

THE RIOT BABIES.

HEAR CHILDREN,—I have been asked to tell you something about the riot babies. They were all born in West China and are all under two years and a half old.

Do you notice four fine lusty boys in the picture, Master Ralph and Cyril Canright and Master Frank and Baby Peat? These are our little American cousins that were in the riot with their fathers and mothers. Do you notice Baby Peat how broad he is? Such a jolly little fellow, he knows how to laugh, but when he changes his tune, you ought to hear him cry; he is one of the best in the party—he excels in these two qualities. All of these boys, with their parents, were confined for fourteen hours in a dirty little loft that looked out over their home. All day they could see those bad men carrying their things away and shouting all the time. It must have been a great trial for their parents, with Mr. and Mrs. Cady, to keep these four little boys from crying and making enough noise to let some of the mob know where they were. Some food was brought to them during the day, by friendly natives, so they did not get too hungry, and when it was very dark at night, chairs were brought, and they were all carried to this place of refuge that was prepared for us at the magistrate's yamen. You know we all think little boys and girls are sunbeams—so it proved to be, for when these four little boys came in we all stood and laughed, for such dirty little boys you never saw. We did not mind the dirt because of the joy to see them all safely delivered from the rioters.

Next, I will tell you about the babies of the Canadian Methodist Mission. I am sure you know them all by looking at the picture, Jennie, Lila and Marian Stevenson, Geraldine and Bertha Hartwell, last, but not least, Leslie Gifford Kilborn. There are four big holidays, during the year, in China, the second one comes in the fifth month, on the 29th of May, the day of our riot. All the little Chinese boys and girls are dressed in their holiday clothes. The girls have had their feet re-bound that morning and their mothers have made them little tiny red satin shoes to wear. Their hair is neatly combed, part of the hair is brought over to one side in a knot, while the rest is braided, falling down the back. It is tied with red foreign wool, while beautiful flowers, fastened with little wires, are nodding as they walk. Each little girl has long wide trousers made of colored silk and trimmed with bright ribbon, while the upper loose gown is of some bright color trimmed with ribbon also. They wear these dresses only on feast days or New Year's day; then they are folded neatly and laid away in a box until the next big day comes. Their skin is dark, but they would like to be pink and white like the foreigners, so every little girl puts-paint

and powder on her face to make her look pretty. There is a large piece of ground, ten acres long and ten acres wide, just near our homes, where the crowd congregates. The rich people furnish money to buy plums and men throw them in among the children for fun. Mr. Hartwell lives on one side of the street and Drs. Stevenson and Kilborn live on the other side; each premises are surrounded by high walls and gates to enter from the street. I must tell you that Mr. and Mrs. Endicott, with dear little Mary, Drs. Hart and Hare, had just gone down to live at Kia Ling, a city about a hundred miles away, so they escaped the riot or we should have had another little girl among the riot babies. This afternoon, Mrs. Stevenson, when the plums were being thrown, sent for Geraldine Hartwell to come over and play with the twins. When it came time to bring Geraldine home Mr. Hartwell noticed some ugly men following them; the little girl smiled at them which drew a pleasant remark that she was pretty. As soon as the gates were closed some ugly kicks were given and a few stones came over; this was the first idea we had of a riot. All of these little children had their supper and the little Stevensons were ready for bed, with their long woolen night dresses on, and their bare feet, when a great noise was heard on the street and a lot of ugly, wicked men, that don't know anything about Jesus, began to break down the gate; then Mrs. Stevenson and Mrs. Kilborn took their little ones up out of bed and carried them to the back of their lot and hid behind some logs. I must tell you this premises bordered on two streets; on each street there were gates. Soon our people heard the rioters trying to get in through the back gates; they succeeded in making a large hole, when a man, that Dr. Stevenson had been treating in the hospital, came to them and said, "This is no place to stay, they will find and kill you, follow me and I will lead you to safety," so Dr. Kilborn shot off his gun and frightened those bad men away that were at the back gates. So you see how the Lord used this man, that was not a Christian, to save His servants. Dr. Kilborn assisted them through the hole in the gate, Mrs. Kilborn carrying Leslie, Mrs. Stevenson carrying Marian, Dr. Stevenson carrying Jennie and the Chinese nurse carrying Lila. They went hurrying on, this man leading them, but the nurse could not keep up, with her bound feet, and some rioters coming along frightened her, so she dropped Lila by the side of the road and ran away. The dear little girl was afterwards found by a stranger in the city, a servant of Dr. Kilborn's, a Kia Ling man, who seeing the little curly head took her up; she was crying. He went wandering about asking the way, when another patient of Dr. Stevenson's, a lady that came in to break off smoking opium, came up. She took off her skirt, wrapped it about Lila's head, and they wandered up and down until some person directed them to where Misses Brackbill and Ford lived. These ladies tenderly cared for her until mamma Stevenson was found. You can imagine Dr. and Mrs. Kilborn, Dr. and Mrs. Stevenson hurrying along and giving a backward glance to see their homes consumed by fire. You will ask where were the Hartwells? Just across the road from the fire and

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