

even at this time our work did not cease, for the sick continued to come till we had to push our boat out from the land in order to get sleep.

Sept. 23

We passed up the river to-day about forty-five li in a straight line, the country very flat.

Sept. 24.

Enter Honan, this morning. The country high, all above flood mark, and appears prosperous. We got off the boat and went to a village to speak to the people and sell books. Before entering the village we met about twenty farmers coming out to work in the fields. To these we spoke and sold a few books. Then passing through the streets we bowed to all as we passed along and always got a civil answer.

Hearing man say "The foreign devils have come" - I said--"Look at us. We are men and not devils. We are every bit the same as you except the clothes we wear. We are Englishmen and not devils." He seemed rebuked.

On reaching the other end of the village we stopped opposite the temple to the goddess of mercy. The villagers soon gathered around, then, taking the dumb idols within the temple as our subject, we tried to show the vanity of idols and to lead the people to believe in the one true God.

At 2.30 p. m. we left the main river and entered the branch that flows from the mountains on the West through *Chang te fu*. The stream though narrow, much like a mill race in Canada, but winding--is deep enough for a house boat to navigate it. It is crossed by about twenty bridges before we reach *Chang te fu*. By taking down the mast we are able to pass under.

From the village along the banks the wondering natives crowd to see the foreigners. At each village we stay a few minutes to speak and sell books. Anchoring at sun down near a town we soon had a good audience to preach to and many ready to buy books. Hearing of the

foreign doctor the sick folk soon come so that he is kept busy until bed time. But even in China a doctor is not free from midnight calls for at twelve o'clock we are awakened to see a sick woman who has been brought three miles.

Sep. 25.--All day we continue our journey up stream through a most fertile and populous country.

Sep. 26.--After going for an hour or two this morning we came to a bridge under which our boat cannot pass. It is bridge No. 15 since we entered this river.

We expected to reach *Chang te fu* by boat, but now we must take a cart for the remaining eight miles of the journey. To get a cart causes a delay of several hours. This affords time for the news to spread, and soon from all the surrounding villages old and young began to pour in bringing their sick ones with them. They had never seen a foreigner before, so every one was intent on examining the new comers. It was no easy task to speak above the din caused by this babel of voices, but we hope that some, for the first time, heard of the world's Saviour.

Entered *Chang te fu* this evening. On all sides could be heard "Ah, the foreign devils have arrived!" yet the people seem very civil and friendly when spoken to.

We have been fortunate in getting a good inn where we will stay for several days. It happens that our innkeeper is a Mohammedan. We would have avoided going to a Mohammedan inn had we known, but since we have come here without choice we take it as God's leading and pray that He may call some from this sect to accept the only Saviour.

*Chang te fu* is fixed upon as one of our centres in North Honan. Mr. McGilivray and Dr. McClure will most likely occupy it. A finer mission field could not be selected in China.

But I must stop now and tell you next month about our stay here. Praying that you may all love and serve that Saviour of whom you have heard so often.

Your friend,

JONATHAN GOFORTH.