

must not be supposed they are like Canadian boys. They are far more like little old men. There is almost an entire absence of the life and mischief of our boys, which helps so much to relieve the tedium and monotony of their school days. But they wouldn't be boys if they hadn't their games and playthings. One of their favourite amusements is kite-flying, at which they are very expert, sometimes succeeding in flying them so high as to be nearly, if not quite, out of sight. They sometimes pitch *cash* (the name given by us to the Chinese copper coin—value one mill), which is very much like pitching coppers here, and they have a game, of which they are very fond, which is played with small pebbles something like jackstones. Tops they have in large variety of size and construction, and the little fellows spin them very dexterously. The rage for tops is infectious, just as it is here, and when it spreads knots of little fellows are to be seen in all sorts of places spinning away as busily and earnestly as if their lives depended on it. But these, it will be noted, are all very quiet, lazy games. Bull-in-the-ring, cat-after-the-rat, prisoner's-base, hide-and-seek, base-ball, cricket, running, jumping, and others such games are unknown. But it would take a little book to describe the Chinese boy.

The school exercises are exceedingly monotonous. The *two* things that are taught are reading and writing, at least till the pupil is 16 or 18 years old, when, perhaps, he goes to a higher school or takes private lessons from a tutor. Not even arithmetic is taught, and the majority leave school incapable of making the simplest calculations, and having no more idea of the geography of the world than we have of that of the moon. Reading occupies the whole forenoon of each day, and is taught by each pupil, without any division into classes, at his own seat "studying out loud," bawling out

sentence after sentence of the book he is reading in a sing-song tone, sometimes louder and sometimes not so loud, the din of the school rising and falling accordingly. Sometimes it is perfectly hideous, worse than Bedlam can possibly be or have been. The teacher seems to enjoy the noise. It would set a Canadian teacher mad in an hour. And the worst of it is, the children for the first five or six years have no idea of the meaning of what they read. To read well is to rhyme off page after page of their fantastic and grotesque looking "characters," without hesitation or mistake. About the only people who really understand what they read are the teachers and officials. An ordinary Chinese youth may be quite familiar with one or two thousand "characters" or words, so as to name them at sight though their shape gives very little clue to their proper sound and less to their meaning, but so ignorant of their meaning as not to be able to understand the few books he has perhaps been reading, and re-reading for years. And this is what is called education! Most of the pupils leave school before they have passed this stage. Those who remain go on to a more rational and thorough course. Writing being a more mechanical operation, is taught more rationally. The boy is armed with an ink-stone (being a piece of slate or marble, say four inches long by three wide and an inch thick, and slightly hollowed on its surface, with a little trough chiselled out in it at one end to hold water), a stick of what we call Indian-ink, and a small cylindrical brush of wild-cat's or camel's hair, with a fine point, and a copy-book of fine, very thin bamboo paper. The first half of the afternoon is given to writing. The end of the stick of ink is dipped in the water and rubbed on the stone till a few drops of ink about the consistency of thin cream are produced. In this the point of the pen