

here?" "No," said Dawn, "except what grows on the roof! You don't believe me, Willie, but look at that withered grass on the house top. In spite of pulling out a little will still grow in cracks."

Caw! caw! caw! and a flock of black crows flew by. "Just as in my country" said Willie, "I can't understand Chinese people, but I can understand these crows. Yes, and the sky is the same sky too." "This is the piece which covers China," said Dawn, "but it joins on to the piece which covers Canada. This window faces the East, and if it weren't for houses and things you might look all the way round to Canada!"

And does your sky ever snow?" asked Willie. "Yes," replied Dawn, but not so often or so much as your's. It snowed a few days ago, but all the snow that fell outside is gone away into the earth. Our gate keeper swept up what fell on to the bricks of the court and carried it out of the back gate in baskets. When it melts, the brick will not let it run into the earth, and we would have a great puddle if we did not have it carried out. As it is, that wet place over there is on account of the melted snow. There goes the gate-keeper with his two pails, one on each end of a pole, as if the pails were having a teter upside down on his shoulder. He's going out the back gate to the river to draw water."

"What tree is this just below the window?" asked Willie. "That is a pomegranate," said Dawn, "No leaves on it now, and instead of fruit only little brown sparrows, you see, swaying to and fro in the wind." The sparrows are just like those in my country," said Willie, "but I should like to see the pomegranates if they are as big as the ones the spies brought back from the land of C..... on a pole between two men." Willie thought that such a big word must have been what they carried in that way (what do you think and where is the story?.....) "Oh, dear no!" said Dawn, "these are only as big as an apple."

"What funny roofs," said Willie, "all covered with rows of tiles, so like an alligator's scales, and then that thing running all along

the top, for all the world like the keel of that ship uncle George carved for me with his pocket-knife. And there are so many roofs all around the yard!"

Is that a jail opposite us there? "On, no," said Dawn, "that is only one of our houses. The little windows with their many bars and two leaved black door do look like a jail, but there is no iron about it all, but a few nails. Even the hinges are wood! We do not live in there. We stow the coal below, and trunks and lumber above."

At this moment Cammy had caught sight of a Chinaman cleaning furniture out in the court and when through, carrying the things back into a room. So he hastened to inform Willie, "We're expecting Mr and Mrs Mac V..... to-day from CHU WANG and they're getting ready the spare room. When he comes he will put me up to the ceiling, he will!"

But Willie was too much interested in looking to take in this news, for there came walking across the yard, with stately steps and gait, a well dressed native. This man was somewhat astonished to see three faces peering down at him. But he was in a hurry and passed by through a gate to the rear of the "pen." "Who's that?" said Willie. "That is Number One Dragon. He is a teacher, and has just been out wetting his whistle with tea, and now he's hurrying back to teach some one the Chinese" as she is spoke." "How many scholars has he?" asked Willie. "Only one," How funny, thought Willie, one teacher and one scholar. How hard it must be to be always saying lessons, then aloud, "I would n't like to have the Dragon teach me."

"Hurray! broke in Cammy" there goes my Papa! He's going to the front yard to see a sick Chinaman," (This is Dr S.....)

By and by whole troops of Chinese women and children in their best clothes came to make New Year Calls, for this is Chinese New Year time. They cross the yard towards the ladies' rooms. (They will not see the gentlemen).

"What poor little hooks of feet," said Wil-