

"At regular times an officer goes through a village, and collects from poor parents all the girl-children they cannot care for, when they are about eight days old. He has two large baskets hung on a bamboo pole, and slung over his shoulder. Six little girl-babies are placed in each basket, and he carries them to some neighboring village and exposes them for sale. Mothers who want to raise wives for their sons, buy such as they may select. The others are taken to government asylums, of which there are many all through the country. If there is room enough, they are all taken in; if not, they are drowned."

## Along the Line.

### THE FRENCH METHODIST INSTITUTE, MONTREAL.

SEEING so much of various mission fields appearing, it has occurred to me that often items concerning our French Institute might be in order. In our institute and connected day school we have received about sixty pupils this school-year thus far. The number is increasing each week. We have had two-and-a-half times as many applications as we have had room for in the boarding department. We have a very good class of boys. Some of them are still Roman Catholics, but are fast breaking away. Four of them desire employment as colporteurs this spring-time, two others who are too young for colportage work this spring, desire to prepare for French Canadian missionary work.

We have felt very sad to be obliged to turn away some Roman Catholics because our place has been entirely occupied. We have twenty-one young men in regular attendance this year, whereas last year we had only fourteen in regular attendance. Some of our young men are looking to other occupations.

Two are preparing the university matriculation examination, in order next session to enter upon the study of medicine. One is preparing for a veterinary surgeon. Three are preparing to teach. One of our students, who was with us last session, has left us during this session to enter a drug store here in the city, where he is doing well. One of our last year's students is in charge of mission work in the Quebec District, and the other is in charge of a French Mission in the Montreal District, about eighty miles north from Montreal. He there teaches a school and preaches on the Sabbath.

The new building is assuming fine proportions, and from the trains, both C. P. R. and G. T. R., is seen to great advantage. May it be the means of doing great good to the French-Canadian race!

ERNEST M. TAYLOR, *Principal.*

### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. A. E. GREEN, dated NAAS RIVER, B.C., January 5th, 1889.

AS the ice broke in the river yesterday, I am hoping to be able to send mail to Simpson to meet the steamer, and so give you a little information

of the work. Our people gathered home in October, and we had much sickness among the children, but most of them have been restored to health. In the time of trial and bereavement the Lord has been gracious, blessing our own hearts, and quickening the people; backsliders have been brought back, and three heathen families accepted the Gospel, came out from the heathen village, moved to Greenville, and, after preparation, have been baptized and received into the Church, and faithfully attend and take part in all the services.

One old man, named Ness-liss-yan, one of the highest chiefs of the river, was brought to the mission very ill. He expected to die, but having spent all his days as a heathen, he was afraid to die. He was now very penitent, and prayed much, drinking in every word we spoke to him. He sought and found the Saviour, and said he felt as "light and happy as a young bird," and prayed much of the time. Being taken suddenly worse, chiefs from heathen villages came to see him die, and they had dressed the old man with his graveclothes when, I arrived and succeeded in relieving him. The chiefs saw it, and were much surprised. The man recovered and has been baptized; and this once haughty man is now humble, sitting at Jesus' feet. They have tried to get him to return to his village, but he refuses, saying he will stay with God's people. Only the other day messengers came to tell him he was wanted to practise on some sick person among the heathen, and that he would have big pay (he had been a "medicine-man" for many years), but he refused, saying: "That work is dead with me now."

Two weeks ago, Noah Sampson, one of our best old men, got lost in the woods. He started out in the morning to look for a maple tree that he had noticed in the woods a year ago. He could not find the tree and so went farther and farther into the woods, and then could not find the trail, and being very feeble and partially blind he soon discovered he was lost. But he was not missed in the village till nearly 10 p.m. We immediately rang the church bell, fired guns, and the whole village turned out to seek for him. About midnight he was found. He had wandered two or three miles from the trail in the heavy timber, and was sitting, when found, by a small fire. He had laid some brush on the top of the snow to die on, and marked some trees so that they might look for his body. They carried him back to the village, and the house was filled by the Indians, who sang heartily:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," etc.

And fervent prayers were offered to our Heavenly Father for His mercy. The old man said, "I was not afraid to die; I prayed all the time I was in the woods, and now I thank Him for giving me more than I expected, and I know His Spirit is with us."

On seeing the people scouring the woods in the night for poor, old Noah, I thought of the great change God, by His Gospel, has wrought in the hearts and customs of this people. In the past the old and feeble were either despatched by violence, or taken back in the woods and left with a little dry salmon and a little water, to eat, drink, and die.

Christmas is a great day with the Christian In-