

When he was gone they cast themselves into a well and thus ended their lives. He told them before leaving he was not afraid to go to Peking for he had not been guilty of any crime. He served the Emperor faithfully until death, and was then installed as the god of the culinary department. His image was placed in the kitchen, and the Emperor urged all the people to imitate the example of his faithful butler. The 23rd of the 12th month is observed as his birthday, and then he is sent up to heaven to make his report. Every family has an image of this god in the kitchen. On that day he is imagined to take up a record of all done in the family during the year, reporting to the Heavenly Father. All knowing their many sins during that year, and fearing they will be punished, use sugar to sweeten his mouth, and then offer him something to eat before going. His mouth being sweet on leaving, it is expected will lead him to speak a good word for them, and thus avert the wrath of the God of heaven. He is put in a little paper chair, having a lantern with a small candle to light him on his way; then all is burned in the midst of a din of fire-crackers. When he is gone the family meet around a table well covered and have a happy time in the absence of their make-believe god. On the 15th day of the 1st month the people invite him to return in the midst of an uproar of fire-crackers, and he is duly re-installed into office for another year.

#### THE MISSIONARY MOUSE.

ABOUT ten years after the rebellion in Canada, there was a retired soldier, who served in the loyal cause in Lower Canada, residing in the town of Leigh, in Lancashire, England. At the time of his service in Lower Canada he was converted to God while riding on horseback between Montreal and St. John's, on the Richelieu River. His name was Hatfield. Soon after his conversion he joined the Methodist Church, and remained a loyal member through all his days. He was a man of considerable ingenuity and mechanical skill. After his retirement from the British service and return to England he used to amuse his leisure by various automatic contrivances, some of which the writer used to look upon with great admiration. Among these I remember was a very pretty model of the "JOHN WESLEY" missionary ship riding the waves, the motive power of the "canvas sea" being a singing mouse, confined in a beautiful little house with a revolving wheel at one end and a missionary bank at the other. Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield were both persons of very happy dispositions and intense social sympathies, and their abode was the resort of many religious visitors, whose attentions were sure to be directed to the songs and gyrations of the "Missionary Mouse." Many were the "deposits" also that were put into that "Missionary Bank." The old fable was reversed, for instead of the mountain in labor, it was the mouse in "labors more abundant," bringing forth his monthly pile to hasten upon the mountains the "beautiful feet" of those who carried glad tidings of peace to heathen shores.

This wonderful mouse had the faculty of song almost equal to a first-class canary. It was a common brown mouse, and its music first attracted the attention of Mr. Hatfield as he sat in his own house. He supposed it must be produced by a mouse, consequently he set a trap and succeeded in securing the object of his wonder, and turned it to practical account. But, alas! as

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men  
Gang aft agley,"

the poor mouse after awhile went the way of all the earth; still so memorable had been his brief life by his benevolent music and active toils, that invitation cards noting his death were sent to many friends who came to condole for his loss

by a eulogy on his life and a solid contribution to the "Missionary Bank" as a token of esteem for the dead "missionary mouse." I hope the same testimony recorded of this mouse may at last be given of all our youthful workers in the missionary cause. On the funeral cards of the singing mouse, among other lines were the following:

"He proved himself a mission friend,  
For this he labored to the end!"

THOMAS CLEWORTH.

#### LEARNING TO READ.

SOME years ago, a negress seventy-two years of age, came to Mrs. Jones, the wife of a missionary, in Antigua, begging to be taught to read. Mrs. Jones was unwilling to take the task, not thinking it hopeful. The aged negress said, "Yes, Missy, I know my head is tick," (striking it) "but I asked the Great Massa to help me to read, and to put it into your heart to teach me." Mrs. Jones asked what she wished to read for. "O, I wish to learn," she replied, "that I may be able to read the great Word. I think, Missy, that I may be sick and have the fever, and you know Massa Missionary have plenty to do, and I live eight miles off. Den I tink if I can read the great Word, it will tell of Jesus and comfort me." This was irresistible, and the effort was made. The pupil advanced rapidly. One morning she put the letters together so as to spell L-O-R-D. "Missy," she said, "that is the great Massa's name." "Yes," was the reply. She let go the book, and rose from her seat. She stood up with hands uplifted and clasped together and said, "Lord," and with tears she said, "Massa! great Massa! I can read your great name." She thanked Him for giving her ability to learn, and broke out into praises that He had put it into the hearts of good people in England to send out the missionaries. For Mr. and Mrs. Jones in particular she prayed in such a strain that the latter could not restrain her own emotions. The poor negress wept, and prayed, and praised, and left traces of her tears on the very floor.

## The Field.

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY REV. A. E. RUSS, M. A.

BRITISH COLUMBIA, the Pacific Province of the Dominion of Canada, embraces, according to Lovell's geography, 357,750 square miles, and the south of it enjoys a climate as mild as the south of Europe; while its position on the coast, and immense water communications, afford the best facilities for shipping. The fish, forests, gold, coal and various minerals are supplying capitalists with highly remunerative enterprises, and her vast treasures are being floated out upon the high seas of commerce. There have been 60,000 miners in British Columbia since 1858, and over \$40,000,000 of gold have been exported.

The established healthfulness of the country, mildness of the climate, and immense natural resources, adaptation to the rich and poor, taken in connection with the Canada Pacific Railroad opening direct transit through the Dominion, must draw to it, in a few years, a large population and give it a high rank among the sister provinces.

The Methodist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic Churches are flourishing in the more populous

sections of the Province. The Methodist Church was organized in British Columbia, A.D. 1859, under Rev. Ephraim Evans, D.D., aided by Revs. E. White, E. Robson, and A. Browning. At present there are 27 Churches; sittings, 4,180; preaching places, 60; attendance on worship 7,000; value of church property, including parsonages, \$71,950; and membership over 1,000, English and Indian; twelve missionaries; several day-school teachers to the Indians, and a large number of native local preachers.

The total white population is about 30,000; Indians, 35,000; and Chinese, 6,000. Out of the 100,000 Indians in the Dominion, none are more inviting as a mission field than the 35,000 in British Columbia, and the staff of missionaries should be at once reinforced. Some Indians of British Columbia, brought from the basest Paganism, are "living epistles," of the power of the gospel. The Victoria Indian Mission originated in 1869, and maintained chiefly by laymen for nine years, is the parent of Fort Simpson and Naas Missions, six or seven hundred miles up the coast from Victoria, and thus reaching both directly and indirectly thousands of Indians. Some of these Christian Indians have refused the strong entreaties of white men to work on the Sabbath, and have declined to do service for Englishmen who used profane language and strong drink. Thus, to the shame of white men, the poor Indian has turned missionary to them, in precept and example. For years, a number of these Christian Indians, both men and women, have laboured with great zeal and self-denial to carry the gospel to their Pagan brethren. Doubtless, when our God shall make up His jewels in the Great Day, many of these red sons of the forest will be there, washed in the blood of the Lamb.

The persecution on the Pacific Coast against the Chinese is carried on chiefly by unprincipled white men, and it would seem as if Satan sought to rear a barrier in the mind of some portions of the Anglo-Saxon race, if not in a most stealthy way to prejudice the Church of Christ, against the evangelising of this race. Facts and figures abound to defend the Chinese against all their slanderers. Let the nations and the Church, acting consistently with existing international law, rise up in the majesty of the gospel of Christ Jesus our Lord, and assimilate them to our divine faith and civilization, for our God is no respecter of persons, but would have all to be saved.

SOME INCIDENTS SHOWING THE FAITH AND REAL INTEGRITY OF  
THE CHRISTIAN INDIANS.

On the 18th of June, 1877, Mr. Williams, a Hudson's Bay Factor, with six Indians of Fort Simpson Mission, left Queen Charlotte Island in a large canoe for Fort Simpson, a distance by sea of ninety miles. A storm came up and split their large canoe into three pieces, on Friday about noon, when they were far out to sea. In the afternoon, Mr. Williams said he was cold, bowed his head and seemed to be praying, and was suddenly carried away from the fragment of the canoe and drowned, leaving a wife and several children in Victoria. The six Indians held religious services each day on the fragments of the canoe which they had lashed together with masts, sails and ropes. There in

the roaring of the floods and storm they read the Bible, sang God's praise and comforted one another with the promises of God, and hopes of Heaven. On Sunday two of the Indians were carried away, and on Monday three more, shouting, "there is a light," suddenly, as if becoming delirious, cut the lashings, when the float parted, and they disappeared. Now, Matthew, the only survivor, was left alone, but on Tuesday morning a light, he says, appeared, and told him not to fear, and that he would get to shore, and find food provided, and so it proved. About noon he drifted in between two sharp rocks, from whence he crawled up to a high dry rock, slept and awoke to find himself dry, but very thirsty; found water, also some remains of a deer, the marrow of the bones of which he sucked, rested for the night under an overspreading tree; and after two days, nourished by seaweed, he found, strange to say, a little canoe, close by, and by this reached Cape Fox, some fifteen miles distant, where he received kind treatment from Indians who subsequently brought him to Fort Simpson, and the whole matter was related, which filled Fort Simpson with grief and bereavement. Among the lost was the great chief, Sēsāich, a very devoted, godly Indian, from the day he embraced religion. After some three months, Matthew recovered and has since preached with great zeal and power, declaring to his poor Indian friends that all the promises of God are true, "not one can fail," and that he and his comrades in the storm did not fear death, and as he was the only one who had a Bible on the wreck, he says that is why he got to land, and now he highly prizes this copy of the Holy Bible.

The following fact will show the loyalty of the Christian Indians to the Sabbath. Prior to the missionary, Rev. Thomas Crosby, coming amongst them, they worked on Sunday as any other day, and helped to unload the ships on Sunday, as white men were bad enough to employ them to do so. One Sunday a steamer entered the harbour, and orders came for the Indians to come as usual to unload. The Indians replied: No! No work now on Sunday. Go to church now and read Bible. Worship God and keep the Sabbath day holy. The captain urged it. They stood firm, and so made white men keep the Sabbath, and on Monday morning, bright and early, unloaded the ship.

## Along the Line.

### JAPAN.

*From the Rev. C. S. EBY, B.A., dated, 4 Tsukiji, Tokio, Feb. 26th, 1881.*

We reached here just a week ago, and although still very unsettled, I am loth to allow the mail to go without a line from me with regard to our work in Kofu. The winter's work has been steady and earnest, and I believe not in vain, although the results, in increase of membership and financial income, are by no means as marked as I could wish. In October I began a series of every-day meetings—"protracted meetings" in fact—and continued them without interruption for seven weeks. We had crowded houses, hundreds heard the Gospel, but the only result that can be tabulated is the conversion of a very fine young man who I hope will yet be a useful preacher of the Gospel. Early in December I visited Shidzuoka and Numadzu, was cheered