

LING CHUNZ-ZE.

Ling Chunz-ze and his two friends were walking along the road not far from the city of Ning-Taik, in China, one day. Being very tired they sat down under the shade of a tree to rest a while. As they sat there talking of what they were to do when they went into the city, they were very much startled to see a strange object walking toward them. As it came near they were very much frightened. They had never seen such a thing before in their lives.

"What is it?" said Ling Chunz-Ze to his friend.

"What can it be?" asked the friend of Ling Chunz Ze.

"It has eyes and nose and mouth," said Ling Chunz-Ze, "and hands and feet; but see how white it is! It must be a ghost!" And they all trembled as the queer object came and stood directly in front of them. To their great surprise it said:

"Good morning! May you have peace!"

"It must be one of the foreign devils we have heard so much about from Foochow," said one of the friends. "Let's go right away."

The foreign ghost, however, kept on talking to them, and told them about a new religion and a Saviour who died for the world. [The foreign ghost was a missionary, you perceive.] But they were determined not to listen to anything he had to tell them; and as they were so afraid of him, they hurried away as fast as they could go.

As they went along they talked about this strange man, and wondered what had brought him so far away from Foochow up among their wild mountains. When they arrived at their little village of Oh-Long, they told their neighbors what they had seen on the way.

"We have seen the same thing," answered one of them. "He came through here about noon, ate rice, and talked book to us."

Days and months went on; but Ling Chunz-Ze could not forget the "foreign child," as he called him, and often won-

dered to himself what the strange doctrine about a Saviour of mankind could mean. At last a Christian basket-maker came to the village to work at his trade. He talked to the people about Jesus, the Saviour of mankind, told them to give up their idols, and spoke of the one great God, the Heavenly Father.

Among the few who listened to him was Ling Chunz-Ze, who was very anxious to hear more about this Saviour, and the things he had first heard from the "foreign child" that had frightened him years before on the Ning-Taik roadside. He was so much interested that he became the constant companion of the basket-maker, and at last he became a true Christian.

A few years afterward Ling Chunz-Ze met the "foreign child" at Foochow, and was delighted to find that he was a missionary of the gospel he had learned to love. As they sat around a table with other friends one evening, Ling Chunz-Ze said:

"*Ling-sang*" (Sir), don't you remember? You are the strange object that met us that day long ago on the roadside. You frightened us so much that we wanted to run away; but when you talked to us and wished us peace, it made us want to know something about you; and this made us stay and listen to what you said about the Saviour of the world. We went away and talked much about you, and came to the conclusion that you yourself and what you wanted to do, whatever that was, must be bad. Forgive me for those bad thoughts, *Ling-sang*: I did not know any better then. I do now.

Ling Chunz-Ze had three other names. He had taken them in order to cheat the devil. The Chinese think that if Satan does not know a man's name he can do him no harm. But Satan had in some way discovered each of the three names which this man had taken, and tormented him night and day—in what way he did not say. The fourth name Satan did not seem to be able to find out, and since he had taken that he had had no trouble.

This is the way the poor people in China live in fear and bondage all their lives