

LETTER FROM REV. J. H. Mc- VICAR

TO THE NAZARETH ST. MISSION SABBATH
SCHOOL, MONTREAL.

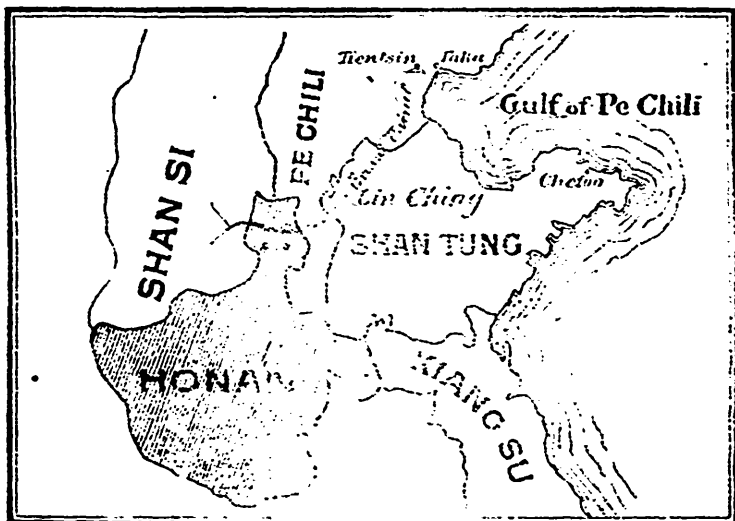
Dear Children :

The letters which some of your teachers have written us make us almost fancy ourselves in the mission room on a more, surrounded by all the familiar faces, instead of here in a far country ten thousand miles away, with strange faces always peering into ours, and strange hands al-

on the faces of one of the girls as she asks, where ever is Lin Ching? and what are you doing there? I thought you were going to *Honan*—the great green spot on the map you left hanging on the school-room wall. Is Lin Ching some place or other in Honan?"

Well no.

Honan, at least that part of it in which we hope to work, is one of those regions where the people have never even heard the name of Jesus, and we missionaries will have to go in and visit them a great



ways feeling our clothes when we go out upon the streets and strange voices always laughing at our funny ways. Not that our ways are any funnier than they were at home; but the boys and girls of Nazareth Street cannot imagine what sport the boys and girls of China would make of them if they were to fly on the wind across the ocean at this moment and suddenly walk down one of the streets of Lin Ching.

"LIN CHING? LIN CHING?"

I almost fancy I can see the puzzled look

many times before they are likely to become willing to let us take a house in one of their cities and live among them. So in the meantime we are going to live here, in Lin Ching, till we learn how to speak to them in their own language, and what is equally important learn more about the people and their ways of doing things and looking at things.

Do you know, even if we were able to go in and preach to them right away, I shouldn't be a bit surprised if we would do more harm than good, not understand-