

of reaching Han Kow. This plan necessitated a long and perilous cart journey at a season when the heat was liable to prostrate any one exposed all day to the rays of the sun.

We left Chu Wang on the morning of June 27th, joining our friends at Chang-te Fu the same night, and had been there but an hour when a special courier arrived informing us that the mission property at Chu Wang was attacked by a mob an hour after we left, and was in process of demolition. This is the only news we have had of how matters progressed in Honan after the missionaries left, but it is suggestive that the property at our three stations has long since been entirely destroyed.

On June 28th we left Chang-te-Fu, together with our friends from that station, with a caravan of ten carts, and an escort of some twenty-five Chinese soldiers, and plodded on day after day, making about thirty miles daily. On the third day out we joined our Hsin Chen friends, and a party of three engineers, who were with them, at a point on the south side of the Yellow River, which, by appointment, was our meeting place, and continued our journey in company with them.

All went well for the next week, but exhaustion was making itself felt on the weaker members of our party, and it became evident to us that no time was to be lost in getting to the end of our journey. The youngest member of our party, little baby Slimmon, died on the way, after a prolonged struggle, and the body was interred at Han Kow.

On July 7th the party divided, some of us being led by our carters on a wrong road, whereat we were very much displeased, but when we rejoined our friends, the engineers, at noon the same day, we were led to praise God for the apparent deliverance that he had worked out for us through the mistake of our carters, for the engineers had met on the road a party of armed men and priests going out to pray for rain at a neighboring temple, and had barely escaped with their lives, this mob blaming the foreigners for the lack of rain, and the cry of "Kill them! Kill them!" was raised, and they had much difficulty in making their escape. Had our party preceded or followed them, some of us, probably, would have met with death on that occasion.

On the twelfth day out, having travelled about four hundred miles, it was decided, on account of the threatening aspect of affairs, that while the rest of the party remained over night at Hsin Tien, the three engineers and our missionaries from Hsin Chen, Messrs. Slimmon and Mitchell, should move forward more rapidly to Nan Yan Fu, a prefectural city some ten miles in advance, and endeavor to secure a more efficient military escort from the local magistrate, both for themselves and for us.

At our stopping place we heard of a band of robbers who were planning to attack us, and we were advised by the people of the town to buy them off. But after consultation we decided that this would not secure us from danger, and that we would have no communication with them, and immediately made preparation to defend ourselves in the Chinese inn against a night attack, the Town Council promising us all the protection they could give with the small number of soldiers at their command.

We also despatched a special courier to Nan Yan Fu, where the other section of our party was remaining over night, informing them of our position, and asking that special efforts be put forth to secure us a large military escort. The disappointing reply came at 8 o'clock the following morning informing us that they had been in peril themselves all night, that the officers would give them no protection whatever, that they were pressing on, and that we would have to follow as best we could.

We met for a few minutes' prayer in that dirty Chinese inn, and committed our way unto the Lord, and put our trust in Him. We told the reluctant Chinese carters to harness their mules and get ready to proceed at once; and while we felt a certain amount of anxiety we were entirely ignorant of any active measures being taken to attack us.

We left Hsin Tien at 9 o'clock a.m. on Sunday, July the 8th. The street was black with crowds who assembled to see us, but a good guard of soldiers apparently kept this mob under control. It was but a short distance to the town gate, and the town wall was also crowded with spectators.

On exit from the town gate a larger crowd was also assembled, all of whom appeared to be expectant, but no evidence of unfriendliness was manifested until we got into the open country, when several hundreds broke away from the larger crowd, and with fiendish yells and a shower of brick and lumps of hard mud, made an attack upon our little party.

Our carters were panic-stricken, and tried to get away as quickly as possible, and in this way each cart with its occupants was separated from the others, and all were quickly surrounded and overpowered. The three revolvers which were in our possession were soon rendered useless, as two of them were shattered by bricks, one of them before it had been used at all, while my own fell useless from my grasp, as my right wrist was disabled by a Chinese sword.

We all got off our carts at an early opportunity, and hoped by thus doing, and surrendering all, that we would escape with our lives. This did not, however, satisfy our assailants, who yelled that they wanted our goods, and wanted our lives as well, and how any one of us escaped alive is an