

a position for a year's practice in the children's wards.

There was something in Alec's little white face, as he lay on the hospital bed, that instinctively drew the young Doctor to him. What it was he could hardly tell, for the child talked but little, and lay there day after day, without a murmur or complaint, always meeting the kind nurse's inquiries in the morning, as to how he felt, with a little smile and "Better, thank you; I'm only tired now."

True it was, though, that on his way through the wards, the Doctor often paused for a few extra words with the sweet face that brightened so at his coming.

One day Dr. Marshall came to the ward with a great handful of rare flowers, and he went from one bed to another, leaving a bright blossom behind him.

Alec seemed asleep when he stood by his bed at first, so the Doctor bent over him, and softly laid by his hand a great white lily with strange pink stamens. The blue eyes opened then, and a thin little hand stretched out for it.

"That, Alec," said Dr. Marshall, "came from over the sea. The lady that gave it to me brought home the seeds. Isn't it beautiful?"

A wistful look stole over Alec's face, and the Doctor caught the words he murmured to himself: "So beautiful! and they don't know nothing about heaven—"

The Doctor, watching wonderingly, saw a shadow steal over the white face.

"What is it, dear?" he asked, drawing a chair beside the bed; "Is it a new pain?"

"Oh! no," said Alec, with a little sob, "but I did so want to help—"

Little by little the story came out, of Helen Morris's prayer, and how it had rung in his ears ever since that day, and how he had hoped "to help" in some way.

"She said every one could help, and I did try, but there didn't seem to be any way, and now may be I'm going to heaven myself, and I haven't told one yet—"

Very tenderly the strong young man bent above the child.

"Little Alec," he said, softly, "If Jesus wants you for Himself, He will send some one to fill your place."

Such a gleam of brightness as came over the tired little face.

"Will He? oh! will He, Doctor? Could you go?"

"Could he go?" As Helen's prayer had rung in Alec's ears, so this question rang in the young Doctor's heart.

Why not? There were many already in the homeland ready to heal and cure, and here he stood, a Christian, armed and ready for grand work in a distant land. *Was he willing to lay his talents, his ambition, his all, at the Master's feet? Could he go?*

Two days afterwards the May sunlight fell through the hospital windows on Alec's dying face. With his little hand clasped tightly in that of the young Doctor's, he lay quietly, a sweet, peaceful look on the white face, as he turned to meet the eyes of the little group around his bed.

Softly he spoke, and the Doctor bent to listen as the blue eyes opened wide.

"I am too tired to go," he faltered, "but tell them

I would have come, only I couldn't, so I have sent you—and you—will tell them about—heaven—"

More broken yet the whispers—"about heaven—"
"I will go, little Alec, in your place, and tell them about heaven."

"And that I was too tired to go—and Jesus wanted me—"

Yes, Jesus "wanted" him so much that in the pause following his words, He drew him gently to Himself, to be forever in that heaven he longed so to "tell the heathen about."

Helen Morris is a woman now, strong and useful in her Master's service. Dr. Marshall's name stands foremost in the ranks of noble workers for Jesus in a distant land. In a quiet country graveyard stands a little white stone, and under Alec's name and age are cut deeply the following words:

"AND I SAW A NEW HEAVEN
"AND THE NATIONS OF THEM THAT ARE SAVED SHALL
WALK IN THE LIGHT OF IT."

—Marjorie S. Henry.

Along the Line.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from MISS LAURENCE, dated NANAIMO, May 2nd 1890.

IN looking back over the past year we are led to praise God for sustaining grace, and for His watchful care. But when we look at the work of the Lord and see how little has been accomplished, we wonder how He has borne with us at all. Still God knows our desires for the salvation of souls, and "He remembereth that we are but dust."

The past year has been more than usually trying. The people seem more than wedded to their old heathen customs. The greater part of the winter they were away at potlatches and dances, and when they were at home they were feasting and dancing. But these things are not the greatest evils among them. We have the terrible monster, "fire water," to contend with, and it is destroying both soul and body. Several have died during the year through the effects of strong drink. Four or five were drowned while intoxicated. Oh! when will the time come when this terrible curse shall be banished from our land? May God hasten the day.

But while we mourn over those who have fallen, and over others who are following them, we rejoice that some have been snatched as "brands from the burning." One who had been a drunkard for years, while on a sick bed gave his heart to God, and for more than a year was faithful, dying happy in the Lord. He said a short time before his death: "I was a drunkard for years. I was going to hell as fast as I could, and I knew it; but the devil had me so fast in his chains that I could not break them off. I did not want our missionary to see me, or to speak to me; but she would not let me alone, and I thank God she never gave me up." This man was a brother of "John