

blessed his message, one and another believed, and soon there was a little company meeting for worship every Sunday. In two years between sixty to eighty persons in Ku-cheng-tsih, his native town, and the surrounding villages were hopefully converted. He felt his need of more instruction, and again sought for Mr. Tomalin, who returned with him after five months' delay. Mr. Tomalin says:—

"As we drew near to the town the good people came out some distance to receive us, and it brought the tears to my eyes to see their joy and to hear them speak of the Lord their Saviour. I stayed with them nine days, and was most hospitably entertained. One of the believers—a man in comfortable circumstances, and one of the leading men in the place, which contains some 300 families (1500 to 2000 inhabitants) gave up his own bed to me, and also the use of his shop for preaching, selling books and dispensing medicines. He threw himself heartily into the work, as, indeed, did they all. He followed me wherever I went, and never seemed to be able to do enough for me. He had been an opium smoker for thirty years, but had completely broken off the habit through faith in the power of Jesus to save. This fact is known to all around, and is indisputable. He tells to all how the Lord delivered him, and that without suffering physically or mentally, though he had oftentimes tried to cure himself, but in vain."

The way in which this man was delivered was very striking. When Mr. Tomalin entered the town, and was taken into his shop, he saw a strip of paper opposite the door, so placed that one could not enter without observing it, bearing, in large Chinese characters, an inscription which may be rendered: "In obedience to the will of God! I prohibit myself from this time forth from either smoking opium, or entering an opium den, or in any wise having connexion with opium." The paper was signed with the name of the shop-keeper and dated. On inquiry, Mr. Tomalin found that after thirty years' opium smoking, the pernicious drug had gained such a hold upon him that he felt that he must give it up. But in vain he struggled with his oppressor; he could neither gradually discontinue its use, nor cure himself by the help of native medicines, nor even by the foreign remedies sold in Shanghai; so that all hope of deliverance died out. Then came his conversion through the preaching of the soldier. The latter, coming in one day to read the Scriptures with him, found him at his pipe, and exclaimed, "What! Do you not know that you cannot be a Christian and smoke opium?" "Is that so?" said the convert. "Does the Bible forbid it?" He was told that though it was not mentioned in Scripture, the passage condemning drunkenness of course condemned the far worse intoxication of opium. "But what is to be done?" cried the convert. "Well, you had better gradually give it up; lessen the amount used by a few grains every day." "Ah!" was the reply, "I have tried that plan, but in vain." The soldier encouraged his friend by reminding him that at the time he had not an Almighty Saviour to help him, but that Jesus was mighty to save from every form of sin. "Stay," said the man. "Is it sin to smoke (we are not sure as to quantity, say) three drams? for if so, it cannot be pleasant to God to smoke two drams and nine-tenths; or to go sinning for a long while trying to give it up. If it is sin, it must be given up at once and at any cost!" The soldier was afraid his friend would die (quite suddenly deprived of the drug), or fail and be discouraged; and he knew not what to say, so he proposed prayer. Rising from his knees with a strengthened faith, the opium-smoker would not hear another word, but took his pen, wrote the paper above re-

ferred to, and then, with a little paste (which Chinese shop-keepers use instead of string to do up their parcels) he fixed the paper opposite the door, and never touched the vile drug again. God not only saved his life, but saved him from even suffering; for who ever trusted in God and was confounded?

After a stay of nine days among these interesting people, Mr. Tomalin baptized nine men and two women, and, commending them to God and to the word of His grace, bade them farewell. The journey had been more difficult and expensive than he had anticipated; but the rejoicing people not only would take no money for his board and that of his two native companions (volunteers not in the pay of the Mission), but brought an old Spanish dollar and one thousand cash as a contribution towards their expenses. Mr. Tomalin would take nothing for himself, but let them give part of it to the natives who accompanied him. Nor was this all. Borrowing a beast, and some of them helping to carry the bedding, &c., they conveyed them two days' journey, free of charge, through the snow and over the bleak hills to the northern banks of the Yang-tsi-kiang; and thus helped, Mr. Tomalin's funds held out till he and his companions reached the steamer station at Nankin. There, however, their all was spent, and how were they to proceed? After a time of prayer, Mr. Tomalin's mind was powerfully influenced to put off in a boat with his Chinese companions to the up steamer when it should pass, under the conviction that some member of his own Mission would be on board, though he had no reason for this hope beyond this powerful impression. It proved, indeed, to be so, for when the steamer slowed down to allow passengers to come on board, a party proceeding to Gank'ing for a conference (of which Mr. Tomalin was in ignorance, having been some time from home) were on board to welcome him, and to hear the interesting account of his journey.

Children's Corner.

LADY TEMPLE'S GRANDCHILDREN.

CHAPTER XI. (continued).

CONFIDENCES.

"You said you would come soon again?" said Molly, in a mournful and injured way. "And that was nearly two weeks ago. I don't think it was at all kind of you not to come before."

"I couldn't help it," answered Dolly gently. "We have not been allowed to go out for a great many days. Duke has had a cold, and Parker said I should get one too if I went out in an east wind. What is an east wind? We never had any in India."

"It's a nasty thing," answered Molly. "It makes Wilfred cross, and me, too, I think. But it's warmer to-day."

"Yes; and Dr. Gardner came and took me quite a long ride this morning, and said it was bad to stay in too much; but Duke wasn't allowed to go. And then he told grandmother that I was to come and see you this afternoon. I like Dr. Gordon. He is very kind."

"Yes," answered Molly, languidly; "he is very kind. He told me he would send me somebody to cheer me up; but I didn't know he meant you."

"Are you very dull?" asked Dolly sympathetically. "Are you unhappy?"

"I think I generally am," Molly answered, gloomily, yet wistfully. "I want to be well. I want to run about again. I used to be so strong; and now I can't do anything."

"I'm so sorry," said Dolly very compassionately. "But won't you get better some day? Can't Dr. Gordon make you well?"

"He says he thinks by and by I shall be much better; but it is so long to wait. I want to be well now."

Dolly sighed in sympathy with her friend.

"I think there are a great many things we all want that we can't get," she said, resting her chin on her hand and gazing very earnestly into the fire.

"Do you want things that you cannot get, Dorothy?" asked Molly with some interest.

"Oh, yes, indeed I do," answered the child very earnestly.

"What kind of things?"

"I don't quite know how to explain," answered Dolly slowly. "I think it is that I want to be good."

"Aren't you good?" questioned Molly, with a glance of surprise.

Dolly shook her head mournfully and answered—

"I'm afraid I'm not."

"Why, but I thought you were," argued Molly, with more animation. "I knew your maid, Parker, told our nurse that you were a very good child indeed—quite one of the best she had ever known."

"Did she?" answered Dolly with a little smile of pleasure, but her face clouded over again, and she added sorrowfully, "I'm afraid she would not say so now, because I have been very naughty and disobedient."

"Have you?" questioned Molly wonderingly. "Why, what have you done?"

So Dolly related the story of her misdeeds with great contrition, and Molly listened with interest.

"Why, do you call that being naughty?" she asked at the close of the narration. "Why, none of us would think anything of that. Your grandmother is a horrid, cross old woman. I should just try and vex her as much as I could if I were you."

"O, Molly, don't!" said Dolly, shocked and distressed; "that would be dreadfully naughty, and I do so want to be good."

"Why should you want to be good?"

"Don't you?"

"I don't think I care much about it."

Dolly made no reply, but continued to stare fixedly into the fire. By and by Molly broke the silence.

"What is being good?"

"That's just what I want to know," said Dolly thoughtfully.

"What do you mean? Don't you know what it is?"

"I do in one way; but I think there are two kinds of goodness."

"I don't understand you," said Molly knitting her brow.

"I'm not quite sure that I understand myself; but I believe there are. If I could remember better the things mamma used to teach us, I should know more; but I am nearly sure there are two ways of being good."

"What are the two ways?" asked Molly with an awakening interest. "I never knew that there were two."

"I think there must be. One way is to be good—outside—if you know what I mean. I mean to keep rules, and not to get angry and say naughty things, and to do lessons, and be tidy and punctual, and so on—the things that people can see, you know."

"Yes, and I should think that was enough, too," said Molly in her decisive way.

"I don't know," answered Dolly thoughtfully. "I don't quite think it is."

"Why, what more could you have?"

"I think," continued the child dreamily, "that there is quite another kind of goodness"