

Along the Line.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from DR. A. E. BOLTON, *Medical Missionary*, dated
PORT ESSINGTON, B.C., July 10th, 1894.

I CAME here June 6th, found many patients waiting for treatment; a few needing operations which have greatly alleviated their sufferings, and some in the last stages of consumption, who, with others dying of cancer and more acute diseases, have shown great resignation and drawn comfort from long established communion with God.

Saturday, June 9th, at 8 p.m., the tide being favorable, I started for Claxton, eight miles distant, reaching there at 10 o'clock. I was taken in and kindly entertained till Monday by an aged brother who, through decades of mining and frontier life, has kept sacred the principles of the Methodist Church. On Sunday I had two services with Indians, one with whites and one with Japanese. Bro. Okamoto, our evangelist, was there, and ten or twelve of his countrymen listened attentively and joined in the Japanese singing, which I heard for the first time. Bro. Okamoto returned with me, and on Tuesday we sailed to the hot springs, where several Japanese were camped, and part of the night was spent teaching the Word to the rheumatics that gather here as the palsied did by Bethesda's pool. Next morning we crossed to Aberdeen, where Bro. Okamoto found a good field for prolonged sowing, and I since learn from him that seventeen Japanese have been converted to the Truth. Sundays, June 23rd and July 1st, I visited Claxton, also holding services at the Standard Cannery the former date, and spent about two hours hard rowing against a head wind between the two places. At Claxton a church is badly needed. We held services in a different house each Sunday. I have spent two Sabbaths here at Essington, and the services have been times of refreshing. The presence and testimonies of the Upper Skeena people, lately turned from heathenism, can be fully appreciated by one who has labored with and prayed for them for years amid discouragements. Last week I visited all the canneries on the river but one. Bro. Okamoto came with me from Aberdeen and I left him at Inverness, where a number of Japanese are searching the Scriptures.

The Indian fishermen have passed through some of the trying features of a "strike," their employers seeking to reduce the price paid for fish, to which they unitedly objected. They won the day as well as the approbation of all disinterested persons by their orderly and peaceful demeanor. Several meetings of fishermen were held, attended by all races and conducted by Christian Indians, who opened by prayer and closed with the Doxology.

FOR generations a certain Japanese family had a box into which they put percentages. Said one of them: "If I want to buy a garment that costs one dollar, I buy it for eighty cents; or give a feast that would cost five dollars, I give it for four dollars; or to build a house for one hundred dollars, I build it for eighty dollars, and put the balances in the box. At the end of the year we meet, open the boxes, and give the contents to the poor. It costs us some self-denial, but we are always prosperous and happy." They call this worshipping "The Great, Bright God of Self-restraint."—*Life and Light*.

MOSES was the son of a poor Levite; Gideon was a thresher; David was a shepherd boy; Amos was a herdsman; several of the Apostles were fishermen; Zwingli was a shepherd; Melancthon, the great theologian of the Reformation, was an armorer; Luther was the child of a poor miner; Fuller was a farm servant; Carey, the originator of the plan of translating the Bible into the language of the millions of Hindoostan, was a shoemaker; Morrison, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language, was a last-maker. Doctor Milne was a herd boy; Adam Clarke was the son of Irish cotters; John Foster was a weaver; Jay, of Bath, was a herdsman.

Missionary Readings.

How to Do It.

A GOOD text, a plain presentation of missionary facts, an open disclosure of the needs of the cause, a firm application of responsibility to the conscience, an earnest prayer, a soul-rousing old-fashioned Methodist hymn, sung by the congregation, and then you are ready for the collection.

Which Will Lift Out of the Pit?

A CHINESE Christian tailor thus described the relative merits of Confucianism, Buddhism and Christianity: "A man had fallen into a deep, dark pit, and lay in its miry bottom, groaning and utterly unable to move. Confucius walked by, approached the edge of the pit and said, 'Poor fellow! I am sorry for you. Why were you such a fool as to get in there? Let me give you a piece of advice: If you ever get out, don't get in again.' 'I can't get out,' said the man. *That is Confucianism.*

"A Buddhist priest next came by, and said, 'Poor fellow! I am very much pained to see you there. I think if you could scramble up two-thirds of the way, or even half, I could reach you and lift you up the rest.' But the man in the pit was entirely helpless and unable to rise. *That is Buddhism.*

"Next the Saviour came by, and hearing his cries, went to the very brink of the pit, stretched down and laid hold of the poor man, brought him up and said, 'Go, sin no more.' *That is Christianity.*"

What We Need.

WE greatly need among us at this time three things: 1. A fixed habit of systematic giving to missions. If many of our people were asked their annual subscription to missions, they could truthfully respond with the indignant deacon, "What I give is nothing to nobody." *Doubling* such subscriptions would still leave them "nothing to nobody." We must have integers, not terms for the Lord to build the temple with.

2. Our giving should be in proportion to our ability. Many men continue to give according to the measure of their earlier poverty rather than that of their present prosperity. They have been "rich toward themselves," but "not rich toward God." The writer was once pastor of a charge where the largest annual subscription to missions had been \$20, as was complacently stated at an official meeting in response to his inquiry. He quietly remarked that though wholly dependent on his salary he would give that much himself. The following Sabbath the brother who had for years led the missionary collection with \$20 advanced to \$25. The next year he responded with \$50, and thereafter (accompanied by his pastor) with \$100 annually. His Centenary offerings for Foreign Missions was \$1,000, with a like sum each for Church Extension and Domestic Missions. He had tasted the luxury of systematic giving, and knew something of our Lord's beatitude, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."—*Bishop Hendrix.*

A Telegram from Heaven.

THERE was a young man once employed in a telegraph office in England. In some way or other God had led him to see that he was a sinner, and this caused him great distress of mind. He could not tell where to find the Good Shepherd, or how to get back to his fold. But Providence took a singular way to find him and bring him back.

The young man went to his office one morning in great distress of mind from the burden of his sins. He was lifting up his heart in secret, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner," when the click of the telegraph machine before him told him that a message was coming. He looked and saw that it was from Windermere, up among the beautiful lakes of England. There was first the