

stands crowded with shallow baskets containing specimens of all kinds of vegetables.

The furs tores have very fine displays of ready made garments and unmade skins.

The "cash shops" are not better in appearance than their neighbors. Our bank buildings are usually very grand. Not so here. In a little room at the back of the bankers the strings of cash or Chinese money are piled up in stacks five or six feet high and three or four feet wide at the base, tapering toward the top. (You know that most of their money is made of coins of very poor metal with a hole in them; these coins or cash are strung on strings.) Where they keep the nuggets of silver I know not. Anything like a safe I have never heard of yet. The Chinese are very far behind in the matter of locks. The only Chinese lock I have yet seen could easily be opened without the key. They make them all of one pattern.

On our way we will pass several eating houses or tea houses, and perhaps hear the strains of music (?) coming from them sometimes worked off by strolling tramps strong enough to be set to work, and sometimes by the blind. This sad class are often seen, now led by a little boy, beating a gong to notify others of their approach.

I was quite interested the other evening in seeing a poor blind man led by a little dog. It had been trained to do some simple tricks, one of which was to take a stick in his mouth and walk around a pivot to which the other end of the stick was made fast. I have seen a few little dogs here, quite unlike the ugly scar covered street variety, their little collars showing that they are pets. On the counters and windows of some of the stores may be seen bird cages, with thrushes from Mongolia which sing most beautifully, at the same time trilling their wings in a very odd way.

My barber came in a few days ago to wait on me. While engaged in doing his

work I heard a peculiar chirping noise. Whence it came I could not tell. Upon enquiring the barber produced from a small bag which hung at his waist, a quail. This bird is carried in the hand as a plaything of this bird loving people.

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ASKING QUESTIONS OF HINDU BOYS.

A missionary in India writes that the boys often ask him for some of his little tracts and gospel books. He says:

"I sometimes ask, 'How many Gods are there?' If it is a boy just come from his heathen home, who has never seen a missionary or heard of Jesus before, he will answer, 'There are 330,000,000 gods.' But then I ask again, and another boy, who has heard us preach, or who has got some of our books, shouts out, 'There is one God.' He, of course, gets the prize. 'What is sin?' I ask sometimes. Moham-medan boys answer, 'Worshipping idols;' but if I repeat the question and ask a Hindu boy, he will reply, 'Eating beef is sin.' Then I am compelled to tell them the ten commandments, that they may understand all about it. I like to make them repeat after me something about Jesus, and then give a tract to those who can say it correctly. 'Jesus Christ is the Saviour of the world. If I believe on him I shall be saved and go to heaven.' 'Jesus died for sinners.' 'God has loved the world,' etc."

A missionary in India writes about a little girl she is teaching, who has just lost her father. She has a kitten, and told the missionary that she was going to care for it and give it the best of everything she had, for she felt sure that her father's soul had gone into the kitten. The missionary tried to persuade her to a different belief, but she could not, and the little girl insisted on being very kind to the kitten for her father's sake.