

When the boys meet at the beginning of a term, though a scholar may enter at any time, they are examined by the teacher as to their knowledge. If it be a child's first day at school, he is soon and with little ceremony started on the road to learning. In former days the father who brought his son, led him, after an introduction to the teacher, to the name of Confucius, or of some other great name of the past, and taught his boy to bow to that name as though reverencing his greatness and worshipping his memory. This custom is more and more neglected now, and may soon be forgotten.

When the school is opened the teacher calls around the boys who are equally far advanced, and reads a line or two of their lesson. As soon as his voice is still, all at once shout out the words he read. The teacher listens and corrects any mistakes; then he has them repeat the line and continue the repetition until all can read it correctly. They are then sent to their seats to fix both sound and sign of the words in their minds. Others are called up to go through the same course, until all have received their lessons. The boy who has never read a word is taught to study in the same way, the only difference being in the book from which the lesson is given. The book for beginners is called the "Three Character Classic," because composed of short sentences of three words each.

The scholars all study aloud, and often each tries to outdo his neighbor in shouting. That they think is hard study. When all are diligently studying the teacher may be able to hear a good-sized clap of thunder, but ordinary sounds outside do not disturb his meditation. When there is a lull in the sound, the teacher speaks or raps on his desk, and the harmonious inharmony redoubles its volume. The Chinese think that noise and study go together.

When a boy is ready to recite, he takes his book to the teacher, and, as it said in China, "backs the book," that is, he turns his back on book and teacher, and recites the lesson. If well recited, a commendation and a new lesson are given, and the pupil returns to his desk to add to the volume of sound already filling the room.

The boys are also, at the beginning of their education, taught to write the characters; and in these two studies they may spend a year, and even several years. After the pupil has learned to read many characters, the teacher begins to explain the meaning of the words and phrases read. After a while the scholar is taught to write sentences and compositions of his own; he may also be taught a little history, but not much beside. Grammar, arithmetic, geography, philosophy, and other studies are seldom taught, in many schools never. Probably, except as compelled by business, not one Chinaman in a hundred thousand knows anything about other languages; and their knowledge of other nations is very slight. To the ordinary Chinaman the world is very little more than a square plot of ground a hundred miles or more across, with his own home in the centre.

A boy designed for business must gain his business education, especially a knowledge of accounts and letter writing, in places of business, not in the school. Business is for business, schools for reading.

The length of time spent at school varies from one

day to a lifetime. The Chinese system of education, such as it is, gives opportunity for a man to study till he dies of old age, and it is not an unheard-of fact for a grandfather, father, and son to be students at the same time and place, each studying with the hope of graduating with the highest degree at Peking. It may be that the grandson will graduate first, and the grandfather receive his degree, too, before death closes the school to him.—*Christian Weekly.*

Along the Line.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from the REV. THOS. CROSBY, dated Port Simpson, August 8th, 1883.

A MISSIONARY TRIP.

MONDAY, June 25th.—Left by canoe for Inverness to meet the steamer, on her way to Victoria, as she had gone to Skit-a-gate, Q. C. Island, and was to be at Inverness, Tuesday. We arrived in good time to have an evening service at the place. A good time out; a number of white men present; Bro. McMillan of Victoria, was with us and spoke, and I spoke in Chinook, as there were several different tribes represented.

Tuesday, 26th.—The steamer came back and took in 500 cases of salmon, and then went up to Port Essington, when I preached in the evening to a good congregation. There are crowds of people around those canneries from all parts of the coast and the interior, and there are now about 100 boats on the river. Perhaps 100 white men, and 200 Chinamen, and 600 or 700 Indians, at the six canneries for the fishing season, and they need a white Missionary much. Indeed the Missionary needs to be a many-sided man, that is, a man ready for all works. Our faithful native agent, Wm. H. Pierce, has done good work there.

Next morning, Wednesday, 27th, we were off down the coast, after taking in salmon at Essington. This night preached to a good company of Indians and white men, as we had a number of miners from Harrisburg, etc., in Alaska, as well as a number of Indians (too many for their good), going to seek for work on the C. P. R., on the Fraser River. We had a good time.

Thursday, 28th.—Met Bro. Hopkins, our teacher, in charge of Bella-Bella, and took his canoe in tow. We had to go about 30 miles out of our way to a new salting establishment on Bella Cocola Inlet, and at 12 o'clock midnight we let Bro. H. and party off at the Mouth of Rivers Inlet, to go to Oweekeynoo, as the Bella-Bellas are most of them working there. This night we went about 30 miles out of our way to another new cannery, at what is called Smith's Inlet. Here is a small Indian village, and a number of Chinamen in connection with the cannery, with a few white men, and they need the Gospel much.

Friday, 29th.—A pleasant day brought us to Alert Bay. Here is a salmon cannery, and the C. M. S. have a good man stationed here working away. I met the Indian agent here, who said he wished much that we would commence a Mission School among the U-qultoo people at Mud Bay, which is near Comax.

This should belong to Victoria District. We should have an agent at Comax. This evening I preached to a good congregation of whites and Indians,—a good time.

Saturday, 30th.—Arrived at Departure Bay, and as we could get no coal, I got off, preached for Bro. Sexsmith in the morning, rode horse back, returned to N., preached at the Indian camp at noon. Here I met with a few old friends, but they look "dried and paled." Oh, how much a good evangelist is needed among these poor people, who would go all the length of the coast and up the Fraser as far as Yale, and preach in every camp, as we once did! It is too bad that the work of years should seem to be lost. The services are kept up here regularly at the church; but many of the neat little houses which were built years ago are not improved for want of some one to personally direct them. Still, many souls have been saved from among this people. May God save more of them! I took the service in town at night,—a good congregation.

Monday, July 2nd.—Took a steamer to Westminster, arrived at noon. Here I met a large number of our Port Simpson people, who are here to work. Had a blessed meeting with them in the basement of the church at night; Bros. Robson and Dowler are in good spirits. It is a shame to our Methodist people in British Columbia, that they did not support the High School, but let it go down after having such a chance to get one on a good footing, had they put their hands in their pockets for a few years and helped it along. Here we need very much the visit of a good man among the Indians during the summer season, for they come here from all parts, and despite the officers of the law they get all the liquor they wish.

Tuesday, 3rd, at 7 a.m., started across to Puget Sound, by the kindness of the captain of the steamer *Evangel*. We were delayed for five hours by getting on the sandheads at the mouth of the Fraser, and did not get to Seattle till 4 a.m.

Wednesday, 4th.—Here we were in the Queen City of the West. It was eleven years since I was here with the late Rev. W. M. Punshon, D.D., and party, and it is amazing how the place has grown. It is said this will be the terminus of the N. P. R. R. Being the 4th, the people went in for a good day. I was here to see if I could get a little steamboat suitable for my work, but although there were many of them, all sizes and all shapes, still I could not get one to suit. I met with Bro. Harrington, of the M. E. Church, Bro. Loudlow, and others. I also met Mrs. Hamblet and her family, a native of Port Simpson, who is preaching Christ and doing great good amongst the lowest of the city. She was blessed in the old bar-room church in Victoria nine years ago.

Thursday, 5th.—Got over to Victoria. Here they have had a blessed revival in the temperance work; the Blue Ribbon Club has done good work, and Miss Willard has just been there and left a blessed impression. May God help the ladies in this work of W. C. T. U.

Friday, 6th.—Had a good time at the Indian meeting; the day spent in business, arranging to get out plans, etc., for my Mission steamer. I hope the dear friends will do all they can to help us to have this Mission ship free of debt when launched. It will cost

more to build than was anticipated. As soon as plans, etc., are out, I think we may build here.

Saturday, 7th.—Left for the north, at 6 p.m.

Sabbath, 8th.—Had a very pleasant day, though very hot for this coast. Had a service among the men, and at the suggestion of a passenger I took up a subscription for our new church at Oweekeynoo, and nearly every man on board gave something.

Tuesday, 10th, at 6 a.m., we arrived at Rivers Inlet. Met Bro. Hopkins and a large number of Bella-Bella people, as also a number of our people from here. The R. I. C. Co. have about \$35,000 invested. There are about 275 people, say 25 whites, 60 Chinamen, 200 Indians. They expect to put up 12,000 cases of salmon for the season. On the north side of the inlet the V. C. Co. have a saw mill in full blast, and a building 200 feet long; are only prepared to salt this season. Here are 17 white men and about 200 Indians. Here is a tribe of the Oweekeynoos, speaking much the same language. About 200 people, still as dark as night, in regard to the true light. We looked up a site for a church, and Mr. Carthew, of the V. C. Co., has promised to ask for one acre to build on; so Bro. Hopkins and I went to work to clear the ground and get the foundation ready, it being impossible to get a man, as it was now in the midst of the salmon fishing, three to four thousand fish coming in daily. Some boats would bring in 300 and 500 each in the twelve hours. It is wonderful to see the water really alive with fish at some times. But it is very trying for our people, unless a more moral tone can be had around these places.

We got the church up 24 x 36; will be a good building when finished. Another season Bro. Tate will be able to take up a subscription and finish it.

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