

of a candle in a native hut, filled with heathen relatives, and with a little congregation of Christians round the door. As is the custom, they buried him in his sleeping mat, with his other garments wrapped round. I was surprised to see that these included a very nice nearly new blanket, which I hardly thought they would have sacrificed, but the Archdeacon says it is the rule. After the service they poured two basketfuls of flour and some oil into the grave, broke a gourd and threw it in, and would doubtless have put in other things to provide for the journey of the departed, had not the Archdeacon stopped them, and told them to fill up the grave. They talk about the soul's *ulendo* (journey), but I cannot find out that they have any clear ideas as to what happens after death. Next morning the natives reported that a lion, a leopard, and a hyena had come and dug up the body of the lioness which had been buried (after being skinned), and had gone off with it. Investigation reduced the case to the tracks of hyenas which had been near the lioness' grave, but had not even disturbed the body!

I had attended to the injuries of Anao (the dead man's brother) as soon as I arrived. He had about ten deep wounds on the right fore-arm, which ought to have been thoroughly explored under an anæsthetic. This was quite impracticable, however, in a native hut with no one to help me, and with most of the village looking on, so I washed the arm and syringed out and drained the wounds, and persuaded him to come to Likoma to be nursed next day. He brought with him a male friend, a wife, and a child—the minimum establishment he thought fit to travel with—and he is now in a native hospital where I am nursing him daily.

At first the limb did not appear very badly injured, but as the lioness had evidently not studied even the most elementary principles of aseptic surgery, the result is that there are ten very foul wounds in the arm, a good many of which meet inside, and there is a great deal of sloughing and suppuration. I have tried to keep it sweet by draining and syringing, and on the 10th the Bishop gave an anæsthetic, and I opened it up and drained it. Still, that lioness' germ is virulent, and has not yet been got under. No bones are broken, but to-day I find that the inflammation has spread to the elbow joint. His arm, if it got better, would probably not be much use, and it ought therefore to be amputated. After consulting with the Bishop, we proposed it to him this afternoon, but, as the idea is absolutely new to a native, we were not surprised when he would not consent, and said that he would sooner go home and die there! I have left him to think it over, but I expect he will persist in his refusal. If so, I must doctor his arm up as best I can, and if he gets worse and likely to die I shall let him go home, as the natives have a great objection to dying away from their relations. Since

we not unfrequently have the same difficulty at home, we cannot wonder at it out here, where amputation is such an absolutely new idea! Where Mohammedan teaching is strong, it would practically be impossible, as they say the one-arm state would be permanent, and that the door-keepers of Paradise don't like one-armed men!—*Extract from a letter written by Dr. Robert Howard, and dated Likoma, Easter Day, April 15, 1900.*

Missionaries in China.

A LADY'S EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Henry Ebban, of Boscombe Grange, Bournemouth, sends to the *Standard* the following extract from a letter written by a lady attached to the North China Mission. The letter is dated from Kobe, in Japan, to which she, with a few other European ladies, had succeeded in escaping when Tien-tsin was relieved by the Allied forces:

"In my last letter from Tien-tsin I mentioned that we were daily and even hourly expecting the Boxers. I posted that letter on the 12th June, and on the night of the 15th the Boxers arrived. We were ready for them. About 800 entered Tien-tsin. The alarm bells rang and we took refuge in the Gordon Hall, while a sharp encounter took place between them and the Allies. In three hours it was all over and we returned to our respective homes, every one assuring us that there was nothing more to be feared, for the Boxers were being dispersed and that we might 'rest in peace.' Next day (Sunday, 17th) at 3.30 p.m., when all Tien-tsin was having its afternoon siesta, the first shell was fired. So little was this expected that when I was roused I ran into the girls' dormitory to reassure them, saying, 'Don't be alarmed girls, it is nothing. We have opened fire on the enemy.' The next moment another shell arrived, and the voice of one of the Home Guards was heard in the hall shouting: 'Dress quickly and run to the Gordon Hall; we are being bombarded.' The scene in the streets was a never-to-be forgotten one; women and children flying in all directions, almost all hatless, many shoeless; some in night-dresses, some in dressing-gowns. Shells and shots were simply raining. We all fled to the Gordon Hall. By a wretched mistake the door was actually closed in my face (I may here remark that the men lost their heads on the slightest provocation), and I rushed about looking for a place of shelter. Suddenly I heard a voice saying: 'Put your head in here.' 'Here' was a tiny cellar window. I lay flat on the ground, thrust in my head, and a gentleman inside dragged me down by the head and shoulders. Such was my manner of entrance into the cellars of the now historic Gordon Hall. In the cellars we lived (250 to 300) for two weeks, only going upstairs to the hall during the inter-

vals of shelling. Oh, the misery and wretchedness of those fourteen days bombardment, firing, sniping going on incessantly. Added to the usual hardships of the siege, we had to endure a condition of publicity which was horrible. Privacy was utterly impossible, for not only were all the European women and children there, but we had also the men for sleeping and eating. Our provisions ran low; water became scarce (we were obliged to wash in water ten other people had used); we had illness, hysterics, nervous affections. Some people went completely off their heads, and were madly delirious. But, on the whole, the women behaved well; some even splendidly. I am thankful to say that I was perfectly calm through. The dressing-bag you gave me was the joy of many a heart. I had most carefully packed it in readiness, and sometimes it seemed as if I had been inspired with regard to its contents. I seemed to have in that bag everything that everybody else had forgotten, from a baby's feeding lamp down to a needle and thread. The toilet articles were also in constant demand, so it has the honour and glory of having done good work in a time of great distress. We had many terrible moments, as, for instance, when a shell burst in the Gordon Hall and killed a husband and wife before the eyes of their dear little children. I grew quite clever in regard to the shells, and learned to dodge them beautifully. The shots were really more dangerous to life; but even to them one gradually became accustomed. One day in the hospital a shell came into the ward and burst at my feet. It was the very worst shell of the siege. It carried into the ward with it an outside wall, an inner wall and two big windows. The time of the greatest danger was when, on two occasions during the night, the Imperial troops got within a quarter of a mile of the Gordon Hall, which was the centre of attack. Thanks to the brave Cossacks, who fought, as everyone says, more like wild beasts than men, we were saved. The Cossacks may be, and are, wild, brutal and savage, but they are our saviours. Under no conditions, however, were we likely to fall into the hands of the Chinese, for the men had resolved that, when all hope was over, they would shoot the women and children. To add to other miseries, we had actually a flood the last day of our cellar life. But, after all, the worst horrors of the siege were not the shells, nor shot, nor flood, nor thirst; but the awful fires. Every night we had them—all night long. The constant 'ping, ping' of the rifles told us that each shot was bringing down a poor Chinaman trying to escape from the flames; and then, worst horror of all, the air was filled with the odour of burning flesh; and in the streets the bodies of the Chinamen lay unburied and were devoured by horrible dogs. These dreadful sights are stamped on my very soul. I feel that I shall never be rid of the terrible memory."