

and remembered Him whose heart was filled with compassion as He looked upon the multitude.

*Miss Sykes.*—Our stay of five days in Tsi Loa had been a happy one. Mrs. Chang is an earnest Christian and her home has always been a bright spot. On this visit she was as faithful as ever in her study. Others, too, came to listen, but there was one who had never come near and was almost hostile to us, not even allowing her children to learn the hymns.

At daybreak on the last morning of our stay, there were cries which my Bible-woman interpreted as being calls for the return of the spirit of the twelve-year-old daughter of the woman just mentioned. She must be ill. It was not long before I was asked to give assistance. Mine was a decided refusal, as I knew nothing of the girl's condition. More than that, I dared not do anything when her mother was thus opposed to us. Still urgent requests came, but it was some time before we found out what had really occurred.

As the two children arose that morning they had begun in a child-like way to play together on the bed. In their play the girl struck her brother, and as he said, "I hit her because she hit me," not realizing what he had done. Apparently from the force of the blow, which struck her chest, she fell in a swoon. Then it was that the noise which we had heard began. The family ran from the room to the yard and the street crying for the return of the girl's spirit. The witch came, and for a couple of hours there was a never-to-be-forgotten tumult in that room. All this time the girl was lying unconscious, with crowd-people all around her, and not a breath of air reaching her. A little hope was given when the witch announced that the spirit had gone away five miles, but by their effort it was recalled. All the family, with the exception of a few whose faith in their new-found Hope never wavered, were worshipping the gods they have learned to fear when troubles enter the home.

Before the witch left she said there was no hope for the girl's recovery. The village doctor was then called in and allayed their fears for a time. There was nothing I could do, and the few suggestions I did make were not carried out. Once when I spoke of seeing her again, it was suggested that I wait a few minutes, which really was a kindly way of telling me I was not wanted.

We left the village that afternoon, and later heard the child passed away the following day.

Your prayers are asked for this family. Mrs. Chang has always been a most hospitable hostess, but shortly after this she told a Chinese Christian that she could not invite her to the home without the consent of the old grandmother; and this we saw plainly she did not care to ask.

The mother of the girl, not being able to see the message of this sorrow sent to her by our Father, has influenced the family against us, and for the present that door seems closed. We can only hope and pray that the truth may yet lighten, not only all in that home, but spread its rays to every corner of the village.

