told. Almost as soon as we had arrived he brought some carbolic acid and helped Miss Gates to dress Mrs. Cooper's sores, and in many other ways waited on us hand and foot. After we had rested awhile we were conducted to the inner court of a little orphanage kept by the mandarin, and here Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Saunders were laid, still lying on the stretchers, in a large airy hall. At this time nearly all the party were ill, and great strain fell upon those who were at all able to help.

The next day was a sad one for our party. Mrs. E. J. Cooper had suffered terribly on the road, though she had never murmured. Though wounded and suffering she had said to Mr. Cooper, "If the Lord spares us, I should like to go back to Lu-ch'eng if possible." As she asked for more air, we carried her into the outer courtyard, and here all was done that could be done to help her. Often on the journey she had said she felt she must just lie down and die, but the longing to see once more her dear child Amy, who was at the Chefoo school, seemed to stimulate her to fresh effort. All through that long night Mr. Cooper, though very ill, lovingly attended her. In the morning it was plain that she was passing away, but when Mr. Cooper told her she would soon be with Jesus she replied, "I just want to rest a little while." God gave her rest indeed.

Another of our party gone! How our hearts went out in deepest sympathy for our dear brother, Mr. Cooper, left alone with his two sick children. Poor little Brainerd, by this time so emaciated, cried piteously for his mother. Most kindly the mandarin provided wet nurses for the poor little fellow, and

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

gave orders that we were to have as many chickens as necessary for what broth was needed. He also provided us with a bottle of brandy and one of wine, and food from his own kitchen during the four and a half days we had to stay there because of the soldiers passing through.

We longed to reach Han-kow that medical aid might be obtained, and were glad when orders came to start. No longer did we journey by barrow, for this kind mandarin provided us all with sedan chairs, but Miss Guthrie, who by this time was very ill, had to make use of Mrs. Cooper's stretcher, which probably saved her life.

So far Miss Huston had kept up wonderfully, and we quite hoped she would safely reach Han-kow. It was not to be. On Saturday afternoon, 11th August, we reached Yün-mung and had quarters in the Examination Hall. Here we were well cared for, and had five rooms among the whole party. In one of these Miss Huston went to rest alone. Some time after Mr. Cooper drew my attention to her. She seemed in a restless sleep. It soon became evident that she was in a critical condition, and later on she passed away without a word. Of her Miss Gates writes: "On that dreadful journey, after she had been most cruelly treated, she said to me again and again that it was a great joy to her to be counted worthy to have fellowship with Christ in His sufferings."

The coffins containing the mortal remains of our two dear friends, Mrs. E. J. Cooper and Miss Huston, were kindly sent on to Han-kow by the officials, where, side by side, they were laid in the foreign cemetery, in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

X

SAFE HOME AT LAST

“So He bringeth them unto their desired haven.”—PSALM cvii. 30.

THE morning after Miss Huston had passed away, we resumed our journey. At the next city (Hsiaokan) the official permitted us to stay at the premises of the London Missionary Society. It was early on Sunday morning (12th August) when we reached the city, and there we spent our first really quiet day. Never can we forget the loving ministrations of the dear native Christians there. Our wounds and ailments were attended to by Mr. Li in the dispensary. Here we enjoyed the luxury of our first bath for over a month, and for the first time since leaving Lu-ch'eng our meals were served to us on tables. Ah! what a contrast to the treatment that we had received.

How can this change be explained? What had conquered the haughty pride, contempt, and racial hatred natural to the Chinese? What had so wrought within them, to adopt St. Paul's language, that that which was a temptation to them in our flesh they despised not nor rejected, but received us as an angel of God, even as Jesus Christ? What

A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

but a miracle can explain it, a miracle such as that which changed the persecuting Pharisee Saul into the humble follower of the lowly Nazarene? Facts such as these prove the Gospel to be the only remedy for what is called the *Yellow Peril*.

About nine that evening we went on board the three boats provided for us by the mandarin. Two other small boats conveyed the two coffins to Han-kow. Owing to adverse winds we did not reach Han-kow till late the next night, and did not land until the following day. The first to meet us were Dr. Hall of the American Methodist Episcopal Mission, and Mr. Jones of our own mission. Dr. Hall at once attended to the patients, and Mr. Jones went for sedan chairs. Meanwhile a Chinese lad arrived with soda-water and lemonade from some kind Han-kow resident. On that day, 14th August, before noon, the very day the allied troops relieved Peking, all that remained of our storm-tossed party found hospitable shelter under the roof of our own mission premises in Han-kow.

The same evening the bodies of Mrs. Cooper and Miss Huston were laid to rest in the foreign cemetery there, Dr. Griffith John conducting the funeral service. A few days later dear little Brainerd Cooper also fell asleep in Jesus, and was laid beside his mother. Would that this were all. Mrs. Glover had given birth to a daughter only four days after reaching Han-kow. Within eleven days this little one passed away, and two months later Mrs. Glover joined the company of those who had been called into the presence of the King.

What can we say of the many kind friends who at Han-kow lavished their loving care upon us?

SAFE HOME AT LAST

Day and night Dr. Gillison of the L.M.S. and Dr. Hall, already mentioned, waited upon us until six ladies¹ arrived, who undertook the nursing. Daily supplies of ice, soda-water, lemonade, beef-tea, chicken-broth, clothing, with toys and picture-books for the children, were sent by many kind friends. Oh, the wealth of love Christ has brought into this sad world! It was long before the dear children could enjoy their toys, for so severely had they suffered that for two weeks after our arrival at Han-kow none of them hardly spoke a word or smiled. To all our trials was added another. After arrival at Shanghai, Mr. E. J. Cooper and Mrs. Saunders both developed typhoid fever, and for many anxious weeks their lives hung in the balance, but God graciously restored them both.

Little more need be said of the experiences of this band of missionaries, whom God so wonderfully delivered, than to briefly sum up the wonders He has wrought. We had almost been decoyed into the city of T'ai-yuan-fu, which would have been certain death; we had frequently been in the hands of armed mobs; we had been robbed, stoned, clubbed, spat upon, and even bound with ropes to be beaten to death. Thrice we had been held to ransom, the ransom price being rain, which God gave. For ten days we had been bareheaded and exposed to the full fury of a midsummer sun. We had forded rivers in flood, and had waded a swift mountain torrent for miles; we had been for days without food, and often parched and thirsty; we had passed through villages and streets which veritably seemed

¹ One of these, Miss Lloyd of C.M.S., has since gone to her reward. She passed away at Shanghai in December 1900.

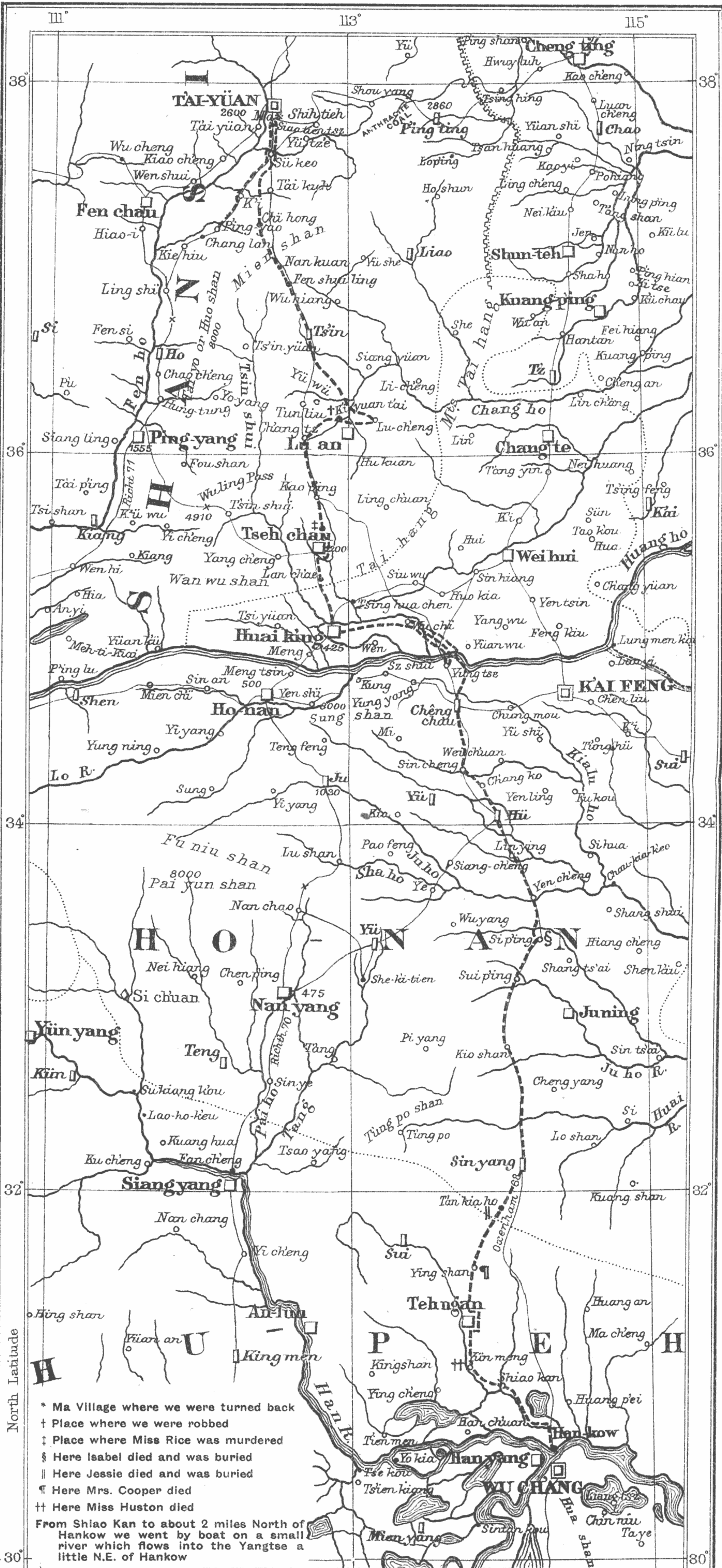
A GOD OF DELIVERANCES

lined with death, and had been followed day after day for more than a month by howling mobs ; we had been soaked with rain, and slept in damp fields and on the filthy, cold floors of prisons. Yet the Lord had brought us through a journey of about 860 miles ; and though we had been bowed with grief at the death of some of our loved party, God had sustained us by His grace.

Special reference should be made to the great help given by Miss Guthrie and Mr. Jennings. Miss Guthrie carried baby a great part of the way during the six terrible days from Lu-ch'eng to Tseh-chau-fu, and Mr. Jennings carried Nellie all the way, to which fact her preservation was largely due.

In all our sufferings we know we have suffered according to the will of God, and count it a privilege to have this fellowship with Christ. Why God has spared us and taken others can only be explained by acknowledging the sovereignty of God. As Christ was "delivered up by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God," so we believe has been the case with those who were killed, and with those who were spared. God had purposed that some should glorify Him by death, and we through life. What purpose God has in thus delivering us we do not yet fully know ; but we hope, if it be His will, He may grant us a further period of service for Him in that dark province of Shan-si. But whatever the future may bring, it is our duty and privilege now to testify of His glorious power and grace as manifested in this record of His dealings with us.

MAP SHOWING ROUTE



* Ma Village where we were turned back
 † Place where we were robbed
 ‡ Place where Miss Rice was murdered
 § Here Isabel died and was buried
 || Here Jessie died and was buried
 ¶ Here Mrs. Cooper died
 †† Here Miss Huston died
 From Shiao Kan to about 2 miles North of Hankow we went by boat on a small river which flows into the Yangtse a little N.E. of Hankow