

fifteen men had gone to the war. He said that if the government needed them to protect their religion and save it from loss, every man would go even if their fields were left entirely to the women to cultivate. As we walked on together I asked this man also if he could read. He replied that he could. I handed him a Gospel in Osmanlee-Turkish. He took it and read a little, but said that he would get his hadja to read it to him and his neighbors. He seemed so much interested in the book that I told him that he might keep it. He thanked me very heartily, and immediately drew out of a package he had with him a large amount of the thin wafer-like bread used in this region, and handed it to me in return for the book. We parted at this point, he to go to his village on the mountain side with a portion of the New Testament in his pocket, and we to pass on our way with the prayer to God that His blessing might rest upon the seed sown by the way-side, and cause it to spring up and bear abundant fruit.

BURNING IDOLS IN NORTHERN CHINA.

Mr. Sprague and Dr. Porter have recently taken a Mission tour of about fifty miles to Yu-cho. They mention the case of a convert at Swei-chuan desirous of church fellowship, who burnt his thirteen idols and ancestral tables. It is at this place that Feng, the native helper, resides.

Dr. Porter says,—“When Feng made inquiring intimations as to what should be done about the idols and tablets, the man was all ready. He un-hung the pictures from the central room, called the ancestral hall, and brought them all to me, with eight most sacred ancestral tables, the resting-places of the souls (as Dr. Legge reads) of the ancestors of the house. I was strongly tempted to keep some of them as curiosities, but was a little afraid it might not be understood. So I said, as mildly as I could, but with intense gladness in my heart, “Now you shall make a grand confession of your new faith.”

So we took the paper gods, the kitchen god, the god of wealth and the god of mercy, and made a pile in the centre of the little court. The tablets were of fine hard wood and I was afraid they would not burn easily. The man got a wisp of lighted straw, and with a stout heart set the fire a-going. He brought some kindling too, and at last the tablets fairly caught.

The paper gods were painted heavily, and bright lurid flames crept