

How can these millions hear without a preacher?

Although converts are few the Lord has bright jewels here, and it is an ever increasing pleasure to pray and sing, though very imperfectly, with the dear Chinese Christians here. We attend Chinese meetings of all kinds here, and have splendid opportunities to learn the language.

The Chinese here, of course, have never heard of Canada; and we have some difficulty in explaining that we are neither English nor American, but a dependency of England. God willing, the Province of Honan will know of the Canadian Church.

Friends at home should remember that we can always find time to read letters but not to write them. One at home has no idea how the language presses on all sides, and we are always tempted to let it crowd everything else out.

About two hundred beggars and refugees crowded into our front yard and were addressed by Mr. Arthur Smith and his helpers, after which two cash [one cent] each was given them. It is wonderful how far a small sum goes for a Chinaman; and this sum which seems ridiculously small to us, is deemed quite proper in the circumstances.

THE CHILDREN OF CHINA

are very interesting. On the way from Chinan I had a deeply interesting group of them crowding around my table, on which lay my Chinese primer. One of them could read. I turned to sentences bearing on the true God and Jesus Christ. He read, but a question or two revealed his ignorance of the meaning. Did he ever hear of Christ? Perhaps, for there were a few native Christians some miles from that village, the only ones in a distance of forty miles from Chinan or Pan chia chwang. How bright their eyes seemed by the light of my candle. Must these bright lads become heathens, as their parents? It looks as if nothing else were in store for them; and by-and-by that opening brightness will be blotted out by the surrounding ignorance of mankind,

and they will have few ideas outside of cash and food. What might they become if taught? What if taught of Jesus and His salvation? My heart was filled with deep sadness as I retired to rest on my kang. This thought is always pressing in on us here.

TOMMY BROWN.

I hope this story will lead the young people to be more kindly toward the boys and girls in their schools who are unfortunate in any way, and also that when they grow up to be men and women they will do all in their power to put a stop to the sale of strong drink which makes so many homes and children sad.

"What is your name?" asked the teacher.

"Tommy Brown, ma'am," answered the boy.

He was a pathetic little figure, with a thin face, large, hollow eyes, and pale cheeks that plainly told of insufficient food. He wore a suit of clothes evidently made for some one else. They were patched in places with cloth of different colors. His shoes were old, his hair cut square in the neck in the unpractised manner that women sometimes cut boys' hair. It was a bitter day, yet he wore no overcoat, and his bare hands were red with the cold.

"How old are you, Tommy?"

"Nine year old come next April. I've learn't to read at home, and I can cipher a little."

"Well, it is time for you to begin school. Why have you never come before?"

The boy fumbled with a cap in his hands, and did not reply at once. It was a ragged cap, with frayed edges, and the original color of the fabric no man could tell.

Presently he said "I never went to school 'cause—'cause—well, mother takes in washin', an' she couldn't spare me. But Sissy is big enough to help, an' she minds the baby besides."

It was not quite time for school to begin. All around the teacher and the new scholar stood the boys that belonged in the room. While he was making his con-