

Reports to "The Messenger and Visitor," show that Crusade Day was observed by a number of "Aids." The general observance of the day must result in great blessing on work and workers.

WHAT THE POSTMASTER DID NOT KNOW.

Recently the assistant postal officer in the Chinese imperial post-office at Hankow was talking with his superior. The latter a Scotchman, was expressing himself on the subject of Chinese Christians, as foreign officials, tourists, and others who know little about the subject generally do. "The minute you tell me a Chinaman is a Christian," said he "I want nothing more to do with him. He's no good."

Now the assistant postal offices happened to be not only a Christian (a Wesleyan and an Englishman), but also well acquainted with the facts. So he asked the postmaster a question: "What do you think of Mr. Liu, our *shoff*?" "He's a good man," said the postmaster, "a very capable man. We couldn't do without him." (In fact every cent of the post-office money passes through his hands.)

"Well," said the assistant, "he's a Christian—a Roman Catholic."

"H'm!" was the postmaster's only comment.

"What do you think of Yang?"

"Thomas Yang in the registry department?"

"Yes."

"He's good. We've just promoted him to entire charge there!"

"He's another," said the assistant.

"What do you think of Tsang?"

"You mean John Tsang, that big fellow in the registry department?"

"Yes."

"He's a first rate fellow, very trustworthy."

"He's another Christian. He and Yang are both communicants in the American Church Mission."

"Oh!" said the postmaster.

"What about Joseph Tsai, at Han Yang?"

"Well, we've given him entire charge at the Han Yang office," said the postmaster.

"He's another Christian; belongs to the American Episcopal Mission."

"Indeed," said the postmaster.

"How about Tsen?"

"You mean Tsen Hua-P'u, whom we've just sent to Hunan, to take charge of the new office at Hsiang-t'an? There's nothing the matter with him!"

"Well, he's another communicant in the American Episcopal Mission."

"Oh, keep still!" said the postmaster. "That'll do!"

The facts are even better than this incident indicates. Of eight Chinese employees in the Hankow office four are Christians, and these four are the ones who have steadily earned promotion and now occupy the highest positions—they are the best men in the office. The men chosen from this office to send to responsible positions in other places have all been Christians.

This incident illustrates the complete ignorance of what missions are doing, of many foreigners who live in China, outside of missionary circles. They not only do not know what missions are doing, nor how they do it, but even the facts about their own employees. Many of them pride themselves on understanding no Chinese and knowing nothing about the people. It is well to remember this when "people who have lived in China" tell us that missions are doing harm rather than good, and that "there is no such thing as a real Chinese Christian."—Rev. Laurence B. Ridgley, in *The Spirit of Missions*.

STORIES OF HINDU WOMEN.

A poor Hindu widow said one day to me: "Will the Almighty give a poor widow's prayer? I have been taught that *one* petition made by a married woman is more acceptable than a whole day's prayer by a widow." There are 25,000,000 widows in India to-day.

One day I entered the house of a Hindu whose child was sick, and the mother, who had often received my teaching before begged me to pray to my God for the child's restoration. When I had finished she said: "I like your Christian doctrine of one God. We have so many gods, I fear I may not appease them all, and the neglected ones will be sure to punish me."

In a distant village a group of women had been listening to the Gospel story, when one woman said: "We never knew that such a Saviour had come into the world until you came to tell us." Another said: "From my childhood until now I never heard such words. Oh! what shall I do that I may go where He is?" In another village some women heard us tell the story of redeeming love. They replied: "Tell us again who He was; and tell us slowly, for we forget so soon."

I was called into a new zenana, and presently I asked if my pupil had ever heard of Jesus. She said no, but whilst I was telling her a light broke across her face and she said: "Oh, yes, I remember now all about it. A Sahib once came to our village and told us about 'The Sweetest Name,' and said we must always take that Name with us. Yes, it was Jesus."—Mrs. Arthur Parker, (of Trivandrum), in *The Chronicle*.