

Later you might be shown a rather large, old-fashioned kitchen, in which there is a nice big range and on the walls you would see a number of gem tins, and wonder. But when the contents of a big box are revealed—and some given you—you understand. Here are some dozens of deliciously light sponge cakes—which only the Chinese can make. These are sold at the husband's shop on another street.

With a daily programme of meals for four, and other housework; sewing for a goodly number of the male population of Chinatown and all her own clothes; sponge cakes for her husband's shop; a love for reading and study, you can imagine the life of one Chinese citizen of Toronto.

*Vancouver.*—*Mrs. W. R. McKay.*—The event of the year in the Vancouver Mission was the arrival of the Chinese pastor, Rev. Kai Hong Yeung, with his wife and family. Mr. Yeung is a man of ability and well fitted for his position. Mrs. Yeung is also well qualified for work among the women. We hope that great blessing may follow from their preaching and teaching and from the influence of their Christian home.

They have three little girls, who have taken English names—Lily, Daisy and Pansy—also a baby boy. The first few months in a strange country were not easy for them. They missed their old playmates, the neighbors' children were rude to them, they found chicken and eggs too dear to buy, and as little Pansy, only three years old, said in Chinese, "It is so inconvenient here." However, they see many things to admire, and are on the whole quite happy.

It is a matter for thankfulness that this, the first family in our mission church in Vancouver, is such a good example of obedience and helpfulness at home.

Unfortunately, the example of the white people, in the Chinese locality, is not always the best. Two Chinese women, the other day, were talking to me about their children and lamenting their faults as compared with white children. "Why," said one of the women, "a white woman would say to her child, 'Shut up,' and it would be quiet for ever so long."

Some time ago, I found out about a woman who was going to her husband in Montreal and was unfortunately detained three weeks in the immigration building. I received permission to visit her and my visits were greatly appreciated, for the woman, although quite comfortable, was naturally very lonely. Her first impressions of our country, alone, and a prisoner, were certainly not pleasant.

Sometimes in the visiting one gets discouraged and wonders if it is really doing any good. I was feeling almost that way one day, when I went to a house where I was teaching a woman to knit. I had talked to her about the Gospel, but she never seemed interested. But, this day, while we were working, she suddenly put down the knitting and said, "Tell me about Christmas. What does it mean? Where is Jesus? Tell me all about Him!" How thankful I was that day for the opportunity thus given to me!

Another day, when I was showing a woman how to knit, I heard some one say, "What a lot of bother she takes." "Oh, yes," was the reply, "those Christians are like that. They always want to help people."

The little girls in our mission have been meeting more with girls from other churches, and we think it is good for them. First, we invited the girls from some of the Mission Bands to meet with us at the Mission. We had a short programme, then played games together, and afterwards had a cup of tea. One part of the programme that delighted the visitors was the recitation by one little girl of all the Golden Texts for a year. Since then we have had several invitations from the Mission Band and all have enjoyed the good times together. Our Chinese girls, also, took a part in the programme at the Mission Band Rally, held during the Easter vacation.

*Victoria.*—*Miss Cronkhite.*—In taking a retrospective glance over last year's work, two facts seem to stand out prominently, telling us the Master is working in this corner of His vineyard.

Last year all children, apart from those coming from Christian homes, had to be sought, now the parents are bringing their little ones to us.