

"I never heard of this strange way--some outside sect, no doubt. What grotesque eyes the stranger has, blue and so level with each other! Strange people these foreigners. A man can believe anything bad of them, they are such strange looking and acting people."

"I don't believe half the stories told of them," the teacher replied. "These foreigners have been here more than twenty years. They live on the street of the Three Gates."

"But what kind of a business does he call that--selling books at this cheap rate? To print them cost more than the price of them. If he gave them away I could understand that he did it to lay up merit; but to *sell* them--that isn't his true business, I know. He must be a spy."

"They are no spies," replied another, whose square-cut moustache, trimmed even with his lip, proclaimed him a Mohammedan. "These foreigners made this long pilgrimage to lay up merit. Their hearts are good."

"Yes, they are righteous, very righteous," continued the old teacher. "They with their money pity the poor. They use foreign medicine to heal the sick, and they have hearts that truly love men; but I must hasten. I have a little affair. I'll see you to-morrow," turning with a low bow to the teacher.

"I'll see you again," the other replied, and the little group of talkers went their way.

Yung Fu's brother, as he turned away, saw the little fellow, whom he had for the time forgotten, lying sound asleep upon the log. All day he had been contriving a way to get rid of him, and now was his opportunity; so he turned hastily away, but in turning his eye caught the sight of the coffins inside the shop, and the thought of death chilled him. Would not the spirit of his dead father, departed only a few months since, visit him in punishment if he left his father's son to perish? Perhaps the log upon which he was lying, itself so soon to be converted into a receptacle for the dead, lent a superstitious fear to his thoughts. Giving the boy a rude

shake he called out "Wake up. Get up and follow me."

Soon Yung Fu's brother observed that they were upon the street of the Three Gates, and the words spoken by the teacher about the foreigner came to mind. "They pity the poor. Their hearts are good. They are laying up a great deal of merit." So while the little boy was asking curious questions about the procession, the brother was forming his plans for leaving him to the mercy of the foreigners.

After a little time they came opposite the foreign compound, which with its high wall looked from the street like an ordinary Chinese residence, except that by the side of the entrance was a little sign-board that told passers-by that the American teacher whose name was Chang lived there. The two brothers stood here till the crowd passed by; then the cruel man told his little brother what he had brought him there for. He told Yung Fu to sit on the doorstep till some one came out; and then to knock his head upon the ground to the foreigner and beg him to pity him and save his life. He told Yung Fu to say that he was no beggar; but that his father and mother were dead, and he had no uncle or brother to support him.

"If they ask you where you are from," he said, "you are to say, from Fu Lien; and in no case are to tell where you really lived. If you don't do as I say," he added angrily, "the dragon will swallow you up some dark night; and if ever you come back to my house I'll throw you into the river."

With these words he turned and went rapidly down the street to spend the night at an opium den. Poor little Yung Fu was speechless with fright, and motionless as he saw his brother disappear; and then as he realized that he was really thrown away and left to the mercy of those dreadful people whom he had heard called "foreign devils" so often, and of whom he had heard frightful stories, he turned to run away. But his brother's words were in his ears, and he did not know but what he was hiding somewhere to see if he obeyed; and he had received to many