

Some women and girls have also gathered in ; but they cannot sit or study with the men. Heathen ideas of many generations would not permit that. They must gather together by themselves, and be taught by some of the women missionaries.

The School comes together in the little chapel which belongs to the dispensary. It will seat perhaps two hundred altogether, and here the doctor feels at home, for is he not king and lord of this building during the six other days of the week? He looks around the room. It is nearly full. The teachers are in their places. One or two of the newly arrived missionaries are there, each in charge of a class, learning to use the new language in which he must hereafter do his teaching and his preaching, by using in the Sunday School all he is already able to use. Other teachers are the older, more experienced Chinese Christians, including school teachers, evangelists, or medical assistants. All the native teachers, and many of the scholars, are dressed in their best, with their queues nicely combed, shining, and hanging down, with a long silken tassel at the end. Perhaps there is a newcomer who does not know our ways. His queue is still coiled around his head, as the Chinese wear them when they are engaged in work. This must come down, and the new arrival gets his first lesson in the respect that is due the Christian place of worship.

There is a great difference in the work the classes are doing. Over there, in a room by itself, is the Bible Class. It is composed of men, old and young, who can read, and who have been Christians for some time. They are studying the International Sunday School Lesson, with the aid of a Quarterly printed in Chinese and used in many of the Sunday Schools of China.

Across the yard, in another building, are the women and the school girls, some of the women only too willing to chatter away as fast as their tongues will go, and some silent and shy.

Back in the main building, are several other classes, all at different stages of development. Some are reading in the Gospels about the miracles and parables of the newly found Christ and Saviour ; but just here, in the

middle of the room, is a class of those who cannot read at all, and who do not understand in the least what the study is all about. The teacher, however, wants to leave something permanent in their minds for them to take away, and if we stop to listen, we shall hear what it is he is teaching them. "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." Over and over again, fifteen, twenty or thirty times, and then he passes on to a little simple prayer. "I thank Thee, heavenly Father, for giving me floods of mercy. Every day Thou dost love me and protect me from evil. Help me and all my family to be Thy disciples. For Jesus' sake."

After thirty or forty minutes of teaching, the School is dismissed ; but, unless God's Word can return unto Him void, some seed has been sown in some darkened heart that will bring forth fruit in the great eternity.

Weihwei fu, Honan, China

### The Letters of a Primary Teacher

By Esther Miller MacGregor

#### VI. THE SIX DAYS' WORK

MY DEAR PRINCIPAL :—

Your letter was balm of Gilead to my wounded heart, and at the same time a call to arms. Rather mixed, you will say ; but I'm too busy to write coherently. I know now why you never told me what the care of a Sunday School class really meant. You knew my craven soul would shrink from it, and, with your usual astuteness, you gently insinuated me into it by degrees ; and now I don't want to get out, ever.

But I must confess your instructions made me gasp. When you said I ought to visit the Trents and the Martins and the Prices "at least once a week", I wondered if you intended me to give up music teaching and go in exclusively for Sunday Schooling. And yet I had to confess I went to the Wal-laces' twice a week, who are rich and don't need me, and I never missed a reception at the Montgomerys' because they are musical, and I attended every concert or organ recital that was worth while. So I knew I could find time, if I really wanted to. I was forgetting that the Vision might demand