

the happy problem: "Are you one of my relations?"

"Yes, but I didn't remember it until last night," he answered gravely.

The weeks that followed were brimful of joy to Rue, and she won her way straight into the home and hearts that had opened to receive her.

"And so you think I may tell the matron that you do not care to go back, but are willing to stay here?" questioned the Captain, when the allotted time had expired.

"I guess," replied Rue, looking down at her dainty, ruffled attire, and suddenly flinging her arms around Mrs. Grey's neck, "that you didn't ever live there, and eat soup, and wear check aprons, and have nobody like this to love, 'r else you'd know."

But she has not learned yet that it was her own missionary effort that brought so great reward.—KATE W. HAMILTON, in *The Independent*.

## Along the Line.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from the REV. A. E. GREEN, dated NAAS RIVER, B.C., February 23rd, 1883.

(Continued from page 94.)

#### A SALVATION ARMY.

SO much were our people blessed that they became anxious to tell to others what God had done for them. Twenty of them started up the river on snowshoes, visiting all the villages for forty miles,—a Salvation Army marching through the streets singing and praying, entering every house, and declaring to old and young what God had done for them. In every house they were kindly received. The people heard them gladly. Even those who before had persecuted the Christians, now opened their doors and invited them to eat with them. Spending three weeks in that work they returned; a number of the poor heathen coming with them,—leaving their village, home and friends behind, to come and live with the Christians, and to follow Jesus.

#### A SPIRITUAL FRESHET.

The services all the time were continued with much prayer. Old men who had kept aloof before, were now warmed, and their mouths opened. One old man said, "Yes, my friends, you know this river; it flows on to the sea; lifts and carries away the old logs; taking all it reaches into the sea. But sometimes the river is low; winter comes—the river is dry, and the snow is deep. But then spring comes—the sun shines, the rain falls, the snow melts, and the mountain streams rush down into the river. It fills; it overflows its banks, and carries away old dry logs that for years have been lying on the bank. So it was with God's work. It flowed on, but not very wide; it did not reach us all. It was winter. And then summer came—the sun shone, the good rain came, the river of God overflowed its banks, and reached me. I was a log,

but the good lifted me! I am saved! I am on my way to Heaven! Blessed be Jesus!"

#### THE CHILDREN AT WORK.

The children formed themselves into a praying band; and it was a lovely sight to see them going from house to house, singing the songs of Zion, and speaking the wonderful works of God. The eldest of the band was not over nine years of age. Christmas was a blessed time. Other years a series of feasts have taken up two weeks, each trying to give the largest; but this time the people said, "The Lord has come and removed our pride, and made us happy, so we will dispense with the feasting." And most amply were they repaid for the course taken, by the rich blessings that God showered upon them day after day.

#### OPPOSITION AROUSED.

The devil, however, did not suffer such work to go on without opposition. First, a great heathen chief died in the mission village, and the heathens rushed here with songs, dances and eagle's feathers, to carry on their superstitious practices over the corpse. This sorely tried our Christians; but they remained indoors. Then the people would not bury the dead body, and for seven weeks it lay here. Again, a young man and his wife, having found Jesus, came to stay here; but they had not been here a week before the woman's heathen friends came in the night and carried her off back into heathenism. She, however, managed to escape, and returned to the mission; but yesterday a strong party came and took her away again.

"ALL THESE WILL I GIVE THEE."

William Jeffree, one of our local preachers, has an uncle a chief in a heathen village. This chief—an old man—sent for William a week ago, and showed him boxes filled with blankets, furs, etc.; and then, sitting down by the fire, said to William, "My nephew, you are my heir. You see my property. I have been saving it up all my life for you; so that when you take my name, you will be rich, and a big chief. But you are going a different road, and you are poor; you have no good clothes, and no boxes filled, and you won't dance, so the people don't give you presents. It is true you have a house at the mission, but that is all. I can't see your property. Come to me, and I will give you all. I have no child; you are my son, so come and take all I have." William replied, "Yes, uncle, your words are true. I am not rich; I do not have fine clothes, or boxes filled with blankets; and the people don't give presents since I went to follow Jesus; and I know you cannot see my property. But

#### I HAVE A TREASURE.

Yours are in these boxes. Mine are up in Heaven. You see yours now; but soon you say you will leave it, and won't see it again. I don't see my treasure now, but it's yonder; and when I leave here I shall go to it and have it forever. I love you, my uncle, but you must do as you like with your property. I cannot leave the treasure I have in Jesus." The uncle seemed angry then; but, two days after, came to William's house and said, "I am getting old; I will

finish my old way this winter, and next year I will come and live with you." We are thankful for the grace God has given them to withstand divers temptations.

#### AT NAAS HARBOR

we have a nice little society, who have also been partakers of the late blessings. The work is still going on, and all hearts are rejoicing in the love of God. We have had a large number of deaths—most blessed ones, which I must give you in another letter.

I have been down with fever, which has left a severe pain in my head and left side, and the extreme cold weather tried me much; but trust that with warmer weather, my usual strength will return.

#### THE WORK AT BELLA BELLA.

*Letter from MRS. C. M. TATE, dated BELLA BELLA, March 21st, 1883.*

WE send a few notes for the OUTLOOK which may be of interest to some who read it. From the time we commenced the Mission until last fall there were very few deaths, but during the winter we were visited by measles and almost the whole of the children and young people were attacked by it, and many of the parents lost their little ones through improper nursing, they in their superstitious fear not allowing us to prescribe for them.

#### THE FIRST THAT DIED

was a little baby. When it was too late the mother did what we could for it, but she took it away again when she saw our efforts were unavailing. A short time afterwards a man passing told me it was dead. I was surprised, as I thought the child would live some hours at least. I hurried down to the house and found the place full of women wailing and making a great ado, while two or three others were engaged in crowding a lot of clothing into a large box.

#### I REQUESTED TO SEE THE CHILD,

they told me that it was all right; it was dead. I thrust my hand beneath the clothing that they were putting in the box and felt the warmth from the child's body. I pulled out the shawls, blankets and other things; the people, in the meantime, determined that I should not take it out, kept putting them back and tried to close down the lid. I managed, however, to get the child out, and found the pulse still beating. It was rolled up tightly in five or six yards of white cotton, of which I soon divested it. They were filled with fear and horror at my proceedings—this I knew; so laying the child across my lap, I sat down a few minutes uncertain what next I had better do. After talking to them, I suppose severely, for I was very indignant, I told them I should

#### CARRY THE CHILD TO THE MISSION HOUSE.

I scarcely expected that they would allow me to do so, but to my surprise they offered no objection. It did not live long, so I had some of them prepare a coffin which was very rudely constructed, as they have no idea how to make anything of the kind, their custom

being to put the corpse into a deep box and in a sitting position. And this seems always to have been done, after the case had been considered hopeless, but before actual death had taken place. Who can tell the hours of agony some of these poor creatures may have endured!

#### MR. TATE HAD JUST LEFT BY CANOE

in the morning to visit a tribe of Indians forty miles distant, hence all this work devolved on me. Before Mr. Tate's return a little girl named Maggie, about thirteen years of age, was taken away. Ever since the Mission was organized Maggie was found in her place both in the school and in religious meetings. She had already learned to treasure and read her Bible; she frequently expressed her love for and trust in Jesus during her illness; said she was perfectly happy, for she was going to be with Jesus always. The night before her death she asked her mother how near it was to Sunday as she wanted to learn one more text before she died. But before Sunday Maggie was in the presence of Him who is the "Word." Then

#### LITTLE WILLIE, AGED ABOUT ELEVEN,

died February 1st. He had been sick and confined to his bed for many months. During the long sleepless nights he would delight in singing the hymns he had learnt in school. As his end drew near I was often surprised about the clearness of his ideas about the way of salvation, as he had received but little instruction, his parents being frequently absent from the village. The most interesting of any was Jane, who died February 12th. She was about thirteen years of age, had attended school very regularly, was foremost in her class in day school, and could read the Bible remarkably well. Early last fall she told her mother that she would not be long here, said she loved Jesus very much, and thought He would soon call her to live with Him. She frequently urged her mother to

#### LEAVE HER OLD WAYS,

and to think of "Jesus' way." She often spoke of death, telling her mother not to grieve, but to seek Jesus, then she would meet her in heaven. On one occasion her mother expressed her regret that she was so poorly clad. Never mind, mother, she replied, Jesus will give me a beautiful dress by and by. Early in the winter she suffered from the epidemic that was then sweeping over us; she recovered and was back in her place at school, yet she never fully recovered her strength. In January she accompanied her friends to their hunting grounds. While there,

#### THE "CALL" CAME.

They brought her home, and, seeing she was seriously ill, we brought her to the Mission House; tried all within our power to restore her to health. But delirium rapidly set in, and after three nights and days of watching all that was mortal of Jane lay with folded hands in the sitting-room of the house, there to await Christian burial. One of her last conscious acts was to take her Bible from under her pillow, and kissing it lovingly she exclaimed, "Oh how I love Jesus."

EVERY man whom Christ hath blessed is bound to be a missionary.—*Bishop of Melbourne.*