

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## A Letter From China.

(By Miss Agnes Cooney, in 'C. and M. Alliance'.)

One day Miss Doner and I heard our Chinese cook teasing some one down stairs. We were just at dinner, and as soon as we finished eating, went down to see who had come. We found a dirty boy of perhaps thirteen years, standing in the hall. His hair looked as if a comb had not been near it for weeks; when you remember that a Chinese boy wears his hair in a braid like girls at home, you will realize how untidy he looked. He wore a pair of dirty blue trousers, and a ragged coat large enough for his father. This garment had once been white, but weeks of constant wear without washing, had made it almost as grimy as was the dirty-sun-burned face above it. A pair of handsome black eyes peeped stealth-

only squandered all of his money, but also sold his wife, a baby-girl, and a five-year-old son, in order to secure money to use in a life of sin. His relatives disowned him, and his mother cared for the boy, who was before us, until her death, after which he had been obliged to beg. He went to Tang Un, hoping that some distant relatives there would help him, but they cast him off. He was a pitiful object, and when we learned that he had been sleeping in temples, we felt that since we had an extra Chinese bed in our cook's room, we should let the little fellow sleep there until he could find something to do. I ran upstairs, and prepared a good dinner for him, but—what do you think? He refused to touch it. Yes, he really believed that we wished to poison him, after which we would dig his eyes out. However, he gladly accepted the proffer of a bed, and gratefully received a few 'cash,' or

change in him since he came here. He needs a gentle reproof once in a while, but it does him good. Last evening he asked if he could come and pray with me. I said he might, and I wish you could have heard him pray. Then I read a chapter from the Bible to him, and he told me about his experiences. He knows much of the Gospel, and wishes to be baptized, but I told him he must wait awhile.

I have been informed that a widow with a large family of children wished him to work for her. He will have a good home there if obedient. We cannot understand why he did not give himself to Jesus, for we would have been so glad to educate him for the Lord. It may be that as he sees the difference between the treatment received in a Christian home and that received in a heathen home, he may really repent and be saved.

I send his photograph taken with a little dog, 'Scamp,' who lives at the Boys' school. We have prayed very earnestly for him, and I ask you to continue with us in prayer.

Last September, just about the time you dear boys and girls entered school after a happy vacation, a dear young girl whom I knew before I went to Tang Un, came to see us. We offered to teach her, and she came daily for several weeks to our home. She could not attend the school, for her days were usually very busy, but she could run in to us at odd times. We learned to love her, and hoped she would really learn to love and serve Jesus. Suddenly she ceased calling, and when we met her in the street she hurried by with averted face. Our hearts were pained, and we prayed for her. Soon we learned from a neighbor that her only living parent, a wicked father, had cruelly beaten her because she had been coming here. He threatened to whip her more severely if she ever spoke to the 'foreign devils' again. However, a few days ago, when we passed her in the street, she ventured to smile at us, and we hope her father will soon consent to her coming to visit us. I am sure you will pray for her. Now, I wish to tell you of a dear young girl with bound feet. Her name is Amui Cheung, and she has been a very proud girl. Her father (who died a few years ago), used to be a wealthy official, and so long as he lived, she and her mother dwelt in a fine house; had servants, and rode in a sedan-chair when they went to call upon friends. Now they are quite poor, and many old friends have forgotten them. They must do their own work, and either remain at home, or walk if they go calling.

I have written before that Chinese girls do not walk upon the public streets as in our country, and so this girl scarcely goes out of the house. Of course, girls who must work to support themselves go freely on the streets, but bound-footed girls of respectable families do not venture out except on rare occasions. Several months ago Mrs. Cheung came to our meetings, and from the first ceased to worship idols. She has come almost daily for two months, to be taught to read, and we have found it such a joy to instruct her. Now she is reading Mark's Gospel, and is as happy as a child with a new 'reader.' We have prayed with her each day, and she has learned to trust our God. She dearly loves Amui, and has sought to teach her to give up the idols and ancestral worship. This the young girl was at first unwilling to do, for her few friends have laughed at her for having the 'foreign devil women' teach her, and they have also frightened her by saying that if she ceased



CHINESE BOY.

ily from the mass of tangled hair, and we became curious to know more of our small guest. The Chinese preacher appeared and informed us that a few days before this lad walked into the chapel and asked many questions about the Gospel, and also about the foreigners. As he stood talking with the preacher, he heard our servant descending the stairs back of the chapel, and, thinking that the 'foreign devil women' were coming, ran, terrified from the place. Later, he returned and asked more questions, and having seen Miss Doner and me on the street, decided that we were not 'devils,' but just strange women.

He thus plucked up courage to come to our doorway, where he asked the servant if he could come there to dwell and 'boil tea' for the young ladies. We listened attentively to this, and then said, 'Yes; but where are his people? With whom does he dwell?' They told us that he was a beggar-boy. His father, a Mr. Lai, had formerly been a successful business man, but he began to gamble and smoke opium. These habits grew upon him until he not

Chinese pennies, to pay for having his head shaved and his hair combed. The cook and the preacher each gave a garment to him, and then the cook, armed with soap, a cloth, and hot water, literally scrubbed the dirty little body. When we next saw him, we could scarcely believe that the rosy, smiling face, and neatly combed hair belonged to the unkempt little beggar of an hour before. He would run on errands for the Chinese in our house, and in return received his food. Soon, too, he lost all fear of us, and greedily ate the scraps from our table. He wished to study, and the preacher's wife gladly taught him. He learned to pray and to sing, and seemed to have a real desire to serve Jesus. He quickly learned to sweep the chapel, scrub floors, and do many little things to earn his food. In August I left Tang Un and came back to Wuchow.

By the way, I have not yet told you this boy's name. He was called 'Kwok Cheung,' and continued to work for Miss Doner. I shall quote from one of her letters. She wrote: 'Kwok Cheung is getting to be a good boy, and it is wonderful to see the