

Incidents during Mrs. C. H. Reeves sends the Trip to the following from Macao, Annam. South China:—

"Early in August, after my husband returned from Anam, we started on our homeward journey. During our stay the captain's brother wanted a wife, so his mother went out to hunt for one. How she proceeded I do not quite know, as I have had no experience, but she found someone with whose relations she bargains; they want fifty-two dollars—no, they are willing to give but forty-eight; so days pass on dickering over those four dollars, and the two most concerned treat the whole matter as a piece of business. Finally, an agreement is made, and two lives are made one (?) without the least thought of the sacredness of a life-union. They may learn to love each other, and they may not; but they seem contented, never having known anything better.

in Lung Chow

"Our first stop on the way back was at the supposed seat of the Taiping rebellion. I had felt a little awe of this place, as there was supposed to be bitter anti-Christian feeling; but after selling tracts at the door of the boat, the women invited me into the city, and here I found the best opportunities of my trip. An old woman followed me a long time, and begged me to call my husband to pray for her blind husband; and never shall I forget the light that shone in their faces as he called upon 'Jesus—God,' and delightedly exclaimed, 'Why, I see better already!' and I believe that his spiritual eyes were opened, and that the everlasting light shone into his soul. Ah, friends, sightless eyes are not the saddest sight here, for so many are blind in sin!

"On our way back to the boat we were invited by a young man to visit his family, that we might tell him how to open windows in his house that luck might flow in, and that he might be the father of many sons. He took us into a supposed haunted house where many had died. We told him that if he would open windows so as to let in God's sunlight, more deaths might be averted; but that we had no faith in necromancy. Great was his disappointment, and he scarcely listened to an earnest appeal from the preacher to put his faith in the living God. So with heavy hearts we were politely bowed out of his house. He had purchased some gospels, so let us pray that the Spirit may find entrance.

"I will not weary with too many details of other visits, for I think you have enough to inspire you to definite prayer for definite persons in one little corner of the field.

"That this people trust in shed blood is a fact. In a potato patch we saw sticks at certain intervals holding up blood-stained papers to propitiate evil spirits; and our people often use a cock's blood sprinkled at the head of the boat, and blood-stained paper placed on the door posts. Oh, that they knew to trust in 'the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world!'

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