

Chang for Chefu. We had on board Mr. F. Paton, a Bible colporteur. He was the man above all others we had need of meeting, as he had travelled more through Honan than any other man in China, and was now direct from the flooded district. He was ready to accompany us at once to Honan, but yet thought our wisest course for the present would be to spend some months at the language in Chefu. He said the Chinese Government was doing all in its power in relief work.

We arrived at Chefu, Friday evening, March 2nd. Dr. Hunter Corbett provided us with the hospitalities of a missionary's home. Drs. Corbett and Nevius, of Chefu, supported Mr. Paton's view as to the study of the language. The latter strongly emphasized the importance of spending the first year at the language. Seeing then that there was no object in pushing inland for relief work, following the advice of these experienced men we have taken up quarters at Chefu. The language spoken here is the Mandarin, that used throughout North China. We removed our effects from the steamship to Dr. Williamson's house, and began studying the language on Monday morning, with what progress time will tell.

Hasten out to help us. The district recommended for our Church is Northern Honan. Mr. Paton has been through all the cities and deems it the most inviting field in China. But to take it up properly he says we should despatch four or six men as soon as possible, and afterward our field need only be limited by the men and means of our Church. He is now preparing a map of the whole Province for our use, which I will send to the Students' Missionary Society.

I wish you could see us in our new—may I not say first—home. It was in a very dilapidated state when we arrived a few days ago, but the ready hands of a Canadian housekeeper can work wonders, and now we would not be ashamed to have our friends call to see us. But our friends are far across the sea. You can fancy us cozily settled down in our house of Chinese pattern, the nearest European a mile away. Chinese are on three sides of us; our place is in one corner of the Chinese village of Tung Shin, almost a mile from the walls of Chefu. We have lots of room in which to breathe. A wheat field is on one side and on the other our own garden. Right at the end of the garden runs the main road, along which from first peep of day till far into the night thousands of loaded ponies, mules and donkeys, with their tinkling bells, pass and repass. Dr. Williamson who lived in this house, once set a coolie to count the loaded animals and coolies that passed in one day. The number was upwards of five thousand. What a grand opportunity I will have after I master some of this tongue. We are happy and hopeful. The language is hard, but others have mastered it and with God's help so can we. I attend all the Chinese meetings held by Dr. Corbett. The discourses do not edify me much; but in time the language will become familiar, and my sense of powerlessness without it will be a whip to drive me deeper into its mysteries. Mrs. Goforth joins me in sending kindest regards to all. Yours in the work,

J. GOFORTH.

*Chefu, North China.*