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AUBERT GALLION
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MRS. W. M. POKER
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The Martyrs of Kucheng.

The anxiety which the whole Christian world has been feeling for its missionaries in China brings to mind the tragedy of 1895, in which a party of missionaries, chiefly ladies, were killed by some members of a large Chinese society known as the Vegetarians. It is well to recall the memory of this martyr band, who were all so devoted and so near to heaven, that even to their friends it seemed not strange that they should be called up higher, and receive the martyr's crown. The Vegetarians had assembled at a place about fifteen miles away. It is said that they had determined to assert their independence by a deed of violence. Three plans occurred to them—to attack the city, or the house of a rich man in a neighboring village, or the foreigners at Hwasang. The story adds that three times the lot fell on the last of these plans. On the last day of July Mr. Phillips notes that they had a Bible-reading on the Transfiguration, 'little thinking that the immediate glory was so near for some.' August 1 was to be a day of festivity. It was little Herbert Stewart's sixth birthday. There was to be a picnic. The children were out early to gather flowers to adorn the breakfast table on the festal day. They heard the sound of horns and drums, and ran merrily down to see what they supposed to be a procession. Mildred told her sister Kathleen to run for safety, as she saw the spears and recognized of whom the procession consisted. But the child was seized and dragged by her hair to the house.

Perhaps the best idea of what took place may be gained from the account by Mr. Phillips who was an eye witness:—

'About 6.30 a.m. on August 1, hearing shouts from the direction of the Stewarts' house, I went out, and at first thought it was simply a number of children playing, but I was soon convinced that the voices were those of excited men, and started off for the house. I was soon met by a native who almost pulled me back, shouting that the Vegetarians had come. I said that I must go on, and soon got in sight of the house, and could see a number of men, say forty or fifty, carrying off loads of plunder. One man seemed to be the leader, carrying a small red flag. I could see nothing of any Europeans, and as this was in full view of the rioters, I crept up the hill in the brushwood and got behind two trees from twenty to thirty yards from the house. Here I could see everything and appeared not to be seen at all. As I could still see no foreigners, I concluded they had escaped, and, as to go down was certain death, I thought it better to remain where I was. After a minute or two the retreat home was sounded, and the Vegetarians began to leave, but before they did so they set fire to the house. Ten minutes after this every Vegetarian had gone. I came down and looked about the front of the house, but could see nothing of anyone, though I feared something dreadful had happened, as I heard the Vegetarians as they left say repeatedly, "now all the foreigners are killed." I just then met one of the servants who told me that the children were in the house in which Miss Hartford, of the American Mission, was staying. I found Mr. Stewart's eldest daughter, Mil-



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'There stood a man . . . and prayed, saying, "Come over . . . and help us." And . . . we endeavored to go . . . —Acts xvi., 9, 10.

'South African Pioneer.'

dred, here, with a serious wound on one knee and another severe cut. When I had washed them and put what old calico we had to staunch the bleeding, I turned to Herbert, Mr. Stewart's son, who was fearfully hacked almost everywhere. Then Miss Codrington sent me a message that she too was in the house. I found her in a fearful condition. She begged me not to wait as she thought Miss Topsy Saunders was still alive. I then rushed up to the back of the house, and found the bodies of Miss Topsy Saunders, Miss Stewart, Miss Gordon and Miss Marshall. Then later I found Miss Newcombe's body at the foot of a hill in front of the house where it had evidently been thrown. As then I could see no traces of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Miss N. Saunders, and Lena, the nurse, we hoped some had escaped.'

But, alas! there was no foundation for this hope. Later Mr. Phillips found the bodies, or rather ashes, of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart in what had been their bedroom,

and the body of Miss N. Saunders at the nursery door, whither she had gone to help the children. The faithful nurse, Lena Yellop, had died protecting the baby.

Nine had gone home together. There was another to follow three hours later. Little Herbert Stewart spent the rest of his birthday in the bliss of heaven. And later still the baby died, enlarging the roll to eleven names. What a glorious gathering around the throne! 'What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?' These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb.' Heaven is richer by that fell stroke which made earth so much poorer.

A Sioux Heroine.

A woman who has worked much among Indians, tells this story, which is quoted by an exchange:

The great-grandmother of one of the boys was once on the hunt when the Sioux came