

they were large things like *grasshoppers*.

I pass a shop every day in front of which hangs a cage, in which three or four mice, white and black are confined. In the cage are two revolving wire barrels. They creep into these and spin them around as you have seen squirrels do in Canada.

There are a good many things out here that you would think nice to see, and a good many things not very nice to see or smell either, but you would soon get tired, and long to be back in Canada again. There are a few American boys here and one little girl, and they are kept pretty much inside the wall because if they went outside and played with Chinese children they would hear so much bad talk that they too would become bad.

But, after all, there is one thing which would make you sorrier than anything else. Guess what that is—the fact that the people, young and old, do not know Jesus. Some of them are Mahomedans and they say they worship the true God, but they do not believe in Jesus. They worship towards Mecca in Arabia, their holy city, once in every seven days. But Jesus shows us God and so the God they worship is not our God. Most of the people worship idols, however. Ugly looking things made of mud with a thick coat of paint, red and blue, over them. I looked into one temple lately at night. The priests were *burning paper*, is not that a foolish way of worshipping. Lately, also, the great *moon* feast took place. The moon was at the full and very brilliant. The Chinese believe that there is a *rabbit* in the moon. On this occasion they offered to the moon cakes and fruit. Alas! they worship what God has made, not God Himself. A week or so ago the river rose very high, but did not overflow its banks. So the officials gave the river god as an honor a week of *theatricals*. This river god has originally the form of a *snake*. The boat people recognize him because they say he has golden feelers. The people take this snake and bow down to it and worship it as a god! and it has a temple in which, however, the image is that of a

man. This temple is at the south end of the street. Whenever things do not go according to the people's wishes, they put chains on the God and beat him on the neck! So, dear children, see how Satan has led these people astray. How dark their minds are and how we should pray Jesus to open their hearts to hear the Gospel. Very few care to listen so deep is their darkness. But God can make them willing. Perhaps another time I will tell you more of the children of China, but you must be tired listening to this long letter, so I must say good-bye, which means God be with you, my little missionary friends in Caledonia. God spare you and me to see each other's faces in the coming years.

Your missionary friend,

DONALD MCGILLIVRAY.

### A STORY OF SELF DENIAL.

*For the Children's Record.*

*Dear Young People :*

When we would encourage grown up people to live a noble life, we very often find it necessary to seek striking examples in far off lands and far off times. Allow me to hold up before you an instance of that beautiful Christ-like grace, *self-denial*, by children now living in this part of Nova Scotia.

All the Sabbath schools connected with the eleven churches in Yarmouth have each an annual excursion and picnic, usually up the Western Counties railway line. Even the mission school has its picnic. Every child in town looks for the Sunday school excursion as a certainty, like the coming of Santa Claus.

In the summer of 1888, when the Presbyterian children were beginning to talk about the anticipated fun at Weymouth among the cherry trees, a most unlooked for request was made. The church was in need of money; so the pastor decided to ask the children to sacrifice the pleasure of the excursion, and make an offering to Christ's cause of the money that would have been spent on, tickets &c. The