

Take a look, now, at the shouting sellers. Here is the fruit man with all sorts of fruits down to peanuts; the vegetable man with his carrots, beans, onions, etc.; the hot tea and soup man, the mend-dish man, who can do fine work even on broken crystal ware, the speak-book man who tells stories to lazy gaping crowds. Then, too, there are the sadder-sights; the lazy loungers who sip tea on their neighbor's doorstep from morning to night; the bleary-eyed, drowsy, opium slaves, who are slowly killing themselves inch by inch; groups of blind musicians who rasp away on something and make your flesh creep; the beggars in tatters that throw themselves down on their knees in the mud and beg for charity. What a street full?

The Chinese have no idea of the value of time. For example, our missionaries were asked to dine with a banker. The hour fixed was 12 o'clock. The missionaries were on time, but they didn't sit down to dinner till five o'clock in the afternoon! So with any laborers. They seem to have long hours—from sunrise to sunset; but then they have so many "rests" during the day in which to sleep and sip tea that it makes a big hole in their day's work. For instance, a carpenter can take four hours and a mason three, for "rests."

The houses are generally but one story in height, with mud floors and paper windows. One of our missionaries came to an inn at night-fall with feet cold, and asked for a fire in his room. The landlord came in with an armful of straw, put it down on the mud floor and set a match to it. Of course there was a quick blaze, but soon the smoke filled the bedroom and drove the missionary outside.

We must not forget to show you a kwang—the Chinese bed. It is built of wood or brick like a box, against the wall, and is heated by a fire placed inside. At night you wrap a blanket or rug about you, and lie down on the top of this box, only to find yourself very warm on one side and freezing on the other. It takes practice to change sides in your sleep.

But we must now bid good-bye to the band

of missionaries at Chû Wang, and visit the other band. We get on board our boat again and sail up the Wei River (keep your eye on the map). Sailing is slow work in China even when we have fair wind. Sometimes, indeed, the boat is pushed along by the sailors with long poles, so that often you have time to get off and walk along the river bank away ahead of your boat.

We meet many boats with cargoes of salt, coal, opium, timber, most of them on their way to Tien-Tsin that can be reached by keeping on down this river. If the wind is against us you see the captain burning incense on the prow of the boat to the River God to get fair wind.

At last we reach Hsien Chên or New Market. Here we get another royal welcome from the missionaries. Come and shake hands with them all: Dr. Smith and Mrs. Smith, J. H. MacVicar and Mrs. MacVicar, John MacDougall and Mrs. MacDougall, Murdock Mackenzie and Mrs. Mackenzie, and Miss McIntosh, (I write as our missionaries will be stationed after a sare footing is obtained.)

Now, you have met them all, five ministers, two doctors, and a trained nurse. Try and remember their names, and pray for them as often as you think of them. They need your trustful prayers, boys and girls, for now twice over they have been mobbed by bad people and their lives endangered. Here I must leave you. When I come back again, I will show how the missionaries do their work in preaching and healing, and give some idea of the religion of the Chinese.

Your fellow-traveller,

J. MACG.

LETTER FROM DR. MACKAY, FORMOSA.

A STORY GOOD AND TRUE.

TAMSUI, FORMOSA, Oct. 12, 1891.

REV. DR. MACLAREN,

MY DEAR BRO.—Herewith the photograph of a peasant who lived with his family twenty years ago amid the beautiful green hills which surrounded Kelung harbor. He cultivated rice, planted potatoes and pastured buffaloes.