

learn to know and love Jesus. It is very hard for them, for instead of going home to be taught there about Him, they go to homes where idols are worshipped and there is lots of chance for them to forget during the week what they learned on Sunday. But God can help them to keep it in mind, so will you not pray that He may.

The boys have not been brought together as yet, like the girls, but I hope that soon, very soon, they will be. That is some thing else for you, the boys especially, to pray about.

I want to tell you about a feast I was at last Monday afternoon. It was given because a baby boy had been born; and the parents asked all of the ladies in the Mission to it. The father is one of Dr. MacClure's medical assistants, so of course knew us all.

He first of all came at 12 o'clock to invite us to come. The feast was to be at 4 in the afternoon, and at 4 he came again to call us, tell us the feast was ready. That is the way they do in China. You remember the feast that Jesus spoke about when the people made excuses, when the servant was sent to tell them all things were ready: that was the second invitation, just as they do here.

The feast was given in the women's chapel. In the centre of the floor was a small square table, at the head of which were two chairs—one of them being the seat of honor—and at either side were benches. On our going into the room we were met and welcomed by the father of the baby and a little Chinese lady who was to act as hostess, the mother not being able to be present.

The hostess asked one of the ladies, Mrs. MacClure, to take the seat of honor, but she refused, telling the little Chinese lady to take it. Then another lady was asked to take it, and she also refused it, for it is not considered polite if one takes this seat when first asked. They must refuse and refuse and be almost pushed into it; so we had quite a noisy time. Although I could not understand one word, I knew what was going on.

At last Mrs. MacClure and Dr. Dow were persuaded to take the chairs, Dr. Dow being in the place of honor, and we were arranged around the table. At each place there was a pair of chopsticks, and a little bowl to drink out of—such a tiny bowl, like a doll's dish. In the middle of the table were six little plates about the size of bread and butter plates. On one was a lot of cold pork cut up in small pieces; on another chicken cut up in very little bits; on another a dark kind of meat hard boiled and just as salt as could be; and on the remaining plates were little cakes, something like short bread, and another kind like a snowball, being all covered with white sugar.

When we each took up our chop sticks it was very funny; some of us had never used

them before, and I for one had hard work to get anything as far as my mouth, but the Chinese women just ate as quickly as possible, and kept picking up something for one or other of us, saying, "Eat," "Eat." We laughed a good deal over our awkwardness; the little women laughed too and tried to teach us how to use the chop sticks. It would seem strange to you to see everyone picking out of the same dish and then having no plates on which to put the food, just putting it into the mouth.

Presently the man came and took away the plates, putting down some more, full of sweetmeats, mostly made of sugar. Then he came again, took these off and brought us all little plates with vinegar and bowls of meat dumplings. These were steaming hot, having just been boiled. One was supposed to pick them out with the chop sticks, dip them in vinegar and eat them. They were so slippery I could not get a hold on one for a long time. The women had their bowls empty by the time I had eaten one. Then as they were ready for more, and it is the polite thing to offer some of your food to another, I asked one woman to eat from my bowl. After a little persuasion she and another helped, so that I got mine empty.

Then we were asked if we would like to see the baby. The house in which this baby lives is not a very nice one. It is just made of mud, like most Chinese houses, and has two little dark rooms. I am afraid you would not call it a house at all. The mother came in and picked up a little bundle that lay on the bed, and in amongst the clothes we saw the wee face, and already on its head was a Chinese cap. The babies are never dressed like ours, but are put into clothes just like grown up people wear, so you can imagine how funny they look. This little fellow was very bright and quite pretty, and his mother was so proud of him. We had to thank her too for the feast, and then came home. Now good-night boys and girls. God bless you all.

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The "Confederates," or Lien Chwang Hui, a society several thousands strong, have lately been persecuting the Christians, and causing much anxiety about our mission station of Chang Te Fu. They have time and again threatened to burn out the mission premises and murder our missionaries. A spy sent by a magistrate, to watch the leaders, had his eyes dug out. But a few days ago a detachment of one thousand soldiers arrived to wipe out the society. Four of them have been captured, and given three thousand strokes each, and are not likely to recover.

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About one-tenth, or 84 of the 867 missionaries of the London Missionary Society in heathen fields, pay their own expenses.