

it in a dry place. In another place, half-a-dozen men were pulling the lumbering cart which sticks fondly to the slime. We had not time to see the end of the struggle. Perchance they left the cart there. Nothing that I have seen in China saddened me more than the ruin of the poor people's grain. It is hard to think of the consequent starvation during the coming winter. One wonders why, after age-long repetitions of these disasters, a people so intelligent could not construct embankments in a manner which would obviate them; but no, they do not. When some German engineers, a few years ago, offered to control the waters of the Yellow River, they were met with a quick rebuff from the Mandarin concerned, as I am informed. What the people do is not complimentary to themselves or their rulers. Not far from here the river was in danger of overflowing its banks some two weeks ago. The people on our side wanted to cut the opposite bank so that the waters would flow in upon their neighbors, and leave themselves secure. The people on the other side were equally anxious to cut the bank on this side. Our Mandarin interposed, and by a good outlay of money persuaded his people not to cut the embankment. The money once paid, they proceeded to cut it just the same, and a battle followed in which many were shot and one killed. The Mandarin died yesterday; some say his death was hastened by this disappointment. Mr. Grant writes me from Chu Wang that everything is flooded there, and our buildings largely ruined. There were three feet of water in some of the mission houses, and a

foot-and-a-half in others, when he wrote, and only one was fairly dry. He says that many men, and more women and children have been drowned in that locality. Our courier between Lui Ching and Chu Wang is supposed to have been drowned with his mails. Nothing has been heard of him for three weeks. My dear fellow Grant, despite his loneliness, is quite cheerful, and always sends along a good letter. We long to get in there with them, and shall be sorely disappointed should any further delay be necessary, which is quite within the sphere of probability. Mr. MacGillivray is at Chang Te Fu, unable to return to Chu Wang on account of the floods. Dr. Smith has been obliged to go home from Japan, so that our numbers are diminished.

I am daily at the language, and it is slowly filtering through my brains. My teacher is a good one and very interesting to talk to. I used to read aloud four or five hours a day to him, and then talk with him. When the great heat came I found it impossible to do as much, but the cool weather has now returned and we do better. The Chinese language is certainly a stiff one to speak, and to read, more so; certainly one would need the patience and perseverance of the saints at it, which may God confer upon us in greater and greater measure. However difficult to acquire, it is our only weapon, and we must learn to use it.

Kindly remember me to the students, and give them my cordial regards and best wishes. May you have a prosperous session, be well, and mindful of us who are far hence among the Gentiles. Ever yours truly,

K. MACLENNAN.

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To crystallize into perfection was the aim of the Stoic; to grow for ever is the aim and ideal of the Christian.

—'Great Thoughts.

Our sins, like our shadows, when our day is in its glory, scarce appear. Toward our evening, how great and monstrous they are!—"Great Thoughts."