

the same footing at the letters, which mean nothing in particular to either. This shows to me that form and memory are of a high order in these Cree children. In reading English, the white boy has the advantage of the language. In the Bow River district there is an Indian boy who is a natural sculptor, though very young. I expect to see this boy in July, and witness his work, which is a surprise to every one who sees it. Do you know that these children are naturally honest? In this they are examples to many of better training.

BEGINNING RIGHT.

THE following note came to hand just too late for the June number; but it's good any time. Many people start in life with the idea that when they get rich they will give lots of money to missions and other good objects; but by the time they get rich they forget all about their good intentions, and give little or nothing. The best way is to begin right, as the boys referred to in this letter are doing. Who'll be the next boy to follow their example?—

LISTOWEL, May 29th, 1882.

DEAR BRO.—Enclosed please find \$3.68 for the "Crosby Girls' Home" I have a couple of boys who are beginning to earn a little money in the summer vacation by working for the farmers, and wish to give a tenth of their earnings to some department of the Lord's work. They have \$2.68 out of their last summer's earnings to give, and have decided to give it to Bro. Crosby's Girls' Home, to which their mother adds one dollar. It is only a small sum, but it is a beginning. You will likely hear from them again.

Yours truly, R. J HUSBAND.

THE TEACHER'S STORY.

THIS is the way in which one of the Malagasy teachers was led to be a Christian. He first came to Mojango, which is a Sakalava town on the sea-coast, when he was a boy, being brought from Imerina by his father, who was a Hova soldier. At that time the whole place was full of witchcraft and idolatry. Like everybody else—except, perhaps, the few Mohammedan settlers on the beach—his father kept a fetish or charm. It was a nasty-looking thing, hanging up among the cobwebs in the corner of the house, adorned with crocodiles' teeth, and beads, and dripping with smeared fat and black honey. He and his little sister were in terror of this fearful object, and used to tremble when left alone in the house with it.

"You need not be afraid of it," their father would say, "if you take care to do the things which will please it, and avoid the things it hates." And then he would give them long accounts of the likes and dislikes of the fetish, and bid them see that no harm came to it, lest some great misfortune should befall the whole household.

Afraid to be near the cobwebbed horror, they did not like to stay in the house, and, fearful of failing in proper respect for its power, they hardly dared to turn

their backs on it. But one day, when left in charge, something outside attracted their attention, they both ran out, and, joining their companions at play in the streets, forgot all about the fetish until they returned home hours afterwards. With guilty and fearful hearts they peeped in at the door to assure themselves that all was well, and saw, with terror-stricken eyes, that the fetish, the household guardian, was gone. Now, all the misfortunes their father had spoken of would fall upon them. The fetish was displeased with their conduct, and had left them to their fate. But where do you think it was found? Down among the dust and rubbish behind the bed. Somebody had bumped against the corner post of the house, the shake had disturbed the fetish and its cobwebs, its rotten string had broken, and there it lay. "I was never afraid after that," the teacher said.

A short time afterwards some Malagasy from Imerina went to Mojanga and began to preach about the God who made the heavens and the earth and who rules the world by His Spirit; and the boy went to hear them.

"Where have you been?" his father asked him when he went home.

He told him, and related what he had heard.

"You must not go there again," his father said; "you will offend it,"—meaning the fat-besmeared mystery, which had been restored to its old place among the cobwebs.

"I don't care about that thing," the boy answered; "it tumbled down, and could not pick itself up again. I shall go and hear what more those men have to tell about God, whatever you say. They are speaking the truth, and I want to know it.

Then his father began to coax him to stay away. He offered him twenty head of cattle to be all his own, and a handful of money, if he would promise to have nothing to do with the new worship. But he felt that words of truth were worth more than bullocks or silver, and refused the offers; "and here I am now," the teacher said as he finished his story, "a servant of Christ, all safe and sound; but the fetish is gone to smoke."—*London Missionary Chronicle.*

Along the Line.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from the REV. C. M. TATE, dated PORT SIMPSON, April 11th, 1882.

YESTERDAY we thought that spring was coming, but a snow-storm to-day tells us we should not be too sanguine about it. We have had a long, disagreeable winter and could very readily appreciate a little spring weather, if it would but favor us. Our people have nearly all gone to the Naas fishing grounds, and Port Simpson seems almost like a city of the dead. We have just returned from

A VISIT DOWN THE COAST.

A more bitter experience in canoe travelling I do not think we ever had. We went to Bella Bella by steamer, where we spent a few days. On Sunday, although our congregation was small, yet we had good meetings. Perhaps a few extracts from my diary would be interesting.

March 13th, Monday.—Got out my boat and tried very hard to get a crew to go with me to Kitamat, about 160 miles distant, but the few people who were at home seemed to be engaged; so, with Patrick, our native teacher, and his wife, who are going to supply Kitamat for a season, we started at noon. We had to row for about seven miles, when we got a fair wind, which carried us out to Milbank Sound. Here we camped for the night in a quiet little bay, having travelled about twenty miles.

14th, Tuesday.—We made an early start, but had not gone far when the wind began to blow very hard from the north. We tried to row against it, but our efforts were unsuccessful. We only made about three miles when we had to go ashore.

15th, Wednesday.—Wind not so strong as yesterday, but still against us. However, we

PUT OUR STRENGTH TO THE OARS,

and after rowing hard all day against wind and tide, we managed to reach an Indian village, named Hy-hies, about 8 o'clock at night. We were thoroughly tired with our 17 miles hard toiling. Late as it was we called the people together, and after singing and prayer we talked to them about the way of salvation. We spread our blankets in an Indian house, but to sleep was an impossibility. The place felt to us like a barn with both ends knocked out, the wind having full sweep right through, and the night bitter cold.

16th, Thursday.—No wind, but snowed hard all day. Made about fourteen miles.

17th, Friday.—We labored hard against a strong wind for several hours, and only made five miles. We found

FROM THREE TO FOUR FEET OF SNOW

at our camping place, and not strong enough to bear us. This is the day we expected to reach Kitamat, and here we are not half way.

18th, Saturday.—Blowing a gale from the north, and intensely cold. If we get too near the fire we suffer from the smoke, and if we keep away from it we are punished by the cold, so our circumstances are anything but comfortable, and it is impossible to continue our journey on account of the strong wind. As our food was getting low, we went in search of something to eat. We found an excellent bed of cockles and clams, which was a rare treat to us.

19th, Sunday.—Still very cold. The Lord was with us in our services throughout the day.

20th, Monday.—Wind not so strong, so we launched forth, but had to row all day in a snowstorm, and still worse, we had to camp at night on a small island where there was no firewood. By a good deal of perseverance we managed to get a few sticks to boil our kettle. After thanking the Lord for the blessings of the day, and commending ourselves to His care for the night, we rolled ourselves up in our blankets and

LAY DOWN IN THE SNOW,

not to sleep, however, as the snow kept continually falling from the tree under which we had pitched our tent, and the continual noise that it made kept us awake.

21st, Tuesday.—Did not start till near noon, when we had the tide in our favor, and the wind had entirely gone. We made about twelve miles, and found very comfortable quarters with some Kitlope Indians. I told them that if they washed the paint off their faces, I would show them something out of a very strange box (magic lantern). Then there was a general washing of faces, both old and young, and in a short time they all presented themselves, looking very respectable. They were very much pleased with the magic lantern. We talked and sang and prayed with them, and we all spent a very happy evening.

22nd, Wednesday.—Considerable snow, and a strong head wind toward night. We made fourteen miles in ten hours.

23rd, Thursday.—Started about noon with a fair wind, and in a very short time we made eighteen miles. Here we found a

CAMP OF KITAMAT INDIANS,

who were catching halibut. As we were wet to the skin on account of heavy rain, we decided to stay with them for the night.

24th, Friday.—With a fair wind all day we reached Kitamat in the evening, about 38 miles from where we camped. We were very kindly received by the people, and found comfortable quarters with Amos, our local preacher.

We spent four very happy days with this people. Blessed meetings on Sunday, although our hearts were made sad by the death of one of the faithful few; yet, his end was peace,—he died trusting in Jesus. The rest of our time was occupied in visiting from house to house, adjusting difficulties, and settling troubles of various kinds, besides marrying a few couples and baptizing some children.

29th, Wednesday.—Six young men belonging to the Temperance Society volunteered to take me as far as Skeena River, on my way home, so we bade farewell to the friends, and started about noon. The first three days after leaving Kitamat we

EXPERIENCED VERY ROUGH WEATHER,

but the fourth day we had fine weather and a good wind, by which means we travelled about 80 miles, reaching Essington at 10 p.m. on Saturday.

2nd April, Sunday.—Preached at Essington morning and evening, and twice at a fishery across the river, in the middle of the day.

3rd, Monday.—Started for Port Simpson with a fair wind, and reached our destination in the afternoon. We are thankful to get home again, after a long, tedious voyage of four weeks; yet, we trust the seeds that have been dropped by the wayside may bring forth fruit abundantly.

We expect to leave for Naas to-morrow to spend a few days amongst our people who are fishing at that place.

SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT.

WHITE-FISH LAKE.

WE are glad to report the safe arrival of the Rev. H. B. Steinhauer at the scene of his past successful labors, where he was received with manifest tokens of delight, not only by his family, but by the whole of the membership of that Christian community. His long and tedious journey had told unfavorably upon his constitution, notwithstanding his being habituated to camp life for many years in the prosecution of his duties as a Missionary to the Indians in the North-West Territory. The kindly treatment tendered to him in his visits through our several Conferences was an unfavorable "training" for such a rough and extended journey, whilst his many years of toil had diminished the physical powers of endurance which he formerly possessed; the result was it took several weeks for him to recuperate before he could vigorously enter upon his beloved work. Through the attention of the Teacher and the Local Preachers upon the Mission, by the blessing of God, he reports the Missionary