

## BROWNIE IN UNDERLAND—CHAP. V.

Would you like to know what you would hear and see if you were in China? Read "Brownie in Underland." One of our missionaries there has written this pretty fable for your RECORD, to picture to you Chinese life. In the previous chapters he tells of a Canadian Brownie taking a short cut to China right through the earth. As if there were a small passage between a spring in Canada and a well in China, Brownie jumps into the spring and down the narrow passage where the water comes up, until in a little while he comes up in a well in China. He has some strange adventures, all showing Chinese life, until he meets with Mr. Joe, an old man whom one of our missionaries cured of blindness, and who is now a Christian. Mr. Joe tells Brownie his own history and in this chapter takes him to a restaurant and teaches us a good deal about Chinese food and eating. The long story referred to in the first line, is Mr. Joe's own history.—EDITOR.

After listening to his long story, Brownie was beginning to feel very hungry, so kind Mr. Joe took him into a restaurant and ordered dinner for two.

You see they have restaurants in Underland as well as in Upperland, for whatever the color of a man's skin may be, his blood is sure to be red, and if he does not eat, his blood-supply will begin to fail, and even a yellow man will get pale.

Outside the door were hanging several skeletons of some animal. Now Brownie had often seen carcasses hung up before butchers' shops at home, but skeletons never, and he could not tell to what animal they had once belonged. The meat had all been picked off by the proprietor, but several blue flies were still rejoicing in the bits which had been left in the corners.

Brownie had heard that the Underlanders were fond of dog-meat, and thought that the skeletons might once have belonged to dogs. In fact several dirty ones were nosing about with a sorrowful air, as if they thought their turn might come next.

One of them noticing Brownie set up a terrific howl, for he smelt that he was not an Underlander. But one of the waiters soon made him change his tune by throwing some hot water on him and sending him yelping away. That is a common practice in Underland. Is it not cruel to treat a dog so? But there is a great deal of cruelty in Underland to both man and beast, and the only thing that will change their cruelty is the Gospel.

The waiter shewed them up stairs, for this was a stylish place and better than the common shops. "Here you are, gentlemen," said the waiter, as he flung a dirty rag off his shoulder and pretended to wipe the table.

This was a part of his duty which he never

failed to carry out. Only he had'n't washed his rag since New Years, and so the rubbing was a matter of form.

"Your Excellencies will have something hot first?" said the waiter. "No thank you," said Mr. Joe, "the Upperlanders do not drink wine." You see that it is the Chinese practice to drink wine warmed up, and Mr. Joe refused wine, so as to spare Brownie's feelings. All the Upperlanders Mr. Joe ever saw were missionaries and they never drank wine, and thus he thought that no Upperlanders ever drank wine. In this he was sadly mistaken, as you know quite well.

As they were waiting for the food to be prepared, a little scorpion left his dark corner and came out for a walk with his tail armed with a sting held up in the air. "Oh, what is that?" cried Brownie. "That is a Scorpion." "Can it sting?" "Yes!" "Like a bee?" "Oh a great deal worse than a bee, or even a wasp." And with that Mr. Joe tramped the life out of him, so that he would not go round hurting little boys.

As they waited there was something on Brownie's mind which greatly troubled him. At last he could contain himself no longer. "Now, Mr. Joe, I do not want any of that dog-meat which came off the bones hung up in front. Please do not order any for me!" Mr. Joe burst out into a hearty laugh. "Why these are the bones of sheep!" "Oh, is that so," said Brownie, feeling much relieved. "Did you never see the skeleton of a sheep in Upperland," said Mr. Joe.

Now in Upperland skeletons are not found except in museums, and Brownie, though he had seen the skeleton of a man in one, had never seen the skeleton of a sheep or dog. If he had told Mr. Joe about the man's bones, it would be Mr. Joe's turn to be surprised. For he had never seen the skeleton of a man, and he would have asked: "Did they pick off all the flesh and eat it just as we do the sheep's?"

Brownie would have found it hard to explain why the people had such a gruesome object on exhibition, for the Underlanders fully believe that the eyes and hearts are good for medicine and that the Upperlanders keep up the supply by murdering men and babies. Some of them think that our cellar is for storing away pickled babies, just as your dear mama stores away her winter supply of preserved fruit in glass jars. Happily Mr. Joe did not know about the human skeletons, or his faith in good Dr. Shih might have been shaken.

Although Brownie's mind was relieved of the fear of dogs for breakfast, there was still another thing troubling him. He felt Mr. Joe would not be offended if he asked him about it. "Is it true, Mr. Joe, that you people eat rats, for that is what I have heard in Upperland?" "Well, well, what queer ideas you folks must have of us poor Underlanders. No, we are not fond of rats. I never saw anyone eat rats. Do they eat rats in your