

making offerings of food to the spirit of the hunt. Nganda, one of our boys, talked very freely to the priest and told him that he ate the food himself; that God does not do such things as they claim He does in their dark spirit house. The priest became frantic with rage; but Nganda being the king's son, he did not dare molest him."

#### DOOR TO DOOR ZENANA WORK IN THE CITY OF PEKIN.

One of the last letters written by Mrs. Williamson, a devoted missionary, whose death was recently chronicled, contains the following:

Pekin! Napoleon's memorable saying, "Forty centuries look down upon you," might well be repeated here. Nor are these forty centuries of decay, but of living, active, buoyant energy. No desolate pyramids and sand-buried sphinx here, but a glorious city built with walls and gateways that are the wonder of the world. In its court there reigns as regent a woman who, for energy, force of character and shrewdness, has few equals and no superior. It has been well said that her high Roman nose is matched with a will like a hydraulic press. And it is wonderful that during her regency the Chinese cabinet has made few if any mistakes. She is a Manchu; and this visit to Pekin has raised the Manchu women to a very high point in my estimation of the woman-kind of the world. They have fresh, fair faces, with a very happy expression, abundant black hair and large feet. Their active movements are in marked contrast with the Chinese women around them.

One of the first visits I made in Pekin was to a house whose "Tai Tai," as the first lady is called, was a Manchu.

At the door of a very large house in our neighbourhood there stood one day five or six large official carts, equal to a private carriage in other lands. I called, and was informed that the Tai Tai had not arrived, but was on her way from a city called Scoun Tien Fao. That city and neighbourhood are celebrated for making beautiful articles of felt. The secretary came out, and politely asked me to call after the return of the great lady. In due time I made the visit, taking a calendar with me, and waited talking to the Ting Chien, or Mandarin messenger, in the gateway. Presently a fine-looking elderly man came, and politely invited me in. I had a little parley with him. "Was it perfectly convenient for the Tai Tai?" "Oh! yes she is most anxious to see a foreign lady." "Will I not be intruding?" "Certainly not. Come in. Please do." Then a messenger in a white hat and red tassels appeared. "The foreign lady is invited into the Tai Tai's drawing room." "With pleasure," I replied. My arm was immediately taken by a waiting woman, who led me in. We passed through one court where there was a great stir. Gentlemen's

voices were heard eagerly debating, and red-tasselled servants were crossing and recrossing the court with official papers in their hands.

At the door of the second courtyard stood the Tai Tai, one of the handsomest women I had ever seen in China; very tall, some five feet seven or eight. The long flowing robe of the Manchu ladies gave her a regal look, and her every movement was queenly. After our salutation, she took both my hands, and, with an air of imperiousness, drew me into the drawing room, seated me on a thick crimson cushion placed on a divan. Then she seated herself on another cushion on the divan, there being a small polished mahogany table between us. We talked a short time, exchanging the usual social courtesies. She then took up the calendar, which was already unrolled, and exclaimed at the loveliness of the picture, "Christ blessing little children." She said, "That is good," and went on to criticise.

"What a compassionate face the Saviour has! Not a cold look there. He is your Saviour. Have you seen Him? You say He loves and pities little children, and women also."

Again she said: "I rejoice to hear that your Saviour cares for women. Our Lama priests don't care to help women. Oh! how joyful it would be to know, and be assured that we would go to heaven when we die." She accompanied me to the archway of the great gate, where we parted. We who value our "good hope through grace," can we leave such women in ignorance?

#### OPIUM HINDERING THE GOSPEL.—A SAD STORY.

Miss Carpenter, one of the China Inland Missionaries, writing from Shao Hing, narrates the following:

We are as happy as ever in our work here. I feel that I can thank God more and more every day for sending me to China. Although I cannot write that the people are being saved through our visiting from house to house, still they often listen very attentively, and we are cheered. Last week we visited a poor Christian woman at one of the villages; we sang, read and prayed with her. She seems to be nearing Jordan's bank, but is happy, and said she knew Jesus would never leave or forsake her.

When visiting in this city one day, we went into a large house, and found three women sitting together smoking their pipes, one an old lady in her ninetieth year. They listened for some time until this poor old woman caught the name of Jesus, when she at once stood up, and, coming toward us, said: "Do not mention that name again. I hate Jesus; I will not hear another word; you foreigners bring opium in one hand, and Jesus in the other." Taking a book from my hand she read a few characters, but seeing the name of Jesus she handed it to me in a most contemptuous way, saying: "Take it away; I do not