

alone, however enlightened: not organization, however thorough and extensive. It is nothing else but lives laid down gladly and willingly for these sons of the desert and the mountains, who are of those "other sheep" over whom Christ yearned. To the writer's mind there presents itself a vivid picture of three new graves in Moslem countries—the resting place of those who gave their all for the hope of the Gospel: who held death cheap if but one might be won from Islam to Christ.

The first grave is that of William Temple Gairdner in the little English cemetery in Cairo. None who were present at the funeral service will ever forget its quietness and touching simplicity. There were no agonized ones, no noisy weeping, such as is the usual accompaniment of a Moslem funeral: all was peace, and the dominant note was one of triumph. Many leaders of Mohammedan thought were present, and they must have been impressed by the beauty and hope of a Christian burial. Canon Gairdner has served Egypt nobly and devotedly for thirty years, but his greatest testimony to the living power of Christianity was in his own burial. As his body rests under the shade of branching palms in that beautiful garden of the dead, who dares say that his life has not reached its fruition. Christian work in Egypt has suffered a great loss by his death, but of him it may truly be said that "he, being dead, yet speaketh."

The second grave is at Addis Ababa, among the mountains of Abyssinia. It was a cruel mischance that robbed Aden of the bones of her most honored missionary to Moslems, John Cameron Young; who after thirty-five years of devoted service succumbed to the rigors of the climate, in May, 1926. Should we mourn the loss of one who has passed to his reward "with honors rich upon his head"? Not the hardships of years of patient toil bring regret, but this thought—that through all these years no more than half a dozen converts have been won from Islam; and of these some have gone back.

This is the price that the missionary to Moslems must

pay—patient uncomplaining toil through many years, with little or no visible result at the end.

News has just reached us of the tragic death of Henry Bilkert, of the American Mission in Eastern Arabia, shot by Ikhwan raiders on the road between Basrah and Kuwait. His newly-turned grave in the Makinah cemetery in Basrah is the latest witness to the cost of Christian evangelization in Moslem lands. The pathos of the tragedy is not lessened by the fact that these raiders were engaged in a purely tribal dispute, and had no specific designs on the life of this devoted missionary: had the convoy not seemed to interfere with their depredations, it might have passed unmolested. None the less, this is another brave life laid on the altar of sacrifice: a life in its prime, cut short to gratify the blood-lust of a Wahhabi zealot, so utterly futile in its expression that one almost despairs of the power of reason. But the murdered man's wife has seen in the sudden home-call the working out of God's purpose for Arabia. When told of the tragic event, she said, "If his death will be the means of bringing peace among the Arabs, I am willing, even thankful, that he died." Such faith and heroism need no commentary: they lift the soul to the uppermost reaches of sacrificial love. Mr. Bilkert's colleague Dr. C. G. Stanley Mylrea wrote:

"On January 21st, 1929, there passed from the roll of the members of the Arabian Mission, the name of Henry Bilkert. His death has come down upon us like a thunder bolt from a clear blue sky. It was so unsuspected, so, humanly speaking, unnecessary, so overwhelming. Mr. Bilkert was travelling from Basrah to Kuwait with the party of Charles R. Crane, when they were suddenly attacked by a party of Ikhwan, Ibn Sa'ud's fanatical tribesmen, who regard all Moslems outside their own sect as heretics upon whom war must be waged to the death, failing absolute surrender.

"The news of Mr. Bilkert's death has come upon his colleagues with all the force which blows of this kind

must inevitably inflict. He was so near to us and so very much alive. Only a few days ago I received a letter from him, probably one of the very last he wrote, dated but three days before he was struck down by the bullet of the fanatic. It was a letter brimming with love, joy and enthusiasm, characteristic of the author. For Henry Bilkert was of the type which is preeminently suited for missionary service. In his person he combined the valuable traits of an unfailing good nature, a delightful sense of humor, a love of sociability, and the best sort of optimism, which while it realized the many difficulties of our work in Arabia, difficulties both spiritual and material, the difficulties of reaching the Arab heart and the difficulties of carrying on the work with funds greatly inadequate to the needs as he saw them, refused to let these difficulties daunt him, but looked steadily forward into the future, fully persuaded that what God had promised, He was able to perform. He was one of those steadfast, unmovable men, always abounding in the work of the Lord, and we may rest assured that his labor was not in vain in the Lord."

The workers pass, but the work goes on. It is a high and a solemn task to be called to follow in their footsteps. Does Arabia need more blood poured out to the death ere she will hear the Christian message? If that be God's will for us, we accept joyfully. If a single soul be won from the thralldom of Islam into the marvellous light of the Gospel, it will be worth all the lives and money expended in the effort. Let us revise the words of Kipling and make them our prayer and our challenge:

"If blood be the price of victory
Lord God, let us pay in full."¹

Sheikh Othman, Aden.

W. IDRIS JONES.

¹ From "A Song of the English."

THE REBELLION IN KANSU

Several years ago, when one of history's greatest earthquakes shook the province and a contemplated rebellion of East Kansu Mohammedans was frustrated, the world was as startled by the

time required for the facts to filter through as by the catastrophe itself. Likewise the real facts that have reached the outside world about the Moslem rebellion that flared up in western Kansu last year have, up to the present, been almost *nil*.

A few words are necessary, first of all, about the three cities most affected by the rebellion. (See map herewith.)



Hochow is a walled Chinese city in the center of a populous district largely Moslem. The south suburb far outshadowed the city in influence and importance, being the famous "Ba Fang" or Eight Parishes, the site of fifteen noted mosques and the hub of Chino-Asia Mohammedanism. The suburb and the districts near by contained the home sites of important Moslem families and the burial tombs of their dead. Mo-Ni Valley to the Northwest is the home site of the famous Ma An Liang Family. Most of the influential Moslem families of the present are related to it, directly or by marriage.

Sining is the city which suffered most in the rebellion of 1895. The main authority in this city for several

years, during the period of nominal control by the Chinese, being the Defence Commissioner of Sining and Kokonor, a strong Moslem Military leader.

Liangchow is a city selected by the Moslems in very recent years for development as a Moslem center. It is on the big road to Turkestan and very near Mongolia. Here was located a very wealthy Moslem leader, third son of the late Ma An Liang.

Preceding the siege of Hochow, which precipitated this rebellion, crowds of lawless Moslems had been roaming about in western Kansu, robbing on out-of-the-way roads and pillaging isolated villages. Some of these, no doubt, were engaged in this nefarious pursuit because of near famine conditions. During the month of May, thousands of these people armed with guns, spears and often crude weapons, in large bands devastated the surroundings of larger cities. Emboldened by success and joined by more recruits, the mob descended on the prosperous Hochow valley and besieged the walled Chinese city. The Nationalist garrison in the city was just able to protect the terror-stricken populace and refugees from this lawless mob, but outside in the district near and far they looted and burned, mostly attacking Chinese villages.

As the besiegers made their headquarters near the South Suburb, the Mission Hospital premises, lying as they did where the bandits settled down, was doomed from the very first. Dr. Liu, the Chinese doctor in charge of the hospital at the time, at the first warning, with his family fled with a few belongings into the walled city. The Chinese Moslem evangelist, treating the warning as a rumor, stayed on a couple of days and finding the conditions hopeless for useful work, and the gates into the city then closed, fled for his life to the eastern hills. He sought refuge in a Moslem village with an old Mohammedan who had given him lodging on many occasions, but this time his old-time friend dared not take in a Chinese. The fiat had gone forth that any

Chinese fleeing from Hochow should be slain at sight. After many hairbreadth escapes, in which the Lord protected him, he reached Titao, a Chinese city to the east.

During June, while the Nationalists rushed soldiers to Hochow and heavy fighting was progressing there, some of the Sining Moslem cavalry revolted. The leaders who thus revolted were evidently desirous of active opposition to the Nationalists, whilst the Moslem Commissioner desired to remain neutral. Mr. and Mrs. Learner, while returning from the coast to their station, met some of these revolting cavalry, but were unmolested. For weeks matters in the Sining district were at a great tension. Country people flocked into the walled cities, and city people sought refuge in mountain caves. The countryside was infested with roving bands of armed robbers.

At Liangchow, the Moslem Commissioner, according to report, had agreed to relinquish his post in favor of a Nationalist appointee by a certain date. For reasons not known to the general public, on the last day of June the Nationalists carried out a *coup d'état*, suddenly attacking the Moslem suburb. The leaders fled in confusion and the Nationalists, it is said, took more than one hundred and twenty cartloads of the spoils of war to Lanchow. The Nationalists thus took over full control in Liangchow city, but the surrounding district was thrown into confusion.

The Nationalists then increased their operations at Hochow, raised the siege, scattered the brigand mobs, but not without much bloodshed on both sides. During these operations, Dr. Taylor, a new doctor under the China Inland Mission, spent some weeks there doing Red Cross work. In a letter at the time he wrote: "It is real war."

Meanwhile the Liangchow leaders were reassembling their scattered forces, and this time with the consent, if not the cooperation, of some Sining and Hochow leaders, on July 22nd retook Liangchow, defeating the Nationalists with terrible slaughter. An authentic account

from there stated: "Everyone who was thought to be in sympathy with the Nationalists was shot at sight." Two members of the China Inland Mission church were accidentally killed.

Now leaving the Moslems in charge in Liangchow let us see what was transpiring down Hochow way. A most daring and drastic action was being carried out. In order that the Moslem suburb and environs might never again become a cover from which the Chinese city might be attacked, the entire suburb was cleared and walls and buildings levelled to the ground. Then, as a silent witness, the historic artery of trade, the south gate of the walled city of Hochow was not only closed but the gateway dammed with bricks and mud.

The reader, unless acquainted with old Hochow, can never imagine the effects of this action.

A simple illustration or two from old Hochow will suffice. A father has taken his little son out to the edge of the suburb, where lie the vast acres of Moslem dead. Many graves are there of great and famous names of the past. Over some are impressive mausoleums. With what fervor he shows him this, and admonishes his boy to grow up in the traditions of these who have gone. The muezzin's call to prayer for three or four centuries has sounded forth from these many minarets five times daily. A year ago one might have walked through the continual bazar on Hochow's main street, crowded with people, and all manner of beasts of burden from donkeys to camels, and having turned up one of the many side lanes, have entered the precincts of one of the old mosques. Faded panels given by early Emperors of the Manchu dynasty hung beneath the tottering minaret. From the platform four stories above, fourteen other minarets would have been visible within a mile radius, seven of these within a stone's throw. The tracery and design of traditional Moorish architecture mingled with old Chinese in these minarets. Below, surrounding these towers were the schools and colleges where hundreds of

Mullas were always training in Arabic, Islamics and many sciences, and after years sent forth as proud contenders for their Faith. In many places one would have seen the shining roofs of the houses of influential Moslem merchants, military leaders and retired gentlemen. All this, by one command, became a vast plain of broken walls and smouldering debris. Near the graves of the past some Moslems will ever be, and although some day a new suburb will arise upon the ruins of the old, the old Ba Fang is gone and gone forever.

After this necessary digression let us continue the narrative.

A thin line of communication was kept open to Hochow from Lanchow, but not over the regular routes through Mohammedan country, as all surrounding country was infested with brigands. August was a month of continual hostilities. The Moslems, pushed southward from Liangchow, and now unquestionably aided by some Sining and Hochow leaders, retook Pingfan. Early September found the Moslems still spreading their control, and Lanchow was threatened. A veteran missionary of the China Inland Mission reported from Liangchow that during this Mohammedan occupation of the city the officials and soldiers were kind to the foreigners and did what they could to protect them from molestation. The district controlled by the Sining Commissioner having definitely been drawn into the fight against the Nationalists was cut off for some time from all commercial relations with Lanchow. While this injured trade in Sining, yet it cut off from Lanchow the supplies of grain on which the capital largely depends. The hour was a critical one for both sides. Large reinforcements had been dispatched to Kansu from Shensi and Honan.

From Nanking Marshal Feng Yu Hsiang was trying to bring about a reconciliation with the Moslem leaders. The noted Moslem leader Ma Fu Hsiang, who was reported as under appointment as military Governor of