

for they have been told frightful stories about our coming here.

They have been told, for instance, that we have come for no other purpose than to buy little Chinese boys and girls in order to cut out their eyes and hearts and send them back to Canada as medicine! What a lot of cruel little savages they would think you if they knew how you had helped to send such shocking people here!

But if these poor frightened children dislike us, we do not dislike them; and as the months go by their fear of us is growing less, for they find that no little Chinese boys and girls are disappearing after all, and that the cellars in the missionaries' houses are not filled, as they have been taught to believe with eyes and hearts waiting to be shipped to Canada.

Now, it is very hard to get a peep at these Chinese in their own houses, so I cannot tell you much about their lives there. You know the saying that an Englishman's house is his castle; but it would be far truer to say that of the Chinese. Their houses are all walled in so that there are no windows on the street, and they are very slow at inviting foreigners to go in and visit them.

But if we do not often see into their homes, we do often see the children playing on the streets. In winter, they are dressed in bright clothes of green, blue, scarlet and purple, and they make the narrow streets quite lively with their romps; sometimes tossing pennies, or "cash," as they call them; sometimes spinning tops; sometimes playing shuttle-cock with their feet; sometimes flying kites; sometimes merely sucking sugar sticks and looking drowsily at us with their queer slit eyes.

And everything about them is so very different, too, from your life at home. Your "coppers" have no square holes in the middle—at least not when they come from the bank; and as for your tops—well, how you would all laugh at the wooden-pegged bamboo-tops of China!

One day we were sitting in our house

at study when a noise came from the court outside, not unlike a saw-mill whistle sounding the dinner hour at home. We asked our teacher what it meant, and he laughed, and said it was a "wind-pumpkin." That didn't make things much plainer; but when he went out and brought in a very little boy with a big bamboo top, and made him spin it on the floor, we saw through it all. The top had a slit in the side, which made the noise as soon as it began to spin.

The Chinese love noise. And not only their tops, but their kites show it. They are very clever at making and flying kites of the most wondrous shapes, like men and birds and serpents and dragons and all sorts of ugly things; and very often they fasten to their kites a kind of mouth organ on which the wind sounds loudly; and so, day and night during the kite season, we hear weird mysterious droning dropping from the sky.

Their candies, too, are made in queer shapes, like snakes and bugs and beetles which are fastened to the ends of little bamboo splits. It is strange, but just at this point in my writing a candy-seller has sent in some specimens, made, not of sugar, but of paste. They are fastened to bamboo splits, and shaped like little devils in green, red, and black clothes, with arms on pivots that swing to and fro whenever the spirits are shaken. My teacher tells me, with a knowing look, that they are not so good to eat as the snakes and bugs and beetles made of sugar which he showed me some time ago.

These little paste devils remind me that I told you in my first letter how the Chinese call all foreigners devils. They don't say it so often on the streets now as when we first came; they are getting more used to our appearance; but a rather amusing instance of calling us names occurred shortly after we came here.

A fine bright boy, with a bundle on his back, was following us along the road one evening; and I heard him calling after me in Chinese: