

"Trying to find a decent job," said Burke.

"Have you kept a good grip on the religion you told me about?" inquired the sheriff.

"Yes," answered Burke, looking at him steadily in the eye. "I've had a hard time, sheriff, but I haven't lost my religion."

It was then the tide began to turn.

"Burke," said the sheriff, "I have had you shadowed every day you were in New York. I suspected that your religion was a fraud. But I want to say to you that I know you've lived an honest Christian life, and I have sent for you to offer you a deputyship under me. You can begin at once."

He began. He set his face like a flint. Steadily, and with dogged faithfulness, the old burglar went about his duties until men high in business began to tip their hats to him, and to talk of him at their clubs. Moody was passing through the city and stopped off an hour to meet Burke, who loved nobody as he did the man who converted him. Moody told how he found him in a close room up-stairs in the court-house serving as trusted guard over a bag of diamonds. Burke sat with a sack of the gems in his lap and a gun on the table. There were \$50,000 worth of diamonds in the sack.

"Moody," he said, "see what the grace of God can do for a burglar. Look at this! The sheriff picked me out of his force to guard it."

Then he cried like a child as he held up the glittering stones for Moody to see. Years afterward the churches of St. Louis had made ready and were waiting for the coming of an evangelist who was to lead the meeting; but something happened and he did not come. The pastors were in sore trouble, until one of them suggested that they send for Valentine Burke to lead the meetings for them. Burke led night after night, and many hard men of the city came to hear him, and many hearts were turned, as Burke's had been, from lives of crime and shame to clean Christian living. There is no more beautiful or pathetic story than that of Burke's gentle and faithful life and service in the city where he had been chief of sinners. How long he lived I do not recall, but Moody told me of his funeral, and how the rich and the poor, the saints and the sinners, came to it; and how the big men of the city could not say enough over the coffin of Valentine Burke. And to this day there are not a few in that city whose hearts soften with a strange tenderness when the name of the burglar is recalled. And now Moody and Burke are met, no more to be separated. When I was a boy, an old black "mammy" that I greatly loved, used to sing for me a song with words like these:

"Through all depths of sin and loss,
Sinks the plummet of Thy cross."

—*Epworth Herald*.

We talk about the telescope of faith, but I think we want even more the microscope of watchful and grateful love. Apply this to the little bits of our daily lives, in the light of the Spirit, and how wonderfully they come out!—*Frances Ridley Havergal*.

FARTHEST NORTH.

DURING the past few months, Rev. W. H. Pierce, one of our Indian missionaries on the Pacific Coast, has been visiting Ontario, and rendering valuable service in attending missionary meetings, and addressing League gatherings. His mission station is directly on the Klondike route, and many of the travellers to that frozen region make it a stopping place. The League is farther north than any other, but although the climate is exceedingly cold, the hearts of the people are evidently warm. At our request Mr. Pierce has given us the following account of the work that is being carried on by his League:

"Amongst the Indian tribes in the far-off land of British Columbia, on the Pacific Coast, the same love that moves the hearts of thousands of the young



REV. W. H. PIERCE.

white Christians for the salvation of souls, has fired the hearts of many young converted Indians for the salvation of their benighted countrymen.

"At Kishpiax village in the Upper Skeena, B.C., the League is very strong, there being eighty-six active members who are doing a good work for the Master. On a Sunday morning the first religious service begins at seven o'clock. This is the early prayer meeting. The church bell rings at six, which is a signal for the Leaguers to assemble there to prepare for a march through the village, with their drum and banner. This they do, singing as they go. Then they take their stand in a certain place and proceed to exhort, pray, sing, and invite the heathen to come to the Saviour. This they do again before the afternoon service and also again before the evening service commences. There are often half a dozen at a time—sometimes more—in the mission house with their Bibles, asking for instruction before going out on the street. As far as the week nights are concerned these people are ahead of the whites. Instead of meeting together once a week they have service every Monday, Wednesday and

Saturday evening. The officers are elected every twelve months by vote. Two years ago they had a strong desire to build a hall or meeting house. To buy lumber would have cost a good sum of money up there. So the active members decided to spend over two weeks in the woods and saw lumber themselves, all by hand. The building was erected last winter, and the size of it is 40 x 25 feet. At the opening R. E. Loring, Esq., the Indian Agent, was appointed chairman. Hazelton, Kitze-guel, and Kitanangah Christians were invited to attend. On Sunday the hall was crowded four times. The collection at the opening amounted to \$36.00. This was the beginning of a blessed revival which lasted three months. At the Upper Skeena mission thirty-five persons have come out from darkness into the light of the Gospel. It is only a few years ago that these people used to go in bands from village to village under the influence of the evil spirit, wounding and murdering one another. During the revival they have gone to the same villages preaching the Gospel of peace, and telling their heathen brethren what God has done for them. The entire cost of the building was \$600.00. The women bought the lamps themselves, many of them gave their ear-rings, silk handkerchiefs, etc., as their subscriptions towards it."

RICHES IN THE TRANSVAAL.

THE yield of these Kimberley diamond-mines is said to average about fifty-five hundred carats a day. They furnish ninety-five per cent. of the world's diamonds. Mr. Kunz, of Tiffany's, estimates that, so far, nine and a half tons, worth three hundred million dollars in the rough, and double that when polished, have been taken out of the Kimberley "yellow" and "blue." On a nominal capital of less than twenty millions, the DeBeers Company pays annual dividends of fifty per cent.

But the record of Kimberley should not obscure the fact that elsewhere in South Africa there are "infinite riches in a little room." For instance, the largest diamond known to exist was found at Jagersfontein, eighty miles away—a gem two and a half inches long, one and a quarter inches thick, and two inches wide, weighing nine hundred and seventy-one carats, or nearly half a pound avoirdupois. And in many parts of South Africa gold is plentiful, notably in the Witwatersrand region of the Transvaal. When the present war began, the Transvaal was yielding annually about sixty million dollars' worth of gold—or more than one-fifth of the world's production, of which, by the way, the United States is credited with nearly sixty millions.

Conservative authorities have estimated that, carried down to a depth of four thousand feet, the Rand mines will yield in all more than three and a half billion dollars' worth of gold, of which almost a third will represent clear profit.

The old phrase of "a king's ransom" seems thin and meaningless when one realizes the enormous wealth destined to be controlled by the victor in the present struggle.—*The Youth's Companion*.