

**THE FIRST YEAR OF MY
LIFE: A TRUE STORY
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE**

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The First Year of My Life: A True Story for Young People by Rose Cathay Friend

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OF MY LIFE:

A True Story for Young People.

BY

ROSE CATHAY FRIEND.

(Edited by Rev. H. Friend, late Missionary in Canton, China.)

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PREFACE.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

Perhaps some of you will ask why I was named Catháy. The reason is this: far away from our pretty English home there lies a vast country called China where some of the most interesting and peculiar people in the world live. Many years ago China used to be called Catháy, and as I was born there my friends thought they would like me to have something always with me to remind me of my birthplace, and lead me to take an interest in the people of China. They have told me so many wonderful things about 'the first year of my life,' that I thought other young people might be glad to hear something of the strange sounds I then heard, the sights I saw, and the acquaintances I formed. I must tell you that I left China when I was very young, and, therefore, do not remember what happened to me there; and in

fact few children can remember what took place before they were a year old. But then my friends would not tell me anything that is untrue, and as they lived there some years, and can speak the Chinese language, and have studied the manners and customs of the people, you may be sure that what I write is all quite true. I am glad to be able to tell you that pa, who was a missionary among the Chinese, has helped me in my work, and told me what to write and how to put it so as to be understood by the youngest reader. The pictures which I have had put into this book are from photographs taken in China, and have therefore a special interest to me. I shall first give some account of my birthday, then let you take a peep at my early home, and give you some report of the voyage which I took during the first year of my life and the interesting places we visited on our way home to dear old England.

Yours affectionately,

R. C. F.

Nov. 6th, 1881:

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THE FIRST YEAR OF MY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

MY BIRTHDAY.



TRANGE stories are told in eastern books about the birthdays of some great men. When the far-famed Buddha was born it is said that the tree under which his queen-mother stood bent down its boughs to form a bower about her majesty. From the earth forthwith a thousand flowers were seen to spring up, and the rock close by flowed with water, pure and fresh. Sweet perfumes filled the air, and music, such as only angels could discourse, was