

## Our Boys.

"What shall we do with our boys?" he said,  
Old merchant Brown, to his business wed,  
As with puzzled brow he shook his head.

"Will chooses the law," said Mrs. B.  
"And Ned," said the father, "he stays with me,  
I'll take him into the store as a clerk,  
And if he'll be steady and 'tend to work  
He'll soon be partner; and when I die  
He'll be a merchant the same as I."

"And now," asked the mother, "what about Jim?  
Our youngest, what shall we do with him?"

Jim heard the question. "Father," said he,  
"I'll tell you what you can do for me.  
As all my boyish pranks are played,  
Its time to begin; let me learn a trade."

"A trade, my son! That's a queer request.  
I'd rather treat you the same as the rest,  
And I can afford it, as well you know;  
And a trade, Jim, isn't that rather low?  
I wanted to send you off to college,  
To cram your brain with classical knowledge;  
Then to choose a profession that pleases you best.  
You learn a trade, Jim? I'm you sure jest!"

"No, father, I mean just what I say:  
I've thought of the matter for many a day,  
And that is the serious choice I've made;  
If you don't object, let me learn a trade.  
You say it's low, but we don't agree:  
All 'labour is honour,' it seems to me.

Not every lawyer can find success,  
Not every doctor, as you'll confess;  
But a man with a trade and a thorough skill,  
Can find employment, look where he will.  
As for education, I still may learn;  
The night-schools and lectures will suit my turn."

Then parents and brothers had their say,  
But Jim stood firm till he had his way.

Will went through college, and studied law,  
And looked for clients he seldom saw.

Ned worked as clerk for a three-years' term,  
Then his father took him into the firm.

Jim learned his trade, and learned it well,  
His motto in all things to excel.  
His nights he spent in filling his mind  
With useful knowledge of every kind.  
As time went onward, all he learned  
To good and wise account he turned;  
Until, within him he found, one day,  
A talent rare for invention lay;  
And, before very many years were past,  
His fortune had come to him at last;  
Though long ere this he had found what's best,  
A home with a wife and children blest.

The merchant died, and then 'twas known  
His wealth had in speculation flown.  
Then Jim, the open-handed, said:  
"Here's a home for mother and brother Ned!"  
And even wise Will looks up to him,  
For there's nobody now like brother Jim.

"What shall we do with our boys?" you said;  
"Tis best if you let them learn a trade.  
You think it is low, but we don't agree;  
All 'labour is honour,' it seems to me;  
And a man with a trade and a thorough skill  
Can find employment, look where he will."  
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## News from Afar.

## PORT ESSINGTON, B.C.

YOUNG FRIENDS,—We greet you; and had we a publication of our own, we could fill it with news of battle from the different mission-fields on the western slope of the Rockies. You have read much about the "pow-wow" and the "sun-dance" of Manitoba and the North-west, and about the girls with "little feet" in China; now listen, while we tell you something about "our people."

Thirty-five years ago, the Indians along this coast—from Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island, to the far North—were all wild, and in an uncivilized

state. Slaves were often bought and sold—men and boys, to work; women and girls, to live lives of degradation and shame. The people lived in fear of the heathen doctors, fire-eaters, and what they looked upon as "witches." It was a common thing for different tribes to go to war over a dog, or a canoe, or some small thing, and cause great trouble. There were men among them called "man-eaters," who would tear the flesh from the limbs of other live or dead men.

They lived in large houses—perhaps two or three or five families in one house. They had clothes made of skins or blankets, but never washed them. The children were left to amuse themselves, for the old people would not take the trouble to look after them. They grew up in ignorance; never saw a book of any kind. Their knowledge was how to catch fish, to paddle, and pick berries.

Things are changed now. The old heathen habits have disappeared. They live in good houses, and wear good clothes. Some of the older ones can read; and many of the children go to week-day school, Sunday-school, and church. Their mothers wash, and try to keep the children clean. Some of them are smart, good-looking children, and will make as good men and women as the boys and girls in England when "Alfred was king."

But I wish to tell you about some boys and girls who have never been at school, and have never heard of Jesus. They live far up in the interior—two, three, and four hundred miles from salt-water. We told some of them many things about our people, about the Bible, and about Jesus, last winter. They were surprised at the strange words we spoke, and wondered why all white people were not Christians; why we had not come to them sooner; and many other things hard for us to explain to them.

When a little boy or girl dies among them, they take the body out of their village, cut some wood, and burn it. Sometimes they bury the body; when they do, they put all the clothes, shoes, and, perhaps, a box, on the grave. If it is a man, they will put his gun, and perhaps some kind of a dish—sometimes a broken bowl or plate—on his grave. As soon as a person dies they make a feast, and invite his friends to come in and honour the dead.

When they move from one place to another—which they often do—each boy and girl must carry something, and generally they put a load on each dog, or make them draw a toboggan. Their principal food is dried salmon, dried berries, and the flesh of the caribbo, deer, beaver, mountain goat, and other animals.

They wear moccasins instead of shoes, and a handkerchief instead of a hat or cap. When they get sick, the doctor will come to the house, sing, and dance around, put feathers in his hair, and many other foolish things. Some of the little girls have dresses made of two or three kinds of cloth.

These children love their parents; the parents love their children. The people like their own village better than any other. Boys and girls very seldom run away. Girls often marry at fourteen; and some of the men have more wives than one. Young men do their courting before all that are in the house, and should have a gun, a bed, and a little food before they marry. The men and women are very strong, and will carry 150 pounds for 150 or 200 miles, for miners—travelling about twenty miles each day.

There is not much money in circulation—blankets are used instead. When they go up on the mountain, and kill a bear or goat, they put the head on an upright stick, build a fire around it, and, while it is burning, they sing and pray to the great unknown *Shemoigt*. (God). They sometimes

bury their dead only a few feet from their doors. These are the people who need the light of God's word. Hundreds in our own land are as much heathen as any in China. Who will help send the Bible to them? Who will come and "tell the story?" All is not sunshine and ease; but the reward is sure. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least," etc. Salvation! Oh, the joyful word! Go tell it far and near.

## A Race for Life.

H. M. BENNETT and S. W. Keltz, engineer and conductor of engine No. 1165, an extra freight, which happened to be lying at South Fork, Johnstown, Pa., when the dam broke, tell a graphic story of their wonderful flight and escape on the locomotive, before the advancing flood.

On June 4th, Bennett and Keltz were in the signal tower at South Fork, awaiting orders. The firemen and flagman were on the engine, and two brakemen were asleep in the caboose. Suddenly the men in the tower heard a loud, booming roar from the valley above them. They looked in the direction of the sound, and were almost transfixed with horror to see, two miles above them, a huge, black wall of water, at least one hundred feet in height, rushing down the valley upon them. Only one look the fear-stricken men gave the awful sight, and then they rushed for the locomotive, at the same time giving the alarm to the sleeping brakemen in the caboose, but with no avail. It was impossible to aid them further. So they cut the engine loose from the train, and the engineer, with a wild wrench, threw the lever wide open and away darted the engine on a mad race for life.

For a moment it seemed that they would not receive a momentum enough to keep ahead of the flood, and they cast one despairing glance back. Then they could see the awful deluge approaching in its might. On it came—rolling and roaring like some Titanic monster—tossing and tearing houses, sheds, and trees in its awful speed as if they were mere toys.

As the men on the flying engine looked behind, they saw the two brakemen rush out of the cab, but they had not time to gather the slightest idea of the cause of their doom. The car, men, and signal-tower were tossed high in the air, and disappeared in engulfing water.

With a shudder, as if at last it comprehended its peril, the engine leaped forward like a human creature, and sped down the valley. But, fast as it went, the flood gained upon it. Hope, however, was in the ascendant, for if the engine could be got across the small bridge above Johnstown, the track below would lean toward the hillside in such a manner that it would be comparatively protected. In a few breathless moments the shrieking locomotive whizzed around the last curve and was in sight of the bridge!

Horror! Ahead stood a freight train, with the rear end almost on the bridge, and to get across would be impossible. Engineer Bennett then reversed the lever, and succeeded in checking the engine as it glided across the bridge. When it came to stop, he and his companion jumped, and ran for their lives up the hillside, as the bridge and tender of the locomotive they had just left were swept away into the current like a bundle of matches.—Selected.

If boys and girls really love study, and have an eager desire for the acquisition of knowledge, nothing but misfortune, or something exceptional in the way of accident, will prevent them from successful students.