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The Honan Mission.

LETTER FROM REV. DONALD
MACGILLIVRAY.

LIN CHING, CHINA.

Suppose we take a stroll to the South
end of the city to the chapel, and past it.
As we turn the corner to go South on the
great street, it is possible to hear a child
calling out after you :

"YOUR DOG TAIL HAS DROPPED OFF !"

that is, your queue.

At this corner is a variety store, for the
Chinese have such. A little on is a medi-
cine shop in which little foreign glass bot-
tles may be seen containing, who knows
what. Farther on is a tavern where
whisky can be bought. The Chinese,
however, do seem a temperate people. I
have seen one or two men who were
"high" in liquor, although even they were
not staggering. A staggering Chinaman,
I have yet to see.

But see, over there is a donkey tied to
a post. You observe he is lying down as
far as he can well get from the post, and
cranes his neck forward in the most pain-
ful position. If you live long enough in
China to see many donkeys, nearly every
one will lie down in this same uncomfor-
table way. A clever writer has recently
compared the Chinese to the donkey in
this, that they are both utterly indifferent
to comfort and convenience. A foreign
pillow they would pitch away and take in-
stead a bamboo pole on which to rest
their neck.

During the glowing heat of dog-days, a
matting covering is stretched on poles
across the street. Now, in winter season,
it is rolled back and the poles alone re-
main along which burglars may creep, and
upon which cats gather and squall at
night.

As you walk along a dog or two may
growl at the presence of the foreigner. If
the owner is well disposed toward you he
will call the dog in loud tones, "the
grandson of a tortoise" which is the ugliest
name his tongue can speak about any-
thing.

The great number of shop signs, mostly
perpendicular, will strike you. If you
dodge in too close to the wall, to avoid
being thrown over by a wheel-barrow
heavily laden with bales of cotton, or,
worse still, to avoid the baskets of the
collectors of fertilizing materials, they will
strike you in reality. The signs are of
all kinds. Often they display the name
of the shop, which to the Chinese mind is
usually some favorable combination of
characters. "Virtuous Prospects Hall",
is a very common name.

One thing about this people seems to
be the praise of virtue with the practice
left out. The sign hanging beside the
door may display a Pharisaic strictness
and honesty, but the smirking owner may
be, as all tradesmen here cannot fail to be,
a cheat of the deepest dye. On the signs
there are sometimes painted figures repre-
senting to the Chinese mind the articles
sold within. In some places the doctors
signs instead of hanging down shoot up
into the air, perhaps to make people re-
spect an art so very mysterious as theirs.

The good business houses have two
steps of great bricks leading up, not to
the doors, but to their counters. A cus-
tomer and his donkey can stand before the
counter, the rear of the donkey extending
into the street so that you have to go
around to get past. At night wooden shut-
ters close up the whole front of the store.
The goods are, for the most part, arranged
on shelves similar to those at home.

Green grocers have the front of their