

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## A Home in the Ing Hok Mountains of China.

Rev. Dwight Goddard, of Foochow, China,  
in 'Missionary Herald.'

Our preacher and myself started out a while ago to visit one of our Christians whose home is in the mountains near Ing Hok. His home is like that of so many of the Christians in the country districts that

on the other sides of the quadrangle are other rooms. In the rear are passageways leading to quadrangles beyond, whose rooms are used for kitchens, sleeping-rooms, and barns; and beyond these are further passageways which lead into still other quadrangles of other families of this one huge family.

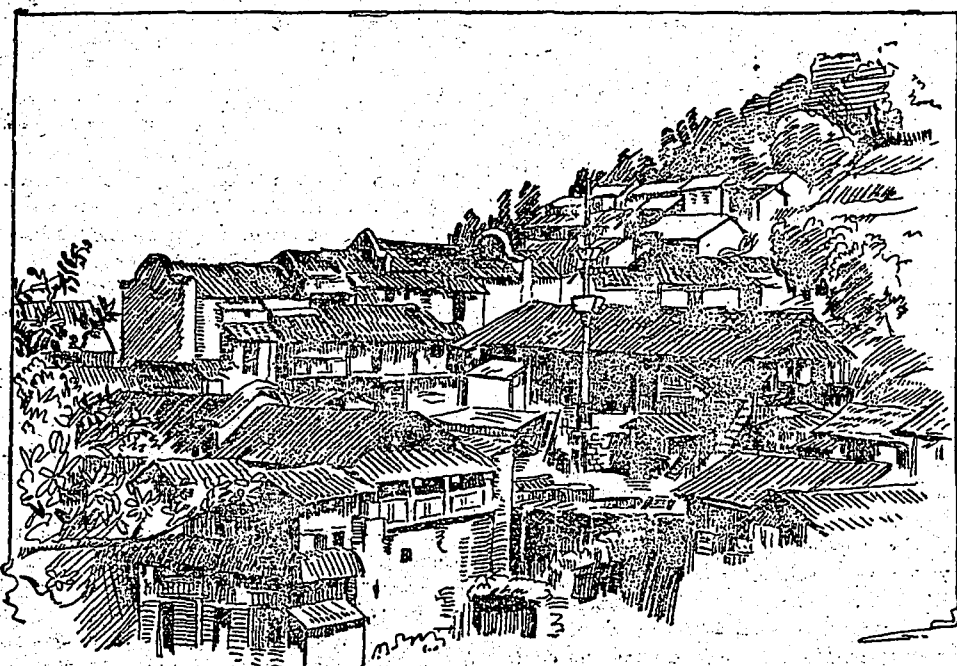
We are greeted by barking dogs, shouting children, a few men and curious women appearing at all the doors and windows. We are ushered into the reception room and

disturbed. It being harvest time for wheat and tea, the reception room itself is used as a granary; a room diagonally opposite in the main court is used for a pig-pen, and another for storage of straw and brushwood. Within this same court is a big buffalo cow, munching coarse grass. In the centre of the court is a pool of stagnant water with a green scum on it. The wall is tumbled down, and hens, chickens, pigs, dogs, children, cows, ducks, goats, babies wander about in equal favor, paying no attention to parlor, guests, drying tea leaves, rubbish or mud puddles.

The people crowd around us, not one neatly dressed, most of them in dirty, patched garments, but they are all smiling a welcome. There are no men or boys about, for they are in the fields at work, but any number of babies, children, and women. A few of the latter show by the paint on their faces and their bound feet that they are of the 'first families.' They all use this reception room in common; and when they had asked the usual questions about how much our shoes cost, how old we are, and what our surname is, they remarked on the color of our eyes and on the fact that a young man has a mustache.

Then we begin to edge in a little gospel. I have the preacher read from one of the gospels, say John's account of the woman of Samaria. Then I talk a little in fragments to the preacher, and he enlarges upon it, about 'God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.' Having gained their attention, we try to sell them the book for eight cash (about one-half a cent), because they so quickly forget our spoken words, but they read the book after we are gone. Then we sing a hymn, which they like, and offer a prayer. Then we tell them when the next Sabbath is and urge them to attend service.

We now attempt to take our leave; but no, they will not listen to our proposal to go. The church member's wife is preparing food for us; we must stop and eat. We protest, as is expected of us, and finally compromise,



HWA SANG, THE VILLAGE WHERE THE ENGLISH MISSIONARIES WERE MURDERED, AUGUST, 1, 1895.

a description of it may not be uninteresting.

We take with us as we start a handful of tracts, portions of Scripture and hymns to sell if we can, or at any rate read and talk about. Our preacher is pleasantly greeted on every hand, and even strangers on the road, with old-fashioned courtesy, salute us and ask if we have 'eaten our rice' or where we are going.

We climb up through the valleys, winding in and out along the edge of the rice terraces, on roads often scarcely a foot wide that serve China for highways. Now we enjoy a smooth road and more frequently a very bad one, according as some man has been led to do a work of merit by repairing it. At last, with a turn in the path about the shoulder of the range, we spy a clump of bamboos and pines that is like an oasis on the bare, over-cultivated mountain-side.

In the midst of this clump is the home of our church member. We exclaim at once, 'Why, he must be a very rich man to have so large a house!' Alas! we find him to be the younger brother of the head of the family, and the house proves to be a village, for there are twenty 'chows' (kitchen stoves) that tell the number of families, and ninety mouths, but all of one family. Over the entrance to the court are two ornamental signs that show that children for two generations have secured the first degree for literary merit.

This entrance opens into a quadrangle, or open court, on the opposite side of which is the reception room, a good-sized, lofty room, open in front to sun and rain, but sheltered by the overhanging roof. At the end, or head, of the room are the shrines of idols and ancestral tablets, with lanterns overhead, and on the walls are hung charts and banners with felicitous expressions of welcome. On either side of this room and also

offered seats, which are only wooden 'horses.' On these we attempt to seat ourselves near the foot of the room. Then tea is at once brought, which is freshly prepared by pouring boiling water on a few tea leaves in each covered cup. Questions and answers begin to pass almost before we have had time to look about.



CHINESE AT MEALTIME.

Alas! for our American and Christian predilections for cleanliness! Everything is filthy. The house itself was a fine house when it was built, but no repairs are ever made and it is never cleaned, so that smoke and dust and rubbish collect and are un-

as is also expected, by accepting a single bowl of rice or vermicelli, with, perhaps, a fried egg on top, which is supposed to be a delicacy which foreigners particularly like. Imagine us with chopsticks trying to eat the great long strings of vermicelli! Then we