

and told him that his sight was pretty good. No said he, it is bad, I am totally unable to see to catch shihtza (body vermin), which is a very important consideration with all Chinamen, and which appeared to be his standard of good sight. From these examples, you can form some idea of the work of a medical man, and the great need there is for such work in this land.

Yours sincerely."

WHAT CHINESE CONVERTS SUFFER.

Rev. Jonathan Goforth, one of our missionaries who went to China about a year since, writes to a friend of the sore trials to which some of the converts are exposed. He says the experience of these Christians is very much like that of the early Church. A break from idolatry means persecution.

An illustration will make this plain. Several Sabbaths previous to the Chinese New Year, which comes on Feb. 1, a rather superior looking Chinaman came into the Chapel and sat beside me; I saw he was not familiar with the hymn book and Bible, so I found the place for him. When the service was ended the Missionary, Rev. A. H. Smith, gave me a few scraps of his history. That man is an inquirer. He has been here before and bought several books. He travelled all night to be here for the service to-day and ask for some advice. He is a rich man and has many friends and is afraid to tell them that he comes here. He says he now believes in the Saviour and must make the final stand against idolatry at the approaching New Year. It is customary to worship the ancestral tablets while making New Year calls, and also to go to the ancestral temples and graves of the departed to burn incense and worship. This inquirer said he could not do so any more, but knew it would draw down upon him all the hate of his relations who mostly live in the same village.

The missionary and native helpers advised him to make the stand and brave the consequences. We heard last week that he had refused to perform any heathen rites during the New Year season. His friends are up in arms against him and threaten all manner of punishment, even his father and mother have turned against him. The friends have allowed him till next month to repent of his folly, then they are going to bury a dead uncle. All the relations must participate in the heathen burial rites. This seeker after light is to be put to the final test. In the event of his refusing, harsh measures will be resorted to. The elders in any Chinese clan have unlimited license to

hastise offenders in the lower generations. His man happens to be in the lower generation and has many who are regarded as his elders in his village. They dare not take his life but may border on that as near as possible. They can unmercifully beat him even to the breaking of his legs or arms. In addition they threaten to drive him from his house and divide his property among themselves. No rest can be hoped for in his district, because the head mandarin intensely hates the Christians.

March 31, the persecuted man came to-day (Sunday). He says several of his buildings have been set on fire.

THE CLEANSING BLOOD.

A visitor among the poor in one of the worst parts of London was one day climbing the broken staircase which led to a garret, when his attention was arrested by a man of peculiarly ferocious and repulsive countenance, who stood upon the landing-place, leaning with folded arms against the wall. There was something about the man's appearance which made the visitor shudder, and his first impulse was to go back. He made an effort, however, to get into conversation with him, and told him that he came there with the desire to do him good, and to see him happy, and that the book he held in his hand contained the secret of all happiness.

The ruffian shook him off as if he had been a viper, and bade him begone with his nonsense, or he would kick him down stairs.

While endeavouring, with gentleness and patience, to argue the point with him, the visitor was startled by hearing a feeble voice, which appeared to come from behind one of the broken doors that opened upon the landing, saying,—

"Does your book tell of the blood which 'cleanseth from all sin'?"

For the moment the visitor was too absorbed in the case of the hardened sinner to answer the inquiry, and it was repeated in urgent and thrilling tones,—

"Tell me, oh! tell me, does your book tell of the blood which 'cleanseth from all sin'?"

The visitor pushed open the door and entered the room. It was a wretched place, wholly destitute of furniture, except a three-legged stool and a bundle of straw in a corner, upon which were stretched the wasted limbs of an aged woman. She raised herself upon one elbow, fixed her eyes eagerly upon him, and repeated her former question.

He sat down upon the stool beside her, and inquired,—