

can befall us. It may be the storm of persecution will cease, but if not, if it does its worst, immediately we shall be at the coast, whither we would go, and land upon the shores of the heavenly country."

Foreigners who were in Tientsin during the siege testify to the bravery with which native Christians bore themselves during that terrible time. "There was nothing they were not willing to do when all other Chinese had fled. They built barricades and other defences regardless of constant shell-fire and bullets. They acted as servants and helpers to every one, working incessantly from morning to night through the terrible din of the bombardment," writes one entirely unconnected with missions.

The United States minister, Mr. Conger, in a public letter to the American missionaries of Peking, wrote in a similar strain: "I beg in this hour of our deliverance to express what I know to be the universal sentiment of our diplomatic corps, the sincere appreciation of and profound gratitude for the inestimable help which you, and the native Christians under you, have rendered towards our preservation. Without your intelligent and successful planning and the uncomplaining work of the Chinese, I believe our salvation would have been impossible."

A similar letter was, it is said, sent by Sir Claude MacDonald to the British missionaries, but it has not been made public.

But some have been called to lay down their lives for the dear name of Christ. How many it is not possible to say as yet, for apparently in Tientsin only those who were able to take shelter under the care of the missionaries, happily a considerable number, were saved. One who has died for his faith was a man about whose baptism last year the missionary felt some hesitation, because his knowledge was



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small; but he was a simple, true-hearted believer, and chose death rather than denial of his Lord.

One bright young man was seized by the Boxers, who were determined that he should join them. He said, "I cannot yield to your wishes, for I will never let go my hold on Jesus. I would rather die than burn incense to the idols and practice your secret arts." Then his cruel assailants went a step farther. "If you still refuse to join us, we will not only kill you, but murder your mother with terrible tortures." They seized the poor woman, before the eyes of her young son, and commenced to carry into execution their cruel threats. The poor young fellow could bear the strain no longer. In an agony of grief he gave in, to save his mother, crying out, "I can't help myself, Jesus. I must let you go. I can hold you no