

"Teacher! teacher!"

I turned to see what he wanted, and he at once shook his hands towards me in the Chinese salute, for as you all surely know, instead of shaking *your* hand in China they shake their own.

So I, of course, responded by shaking mine.

Mrs. McVicar was with me: and as we walked on the boy called out to her.

"T'ai-tai, t'ai-tai," ("Lady! Lady!")

She, too, turned; and the nice little fellow, as we thought him, shook his hands towards her, and went on talking in a still more pleasant voice.

When Mrs. MacVicar, in broken Chinese, told him she didn't know what he was saying, he laughed and went on talking.

"O," he said, "the lady doesn't understand our language yet, is that it?" And he shook his hands towards her with greater politeness than ever.

Well, we went on a little, and came to a point where two roads meet beyond a stone bridge, one going up a slight hill. When we had crossed the bridge and started along the level road we heard some boy or other behind us calling at the top of his voice in Chinese,

"Foreign devils! foreign devils! with a decided answer on the word devils.

On turning we saw it was our young friend who had been so exceedingly polite to us; and as he shouted, he was running like wild-fire up the hill, turning every little while to shout louder than ever.

"Foreign devils!" foreign devils!"

We really could not help laughing at the impudence of the little rascal! The Chinese are a wonderfully polite people; but a great deal of it is only skin deep. There is often sweetness on their lips, but not in their hearts; and this boy showed it about as well as anyone could; don't you think so? Sometimes we have felt like being provoked with these saucy Chinese boys; but we have tried to remember that we are really being "reviled" by them for Jesus' sake, since our one ob-

ject in coming here has been to tell them of Jesus.

And the girls,—am I going to close without saying anything of the girls? Well, if I were a Chinaman, I would very likely say nothing of them. Girls don't count for anything in China. When a boy is born, great quantities of fire-crackers are set off at the door of the house to scare away evil spirits; but no powder is ever wasted over a girl; it doesn't seem to matter much if the devils do plague her; and often she is left lying for days on a heap of rags in a corner of the room to show how little care is going to be taken of her through life.

A Chinese proverb says, "when a daughter is born she sleeps on the ground. She is incapable of evil or good." I suppose that means she has nothing like the soul a boy has.

A few yards from where I sit writing there lives a boy of whom we see a great deal; and I almost wish I could put him in the envelope with this that he might be set upon the school room platform where you might all have a good look at him with his funny clothes and funnier little pigtail just beginning to grow, like horns on each side of his head. But no, that would be cruel. You would likely look at him so closely that the poor little fellow would become terribly frightened and not have the heart ever to shout "foreign devils" at you. His father is very proud of this boy, as every Chinese father is of his son.

But in the same house, there is a little girl, and the father says without any shame that he does not care for her at all. —she is "only a girl" and "can't bring any money" to him. Many a time when we first came we used to hear the poor little thing crying in great distress without receiving any notice from its parents; and we have all along tried to make them kind to her, but they think us almost crazy to make such a fuss over a girl.

Only a girl! O you girls of Nazareth St. Sunday School! O you girls of Canada! you don't know how much you have