

man who is also named Ciou. This man although thirty-eight years of age is still unmarried, which is not a very common thing in China, so, for the sake of distinction, we will speak of him as the 'Bachelor.' This is the young man who threw the mud idol into the well, in order to prove to the people that the said mud god had no power to help himself. Our visit to the village was for the purpose of baptizing the 'Bachelor,' whose year of probation was completed about the first of January.

About two years ago he came to me in the inn at Hsiin Hsien and was notable to read, although he said he was anxious to learn if he had the opportunity, but that he was too poor and besides had no time to study. After a little talk and persuasion he promised to learn one new character or letter word, each day, and went away quite happy at the thought. To day he can read the four gospels with considerable ease, which means that he must recognize well on to fifteen hundred different characters.

We remained in an inn in a village not far away, and on Sunday morning drove over in our cart and halted at the gate of the compound where the Uncle, old Chou and his son live, together with two other families, who are as yet opposed to the gospel.

A large number of people were assembled at the gate to witness our arrival, but very few of the big folk ventured to followed us inside. The children, however, took advantage of the opportunity and several dozen of them found their way into the compound during the day. The village itself is not very large, but it contains quite a number of people.

Mr. Chou's compound does not occupy much more ground than would be required for an ordinary sized house at home, not to speak of the ground necessary for a yard, and as I said above, four distinct families find accommodation within the compound walls.

The houses in the village are all rather small and built of mud, and nearly all houses have mud floors. The room in which we had the meeting was very small and yet it served

for bedroom, living room, general storeroom, and granary. There was room for a table, a couple of chairs, and two benches; and the children, about a dozen in all, either squatted on the floor, or stood in some wee corner not otherwise occupied. The 'Bachelor' lives with his elder brother, who has quite a large family.

At first his brother's wife was bitterly opposed to the doctrine, and more especially after her husband also became interested. The two brothers submitted to her outbursts of temper and kept on praying for her. About three months ago a change came over the woman and once she was caught alone praying, and since that time she has been anxious to learn all she can about the gospel.

We had two services, one in the forenoon at which the young man was baptized, and again in the afternoon when we sat down in that humble abode to commemorate the love of Jesus, in which several in that heathen village now rejoice. It was a day long to be remembered by all those present.

Old Mrs. Chou was so glad to see us, and never seemed to tire telling us about her little nephew some twelve years of age who died a few months ago. I knew the little fellow well and loved him too; he was so bright and so willing to learn. The last time I saw him he repeated several portions of scripture and two or three hymns and the whole of a little tract setting forth the chief truths of the gospel.

The grandmother misses him so much, because he taught her to read and she so often said in a sorrowful tone, "I have no one to teach me now." She told us how bright he was as the end drew near and how he asked them to sing his favorite hymn, and afterwards said "If Jesus wants me I am glad to go to live with Him."

A little girl nine years of age belonging to the family where the 'Bachelor' lives is very eager to know all about the gospel. She has committed to memory quite a long prayer and takes the lead at family worship repeating this prayer together with the Lord's Prayer.

This little girl's father brought a little four years' old boy to the meeting, and requested me to ask the boy what he knew. I did so, and was surprised when the wee chap came forward, and without hesitating once, repeated two hymns and the Lord's Prayer.

Dear children I ask you to remember the Chou children in all your prayers. Pray also, for the families in their village who have as yet, no desire to know about the Saviour Jesus. Your sincerely,

J. FRAZER SMITH.