

civilization, had introduced all the vices of the white race, and greatly degraded the Indian population. The place was almost wholly given up to drunkenness, and debauchery.

PORT WRANGEL.

In 1876 a number of Christian Indians from Fort Simpson arrived at Fort Wrangel to cut wood for the American Government. Among them was an Indian named Chah, or Philip McKay, a man of superior intelligence and piety. These faithful Indians, amid the abounding wickedness on every side, resolved to make an effort for the conversion of their countrymen. They obtained the use of an old dance-house—the scene of the foulest pagan orgies—as a place of worship, and induced a few of the natives to attend. Though mocked and jeered and opposed by wicked white men, they persevered till the place became too small for the crowds of those benighted pagans who thronged to the meetings, some forty of whom were converted to Christianity by this strange agency, among them the head chief of the place. For weeks and months the voice of praise and prayer was daily heard at Fort Wrangel, the services being conducted wholly by these Christian Indians.

A HEROIC LADY MISSIONARY.

Mrs. A. R. McFarland, a lady born in Virginia, educated in Ohio, and the now widowed wife of the first Presbyterian missionary in New Mexico, was induced to go to Alaska to take charge of the young mission. Mrs. McFarland was the only Christian white woman in a territory as large as France. For seven months she was the only Protestant missionary in Alaska, and for a year the only one at Fort Wrangel. All the perplexities of the people were brought to her for solution. If any were sick they came to her as a physician, if any were dead, she was called upon to take charge of the funeral. If husbands and wives became separated, she was the peacemaker to bring them together. If difficulties arose as to property, she was judge, lawyer and jury. If feuds arose among tribes or families, she was arbitress. When the Indians called a convention, she was elected "chairman." She was called upon to interpose in cases of witchcraft; and when a white man was hanged for murder, she became his spiritual adviser. Her fame went far and wide among the tribes. Great chiefs came long distances to enter the school of "the woman that loved their people."

The Presbyterian Church has grandly sustained this mission, contributing in two years \$12,000. They have now a church, school, hospital, and industrial home—the latter an imperious necessity to rescue girls who would otherwise fall victims to the vice of wicked white men. For the same purpose Mrs. Crosby has opened a Home for Indian girls at Fort Simpson, which has been supported hitherto by the contributions of a few friends. Its maintenance is fitting work for the Women's Missionary Society, now being organized in Canada. The need for such a home may be inferred from the following pathetic appeal for that at Fort Wrangel: "O you mothers of dear young girls—every one whose home is made fairer by a daughter's face—give something to save these other girls from shame and anguish—something to help us teach those other mothers how great a boon a maiden may be at their own fireside."

RESULTS OF THE MISSION.

The results of our Methodist mission at Fort Simpson have been most marked. The converted Indians have exhibited a high Christian character. They carry their religion with them wherever they go. They travel thousands of miles, but neither wind, tide, hunger, nor the urgency of their white employers can induce them to travel on the Lord's day. They yearn to tell their countrymen the story of the Cross. They sorrow over the ravages made by the white man's vices, the white man's diseases, and the white man's fire-water. "We see no difference," said one, "between killing men with whiskey and killing them with a gun." Our own heroic Crosby has imperilled his own life by his determined opposition to the liquor traffic, leading sometimes to the forcible destruction of the casks of liquor in a drunken Indian camp.

The day-school at Fort Simpson numbers about 120, and a large Sunday-school, in three sections, is taught by Mr. and Mrs. Crosby and Miss Knott. In two years sixty new houses have been built by the Indians, and the whole tribe are being raised to a higher plane of civilization. The Church has a membership of 258. Mr. Crosby has established an annual industrial fair, at which prizes are given for the best carving in wood and silver, the best gardens and vegetables, the best sashes and doors, best cured salmon, etc.

NAAS RIVER.

As at Fort Simpson and Fort Wrangel, so at Naas River, it was converted Indians who became the pioneer missionaries to their pagan countrymen. The mission authorities of our Church were unable, when an appeal was made them for this station, to incur any further expense. But at a prayer-meeting held in the house of Mr. McKay, in the same room in which the first meeting was held in 1869 to promote the spiritual welfare of the Indians of Victoria, spontaneous contributions of \$236 were given, and the Rev. A. E. Greene was sent as a missionary to Naas River. He and Mr. Crosby held a five days' meeting, and a glorious revival began. Soon a congregation of 500 attended the services and 100 met in class. The work spread throughout the surrounding country, and from the forks of the Skeena to Kit-a-mat and Bella-Bella and Queen Charlotte's Island—all the result, together with the flourishing missions in Alaska, (may we not say?) of that memorable prayer-meeting held in the house of a God-fearing Methodist at Victoria—thirteen years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Crosby are now in this country, and we hope that many of our readers, young and old, will hear them and become more deeply interested in their grand mission.

A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

LITTLE hills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the river's flow,
Rivers join the ocean billows,
Onward, onward, as they go,
Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play;
So may we with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

"BEAUTIFUL the children's faces!
Spite of all that mats and scars;
To my inmost heart appealing;
Calling forth love's tenderest feeling;
Steeping all my soul with tears."

Mary Howitt.

TWO CENTS A WEEK AND A PRAYER.

BY HATTIE K. BUELL.

"TWO cents a week and a prayer"
A tiny gift may be,
But it helps to do a wonderful work
For our sisters across the sea.

"Two cents a week and a prayer"
From out abundant store
It was never missed, for its place was filled
By a Father's gift of more.

"Two cents a week and a prayer":
Perhaps 'twas a sacrifice,
But treasure came from the storehouse
above,
Outweighing by far the price.

"Two cents a week and a prayer":
'Twas the prayer, perhaps, after all,
That the work has done, and a blessing
brought
The gift was so very small.

"Two cents a week and a prayer,"
Freely and heartily given:
The treasures of earth will melt away,—
This is treasure laid up in heaven.

"Two cents a week and a prayer"
A tiny gift may be,
But it helps to do such a wonderful work
For our sisters across the sea!

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.

DR. COKE, THE FATHER OF METHODIST MISSIONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

III.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

R. COKE was now about to begin his last and greatest missionary enterprise. For many years the spiritual want of India had lain very heavy on his heart. On the banks of the Indus, where the foot of an Alexander had faltered, a merchant's clerk had conquered an empire. With three thousand troops, on the plains of Plassey, he routed an army of sixty thousand, with the loss of only two and twenty men, and laid the foundations of our Indian Empire of 200,000,000 souls. But though open to English commerce, India, was closed to Christ's Gospel. But "India," wrote Dr. Coke, "still cleaved to his heart; he could give up all for India."

Friends remonstrated against a man in his sixty-sixth year, worn with toil and heavy cares, braving the perils of a long sea voyage and residence in the torrid zone; but it was in vain. "I am now dead to Europe," he wrote, "and alive to India. God Himself has said to me, 'Go to Ceylon.' I am so fully convinced of the will of God, that methinks I had rather be set naked on the coast of Ceylon, without clothes and without a friend, than not go there—I shall bear all my own expenses, of course," he adds. He eagerly began the study of Portuguese, which was largely spoken in Ceylon.

Dr. Coke sought the sanction of the English Conference. Unmoved by their fears for his health, he declared that "their consent, he believed, would add years to his life; while their refusal would infallibly shorten his days." Many rose to oppose it. Coke, leaning on the arm of one of his missionaries, returned to his lodgings in deep anguish, the tears flowing down his face in the streets. He was not at

the early session the next day. The missionary hastened to his chamber, and found that he had not been in bed; his dishevelled silvery locks showed he had passed the night in deep distress. He had spent the hours in prayer, prostrate on the floor. They went to the Conference, and Coke made a thrilling speech. He not only offered to lay himself on the altar of this great sacrifice, but, if the Conference could not meet the expense of the mission, he offered to lay down thirty thousand dollars toward it. The Conference could not resist longer. It voted him authority to go and take with him seven men. Coke immediately called out from the session Clough, the missionary who had sympathized with him in his defeat the day before, and walking down the street, not now with tears, but with joy beaming in his eye, and with a full heart, exclaimed, "Did I not tell you that God would answer prayer?"

Among the missionaries who accompanied him was William Martin Harvard, who, after five years' residence in India and Ceylon, became subsequently superintendent of missions in Canada, residing for ten years at Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, and other important Connexional centres.

Soon the missionary band assembled at Portsmouth for embarkation, Dr. Coke having first made his will and bequeathed all his property to the fund for aged and worn-out ministers. The Sunday before sailing, he preached his last sermon in England, from the text, "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God." With prophetic faith he exclaimed, "It is of little consequence whether we take our flight to glory from the land of our nativity, from the trackless ocean, or from the shores of Ceylon."

I cannot go
Where universal Love not shines around;
And where He vital breathes there must be joy!"

LAST VOYAGE.

"On the 30th of December, 1813," continues the narrative of Dr. Stevens, "they departed in a fleet of six Indiamen and more than twenty other merchant vessels, convoyed by three ships of war. Coke and two of the missionaries were on board of one of the Indiamen, and the rest of the party on board of another. All were treated with marked respect by the officers and the hundreds of troops and other passengers who crowded the vessels. In about a week a terrific gale overtook them in the Bay of Biscay, and a ship full of people, in which Coke had first designed to embark, was lost. On the tenth of February one of the Indiamen hoisted her flag at half-mast; all the fleet responded to the sad signal; the wife of one of the missionaries was dead, and that evening was buried in the sea. She died 'triumphant in the faith.'

"Severe gales still swept over them, especially at the Cape of Good Hope. Several sailors were lost overboard, and the missionaries suffered much. In the Indian Ocean Coke's health rapidly declined. On the morning of the third of May his servant knocked at his cabin door to awake him at the usual time of half-past five o'clock. He heard no response. Opening the door he beheld the lifeless body of the missionary extended on the floor. A 'placid smile was on his countenance.' He was cold and stiff, and must have died before midnight. It was supposed