

I now shall briefly relate an incident which happened to one of these trusty servants of the Church, viz: Mrs. Wu, our Bible woman, in Honan. I know that had any of the ladies of the mission been present at the time of the occurrence it would have been written to you long ago in terms far more fitting than I can attempt to use; but in the absence of those who would have written, I have but the one alternative of writing myself and telling you how nearly you and we were losing our Bible woman this summer.

The walls of the houses in which we live in North Honan are built of adobe, and it depends very much upon the soundness of roof whether the walls melt into mud or not, during the heavy down-pour of the rainy season. Generally the roofs must have an over-hauling before the rainy season begins, but sometimes defects escape the wary eye of the native mason, and end in disaster as was the case with Mrs. Wu's house. In the midst of a deluging down-pour of rain, while seated at breakfast, I heard the loud crash of a falling house. Rushing out I at once saw that Mrs. Wu's house lay in a heap of ruins. I hurried over to it as fast as I could run. Several of the servants and neighbors arrived there almost at the same instant. We instinctively knew that Mrs. Wu was among the debris. We listened for a moment, and could hear muffled groaning in what had been one corner of the room. We dug and tore out the bricks and tiles and mud as if we had been wild, and soon could see a small patch of her gray hair and the back of her head with the blood freely flowing from it, and we dug the harder. As we got a larger hole opened, Mrs. Wu began to talk a little and cry with the pain, and she certainly must have had a tremendous weight pressing upon her. The task was rendered both more dangerous and more difficult because part of the walls which still remained standing kept falling in upon us, but