

"THIS IS THE VICTORY



EVEN OUR FAITH."

Monthly Letter.

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SUBJECTS FOR PRAYER.

For the Board of Managers, the Supply and Literature Committees.
Prov. i. 5.

CHINA.

From Mrs. (Dr.) Kilborn.

Riots in Chen-tu, Sz-Chuan, China.

We left Kiating May 15th, to proceed to Chen-tu, to carry on our work. All was quiet in Kiating, no bad rumors on the streets, and the people very friendly. We spent a pleasant ten days on the river, arriving in Chen-tu on the evening of May 25th. Upon our arrival we heard that there were many bad rumors afloat in the city, but little attention was paid to them. Sunday, May 26th, services were held as usual in the various mission chapels throughout the city, with the usual attendance. Monday our goods were brought up from the boat, and we made our arrangements for settling

in our new home. Tuesday, May 28th, was one of the three great annual festivals of the Chinese. One of the customs of that day is for the people to scatter plums on the parade ground. About four o'clock the people who had been engaged in this amusement were returning home, when a large crowd gathered in the street outside the compound where Dr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Dr. Kilborn and I lived. Slowly the crowd increased, and some stones were thrown over the wall. As soon as the first stones were thrown a messenger was sent to the yamen, the residence of the magistrate, with a card asking him to send men to scatter the crowd. The stone-throwing increased, and the mob began to pound the heavy gates. Soon the gates were battered down and part of the gatekeeper's house. At this juncture Drs. Stevenson and Kilborn faced the mob in the gateway, each with a gun. As soon as the crowd saw the guns they separated and ran a short distance up and down the street, but quickly regained courage and renewed the attack. Shortly after, about ten men arrived from the yamen. With the aid of these men and the firing of two or three shots into the air, the mob was held at bay for about an hour and a half. Repeated requests were sent to the yamen for more help, but none came.

During this time Mrs. Stevenson with her three children and I with my one had crossed the yard and gone into the hospital compound adjoining. Soon after we went in a part of the mob attacked the hospital gates, which opened on the opposite side of the block. The hospital gates were very heavy and did not readily yield. How we prayed for the arrival of the officials, or that, with the coming darkness, the mob would disperse; but instead of dispersing the darkness brought courage, and the attack in front was renewed. Both the doctors were hit with stones, and they thought it better to retreat into the hospital compound, where they joined us. As they left, the mob rushed in, and we heard smashing glass and crashing timbers, and knew our homes would soon be demolished. Our husbands, when they came into the hospital, fired a shot through the top of the gates over the heads of the mob. Here we were enclosed on all sides by high walls, with before and behind a

howling mob. We tried to force our way over a wall into a neighbor's place, but the people shouted at us to go back.

For a few minutes we thought all was over. We knew if we fell into the hands of the mob we would certainly be killed. Soon a Chinaman came to us saying that the mob had left the hospital gates and that we could get out into the street. This Chinaman had previously been a patient in the hospital breaking off opium. We did not know whether he was deceiving us or not, but it was our only hope of escape. We quickly followed him and found that he had spoken the truth. At the beginning of the riot the gateman had locked and barred the hospital gate, but the rioters had broken a hole, through which we crawled one by one. The small crowd still in the street shouted: "Beat them; beat them to death!" But no one struck us. We ran into the house opposite the hospital gate, but were quickly turned out. We asked several people to take us in, but were refused in every case.

The parade-ground and soldiers' camp lay a short distance before us. We hastened towards this and into the camp, but were turned out with curses. One of the soldiers kicked Mrs. Stevenson as we went out. We thought if we could reach the top of the city wall we might escape under cover of the darkness and fog. We ran across the parade-ground toward the wall, led by the man who had befriended us. I carried our baby boy and my husband one of Dr. Stevenson's children. We reached the foot of the steep ascent to the top of the wall unobserved. Hastily we scrambled to the top tired out with the long run and carrying the helpless children. On reaching the top we found we had but two of Dr. Stevenson's children, the other being we knew not where. We took a minute or two to breathe, and then hurried on, not knowing what moment we might be followed. All the time we could hear in the distance the shouts of the rioters, busy destroying our homes and carrying off our goods. The moon had risen, and we had a good view of the city.

I may say here the city wall is about forty feet thick at the base and between twenty and thirty feet high. It is built of earth, faced on the outside with solid brick masonry several feet thick, and surmounted at the top with a parapet about

four or five feet high. We walked quickly toward the north gate passed over the top of it, and on farther till we were opposite the west parade-ground, where we sat down to consult us to what we should do. Long before reaching this point a dull red glare in the sky told us that fire was finishing the work of destroying our homes. Fortunately for us the night was warm, as we had nothing except the clothes we wore and the little ones were in their night-clothes. Dr. Kilborn, Dr. Stevenson and I had lost our shoes on escaping from our compound, and my stockings were soon worn through and my feet almost blistered by our long walk. By the light of the moon a note was hastily written and our Chinese friend despatched to Shan-si-Kai, the compound of the American Methodist Episcopal Mission, asking them if things were quiet in their vicinity, and, if so, to be taken in; also, to send us a light. We could not get outside the city, as the gates were shut for the night. After what seemed to us hours of waiting, our man returned with a light, a note and two sedan chairs. The M. E. friends advised us to go at once to the yamen, as they feared for the safety of their place. We knew we could not get into the yamen at this hour, and something must be done. We decided to go to the friends at the China Inland Mission. Mrs. Stevenson and I, with the children, went first; then sent the chairs back for our husbands. Soon after midnight we were all safe inside, for how long we did not know. We sent up a heartfelt prayer of thankfulness to God for lives spared, and lay down to rest and gather strength for whatever still lay before us.

What had become of Dr. Stevenson's missing child? Upon our arrival at the China Inland Mission we learned that she had been taken to U-Sha-Kai, the home of Miss Brackbill and Miss Ford. We afterwards learned the particulars. When we escaped from the hospital my woman was carrying the child, who began to cry. The mob, hearing the cry, said, "She is carrying one of the foreigner's children." They caught her by the hair and began to beat her. She dropped the child and ran. Shortly after, the hospital gateman, in escaping, found the child on the ground crying. He took her up, hid her in his coat and started for one of the other missions. He met the woman who was previously carrying

the child, and together they made their way to U-Sha-Kai. We hoped that the officials would take active measures to prevent further trouble; but our hopes were groundless. Early in the morning word came saying that the mob had regathered and returned to our place, and were carrying off everything left from the night before. They levelled everything with the ground. The hospital buildings, fine new chapel, schools and our houses, all destroyed. The next word was that they were attacking Mr. Hartwell's new house, just across the street from the place wrecked the night before, and that Mrs. Hartwell and children had gone in safety to U-Sha-Kai. Mr. Hartwell escaped over the wall and hid with a friendly Chinese family. Not long after this Misses Brackbill and Ford and Mrs. Hartwell and children came in chairs to the China Inland Mission. They said the mob were coming to attack U-Sha Kai, so they climbed over the wall at the back, where some friendly Chinese called closed chairs for them.

During this time we had asked for protection for the China Inland Mission, and that we be allowed to go to the yamen. The officials sent a lot of men and a number of soldiers to protect the place; the chief of police also came, and sat in the gate. They assured us there was no danger; they would protect us; that it was unnecessary for us to go to the yamen. The mob began to gather, and became so unmanageable that the chief of police, who before had advised us to stay, now said we had better go to the yamen two by two. By this time it was difficult to get chairs, but we got them. First Dr. and Mrs. Stevenson and two children got safely away, escorted by a few soldiers. Then Mrs Hartwell, with one child, and Mr. Jackson.

The last to leave were Mr. and Mrs. Cormack with their baby, of the China Inland Mission. It was only with the greatest difficulty their chairs got out. As they went out the mob made a mad rush for the entrance, and could be held back no longer. Mr. Vale and Dr. Kilborn, who had been helping the others, ran to the house. We caught up the children, one of Mr. Hartwell's, one of Dr. Stevenson's, and our baby, and made for the wall at the back of the house. A ladder had been put in place in case of necessity.

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

moment might bring forth. The foreign houses had all been desroyed, but the foreigner still remained. Threats were made of pulling down the yamen and killing us. Heads and arms of corpses were cut off and carried through the streets. It was stated that these were taken from the bodies of persons we had murdered. Hens were killed, and their blood splashed on the walls of our compounds. This was said to be the blood of children whom we had murdered. Reports even more horrible than these were circulated by those who were determined to drive us out. Thus were the people kept in a state of continued excitement. We heard of the destruction of many mission stations in other cities of the Province.

At midnight of Saturday, June 8th, we were escorted outside the city to boats previousl, made ready for us. Early Sunday morning, accompanied by a large escort of soldiers, we began our trip down the river. We arrived safely in Shanghai, July 4th. Here we expect to remain until the British, American and French Governments take such steps as shall make it safe for us to return to Chentu.

FRENCH WORK.

From Miss A. E. Matthieu.

Report of the East End French Mission School, June 27th, 1895.

The past year has been a busy and a happy one. We have had no serious illness among the pupils, and the attendance has been pretty regular. When our school opened last September thirty-two pupils entered, being an advance of twenty-five over the previous year. We have registered fifty-seven scholars during the session—seven English, two Jews, and forty-eight French. Of this number twenty-one have been Romanists, some of whose parents knew something of our religion, and in preference to their own, gladly gave the training of their children into our charge, while others, who cared not for religious instruction, sent their children to us for a secular education. These pupils appeared indifferent for some time, but a marked change has been noticed amongst our French scholars. They have, with a spirit

of enthusiasm, committed to memory a number of Scripture verses, such as Parables, Beatitudes, and Miracles. Cheerful obedience and kindly feeling have been gradually developing in the dispositions of our scholars. We have tried to do our best, giving the year's work into the hands of the Master, prayerfully hoping that the seed sown might take a deep and firm root in these youthful hearts. A debt of thankfulness is due to our Ladies' Committee, who have given us words of cheer and encouragement from time to time during the session. As a school, we are grateful for supplies sent us for Christmas tree, parcels of clothing, and handsome prizes. We heartily thank Rev. E. de Gruchy for the French prizes he has donated, and have felt his kindness and cheerful help at all times, while his interest in our school work has been appreciated. Since last October the French Presbyterian School has met with ours, while their church was being built. Their teacher (Miss La Grave), has proved a devoted and faithful co-operator with me in the class-room, mothers' meeting, and weekly female prayer-meeting. I would extend my sincere thanks to Miss La Grave for help and sisterly sympathy in our work of love, and can truly say we have had a good year in every respect, because we have realized our Father's presence sustaining us and smoothing the way in times of difficulty.

CHINESE HOME.

From Mrs. Morrow.

VICTORIA, B.C., *July 15th, 1895.*

I was glad to receive your letter of the 1st inst. informing me of the appointment of Miss Bowes. I wrote, asking her to come about the third week in next month, as I thought it would be well for her to be here for a while before I give up, which I will probably do the first week in September.

In a former letter I told you of the two Japanese girls, and how well they were doing. They were both baptized the 30th of last month. I was very sorry when a letter came from the Japanese Consul, a few days after, saying that Teshi was to return to her mother in Japan at the earliest

opportunity, and naming two Japanese (one being the young missionary) who were to make arrangements for her passage. I wrote at once, asking that she might remain here until she could be placed under proper female protection, saying that, as she was doing well and learning well, it would be an advantage to her to remain; but the reply was a telegram to send her by the first boat. All I could do I did, in going to the boat and placing her under as good care as possible; but the poor girl did not want to go, and it was hard. The evening before, when we had prayer, she said, "Oh, mamma, no more kettisdor,"—meaning no more prayer. "Pray for yourself, Teshi," I said. I tried to tell her of an ever-present Friend, and was glad the missionary came to interpret some of the things which my heart was full to say.

The other girl, Mitsi, is to remain here. She must be lonely, so isolated by a strange language, but she is doing very well. The Japanese girls have been so nice and helpful that they have won over the Chinese girls, who were prejudiced at first; and now the verdict is, "Japanese man very bad, but Japanese girl very good."

Notice Concerning Suggested Programme.

The Literature Committee thought it advisable to omit the Suggested Programme for the November meeting, as Auxiliaries will be receiving reports of Branch meetings from their delegates.

INCREASE.

BAY OF QUINTE BRANCH.

Carman Auxiliary.
 Cannifton "
 Grafton "
 Shiloh "

P. E. I. BRANCH.

Albert, Mission Band (Gleaners).

NOTICES TO AUXILIARIES AND MISSION BANDS.

W. M. S. Books for officers' use sold separately as follows: Treasurer's Book, 60 cents; Recording Secretary's Book, 60 cents; Corresponding Secretary's Book, 30 cents. The set, \$1.25.

Will friends who order literature from Room 20 kindly remember *not* to send three-cent stamps, if larger or smaller denominations can be procured? Remit by money order or bills when possible.

There are still a few Calendars (containing photo-engravings of our missionaries) for sale at Room 20. Price 25 cents. Postage and wrapping additional 10 cents per doz.; 2 cents, single copies.

Life-membership fees are to be sent with the quarterly returns to the Treasurer of the Branch in which the member lives.

All communications regarding Supply Committee work should be addressed to Mrs. Wm. Briggs, 21 Grenville Street, Toronto, Ont.

Letters asking for information about "Special Objects," such as the support of a Bible woman, children in our schools, etc., may be addressed to Mrs. E. S. Strachan, 163 Hughson Street North, Hamilton, Ont.

Letters concerning the organization of Auxiliaries and Mission Bands should be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary of the Branch in which the work is situated. If there is no branch, write to Mrs. E. S. Strachan, 163 Hughson Street North, Hamilton, Ont. For Corresponding Secretaries' addresses see Annual Report.

Maps of China, Japan and British Columbia, painted on cotton, about thirty-six inches square, may be rented from Room 20 for 25 cents each, the Literature Committee paying the postage one way. The map is to be carefully *enclosed* in paper and returned the day after it is used.

Subscriptions for the following missionary periodicals will be received and forwarded by Miss Ogden: *Missionary Review of the World*, per year, \$2.25; *African News*, per year, 75 cents; *Message and Deaconess World*, per year, 50 cents; *Heathen Woman's Friend*, per year, 50 cents; *Gospel In All Lands*, trial subscription for three months, October to December, 20 cents (subscriptions to this periodical may begin at any time during the year, but must continue till December and then end); *Palm Branch*, in clubs of ten subscriptions to one address, 10 cents per copy; single subscriptions, 15 cents.

Back numbers of these periodicals not furnished by Room 20 unless specially announced.

IMPORTANT.

Will Corresponding Secretaries please examine the printed label on their package of *Monthly Letters*, and if it bears the date September, or October, 1895, have the subscription renewed at the next meeting if possible, as the Literature Committee may not be able to supply back numbers to those who are late in renewing?

LEAFLETS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS FOR SALE.

	Each	Per doz.
A Basket Secretary02	.15
A Talk on Mite-Boxes02	.20
A Tithe for the Lord01	.10
A World of Gratitude02	.20
Bright Bits40	
China. By Dr. J. T. Gracey10	
Christmas Selections, No. 320	
Christmas Treasury, No. 515	
Easter Obligation .. 40 cents per hundred01	.05
Ezra and Me and the Boards02	.20
God's Tenth. A True Story03	.30
Helping Together with Prayer01	.08
How to Manage a Missionary Society02	.20
How Mrs. McIntyre's Eyes Were Enlightened01	.10
How Much do I Owe01	.08
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For the above, Address

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