

tion of the body. I wonder if any Chinaman is free from doubt on that point. It seems the most utter rubbish to the average Chinaman. These were points upon which their opinions were tested rather than their knowledge, and this was all they missed in spite of a perfect fire of questions for a long time.

On the way to Chang-Te, we delayed a number of times to dispense some medicine to people who came running after the cart. Malaria is the very prevalent, and the demands upon the store of quinine are correspondingly frequent. In such cases we do our best to tell the gospel story and to explain our motives. In this way there are many opportunities for preaching Christ.

I spent a week at Chang-Te with Mr. MacGillivray, who is there alone for the present. We had a very pleasant time of it. While in the city one day I visited a large temple. In the first building I noticed a lime light in a remote corner, and going there found four men reclining on the floor smoking opium. Weird, wretched-looking mortals they were. I was scarcely prepared to find them smoking right in the temple in daytime. Of course almost all the priests smoke opium. A delightful young friend led me all around the buildings asking innocent questions. What is your honorable country? What books do they study in your honorable country? Do they read Confucius? Would the foreign teacher tell his honorable name? Could he read Chinese? I am afraid the young fellow has passed the novitiate in smoking opium. The old priest—minister Plenipotentiary in the Kingdom of God I suppose we should term him—asked me to drink tea and was very pleasant. What a quiet, pleasant spot that is! In the temple courts men were busy spinning silk. There were no worshipers at the shrines then, though there was plenty of incense left on the altars. The usual gods are there. Buddha sits in meek repose upon his lotus, mutely inviting the weary and heavy laden to turn aside from the fret and fever of life, and find rest, as he did. Alas, that the Chinese, who are said to have travelled in search of a religion, should have come from India with Buddhism, instead of Christianity. Images of the eighteen disciples of Buddha, who propagated his religion in China, are found in every large monastery. They are very pleasant-looking men.

Coming back, we put up at an inn some twenty miles from here. The apartment given to me was certainly not luxurious—no door, no window and no floor. I slept on a bed whose softness could not inspire the weariest sleeper. Still sleep, nature's soft nurse, made up for all that. The yard was full of good-natured, inquisitive people, who asked for "foreign devil medicine," thereby showing how little insult some of them intended to convey in the words "foreign devil." A number came for quinine and I had