

PROTECTION OF FOREIGNERS IN CHINA.

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"Give me a pile of stones and I can keep back any crowd of Chinese," said a prominent missionary not long since in our hearing. There are many who share this opinion, and believe that stones, bricks, tiles, and similar missiles are their best protection. The number of those who advocate shot-guns and revolvers is necessarily small, as these weapons are of little avail when one is overpowered and outnumbered by a crowd. We differ radically from the sentiment quoted above, and we think we are sustained in our opinion by nearly all sensible people in China. The use of any missile whatever is a great mistake, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred will prove in the end to be an additional source of danger, and not a protection. The foreigner is always outnumbered, and the ratio is so great against him that if the natives use even the mildest missiles in return, he is sure to suffer.

What, then, are the best protections in China when trouble arises? We answer: Two—first, the *language*, this is *facile princeps*; and next, the presence of a child.

The power of a half-dozen words of their own tongue over a Chinese crowd is simply marvellous. One sentence correctly spoken and judiciously applied will cause a rabble quietly and peacefully to disperse, when a shot-gun or a missile would be fatal. We are not called upon every day to face turbulent crowds; but we frequently encounter gatherings of loafers, boatmen, and soldiers, upon whom a few words of the local dialect work like a charm. It is a constant occurrence for the missionary to pass safely and without even a thought of danger through crowds of rough-looking people where the foreign merchant would not expose himself for any consideration whatever. You land, for instance, at the water-gate of a Chinese city. Two or three great rafts are anchored there; and as you step ashore you are surrounded by a crowd of lumbermen, who seem perfectly willing to pick your pocket, or knock you down, or even murder you for a little paltry cash; at least that is the way they appear to the average foreigner. You approach them; and just as they get ready to fling their first abuse at you, you stop and quietly say, "Well, how is the lumber-business now? Good?" There is a pause for a moment or two, until it dawns upon them that you are really speaking Chinese; then the colour changes in their faces, and as they begin to smile, some one says, "No; the times are very hard now," You reply, "Yes! but we will hope for a better season

next year," or something of a similar nature, and then the crowd respectfully gives way, and you pass through the opening perfectly unconcerned.

As you near the inevitable camp of soldiers another gathering awaits you. They have scented the "foreign devil" afar, and are ready now for any rough sport at his expense. They block the street in front of you, and are bound to hinder your progress. When you come up to them you simply say, "Have you eaten your evening rice to-day?" Awestruck at the sound of their own tongue coming from foreign lips, they step on one side, and say, "Thank you, foreign teacher, we have partaken," and so you pass safely along. It is the same story wherever you go: in town or in country, the language is the great protection.

In case of a great riot or insurrection, where the people and soldiers are already beyond control, the language may then be ineffectual, in which case you have resort to the second protection, which is a child. Take a little child with you in your arms, and the roughest men will spare you for the sake of the child. A lady who was in the recent Chung-King riot told me that when the mob surrounded her and began to beat her sedan chair to pieces, she rushed out of it into the street with her child in her arms, and the crowd all cried, "Don't hurt the child!" Thanks to the presence of the little one, she reached the governor's *yamen* in safety. This is a very curious trait, but a very creditable one, and it is almost universal in China.

To sum it all up in a word: I may say that a knowledge of the language and peculiarities of the people, combined with Christian gentleness, and firmness will carry you in safety through a very large portion of China. Always keep your courage and your self-respect, and above all things keep your temper. Remember that the Mongolian is a human being and your brother man, and you will have little or no occasion to use your revolver, your passport, or your cane.

Jesus stopped right under the tree in which Zaccheus was, and at once He looked up and saw Zaccheus, and said to him, "Zaccheus, make haste and come down," I can just imagine Zaccheus saying to himself, "I wonder who told Him my name! I was never before made known to Him." But Christ knew all about Zaccheus; and, sinner, Christ knows all about you; He knows your name, your dwelling-place. Do not think God does not know you. If you would try to hide yourself from Him, bear in mind you can-