

" 'See that, whatever comes, you do not deny Christ; for if you confide in Him, and confess Him, you will be blessed, and have a crown of glory. True, our dear Saviour has told us to be wise as the serpent, as well as innocent as the dove; so if you can flee, do so,—but come what will, *don't deny Christ.*'

" Now I began to weep bitterly, when he said, 'Wife dear, I thought your faith was stronger in the Saviour than mine. Why are you so troubled? Remember God's word, and be comforted. Know that if you die, you die to go to Jesus. And if you are spared, Christ is your keeper. I feel confident that if any of our missionaries live, you will all be taken care of; and should they all perish, yet Christ lives for ever. If the children are killed before your face, oh! *then* take care that you do not deny Him who died for us. This is my last charge, and God help you!'

" Now some horsemen came up and the faquirs (devotees) who lived near us told them to kill my husband, that he was an infidel preacher, and that he had destroyed the faith of many by preaching about Jesus Christ. The troopers now asked him to repeat the *Kulma*,* but he would not. Two of them now fired at us, and one shot passed close by my husband's ear, and went into the wall behind us. Now all the children fled through a back door, towards the house of Mirza Hajor, one of the shazadas (or princes) who respected my husband, and was fond of bearing of the love of God through Christ. He dressed like a faquir and seemed partial to the gospei. He took in my seven children, who fled for refuge. One of the troopers now interposed, saying, 'Don't kill them; Walayat Ali's father was a very pious Mussulman, who went on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and it is likely that this man is a Christian only for the sake of money, and he may again become a good Mussulman.' Another trooper now asked my husband, 'Who then are you, and what are you?' He answered, 'I was at one time *blind*, but now I see. God mercifully opened my eyes, and I have found a refuge in Christ. Yes, *I am a Christian, and I am resolved to live and die a Christian.*' 'Ah,' said the trooper, 'you see that he is a Kafir [barbarian]; kill him.' Again he was threatened with loaded muskets pointed at his breast, and asked to repeat the *Kulma*, with a promise of our lives and protection. My husband said, 'I have repented once, and I

* The Mohammedan creed.