

CHINESE HOMES.

Most of the accounts given of the homes in China refer to the homes of the poor. But there are some rich people in that land, though they are few in number compared with the multitudes who live in poverty, and who hardly know from day to day what they can get to eat. In the *Daybreak*, published by the church of England Zenana Missionary Society, there is an interesting account of the homes of some rich people in the city of Foochow, where the American Board also has missionaries. The writer, together with Mrs. Ahok, a Christian Chinese lady, wife of a native gentleman who has given much for Christian work, went in sedan chairs for an hour and a half through narrow and crowded streets until they reached a fine house. Here is the story of what they saw:

"We were carried through the large outer door, and then through a small courtyard, and our chairs were put down in a row, facing the partition which shut off the next portion of the house. There we had to wait some little time, as I fancy the ladies had not quite finished dressing themselves, but at last one came one of the heads of the family and invited us in. We got out of our chairs and in turn made a low bow to the lady, shaking our own hands all the time. This over, she escorted us into an inner room which was fairly nice in our eyes, but evidently very lovely in theirs. There was a rug on the floor and a round table, some very high chairs with straight backs, and some mirrors. We sat in state some few minutes, and then more ladies came in, one after another, and each one we had to rise and salute in the same ceremonious way. One of these ladies exclaimed, after looking at me, that she knew my face quite well. 'Oh, no,' said Mrs. Ahok, 'you never saw her before.' 'Yes,' said the lady; and then she reminded me of a day four or five years ago when Mrs. Ahok brought a few ladies to see me, of whom she was one.

"After this we seemed to get on more friendly terms, and, with the help of Mrs.

Grimke's cards, we got an opportunity of telling them something about the Lord Jesus. Miss Gough had her concertina with her, and we sang some hymns for them, 'Jesus loves me, this I know,' etc., and tried to get them to learn the chorus. We had to drink tea when we first went in, and at this stage of the proceedings quite a meal was spread on the round table, cakes, fruit, and tea again. We sat at the table with three of the principal ladies, while the others sat and looked on. I was struck with the respectful way in which the younger ladies have to treat the older ones, always rising when they enter the room, and remaining standing till after they are seated.

"We were next invited to go and inspect the house, and I was soon quite bewildered at the number of courtyards, with rooms all around, which we were led through. I was never before in so large a Chinese house, only one story high, but it must cover a great deal of ground. The number of people, too, seemed very great; wives, sons' wives, children in dozens and scores, servants and slave girls to any amount--altogether in the one establishment 126 people!

"At last we finished our tour of inspection and arrived again in the outer court, but alas! more refreshments were waiting; a bowl of soup for each of us, with some white stuff inside which all my politeness could not give me courage to dispose of. At last we got through the greater part of the concoction, wiped our mouths with a cloth wrung out in very hot water, presented to us by a slave girl, and began to take our leave. We bowed to the ladies of the house, begged them to be seated, informed them we had given them great trouble, but were grateful for their kindness, and, amid repeated requests to walk 'slowly, slowly,' we reached our chairs, calling out thanks and requests to them to be seated alternately.

"We then proceeded to another house, where we went through much the same etiquette. We were received by a very pleasant old lady and her daughter-in-law, a nice young woman, with four dear little