

parently little but really momentous questions are dealt with in it, so he was ready to say—

'No; there is no image, because God is not worshipped by images, He has no image, and there cannot be, for He is a spirit, and there is no place he is not.'

It struck a far-off cord in the priest's own heart, an old question that had occurred to him; but he asked—'True, but still, how are you to worship whom you do not have an image of?'

'We worship God in our hearts anywhere.'

'But how do you distinguish them?'

'There is only one.'

'Only one?'

'Yes; one true.'

'No; that is not right. There are very many.'

'No; there is one only, just as there can only be one emperor in China and one sun in the heavens. Those you have in the temple are simply clay figures of dead men; not only can they not hear, but the dead men cannot, for they are only men, and can only be in one place.'

(He did not get this from the Catechism, but it is a common saying among Christians.)

'But when these men died the emperor made them into True Spirits.'

'The emperor is but a man, although emperor, and we all have a spirit that lives for ever.'

'Where did this spirit come from?'

'From God; He made all, and gave each person a body and a soul.'

'How did He make the soul?'

'In His own image.'

'But He has no image, you said!'

The boy had no reply, and he did not go back to that place until after the next Sabbath.

On Monday morning he was there chanting a new tune which he had learnt. It was a tune you all know very well, but you would not have recognized it, and though not very sure even of his wrong tune he sang it very loudly and effectually, for the priest soon came forth.

'So you are at that book again?'

'Yes.'

'Have you found out what God is like?'

'Yes.'

'What, then—like man?'

'No, but man was once like Him when he was first created, but he has become unlike Him.'

'Has his face changed or what?'

'Everything has changed, but specially his heart, his conscience, and his conduct, and he has lost his knowledge of God, for at one time he was like God in heart and mind.'

'How did he become different?'

(The priest, you see, was interested, and saw further than the boy.)

'Why, he sinned.'

Then there was much conversation about sin and the first sin as a result.

The boy returned the next time, having borrowed for the priest a copy of Genesis.

The priest suggested it was a foreign book,

'No; it is a Chinese book.'

'But foreigners wrote it.'

'I don't know who wrote it,' said the boy, 'but I'll ask—'

'You follow the foreigner, don't you?'

'No, I don't; but you do.'

(The lad was on well-discussed ground here.)

'How is that?'

'Why, don't you worship Buddha, and Buddha was an Indian prince; and I, as well as the foreigner, worship the God of heaven and earth.'

'Where did you learn all this?'

'Partly out of this Catechism and partly from the preacher.'

'What does he preach about all the time? Does he tell you how to do meritorious deeds?'

'No; we cannot do deeds of merit; we can not even do our duty, and we all have sin.'

'You—how can you have sin? You never killed anybody; but maybe you have killed shih tzu.'

(My dear young friends, you must just guess what the priest thought his sin was. It was, e.g., killing the little things which a Frenchman did not know the English name

for, but said—'When you put your finger on them they are not there.' It was 'these and their kindred the lad was guilty of killing.')

'Yes, I have killed shih tzu,' said the lad, 'but sin is worse than that; it is not doing what we ought, or doing what we ought not.'

'Well, if you cannot do works of merit how are you to get rid of sin, that's what I want to know?'

And the lad, like Philip, preached the Gospel of Jesus Christ to him. Not once, but often and frequently, he was the mere carrier of question and answer, which he did not understand until one day the preacher and the priest met and quietly and often discussed the all-absorbing topic.

And—the result—else why should I repeat all this, which is being gone through in Manchuria daily, almost word for word. The result was, the priest ceased to be a priest, and became a believer.

Both he and the lad are still inquirers—still finding out more in a simple way, for the Chinese are practical rather than philosophical.

It is no light thing for a priest to give up his accumulated merit, which some of them at least are very anxious to have and sincerely believe in. I have not yet baptized the priest of this story, but a short time ago I did baptize one. As he and I were sitting together in the rooms, some one said to me, 'He has not broken his fast.' I was having some tea and Chinese cakes. As he was sharing the tea I passed a cake to him with my hand. 'I have not broken my fast, I cannot eat it.'

'But you are not trusting to merit now, but to Christ.'

'That is so; and a quivering stern look came over his face—he was afraid, and yet decided to follow the Lord. The little cake was broken in half, and taking off his cap he bowed in silent prayer; his hand trembling with emotion he raised it to his lips, and forty-two years of merit were gone.

I ate the other half, it was a dedicatory communion.'

Shortly after we had our baptismal service.

That forty-two years vegetarian fast was not simply from beef, mutton, fowl and such things. It included also eggs, milk and all animal products, not only so, but all strongly flavored vegetables such as onions, leeks, and garlic, beloved of the ordinary Chinese, are avoided, and indeed everything which would make food tasty is rigorously excluded as a matter of conscience. I have, even known some to take a vow against using salt.

And now that the story of my lad friend is told I want to say he is just a 'boy,' and not very big and not extra good boy; mischievous and fun peep out from the twinkle of his eye, and he is as fond of a laugh as anyone. Last time I went to the church where he belongs I was in a difficulty; the church had been removed and I did not know the way. Here it is the custom to dismount if you wish to ask direction—or indeed speak to anyone—and I was tired. I heard the clatter of a galloping donkey behind me, which soon came up close, and the rider bounded off and salaamed, and practically said—

'Hallo, pastor, we did not expect you; where did you come from. I'll take you to the new church! All this in a rush, then he bounded on board again and he and his little steed were off at a gallop, turning round gracefully to beckon me on, saying, as plain as hands and smiling face could say, 'Do come on.'

But my pony would not respond, it had done 25 miles already and was hungry and tired, and so my friend had to wait and pilot us round the many corners, and there was a sly smile which said, 'Funny horse and funny rider—hum! Can't keep up with a donkey.' But though my friend is neither specially bright nor specially good, in this one instance he 'did what he could,' as far as he had learnt he taught. He was willing to point the way to a soul in darkness, and God used him.—'Daybreak.'

If you tell a story, aim to tell it well. Don't attempt to supply all the little details and so make it tedious.

Mr. Gladstone and the Outcast

The Rev. W. Hardy Harwood, speaking on 'The Religious Life of Mr. Gladstone,' related a touching incident. The story was told by one who was a strong, even a bitter, opponent of Mr. Gladstone. Happening to be in the neighborhood of Downing-street one day, this gentleman had seen Mr. Gladstone speak to a woman who evidently belonged to the saddest class to be found in our streets, and then walk with her to his house, which they entered together. Presently the woman came out alone, and the gentleman asked her if she knew who it was that had spoken to her. 'Yes,' she said. 'Mr. Gladstone.' Further questions elicited that, immediately on entering the house, Mr. Gladstone had sent for Mrs. Gladstone, that they had given her tea, and had talked to her most kindly about her way of life, and offered to help her to recover her position. And then the Prime Minister of England, his wife and the poor outcast woman had knelt together in praying. 'I will never again,' said the narrator of the incident, 'speak a word against that man.'—'Christian World.'

Our Labrador Work.

A TYPICAL PATIENT.

On my return to Blanc Sablon after a week at Bonne Esperance a lively scene presented itself. Not for sixteen years had there been such a school of fish. I had scarcely landed from the 'Stratheona' when a man appeared saying he had brought his sick boy from an island to see me, that the boy was unable to come any farther, that he was down on the rocks; I found a lad of fourteen with a temperature of 104, pulse 136, with a two weeks' history suggestive of typhoid, which it proved to be. I wanted to keep him at Blanc Sablon, but he would go back to his sister on the island, and a good little nurse she proved to be! What a time I had to feed that boy! There were many demands upon the food supply I had taken down. There were no eggs, no milk, no farina, no nothing to be gotten there, although I did finally find a hen whose daily egg the boy received, the beef juice was low, the malted milk gave out, but the nurses down the straits came to my relief. Once when I was wind bound for several days the boy ate some fish and things looked dubious for a while, but I left him feverless when I went north, and only the other day I had a letter from him, he had returned to his home in Newfoundland and 'almost scared his mother by looking so well.'—From a letter by one of volunteer doctors for the past summer.

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The hearty interest in the new launch for Harrington has not only been noticeable in the increased amount subscribed this past week, but also in the tone of the letters that conveyed these gifts, and this it is which gives the real assurance of success in this new effort.

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