

Chinese residents of Adelaide Street prostrating themselves in adoration before the sun, at four o'clock in the morning, and it also fell to his lot to meet a gentleman who, for a period of ten months, has had the privilege of instructing these poor fellows in a Sunday School, in British Columbia; his testimony with regard to them is that in his fifty-five years' experience of life, he has never met with anything like the gratitude which has been exhibited by "the heathen Chinese," on account of the kindness extended to him. As a considerable amount of prejudice is entertained with regard to the said "Chinese," on the score of the supposition that he is exclusively bent on amassing money, and *that* with a view to transferring it to the Celestial Empire; on the assumption also that he spends next to nothing here, it may be well to state, on the authority of Mr. McLaren, who is thoroughly conversant with the details of their expenditure, that one who attends the class does not spend less than \$1000.00 per annum in this city. They who patronize the Chinese laundries will also know that they pay as much for the work done there, as they would pay elsewhere; so that in *this* line of labor, they cannot be said to reduce the rate of wages. The feminine teachers perseveringly keep to their post, whether their scholars attend or not, and on the occasion of the writer's second visit to the class, the number of teachers exceeded that of the scholars; this will probably produce the desirable effect of shaming the latter into regularity of attendance; one of the ladies gratified the writer by showing him a copy of the hymn, commencing with "All hail the power of Jesu's name," well written in English, by a pupil of hers, when in Chicago; the same pupil presented her with a copy of the hymn, in Chinese characters, and mounted on cotton; fans and *candies* were bestowed on herself and her colleagues in great profusion. The gentleman above referred to kindly placed the subjoined

letters from his former pupils in Victoria, at the writer's disposal, and with them he will conclude this notice.

"Dear teachers of our Sunday School,  
 And wilt thou here no longer dwell,  
 To share our toils and hopes and fears,  
 And must we bid a sad farewell?  
 Yes, you must fill your future lot,  
 Far from these fond and cherished friends,  
 But not to be by us forgot  
 While life its beating pulses spends.  
 May the good Lord your footsteps guide,  
 His choicest blessings fill your heart,  
 And crown you with his rich reward,  
 When Christian friends no more shall part."

Dear Mr. —

I write this recitation for you. I am very sorry for you are going away. I am very thankful to you such a good Bible. we try read some ever day so that help me very much learn Jesus Christ.

Yours affectionately,

CHIN AH YOU.

Dear Sir,—

It is now one year since I left you, and the time seems very long indeed because I often feel sorry about those who are good Christian friends. I must say I am sure that I never forget of you and your family also. I hope your of all still be well. alway may God bless you. I suppose you never come back Victoria again, and I am afraid to see you again on earth, but if I am not able to do so I must try to do God will, and trust in him that I shall meet you together in that happy shore. I shall tell you what are good thing is, I hope the day will not far off that I may be able to preaching the gospel amongs Chinese people. I study with Rev. W. Pollard and Miss Pollard; it is very kind help to me, and I should think I would not like to leave them any days, and I cannot do without them because so love. I must learn the only way through Jesus Christ that I may be able to carry the great work from day to day, and week to week, and month to month, and year to year, and from generation to generation. I must tell all things to you. I feel no differ people in the world because God says thy people shall be my people, thy