

graphic account of the Creation, and then say: 'God made man of the dust of the earth. You can see it is true, for every time you rub your hand some dirt comes off!'

She would tell them about the creation of Eve, adding: 'And that is why men have a rib less than women; foreign doctors, who know all about anatomy, tell us so!'

She was remarkably fond, too, of beginning her gospel talk with the doctrine of the Trinity, which she thought the women ought to take in very easily.

Mrs. Wei, though not such a capable woman in some ways, yet talks more suitably, and her manners are quieter and more polite, so that some of the in-patients, whom she often visits, get very fond of her, and listen to anything that she has to say as she sits by the side of their beds.

I began to take my part in this work in 1882, when Mrs. John went to England. In those days it was very rare to find a patient who had even heard the name of Jesus, but now there are generally two or three present who have been to the hospital before, or who have some friend or relation who is a Christian, and who, therefore, know something about it.

When I enter the dispensary there is often a terrified howl from some little girl, who has come in from the country, and has never seen a foreigner before. Of course, I tell her not to be afraid, and some woman usually explains, 'She thinks you are going to take out her eyes,' and then they all laugh.

Chinese mothers often frighten their naughty children with the threat that foreign devils will come and take out their eyes; and it is not only children who believe this. Last spring a Christian woman was telling me of her heathen mother-in-law in the country, and of how she wished she could get her to come to Hankow to 'hear the doctrine,' but added, 'She is afraid to do so; she believes the foreigners would take out her eyes.' I asked her, 'Did you ever believe that foreigners did such things?' She smiled awkwardly, and said: 'Yes, before I came to Hankow I did. In the country everybody says they do.'

So it is no wonder that the poor little girls often cry at the sight of us.

Sometimes their mothers want to go down on their knees and knock their heads on the dispensary floor, to beseech me to cure them. They say they have heard of my great fame in their distant country home, and so they have come many miles on a wheelbarrow that I may cure them.

It takes a good deal of explanation before they will believe that I am not the doctor, but at last I got them to sit down quietly to listen to the gospel message. It may sound strange to English ears to hear me begin as I often do, 'Have you eaten your rice?' But it is the easiest way of getting their attention and of leading their thoughts to the great God who sends sun and rain, causing the rice and corn to grow that we may be fed.

Very simply we have to talk, with many questions, as if they were tiny children, for they are quite unaccustomed to listening to sermons or discourses of any kind, and it is not easy to get new ideas into their heads.

But I think we have all learned never to go forth to this work without earnest prayer that God, who knows how dark their hearts are, will open and enlighten them, as well as that He will give us just the right message for them.

It is wonderful sometimes how some old woman will take in the gospel story, nodding her white head as she listens, and repeating to some slower neighbor the good

news she has just heard: 'Yes, we are sinners, but Jesus, the Son of God, has no sin. He died to atone for our sin. This is the way in which we can be forgiven.'

Of course, our questions often show us how completely we have failed in making our message understood by the women. When we have been talking for some time, it is disheartening to get such answers as the following:—

'Whom have I been telling you to worship?' 'Heaven, earth, and our ancestors.'

'How can we get forgiveness for our sins?'

'By being vegetarians.'

'Who is Jesus?' 'That I do not know.'

While the questions that are put to us in the middle of our discourse rather lead us away from its subject: 'How old are you?' 'How many children have you?' 'Did you make your own dress?' 'How much did it cost?' 'Why don't you wear earrings?' and many more of the same sort.

But I am thankful to say, that we do not have nearly so many interruptions now as we did some years ago. Old patients often come again, and they tell the newcomers that they must be quiet and listen, and when they have paid several visits they get a fair, elementary knowledge of Christian truth.

Of course the in-patients learn more. The matron, though rather ignorant herself, teaches them what she can, and the bible-woman frequently pays them visits. Mrs. Gillison has lately had a short prayer printed, which many of them learn to repeat, and they have daily prayers in the hospital.

Five women who had learned the truth while in-patients at the Margaret Hospital were baptized last year, and many more, I am sure, have had their hearts touched by what they have learned there.—*L. M. S. Chronicle.*

The Last Cigar.

An English clergyman, who was a hard smoker, was cured of the taste for tobacco by a sudden twinge of conscience.

He was sitting one day in his library with an expensive cigar in his mouth when the name of one of his oldest friends was announced. The visitor, when greetings had been warmly exchanged, confessed that he had come upon a begging errand.

A story of pathetic distress was told, and an urgent appeal was made for immediate relief. The clergyman was a warm-hearted, generous man and his hand was plunged at once into his pocket, but he found only a few shillings there. He then fumbled in his desk for his cheque-book, remarking to his friend that it was a very sad and urgent case, and that he would do what he could; but when he looked at his bank-balance his face changed color. The account was nearly over-drawn already.

'I am very sorry,' he said. 'I can only give you a beggarly sum. I did not know how poor I was.'

The cheque which he drew was only a fifth of the amount which was needed. He made many apologies for giving the visitor so little money when his heart was deeply touched, and he longed to do more.

When his friend had gone, he relighted his cigar, but it seemed to have a bitter taste, and he took out a fresh one. Before striking a match he jotted down on paper the price of the cigar, and the number which he usually smoked a day. He found that tobacco was costing him five shillings a day, and over ninety pounds a year—or about four hundred and fifty dollars in American money. The amount which he had given to his old friend in dire distress represented the cost of twenty days' smoking.

The clergyman was an impulsive man. Instead of lighting his fresh cigar of the choicest brand, he threw it into the fire on his hearth. 'He was so deeply impressed with the thought that a little self-denial on his part would have enabled him to help an old friend in great need that he resolved sternly never to smoke again. Being a man of strong will, he was as good as his word.'

This good man's tobacco bill was a heavier one than is ordinarily paid. But many a smoker would be surprised if he were to count the cost of his own self-indulgence in tobacco.

A recent investigation has shown that the students of a military academy in England expend enough money on cigarettes to provide for the education of forty young men too poor to have the same advantages. The effects of tobacco on health may be disputed, but no smoker can deny that smoking is a wasteful habit, and that there would be large compensations for self-denial.—*'Youth's Companion.'*

What the Church Bell Did.

One Sunday morning, as the people of God in the pleasant little village of M— were gathering in his sanctuary, a boy of some twelve summers was seen to go half way up the church steps, stop, hesitate, go down again, away toward the fields. He was walking briskly, when the clear, silvery tones of the church bell rang out on the still morning air. The boy started, and a troubled look swept across his face. 'Has that old bell got a voice,' he thought to himself; 'it certainly said, 'Come, come, do come.'''

'You promised to spend a day in the woods,' whispered the tempter, 'and was George Grey ever known to break his word? And, besides, it is dreadfully warm up there in the church, and so cool and pleasant out here among the clover and the daisies.'

'Come, come, do come,' chimed in the bell. 'Cannot you worship God just as well among the grand old trees and beside the running brook?' suggested the wily one.

'Come, come, do come,' urged the bell.

George sat down on a stump, and such a battle as he fought there! He was just on the point of yielding to the tempter, when there came up before him the many times he prayed at his mother's knee: 'Lead us not into temptation,' and of the night when his dear father went 'over the river' to the better land, how he called him to his bedside, and, laying his hand lovingly on his head, with his dying breath said, 'Love God, my boy, and do right always.'

Getting up he began to run towards the church, and never once stopped until he reached the church steps. As he went in, these words fell upon his ear: 'My son, keep thy father's commandments and forsake not the law of thy mother. Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. When, a few months after, God visited the church with bountiful showers of heavenly grace, George was among the 'first fruits.'

He is an old man now, with locks white with the frosts of many years, and feet trembling on the borders of the grave, but he never wearies of telling how God made the bell of the sanctuary to praise and honor him.—*'Good Words.'*

The Rev. George Ensor, missionary to Japan, was seated in his study overnight when a tap was heard at the door. On opening it he saw a man with a bible. 'This is your bible,' said the man, 'I have read it—I want to become a Christian.' 'Do you know?' answered Mr. Ensor, 'that by so doing you incur persecution and possibly death.' 'Yes,' said the man, 'I know; last night I started to come but fear overtook me; to-night I want you to teach me how to be a Christian.' He was one of Japan's first converts.—*From My Mission Note Book.*