

LETTER FROM HONAN.

Chie Wang, Honan, January 12, 1897.

Dear Mr. McIntosh :—

I have not written to the "Journal" this year partly because my time has been wholly occupied with the work of the mission here, and partly because Mr. MacKenzie is at home, and will give you a fine account of the affairs of the mission verbally, which will be much more interesting.

Judged by the crowds that have thronged this compound during the past year, our work in Honan has certainly entered upon a more hopeful stage. The number of treatments for the past year, according to Dr. McClure's report is in the neighborhood of thirty thousand. All of these heard more or less preaching, and the majority of them a good deal. We have a waiting room next to the dispensary, being in fact our only chapel, and there the people wait until the doctor is ready to treat them. Meanwhile we ply them with the doctrine, following, as a rule, the Socratic method. Almost every day a few become interested enough to ask and answer questions. Our teaching and questions usually cover the same range of ideas from day to day. The rudimentary doctrines of Christianity including, by contrast, their own ideas of gods and worship, must in one form or another form the staple of our teaching and preaching. The tendency always is to take it for granted that they understand when they don't, and that they know more than they do. A specimen of questions and answers such as we daily have may give you an idea of what goes on in our chapel on week days. Supposing I am anxious to get the attention of the crowd, a favorite way is to begin questioning some one in the audience. If he is a good subject, ready to answer questions and ask more, the attention of the crowd is for the time secured. "What is your honorable name?" I ask a venerable man in front of me. "My contemptible name is Wang," he replies. "Where is your honorable village?" He