

out his tongue, and then, for the first time, he tells the doctor that it is not himself but a friend some fifteen miles away, and, as he was passing he thought he might as well get some medicine for his friend.

We make a rule not to give medicine unless we see the patient. This is considered very strange, for even the most stupid Chinaman from the minute description given can tell that there is too much 'fire' in the man's body, or that the water and air have got disturbed in some way, and a chorus of voices around tells the doctor the exact medicine a Chinese doctor would prescribe; and they go away thinking how terribly stupid the poor foreign doctor is, that he don't understand a "fire disease."

Another man comes along and wants to consult the Doctor about his "little child". This man is allowed to describe the symptoms from a Chinese stand point, and then the doctor asks how old the child is, and is told that he is exactly thirty four years of age. The Father however still speaks of him as his "little child".

Some patients scarcely enter the door, when they ask if the doctor treats diseases as the Chinese do by sticking with needles, because if he does they will not come as they are afraid of the needle. Being fully assured of the contrary, after a little persuasion they sit nervously down on the chair, and if by chance the doctor forgets himself, and takes up any instrument whatever, before he can turn round the patient is out at the door with a bound.

Again, others come and want to be stuck with needles, and are very much disappointed when the doctor tells them that he does not use that plan of treatment.

There is still another class of patients who come and they appear very anxious to be cured, but the doctor is informed that they are the "no eat medicine kind". That medicine in any form does not agree with them, and so they entreat the "great, wise, foreign, physician" to tell them of a plan by which they can be cured.

A great number of blind children come for

treatment, but nothing can be done for them. Their's is indeed a sad lot, for if they cannot do their share in providing for themselves they are ill-treated and neglected, and most likely after a while turned out to beg and in the end to starve, and when they die nobody mourns for them. As they know not of Him who came to give sight to the blind, they have no one to go to for comfort and help, and thus their trouble is all the harder to bear.

Dear young friends, when you thank your Heavenly Father for all your blessings do not forget to pray for these poor blind Chinese children, who know not the Saviour Jesus.

We have come to Honan to tell the people about this Saviour, but we can tell only a few, while even in this one province many thousands, yes, more likely, millions, will die before the blessed news of the gospel will reach them. When next you pray for Honan pray for the work on the Street-Chapel and Dispensary at Hsin Chén.

Yours sincerely,

J. FRAZER SMITH.

Hsin Chén,

Nov. 18, 1892.

SOWING WILD OATS.

"Let the boys sow their wild oats?" No, no, no! A thousand times no! Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. There is plenty of good grain right at hand, and the crop will be none too good; at best not all soil brings forth "a hundred fold."

While we write, there lies, in a soldier's hospital, a man of brains; helpless, suffering, moneyless, praying for death to relieve him, and before us lies one of the most pitiful letters from him that we ever sat eyes on.

What's the matter? Nothing, only he sowed wild oats when he should have sowed good grain, and in after years, when he tried to handle the true seed, his shattered system left him no talent for harvesting.

Life is too short to be frittered away, and law, physical, mental, moral, is too unyielding to be trifled with.

They that seek me early, shall find me.]