

lesson before them. They appeared quite at home, sang out lustily, and got to work very quickly at their reading and Bible talk.

I began to talk to two who had no teacher, and in a few minutes found myself appropriated as the sole instructor of one of them, the lady to whom the other belonged (or who belonged to the other) having arrived. So I talked to my Chinaman with the most profound interest for about an hour. He was quite a new-comer, and like myself, was at the school for the first time to-day. He knew nothing of English beyond a very limited commercial vocabulary, and was quite a heathen. I realized as never before, while I tried to talk to him, a little of the difficulty of a missionary's work. How to make him understand? Here is the primer they gave us to read in, as he is not advanced enough to understand the Scriptures: "There is only one true God," it begins, "who reigns over heaven and earth."

"Do you know what heaven is?" I asked my attentive pupil. He looks vaguely about, and replies unintelligibly. So I look out heaven in the little dictionary, and he makes out the meaning with some difficulty, as he can hardly read even Chinese. But his face brightens. Oh, yes, he knows heaven.

"And earth?"

No, not earth! We resort to the dictionary again. He looks about and waves his hand, remarking, "Land, house, people," and I conclude he understands what earth is. So we progress in our reading with difficulty, but I find that he cannot get the drift of the meaning. So we put the mysterious primer away after a while substituting conversation.

This progresses much better. He writes his name for me on the slate, "Chin Lee;" and I learn that he comes from Canton, and has only just arrived in Boston. He does not know who Jesus Christ is, though he has heard His name. I try to explain the Gospel. How impossible it seems. He understands most of what I say, but evidently not all, and what he does understand he does not agree with. "But God *loves* us, Chin Lee."

"No," very decidedly.

"Yes. He does really, and wants to be our friend. Have you many friends?"

"No. But many friends here," and he glances round the school with its busy faces. Evidently this is what has brought him, and on the subject of friendship he warms up. But that God could be his friend—ah! It is doubtful.

Heaven comes up again, and I talk about the way there. "Would he not like to go there?"

"Oh, no."

"Why not?" I exclaim, astonished.

"So cold," replies my friend in a censorious tone. "So cold and small!" It is useless for

me to assert the contrary, he persists that heaven is a very objectionable dwelling.

"Too cold and much too small. No room! no room for any one."

To this extraordinary statement (it flashes on me that it is not a bad description of the heaven of some people!) I make a decided rejoinder, which draws out from him the convincing argument that *heaven must be cold, horribly cold, because the snow comes down from there!!*

Why heaven is "small," I cannot get him to tell me. How *did* he get that idea? Chin now begins busily turning over the leaves of the Bible, glancing critically at the titles of the books, till of his own accord he finds St. John's Gospel and begins to read to me: "In the beginning was the Word." . . . The syllables fall solemnly and clearly from his Chinese lips as he slowly makes out the glorious statements, word by word, and with wonderful correctness. I sit by and pray while he gravely deciphers the words of God. So we come to the ever memorable twelfth verse, and here we go no further, for I get him to learn it by heart. "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." Every word is made clear, translated and re-translated. "Would he like to become that?"

"Never could."

"Yes, surely! It is for Chin Lee just as much as for us; because God loves him."

"No! It could not be for me! I know it is not for me, I am so wicked!" . . . And so I tell it again, the sweet old story, just fit for those who feel "so wicked," and the Gospel message seems more precious than ever to me as I try to make it clear to him.

Does he grasp it and understand? I cannot tell! In the midst of our talk the bell rings, and the lesson is over for to-day.

With a group of his countrymen, my friend goes out through the wide doors of Clarendon Church, looking back with a pleasant smile to me, after a warm hand shake and a "Good-bye, Madam!" And so the seed is sown, Sunday by Sunday, in Chinese hearts in many an American Sunday school. Not only do American missionaries go out into all the world, but representatives of all the world come to America.

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THE new Dean of Norwich (Dr. Lefroy) has thrown himself into active parish work, visiting among the poor like a district visitor, and this surely does not detract from his "dignity."

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THE benefactions to the Church Missionary Society for the current year are about twice as much as those of the average of the last five years, and the ordinary income steadily increases.