

ing. But I have great respect for their ability since I have been learning the same lessons.

Of course, if I were living right in the city, I would see more; but there are a good many children about. Several I see herding cows and watering buffaloes. Very often they get on the back of the latter and remain there all day; I should think it would be a rather uncomfortable seat in hot weather. One day I was out walking and I came across a number of lads; they saw I was gathering flowers, so they began to gather them for me and brought me so many. I could not talk much to them, but they seemed so very bright and interesting. I saw a little fellow the other day that I wish I could describe to you. It was raining very fast, and he was leading his cow over the graves looking for a place to pasture her; he had on a huge hat, and a cape that covered his body down to his knees, and both hat and cloak were made of long grass woven close together. It was a very odd sight, and I would like so much to send you a photograph, so you could have a better idea how he looked.

Often as I pass houses, I see poor little babies set in a sort of barrel, something like an old-fashioned churn. They must be very uncomfortable hanging that way from their arms. But the people here have no idea of comfort, as far as I can see. They live in houses made altogether of mud, and grass roofs, often without a window, and an open door. During the winter it is very cold and damp; they have no nice cheerful fires like we have, but they put on more clothes, if they have them, as it gets colder. When it is rainy and muddy they stay in their houses if they can, for they have not got shoes to keep out rain. I have never seen anything at home like the mud that they have here, and it is worse in the city—just a slushy mud half way to one's knees at times. The poor women have a very hard time getting about, for you know they have such little feet. I think you have all heard of how they have their poor feet bound. It's a dreadful sight to see such deformed feet; and the people are so blinded by sin that it is very hard to get the custom broken. I am sure you will pray for the poor little girls who suffer in this way so much.

I saw such a dear little boy two weeks ago in the hospital at the Methodist Mission here. He has hip disease, and the doctor thinks he can't get better. He has given his heart to Christ, and I don't know when I saw a brighter little Christian. I tried hard to talk to him, and managed to carry on a little conversation. He was very much amused at my attempts, and kept saying, "Ni-puh tong teh," which means, "you don't understand." I wish you would pray for this dear little fellow. His father is so anxious he should get well, he is a merchant in Wuhu, and this is his only son.

Now I hope you are all well and happy.

you are so happy and having so many great advantages, I do trust you have often thinking about and praying for those poor people who know so little of Jesus. At most all of them have never heard yet that there was a Christ who loves little children so much. And then, if you are very much in earnest, perhaps you will be able to get some money to send others out to tell the story. I have two dear little friends (I think they are only about six and four years of age), and yet already since I have left home they have saved up ever so many pennies to send to buy Bibles for the children here. The little girl had fifty cents some time ago. I know it meant a great deal of self-denial for these little folks, but that is good for us, for you know "even Christ pleased not Himself." The missionaries can use pretty cards and pictures and many little gifts such as many of you could easily make, and they would be so much thought of here. I am not asking for these things (Phil. iv., 17), but just ask God to let you have a share in bringing in these precious sheaves. I know you will pray for me; it has been a great joy to me to think of you doing this. Ask God to get me ready as soon as He can to tell the old, old story that has done so much for you and for me. I am so glad to be here. If Jesus tarries, I hope many, many of you will be missionaries, but you do not need to wait to grow up to help, do you?

Now, I would like to mention you all by name and send you my love, but you will each just put your own name in. I don't think I am forgetting one of you. Some day I hope you will write me a letter. Just send it to Wuhu, China, and then I will get it in about five or six weeks' time. Remember me to all your friends. Perhaps some day I will write again if I think of anything more interesting.

With much love, I am,

Your friend,

MARGARET QUINN.

In Leisure Hour.

Answers to last month's puzzles.

Puzzle.

The Coachman

Buried Girls' Names

Ellen

Lot's

Eva

John

John

John

Wendy

John

John