

Miss Gunn has entered upon the work in Victoria and will be acquainted with the situation before Mr. Winchester withdraws at the beginning of the year.

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THE SIMPLE WASHING OF A WINDOW-PANE caused the first hint to our Missionaries that trouble was brewing at Chu-wang. How great a matter a little fire kindleth!

It was known the people were uneasy; famine was staring them in the face. Processions of men had gone through the streets waving branches and flags; processions of women had gone along shouting for the rain god to come. There were clouds in the sky, heavy and hanging low, yet no rain had fallen. Mr. Mackenzie had just moved into his new two-storied brick house and on this particular day, rather than give money away to the poor, Mrs. Mackenzie had employed a needy woman to clean windows and paint-work. In the forenoon a sprinkling of rain had fallen then ceased. While the Mackenzies were at dinner a thumping noise began at the back gate; little attention was paid thinking it was children. The noise grew worse. Mrs. Mackenzie called to the Chinese boy to go and see what it was. In a minute the boy rushed in and upstairs shouting to the woman. "Stop cleaning the windows!" The woman was at that time cleaning one of the up-stair windows which happened to face into one of the back streets. Some Chinese had seen her and sent the word around. "Mrs Mackenzie is up at the window waving a white cloth with signs printed on it to drive the rain god away!" Within an hour, hundreds of people were rushing to the house. Mr. Mackenzie and Dr. Leslie tried to quiet them and in order to satisfy them took some of the more prominent ones through the house showing them every corner. At night the crowd would go away and return next day. This went on for some days, till the officials sent forbidding it, as the rumor was current that a plan had been arranged to get Dr. Leslie up stairs with a party, while Mr. Mackenzie was down in the cellar with another, and then simultaneously murder both. A day or so after this, while our workers waited in fear and trembling, a message came through Dr. McClure who was on his way to the coast, to make all haste and get out to Shanghai. The night before they left, while waiting for the carts to come from Chang-te-fu, the ladies of the party—Mrs. Mackenzie and her little boy, Mrs Leslie, Dr. Wallace and Miss Pyke, remained hidden in a dark room in a friendly neighbor's house.

The Mackenzies had just been two weeks in their new two-storey brick house and were realizing in a very grateful way the happy contrast to the stuffy small rooms in which they had been living since their entrance into Honan in 1891, when they were forced to flee leaving all behind. The house is now in ruins, doors, windows, wood-work, anything that could be made use of were carried off by the mob. All the other buildings there are in like condition—the chapel, dispensary and Dr. McClure's house, finished two years ago.