

## THE STORY OF A DAY.

Mrs. Marshall, in Sunday at Home.

## CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Kit dreamed that once more he was in the Leigh woods, and the birds were all singing and there were not only a few lilies in patches here and there, but the ground was covered with them, big beautiful lilies, like none he had ever seen before.

The odd thing was, that he did not want to gather them, he lay down amongst them and they were his. He wanted no money and no food, for he was satisfied in a strange and unusual way. Then he heard a voice calling him; and looking up he saw the grave sweet face of the young lady in black, and the merry laughing face of the other young lady, who tore her dress in the effort she made to help him.

He wanted no help now, it was all rest, and cool shade and full of delight. Kit remembered one of those young ladies had called him a scarecrow and laughed at him.

She did not call him a scarecrow, now, and looking down he saw he was in new clothes, white and pure as the lilies, and that this wonderful change in himself did not surprise him; he thought it was quite natural that he should not be dirty little Kit any more, but clean Kit, bright and clean.

The little active brain, which had worked so cunningly to make shift and get his daily bread, was at work now in sleep, though he did not know it, and, filled with the images of the morning beauty, rehearsed them again for him.

And the grave lady with a sweet voice as she said, "Tell me your name," and then some one he could not see said, "I give him a new name."

Kit was quite sorry when by the jostling of some men, who came to take the logs away, he was disturbed from his sleep.

It was rather hard to be kicked and told to move off, and be called a lazy cub, but Kit arose, shook himself and his rags into place, and saying to himself,

"I'll go right back again, p'raps I shall see them, and p'raps I may get the sixpence."

The Cathedral clock and the city church clocks all over Bristol chimed five, as Kit, for the second time that day, set off for Nightingale Valley. He was very hungry now and faint, and as he passed the bakers' shops he did long for a loaf, but he remembered what the lady said about the Friend of children, who hated cheating and lies, so he hurried by that he might not be tempted. He went through College Green this time, and up Park street, past the smart shops, and not so very far before him was Beatrice, though neither knew it.

At the crossing by Victoria Square Kit paused, a little uncertain which way to take, but he pushed on, his little ragged figure unnoticed, and at last he reached the Suspension Bridge.

And here a new difficulty presented itself, one he was not prepared for. He was running through under the great stone arch, with the iron arm making a roadway from earth to sky, when a voice called him back.

"Here, young 'un—hi, stop! Where's your penny?"

"I've not got a penny."

"Then you stop, and turn the way you came, that's all."

"Please, sir," said Kit to the man at the gate, "I want to go across to the woods."

"Dare say you do," was the cool reply.

"I came over Bedminster Bridge this morning, and I want to get back very particular, sir."

The old gate-keeper assumed a stolid air, and busied himself in giving return tickets to two ladies.

Something in Kit's dejected, disappointed face struck the old man at last, and he said:

"What do you want over the bridge, you look half-starved; here," and he threw him a bit of stale bread which had been left from his dinner. Kit's eyes twinkled, and he ate it up, hard as it was to bite, as a hungry dog snaps up a bone. Emboldened by this kindness, Kit ventured to say, with one of his funny contortions.

"Do 'e let me go over, do 'e now, sir."

"Well, cut along then, but you must go back t'other way by Bedminster or the ferry, mind."

Kit was off like a shot, and his weary little feet never faltered till they had carried him by a side path down Nightingale Valley, in the track of his morning expedition.

Kit's perseverance was crowned with suc-

cess, he found the old basket caught in its descent on the bough of an overhanging maple, and he came upon a new bed of the lilies of the valley, betrayed by their fragrance. He gathered a large bunch and laid them carefully in the basket, and then climbed up, not by the precipitous path which he had chosen in the morning, but by a more beaten track which led him to a green knoll where two or three old oaks stood, and before which Mentone and many other pretty houses were built.

Kit wished he could find his lady again with the sweet voice; he wished he knew whether she lived in one of those houses.

"It would be a joke to see her again." Thus meditating, something bright caught his eye in the grass. He darted towards it, and found it was the purse in which the lady had looked in vain in the morning for a sixpence.

"There's nought in it now," he said, "but paper." And Kit's dirty little fingers were soon feeling curiously the texture of the bank-notes which Beatrice had put into her purse.

"What's they, I wonder, they be three all alike," and then Kit examined the mul-

Mr. Mansfield's garden. Kit perched on these, determined to wait in hope.

Many groups of happy girls and boys passed by, their baskets full of treasures from the woods. Some looked at him, a little scarecrow perched on the stones, but none spoke to him.

(To be Continued.)

## A BIT OF EXPERIENCE IN A CHINESE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY MRS. H. M. KIEFFER.

About a year ago an effort was made in the Sunday-school connected with the church of which my husband is pastor, to organize the Chinese laundrymen of the town into a Sunday-school, or into a Sunday-school class. On visiting the different laundries for the purpose of explanation and invitation, it was found that the greatest obstacle to the undertaking consisted in the existence of a bitter feud between two rival factions of Chinamen—the Sam Long faction and the Charley Lee faction. Sam Long said he and his men would come, but

actually greedy for the coveted possession.

One day I had a Chinaman in charge who knew nothing of our language whatever. I began to teach him the letters. Over and over the first nine letters of the alphabet I went with him until I was weary of the endless repetition. At first he called "B" "F." "No, no," said I; "not F, but B. Look at my lips when I say it—B." The poor fellow, taking a full breath, and with an agonizing effort, as if his very life depended on it, fairly exploded with "B-e-e!" But F bothered him most of all. He insisted on calling it "epfh," and only after repeatedly pointing to my lips and teeth as I uttered it, did I get him to pronounce it correctly. Farther than the letter I, he would not go the first Sunday, intimating that he must be sure of the letters he had learned before attempting anything farther. He took the card containing the alphabet home with him, and, with the help of another Chinaman farther advanced than he, by next Sunday knew every letter without a single important mistake.

The Chinamen are bright. They are ready learners, full of questions, some of which are puzzling enough. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor," one was reading one day, and stopped to spell "neighbor" more carefully. "Neighbor,—what that mean?" In the middle of my attempted explanation he burst in: "Yes, yes; I see. I live here,"—illustrating by placing his finger on a certain spot on the bench, "and other man live here;" here he placed his finger on a spot several feet distant from the first. "He my neighbor. Yes, yes!"

"Receive" (which, of course, he pronounced "leceive," for the Chinaman has great difficulty with the letter R), "leceive"? What that mean?" The explanation being given, his face lit up as he exclaimed: "Yes, yes! Man send me letter; I get it. I leceive letter. Yes, yes!"

"Parents? What that?" "Parents mean father and mother. Have you father and mother in China?" With an expression of sadness, the poor fellow answered: "No, no. No live."

"Interpretation" bothered him; and no wonder, it is such a long word, and an abstract word besides. Concrete words, as names of things, one can explain, but when it comes to "perhaps" and "nevertheless" and "through," in our reading in the New Testament, we are at a loss. Thus the word or abbreviation, "St." (at the top of the page in the Gospel), was almost beyond my power to make intelligible.

I got along better with "evil," however. "Evil, evil?" said he. "Not know what evil is." After some attempt at explanation, a glimmer of intelligence passed over his countenance as he exclaimed: "Yes, yes, evil alle bad—go to gaol!" There are not a few in our own land who have no better conception of sin.

Much of the Chinaman's language is necessarily slang. When we say "Good-afternoon," they almost invariably reply in the language of the telephone and the street urchin, "Hello!" It was in no spirit of irreverence, therefore, that one of our Chinamen, being asked, "Do you know who Jesus is?" answered, "I betchye!"

In one of our lessons there was a picture of an angel. "What that man?" asked John. "What him wings? what do?" He got the words "title" and "tiger" confounded once. Said he: "T-i-t-l-e? Most like t-i-g-e-r,—eat man!"

"Wrote? what that? what that mean?" After some endeavor to explain the preterite form of the verb "write," he suddenly caught my meaning, and burst out with: "Oh, yes; means same as life (write)—only leetle vile ago (little while ago). I lite letter leetle vile ago; I lote letter; yes, yes."

"Do you know what Nazareth is?" I inquired. "A town," said he; "Jews lived there."

"Gabbatha—that not our language—not often see that word."

We find that our Chinamen do not like to come to the regular Sunday-school. They are very shy and sensitive, and cannot endure to be gazed at by the children. However they are regularly at church every Sunday evening. They are very fond of singing. "Like to hear it," they say, but when I asked them to join in the singing they shook their heads. "You should try," I urged; "you will soon learn." But they only laughed more heartily, and shook their heads more emphatically, saying, "No, no; no sing, no sing."—S. S. Times.



SOMETHING IN THE WAY.

titude of little lines, and the big letter in the corner.

Kit could read plainly printed letters, for he had been occasionally to the Ragged School down in Redclyffe street, and he knew a large A and B and C when he saw them, and he could spell a few words. But these letters puzzled him, though after much cogitation, he thought the first must be F, and the second, I. What could it mean?

I need not say Kit had never heard of a bank-note, much less never seen one. And yet he felt a conviction that these bits of thin paper must be of value, or the lady would not have put them in her purse. Her purse it was, of that he had no doubt, he had studied it so carefully when he saw the pretty slender fingers dipping into all the pockets in vain. And now, what should he do with it? Where could he take it?

If he only knew which house belonged to the lady, but how was he to tell?

Close to the gates of Mentone was a heap of stones, which had been left there by some workmen who were making a rockery in

if Charley Lee or any of his party came near, he would have nothing to do with it—a decision he expressed with certain expletives more forcible than elegant. After frequent visits and much urging, small delegations from both parties were induced to come to the school-room from two to four o'clock every Sunday afternoon, the regular school not being in session at that hour. The two factions came in separately, sat on opposite sides of the room, and went out of the room after the manner of the Jews and Samaritans of old. It was found necessary to provide a teacher for each Chinaman, a lady being always preferred. A superintendent and organist were appointed; books, Testaments, and pictorial alphabet cards were provided, and our Chinese Sunday-school was begun.

And it soon became very interesting work. Our Chinamen, with one or two exceptions could not read. To many of them we were obliged to teach the alphabet as one would teach a child. But we found them not only ready learners, but so eager to acquire a knowledge of our language as to be