

Amongst these eager gazers was a husbandman named Kyng-ming. "He took his eyes," as he said when describing the scene to me in after-years. He stared and glared; and the wonderful sight of the long-heard-of Western strangers rendered him deaf to their voices and inattentive to their message.

The preaching is over now. The Gospel has been proclaimed. Tracts are distributed to those who can read; and with many bows and farewells, the missionaries embark in their small boat and turn her head westwards towards Yu-yiao by canal, and thence by river to Ningpo. Kyng-ming goes back to his work. He picks up his hoe; and as he strikes the clods vigorously to make up for lost time, he shouts to his fellows, in the loud voice which these sea-side San-po men have acquired, his astonishment at the sight which has so stirred the plain to-day. What did the visit mean? Are these the foreigners who brought opium to China, and who extract eyes from the dying and dead? Yet they seemed to wish to be courteous. They were not overbearing or violent. They asked for no money. They brought no wares for sale. They actually distributed good books.

Days pass by. Most of the harvest is over; the wheat is long ago gathered, and the early rice cut and carried. The pleasant days of October have come with cool breezes, though the sun still blazes fiercely above. The cotton is ripe, and the fields are full of busy labourers again. Again the word is passed that the foreigners have come. Off runs Kyng-ming to gaze once more on the sight which had so fascinated him in the spring. But now he takes his "ears as well as his eyes." He listens as that strange figure opens its lips and talks. Talks! Yes, there can be no mistake about it. He is talking, not Western gibberish, but their own Ningpo speech! That discovery once more engrosses and absorbs the man's thoughts. He understands nothing of the text, the message, the argument, the invitation, the warning. He merely hears, and is amazed to hear, a foreigner talking Chinese.

The discourse comes to an end. The missionary enters his boat once more; and Kyng-ming goes home, astonished and perplexed, but wholly unenlightened and unmoved. Well was it for him, and well for the foreign workers,

that they were not content with one visit or two. They must go again and seek for Christ's sheep. So in the bright days of early December they were in San-po once more, before the great cold with frost and snow had set in. Kyng-ming is at hand once more, and now with eyes fixed and ears attentive, and with his heart opened by the Spirit of God to receive the truth, he hears, not the language only, but the message of salvation, and he believes in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Many years ago after this event I was preaching myself in that same beloved plain, with Kyng-ming as my helper. We had had a day of much discouragement; doors slammed in our faces; careless, frivolous, inattentive hearers; much scoffing, and no apparent reception of our message. As day declined, weary and sad, I proposed a walk up the hills overlooking the sea and the plain. As we mounted higher and higher, I spoke to my companion of our discouraging day. "Be of good cheer," he said, "I know this plain well. I was brought to God down there. I was once as deaf and as hard as the people seemed to-day. But we must go again and again to the same places. I should never have found the Saviour if the missionaries had given up the work in despair at our stupidity on their first visit. My eyes, my ears, my heart were opened one after another; and here I am to-day, helping you, sir, to preach the Gospel. Let us try again to-morrow in God's strength!"

A boy and his younger sister were one day the companions of Dr. Tregelles in a country walk. In a very narrow lane, near Plymouth, they were met by a loaded corn-waggon which seemed to fill the road, and apparently placed them in imminent danger. His sister was much frightened, but not so was the boy. He quietly took her hand, and leading her on towards the small place between the hedge and the waggon, said, "Don't be afraid, Edith; we are quite safe; for the Bible says, 'The Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand,' and the waggon is on our right hand, so God will keep us safe." His little sister was quite satisfied; and the infant believers of seven and five years were kept from harm.—*Northern Messenger.*

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