

able sect knows something of sin, and you yourself have made many sacrifices to rid your conscience of the evil. Pray enlighten my darkness, and tell me how, according to the teaching of your honored church, man may be saved? At once he reminded me that in the book of Genesis we learn that before the fall, man knew neither good nor evil. "So," he continued, "if he would be saved he must get back to that primitive state, and know neither good nor evil."

It was a discovery to me that morning, to find Genesis a Buddhist book. I have no time to follow the history of this gentleman. Suffice to say that after eighteen months of patient working, many discussions, and earnest praying, he became a Christian evangelist, working for Christ without hope of earthly reward, and to-day a small assembly of believers gathers for divine worship in his house every Sunday.

A MISSIONARY'S DISAPPOINTMENTS.

The next incident will tell you something of our disappointments in China. Wang Wen was the smartest Chinaman I have ever met. He would, I had almost said exceed—certainly he would stand shoulder to shoulder with the average American. He had been a professing Christian for several years. The mission had given him a good education, and as an evangelist we had hoped he was doing good work. His fellow Chinese liked and respected him, and everyone regarded him as a hopeful leader. At this time he was business manager of a bookstore I had in charge, and also acted as my city evangelist. I was occupied at this time in an attempt to win the educated gentry of the city in which I lived to Christ and His gospel.

A bad case of persecution occurred in Wang Wen's native village. His fellow villagers came to consult him about the matter. The opportunity revealed the man. A few months later Wang Wen, my right hand helper, stood disgraced—convicted of abduction, cruelty, deception of the worst kind, and embezzlement. My bookstore, which was doing excellent work, had to be closed. Wang Wen had to be dismissed from the mission and the church. For one or two months my work came almost to a complete standstill.

But this was not the worst feature of the case. The native pastors and leading Chinese Christians allowed their love for Wang Wen to overbalance their Christian judgment. They thought the English missionary did not understand Chinese character and that he was not interpreting the spirit of the Saviour of love whom he preached. Considerable tact, and firm, kind forbearance were necessary to carry the matter through without doing irreparable mischief.

PERVERTED MORAL IDEAS.

Are you surprised at this? After generations of Christianity are your members perfect? Are you yourselves all that Christ would have you to be? Is it a wonder, then, that the Chinese Christian, trained as a child in all the delusions of heathenism, should occasionally have his view distorted by mists arising from his past life? When I remember how the Chinese are trained by oppression to hide their real intentions behind the eternal lie; when I remember how their past education tempts them strongly to make religion a ritual rather than an experience of the heart; when I think of the materialistic cast of a Chinaman's mind, making it very difficult for him to assimilate spiritual ideas, and cramping his spiritual life as the feet of his country women are dwarfed,—when I think of these things, I wonder that church scandals in China are so rare.

MISSIONARY DELIGHTS.

But the missionary in China has his delights as well as his disappointments. I found that the spiritual horizon of the mission field was like the climate of California—it had more sunshine than cloud. Were there time I could tell a thrilling story of a native Christian brother, with whom I have enjoyed many hours of converse, who married a blind woman out of pity for her condition, and who adopted a starving girl into his family when he had scarcely enough to eat himself. I could tell you of a brother in the field whom I love dearly, who was so anxious to tell his country men of the Christ, that he preached his business away and brought starvation to his door, but he led more than a hundred of his neighbors to the Saviour.

FAMINE HEROES.

For one minute, however, please listen to another story. There was a famine in Shantung. I am not going to speak of its horrors but of its heroes. They were in our employ, receiving good wages, and neither they nor their families had cause to dread the famine. But hundreds of others were starving and were emigrating to the province of Shensi where the imperial government was ready to give land to all settlers.

Now these noble Christian servants of ours studied their Bibles. They read how after the death of Stephen the church was scattered by persecution, preaching the word everywhere. They came to us and told us that although there was no persecution to scatter them, they believed that the famine was intended by God to send them elsewhere as missionaries. They met together and held many prayer conferences by themselves.

Then they came to us again, resigned their positions, gave up their salaries, sold their lands at a great sacrifice, and went with the other emigrants to Shensi. They went not to better their worldly prospects, but to preach Christ. We could ill spare their aid, but we held a farewell meeting and sent them off with many prayers.

That long journey of six weeks in the middle of a semi-arctic North China winter, tried both old and young severely. They could not always find shelter at night. More than one succumbed to the unusual exposure, and drew their last breath before they reached Shensi. They were buried in nameless graves by the roadside and the rest struggled bravely on, weak in body but strong in faith.

After the pilgrims had settled, one smart boy, who had been in our mission school, who had been receiving an education at our expense, but who had given up his bright prospects that he might join the missionary band, was offered by a wealthy native gentleman, the position of heir to all his property. "No," the brave lad replied, "if I become your son you will make me give up Christ. I am a Christian and cannot do it." Like Moses, that dear Chinese youth, his name little known on earth, but inscribed on the roll of honor in heaven, "refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." That child of God, that Mongolian martyr, has since gone home to his rest.

The terrible winter's march across the plains from Shantung into Shensi sowed the seeds of consumption in his lungs, and proved God's call to him to go home.

WORTH SAVING.

My friends, are not the Chinese worth saving? Do you wonder that I love them? Do you won-