

FROM MRS. JAMIESON.

TAMSUI, June 16th, 1886.

There is a chapel a few miles inland in a town called Sing-tung. As we could reach it by boat, Mr. Jamieson and I started off on the 24th of May to learn what we could by using our eyes and ears in the country for a few days. We stayed at the chapel, where we had a little bedroom, sitting-room and kitchen, besides the room for worship. The chapel and preacher's house behind were built by a Chinaman, but have been changed and fitted up to suit. The floor is of mud, but the walls and rafters are all whitewashed, and behind a rather handsome desk hangs a colored map of the world. The preacher keeps the whole place beautifully clean; I could not but admire his quiet, lady-like wife, and her tidy little children—quite a contrast to many round them.

Behind the preacher's house is a school room, where boys are always at work with a teacher.

We walked out nearly every day to see the country, a green, level plain, with rice not yet in head, trees along the river bank, the mountains near by, not so high as at some places, but rich and beautiful with every shade of green. Most of the grass-roofed houses are surrounded by bamboos or banyan trees.

I found my long, heavy dresses not the most convenient for walking on the narrow, winding paths. For *summer* wear, I must say I admire Chinese ladies' loose, comfortable jackets and light, short skirts; I would not like to have little feet, but neither would they like to tie up their waists as we tie ours up.

As soon as we stepped out of the chapel door the crowd began; when A-Hoa was with us he never allowed them, but this time we were alone, so it was "Ugly barbarian, ugly barbarian!" ringing in our ears from men, women and children, and all running to look at us, till we reached the end of that long street. When we came back, however, they were not nearly so bad, and in three or four days all but strangers had ceased calling us names, because they found we could understand them; and it is not now as it used to be when Dr. Mackay had to fight his way among them, and they would go any length; they do not even call us "foreign devil," and if we turn on one and demand why he calls us "barbarian," he says, "Oh, no, no, it wasn't I, it was only the children," or makes the best excuse he can. Dr. Mackay has rebuked them so