

listening to all this shouting, sitting up on the back wall, resting on the roof of a little building, watching it all. We had two ladders, one up to the wall and the other lying across the top, so if the rioters came we could get over at once. Geraldine and Bertie were eating cookies to keep them quiet; as soon as they got tired and wanted to cry they were given a cake. Two of our men servants never left us, but held the little girls, trying to calm my fears and care for me. And our little school boys were with us, they were afraid to go out on the street to go to their friends. About eleven o'clock Mr. Hartwell found a kind Chinaman who said he would take us into his home just over our wall; he himself assisted us down the ladders and tried to make us comfortable. The rioters got tired at midnight and went away. Just as it was coming daylight Mr. Hartwell said we would go back to our home, that all was quiet. But we were not in our place twenty minutes until the rioters came back. Mr. Hartwell quickly hired a chair and sent me away with the children, about a mile, to Miss Brackbill's. Again the Lord led us, because I had only gone ten rods from our home when the rioters broke down our gates and destroyed our property; Mr. Hartwell only having time to jump over the wall with the aid of the limb of a tree, and these kind natives protected him. When the children and I came through Miss Brackbill's gates we found little Lila Stevenson; the nurse was just taking her over to her mother, about half a mile away, at the English Mission. In a very little while we heard the rioters were coming; we quickly put up a ladder and fled over the back wall, got some people to hire some chairs, then Miss Ford, Miss Brackbill and the two little Hartwell's, with their mamma, went over to the English Mission; here we were all united, excepting Mr. Hartwell and the American friends. We all, with one accord, fell upon our knees, committing each other to the Lord's keeping. We were given food to eat, and managed to secure a few tins of condensed milk for the babies, which we tied up in a bundle. The crowd grew greater at the gate; in the distance could be heard the howling mob coming; six chairs were enabled to get out the gates, while the people were clubbed back to let them pass by; each chair was guarded by two soldiers; six people and four babies escaped in safety to the place of refuge. As the last chair turned the corner the mob broke in and the rest of the party escaped over the back wall, Dr. and Mrs. Kilborn with their precious baby, Mr. Vale of the English Mission, Miss Brackbill carrying Geraldine Hartwell, and Miss Ford carrying Jennie Stevenson. They sat all day in the little straw house, on the little native bed, with the mosquito curtains well drawn in, listening to that mob until they carried everything from their happy home. We all gathered in at twelve o'clock, from our different hiding places, that night, a happy band of missionaries, praising God we had all been preserved from death. What a wonderful way each one had been led?

Now, dear children, I could go on telling you of many interesting things that took place in the following days, but I think I have told you enough for this time.

LILLAS HARTWELL.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

HAVE you read the wonderful story
Of what happened so long ago,
Away in the Rhenish country,
In sight of the Alpine snow,—

How thousands of little children,
With scallop and staff in hand,
Like Peter the Hermit's pilgrims,
Set forth for the Holy Land?

From hamlet and town and castle,
For many and many a day,
These children had seen their fathers
March to the East away.

"Why do they go?" they questioned
Of the mother who watched and wept:
"They go to wrest from the pagan
The tomb where the dear Lord slept."

And the thought in their young hearts kindled,
"Let us do as our fathers do,—
Let us wear the cross on our shoulder,
And help in the conquest too.

"The strength of a child is nothing;
But we'll gather in one strong hand
The strength of ten thousand children,
For Christ and the Holy Land."

And so, as they tell, these children
On their strange, wild mission went;
But the Saviour, who would not lead them
In the way He had not sent,

Lifted them up in His pity
(Misguided, and yet his own),
And, instead of the tomb they sought for,
Sent them to find his throne.

Now, what is the tender lesson
Wrapped up in the story so?
And what can we learn from the children
Who perished so long ago?

For the sepulchre's sake where only
Three days the Redeemer lay,
They were willing to face such peril
As wasted their lives away.

For a temple that is eternal,
Where the living stones are piled,—
Each stone of the costly building
The soul of a heathen child,—

Are there ten thousand children,
Over this land so broad,
Willing to work,—their shoulder
Wearing the badge of God?

Are there ten thousand children
Filled with a zeal intense,
Ready for Christ to offer
Their labors, their prayers, their pence?

For the gifts and the prayers of the children,
Gathered in one strong band,
Could conquer the world for Jesus,
And make it a Holy Land.

MRS. M. E. PRESTON.