

## Our Young Folk.

### LITTLE THINGS.

A LITTLE spring had lost its way  
 Amid the grass and fern;  
 A passing stranger scooped a well  
 Where weary men might turn.  
 He walled it in, and hung with care  
 A ladle at its brink;  
 He thought not of the deed he did,  
 But judged that toil might drink.  
 He passed again, and lo! the well,  
 By summers never dried,  
 Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,  
 And saved a life beside.

—Selected.

### FOOTPRINTS IN THE ROCK.

"TURKEY-TRACK ROCK;" what a funny name!  
 Is it really shaped anything like a turkey-track?"

"Not the least bit, but there are shapes in it like the tracks made by a turkey, or bird of some kind."

"Oh, I suppose he walked across it with muddy feet," soliloquized Sam, thinking of his experience with his mother's floor on scrubbing day.

"I said in it, not on it. No, the tracks look as if they had been either cut into the rock, or made by the bird walking over it when it was soft mud, and then preserved by its crystallizing; probably the former way, as the Indians were very expert at imitating the tracks of animals and birds in this way."

"But was there ever mud that turned to rocks, Uncle George—really, truly mud and rocks, I mean?"

"Yes, and with the tracks of animals and birds in it. I can show you a specimen in my collection;" and they ran off to see it.

Next morning the bright wits of Sam suggested a plan for getting a specimen of his own. He had half filled a feeding-pan of the poultry-yard with soft mud, and was "shooing" the turkeys back and forth, trying to make them step into his prepared mold.

Uncle George watched him wonderingly, and then drew near to inquire what it meant. When the humor of the thing dawned upon him, he had hard work to keep his laughter down. "No, not that kind of mud, Sammie," he explained. "You'll be dead and gone before there are signs of rock about that. But there is a way," he added thoughtfully, "by which you can make footprints that will soon begin to harden, and that will last forever."

Sam looked up disappointed, but half forgetting it in his curiosity. "Did you forget anything last night?"

"Forget? I got kindling, fed the chickens, studied my spelling, went to bed at nine, said—no, yes; I believe there was something." And Sam blushed to remember he had forgotten his prayers.

"And you wanted to stay from Sunday-school last Sunday, and I saw you playing "lost track" on the night of the Band of Hope meeting, and you were breaking your bread while father was saying grace this morning; seems to me you are making footprints

pretty fast, young man, and they will stay by you; they will show in your character forever."

"Then I'll begin to make the other kind," said Sam to himself, as he walked away, head down.

"Before the rock sets hard, mind," said uncle, over-hearing him. And he understood; do you?—*Morning Guide.*

## Along the Line.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. T. CROSBY, dated PORT ESSINGTON,  
 December 8th, 1889.

FOR some time I wished to give you an account of our last round trip of two months, steady running, which included 2,427 miles and 55 or more public services. On our way south I took my family to Bella Bella, to help Bro. Beavis at his work for a short time, and we made a visit to Kimsquit, Taliome and Bella Coola. Our friends at Bella Coola, as well as at Bella Bella and Kit-a-maat, are earnestly desiring to build a church, but from want of lumber and financial help they are not able to go on, although they have given well of their poverty to help to build, and we ought to go on. At Rivers Inlet a small place has been put up, mostly by Brother Bretts' own hands, and we must build at the Warnock Cannery in the spring, if possible. The Canning Co. gave \$100 and a piece of ground toward the project. We spent two Sabbaths among the logging camps in the vicinity of Seymour Narrows. There is a grand field for a live man to take these logging camps in the summer, and the Indians at Cape Mudge in the winter. The men received us kindly, and mostly came to the services.

The boat had to be inspected in Victoria, which took several days, and then we were off again. Spent one night at Nanaimo, had a good service with Miss Lawrence and her people. Our return trip took in missionary meetings at Bella Bella and Kit-a-maat, which were blessed times, and the people did well in collections. The next Sabbath was spent at Naas, and although the people were not all at home, they were ahead of last year in their missionary givings at the meetings. The following week we started for the Queen Charlotte Island, but it was so stormy we turned back and spent a Sabbath at Port Simpson, and we took the missionary services. Collections, \$37.

Then Monday, moved my family down here, as Brother Hopkins is gone on a furlough, promised him for some time, as you know; so, as it seemed impossible to get a supply, it was thought best (although I should have to forego much of my work) that I should come here.

Our trip to Skidegate, Gold Harbor, etc., was a little better than the one last year at this time, still it was rough enough. We had good missionary meetings at Skidegate and Gold Harbor. We left Brother George Edgar at the latter place, sorry we had to leave the church without an efficient supply.

It will be hard for us to go over last year as a district in missionary subscriptions and collections, as our