

are quite proud of their reputation for memorizing Scripture. They recited 53rd chapter Isaiah, 14th chapter John, and a number of others, without a blunder. The Chinese are born declaimers and nothing pleases them better than to be permitted to get on the platform and hold forth. They consider this such a privilege that we have laid hold of it as a lever to encourage the boys to come to Sunday School, and have made it a rule that no one outside of our Sabbath School shall have his name appear on our programme. This has the same effect on our boys as the offering of prizes for attendance which is customary in our English schools.

A novel and amusing feature was the turnout of all the children in Chinatown. I think about all I have ever come across here marched in together—about forty or fifty strong—right up and took possession of the front seats, where they listened very attentively, with a good deal of awe and admiration depicted on their countenances, to the older boys on the platform as they went through their part of the programme. A visitor would be amazed to see how these children, many of them very tiny, keep awake. No matter how long the meeting may be no one has the slightest idea of falling asleep. To one initiated, however, it would be quite clear, as a tour of their homes about 10 o'clock in the morning would reveal the fact that the bulk of them were still fast asleep.

The greatest difficulty we have to contend with in school work here is the continual and invariable late coming of the children. Only the teacher who has been accustomed to teach in an English school, where every pupil is in his or her place on the first strokes of the bell, can understand how provoking and trying it is to open your school with one, two or three, seldom more, and then have your pupils come dropping in, one by one, until the hands of the clock point to 11, at which time you may consider your school in, although occasionally some one drops in as late even as 12.

We see the comedy—the tragedy also—of school life in work like this. *The comedy is when a small boy or girl, with unwashed face and unkempt hair, with a small pigtail standing out horizontally from the centre of the back part of the head, comes strolling in at 11 o'clock with his breakfast in the shape of a huge piece of bread in his hand, munching as he trots along. The tragedy of the whole thing is that you are just as powerless to remedy it as if you were dealing with a case of opium poisoning and knew of no antidote to administer. About all the difficulties in connection with this work have been overcome but this one. The "collecting" tours that I was obliged to make in the early days of the school*