

The afternoon was spent in tennis and other games, and a Chinese woman's class meeting came in (a part of the regular work of the day which cannot be laid aside for our holidays.) Then we all took tea with Dr. and Mrs. Canright in the same compound, and closed the day with a Thanksgiving prayer-meeting.

You would like to step in and see us? How much we would like to have you and many more of the dear home friends! A great deal of sentimental piety for missionaries would be done away with, and then, too, perhaps—nay *surely*—you could realize better how we are living face to face with the devil and his works daily, and how much we need the prayers of the home folk to help keep us sweet and unsullied, and from being hardened to it all. The misery and suffering, the vileness and crime, the lying and cheating, the idol worship! How true it is of China, “professing themselves to be wise they become fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man,” and not only that, but lower still, “and to birds and four-footed beasts and creeping things.” That first chapter of Romans never seemed so true before to me, and the book of “the Acts of the Apostles never before read so like a real history of every-day living.”

I am sending you photos of our two babies, Annie and Ida. Ida is just now walking, and two weeks ago we put her in Chinese clothes. Annie will be put in them when she gets a bit bigger. They are both as well and happy as can be.

We are so glad to have Miss Foster with us.

#### A Sacred Spot Near Chentu.

Five miles from Chentu is situated a little plot that is yearly becoming more sacred. It is a knoll rising up from