

and we three sat down to drink the landlord's tea. My friend made a good middle-man, and before we arose I had deposited a lump of silver and the first arrangements for opening a Protestant preaching-place in Pen Hsien was effected. The building belongs to the landlord, a man much respected, also a man of means. He has a son holding the B.A. degree, which in China is considered a most honorable position. I preached the Gospel in the tea-shop and everybody was willing to listen. The way has been opened so smoothly, so wonderfully, that the Lord is surely going to prosper His work in that city."

The reader may imagine how an event of this kind must needs arouse the enthusiasm of the evangelist. It certainly did. On his return he was overflowing with his story how the Lord answered his prayers and opened the way. The Chen-tu Church was greatly strengthened by his testimony and the feeling uppermost was that the Lord was going to do wondrous things through His servants.

"To-night splendid meeting in the street chapel. One young man remained for prayer." (Diary, July 21st.) At the close of this warm meeting our workers assembled for a special prayer-meeting. On the morrow two evangelists, Mr. Tsun and Liu, are to return to Pen Hsien to complete the arrangements and open the newly-rented building. It was a season of earnest appeal.

Arriving at Pen Hsien they found the landlord somewhat timid, but as he had partly committed himself he handed over the keys and seeing there was no furniture, supplied tables, chairs, and benches to carry on the work of the Lord. A card was sent to the official and presently a proclamation was posted in all the gates of the city that Ho Sien Sung (my Chinese name) had rented a shop on West Street, that he has come to help, not to hurt; that all must be respectful while visiting the book-shop, etc. Why all this kindness? Surely the Lord had prepared the way. Yes, two or three years ago this official was in Ki-a-ting and Dr. Kilburn pulled two teeth for his wife.

How the Lord has owned and blessed the labors of the native evangelist in Pen Hsien a second letter will describe.

GEO. E. HARTWELL.

Chen-tu, December 17th, 1897.

[We have another letter from Rev. Geo. E. Hartwell which will appear in the June issue. This one only prepares the reader for the good news it contains.]

The Latest News from the Last Missionary Sent to China.*

CHUNG KING, March 1st, 1898.

DEAR FRIENDS AND FELLOW-WORKERS,—It is now almost three months since we rolled out of Windsor station with such a strange commingling of joy and sorrow in our hearts; and as we think of that bleak November morning and remember how the silent snowflakes were swiftly wrapping the frozen earth in a spotless shroud, and contrast it with the terraced hillsides with their bands of living green, with the wild flowers, cherry blossoms and vegetables which meet the eye at every point, we realize how far we are from Canada, and that there are over eight thousand miles of land and water stretching between us and the land we still call *home*. I am sure you will not judge us harshly if I say that now and again there springs up within us a strange

home hunger for news from loved ones left behind, especially when I tell you that we have not received any mail since we sailed.

The space at my disposal will not allow me to give details of all our journey, nor is this necessary, as you have no doubt heard indirectly of our progress. We landed in Shanghai, December 26th, strangers in a strange land; no one knew of our coming, but "He who had gone out before us" did not forsake us. Friends were raised up who kindly cared for us, and two hours after landing we were worshipping in our Father's house. We were fortunate enough to meet Rev. C. A. Salquist, of the Baptist mission, from Swatow, within 200 miles of Kiating. He had come to Shanghai to be married, and was returning with his bride, and kindly consented to act as our escort.

We at once set about procuring our stores and outfit—a not a small undertaking for a foreigner dealing with Chinese, who never fail to take advantage of the buyer's ignorance. Almost everything, from a pin to a potato, has to be taken along; if anything is forgotten simply means doing without, and one has only to want a piece of soap or some ink and paper to realize how much our comfort and convenience depends on little things. On January 8th we took passage on the *Teh Hsing* for Hangkow; there we transferred to the *Kwei Lee*, bound for Ichang, about 1,000 miles up the Yang-tsi, and the highest point to which steamers are as yet allowed to ascend. From that point onward all travelling must be done by purely native methods, viz., sedan chairs, mules or ponies, and house-boat—the last is the only one suitable for missionaries, who are of necessity compelled to take considerable baggage along.

House-boats have already been described so many times by travellers that details are unnecessary. Ours is what is called a small four-room boat, and a description of our "bed-room" will probably give you a sufficiently accurate idea of our surroundings. Imagine a small room, 6½ x 7½ feet, with arched roof from 6½ to 8 feet high, two small windows, covered with white tissue paper instead of glass; thin board partitions, full of large cracks and looking as if they might fall at any moment. Partitions hung around on three sides with cheap blue cotton to exclude draughts and ensure as much privacy as possible. A narrow bed, resting on two packing-cases, a trunk, which is used as a seat, a box for a washstand, two rough board shelves, which I put up myself, a small mirror, lamp and wash-basin, comprises the furniture. The remaining three rooms are almost as large, and are occupied as bed-room, dining-room and kitchen. It is astonishing how contented one can be with such surroundings. Truly, "contentment is of one's spirit, not of one's possessions."

Our crew consists of seven sailors and sixteen trackers; the former remain on the boat and attend to the sail, ropes, etc., while the others handle the oars, or pull us along by a long rope reaching from the mast to the shore. Travelling by such methods must of necessity be slow; our record from Ichang to Chung King, a distance of about 600 miles, is twenty-four travelling days, which is considered very good. The Yang'tsi River, one of the main arteries of this vast empire, is remarkable in several respects. I will mention but two: First, the annual rise and sudden fluctuations of the water, which, so far as I know, is unparalleled. It is not unusual for it to rise or fall ten or twelve feet in one night, and as we passed up the gorges, the high-water mark could plainly be seen in many places forty feet above our heads. In other places where the banks are not so high, these rushing torrents transform

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