

ing enough of their ways to speak of Jesus to them without making them think very poorly of Him and of His followers. Jesus himself wants to be not only as "harmless as doves" in dealing with the Chinese, but also as "wise as serpents." So, we have settled down for a while in Lin Ching, not very far from H-man, where there have been other missionaries preaching the Gospel for some years.

As I was saying you Canadian boys and girls cannot imagine what fun the Chinese boys and girls would make of you if you were suddenly to walk down one of the narrow streets of Lin Ching.

WHAT AN UPROAR THERE WOULD BE!

Not only among the children, but among the pigtailed, diamond-eyed Chinamen, and among the women tottling excitedly about on their small doll-like feet.

I can't help smiling when I imagine some of the Nazareth Street boys starting out from here for a little morning walk. If their experience were anything like ours, they would not go far before every eye would be on them, and every finger pointing at them, and all the Chinese boys and girls running on ahead as fast as their legs could carry them and shouting at every door, "Quick, quick, the 'foreign devils' are coming! The 'foreign devils'! Quick! Quick!" And it would not be very comfortable for you to be called names like that and to attract so much attention, would it?

And yet, I assure you, many a time since we have come to China, I have found myself wondering

HOW THE BOYS OF MONTREAL WOULD
LIKE IT

if the tables were suddenly turned upon them in this way, and instead of teasing a poor Chinaman on Craig Street and trying to pull his pigtail, they were to find themselves all at once surrounded by a lot of excited Chinese people who could not help thinking a handful of Montreal boys funnier than a whole cage of monkeys in the London "Zoo."

A great teacher in China once said,

"Don't do to others what you don't want done to yourself." And

A GREATER TEACHER

in Palestine, whom you all know (and, I trust love) has said, "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so to them." Boys! quit teasing the Chinamen. That is acting like a heathen. Show them that knowing Jesus makes true gentlemen of you.

But I don't want you to think from what I have written that the people of Lin Ching don't want us to stay here—that they are unfriendly. On the contrary they are *very* friendly; and it is only the *bad* boys that call us names, and just as it is only the bad boys that throw stones at the Chinamen in Montreal.

SOMETIMES THE BOYS AND GIRLS

are quite nice to us, and especially when Mrs. MacVicar is with me—they don't think me worth looking at, at all, then, all their eyes are for her. And it is quite a relief, instead of hearing them call out "Foreign Devils!" to hear them calling out, in a shy laughing way, "Tai, tai! Tai, tai!"—"Lady! lady!"

One day, when we had been out for a walk quite a crowd of children followed us for a long distance to our door, in such a noisy, laughing, procession that we were reminded how the boys follow brass bands at home,—some running on ahead, and waiting at each corner to see which way we would turn, and others walking behind so that they might see us better. O, how we long to be able to tell these boys and girls, whom we are meeting nearly every day, about Him who can make them truly happy in this world and the next.

Speaking of happiness, I am reminded that to-morrow is the first day of the Chinese new year. It is funny isn't it? This is the twentieth of January, and so our new year began twenty days ago; but their's is only beginning now. And to-night as I sit here writing, the air is full of noise and I can smell the smoke of gunpowder coming from the yard outside where the Chinamen have been setting off tremendous