

letters and be disappointed. Just here I can't help saying, I do think the "mission letters" to stir us all up are the ones Paul wrote to his stations. When in Canada I used to think more about the *doctrines* he taught, but now when I read his letters I can't help often thinking of the people in Galatia, like those in Kap-tsu-lân, the city of Ephesus, like Bangkah, of how hard Paul was working, how stern he sometimes had to be with his converts, how easily bad feeling could be aroused among the church members down in Corinth, and how much concerned Paul was about all his converts. I want to send just a few lines about a trip I took with Mr. Jamieson to the Tekchham district this month.

On the table-land many women were picking tea, much as we used to pick berries with the baskets tied to our waists, and both hands free. From the hill top, just before descending the table-land to reach Thô-á-hûg, we could see miles to the west. Down the hill-side at our feet, thickets of fir trees, then a wide level country of rice and potato fields and farm houses, nearly hidden by banyan trees or bamboo, and we could see away far out over the sea. "No more sea." What does that mean? I would like to stand there and gaze and learn a little more from that always open lesson-book. But my chair-bearers have no such idea of spending the time.

On Saturday evening, just at dark, we entered the narrow streets of Tekchham city. I was watching to see what more I could learn about the Chinese. This is what I learned: As my bearers carried me through street after street, past the open doors, I saw into the houses sometimes quite near, sometimes far back through a hall or beyond a store, but always just opposite the door, a high narrow table; behind it on the wall idolatrous pictures were hung, and on the table there might be burning incense sticks, a tablet or idol or other things connected with idolatry, but always lights of some kind—generally candles. Be the houses large or small, the lights, grand bright ones or insignificant little tapers, in every house with an open door there stood the table and the lights. I don't know the meaning of them, only that all these things are idolatrous, and to me it was impressive reading of the sentence, "The city wholly given to idolatry." One sees idolatry and superstition wherever you go, but never had I seen such an exhibition of it in twenty minutes' walk. To you how easy it may seem to tell them the truth. Could you but try it and see! Do you think they would believe you, or even listen to you? They might come in crowds to stare at the "hoan-a" (barbarian), if you would let them. No, it is hard, hard work to get one single man or woman in that crowded