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A WINDOW IN HONAN (For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.)



ONE afternoon in February, Willie was sitting in the parlour, looking out of the window into the street. Mamma had been telling him of a far-away land where every one wears his hair braided like a little girl's, in one long plait down his back, (which is called a) and where missionary men and women are working to tell them of Jesus the Saviour. As Willie watched the shifting scenes on the street, he was thinking, "Mamma, I would like to be there, to look out of a window like this and see what I would see." By and by as the room was warm and they had had plum pudding for dinner, Willie fell asleep. And when he awoke this was the story of what he had seen and heard that February afternoon.

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Willie had dropped right down from the clouds into a place he thought must be where they put bad people who break the laws. He was afraid. A glance around soon satisfied him that, now he was in this pen, there was no getting out, for there were high walls on every side, and he was just doubling his fists before rubbing them into his eyes to which he was pumping up the tears, when he spied a white-skinned man in Chinese dress coming out of a door. Both Willie and he were thoroughly startled. But the man soon recovered himself, and spoke. "Why! who would have thought it! You here! Willie! Why I thought you would wait till you had grown a little bigger before coming. Glad to see you. Suppose you want to see the place, and then go back and tell little sister and

Mamma and Papa, Eh? Well perhaps you don't remember me as I have changed some and my hair has grown longer. My name is Dawn!

By this time Willie was feeling at home and looking round, and soon he looked up, and in an upper story window he spied another boy. "That is Cammy," said Dawn, "and as there is a cold wind to-day let's go up and join him behind the window-pane.

"Cammy was in ecstasies to see a real live foreign boy, and they needed no introduction. Long confined within the pen, and with only "little sister" to play with, he was wild with delight at seeing even *one* foreign boy, and they were about to leave Dawn to himself when Willie recollected why he had come and said: "Sorry, Cam, I have no time to play just now. I've come to look out of this window. So let's all three put our heads together and see what we can see." To this, Dawn at any rate was nothing loth, and as it was a small window upstairs, three heads did have to go together so that each might get a peep.

"What are we looking down into?" said Willie. "Into my yard" said Cammy. "But," said Dawn, "there are several other people who are joint-owners. At least they also live inside the high walls of the pen." This side is Mr Mack . . . 's house, and that side is Dr S. . . 's house." "How funny the floor is, "said Willie," the floor of our yard is grassy, but this is all laid with brick, and there is n't a spot for grass to grow unless it squeezes up between two bricks. And they can't have croquet-lawns, or flower-beds! What a pity! Do you really have *no* grass in summer in