

LETTER FROM MISSEVANS, A MISSIONARY IN CHINA.

IN THE "MISSION DAYSRING."

My Dear Children :

I wonder how many of you know what it means to be without a home ; to really not know where you were to sleep the next night, or where you were to get your breakfast.

Let me tell you a true story about our little Ye Sheng, a Chinese boy, who lives way off here in China. But how did we happen to have him with us ? I will tell you.

One Sabbath morning, some two or three weeks ago, this little boy found his way to our court, was taken to a missionary, Mr. Sheffield, and, with the tears rolling down his face, told his story. It seems that his parents are not living, and his relatives did not want him with them, and sent him to learn a trade. After a time these people did not want him, and they gave him a bed-quilt to roll himself up in at night ; and, putting him on a passenger boat that was going up the river, they told him to try to find an uncle ; so they sent him off into the world.

The boat came to this city, Tuncho ; he was put off the boat, his bed taken away from him, and he himself turned into the street. He got acquainted with a bad boy, who persuaded him to pawn some of his clothes, and then, after he had helped Ye Sheng spend the money, he ran away. After this, the little fellow began to realize how badly off he was, and he did not know what to do. A shopkeeper let him sleep in his shop with the men one night, and then told him there were foreigners in the city who were kind to boys, and he had better find them. So he came to us, and he told his story in such a straightforward way, we believed him, and he was taken into the boarding-school.

That first Sunday night, my organ was moved out on the school veranda to sing with the boys, and how interested he was, taking in everything and watching everything so carefully ! It must have seemed strange to him to see such a company of

comfortably fed and clothed boys looking so happy and having such a good time. He soon found his place, and that the "good time" was for him also, for he proves to be a very nice, bright boy, quick to learn.

Everything about Jesus was new, and heard for the first time, but he loves to hear, and remembers so well, I think he is trying as far as he knows, to be a Christian. He prays and reads his Bible. I've not heard a bad or cross word from him since he came. It is wonderful, for street life in China is something fearful. His name, Ye Sheng, means that he has obtained his life again. Don't you think him rightly named, children ? for if he had not been taken in, he would either have died, or worse than that, become a bad boy, and have grown up to be a very bad man. Now we hope he will love Jesus, and grow to be a good man. If some of you will write to me, I may be able to tell you more about him.

Your friend,
J. G. EVANS.

PEACEFUL CHILDREN.

A while ago I spent a Sabbath at a friend's house where there was quite a family of children. What pleased me very much was that during all the time that I was there I did not hear any cross tones or any disputes between these brothers and sisters. They enjoyed each other's company, but there was not the suspicion of a quarrel. Perhaps you say there ought not to have been anything like disputing on Sunday anyway. That is true enough. The Sabbath ought to be a day of peace. But I judged from the manner of these children towards each other that they were never quarrelsome.

That is as it should be in families. There is no reason in the world why brothers and sisters should not live together in harmony and peace. But sometimes we do not find this to be the case. In some homes there seems to be nothing but contention from morning to night. There is perpetual quarrelling. John will not let Jane look