

uncurtained window of the convent you can see an image of the Virgin with a candle burning before it. It is sad to see Rome perpetuating her idolatry among these millions who, because of an idolatry perhaps a little less refined, have groped in darkness for upwards of forty centuries.

We attended the weekly evening for prayer observed by the China Inland Mission workers. Dr. Douthwaite and eight or ten others were present. It was an hour of real refreshing and drawing near to God. Each one of the King's workers in vast China was remembered. Those in the far interior were specially prayed for. The Christian Church at home was not forgotten.

*Sabbath 22nd.*—All day the builders have been at work putting up an addition to the convent near by. It sounds strange to hear the noise of tools on Sabbath. The Chinese know no day of rest once in seven. Nor can we blame them. But blame lies at the door of those who profess to represent the Lord of the Sabbath. Protestant missionaries never allow their buildings to be touched on Sabbath. It costs them more certainly, but what is that to the example set before the heathen.

Reports from Dr. Corbett in his tour of mission stations state that the people are more ready to receive him than ever before. The respect shown him exceeds all past experiences. The enquirers are more numerous and more largely from the educated classes. Our American brethren occupy a wonderful field here in Shantung. It is the home ground of Confucius, and teems with a population five times that of Canada, all open to the Word. These brethren have made an appeal to their Church for ten ordained men, four physicians and four single lady missionaries to be sent out at once.

*April 28.*—Glancing back over the week we note some progress made. My tongue is beginning to handle more nimbly the Chinese words and sentences. My ear, too, is distinguishing tones more readily. Still tongue and ear work far too slowly.

The eye cannot keep pace with a Chinaman's reading. While I am looking round one character my Celestial friend has spun of half-a-dozen. We think the Chinaman reads and speaks at race-horse speed. In conversing with one on the street the great difficulty is to keep up. I tell them to go slow and repeat, and blunder away. When I get beyond my depth I confess ignorance, say that I speak a foreign language but am learning his. It pleases a Chinaman to think that the foreigner is learning his language, and he tells me the names of everything I see.

I am now superintending the rebuilding of Dr. Williamson's house. From the workmen I learn the names of all parts of a house, the different kinds of material and the tools. Chinese tools are primitive enough. They put up the frame work of the room first, supporting it by props, and build the wall up afterwards. Sawmills are unknown. All lumber is made by hand. Chinamen are unequalled in the building of chimneys. They put the beams so close to the chimney that the fire is sure to reach them. I instructed them on this point, but on going out to-day I found the chimney had been run up without a bit of lime