

And for *His* sake who loved us,
And bought us with His blood,
Give *your* heart's blood, if need be,
But lift these souls to God!

GAME OF ONE HUNDRED THINGS.

JAPANESE children have a singular amusement, called *H'ya-ku-mono-gatari* or "the one hundred things." A hundred tapers are put into a large saucer of oil and lighted. The children sit quietly down in a dark corner of the room, at some distance from the lights, and begin to tell ghost stories, with which Japanese literature abounds. Then one child is sent to extinguish a light. When this is done the story-telling again begins, when another child is sent to put out a second light. The stories become more and more frightful in their character; the room becomes darker and darker as light after light is extinguished; the imagination of the children becomes more excited, until the room seems to them filled with hobgoblins and demons; and at last the screaming little ones rush from the house, and the game is over. . . . The girls play with small bean-bags—a game similar to our childish one of Jack-stones. These bags they call *te-da-na* and they are very dexterous in managing them. They have also games with little cards, matching them and playing "grab."

The children who play about the streets are merry little people. They have sparkling eyes, and bright intelligent faces, and seem to enjoy their sport as much as little ones at home. The mission of the little street children has been very sweet to us. When we first came here the people seemed like inhabitants of another planet. The only way we could gain any feeling of kinship was by shutting our eyes to their strange customs, and letting the sound of the children's voices, in their happy laughter or grieved crying, enter our ears. It was then that we heard familiar sounds, and realized that these strangers are indeed our flesh and blood. And so we pray God to bless the little children of Japan.

WHAT THE BOYS SAID.

ISAAC, one of the native teachers in connection with the London Missionary Society, at Tittuvilei, in Travancore, was one day talking to a number of children on the powerlessness of the demons which the people worshipped, to do them any good or evil. Afterwards, he overheard three of the boys, Palpan, Vannian, and Supiramanian talking about it.

"The teacher," said Palpan, "is quite wrong in saying that devils are powerless; for I know for certain that our guardian god is found roaming about the streets twice a week, in the dress of the god Shollamadan, and drives away the foul spirits that haunt our houses."

"No, no," answered Vannian, "you are greatly mistaken, for I know that it is the work of my old grandfather. He enters yonder temple now and then, clothes himself with the dress of the god Arakulamadan, and moves about in this way, armed with the temple club."

"Yes," said Palpan, "but your grandfather is the power of our god, and as such he can do whatever he pleases."

"I can't believe that," said Vannian. "If he can drive away evil spirits, how is it he is unable to deliver himself from the rheumatism which plagues him so continually?"

Then their little friend, Supiramanian, began: "I can't at all believe Palpan's words. I know idols are lifeless things. My father, you both know, is a devil priest. When he is absent I have to do the work. I wash myself first,

and then wash the idol, Shollamadan, put a garland of flowers on his neck, and daub his face with sandal paste, and worship him with due respect, saying the *mundras* (prayers) which father has taught me. But the god does not seem to care for me. Hoping to please him better, I place a flower on his head, on each shoulder, on each arm, and in each hand, and thrust two in his ears, carefully watching to see whether he moves, answers, or talks at all. But I never find in him any sign of life, and this makes me think that the idol, Shollamadan, is unable to do us any good or evil. Vannian's words are true, and what you say, Palpan, is wrong indeed."

Along the Line.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

TWO interesting letters have come to hand from the Port Simpson District. The first is addressed to the Rev. Thomas Crosby, by W. H. Pierce, one of the Native Assistants on the Pacific Coast. Under date of Port Essington, Feb. 4th, he writes as follows:—

"I assure you that it was with pleasure that I read your two letters which I received last night. We are thankful to our Heavenly Father that He has brought us to another year. I have no doubt that you will be glad to hear that the work of God is still growing here.

"The visit that we had from Bro. Tate was a blessed one. He baptized 35 in one day, and 22 got married next day. You will be glad to see that I have been visiting Kit-hat-lah. They were very glad to see us. I told them of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. They want us to help them. Mr. Cunningham will send them lumber for a school-house as soon as his saw mill is running.

"We had a good visit at Port Simpson, at Christmas. About 50 of us went by invitation of the friends there. I think there was about 1,800 people in the place; many came from different tribes around. When we returned our hearts felt refreshed and stronger to serve the only true God.

"A few of our members have passed away. One died very happy in Jesus, his name was Daniel Hall; also James Smith's child, and poor Peter died in Victoria last year. All our services are well attended, often we feel the presence of Jesus. Our day-school has improved a little, some of the young people are reading the second part now; our Bible-class is very large, still I am trusting to see the day come when we shall have the Holy Fire from above.

"I promised the Lord the first day of this year that I should do more for Him, by His help, to fight the devil in British Columbia, than I ever did before. I am happy to tell you that I expect to be on this great battle-field till the last hour of my life. God has moved my heart many times in the old year that is just past. I am very glad to hear that you had such good times. I read one of your letters last night in our prayer-meeting. The people were very glad. You do not know how much I would like to be with you in those great meetings, but that cannot be."

The second letter is also written by W. H. Pierce, but is a message from the Chiefs and Council at Port Essington to Bro. Crosby. The document bears the same date as the previous one, and is as follows:

"We, the Chiefs and Council in this village, send you these few words to tell you all what is on our hearts. We all have a very warm heart when we heard our teacher read your letter in our prayer-meeting last night. It seems to us you have a very long hand and large heart while you are so very far away from us, you still think about the poor Kit-see-las mission.

"While you are speaking to those big meetings, telling them about the good work in British Columbia, our hearts are lifted up to God and pray that He may bless you.

"When we hear the kind ladies put down their \$100 [meaning the Woman's Missionary Society in Hamilton], to send the Glad Tidings to British Columbia, and Japan, it makes us rejoice in the Lord, and we all thank the kind ladies in our hearts that they remember our dark land out here in the west.

"Now, Mr. Crosby, we hope you will bring three or four men when you come home, to carry the good words all up this great river. The people are all waiting now. We feel weak sometimes since you left us, but our hearts get strong now, and we are glad to hear that you have blessed times. Please, tell the Christian friends in Canada that we send our warmest thanks to them for sending us the Gospel."

What an earnest plea for the Gospel Message! Where are the men, full of holy enthusiasm, who will respond to the plea, and carry the Bread of Life to these poor perishing sheep in the wilderness?

Letter from REV. T. CROSBY, dated Port Simpson, August 4th, 1881.

"OUR PEOPLE DIE WELL."

This has been true in regard to a number who have been taken away from our Mission by death.

A year ago, while I was absent from home on the Skeena, a fine old man died very suddenly. It was the old man who said, when our church roof was blown off, that he helped all he could; he said,—"I got a rope from the Hudson Bay Company's store, I ran up as fast as I could, and got the young man to put it on the end of the church, and then Matthew and I and others pulled, and made it fast on a stump at the back of the Church, and then we prayed. Matthew prayed, 'Now, Lord, you have taken the roof off our house, don't, please don't take any more; pity us, do not take it all!'" This old man had wished to be baptized, and I have no doubt he died happy.

A poor unfortunate young woman, who had spent a short life in sin and shame on the streets of Victoria, came home to die. She was led to the Saviour and was very happy in Christ for some weeks before she died. She said to me, "I have been very wicked, but Jesus paid it all," and she died in a few moments. Thus ended the suffering life of poor Ellen.

A middle-aged man, very industrious, who was the first to give up heathenism and had his crest-pole taken down, burned his old house and built a new one, was ill for some months, had tried the doctor in Victoria, and all in vain; grew worse, called me to his house to make his will, and

now, he said, "Do not trouble about me, I am casting all on Jesus; I have no doubt but I shall go to be with Him in the happy land that He has promised." Thus died Abraham Wesley, happy in the Lord.

Not long afterwards, the death of one Arthur Riley, who had not been a professing Christian more than two years, and was a member of our Temperance Society, occurred. He said, "I love God with all my heart;" and to those who watched him, he said, "I do not fear to die, because Jesus is with me," and he passed away, trusting in Jesus.

A woman who gave her heart to God, at Port Essington, a year ago, and last winter came out to be baptized, wished her husband to go with her, but he said, "No, by-and-by." She said, "Well, then, I will go alone, and I shall go first and alone to the other world, but I wish to have Jesus with me, so I will not wait."

She did go alone. The other day she took very ill. Her husband was with her at the time, but the children were needing food, and she told him to go to the mountains and hunt and she would be all right. He did so, and on his return after two days' hunting, away up the Skeena, he found his wife had "gone on before." The friends with her said she died very happy in Jesus. This has made a very deep impression on the husband who is left with two little children.

Thus, one by one, they pass away who have but recently received the Gospel.

Trusting in Jesus, "simply trusting, that is all."

SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT.

Letter from the REV. JOHN McDUGALL, dated Morley, Jan. 5th, 1882.

NEW YEAR AT MORLEY, 1882.

HAVING announced for a watch-night service, a large congregation of natives and whites gathered in the church, and in silent reverence entered the new year. Some present had never met in a service like this before.

The first of January coming on the Sabbath, we engaged in our usual services—preaching in Cree and Stony in the morning, Sabbath-school in the afternoon, and English service in the evening. Our native congregation is a large one, and during the past year has kept increasing in interest; the Sabbath-school is also well attended.

Monday, the 2nd, was a great day for the Indians. A subscription had been taken up among the few whites living in the vicinity. A committee of these also was chosen, and with hearty good-will they went to work. Mrs. Sibbald, Mrs. D. McDougall, and Mrs. J. McDougall prepared the victuals. The committee

DECORATED THE CHURCH

in splendid style, putting up a variety of evergreens and suitable mottoes. Some of these were written in the syllabic character, and were very much appreciated by the Indians. Then they put up some long tables, reaching down the whole length of the church. In the centre were two smaller tables, one for the whites and the other for the chiefs and counsellors of the different bands. Precisely at noon the bell rang and the first set of tables was filled.

Some had not tasted anything so nice since this time last year, and it did one good to see them enjoy themselves. Here was plenty of meat, bread, cake, and pie, and what is better to a thirsty Indian, plenty of good, sweet tea.

Multitudes sit down to their well-cooked meals with great relish three times per day, and that all the year through. Surely these may be pardoned in giving especial attention to one good square meal in the year. Here was food nicely cooked and properly seasoned and in variety before them.