

Missions.

LETTER FROM THE REV. K. MacLENNAN, HONAN, CHINA.

We feel sure that the following letter will be read with interest. It was received a short time ago by Mr. D. D. Millar.—Editor.

Pang Chwang, China,
1st Sept., 1894.

It is time for me to fulfil my promise of writing you. Long ere this reaches you, the college will be in session once more. If you do not get this in time you may blame the Japanese, as they are at war with the Chinese, and our mails have been irregular for some time. Probably you hear more of the war than we do, though you are so far from the scene of conflict. Chinese troops are being continually drafted from all the provinces. At present they are making their way to the sea-ports in crowds, to the great annoyance of all foreign travellers. At this place we are a few miles from the river, and they are not likely to give us a call—certainly are not wanted. They are a lawless, savage lot, who cannot be depended upon to respect life or property, and who seem to be quite unused to any discipline. Such is the army with which the Chinese Emperor expects to exterminate the clever and well-trained Japanese forces. Already a missionary has fallen martyr to the ferocity of the Chinese soldiers, for no fault except that of being a 'foreign devil.' The report may not be true, but we are informed that the Rev. Mr. Wylie, of New Chwang, Mongolia, was recently maltreated by Chinese soldiery and died in consequence shortly after. A day was fixed recently for the murder of all the foreigners in Paoing Fu, but an imperial protective proclamation arrived in time to save them. We have

been forwarded a like proclamation, and no doubt all the other stations have been supplied. This war, apart from any risks, will result in great inconvenience to the missionaries, many of whom are now at the sea coast, and will be delayed in getting home. We are not certain what our own friends at Chefoo and in Japan may do, but we expect them back unless the Consul at Tientsin orders differently. The American Consul has requested some missionaries not far from here to retire to Tientsin. We may get like instructions before long. Most of us would prefer to live here to being in a city, guarded and plundered by a 'rascal multitude' of Hunan soldiers. I suppose our friends are a good deal more anxious than we are. So far we have possessed our souls in peace, and in quietness and confidence is our strength. The Lord liveth, and blessed be our rock; the God of our life be praised. His will is good; we abide it.

There is another cause of trouble which alarms us more just now, namely floods, which are unusually extensive and devastating. The grains of all kinds were most promising here until a few weeks ago, when the river near us broke the embankment and flowed in upon the land. I was out for a ride the other day to see the flooded district next to us. Truly it was pitiful. The poor Chinese were pictures of reconciled despair. They had often swallowed the bitter pill before. Here you see a man pulling up the tall sorghum or Kas liang, by the root, hoping to save food and fuel. Another, more anxious about the food, snips off the bunch of grain with a pair of shears and deposits