

The streets are narrow, and the buildings crowded together, and they themselves sleep and eat in crowded rooms. This taste of theirs is brought from home, as in China there are so many people that they are compelled to huddle together.

Chinese lanterns were hanging everywhere, and bits of coloured paper showed that decoration had been going on inside. The shops were closed and the people were in their holiday dress, and seemed to be enjoying their freedom from work. Many were smoking—some were gambling. We noticed that the gamblers played with blocks somewhat like our dominoes, and marked much the same. Gambling and opium-smoking are two of their worst vices.

I wonder if you will be as surprised as I was to find that there are heathen temples out here. San Francisco has several, and I visited two that afternoon in Los Angeles. Both were on the second story. At one end was a table, at the back of which were three wooden idols sitting tailor fashion as you see in pictures. The middle and largest one was about the size of a large doll. Next came lighted candles, burning incense and sticks of punk wood, also burning. On the front of the table were bowls of rice, tiny cups of tea, and some fancy dishes, which were for the gods to eat. I read that they always put food on a newly made grave for the spirits to eat, and when they find the food just as they left it they think that the good has been taken from it. In San Francisco the boys used to steal it; for a time the Chinamen were deceived, thinking the food had been eaten by the spirits, but they soon found the boys out and set a watch.

The side walls of the Joss-house were hung with banners inscribed with Chinese characters in upright rows as that is the way they write—not across as we do. Silken draperies hung for a short distance down from the ceiling.

The burning punk-wood I spoke of, is supposed to keep away evil spirits, and they set it at the doors of their houses for this purpose.

One notices very few women and children in Chinatown. The reason of this is that men do not bring their wives and families from China. Perhaps you know that there, women do not go anywhere with their husbands—not even to their temples—as do the women in America. So they stay in China, while the men come out here with the idea of making a fortune and returning; only a very few stay in this country.

I paid a second visit to Chinatown with a Missionary lady whom I met, in order to find out something about the work Christians are doing among them.

I will tell you about this another time.

A. F. R.

## How Ellen went to Port Simpson.

HER OWN STORY.

(CONTINUED.)

We travelled a long time. It was Thursday when we left Victoria, and Wednesday of the next week when I heard some one on deck say, "There is Port Simpson, I see the spire of the church." I went out, but did not see any village. On one side there were high hills all covered with trees, and behind them mountains with snow on the tops. Every little while we passed islands, but on the other side there was only water.

Ahead of us were many islands and after we had passed one of the larger ones, I saw the village. It was very pretty, sloped down quite a high hill to the shore, some of the houses seemed built very near the shore. The church stood above the houses on a hill. There were several large houses looked like halls. Just in front of the village was a little island. Quite a number of houses were on this island and a bridge connected it with the other part of the village, we went around this island and when we saw the village again, a crowd of people were coming down the wharf. It was such a long wharf. Up on shore near the houses was a flag pole, and as we neared the wharf, some one pulled up a big red flag. It took us quite a long time to get in to the wharf and fastened up. While we were waiting I was wondering which house was the school I was to go to.

At the end of the wharf was a large white house and on each side of the wharf, built on the beach, were two other large houses. I asked the lady why they built them there, she said, a great many Indians from all around come to Simpson to trade with the Hudson Bay Co. That large store inside that yard above the wharf, is the H. B. Co.'s store, that large brown house at one side is where the H. B. officer and his wife live. That white house in front of the brown, is a hotel. These houses on the beach are where the strange Indians stay when they are here trading, and they are built on the beach, so at high water the Indians can take their canoes right up to the door of the house. Do you see that little house at your left standing above, that is the Missionary doctor's office; that house on the hill above is the Hospital, look above the H. B. Co.'s buildings, there is a large brown house with a white fence round it, that is the Girls' Home where you will go. The white house on the other side is the Boys' Home; that brown house a little this side very near the Boys' Home is Mr. Crosby's house, just below that on the other side, that white house, is where the Girls' Home used to be. The boys from the Boys' Home now have their work shops there. The church you see is very near that and just on the other side is the public school house.

Just then a gentleman came on board and spoke to the lady. She told him I was the child who had come up to go into the Girls' Home, so I said good-bye to the lady, she said she was going to Naas. I asked if Naas was behind that long island out in the harbor, where I could see high mountains; she said no, that was part of Alaska, we were only fifteen miles from Alaska here.

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.)