

I did not tell the people of our departure, that we might leave quietly. Next day we left Aintab for a season of rest among the mountains near Marash. I am glad Mr. Christie could remain and carry on the good work. The pastors are working earnestly, and we hope and pray that a greater blessing is still in store for Aintab. "O Lord, carry on Thy work; visit the needy, hungry churches, and glorify Thy almighty name."

TARSUS, Nov. 12, 1889.

Our Young Folk.

THE STORY OF A BULGARIAN BOY.

WHILE up in the Volcan Mountains caring for his sheep, a poor Bulgarian boy in some way heard of Robert College and the education that was given there, and he resolved to go and ask for admittance.

He travelled alone on foot all the distance, and at last appeared before the gates of that institution. He stated what he had come for, but was refused admittance, as the college was already full.

He could not have presented a very encouraging appearance as he stood there, that ignorant boy of fifteen. His dress consisted of trousers and vest of sheepskin, with a large garment of the same material which was worn over the head, forming a peaked cap, which also came down over the shoulders and served as a cloak. He looked very much like an Esquimaux. Do you think their refusal to admit him satisfied him? By no means. He said he must come to the college, and he would work for them.

They told him they had no place for him to sleep, but as that did not discourage him, the faculty came together to consider the case.

Finally it was decided to give him the care of the thirty-two stoves in the building, saying this would soon test him, believing that some morning they would wake to find the boy gone to his mountains and his sheep. They led him into the basement, where was a perfectly cold room, with no furniture in it; this, they told him, was the best they could do for him.

He appeared delighted, and said that it was better than he had been accustomed to at home. Even the prospect of the thirty-two stoves did not discourage him, and he set to work at once to fit up his quarters. He dragged into his room a large empty box. This he filled with sawdust, of which he found an abundance near the wood-pile over which he was to preside; this furnished him his bed.

As he went about his work he attracted the attention and sympathy of the young men of the college, and one gave him a pair of shoes, another a coat, and so on, until he began to look more like a human being, and, best of all, the students between them found time to teach him his letters; and it was a curious sight to see this poor boy, every evening after his work was finished, sitting in his box of sawdust to avoid the dampness of the stone floor, his little piece of candle fastened to a nail on another box, poring over his book.

At last it was decided that his fidelity to his work deserved wages, and he was regularly hired, and told that if he could find time to fit himself for the "pre-

paratory course," he might enter college the following year. This was much doubted. However, with the assistance of the young men, he so fitted himself that the question was not, Can he keep up with his class? but, Can his class keep up with him?

A benevolent lady in Massachusetts furnished a scholarship for him, and he finished the course with credit, and is now a Christian worker among his own people.

Now, one word to any boy who reads this account. We are often discouraged with boys and girls in this country. Is it because they know so little? By no means that alone, but they seem to lack proper determination to ever know any more; they have so little energy and enthusiasm, and are so easily discouraged.

Can we not all learn a lesson from this poor Bulgarian boy, who carried a brave heart and determined will, and who came out triumphant?—MARGARET ESKIN in *Missionary Reporter*.

Along the Line.

THE INDIAN WORK.

Letter from REV. A. N. MILLER, dated SKIDGATE, QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS, B.C., Dec. 20th, 1889.

I WRITE to give you a short account of the state of work on this mission. During the summer there were not many people in any of the three villages comprising the mission. A good many were on the Skeena River, fishing for the canneries; but some, I am sorry to say, went to Victoria and the hop-fields, and fell very deeply into sin. The truth is, that a good many of them went for the purpose of making money by sin. I warned them publicly and privately, and tried to persuade them from going, but they made various excuses. Since their return some have professed repentance and their determination to live for God. Most of those who remained at home proved steadfast, and also did very much better financially. The Skidegate people are busy finishing the inside of the church—painting, varnishing and making the communion rail. I am sorry that the weather is not suitable for painting outside now. We have school here one session a day. The children make very good progress, but they have been more away from home this year than last year.

The Gold Harbor people seem to be doing very well now. I baptized one adult and two children a week ago last Sunday, and several others wish to be married according to the Christian form, and baptized. They have been fixing and lighting their streets. George Edgar, who was on the Upper Skeena last year, is in charge at Gold Harbor. He has school there.

Early in November, in company with Mr. Crosby, I visited Clue. The people were very down-hearted because we had no teacher for them, but were otherwise in good spirits. Since then I have sent them a native from Skidegate. About a month ago a strong wind blew their church partly over. They immediately made a collection to buy nails, etc., then pulled the church down, and are now rebuilding it on another site. It is quite an undertaking for them at this season of the year. The ground is covered with snow.