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What it Means to be a Missionary in the Orient

(By Jessie Ackermann, in 'Union Signal.')

When the W. C. T. U. missionaries start out around the world, with their sole basis of supply an everlasting faith in the eternal God, and a firm belief in a definite call to go, it takes downright courage. To stand on the unpopular side of a most unpopular question requires courage under the most favorable circumstances, but to start out alone without financial provision of any sort, scarcely knowing where one will land or where one will go when landed, requires a peculiar kind of faith and the largest measure of courage. My heart has always been deeply touched when I have read or heard of any woman about to start in this way, but I

ers what it means to be a missionary, and I pass it on.

When Hudson Taylor, who is known as the 'modern St. Paul,' because of his great missionary and preaching journeyings, established the China Inland Mission, he adopted the custom, the wisdom of which has been questioned, of wearing clothes cut after the fashion of the natives, and all missionaries representing that mission followed his example.

Some time ago a young man landed in Shanghai from Scotland, and was sent far inland. Not long after, some workers reached there from Australia and were also sent inland to the same station. Together these young people worked, baptized with the same spirit of zeal, until a fatal day dawned, upon which they were obliged to flee for

the edge of the cave, and two fierce, great rolling eyes glared upon her. When the face was withdrawn she aroused the sleepers, and knowing they had been discovered, they decided to venture into the open when night came and search for another place of safety. When the night was far spent and they had walked twenty miles a heavy thunder and lightning storm came on and rain fell in torrents. By means of the flashes they groped along until morning dawned by which time they were near two caves. Into one of these the ladies crept, every shred of their clothing drenched. They managed, when the sun came out, to dry their clothing, but having been separated from their boy they had no food for three days.

Facing starvation they decided to make one bold strike for life, and in case of failure to meet death together. They started across the great mountains, and from the top saw a small village at the foot. The side toward the village was steep and pathless, no one had ever been known to make the descent. By hanging to shrubs, rolling down other places and scrambling over stones, they reached the bottom, with the shoes worn off their feet, their stockings in fragments, hands bleeding and torn and faces sore and sun blistered. As soon as the villagers saw them they set upon them with swords, spears, guns and any weapon with which they could deal a blow. Half starved and unable to move farther, the ladies fell by the roadside. The young man entreated the enraged crowd to see the condition of the women and have mercy on them, but without avail. They demanded that the 'foreign devils' proceed to the temple, two miles distant. With such strength as they could gather the party moved on, pushed hard by the crowd all the while, listening to the discussion of three men ahead as to how they should be killed and which of them should have the honor.

Suddenly the Scotchman bethought himself of an old Chinese passport he had in his pocket, and although it was out of date, he fell back upon it as the last resource of life. Giving it to the head man of the town, he called attention to the fact that the Chinese government had given them right of way over the country. A passport is a wordy, intensely official document, and calls upon every Chinaman to aid the possessor to his utmost, in any time of danger and peril. When the city official had perused its contents, he called upon the mob to lay down arms on the spot and disperse, but commanded the travellers to move on, which they did as rapidly as they were able.

Time and space will not admit of a detailed account of all they passed through before they reached a place of safety. In one place through which they travelled four hundred native Christians had been slashed on their foreheads with the sign of the cross, and with their hands tied behind them they were left to bake in a tropical sun and to starve. The party reached a village where the disturbance had just been quelled by the reading of the proclamation sent from the throne, calling upon every loyal Chinese to lend aid to fleeing foreigners, and demanding all city officials to see that they were escorted in safety to the nearest port. Hearing



MISSIONARIES WHO WERE FIVE MONTHS IN THE CAVES TRYING TO ESCAPE THE BOXERS.

am feeling these days that the heroic souls who have penetrated the great empire of China there to remain for years at a time, sacrificing even their own manner of dress and all that human hearts hold dearest, must outrank our own missionaries on points of courage and faith.

So much has been written of the hardships and experiences of the missionaries of China during those terrible months that the entire world is familiar with the story of awful deaths, cruel torture and never failing faith of those who 'counted not their lives' in an effort to help bring the light of truth into dark places, that there seems little more to be said or told. I came in contact recently with a young couple whose experiences may serve to bring more clearly before the read-

their lives. The party was divided into two companies. Two young ladies from Australia and the Scotchman formed one party, and, with the former disguised as men, they fled before the face of an angry mob, only escaping under cover of night and finding safety in an old cave, where they were forced to remain six weeks without a change of clothing or a drop of water in which to bathe their faces or hands. A Christian Chinese followed them, determined to cast his lot with them. From a distant village to which he walked ten miles daily he secured one meal a day from his scanty store and brought also a bottle of water. One day, while two of the party were sleeping, and one was on the watch, as was their custom, the watcher saw a face thrust suddenly over