

World of Missions.

Chinese Martyrs.

Eternity only will reveal what the Christians in China have suffered for their faith. The "noble army of martyrs" has been swelled by recruits from the dragon's soil and in future generations Christian China will point back with pride to those who have maintained the honor of Christ despite the inhuman cruelty of the fanatical, idolatrous Boxers.

The Wang family, whose picture we reproduce, was one of the native Christian families I was privileged to meet in China. Mr. Wang was an intelligent man and was employed as a teacher for the foreigners at Wei-hien. He afterwards studied theology and was ordained to the ministry. Mrs. Wang was an interesting, bright-faced woman. The picture was taken in front of Rev. Frank Chalfant's native guest room by Dr. Faries. The season of the year at which the picture was taken is easily discovered by the heavy wadded garments they wear. It may be noted that Mrs. Wang was a small-footed lady.

Some time before the Boxer uprising Mr. Wang and family had removed to Peking, where he became pastor of the Second Church. His full name as appears in the minutes of the General Assembly, is Rev. Wang Chao Hsiang, the family name being placed first, instead of last, as with us. Previous to the events which led the foreigners to flee to the legation, the Wang family had been marked for massacre by the Boxers. Friends gave them timely warning and the family sought safety. Mrs. Wang, her father, oldest daughter and a daughter-in-law, with a baby two months old, were conducted by a friend to a village some thirty miles from Peking. Rev. Mr. Wang and two sons fled in another direction.

The hiding place of Mrs. Wang and party was not discovered for some days, but at last the Boxers learned their whereabouts and descended like wolves on the fold. They first murdered Mrs. Wang's aged father, then took the baby and, with fiendish cruelty, tore it in two before the eyes of its mother and grandmother. The next victims of their insatiable rage were the two young women, the daughter and daughter-in-law. The exquisite torture of the mother may be imagined, who in the frenzy of her impotent grief begged that she too be killed. Having filled her cup of sorrow to overflowing, the incarnate fiends then killed her too.

Did Roman area ever witness a more cruel hatred than in a thousand cases has been shown by the devotees of a dying idolatry against their own fellow citizens whose only crime is their avowal of faith in Jesus Christ and an effort to frame their lives according to his divine teachings? The book of martyrs has not been sealed and a long entry has been made during the present year. But who shall say that they are not far better off with the vision of His beatific face than those who, with saddened hearts, have been left to inspire likeness to Him in that heathen people? Shall we fail them in this dark hour of their trial? North and West.

Chinese Village Life.

Chinese villages contain nearly as large a proportion of the population (say three-fourths) as is the case with villagers in India. The life of the villagers is one of unceasing toil, seven days each week, and beginning at a very early age (the only exception being the fortnight's holiday at the Chinese New

Year.) For the most part, also, it is a life of grinding poverty, and often of hunger and want.

Protestant Progress in France.

It would seem to be a case of panic when thoughtful men fear that a nation of thirty-eight millions is being conquered and oppressed by the comparatively insignificant minority of six hundred and fifty thousand of its own citizens. Yet this cry of alarm has been raised in France by M. Renault in two ponderous volumes recently issued: "Le Peril Protestant" and "La Conquete Protestante." The violent attack in the latter work on the ex-Abbe Bouvier, editor of "Le Chretien Francais," was decided by a court to be a defamatory libel and the author was fined. The following extract from a recent article in the "Pays," signed by M. Renault, gives a fair impression of the sincerity of the writer's belief in a real and imminent danger:

"The Protestants advance further and further in the conquest of Catholic France; a day will of necessity come when they will drive the cure from his church, the bishop from his cathedral, and every Catholic from public office."

Beyond the circle of ecclesiastics and literary men, this alarm is felt. "Le Signal" is authority for the statement that in the crypt of the church of Lourdes, among the votive offerings of all sorts, a marble tablet may be seen which bears this inscription: "Prayers are requested for one entire region of France, which is becoming Protestant."

The growth of Protestantism is shown in part in the increase in the number of pastors in Reformed churches within a hundred years from 120 in 1806 to 1,280 in 1900. The influence of Protestants, also, is out of all proportion to their numbers. They were prominent in the movement in favor of justice to Dreyfus; they are the staunchest friends of the republic now while it has so many foes in France. All reforms, temperance, the agitation for pure art and literature, the movement for better observance of the Sabbath, and others, are greatly aided by Protestants, and several are popularly regarded as Protestant affairs. The "Evangelical Reform in Catholicism" also is an important ally; not in an ecclesiastical sense, for it does not call itself "Protestant," but in its essential principles, which are those of the Reformation. In its attack on the errors and abuses of the Church of Rome, in its clear apprehension of the gospel, and in its fervent and fearless advocacy of the truth, it is practically co-operating with the descendants of the Huguenots.

These combined forces, offering to the French people the simplicity of Christ's gospel, are arousing great anxiety in ecclesiastical circles. The priests have taught the people for centuries that Protestantism and atheism are practically synonymous terms. Now they are mightily afraid lest the people may find out that Protestantism is a purer form of Christianity than Romanism itself.—Rev. Alfred E. Myers, in New York Observer.

A Converted Sorceress and her Convert

One of the most interesting conversions in our station last year was that of a sorceress, a woman who went about among the people as a doctor, at the same time using exorcism as her principal remedy. She was kept as an inquirer for over a year, and when she was baptized her first convert was baptized with her, a woman of most beautiful character, who for years had been search-

ing for peace and rest. She called this sorceress to attend her sick grandson, and she refusing to more than give the child simple remedies, the interest of the searcher after truth was aroused. She spent the night asking questions as to the Jesus doctrine which so filled with peace the heart of this former sorceress who for years had bowed down to the devils but now had no fear of them, and refused to worship them even though the family offered her a sum of money to do so. This sorceress took down her ancestral tablets and destroyed three ancestral incense pots. Many of her neighbors are watching her, and they say if God can protect her and her family against three sets of ancestors they will know that God is Lord indeed.

The Preacher And His Sermon.

The man of science in his laboratory reverses by a few lines a millennium of errors. The orator rules multitudes, and his words seem to their passions like the throb of the thunder or the splendour of the lightning. Among these mighty forces what room is there for the pulpit? None whatever if the pulpit degrade itself into a mere agent of ceremonialism; none whatever if it sink into the bare bulwark of mere human ordinances; none whatever, and deservedly none whatever, if preachers without thought, without knowledge, with no impassioned love of truth, shut themselves up in the narrow shell of ecclesiasticism, and have nothing better to offer men than empty shibboleths, silvery platitudes and silted euphuisms.

When sermons deal with shams and make believes, and the unrealities of the infinitely little; when they make for superstition and not for truth; for credulousness, not for faith; for religionism, not righteousness, they become mere druff and husks to strong souls who need the Bread of Life. When preachers assume to be praised because they are content to side with the many, to join with the dominant, to buttress the conventional, to answer decadent nations, according to their idols—such preachers are no better than swarms of dead fish, swept down the current of some poisoned stream. The preacher will be useless unless he add something of the prophet to the priest. It is the function of the true prophet to resist, to tell the truth and shame the devil, to champion every righteous and every unpopular cause, to stand up before kings, and not be ashamed to regard the friendship of the world as enmity with God.—Dean Farrar.

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