

He says that a Mr. Hiung had a brother-in-law of considerable influence in Peking, through whom Mr. Hiung had the offer of a lucrative post as head of an important custom-house. This position would have brought him about \$90 per month of clean money, with a chance of increasing this two or three fold. When the offer came Mr. Hiung brought the letter to Dr. John, who asked him what he was going to do about it. "You are in the wilderness with Christ," said the missionary. "The devil is offering you wealth and position, the two things which the Chinese covet most. What are you going to do?" Mr. Hiung's reply was—"I have fully made up my mind to decline the offer. Matthew 1:17 the customs to follow Jesus. The devil wants me to leave Jesus to follow the customs. That will never do." Mr. Hiung's wife, though a professed Christian, did not see the matter in the same light. She wished him to accept the post on account of the good he could do with the money. But he remained firm, though he felt the trial of opposing his wife's wishes more than he did the money temptation. "I understand," said he one day, "the story of Eden better now."

#### WHICH IS THE TRUE GOD?

The *Chronicle* of the London Society reports an incident in which a young man, with more zeal perhaps than wisdom, commenced to denounce the idol Vemana in the presence of the priest of the god. He affirmed that Vemana was no god at all, and that Jesus Christ was the true Saviour.

The priest challenged the young man to a test, and the challenge was accepted. The proceedings remind one strongly of the scene between Elijah and the prophet of Baal on Mount Carmel. The priest said to the young man—"If there's no truth in Vemana, hold up your umbrella and we'll see." This umbrella was so heavy that it was not supposed that he could hold it for any length of time. The priest said—"If Vemana doesn't cause you to swoon, we will give you 100 rupees; but if you do swoon, you must give us 10 rupees. We'll give you an hour!"

After agreeing to the terms, the young man lifted up the umbrella. The priest and others then prayed to the idol, shouting out—"O, Vemana, thou art here! This man says thou art no god; knock him down!" They also took large swords, with the flat sides of which they beat themselves, offering incense, and making a frightful uproar. The young man kept on praying—"O, Lord Jesus! Thou who treadest down the power of Satan, give me strength!" The people every now and then asked—"Now, is not Vemana god?" To which he loudly replied—"No; he is not!" This continued for one or two hours, after which they began to be ashamed and to say—"After all, Vemana is nothing; he is but an image." However, they refused to pay the rupees.—*Miss. Herald.*

#### MY CHINESE PATIENT.

BY DR. PECK, OF PANG CHUANG, CHINA.

Years ago, while living at Pao-ting-fu, a little man made his appearance at my hospital with a large tumor on his neck. He had never seen a European before, but came with his mind fully made up for an operation, owing, to reports he had heard of us in his country home from patients who had been at the hospital. Against the remonstrances of his friends and neighbors, he had sold his little property in order to get money to live on. His simple reply to these remonstrances was that his life was made a burden to him by his tumor, and he was going to try the foreign doctor, and in the expressive idiom of his language if he was "cured well" he could earn more money, and if he was "cured dead" he wouldn't need it. The foreign doctor tried to persuade him against so formidable and risky an operation, but without avail.

Fortunately, he lived through it, and the healing of the wound went on normally until delayed by a rather severe attack of erysipelas.

Before this danger was passed he sent word by the gatekeeper that he must go home, as his money was spent. I replied that he must on no account go then; that I would feed him myself; but the next morning he was missing. The gatekeeper said he went with his little roll of bedding at daylight, saying that he was already greatly indebted to us for what we had done for him, and could not think of burdening our hospitality by eating our food. So he vanished into the unknown from whence he came, and we concluded that he would probably die. Months afterward one of our colporters, reporting the incidents of a tour in a region seldom visited, asked me if I remembered such a man. I said I did, but supposed he was dead. He said no; he had found him alive and well, and preaching the gospel at a fair.

While in the hospital he had seemed very stupid; no one thought he had taken in much of the truth; but he had bought and paid for a little elementary book, and learned to read it. The simple explanation had remained in his memory, and after his recovery at home he had taken his book with him when visiting the little fairs where all the business of neighboring villages is done; he had been notable as the man with the large tumor, and now when he came around without it he was naturally an object of curiosity.

They said he kept a kerchief around his neck, and when the crowd gathered around he would say—"My friends, when I was in the hospital they taught me of a religion there that is far more precious than the cure of my body. I have a little book here which tells about it, and if you will sit down and let me read and explain it to you, then I'll show you my neck."

And so, a self-appointed evangelist had been telling his little story. That place is one of the most encouraging of the out-stations around Pao-ting-fu; a circle of believers is gathered there, and the little patient remains a humble and converted Christian.—*Miss. Herald.*