

Pastor and People.

SLEEP.

"So He giveth His beloved sleep."—Ps. 127: 2.

He sees when their footsteps falter, when
their hearts grow weak and faint,
He marks when their strength is fall-
ing, and listens to each complaint,
He bids them rest for a season, for the
pathway has grown too steep;
And folded in fair green pastures,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

Like weary and worn-out children, that
sigh for the daylight's close,
He knows that they oft are longing for
home and its sweet repose;
So He calls them in from their labors ere
the shadows around them creep,
And silently watching o'er them,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it, oh, so gently! as a mother
will hush to rest
The babe that she softly pillows so ten-
derly on her breast;
Forgotten are now the trials and sor-
rows that made them weep;
For with many a soothing promise
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it! friends the dearest can nev-
er this boon bestow;
But He touches the drooping eyelids and
placid the features grow;
Their foes may gather about them, and
storms may round them sweep,
But, guarding them safe from danger,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

All dread of the distant future, all fears
that oppress to-day,
Like mists, that clear in the sunlight,
have noiselessly passed away;
Nor call nor clamor can arouse them
from slumbers so pure and deep,
For only His voice can reach them,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

Weep not that their toils are over, weep
not that their race is run;
God grant we may rest as calmly when
our work, like theirs, is done!
Till then we would yield with gladness
our treasures to Him to keep,
And rejoice in the sweet assurance,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

—Golden Hours.

THE ANTI-FOREIGN RIOTS IN CHINA.

BY REV. J. H. MACVICAR B.A., HONAN.

The year 1891 was full of suspense for foreigners in China. Almost all the members of our own Honan Mission Band were for part of that year living in the city of Lin Ch'ing in the Province of Shan-tung; and I can remember how the suspense rose to a higher and higher pitch, even in that usually tranquil neighbourhood. Wars and rumours of war filled the air. England, it was whispered, had borrowed large sums of money from China without paying back, and now the English wanted to borrow more, but the Emperor of China was too shrewd to give it, and had declared war instead. Preliminary battles had been fought at Chefoo and Shanghai, in which the British were beaten, and it was only a matter of time till all the "foreign devils" in China would be driven into the sea. Well, we could afford to laugh at these absurd stories, posted as we were from week to week concerning the actual state of matters on the coast. But we grew more serious when rumours began to take definite shape nearer home, and intimated that before many days we foreigners were all to be driven out of Lin Ch'ing itself by order of the Emperor. The blacksmiths, it was said, were busy day and night forging guns for the coming struggle; and as we walked the streets, people would gather in little groups on the corners, point their fingers at us, and in undertones discuss the probable details of our expulsion. So appalling grew the threats, that a native in my service came to dismiss himself without further notice. He would not remain in our house a day longer for fear of perishing in the expected massacre. That night my dreams were somewhat disturbed. I thought that I was back in Canada and in the course of a stroll on the Papineau Road in Montreal, was set upon by some roughs, who were attempting to murder me. Just at the critical moment I woke and started up in bed. It was past

midnight and a most horrible uproar was actually in progress on the streets. The incessant beating of loud gongs was accompanied by noisy, angry shouting, which seemed to grow nearer and nearer as the roused populace surrounded our compound. We hastily dressed; and with the rumours of the past few days fresh in our minds, knelt down and besought the protection of our ever present Saviour. Imagine our relief, on discovering that all this uproar was merely over a fire which had broken out in a neighboring building. The gong beating and clamorous shouting was intended, not to frighten us, but to rouse the populace and frighten away the demons of the fire. We laughed and went back to bed. But the incident will help you to realize the suspense which prevailed in missionary circles in that awful year of 1891.

I had just returned to Lin Ch'ing from a tour in Honan with Dr. Smith, when word reached us of the first symptoms of trouble in the valley of the Yang-tse, along which the surge of riot afterwards roared so loudly. It came from a place called Yang-chow, where disquieting rumours had been circulated about the orphanage work carried on by the Roman Catholics. One story in particular about the boiling of a child in a bath, so stirred up popular indignation that a general massacre was prevented only by the attendance of a large contingent of native soldiery. That was on May 1st.

A few days later, we had accounts of actual riot at Wu-hu, under the following characteristic circumstances: Two nuns, walking on the street, happened to lay their hands in a kindly way on the heads of some Chinese children. The purport of their act was misunderstood, and the well-meaning sisters were dragged before the officials on a charge of attempting to practice witchery. In the absence of proof, the case was dismissed. But the suspicions of the people would not easily down and an outbreak was inevitable. Some five thousand gathered and proceeded to make breaches through the wall of the Jesuit compound. An entrance thus effected, they dug up the grave of a priest who had been but recently buried, and declared it to be the body of a mutilated Chinese. As an indication that the affair was organized, men carrying little flags moved quietly about amongst the rioters and directed their movements. The buildings were looted and then burned to the ground. At an early stage in the proceedings, a handful of Chinese soldiers appeared on the scene and fired blank cartridges. But the rioters soon lost all fear of them; and in the end, the soldiers themselves turned their coats inside out to escape detection and joined in the looting. The work of destruction on the Jesuit premises accomplished, the mob turned their attention to the Consulate and then to the Custom House, but finding these places defended by a volunteer corps of foreigners, armed with rifles, they desisted from further violence.

After that, hardly a mail came to us in the interior without tidings of fresh trouble. Now it was at Nan-king, where disquieting rumours led to the withdrawal of the foreign ladies, and culminated in the looting of a hospital and burning of a missionary's home. Again, it was at Ngan-king, a name somewhat similar in sound, but applied to a city higher up the Yang-tse. Here, inflammatory placards appeared, under the influence of which unruly crowds sought entrance to the Roman Catholic quarters and also to those of the China Inland Mission. The authorities prevented actual outbreaks, but next day the suspense was increased by the appearance of women at the doors of the Roman Catholic Orphanage demanding back their children. A French man-of-war arrived. The captain had an interview with the Governor, and intimated that if he failed to keep the peace, foreign guns would have to do it for him. The peace was kept, but the suspense continued for many days.

And thus week in week out, the Chinese raged. Next came a riot at Tan-yang on June 1st. It was the same old story. A mob gathered and surrounded the Roman Catholic Mission. At four o'clock in the afternoon, a military mandarin arrived with some soldiers. Twice he cleared the compound and closed the gates, but finally was overpowered. The people attacked him personally, and by five o'clock were complete masters of the situation. The priests had to retire for shelter into the official's court-house. The church and all the other mission

buildings were burned to the ground, and the cupidity of the mob found free vent in an extensive pillage. Graves were dug up, the bones heaped together, and the military mandarin dragged by the queue to see the pile they made. Not a solitary thing was left in the inclosure. Buildings, trees, bamboos, walls, and hedge—all were razed to the ground.

And then, four or five days later, on the 5th of June, came perhaps the most serious riot of all—the first certainly in which blood was shed. It occurred at Wu-sueh, where the Wesleyans had been carrying on mission work for twenty years so quietly and successfully, that even the common cry of "foreign devil" was never raised on the street. The gentlemen of the mission happened to be away touring, and their wives were thus alone. The only foreign men in the place were staying a short distance away. Mr. Green, a Customs officer, and Mr. Argent, a young Methodist missionary, only six months in the country, who was waiting in town a few days to catch a steamer to Hankow. The morning passed without the slightest indication of trouble; but late in the afternoon, a man was seized and taken to the police court with two baskets he had been carrying which contained four babies, said to be consigned to a Roman Catholic Foundling Home at another town. The magistrate dismissed the case; but the people were dissatisfied with his decision and fell upon the stranger. In the assault, one of the babies was smothered, affording the very opportunity the ringleader sought. The cry was at once raised, "They will take the baby to the Wesleyan Mission to make medicine of!" Like wild fire this cunning suggestion ran through the populace and excited crowds began to surge in the direction of the mission premises, growing in numbers and ferocity as they proceeded. The missionary ladies were just getting ready for bed when they heard the noise of the approaching mob, and unlike us at Lin Ch'ing, having had a long experience in China, they at first thought of a fire, and then of the common hue and cry after a thief; and before they realized it was a riot, stones came crashing through their windows. They fled with their children into a latticed tool-house, but the rabble, having burst through the doors, saw their white dresses, and rushed at them with stones and bamboo sticks. They fled down a passage and out at a back door, and as by this time the house had caught fire, probably through a broken lamp, the mob seeing the flames returned to loot the premises. The ladies hid in the mission chapel, but were presently followed, and to the other tortures of the situation had added that of separation from their children. A native preaching helper, who had been protecting a foreign baby from the violence of the mob, was finally knocked down, and as he fell he threw the helpless infant into the arms of a native woman who happened to be standing by. For over an hour, this strange nurse kept her little charge, declaring that they must injure her before they could harm the child. One of the missionary ladies had her head broken open by a blow and fell, bruising her eye, but recovered herself and rushed on. Twice they sought refuge in the court of a mandarin, but were brutally driven back into the crowd. At the court of another mandarin, they received more sympathy. This official offered himself to the mob as a scapegoat, and invited them to burn down his own court-house rather than continue their violence to the foreigners. They took him at his word, burned his court-house and beat himself, but still continued in pursuit of the foreigners. At last two of the ladies and one child were taken into a hut on a side street and on a promise of money hidden there. They managed to get a message to the native Christians, who exerted themselves so vigorously, that at last one mandarin, who had twice refused them shelter, took pity on them and afforded them the protection of his court-house. There all the ladies and their children were brought together once more, and a little while after succeeded in stopping a passing steamer and boarding her. Meauwille, Mr. Argent and Mr. Green, from their house saw the glare of the fire, and thinking the mission premises in danger came running in that direction at full speed. They were met by some native servants, who told them that the ladies were gone and that there was a riot; but the young fellows did not know enough of the language to understand these warnings, and so went on at full speed to their fate. Argent was at once set upon by a number of men and ran into a leather shop to escape them. The shopkeeper cried, "If you are going to kill him, take him outside—don't kill him in here!" He was accordingly dragged outside, and a blow from a coolie's bamboo split open his head, the blood spurting on a servant who tried to save him. Then they

pounded the head with stones and mauled the body dreadfully. Green, as soon as the assault began, took refuge in the middle of a pond and there held the mob at bay for nearly an hour. He landed, and was killed near the court-house to which he was fleeing for shelter. His body was treated even more barbarously than that of Argent, the face being quite unrecognizable. So ended the riot at Wu-sueh, where, it is proper to emphasize, foreigners had been quietly at work for twenty years.

Needless to say, the representatives of foreign powers, and especially Britain, were by this time thoroughly alive to the serious state of affairs, and pressure was brought to bear upon the Chinese Government to bring about a cessation of all this rioting. With the gravest difficulty, as it was afterwards announced, an edict was obtained from the Emperor and circulated throughout the Provinces, instructing the officials everywhere to protect the persons and property of missionaries and other foreigners. But notwithstanding these imperial commands, the rioting still went on, and a suspicion was current that secret instructions had accompanied the edict which practically nullified it.

At all events, shortly afterwards, at Kiu-kiang, the place towards which the man at Wu-sueh, was said to be carrying his two baskets of babies, trouble arose in connection with the Roman Catholic Orphanage. At first the native forces, which had been called out, seemed able to keep the mobs under control, but gradually lost their ability to do so, and the usual course of riot, pillage and murder, would then have followed, had not a well-disciplined body of about ten foreigners appeared on the scene, and with fixed bayonets put thousands to flight. These were not British regulars, but half a score of ordinary British subjects engaged in mercantile pursuits, who had banded together and drilled in anticipation of danger. But whilst ten men, without firing a shot, were thus able to put thousands to flight, the suspense continued, and for some time they were obliged to remain under arms, watching night and day; and as a further precaution, boatloads of sailors from a man-of-war were kept ready to land on the jetties at a moment's notice.

Again, at a place called Wu-sueh, gunpowder and kerosene were freely used to fire a Roman Catholic church, dwelling house and schools, which were all reduced to ashes. Terrible barbarities were practiced. The coffins of a woman and child who were to have been buried that day, were broken open and the heads struck with bricks and stones to make the eyes fall out. The bodies of children were dug up in the cemetery and their arms cut off and eyes plucked out. In that same district, out of 60 Roman Catholic churches, 20 were burned, a priest wounded, and two or three Christians killed.

Then the rainy season came on and there was peace. The Chinese are not particularly fond of water, and rain has not infrequently been known to quell rioting. It will be remembered that when the small-pox epidemic raged in Montreal some years ago, our French fellow-citizens objected to vaccination and the other measures adopted for staying the plague. They began to riot in the East End when Mayor Beaugrand called out the fire reels, turned on the hose, and with remarkable expedition emptied the streets. Such a course would be even more effective in China, if water power and hose were conveniently to be had.

But the rainy season went by, and early in the autumn, indeed on the 2nd of September, the rioting broke out anew. Like thunder from a cloudless sky, it crashed over I-chang, for many years an important mission centre. Here it was conspicuous for suddenness and thoroughness. Not the slightest warning was afforded, and all was over in twenty minutes. The Roman Catholics once more were singled out as the first objects of attack. A child had been placed in their convent who had been represented to be a girl, but turned out to be a boy. The parents came bolsterously claiming that their son had been stolen from them. He was surrendered. But in the meantime, cunning ringleaders hastened to an inflammatory story to the court-house, collecting the dregs of the city as they went. The Military Commandant, Chinese-like, proceeded to the convent to investigate the charges, taking the crowds with them. A sudden rush was made at a house adjoining the American Episcopal Mission. The gate was smashed, two trumpets blown, and one of the ringleaders, beating his breast shouted out, "Come on, brothers, come on; slay the foreigners; I am willing to die for you!" And the work of ruffianism and incendiarism commenced. A missionary who was attacked with a spade managed to escape without injury. As for the official who was present, he