

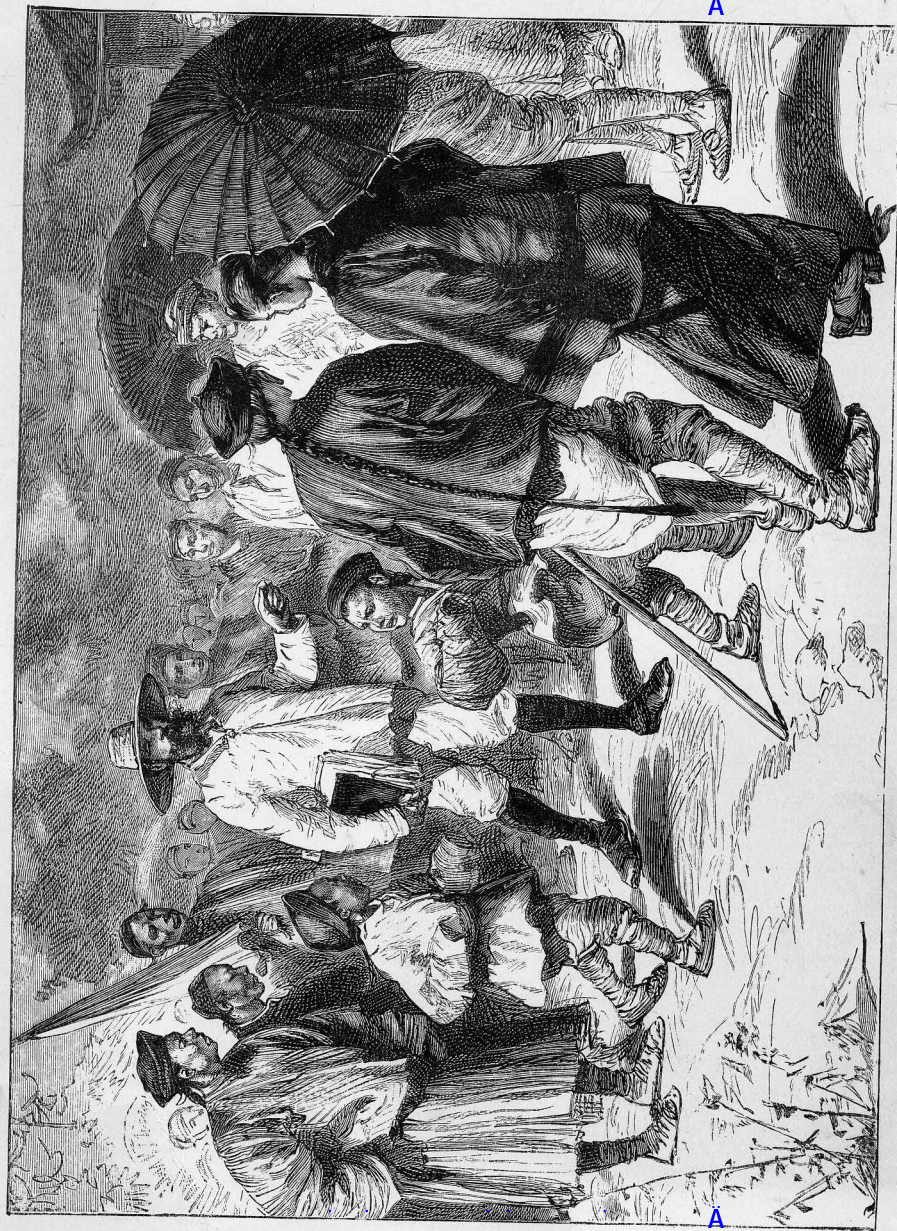
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THE FOREIGNER IN FAR CATHAY.

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CHILD LIFE

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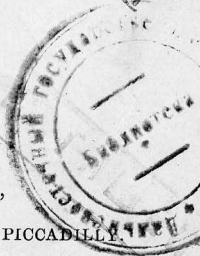
CHINESE HOMES.

BY

MRS. BRYSON,

OF THE LONDON MISSION, WUCHANG, CHINA.

39(51)
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With many Illustrations.



THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,

56, PATERNOSTER ROW; 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD; AND 164, PICCADILLY.

1885.

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TO THE DEAR MEMORY OF

Little Willie,

BORN AT WUCHANG, ON THE YANG-TSE-KIANG; DIED AT CHEFOO, ON THE YELLOW SEA

HER MOTHER DEDICATES THIS BOOK.

For dear e'en as my native shores
The land that owns her grave.



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P R E F A C E .

MORE than nine years ago I set sail for far-off China. Since then the city of Wuchang-fu, six hundred miles up the great Yang-tse-kiang, has been my home.

When I arrived there, how extraordinary the little pig-tailed boys and small-footed girls looked to me, and how much I wished to be able to understand them when they were chattering away to each other in words which sounded so strange to me !

After a while I learned to speak to them in their own language. They would follow me in large numbers along the narrow streets, and gather round me wonderingly as I sat down on the green slopes of their city wall. By-and-by some of them came to our schools, and became very well known to me.

Many Chinese children have paid me constant visits at the Mission House, the sick coming for medicines, the poor and those who were in trouble for relief and comfort. Not a few who were well and strong came also with their relatives to make friendly calls, and look at the strange things that were to be found in a "foreigner's" house.

I have sojourned with Chinese children in their own little cottages among the mountains, and travelled with the boatmen's families across some of the great Chinese lakes, and down the broad river.

Some of them I have visited in their ancient homes, surrounded by lofty whitewashed walls, looking very gloomy outside, and very