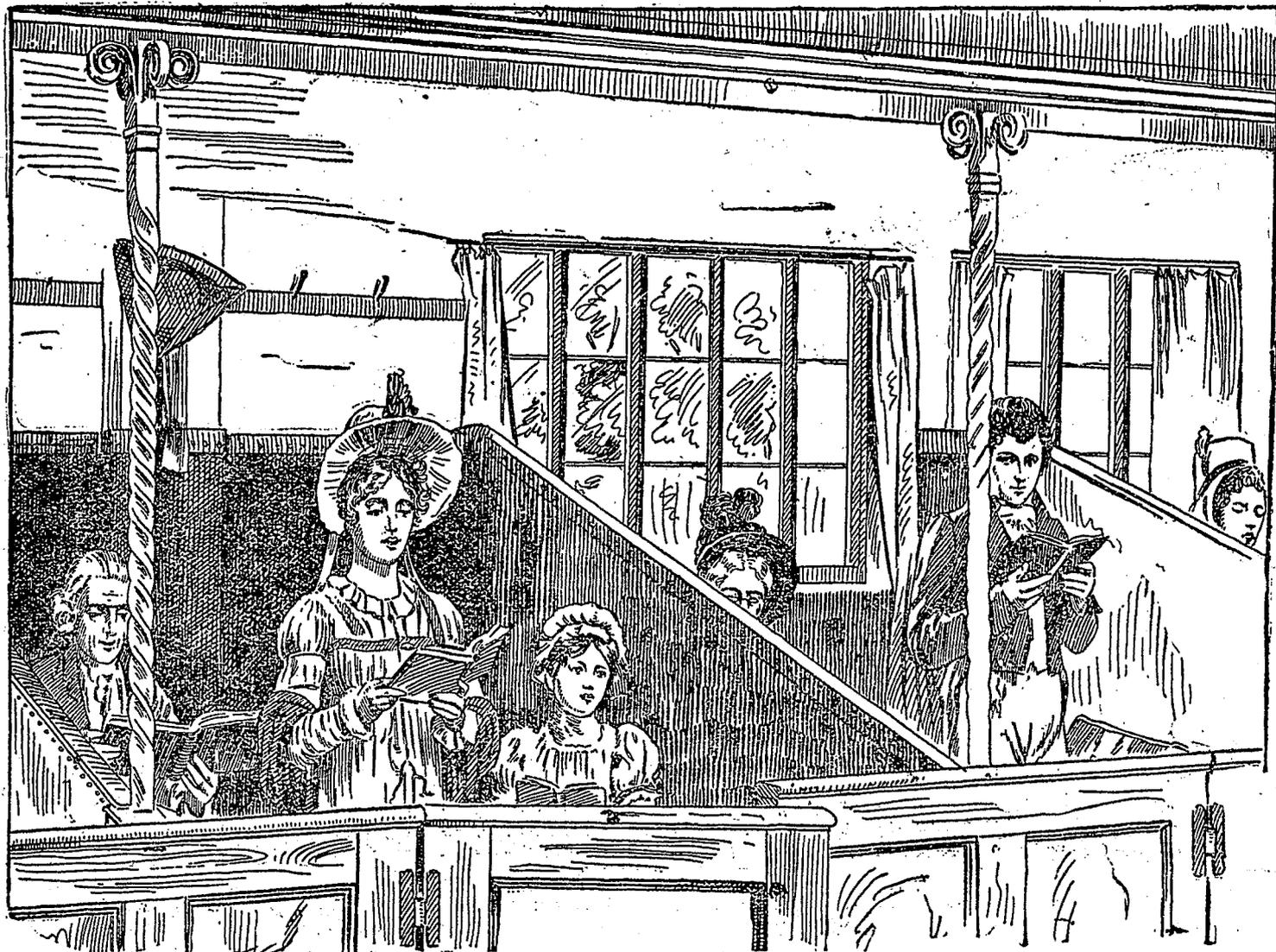


# Northern Messenger

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From the picture by E. Blair Leighton.

## AN ENGLISH CHURCH IN THE OLD DAYS.

### Two Child Martyrs of Shansi

(By Mrs. Saunders, in 'China's Millions.')

I have been asked to tell you a little about our dear Jessie (one of the child martyrs in Shansi) who is now in heaven. She was born in China on April 12, 1893, and was always a bright, healthy child. I do not remember her being in bed a single day because of illness. She was very fond of animals, and dearly loved a donkey-ride; she would ride quite fearlessly through a Chinese city. With the native Christians she was a great favorite; she seemed always to see the bright side of life, and was so loving and lovable.

Very early she learned to love Jesus, and was fond of hymns and Bible stories. She especially liked me to repeat that hymn commencing—

'Jesus, who lived above the sky,'

and always seemed so sorry that Jesus had suffered so much for us. She would sometimes say, 'When I see him I will look for the marks of the nails in his hands and feet.'

She liked to talk of his return, and looked for it in a most natural way. We were expecting to take her and George—her younger brother—to Chefoo this spring, and, to her loving nature, the thought of leav-

ing home was not easy. One day we overheard her say to her brother, 'Perhaps we won't go to Chefoo, Jesus may come before then.'

On another day, when talking about the same subject—the return of the Lord—the children said, 'When we hear the trumpet sound in the sky, we will run in very fast so that we may all go together.' Jessie was always ready for a Bible story, and liked especially to hear of Jesus rising from the dead. Her life in China, with her brother George, and her two little sisters, Nellie and Isabel, was a very happy one.

She was fond of sitting by my side on the 'K'ang' or brick-bed, while I talked to the Chinese women about Jesus and his love. Often when we passed people in the street she would say, 'Do you think they have heard of Jesus?'

But the time came when our happy home was to be broken up. Oh! it was so sudden and unexpected! On June 26, 1900, we had passed the day much as usual; I had been busy preparing apricot jam for our winter use; after the children's tea they had their romp as usual and their bath, after which we always liked to have a hymn and a little reading before they went to sleep. That evening the portion in 'Peep of Day' was, 'The Crucifixion of our Lord,' and when I left our darlings in bed,

Jessie was still looking at the picture of Jesus on the cross.

In the cool of the evening, Miss Guthrie, Mr. Jennings, my husband and myself were sitting in our churchyard, when our native helper came to tell us that wicked men were burning our house and preaching shop in the city. Knowing that they might next come to our house in the suburb, we went inside and prayed to God for guidance; we knew we were in his hands—a very safe place to be at all times.' These were the closing words in the last letter of Mr. Wm. Cooper to us. While on our knees, the crowd came and began throwing stones, etc., into our courtyard; so, quickly taking the children from their beds, where they were so peacefully sleeping, we escaped by another gate, and, going up a long country road, we reached another gate of the city and went to the Mandarin. He said he could do nothing for us, and advised us to leave the city quietly at daybreak, which we did. This was the beginning of a long, long journey, full of weariness and peril.

Dear Jessie often cheered us by her simple faith. She would remind us Jesus was on before. One day we were in an inn and were attacked by a band of 'Boxers,' who treated us badly; we prayed, and Jessie would say, 'Keep on praying, mother.' I said to her, 'Darling, let us all pray in our