

made are little round brimless caps much like a smoking cap, save that they are stiff and have a red knob on top. Others are grey and brown cloth, much worn by the coolies in winter, and remind you of the crown of some old well battered soft felt or an inverted bowl. Still another variety they name wind caps resemble hoods, or rather sun bonnets, since they have a cape over the shoulders and extend in the front, while the official cap is a sort of inverted soup plate with a spike and tassel upon the top.

But we might ramble on and on without much hope of exhausting the variety, past brass shops, pewter shops, blacksmiths' shops, weavers, carvers, bankers, meat shops, cash shops, scroll shops, pawn shops, shops selling boxes, images, old coins, curios, books, shoes, clothing, clocks, saddles, dyes, sedan chairs and so on and on to profusion.

THE WINE SHOPS.

Two classes of shops you will not fail to notice. One is the wine shop, to be found in any degree from a big crock with a bowl to a room where the gentry invite their friends to dine and drink their sour, smelling excellent. Alas, here too our curses have outrun our churches, so that you may find French wines and British liquors for sale on almost any busy street. The other is the opium den, in all degrees from a mud floored hut, with straw in the corner, up to big shops with couches, large lights and even Confucian scrolls to grace the walls. In this city alone it is said there are several thousand dens and it is well known that the majority of all classes, both men and women, use the drug in some form.

On the street, meantime, has been passing a motley mass of men, women, children, dogs, horses, pigs. Some coolie women sit sewing and gossiping in their doorways. Boys are flying kites, while girls kick up feather blocks (battledore and shuttlecock) with the sides of their little, bound feet, or others circle about a travelling candy stand with a primitive wheel of fortune. Along the street, passing, repassing, jostling along, go carriers with poles upon their shoulders, the burden dangling from either end. These include bundles of wood, buckets of water, crocks of alcohol, baskets of vegetables or broad trays of peanuts and sweets. Some loads are more conveniently carried upon the back, so we meet bags of rice, great sideboards and beds, large planks, long poles, and even at times a bleating goat. If the burden is very heavy then it is carried upon a pole between two or more, as are the big baskets of coal, long beams of timber or blocks of building stone. There is but one wheeled vehicle known to this part, that is Pat's one-wheeled phaeton. Rice and pigs, the latter on their backs and protesting powerfully, are sometimes permitted this kind of passage. Hucksters, too, are here crying their wares or with a bell, gong or clinking combination peculiar to their trade, tell of peddled fruits, sweets, cloth, or scissors grinders, dish menders, blacksmiths' shops. Little squat horses spatter along, announcing their coming by strings of bells about their necks and send the people scurrying to either side. More frequent are sedan chairs, borne by two, three, four or eight men, calling out lustily as they clear the way.

THE BEGGARS.

No street scene is ever without beggars. To Canada such simply signify some unrazed and unsouped wanderers wanting food. Here it means white-haired, middle-aged, mere infants, blind lepers, palsied, lame, deformed, covered with gaping sores, covered with vermin, filthy, naked often save for a piece of matting made from the bark of the palm tree, their lean limbs almost audibly rattling as they shiver from store to store. You find them lying in the gateways, squatting by the walls for warmth, or dodging along, dismally drawing

out their plea for pity and prosperity on those who will give but the burnt rice from the pan.

From all this one turns in hope to the vision afar off when the cold, damp, mud floored, jumbled shops will be well-ordered stores, the crowded hovels at the rear become comfortable cottages and happy homes, the stenchy ditches changed to sewer systems, the narrow alleys broadened, paved and flanked with boulevards and sidewalks, the hundreds of human beasts of burden be replaced by trucks, trains, cars and carriages, when the touch of the Great Physician shall have passed by, healing all manner of diseases and the Light of the World shall shine from these faces dispelling their



LAO PAN, MR. ENDICOTT'S HANDY MAN.

A Load of Books.

pallor and pain. And we have confidence that the message of the Man of Nazareth will far more abundantly fulfil all these things

Chentu, China.

The Printing Press in China.

SPECIAL attention is being given to the printing press by our missionaries in China, believing as they do that much can be done in spreading the gospel by a wise use of literature. New buildings are being erected at Chentu, to be used for publication purposes, and the work will be under the special direction of Rev. James Endicott, B.A. Native men and boys are being taught the art of printing. The boys can beat the men at some lines of work, and their services can safely be counted on in the years to come. They will grow up with the business and feel much more at home in it than if they started later in life. Mr. Endicott writes as follows of the Chinese pictures which we publish this month:

"The two pictures I am sending you will, I am sure, be of interest. Mr. Jan, my proofreader, preacher and friend, became a Chinese B.A. when he was thirty-two years old, and has been a school teacher for a great many years. His home is ten days' journey away, but he came to be my teacher five years ago. The next year he was baptized on confession of faith and received into the Church by me. When I returned to Canada in 1900 he came into the press to help Dr. Hart. When the troubles broke out a few months later Mr. Jan was left in charge of the property and the Church. He is now fifty-two years old. He is a very kind, intelligent and, as we believe, truly Christian gentleman. He is of great help to us.

Lao Pan, our handy man, I am sorry to say, is not yet a Christian. He usually settles himself for a snooze when the sermon begins (so perhaps he might "pass" for a Christian in some countries). But he can do things, almost anything, and he supports his widowed mother. We have no more useful workman. The picture shows him carrying out books to be shipped. The woman in the corner is one of our sewing women; she sews most of our books.