

the people sometimes laugh at us and say bitter things of us, oh, we can only in the least possible way imagine what must have been his sorrowful feeling when the people would not heed him. One needs to be much in prayer, as we pass along, for God to just allow us to give the tracts to those who can read and will read them. The graves along the country appear at a distance like a very very many piles of hay, but as you ask what those are, and are told graves of those who died without the knowledge of a Christ, oh our hearts ache; there are thousands and thousands near this city. We pass on some two or three miles, and our sister who can speak, talks to the people. We stopped at a few huts together (farmers), and stools were brought for us to sit on, in a very few minutes there were some forty or fifty listening; one old woman, to whom much of the conversation was directed, had a very bad headache, and after listening oh so earnestly, asking very intelligent questions, and being answered satisfactorily she left us and said she was going to her own house to pray to the true God. I have been in several temples; oh! the *hideous* looking gods; one temple, a stone's throw from our house here, has 10,000 gods. We stand in the midst of four temples. Dear friends, is not our God a good keeper.

Dec. 3rd, 1888.—Was delayed in writing that evening, so had to remain up after usual time for retiring to finish my letters. At a few minutes past twelve, as I was about to stop writing for that time, I heard loud knocking on the outside door. Some one appeared to be very anxious to receive immediate attention by the continually loud, loud knocking. I heard some one from the Home speak, then for a moment all seemed quiet, then one of the room doors leading to the hall opened, so I opened my door. Yes, I feared it was an "opium case." Miss Murray was in the hall and asked "Who is that?" the answer came "Hattie." "Oh, I am so glad, will you go with Emmie" (Miss Kentfield). "Yes, Miss Murray," was my reply. Then a few words of prayer together, asking God to bless the means used, and to guide us in everything we would do so His name might be glorified. In a few more minutes we were on our way; San-sa (our boy), to attend and help us. One of the messengers went in front of us with his lantern held low to show the uneven pathway; San-sa and another follow. How strange the dark and narrow streets appeared seen thus after midnight. We met very few people, but those we did were provided as we were with lanterns, without which it is unsafe to walk abroad after night-fall. The messenger walked rapidly, and fully in sympathy with him we too hasten, and, with a speed impossible to real Chinese women, passed along the narrow winding way.

All is dark and silent about us, and we are soon in an unfamiliar part of the city, which adds to the strangeness of the surroundings. Our guide, after a good long walk, stopped at a door, which was immediately opened; after passing through several different sort of court-yards we were shown into the place where the young man was, a young man of twenty-four years. He had been out to some feast and returned home angry and took the opium. He is a mandarin, or a mandarin's son. The house showed signs of wealth, everything grand. I shall not forget the sight that met our eyes, a strong looking stout man, dressed in light blue silk, sitting on a stool, supported by four or five servants; a brother of about twenty, dressed in the palest blue silk quilted gown, looking so anxious, and others who, I think, may have been either relatives or friends. This was the men's quarters to which we were shown and where the sick man was. There was one woman very quiet at one corner of the hall (as it appeared to be). After asking some questions Emmie prepared medicine for him; he refused at first, but his attendants forced it down. Then San-sa prayed. Though I knew very few of the words he uttered, I *knew* he was in earnest, and that earnest prayer was listened to by those present as well as by the prayer-answering God. After a few minutes another dose was given, and they were asked to walk him about, which had the desired effect. If they had allowed him to lie down and drop to sleep all would have been over: they knew enough to keep him up and awake until the medicine came. They did all in their power. We sought for more power than the medicine, even the Divine help. Two doses of another description was given, more walking done, and again the needed effect. Poor fellow, he kept saying in his native tongue "Ah, I am so sick," which he indeed was. All present did what was in their power to help, and were so anxious that he should be saved, they thought only of saving the body, poor creatures; when he almost recovered, San-sa told them of Jesus, of the one *true* God who heard and answered prayer, who was always ready and so willing to hear the cry of penitent sinners. And much more he told. I shall *never* forget how all faces were turned and all eyes fixed on him, and how they drank in eagerly every word. They asked many questions and were so satisfied with the answers they would look at one another, and appeared as if they might be saying "Yes, I believe he says true." The sight is fixed on my memory for ever. I could just watch their features change, and pray to my God to let the light come into their hearts; especially did the face of the brother change and it seemed to light up. Miss Emmie spoke of Jesus to the only woman who remained (two others came in for a few minutes, one took his hand and