

came from some scores of little tapers, or rather slow fuses, that were stuck into urns and allowed to smoulder in front of the idol. In this manner John worships on a cheap and vicarious system. Instead of remaining to occupy his valuable time in prayer, he lights one of his tapers and gratifies his divinity by leaving it to emit fragrant smoke for his nostrils. He, after all, goes much upon the same principle as the man of business who lies and cheats for money, and balances his heavenly account by large cheques to religious objects. To feel that he has legalized a long swindle of half a million by building a church with a title of it, must be the same sensation as that of making a remarkably good bargain out of Providence which no doubt John feels when he sets fire to his sweet-smelling slow match before his god. This god of his is a gorgeous creature. The face is not that of a Tartar; it is rather Caucasian than Mongolian, and is decorated with a moustache and pointed beard. The expression of his countenance, if stupid, is placid and benign; and he is resplendent in a body glittering with rich gilding. His devotees have also placed before him for his enjoyment, cups of tea kept hot by lamps. Perhaps a legendary deluge is symbolized by the carved and gilt ship forming a prominent feature in the shrine. Can old Peor or Baäl have looked like this when they more than once proved too attractive to Israel? I must confess that the contemplation of this poor false god, in all his tinsel glory and cheap finery, made me incline to laugh rather than imbued me with the iconoclastic zeal that should properly have developed itself under the circumstances. The general effect of the interior of the temple was red, blue and gold. Brilliant enough were the gaudy screens and banners hanging from the walls and roof to impose upon barbaric taste. No visitor at San Francisco should fail to be directed to one of these Joss Houses, for it will give him a good illustration of the childish and degrading superstition prevail-

ing among countless millions of his fellow human creatures.

The restricted space of a magazine article does not admit of saying more about John's many peculiarities as a citizen, labourer, gardener, mechanic, cook, housemaid, maid-of-all-work, miner, navvy, clerk or merchant. He tries his hand at everything, and can do everything fairly well. Although we have a couple of thousand Chinese in our Pacific Province, the "heathen Chinese" problem need not cause Canadians any uneasiness. In British Columbia John is well treated, and most useful. Like the aborigines of the continent, he detests the Americans, while he manifests all the respect of which his nature is capable for British subjects. The Chinamen call our neighbours "Melican mans," and some of them have gotten hold of the strange notion that the "Melican mans," and not the Jews, are responsible for having crucified Christ. They are delighted at this or any excuse for holding an American up to the scorn of other Christians, and, as they are profoundly ignorant of the history of all outside barbarians, they are not staggered by the trifling anachronism which such an accusation involves.

The myriads who have already landed in San Francisco and spread themselves over the Pacific States are but the first ripple of the wave that may pour its Asiatic hordes upon the shores of North America. Africa has already sent her quota to the Atlantic States, and in some of them her dusky sons are dividing the supreme authority with the whites. So it may some day be Asia's turn in the west, when John has overcome his present objections to take upon himself American citizenship and to leave his carcase on American soil. Europe cannot hope to call this Northern Continent her sole heritage when her sons shall have exterminated the Red Man. The outpouring of humanity from Asia, the cradle of our race, went on for thousands of years until the overflow swept across the Atlantic and