

In some such way, the missionaries point out the great difference between Confucius and Jesus, the Son of God. But he has a hard time of it. For, right along as he talks the crowd keeps up a running fire of questions at him, some of them very funny and absurd.

Here are some of the most common:—"How many wives have you?" "What did you pay for your shoes?" "Have you the same moon in your country as we have?" O what loving patience must be in the missionary heart to keep good natured and calm through it all.

Look, here is a fellow carefully examining one of the books. He seems interested, and so he is the sly rogue, for soon he asks the missionary if he might take the book aside for a little, just to look at it more fully. He does so and conveniently forgets to bring it back. But, still, some do buy the books. If they only read them they may be saved.

As you leave the fair, the missionaries you see, stick up several gospel-texts on the wall by the town gate. Thus, they try every plan to catch the eye and heart of these unsaved people.

Even from this brief trip, you will see, how hard it is to preach in Honan, and how foolish it is for the good folk at home, old and young, to be disappointed unless they hear, in a year or two about converts. The work at the start is very very slow, but is always sure in the end. You and I, young friend, seeing now and again a letter from a missionary, know nothing of the real hard trying work he is doing, for he cares not to write about that, but be sure, he is doing it all the same.

Now, after leaving the fair let us come back to the inn where we lodge at times. Here, too, the work goes on. The preacher in one room talking with those who will, and selling his books and tracts, and the doctor in another room dealing with all kinds of sick folk and healing all he can.

Sometimes the doctor has a very busy time of it. The crowd who want to see him is so big and pressing, that one of the missionaries must stand at the door to keep them back, and let them in by twos and threes, or the doctor will have no room to work.

All their own doctors in China are quacks. They know little or nothing about medicine or surgery. They use a great many plasters. If the pain is in the back of your head, they slap a big plaster on your forehead—always opposite the sore spot, never upon it. If you are weak, they give you something to take that they say is a mixture of lions milk and tigers claws! That, they think, I suppose will make you as strong as a lion and as nimble as a tiger. Often they stick needles into the suffering patient wherever the pain is, thinking thereby to probe away the bad spirit who is at work in that spot.

Bad diseases are given beautiful names. For example, they call small-pox "heavenly flowers." They think the speediest way to drive away such diseases is to give them nice names. So, you see, how much need there is for good well-trained doctors to go out to Honan, and help these poor sufferers.

The doctors see many sad sights. Not long ago, three aged blind men came to one of our doctors in Honan; but he could do nothing for them, and as they rode away they were a sad picture, for their souls were blind too. Perhaps, some of you, boys and girls, are thinking of being doctors, and that by and by we will hear of you being in China healing and blessing the boys and girls in that sad land.

But now we have had a long day together, and you must be tired out. Take a good night's rest, and some other day, we will go and see some of the temples and gods of Honan.

Your fellow-traveller,

J. MACGILLIVRAY.

The years of childhood and youth are like the precious morning hour. If you would have a well-spent day, you must be up betimes. They are like the sweet springtime. If the gardener or husbandman neglects his work in spring he will rue his folly, but cannot repair it, when rosy Summer comes with her fruit-basket, and sunburnt Autumn with his golden sickle. The Germans have a proverb, "Well begun is half-way won," and this is true of life. The voice of Heavenly Wisdom says, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me."