

have gained a good deal of money, but I have saved nothing. I have been kind to my poor relatives, and am now training my nephew to be a scholar. I have saved nothing, and you say to me, 'Give up your profession.' You want me to die." I said, "Don't say that to me. Do you think I have come ten thousand miles from England to preach among gamblers and opium-smokers, and to get honest men like you to become Christians, and then want you to die. No, I want you to live; I want you to be a member of the Church, I want you to use your influence and your power and your good name in this town to help me in building up a church here. You must go away and pray about this." He went away very sadly. I think I see the old man now, as when at the front door I heard him say, "He wants me to die." I can hardly tell you the sorrow I felt at that moment. You have no idea of the sorrow to a missionary's mind when he goes and preaches in a town like that, and by-and-by some man, who comes up to the very door of the kingdom, and has only to take one more step, seems to be slipping out of his grasp, and seems to be going back into heathen darkness. But a few days afterwards he came to me, a bright and happy-looking man, and said, "Sir, it is all right. I have made up my mind; but, you know"—holding up his right arm—"it is just like cutting off my right arm. I have nothing, for I am going to give up all for Christ's sake!" Then, speaking in the figurative way of the Chinese, he said, "Soon the sun will set behind the western mountains"—meaning death—"and I shall be with God, and it matters not what happens to me now."

Now, I could give you more accounts of that church, but let me just tell you this: Eighteen years ago I went to that bad town. So far as I knew, there had not been any gospel ever preached in that place—never. As far as you liked to go, it was all heathenism. What was my power? It was not my eloquence; it was not my power of putting things; no, I went with the Bible. And to-day, what is the case there? To-day there is a large church, and the mountains now look down, not only upon opium-smokers and gamblers, but upon a large Christian church. And all from what? The divine power acting through the Bible.

My dear friends, sometimes when I think of that place I seem to have been in the region of miracles. You cannot understand what such a position means out in China. The Chinese are the most conservative people in the world, and yet here is a man who, just at the bidding of a stranger from a far-off land with a strange book, but moved by this divine power, says: "I will give up everything. Henceforward I will follow another profession, because I believe this book tells me to do so." Every time I look at these people I say, "It is the divine power of God." I have seen those old banyan trees in China, with their great branches and their great roots rising up out of the ground in the course of ages and generations. Men used to sit down upon the stone seats around them; but these roots have taken the stones up in their grasp, and have put them up into the body of the tree. What will move that tree, with its immense branches and its roots? Nothing but the typhoon. I have seen the typhoon take them up and uproot them, but no other power will do it. We may have evils to contend with as deeply rooted as these banyan trees. We have no force—no force of arms, no power outside—to compel these men to become Christians; but the divine power of the truth comes in, and they are made free forever.

Just let me give you one case: Years ago, in one of our country churches, one morning, while the service was going on, a man came in and he stayed while the preacher was preaching. Look at this man for a moment. He was a most dissipated man—a man upon whose face vice was set, a man whom no influence in all China could make better. He was an opium-smoker, and had been for years. His lands had dwindled away; his wife was in poverty and sorrow; he was a man in the lowest ebb of life, even in China. He came in, and he stood listening to what the preacher said. You