

ed most of the growing grain. A man living in the district formerly heard the Gospel with gladness; but when recently seen by one of our church members he would not listen to the doctrine. He said that their river god had lately so manifestly helped them that all were convinced that he was the true god.

The Chinese imagination is very fertile soil for the Evil One to work upon. It seems that when the floods covered the whole region, the people in this man's neighborhood imagined that the water remained piled up about them like a heap, while it had fallen on every side. In their superstitious fear, they came to the conclusion that the water god was offended about something, so they promised him a first-class theatrical (the Chinese plan for appeasing angry gods). Just then, a little black and green snake, about a foot and a half long, happened to swim by in the flood. Of course they rejoiced. Their deliverer had come. They said the water fell as if by magic.

Last year, when the freshest destroyed most of the ripening harvest around this city: a snake reputed to be a virtuous official, who had governed this prefecture some centuries ago, was brought forward for divine honors. He was the river god who had caused the flood. It was supposed that coming back to the scene of his former life he failed to find things up to his expectations; consequently he chastized the people with the flood. Small and great forthwith set to work to regain his favor. He was borne to the city yamen, where a theatre stand was erected and players invited to give him a rehearsal. For six days his serpentine majesty was entertained by the badlam music of a Chinese theatrical. Each day, morning, noon and night, all the civil and military officials of the city came and prostrated themselves before him. Multitudes of the scholars and common people did likewise. But lo! when they came on the seventh morning, all that was left of the god was a snake skin. The reptile had shipped off his skin during the night and disappeared. But the people did not take this view of it. According to them the god having been appeased had departed. Now his body must be buried with honor: so the snake skin is borne in funeral procession to the river north of the city, and cast therein. Some days after this event, some one brought forth another snake. This one was no less a personage than a former governor of Honan, and he too must be worshipped with honors befitting his station.

Oh how greedily this people believe a lie! Again and again, on the streets of this city, we have told of the power and goodness of Jesus the Saviour from heaven, and yet we are constrained to ask, "Who has believed our report?"

The devil always seems to get credence, no matter how absurd the lie he sets a-going. It

was just this morning, that an old man came to our gate and declared a despatch had come to town, stating that the Chinese had made an end of slaying all the "Yang Kneitzu," (foreign devils) in the north. (The 90,000 Japanese soldiers I suppose) and then asked if the devil in here was still living."

I have no doubt, if Paul were discussing the Chinese of today he would write them all down in the first chapter of Romans. That chapter might be taken as a true-to-life portrait of this people. The late war has revealed the shameful rottenness of the whole governmental structure. The moral sense of the masses is so dead, that no moral indignation is expressed against flagrant wrong doing in high places. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From top to bottom there seems to be no soundness in the nation: only wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores. It seems to be a master-piece of Satan's workmanship. A nation of countless millions, and yet unable to resist one of the weakest of nations. A people proud and haughty, proving that by the wisdom of the Sages, man cannot know God: "for professing themselves to be wise they became fool-, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God, into an image, like to corruptible man, and birds, and four footed beasts, and creeping things; wherefore God gave them up to uncleanness, &c., &c."

It is plain, that the Chinese as a nation are separated from God and lost. It is vain to look within for deliverance. It is equally vain to look to the arts and science of the west (though these are all right in their proper place). Deliverance must come from above. Reconciliation, with God the Father, must come through Christ Jesus His Son. The gospel of Christ is the unfailing remedy. Christ, the way, the truth, and the life, alone can bring these mighty millions to God.

Let us not by our puny efforts towards a world's redemption, prove that we are ashamed of the gospel of Christ: but let us who have been so abundantly enriched by our Saviour's blessings, see to it, before God, that we, up to the full measure of our ability, discharge our obligations to the Chinese millions, in this their time of sorest need. The King who came "to give deliverance to the captives," commands us saying: "Deliver them that are carried away unto death. And those that are ready to be slain see that thou hold back. If thou sayest, Behold we know not this: Doth not He that weigheth the hearts consider it? And he that keepeth thy soul, doeth not he know it. And shall not he render to every man according to his work." Prov. 24: 11-12.

Recollections of past failures may be painful but they are a blessing in that they put us on our guard against making similar mistakes in the future.—*Religious Herald*.