

genius named Loki, who, having killed his brother Baldwin, was bound to a rock, face upwards, so that the poison of a serpent should drop on his face. Loki's wife, however, intercepted the poison in a vessel, and it is only when she had to go away to empty the dish that a few drops reached the prostrate deity, causing him to writhe in agony and shake the earth."

Further illustrations are unnecessary. We need only mention the command that we are not to make "the likeness of anything that is in the earth beneath," suggesting that in the time of Moses a subterranean mythology existed, and barred the way to religious progress.

The knowledge gained by a study of seismology is so important that in those lands which are subject to frequent earthquake shocks laws have been formulated to regulate the construction of all buildings. While we cannot hope that our knowledge will ever be sufficient to enable us to prevent the unpleasant and disastrous occurrence of these shocks, we are in part consoled by the fact that by a complete comprehension of the nature of the disturbance, science has been able to mitigate their dreaded influence in a measurable degree, thus conferring upon humanity a lasting blessing.

E. A. McCULLOCH, '01.

Childhood Days in China.

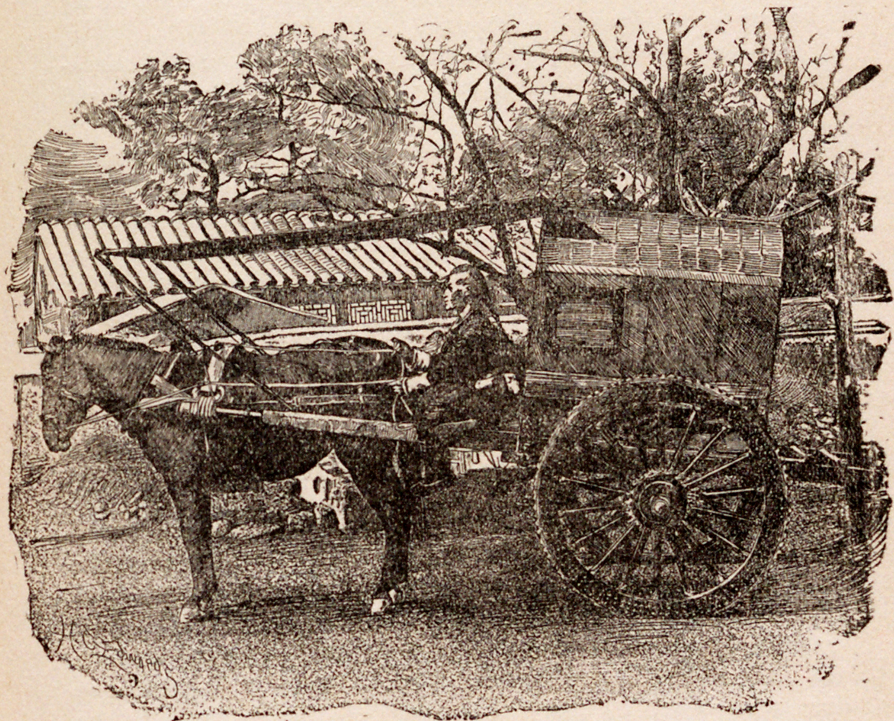
WHEN I look back into the dim past and recall the days I spent in China, a feeling of mingled sadness and pleasure comes over me.

While China is the land of my nativity, still I feel that I am justified in not claiming to be one of her sons, and there is no doubt but that this feeling is reciprocated by her. While I was among the Chinese I can truthfully say that I was not of them, in fact, I was not as affectionately disposed towards them as I ought to have been. Their Celestial ways were not congenial to my natural tendencies, and, as I had not attained unto Christian perfection, I did not feel it my duty to try to better their condition.

The home of my early boyhood was in the city of Kiau-Kiang, some hundred miles up the Yang-tze-Kiang river. In the suburbs of this city, *i. e.*, without the city wall, was the foreign settlement or community, as it was called. There lived some seventy foreigners, consisting of the British and American consuls, customs officers and traders. Most of the missionaries also had their homes in this settlement, and so were not entirely deprived of the society of their fellow-countrymen. This was one source of comfort to them, although at times the conduct

of their fellows exerted a depressing effect upon their work, as, for instance, when the sailors of a British or American boat came ashore and getting drunk would abuse the natives.

My earliest impressions of the Chinese were not such as were calculated to foster in me any great regard for them, for I was invariably regarded as an object of curiosity and ridicule among them. Frequently their taunts and jeers would get the better of my spirituality,



A CHINESE CONVEYANCE.

which was then only in a very crude stage of development. Sometimes, indeed, I must confess, I retaliated by using language that was not commendable in a missionary's son.

It is not conducive to the best frame of mind to be carried through the streets of a Chinese city in an open sedan chair and be continually bombarded by most unwelcome salutations. These never ceased ringing in my ears from the time I entered the city until I left it. I can never erase them from my memory. The salutation which greeted

my father and mother was "The white foreign devils have come." And when they discovered us they would exclaim, "And here are the baby devils." This was too much for me; it caused my indignation to rise until frequently it would overflow despite my piety, and getting out a toy pistol that I carried with me, I would prepare for action, firing it off in their midst, much to their astonishment, after which I would replace it in my pocket with an air of triumph and exult in my bravery for the remainder of the day.

Yet, for the most part, their attitude towards us was that of amusement and curiosity rather than malignity, although at times they would become a little clamorous.

A Chinese city is one of the most bewildering places in the world. Its streets twist and wind in every direction, and are at best but mere alleys. Their average width would be about eight feet, while the main street would be no wider than twelve feet. They contain all the varieties of filth that their narrow limits will admit. A great deal of the business is done right out in the streets' centre. There the barber carries his shop around with him. He places all his utensils in a small barrel-shaped concern, which is attached to a pole and swung across his shoulder. In one hand he carries a bell, with which he attracts custom. When he has found a customer he lowers this load from off his back and gives the man a stool upon which to sit. He then shaves the forepart of his head, for it is the head that is shaved rather than the face. After he has shaven him he takes a cloth and, dipping it in hot water, wrings it until almost dry, then apologetically wipes his face. He next cleans his ears, after which he tickles them with a soft feather. Then he stretches the man out upon the stool, pulls his joints, cracks his knuckles, slaps him affectionately all over, repeating these manœuvres several times until the man admits that he has been worked up into a very good humor, which concludes the operation.

Among other sights in the street, you will see water carriers, and men carrying money in baskets suspended from poles swung across their shoulders. These men keep shouting for the people to make way. Shopkeepers are extolling their wares. Now and then a wolfish dog goes yelping through the crowd. Next a wheelbarrow with its passengers, goes creaking by. A bridal procession, preceded and followed by firecrackers and an enthusiastic mob, then wends its way through the streets. Then priests with their amls dishes, beggars with some of their dismembered limbs tied across their backs, literary men, with their great goggles and their long fingernails, sometimes four or five



CHINESE BARBER.

inches in length, and of which they are very proud, walking along with stately strides, and with an air of sublime dignity. These and many others sights you will see in a Chinese street.

In concluding I might mention a few incidents that reveal some of the characteristics of that peculiar people.

While we were sailing up the Yang-tze-Kiang river, we came upon a junk or large boat. We noticed that there was some disturbance on board, when all of a sudden we saw a woman throw a ten-year-old girl overboard into the deep water. Fortunately the men on board fished her out with their long poling sticks. We found out afterwards that the mother had had a quarrel with her girl and wanted to get rid of her.

In speaking of poling sticks, I might say that the sailors use them in propelling a large boat when there is no wind. In a dead calm, they keep the sails hoisted because they have faith in their gods, believing that they will send them wind, if they only whistle and shout for it. Thus they keep up a continual whistling and shouting while they are at work, all of which is very soothing to a delicately constructed occidental ear.

The Chinese policemen differ much from those in this land. Instead of keeping quiet when they are on a scent, they make all the noise possible. They walk through the streets all hours of the night beating upon a large bamboo tube which makes a dull hollow sound on the midnight air. They do this so as to warn thieves to be on the look out or they will get into trouble. Many a time in the small hours of morning I have heard them making this hideous noise, when slumber's soft calm was trying to steal over my eyelids, and hush to sleep the pleasant memories of the day.

Such are among my reminiscences of early life in China.

V. R. HART.

The History of Toronto's Climate.

WE have read of the stability of the everlasting hills. Generations are born, die, are buried and are forgotten, but the hills and rivers and lakes seem changeless and immovable. The city which one thousand years ago was the headquarters of the first great English king, still stands, and after a lapse of about four thousand years Damascus is watered by the same streams that were familiar to Abraham. And so we think that while human life is transitory and