

# Northern Messenger

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## How a Christian Family Kept the Faith.

('Boston Congregationalist.')

The following experience is that of the family of Deacon Wau of the First Congregational Church in Peking, told in the words of his wife. They lived in a large court with several other families, some of whom were Boxers. Here is Mrs. Wau's story:

We were not afraid, though we felt anxious on account of our four children. If we should be killed and they left, who would care for them? June 13 I was alone in the house with the children. All day the neighbors had been talking of the terrible things that were to happen to the Christians. I heard of the burning of the Methodist Episcopal Mission and the London Mission—heard the shouting on the street of 'kill, kill, kill.' About eight o'clock I could see the flames of the American Board chapel and hear the noise made by the multitude gath-

stay here in this corner—but don't speak—if the people in the court know you are trying to get away, they will call out.' So he went in, got the baby, left the lamp burning so they would think we were still there.

We made our way along in the dark to a near court where a Christian family were living. From this court Mr. Wau climbed to the top of a temple belonging to a rich man living in a court at the front. I stood below, and he whispered down to me what he saw and heard. We heard the church bell at American Board chapel fall and a general shouting of voices. Afterward a man went by, calling out if there are any followers of the foreign devils about they had better escape at once, as a house to house search is to be made by the Boxers before midnight. Every follower will be killed. From the temple roof my husband saw them go to our house three times.

At last he said, it is no use to think we can escape them, but we will try. Don't let

At last, about light, one of the servants saw us and told his master. We all six of us got down on our knees and entreated them to hide us for a few days, but they said no, there was to be a house-to-house search in the city and if they sheltered Christians then they would suffer. I borrowed a needle and thread, sewed up the rents in our garments, they gave the children some bread and we went out. My husband walked ahead carrying the baby and I followed after with the other three children. Soon we met a band of soldiers; some did not notice us; others said: 'Here are some. Let's kill them.' Others said, 'Let them go; can you not see it is one family? Let them off this time. Even with the knives drawn I did not tremble.

They went on and we made our way first to the home of my sister-in-law. They were very kind to us and said we will all die together. We had been there but a short time when their landlord came and said we



ered about the place. My husband did not come, and I thought he had been killed. I took the children all up stairs and then sat down and waited. They were crying for their father. While trying to comfort them, a friend came quietly up stairs and told me not to make any noise, but to come out on the street, where my husband was waiting for me. My little two-year-old girl was asleep, and I thought I would first go and see what was wanted and then come back for her.

We went out in the street, and there in a dark corner was my husband. His first words were: 'Where is our precious baby, can it be you have left her?' I said no, I wanted to see him first, and then if we were going to try to escape I would go back for her. The young man who had called me out said: 'You must not one of you go back into that court—I will get the baby. You

the children make a bit of noise. I will carry them one by one to the roof here, then we can talk and plan. He took the children up, and one by one carried them along the wall, then got on to the roof. I told my little girl not to cry, that papa would be very careful. She said, 'Yes,' and was perfectly still. I do not know how I managed to climb to the top of that eight-foot wall, to walk along the narrow top and then crawl up the roof of the temple. All the time it seemed as if I was helped from behind. A big tree overshadowed the roof and we hid under the branches, watching the burning of the chapel and homes of the friends we loved. All over the city were fires, and the screaming of the mob was terrible. It was a horrible night. At last we climbed into the tree and reached the ground—bruised and torn. We hid in a little empty room back of the temple.

must go. Our relatives entreated for us and with us, but no, 'go' was the word. They hired a cart for us and we left the city by the east gate. We went to a cemetery and hid there till dark. We heard people on the road saying that all the foreigners had been killed, and when we reached the quiet spot of the dead it seemed as if our hearts would break. With one voice we lifted up our hearts and cried till it seemed as though our eyes were gone.

After dark we made our way to some relatives living a mile from the cemetery. At first they welcomed us, but some one came and told them the Boxers were coming for us. Then they said we must go. My husband told them to hide us in their brush pile and if the Boxers came they would set fire to it. I told them we were not afraid of death; what we feared was that we could not all die together. At last they let us