

own use. I know this matter was prayed over in the little household, and God's blessing asked upon the gifts so lovingly dropped into this mission-bank.

It had been arranged that the box should be opened after six months. Two days before the expiration of this time one of the aunts said:

"John, the six months are almost over, and I want you to look around and find some work to do, so that you can put in a nice sum at the last."

This John was quite willing to do, but there seemed just then no way to earn money, and the boy was much disappointed. I am not at all sure that he did not dream at night about the matter, which was so much in his thoughts by day.

He was wakened very early one morning by the voice of his Aunt Maggie calling for help. He rubbed his eyes, leaped out of bed, and dressed himself in great haste, wondering what was wanted. His aunt had risen before the dawn to attend to some household duty, and before the outer doors had been opened she was startled to see flutter into the room some strange object. It had probably come in through one of the ventilators. But whatever it was, it was certainly an unwelcome intruder, and John had been called to aid in dislodging the creature. He came armed with a stick and was soon much interested in the chase.

His aunt had opened a window and was trying to persuade the curious bird to escape by this means, when John suddenly called out:

"O, Aunt Maggie, don't! It's a screech owl, and I can get fifty cents for it if I kill it."

The bird was captured and killed, and taking a hasty breakfast, John marched off with his prize, and received from the proper authorities the premium allowed—fifty-five cents, instead of fifty. How rich he felt!

In half an hour he was at the house again, and, "with the air of a conqueror," marched to the mite-box and deposited therein fifty cents, saying as he did so:

"I bought a box of blacking for five cents, and the fifty cent piece goes in here."

It was all his own thought, and the child was very happy. It seemed to him that God, who knew how much he wanted to add another gift to the treasury before it was opened, had sent this bird to provide the means.

When the box was opened and found to contain twenty dollars John was greatly delighted. One of the aunts in writing of this says:

"The box is again in its place, and John has put in his first penny."

If the children who read this will try John's plan and use some portion of their gifts or their earnings for others, they will, I know, be far happier than if spending all they have selfishly. Try it, little friends.
—*Presbyterian.*

A CERTAIN rich man had died. He had been possessor of great wealth. It was asked by one person of another, "How much did he leave?" "Every cent," was the reply. He was a man of the world, and had his portion in this life. He had no care to lay up treasures in heaven; and, when he died, they were all left behind.—*American Messenger.*

Along the Line.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE following letter, though written some months ago, has not before been published. It will be read with interest:—

"The blessed work of grace is still going on amongst our Indians. At this season of the year we have many thousands of people here from surrounding tribes. A Sabbath four weeks ago I conducted seventeen services through the day, among the heathen in their camp at Kit-hicks. It was a blessed time! A number of our Christians accompanied me to sing the Gospel songs. On our way home over the ice we overtook a young man of Kit-la-tamux, who had attended part of the services. He was kneeling on the ice praying with great earnestness to God for the forgiveness of his sins. The poor man heeded not the dangerous state of the breaking ice; his only concern was the salvation of his soul. The same evening he found peace. Just before he had been lying on the floor in our reception room for some time as one dead, but on becoming conscious was filled with love and praise. Many gathered with him on our verandah, praying and praising God till after midnight.

"The people were very loath to leave the mission village for their fishing camps. The last two nights were spent in glorious all-night meetings. But God has blessed them much as they moved among the poor heathens, who came from the interior. These benighted ones crowd our services, and gladly listen to the story of the Cross. Chiefs who have at one time opposed us bitterly, now regularly attend. Quowk-mow, the old chief of Kit-wan-silk who three years ago raised his people against our Christians, and himself tore the flesh from my arm, came one Saturday evening three weeks ago to my cabin at the fishing station, with a nice lamp in his hand, and said: 'Missionary, I want to shake hands with you; I want to be friends. A long time my heart has been troubled. I did very bad to you; I want you to forgive me, and I want you to take this lamp as a present from me; and when you see the lamp every day, you must remember I love you.' On the following day the old man was at church three times, and does not miss any opportunity to hear about God. So that the Spirit of God is moving on the hardest hearts. At the great Fishing Bay our people, like a Salvation Army, sing all through the camp, and from house to house. A people so united, so full of holy love and joy, and so fervent in spirit, so anxious for the salvation of precious souls, and with such simple but perfect faith in Christ, as our people are and have been during the last five months, I never saw before! It is the work of God, and marvellous in our eyes, and leads us to exclaim, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name.' It has been a great blessing to your missionary and his family. For so deeply were the people taught by the Spirit that we felt they were outstripping us; and it led us with increased faith to cry:

"'Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.'

"What a mighty change the revival makes in all!—old men whom it was difficult to guide; young men whom it was easy to make angry; others who delighted to grumble, the revival swept it all away, and made a new people of them. Praise the Lord! We are building the church at Naas Harbour, and expect Brother Crosby to open it within a few weeks. We have a nice society there, and large congregations. Brother Jennings has been visiting us the last four weeks, helping us in preaching from camp to camp (many of the Port Simpson people being here fishing). We enjoyed his company much, and firmly believe he has that true missionary spirit which will enable him to be a useful labourer in this part of the Lord's vineyard.

"Last Sabbath night three young men from Kitwan-cool made a profession of Christ, and others are seeking salvation. One of our young women died a few days ago, after a very short illness, declaring with her last words that she loved Jesus, and was not sorry to die.

"Through the mercy of God we have to record the fact that during the year we have received sixty-three out of heathenism who have given themselves to Christ. We believe the Lord will give us the whole of the people. From the interior and head waters of the Skeena during the past month comes the call, 'Come over and help us.' The present has been a glorious year on this District, with revivals at Port Simpson, Naas, Essington, Kit-a-maat, and Skid-e-gate.

—ALFRED E. GREEN."

Facts and Illustrations.

HAVE love! Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all. —Schiller.

THE *Congregationalist* gives the astounding fact that Mr. Walter C. Jones has given to the English Church Missionary Society, for the development and use of the native churches of Japan and China, \$360,000, making the late gifts of himself and son to the Lord's treasury, \$650,000.

A LADY said to her little daughters who each month earn the money which they have for their own, "Children, I think you gave away too much last year; if you give one-tenth of your money this year it will be enough." One of the children replied, "Oh, mamma, we owe one-tenth, and we want to give something."

MORE than one-fourth part of the income of the Basle Mission, which now sustains one hundred and fifteen missionaries, is derived from a system of penny collections. There are now about one hundred and twenty thousand persons who contribute a penny a week to this society; these gifts in 1879 amounting to over \$53,000. In twenty-five years, not less than \$1,156,145 have been derived from this source.

WHEN Samuel Budgett, a distinguished English merchant, was dying, he said: "Riches I have had as much as my heart could desire, but I never felt any pleasure in them for their own sake, only so far as they enable me to give pleasure unto others." This

dying confession of a rich man is worthy of being noted and remembered by every young aspirant after wealth. It teaches the wholesome truth that none but the most sordid natures can find any pleasure in the mere possession of riches. No millionaire is happy merely because he owns a million of dollars. Ordinarily, that fact entails vexations, cares, and duties, which burden and disgust him. But when he uses money to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and instruct the ignorant, and build up the cause of Christ, it becomes a fountain of blessing to his heart.

"TALK to our people about missions? Why, sir, we can hardly support our own church." No wonder. You haven't much church support. A church is composed of Christians, who love our Lord in sincerity. Love is shown by obedience. Christ commands us to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. This you not only do not do, but are surprised that it should be expected of you. No wonder you don't thrive. You must change in respect to this matter, or you never will. The piety that gives nothing to the heathen ought to die; the church that gives nothing to the heathen is already dead. The Master says "go," you say "stay." The Master says "give," you say "keep." The Master says "he that loveth Me keepeth My commandments," you say "Lord, I love Thee, but not enough to send the gospel to the heathen." Away with such piety.

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