

picture where He hung on the cross. The old lady sighed deeply, and said, "What a pity for such a good man to be so cruelly used by those wicked people!" The Chinese are full of wonder. For years it has seemed impossible that a knowledge of Christ should ever penetrate to the haughty, imperial palace of China, or reach the heart of one seated on the Dragon Throne. And to think that the tiny edge of this wedge was pushed into place by a *tailor*, of all people! The Christians have prayed with a new faith for those in authority.—*Mrs Emma D. Smith, in "The Pacific."*

#### DESTROYING THE IDOLS.

I DO not know if I told you of a woman who came here some months ago too ill to walk, who lived some distance outside the city. On Fridays she always stayed, as others do, for the women's class. Gradually she recovered, and is now quite well. About two weeks ago she asked if I would go to her house and preach. This, unfortunately, I cannot do, but I was willing to go with the Bible-woman, and do what I could. Then we found she wished to make our going the occasion of disposing of her idols, and owning our Lord as the true God. Rain hindered our going once or twice, but at last the Bible-woman and I started off with the woman who came herself to escort us. It was a long, hot walk. We found her house was one of a cluster, out of which quickly streamed old and young men and women. After I had made some arrowroot for her little girl, who was just recovering from a severe attack of illness, some little stools and a small table were brought out into the open space, and thirty or more of the neighbors gathered round us. I showed them Scripture pictures, sang a hymn, and then showed a card on which had been written that there is only one true God who made heaven and earth, and all the idols of men's making are useless; and that there is one true saving Lord, Jesus Christ, and whosoever believes in Him has forgiveness of sins. Then I ask who believed it, and said I did, and that the Bible-woman did. Then the woman said she did, too, so I made her a present of the card.

She then asked us into her house, or hovel, as you would call it, with its mud floor, mud walls, and no window, with one door opening into the open air, and another into the next compartment, which was in fact a cow-shed. Opposite the main door, as usual, was the altar, where there was a red paper with the inscription that heaven and earth are our gods, and we ought to worship them. In front of this was the incense stand, and stumps of candles remained, which had been burnt to the gods. Up got the woman before us all, as we crowded in, and tore down all the paper. Then she called for a vegetable-knife, and with this great chopper she cut down a board which hung over the top, and represented a part of their old idol worship, scraped down the wall, and got all the characters off the board. She next took away the incense lamps and bits of candle, and brushed the whole place free from dust, and then with a lighted bunch of straw she set fire to all the scraps of paper, etc., inside the little hut, without either chimney or window. It seemed as if the place would either be burnt down, or we should be quite smoked out. But the event was

too sacred to leave room for fear or feeling of discomfort, so we stood still till all was consumed that belonged to the old belief. Then in the best words I could find I prayed for a blessing on this confession of the true God, and asked that those around who had seen it might be lead to believe in Him, too; and the Bible-woman poured out an earnest prayer in the same strain. After this we gave text-cards to all who were there, and left with much expression of hearty kind feeling.—M. J. DAVIDSON in *Friend of Missions*.

### Along the Line.

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from REV. D. JENNINGS, dated NAAS RIVER, B.C., November 26th, 1889.*

AFTER the two months' leave of absence granted me by the Conference, I returned to the Port Simpson District, and at once repaired to my new field of labor on the Naas River, the first week in August. The people belonging to our mission were widely scattered, and a considerable time elapsed before I could make their acquaintance. From the first the Lord was present with us at our services. We felt that if these seasons of grace were a forecast of our work on the Naas, then good times were in store for us. As the Sabbaths passed our meetings grew in interest. I have seen many weep on account of sin, but never saw one weep so bitterly as a strong, intelligent man wept at our principal mission station on account of his sin. He wanted, he said, his repentance to be deep and genuine. It is being followed by the fruits. The fourth week in October Brothers Crosby and Green paid a visit to the Naas. We quote the following from a note made on their visit: "On Sunday, the 27th October, 1889, the new church at Lach-al-tsap was opened by the Revs. A. E. Green and Thomas Crosby, the former preaching the first sermon on Psalm cvi. 15, in the morning. In the afternoon the latter preached from Ezekiel xxxiii. 11. In the evening a missionary meeting was held, the Rev. Mr. Crosby being the chief speaker. The collections and subscriptions amounted to \$81.20. It was, indeed, a profitable day. The Lord was present with us. We were glad to meet those brethren and to have their valuable assistance." The church is not finished. The subscriptions now due, when paid, will meet all necessary outlay to complete the work. We have day-school now, in charge of Mr. Gibson, Sunday-school and all the services of the church in full operation.

The mouth of the Naas is in latitude 55° N. The course of the river is from north-north-east, passing through the Coast range of mountains, which rise in many parts directly from the edge of the water. Here and there are low flats suitable to the growth of roots and the hardier vegetables. On entering the mouth of the river the mind is struck with wonder and admiration by the sublimity of the sight. It appears as if one was in a small land-locked sea, surrounded by lofty mountains, the peaks of some being thickly mantled with enduring snow. It is a scene one can always delight in whenever it presents itself. On the