

One by one we climbed to the top and dropped down eight or nine feet on the other side, pulling the ladder after us. We sought protection in a native house, but were refused; however, on paying 30 taels of silver—about \$25.00—we were concealed on a filthy Chinese bed. Here we sat, five adults and three children, for three long hours, with the curtains drawn close around us, while the women of the family sat in the room, drank tea, smoked and said they knew nothing about us. All this time, not thirty feet away, and separated only by a mud wall, this mad crowd destroyed the China Inland Mission buildings. The shouts and curses of the maddened mob, mingled with the crash and roar of falling buildings—it was terrible! We did not know what moment they might find us, and if found, probably not one would have escaped alive.

Gradually the sounds grew less and less. We came out from our hiding place, and moved about the small room, waiting for darkness to come. About 9 p.m. chairs were called—one and two at a time—and we started for the yamen. We all reached the yamen safely, and joined those who went in the morning. Shortly after our arrival, Mr. Hartwell came, having left his place of refuge in the disguise of a sick Chinaman.

While one mob destroyed the China Inland Mission, another was at work on the other side of the city, destroying the Methodist Episcopal Mission premises. The friends there escaped over a side wall into the house of a friendly Chinaman, who hid them in a dirty loft. They came to the yamen in safety shortly after we arrived. A little later two Roman Catholic priests came in. During this one day and the previous night the property of all the Protestant and Roman Catholic missions in the city of Chen-tu was destroyed or carried off. When I say that the property of the Mission was destroyed, I mean that not a stick of timber, not a whole tile was left; even the foundation stones were dug up and taken away. Trees were cut down, and flowers and shrubs pulled up.

We spent ten long days in the yamen. The magistrate treated us kindly. It was a time of great suspense. Rumors constantly came to our ears, and we knew not what any