WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

corn, cucumbers, and squash. When I offer money for the same they seem almost as much displeased, and make me feel almost as ashamed, as a foreigner would.

Though without newspapers, they communicate quickly with each other. It does not seem as if there could be many more children around that have not had medicine. Some have come quite long distances and they stay around for half a day—very many have sore eyes.

When out walking with Dr. and Mrs. Hart the people would give us most cordial invitations to go into their farm-houses and visit a while. All seem to respect Dr. Hart so much.

We stay in temples when we go to the mountains, there there being no other place. The houses are of mud with thatched roofs and no floors. You would be delighted to know the old priest of this temple. He is very friendly to us and thinks so much of Dr. Hart, who also esteems him highly. Though owning this temple and a lot of land and farm houses about it, yet he does not appear the least bit proud, and he is educated. You would be the more surprised at him if you knew how much above any manual work the ordinary Chinese scholar feels himself. I have seen the old priest down on his knees to wrap up some parcels of tea for me; have seen him help to carry in a charcoal stove for our convenience, and running to more quickly bring me a spoon to serve a patient. He is a doctor himself, but of course his drugs are all crude, and he does not know much about the body. He seems to succeed pretty well, for patients are continually coming to him. He is so patient and glad to serve them. Still more, he is not a bit jealous, and brings a great many of these patients to me. I give them tracts in his presence, and he knows that I preach to them. Surely a priest more lenient to us and our religion could not be found, and I am afraid we will never know his equal. If patients come from a distance and have no medicine bowl he seems delighted to lend one. Oh, that this dear old man, with so much of goodness and kindness towards others in his heart, might come to know the one Pattern of all goodness! He makes me feel ashamed sometimes because he is earlier at prayers before the idols than I am before the one true God.

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