

gathering, thick and fast, for rebellion has broken out in the north.

The first city captured by the insurgents, Ch'ao-Yang, in Manchuria, is a place where Mr. Parker, of the London Mission, has been stationed, and fears are entertained that he has been killed; though nothing is positively known. It is only a year since he came to China. We Canadians feel particular anxiety about him, as he studied for a while in the Presbyterian College, Montreal, and six of our number met him here only a couple of months ago.

No one, of course, knows whereunto this may grow, but it is understood that the Imperial forces are being sent to the scene of the disturbance and that extra gunboats have been called for by the foreign consuls here.

Several missionary families arrived under military escort last week who had been turned out of their station near the great wall, on account of dangerous proximity to the rebels. These are said to be massed in thousands just outside the famous "Myriad Mile Wall."

The British consul, Mr. Brennan, thinks that we will be undisturbed in Honan, and I propose, therefore, with his full approval, to return in the course of a day or two. I shall have to go overland by cart, as the river is now frozen up. "Pray that your flight be not in the winter," has special significance to us at a time like this. Even in favourable weather, overland travel is very trying, especially for ladies, but it is much more so when the cold weather sets in. Consequently, with reluctance, I leave Mrs. MacVicar on the coast. Should necessity arise for us to abandon our station in the interior, Mr. Bostwick will telegraph to a point not far from Pang Chuang, and this word will reach us quicker than by the ordinary courier service.

And now I take upon myself to thank you and the Foreign Mission Committee, in the name of the Presbytery of Honan, for the thoughtful concern for our safety evidenced in your cablegram, and to assure you of our thorough sympathy with the old missionary who wrote some months ago: "Many of us are in inland stations where we can have no European protection, but He who piled the mountains and speaks in the thunder, the Almighty God, is our defence, compared with whom a fleet of ironclads is no more than a bundle of firecrackers."

Yours sincerely,

J. H. MACVICAR.

LETTER FROM REV. JOHN McDUGALL.

The following is from a private letter written by Mr. McDougall to his brother, but though of earlier date than some already published, it gives a picture of the state of China which will be of deep interest to our readers.—Ed.

HOUSEBOAT ON WEI RIVER, Oct. 6, 1891.

DEAR BROTHER:—I am writing to you on our way back from Tientsin. When we last

wrote I was just getting up after an attack of malaria. I have been getting stronger ever since. * * * * *

China is in a very unsettled state at present. It is believed by all foreign residents that changes of some kind are imminent, but no one can foretell what they may be. China is full of secret societies; some religious, composed of most devout men, who are dissatisfied with the three religions, and some of which have given many converts to Christianity; some having robbery and injustice as their object; and others political in character. The Government has proscribed them but they continue to flourish.

To a political one, the *Ko Lao Hui*,—pronounced like *ku* in gun, *lou* in loud, and *wha* in whale—the riots of last June are ascribed. It is said to have its adherents in every province. Most of Gordon's old soldiers are believed to belong to it, and in two or three provinces it is able to levy money from the mandarins, either in the form of pensions for the soldiery, or directly as blackmail. Its object is to overthrow the present dynasty. It was generally believed at the time that the riots at that time were not intended to drive out the missionaries but to implicate the government with the foreign powers.

Distinct from this there is a strong anti-foreign and anti-Christian movement. It has its headquarters in the province of Hunan, (not Honan where our mission is, Ed.), but its effects are felt in most of the Empire. It is carried on by the scholars, the soldiers, the Government officials of Hunan, and the officials in many yamens in other provinces. Its printing presses are pouring out thousands of copies of infamous placards and pamphlets. Some of these are well known to the missionaries, but many are distributed secretly. When in Tientsin I saw a collection of *twenty-six* different ones made by Griffith John, of Hankow, and forwarded to Mr. Richard to be presented by him to the Viceroy Li Hung Chang, and I acted as his amanuensis while he translated them. They range from a sort of Josh Billings Chinese to high classical style.

Let me give you a few examples from memory of some of the anti-Christian ones. One of the names for God in Chinese is Tien Chu, or Heaven's Lord. But another word of exactly the same sound, *chu*, though with a different character and different tone, means pig. Christianity is therefore spoken of by some of them as the religion of the heavenly pig, the cross being represented in the illustrated placards with a pig clinging to it. Those points on which our religion comes into conflict with theirs are thus spoken of:—"It (Christianity) does not permit reverence to ancestors, let the aged beware. It does not venerate heaven and earth. It would leave the temples desolate, let the priests ponder this. It does not sacredly gather printed characters, let the learned root it out," etc. Even the