

poppy, and who buy the whole opium crop and prepare it in government workshops expressly for the Chinese market. In this sin Christian England also shares; for "under the specious name of the home charges of the Indian Government, England is annually exacting a tribute of fourteen millions sterling from India" (*Friend of China*, April, 1888). And England's sin and England's punishment, unless she repents, more or less involve all Christendom. Our sharing of responsibility and the Chinese feeling were vividly impressed on the writer once when preaching on the street in Shashing. Hell was mentioned and a fine looking elderly man exclaimed with equal courage and severity: "Yes, there is such a place. Since you foreigners came, China has become a hell."

#### WELSH PREACHING.

The late Christmas Evans, preaching from the text, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," proceeded to say:

Oh, dear brethren, why will you pay no attention to your best Friend? Why will you let Him stand knocking night and day, in all weathers, and never open the door to Him? If the horse-dealer or cattle-dealer came, you would run to open the door to him, and set meat and drink before him, because you think to make money by him—the filthy lucre that perishes in the using. But when the Lord Jesus stands knocking at the door of your heart, bringing to you the everlasting wealth, which he gives without money or without price, you are deaf and blind; you are so busy you can't attend. Markets, and fairs, and pleasures, and profits occupy you; you have neither time nor inclination for such as He. Let Him knock! Let Him stand without, the door shut in His face, what matters it to you? Oh, but it does matter to you.

Oh, my brethren, I will relate to you a parable of truth. In a familiar parable I will tell you how it is with some of you; and, alas, how it will be in the end. I will tell you what happened in a Welsh village, I need not say where. I was going through this village in early spring, and saw before me a beautiful house. The farmer had just brought into the yard his load of lime; his horses were fat, and all were well to do about him. He went in and sat down to his dinner; and as I came up, a man stood knocking at the door. There was a friendly look in his face, that made me say as I passed: "The master's at home; they won't keep you waiting."

Before long I was again on that road; and as soon as I came in sight of the house, there stood the same man knocking. At

this I wondered; and as I came near I saw that he stood as one who had knocked long; and as he knocked he listened. Said I: "The farmer is busy making up his books, or counting his money, or eating and drinking. Knock louder, sir, and he will hear you." "But," said I, "you have great patience, sir, for you have been knocking a long time. If I were you, I would leave him to-night, and come back to-morrow."

"He is in danger, and I must warn him," replied he, and knocked louder than ever.

Some time afterward I went that way again, and there still stood the man, knocking, knocking. "Well, sir," said I, "your perseverance is the most remarkable I ever saw. How long do you mean to stop?"

"Till I can make him hear," was his answer, and he knocked again.

Said I: "He wants for no good thing. He has a fine farm, and flocks, and herds, and stock-yards, and barns."

"Yes," he replied, for the Lord is kind to the unthankful and the evil."

Then he knocked again, and I went on my way, wondering at the goodness and patience of the man.

Again I was in those parts. It was very cold weather. There was an east wind blowing, and the sleety rain fell. It was getting dark, too, and the pleasantest place, as you all know, at such a time, is the fire-side. As I came by the farmhouse, I saw the candle-light shining through the windows, and the smoke of a good fire coming out of the chimney. But there was still the man outside, knocking, knocking. And as I looked at him, I saw that his hands and feet were bleeding, and his visage was that of one marred with sorrow. My heart was very sad for him, and I said: "Sir, you had better not stand any longer at that hard man's door. Let me advise you to go over the way to the poor widow. She has many children, and she works for her daily bread; but she will make you welcome."

"I know her," he said. "I am with her continually; her door is ever open to me; for the Lord is the husband of the fatherless. She is in bed with her little children."

"Then go," I replied to the blacksmith's yonder. I see the cheerful blaze of his smithy; he works early and late. His wife is a kind-hearted woman. They will treat you like a prince.

He answered solemnly, "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

At that moment the door opened, and the farmer came out cursing and swearing, with a cudgel in his hand, with which he smote him, and then angrily shut the door in his face. This excited a fierce anger in me. I was full of indignation to think that a Welsh-