

Just then he saw a little Texas star at his feet. He picked it up and then thoughtlessly began to count its petals. He found there were five. He counted the stamens; there were five of them. He counted the divisions at the base of the flower; there were five of them. He then set about multiplying these three fives, to see how many chances there were of a flower being brought into existence without the aid of mind, and having in it these three fives. The chances against it were one hundred and twenty-five to one. He thought that very strange. He examined another and found it the same. He multiplied one hundred and twenty-five by itself to see how many chances there were against there being two flowers each having these exact relations of numbers. He found the chances against it were thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five to one. But all around him were multitudes of these little flowers, and they had been blooming there for years. He thought this showed the order of intelligence, and that the mind which ordained it was the mind of God.

And so he shut up his book, picked up the little flowers, kissed it, and exclaimed, "Bloom on, little flower! sing on, little birds! You have a God and I have a God. The God that made these little flowers made me."—*Mrs. C. G. Furbish.*

Along the Line.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from the REV. J. CALVERT, dated BELLA BELLA, B.C., August 25th, 1887.

AFTER three months, journeyings, we have at last reached our home in Bella Bella, thankful unto Him who all the way through has guarded our path and opened the way for us. We had a pleasant stay at Rivers' Inlet, and we trust a profitable one. Our Indians behaved themselves nobly as a whole. One or two individuals gave us a little anxiety, but as a class they were, I believe, the best behaved in the Inlet. Indian "potlatches" and heathen orgies were continually going on all around them, yet they heeded them not. It was not an uncommon sight to see the beating of the heathen potlatch drum and the ringing of the church bell at the same time and within a few feet of each other. I do not think the day is far distant when the Weekeenos will lay aside their superstitions, their insane practices, and sit at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right minds. They were often attentive to the gospel message, then again they were turbulent and would not listen. A man should be stationed among them all the year round, then something might be done, if he was faithful, loving, and energetic. It is next to an impossibility to do anything with them during the fishing season, so many heathen Indians from other places gather round them, and they fish and feast and potlatch the whole time.

EVOLUTION stands by to note calmly the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence. Christianity goes to work to make something more fit to survive.

Letter from the REV. THOMAS CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON, B. C., September 15th, 1887.

I AM just home from a trip to the upper Skeena. I was away three weeks—travelled by canoe over 400 miles, and on foot forty or more. I held thirty-one services during that time, and the people everywhere seemed glad to see us. I took with me George Edgar to supply Ha-guil-get. These people have urged their request for a teacher for the last three years. They are about three miles from the forks of the Skeena, and speak another language. They were all delighted to have the teacher. The second day there were thirty to school, and a note from Bro. Pierce since I left, says, "Good news from Ha-guil-get! Last week forty-six attended the service, and thirty-two children in the Sunday-school in the afternoon."

At Kish-pi-ax, twelve miles from the Forks, Edward Sexsmith is stationed. We are just about to build a good log school-house at each of these places. If we had a small bell it would be a good thing for those brethren. The leading chiefs are very desirous to have a house built at once, so I set Edward to work to get out the logs.

It was very hot weather when I was up there. It is a fine climate, warmer in the summer and much colder in the winter than we have it on the coast. I did not reach the Kish-ga-gass tribes; it was thought I should find most of the people away in the mountains, as this is their time for berry picking. Bro. Pierce will visit them later on in the season. At Kit-wan-gah we spent a Sabbath, had a very good day. These tribes represent 1200 or 1500 Indians. It is too bad that we should be lacking men and means to carry them the Gospel. May God bless the dear brethren up there!

I had a nice visit among the few miners on Lorne Creek. Some expressed themselves much pleased to meet us. May God bless the good seed scattered among them. Bros. Oliver and Robinson have returned from a seven weeks' trip on the coast and round Vancouver Island. They travelled about 1498 miles by the Gospel ship *Glad Tidings*, and held over fifty services. They have had a good time. Report hundreds of people destitute of the Gospel. I should have liked much to have gone on that trip, but other duties kept me.

JAPAN.

Extract from a report of the REV. M. KOBAYASHI to REV. DR. EBY, dated SHIZNOKA, 26th, July, 1887.

I AM very glad to report some progress. Now is a very good time in Tujieda. I was there on the 10th. At 2 p.m. (Sunday) we held a nice lovefeast, at which all the members related their experiences. One of the members on trial, whose name is Yokoyama, was a very bad prodigal son. He was culled, as the first, out of a bad company of five. He got the new light and become converted, and now he is joined to the Saviour with his whole family. That glorious news caused much astonishment in Tujieda. He has since been helping Mr. Yosii and Takahashi (evangelists) in wayside work, and he preaches to his old