

alumber. A life consecrated to Christ, that oils all its joints with cheerful faith, and tones its blood with the iron of the promises, never grows pale in the cheek or crippled in its gait. Look at that glorious old giant of Jesus Christ who drew the Gospel chariot from Jerusalem to Rome, and had the "care of all the churches" on his big heart, he never complained of being tired. He never chafed his limbs under the shackles of doubt, or loaded one extra ounce of godless anxiety on his brawny shoulders, and so he marched on to glory shouting. Knowing whom he believed, he was only solicitous to do his Master's will and finish his Master's work; he knew that his strength would be equal to the days until he had won the everlasting crown.

Lean on Jesus and he will rest you.  
Labor for Jesus and he will bless you.  
Live for Jesus and your soul shall mount up as on an eagle's wing; you shall run and never weary, you shall walk arm in arm with him and never faint.

"Tired? No, not tired!

While leaning on His breast.

#### A NIGHT IN A CHINESE INN.

We had been to a part of the province of Fuh-kien, visited only once or twice before by a European. Our sleeping accommodation had been varied,—one night wrapped in a rug on the bottom of the boat, with a plantain-leaf mat between us and the sky; the next in a tea warehouse in the hills; and the next in a loft, or in a gentleman's best bedroom. On the evening to which I am about to refer, we were belated on the river through the sluggishness of the stream after drought, and pulled up at the bank to look for shelter. Whether the inn was more fit to be a human habitation than the very airy barge, let the reader judge.

Fourteen of us quitted the boat to walk a quarter of a mile to the village of Southern Plains, leaving two men to mind the oars and other properties. There was only one inn. This was a single room, ten paces long and four wide. The walls were of light brown cement, and were evidently ancient, for every particle of the white-wash facing had long since disappeared, and the storms of generations had eaten many ugly holes, which were rudely plastered with mud. The one door and window were innocent of paint, and looked, indeed,

as though they had never been honoured by the brush. Inside, the walls and roof and floor were perfectly black with age and dirt. In this small space were three sets of bed-boards, each capable of accommodating three persons, a brick cooking-range without a chimney, several piles of dried grass and pine-wood for fuel, a dozen or so of large jars and tubs, some with rice and potatoes, others filled with rubbish, which has a certain value to the careful Celestial, and under the bed-boards were a pig, several chickens, and a miscellaneous assortment of odds and ends, agricultural, domestic, and culinary, apparently in the last stages of decay. The open tile roof was not lofty, but there was an upper floor in it constructed thus: a pole stood in the middle of the room, another, rather stronger, rested on the top of it, and was fastened into the wall, and along this horizontal bar boards were arranged, far from securely, their farther ends lying on the ledge formed by the top of the wall. On this loft eleven men mounted to sleep, and we were sixteen in all in the inn!

By eight o'clock we had had our supper, and had celebrated evening worship with three Christian natives of the company—the rest of the party of course making no objection to our singing and prayer. But by this time the atmosphere inside was rather dense. Doubtless the odours of the room would have been strong enough without our presence; but with a full house, and a chimney-less stove, and the savours of food, tobacco, and opium, the smell was thick and stifling. It was a brilliant moonlight, and not very cold; so I spent a pleasant hour outside talking to little groups of persons as to the purpose of our travelling and residing in their country. As far as it was possible to judge, the audience were very sympathetic, and, as in many places, idolatry pure and simple had only the slightest hold of them. Their religion, if such it could be called, consisted of certain national forms and local superstitions.

On re-entering the inn the smoke had almost cleared off, but my servant was looking perplexed at the set of boards I was to occupy for the night. They were covered with the finest of soot. Smoke had risen to the roof for years and generations, and much of it had settled upon the boards of the loft; so that when our boat's crew betook themselves to that higher latitude, they shook the soot down