

any nice houses, or clothes, or anything, but they were trying so hard to get along and to learn; and he said what was given to those little ones was just the same as giving to Jesus. Think of that! Just the same as giving to the dear Christ Child! I just supposed everybody would give! Why, some of the folks are worth as much as ten dollars or a hundred, and yet that basket stayed 'most empty.

I did wish I was rich, and all at once I remembered the poor widow in the Bible. I'd read it that very morning, how she'd given her two mits, every living mitt she had; it said so. So I slipped mine off and dropped them into the basket, and I was glad, if my throat did choke all up. But pretty soon when that basket was carried up, the gentleman picked them right out. "Has any little girl lost her gloves?" Nobody said anything, and he asked again, "Did any little girl drop her gloves into the basket by mistake?" It was awful still in that room, and I thought he was looking right at me, so I had to say something. "It wasn't a mistake," I told him; "I wanted to help, and hadn't any money, but I knew how that woman in the Bible gave her two mits, and so—" Then those folks just *shouted*, they did! and I felt as if I'd like to drop right down through the floor.

I knew I had made some dreadful blunder, but I couldn't see what, for if *m-i-t-e-s* don't spell mits, what does it spell? Course I cried, but my teacher put her arm right around me and whispered, "Never mind, little Nellie;" and she stood up and said, with her voice all trembling: "Dear friends, this little girl has given her greatest treasure; have we older ones done as much?" Some way the money just *poured* into that basket after that, and the missionary looked gladder and gladder. They brought my mits back to me, and my teacher said she would show me how to get some money to give. But oh, how full that basket was! And when that gentleman counted it his eyes grew all wet, and he said softly (though I didn't know what he meant), "A little child shall lead them."—*Selected.*

#### ONE MAN'S WORK.

MY friend, Stanley Smith, after he had been for seven months in China, thought he would give himself a vacation to go and see a friend who was distant from him three days' journey. Half-way across he came to a city of which he had never heard before, and in which no evangelistic work had been done. While the mules were eating their dinner he went out to preach the Gospel, and it was not with him any question as to missionary methods, but he said: "You all know what you ought to be; why are you not what you ought to be? You all know what you ought to do; why do you not do what you ought to do? Is it not just this, that you like to do the thing that you know to be wrong rather than do the thing you know to be right? Now I have not come to talk to you about philosophy, but to tell you about a living Saviour who is willing to forgive all your sins if you will only go to Him." A young Chinaman was passing by, a learned man, a bachelor of arts of his university. He heard these words, and said: "If there is a Saviour like that, there is not a man in this who does not want

Him." He accepted Him then and there, and after a short time he came to my friend to learn more about Christianity. A question was afterward put to him by a native Christian: "What have you done for Christ since you believed?" "Oh!" he said, "I am a learner." "Well," said his questioner, "I have another question to ask you: when you light a candle do you light it to make the candle more comfortable?" "Certainly not," he said; "in order that it may give light." "When it is half burnt down do you expect that it will first become useful?" "No; as soon as I light it." "Very well," he said, "go thou and do likewise; begin at once." Shortly after that there were fifty native Christians in the town as the result of that man's work.—*J. Hudson Taylor.*

## Along the Line.

### THE INDIAN WORK.

Letter from REV. A. E. GREEN, dated PORT SIMPSON, B.C., Feb. 19th, 1890.

AS we expected the steamer to-day or to-morrow, I will give you a little information of the work on this mission. The people having all been at home the past four months, I have been able to see and understand their spiritual condition better than before; and while there is much to rejoice over in the godly lives and upright conduct of a few, and in their earnest endeavor to build up the kingdom of Christ, there is yet much cause to lament that the majority are so careless, and some so opposed to practical religion. The people have too much faith in councils, and too little in the Word of God, always talking of their own great power, instead of seeking power from on high. The leading chiefs want absolute liberty to do as men please; and, from their view, morality and goodness should be limited to what the majority vote as expedient for the well-being of the community at large. It would be better freedom to obey the dictates of a conscience illumined by the Word God. This freedom instead of leading to confusion conduces to order; the Scriptures become its law, every evil passion is restrained, honor is rendered to every rightly constituted authority, and discord is banished by brotherly love.

For several years there has been a backward movement at work in this mission. This is especially so in three ways: First, the Sabbath is not so well observed as formerly; then much drinking is going on in the village, and a taking to the old feast again, with some of the potlatch features, which they gave up when the missionary first came among them. In December Shakes, chief of "Kit-kahtla," invited the Simpson people to his feast. Over fifty of the principal people went. I advised them not to go, but they said they pledged themselves two years before to go. It was a great feast; Chief Shakes potlatched over \$3,000 worth, even sending \$100 to "Queen Victoria." The people who listened to us and remained at home were greatly blessed in the special services we held; many were quickened and some sinners were saved. Of course when our friends returned, from the potlatch