

Thus far I have found the people here very friendly, but of course the trouble does not generally come until one tries to secure premises. Then the neighbors or the literati or somebody else objects and there is a hitch. However, this does not prevent us from preaching the Gospel and many hear it here daily as we preach or sell books on the streets.

Books are being bought more readily these days than I have ever seen before in Honan. I am stopping in inns altogether and wandering about from place to place as I may hear of small fairs being held at different towns in the neighborhood.

Next week and the week after, Mr. Slimmon and I are to unite in preaching and book selling at a large fair in a city twenty miles from here.

The members, so far as I know, of our mission staff are in fair health. I have not heard from any of them now for ten days. In any case I am myself enjoying excellent health, a blessing granted to me in very full measure since coming to Honan.

A MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCE.

LETTER FROM REV. J. MENZIES, M.D.,

Dear Mr. Lowry:—

I am sorry that I am so late in answering your kind letter, but, oh man this is a busy land—for the missionary. . . . Well, we have been greatly blessed. Here we are, Mrs. Menzies, Jean, and I, beginning another hot season, and in fairly good health.

This year we are building extensively, as our new hospital has been planned for. We have built a brick wall around our compound, and have a four-roomed house ready for the roof. We hope to be able to build a chapel, besides a dispensary and a house for the doctor.

Would you like to take a peep into my study? It is very small, 8x16, but there is generally room for a caller on the tool chest. Here is a book-case, a safe, a desk, a small table, a small book-case. That box with iron, etc., etc., in it, is for the masons and the blacksmiths. I give the latter the raw iron, and show them how to make things for the buildings.

The workmen just about keep one busy attending to them. I can't complain much of the crookedness of the men. I think they are working better than ever before and seem to be doing their best, but much of our work is new to them and they need to be taught.

I am thankful, extremely thankful, for two things; first, that I was born on a farm, and second, that I have been knocked about the world a good deal since I was born. It seems to me that

everything I ever learned is likely to be of use to me here. . . . For instance, I have taught the blacksmiths to make drills—the blacksmiths here have no drills, taps, or dies, no vises. —I have taught a man to make his own white lead, and mix paints in good style.

When a little shaver, I used to watch my mother spin the wool that kept my toes warm. Well, I set the carpenters to work the other day, and we turned out a very decent spinning wheel, that spins fast and good.

We have also built a turning lathe that turns out good chair and table legs, etc., etc. . . .

"Well, well," you will be saying, "is that what Menzies is doing in China, and we thought he was healing sick and preaching the Gospel."

Well, just come into the hospital. Here in one ward are three women who were operated on for cataract; in another ward two old men who were operated on for the same—these are all happy, for they can now see;—here is waiting a hare-lip operation, an entropion, and a cataract. They will take the rest of the forenoon.

Just now we have forty to fifty patients. The first one to-day is a young man from near-by, who in a fight had one finger nearly chopped off with a knife; a second has a hand just healing—he was getting ready a gun to shoot a man, and it burst and took off a thumb and a finger. He is a smaller, but, I hope, a wiser and a better man now.

We have constant encouragement in our medical work—quite a number of our patients become believers. Mrs. Menzies is also very much cheered by her work among the women. This afternoon a family of over ten, principally women, came for treatment of various diseases, and they seemed inclined to listen to the Word of Life.

Every morning I have worship in the carpenter shop, and as nearly all the workmen come now, we have about forty or so . . .

Some are quite interested in the life of Christ. I am praying and hoping for their salvation.

My dear Lowry, I think a carpenter shop or a blacksmith's forge a grand missionary agency—second only to the hospital. . . . I feel that the men do better work, and I think it is because they hear the Gospel. Till this summer they were entirely neglected.

The best missionary here is our year-old Jean. She wins all hearts and keeps us from getting blue and sour—

"A little child shall lead them."

Pray that we may be kept near the Master in the midst of constant troubling and annoying circumstances.