

great when I said I would open it. It had to be done in three places, and the man sat quite still—and my best knife had a notched edge! Poor things! they are used to nothing better, and don't know how much easier things could be made for them if only this were a proper hospital. They often come and tell me what their disease is, and ask for a certain medicine, and will have no other. I always let them have their own way, and tell them to come back if it does not answer.

We have far too many poisoning cases, and suicides are dreadfully frequent: A husband and wife quarrel, and one takes poison, inviting the other to get help, which they may do if there is any affection at all. I have had an arsenic, an opium, and a potash case, and often they will throw themselves into the river. If their home life is not happy they have nothing to live for—no hope in this world or the next.

Do you know how marriages are made? As soon as a baby boy is born the mother wants to buy a baby girl to be his future wife; so a girl is bought, and when she and the boy are about eighteen, or less, he takes her to wife. Since they have no choice in the matter, too often there is no affection, and often dislike. Just now I am trying to make something of a wee girl of three, belonging to one of our Christian women. She can't yet walk, and the woman begins to think she has made a bad bargain, and I suspect wants to get rid of her, but no one will buy her. I have seen her future husband, aged six, carrying her about.

Our cook and his wife bought a baby boy. The parents were poor, so could not afford to keep him. The day after birth, he arrived with a nurse, amid great excitement. Next day it was brought to me, and I found he had an imperforate anus, and advised him being sent to Kien King City. He was taken, but died. Next day we heard that he was the child of the worst woman in town. We already have a child of hers here—a baby girl, thrown away at our gate some years ago. We have had seven such here. One we have given to our cook and his wife; another to a catechist, and the rest are with us—the nicest little bodies, and fine to play with when the work gets beyond us.

One of our women came here to-day to ask us to eat dinner with her on Tuesday—our cook's wife is invited too! We will go to a small, dirty kitchen, with damp, uneven,

mud floor, with pigs, hens, and ducks about our feet. We will have a basin, and pair of chop-sticks given to us, and the food will be in various open basins, all ready chopped up, and we will all dip our chop-sticks in again and again—and politely give dainty bits to our neighbours!! What a way to spread consumption, and there is such a lot in China.

We had three shipwrecked people here last week from higher up the river, on their way to England for furlough. They wrote to say they would put up with us for a night, so we prepared for them. They did not come, so we sat down to our extra spread for supper, the cook remarking: "It is not necessary to eat the pie to-night." The people turned up 24 hours late, having been on a rock twice in a rapid, the second time doing a good deal of damage.

The country is full of funny things: One can almost always laugh. I'd love you to see a soldier, with a queer, peaked cap, cotton trousers to his knees, of the correct khaki colour; no shoes, no stockings; a blue cotton umbrella; a fan, and a strap over one shoulder with a sword hanging to it. I hear they have lately got policemen in Kien King City—20 of them—and I hear they look almost as queer as a soldier, even though their clothes were made in Foo Chow, and are from a foreign pattern, and they have foreign boots! Poor things! they will be awful on these cobble stoned streets, which are always wet and slippery.

China is awful! Filthy! With no sanitary system and no drainage: Only that the country is hot, and people live so much out of doors, I am sure thousands would die because of the want of cleanliness. When they come to our house—a plain, bare place, with whitewashed floors; no curtains; wooden chairs, etc., they think it wonderfully grand—and fearfully clean. And indeed, compared with their holes, it is. I have seen many take off thin shoes, and tread on tip-toe for fear of spoiling the floor. And then they turn this against us and say we live in a grand place; and are we not well off in China! indeed, we did well to come, and probably had we stayed in our country we would have had nothing half so fine. They honestly think it a privilege for us to be here. They think they are THE people of the world, and China the only country worth visiting, and their knowledge of the world is so great, that one cannot even begin to tell them they are 1,000 years behind