

sence their connection with the foreigner would be less apparent to the people. So that in leaving our place of service at the time we did, we believe that we acted in the best interests of the extension of the Kingdom of God in that field in which we still hope to serve Him.

It is impossible to close this brief account of our flight from Honan, without thanking those friends who have without ceasing helped us by their prayerful intercession, and, "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

LETTER FROM MRS. GOFORTH.

In a letter to her brother, Mr. F. M. Bell Smith, of Toronto, Mrs. Goforth gives a vivid picture of the attack at Hsin Tien:—

For some days the attitude of the people had been becoming more and more unfriendly, and when we reached Hsin Tien Mr. Jamieson, an engineer, who was with us, said he would leave us and go ten miles further to the large Fu city of Nan Yang, to see the official in person, and if possible get a larger escort. The gentlemen gave their consent to this as being the best thing to do. We did not feel very easy, but there seemed to be no other way. So here we were, a party of foreigners, absolutely at the mercy of an anti-foreign city.

As soon as I could get the children settled I threw myself down beside baby and was asleep in a moment and knew nothing of any trouble till about midnight, when I was aroused by Mr. G. telling me to get up, as they expected the inn to be attacked. I found that none had gone to rest, and that the carts were arranged so as to form a barrier at the gateway. All night we waited anxiously.

In the meantime a messenger had been sent off to Mr. Jamieson, telling him of the situation and asking for military protection; also one to the official. No attack was made that night, but something about the manner of the Chinese aroused our suspicions that all was not right.

In the early morning our messengers returned, saying that the official had refused protection, Mr. Jamieson had utterly failed, and the attitude of the people at the city was such that he and party, though arriving at 11 p.m., left at 3 a.m. the next morning. Their intention originally was to have waited for us, but circumstances forced them ahead, otherwise they might themselves have been destroyed.

To return to ourselves. There we were well on in the morning, our carters terrified so that they refused to go. Finally they

could only be persuaded to venture out by our gentlemen promising to pay for every loss either to horses, carts or goods.

Before we got into our carts we knelt together and each of the gentlemen in turn committed us into our Father's keeping.

As we issued from the gate there was a strange silence, the roads on either side were densely packed, and as we reached the gate of the city we could see even the wall of the city black with people. Yet no sign of disturbance.

I had just remarked to Mr. G. how well we were getting on when we passed the city gate. Here, too, dense crowds were gathered. Ahead of us, separated from the rest, was a band of several hundred men. When Mr. G. saw them, and that they had swords, guns, stones, bricks, etc., he said in a very low voice, "Rose, there is trouble ahead."

He had scarcely uttered the words, and we had got just opposite them, when as quick as a clap of thunder a tremendous shower of stones and bricks poured down upon us.

I begged Mr. G. not to get off the cart, but he jumped down; by this time hundreds of armed men were upon us.

I heard Mr. G. calling again and again, "Take everything, but don't strike." The only answer he received was a thrust from a sword or a blow from a stone. Twice I saw him fall and rise again, covered with blood. Again and again I heard him calling, pleading for the lives of all.

I covered myself and baby with a coverlet and saved us from many stones. Four armed men came to the cart; one aimed at baby's head, but by God's mercy I dragged him away and the blow fell on the coverlet.

Helen was thrown into my cart, then Paul. But the villains dragged them out, throwing them on the ground. One man aimed with a sword at me from the back of the cart, but could not reach me. His face had the most intense hatred in it.

While hesitating to know what to do, Mr. G. came up to the cart, almost sinking from loss of blood. He told me to get down, which I did. He took the baby, Helen and Paul clinging to him. I tried to get on my shoes, but they were snatched from me.

Mr. G. said we had better try and get away, as he felt he was almost done for. As we tried to move off a number began following us. Some cried "Kill," and one man was coming towards me with his sword raised when another man, who seemed to have authority, pulled him back, saying: "You've killed the man; let them go."

As we tried to get off across the fields we could see the others still struggling with the wretches. Again and again Mr. G. would have gone back, but I saw he was almost sinking, and gradually dragged him along. We were stopped several times, but every one seemed too eager to see what was going on with the others to take much interest