

presided at the organ, the Chinese ladies joining in singing gospel songs, and a little Canadian girl sang some pretty Kindergarten motion songs, which greatly delighted the Chinese children, who clapped as enthusiastically as any of our own children. One of the Chinese ladies, who can speak good English, said they enjoyed such a gathering because they seldom had an opportunity of meeting each other in a company, their custom being only to call at each others' homes.

In the evening the Mission Church was filled to the doors with heathen Chinamen, about fifty having to stand listening outside. The ladies were seated in the school-room, the other side of the folding doors, which were pushed far enough back to permit them to see the platform without being seen by the audience. An interesting programme was furnished. Principal Sipprell and Professor Crawford, of the College, each addressed the meeting, Mr. Tom, acting as interpreter. A Chinese orchestra played a number of tunes on their peculiar instruments, which Mrs. Tom later on, reproduced in a very clever manner on the church organ, much to the amusement of the Chinamen. Mr. Chan, Chinese missionary of Vancouver, and his little son, added to the entertainment by giving two numbers, the father accompanying the singing on the organ. Two bright little Chinese boys, belonging to a Chinese merchant of the city, also sang together and Mr. Tom sang a solo, Mrs. Tom presiding at the organ.

At the close, Mr. Tom thought he would try taking up a collection, but he found it necessary to tell them he would not, as they took fright and began to get out of the building. They quieted down again, however, till the cups and saucers were being passed for refreshments when another rush was made for outdoors, some of them saying that they were not hungry as they had had their dinner. Upwards of seventy remained and partook of some hot coffee and cake, served to them by the members of the Chinese school, who seemed to enjoy having this kind of work to do.

There are as many as thirty-five or forty names enrolled on the School register, showing an average attendance from fifteen to twenty paying pupils. The church services have an average attendance of from fifty to sixty men. These men are afraid of what each other may say or think about their attitude towards Christianity, but if once a break is made many will turn to the Lord.

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Treasurer B.C. Branch, W. M. Society.

Pen Hsien—Opened by Tsun,

Who is Supported by Stanstead Wesleyan College.

A LETTER FROM MR. HARTWELL, TELLING HOW GOD USES OUR MISSIONARIES AND THEIR CONVERTS.

"Sun rises—big, bright and red—a globe of fire." (Diary, July 12th, 1897.) July was hot, but heat could not stop the work of the Lord. Thirty miles from Chen-tu there is a walled city called Pen Hsien. This city was brought to our attention by the number of students who visited our book-shops inquiring for scientific books. Their friendliness gave birth to the idea of opening a mission station in that city. To open a new station, special tact and guidance is necessary. It often requires months of anxiety, as every obstacle is put in the way, and when a shop or house is obtained, so much ill-will has been aroused that

it requires months and sometimes years before the work can make headway. The poor man who may be tempted by the sight of silver to rent to the foreigner is too often boycotted, abused, threatened until fearing for his life he knocks his head at the feet of the foreigner and begs to have his rental deed returned.

Whom should we send on this important mission? There was one individual, a literary man, who on account of his earnestness has been made an evangelist and is now supported by the students of Stanstead College. His scholarly bearing would give weight to his words.

He came to the mission four years ago, a proud Confucian, a believer in idols, ignorant of the Gospel.

Two years we studied together. Seemingly no impression had been made. Outwardly he was just the same, viz., respectfully indifferent. The seed, however, had been sown, had taken root, and was soon to bring forth fruit. His relation with the foreigners brought him into prominence during the riots of 1895. The little persecution he received during our absence was the means in God's hands of bringing him to Christ. He openly confessed Christ after our return and was publicly baptized in the Chen tu Church, April 4th, 1897.

He now became as zealous in witnessing for Christ as he had been indifferent before. He entered enthusiastically into the plan of opening the city of Pen Hsien and offered to go himself. July 5th, after a season of earnest prayer, my proud Confucian teacher, that was, started on his journey with a bundle of religious and scientific books under his arm. Here is his own story: "When I reached the suburbs of the city I began to pray that my way might be opened up, when to my dismay I heard the people talking about a child that had been kidnapped. I knew the foreigners had been accused of having agents through the country to kidnap children. Would I be suspected of being such an agent and be beaten as two men had been recently within twenty miles of Chen-tu? At first I felt inclined to wait a more convenient season. In the midst of these doubts I came to a tea shop, put down my bundle and slowly let the books appear. The proprietor, as soon as he found that they were foreign books, asked me to find another place to exhibit them. The books were tied up and on I started. Presently I passed an old shop, with an empty table. For twenty-four cash (1½ cents) I rented the table and spread out my books. The people gathered around and I had an opportunity to explain the contents. While thus engaged, an elderly man came along, looked at the books and then at me. I recognized him as an old friend of my father and wondered what he would think if he should recognize the son of his old friend selling foreign books. The prospects looked so dark my heart went out in prayer for guidance. Presently my father's friend looked up and said, 'What is your honorable name?' 'Tsun.' 'O! O! O! I thought I knew your face; your father was a warm friend of mine. I see you have books for sale, why don't you rent a shop?' My heart stood still. How did he know the thought uppermost in my mind was a shop unless God had sent him in answer to prayer. 'That is just what I am looking for,' I replied. 'Where are you staying?' 'Doubly Prosperous Inn.' 'Yes, yes, I know; Mr. Ki is also a friend of mine. I will meet you there this evening and talk matters over.' He walked off and my faith began to ascend. A few minutes later I was hastening back to the inn with my bundle of books. Towards evening he came the proprietor, who was also one of the leading street officials, was at home