

Our Chinese Citizens



Six of Miss Cronkhite's M.B. girls,
Victoria.

TORONTO.—Mrs. J. A. MacMillan.—In the Chinese homes in Toronto we find the tiny maiden of a few days; numbers of little lassies just entering the kindergarten period; others of seven, eight, or ten years of age; and still others who have arrived almost at the brink of womanhood; we could pass beyond these to the bride in our midst; the mothers; and even *one* grandmother—although the little grandson has been gathered to the arms of the Good Shepherd. We could speak of the widows; the fatherless girls; yes, and the motherless ones! Then, too, we might speak of the almost girl widow, who, in a little over a year, stood first beside a tiny white coffin, and later beside that of her husband.

But for this time we turn to those who are on womanhood's brink and mention one or two. As one looks at the tiny head of the babe of a few hours as it nestles beside the mother, one wonders what plan the Giver of life has for that wee one. And when we come to these older girls it is with a heart-yearning cry that His plan for them may not be thwarted. Will our prayers—yours and mine—be of such a character as to overthrow the plan and devices of the enemy of souls, and make possible all God has chosen for these lives which are so rapidly merging from girlhood into womanhood?

Our thoughts go to one who has entered high school. Shall she enter and finish this course without a heart knowledge of the words, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me?" A bright, bonny, intellectual girl—"If ye ask I will do."

Another—equally winsome—is being kept at home to give needed help. Her father once said he would like her to be a preacher of the Gospel like one missionary he knew, and a doctor to help her own people like Doctor MacBean, of South China.

The Word says that, "With God all things are possible." Has God not a plan? Will John 14: 14 unfold it?

There are others about the same age. We place the burden of these souls and their life-plan upon the hearts of the women of our Church. As you pray for *your* daughters, will you not *also* seek His face for these?

A Peep Into One of Our Chinese Homes

You enter a living-room—once a shop—all is bright and clean. A sewing machine, which is used to put out many Chinese garments a month occupies space at one side; a table at the window has Chinese books, copy books, ink slab and pens. Each evening two lads can be seen bending over these as they are being taught by their father or his friend.

These boys go to our school through the day and have recently begun to satisfy their thirst for knowledge by getting books from our Public Libraries.

We look through another door—a bed-room; clean and sweet, with its single iron bed, a little table by the side and on it a tiny Chinese Testament telling that verses are memorized before going to sleep (these verses will be repeated the next Sunday at class—by mother, not the boys); although they, too, go to Sunday School.