

and, as we saw evidenced in the people around, had affected the Chinese likewise.

“ Great deeds cannot die ;  
They, with the sun and moon, renew their light  
For ever, blessing those that look on them.”

Others may bring discredit on the missionary cause, and produce the feeling of hostility to it which undoubtedly exists, but these are the men who are a true light in the world, and who will spread the essence of Christianity—the doing of good to others—abroad.

This remote mission station—established here where no other Europeans had penetrated—was a source of the greatest interest to us, and fulfilled our highest ideal of such a station. There was here no elaborate costly house, no air of luxury, such as may be seen in many missionary establishments elsewhere, but everything was of the most rigorous simplicity. There was merely a plain little house, almost bare inside, and with stiff, simple furniture. Under such hard conditions, with such plain surroundings, and shut off for ever from intercourse with the civilized world, it might be supposed that these missionaries would be dull, stern, perhaps morbid men. But they were precisely the contrary. They had a fund of simple joviality, and were hearty and full of spirits. They spoke now and then with a sigh of “*la belle France*,” but they were evidently thoroughly happy in their lives, and devoted to their work.

From these simple hospitable mission stations we made our way to Sansing. Every day now it was becoming colder, and at one place we were delayed for a day by a very heavy snow-storm. We had to hurry along, for the missionaries had assured us that in winter the thermometer fell to over 40° below zero Fahrenheit, and had showed us a thermometer which they had used, on which they had seen the mercury fall to -47° Centigrade. The country we passed through was