

around before the food. When the fish or flesh is sufficiently cooked it is removed from the fire, and distributed among the several wash bowls. One each is given to the chiefs, while two of the next grade eat from the same dish, three of a lower order still surround one bowl, and last of all four or five of the very common people have to be satisfied with one. Whilst the food is being distributed there is so much noise it is impossible to hear yourself speak.

After this course has been disposed of the pots receive another rubbing, and are placed on the fire to boil a lot of rice or potatoes. The next course may be tea and biscuit, the tea being made in the same pots without even being washed out.

Some of the guests may now make short speeches when the party who gives the feast will respond, and the party breaks up, each one carrying home what he was unable to eat.

Many of you who have been brought up amid all the pleasures of civilization and Christianity will shudder at such a feast as this; but we might show you a different picture of those very same people after three or four years of missionary labour among them. Instead of the old dirty blanket, you may find them dressed in garments clean and tidy, such as white people wear. Under Christianity men, women, and children are all invited to the wedding feasts, Christmas parties, or other festivities that are occasionally held. Their food is cooked in a cleaner manner, and God's blessing is always asked before they commence to eat.

All Christian people, old or young, ought to encourage the Indians in trying to get out of their heathenism. This can be done by praying for them, for they value the prayers of their friends very much. And then if a lot of pennies, that are very often foolishly spent, were put together they might send a teacher or missionary to some of the poor Indians who are yet without the gospel.

LETTER FROM FORT SIMPSON, B.C.

MY dear young readers of the PLEASANT HOURS, there are a great many things of interest to you which take place among Fort Simpson Indians, but I fail to get time to record them. We have had much sickness, and several dear children among the rest have gone home to Heaven. Sarah Shepherd, eleven years of age, took sick in the fall, and got very low while I was away, and although every thing was done that we thought would be right in the way of medicine and nourishing food, still she gradually sunk away in consumption and died. Her bedside really was a very blessed place, as she would sing and tell of what Jesus had done for her. She constantly assured her parents that she was going to be free from sickness and live in Heaven, and said they were not to weep for her. In the last few moments of her life she had them sing, while she was passing away, "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

A little boy whose parents have lost five children, would sing, although only three years old, and assured his sorrowing parents that he was going to the happy land. Little Kate, of the

"Home," or Dolly Robinson as she was called, had always been sickly since she came to us. Her father and mother were gone. Her mother died very happy in Victoria, and as she was dying she sent her child to be cared for in the "Home." She had not naturally a happy disposition, but she learned to love the Saviour. A day or two before she died she asked all the girls if they loved her. She said she was thankful that they had all been so kind to her; and now she was going, and wished them all to meet her in Heaven. In the night she asked that the window-blind might be raised that she might see the moon that was shining. "Now," she said, "put out the lamp, for God's great lamp is the best. I shall soon see my mother, and I shall see Jane and Martha" (referring to the dear girls who died last year); and so she passed quietly away to the land of light.

Our Sabbath School has been well attended the last year, ever since Miss Crosby commenced to give them tickets and books as prizes. It is pleasing to see so many verses of scripture committed to memory. For the last ten months we have had an average attendance of fifty per week, and 3,050 verses recited. "May God bless the children." I wish some of the schools could send us some small tickets and some simple books that would do for prizes.

The illustrated lessons that were given to us while in Ontario are of great service to us; but as we scattered them about to all the schools of the district, we need others, if the dear friends in the east would send them on as they get done with them.

Yours truly, T. Crosby.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, DUKE OF ALBANY.

PRINCE LEOPOLD was one of the most popular of England's royal house. After his father's death important duties which once fell to the lamented Prince Albert were discharged by Prince Leopold. His Royal Highness became not only private secretary to his royal mother, but in many ways occupied the position of confidential Minister. In this office he manifested a faithfulness to the sovereign on the one side, and a courteousness to all on the other side with whom he came in contact that he won universal respect and admiration. Prince Leopold had little heart, it is said, for political questions; at any rate for political warfare he had no love, and was willing to leave the strife for others to engage in. Much of his political effort has been in the direction of education in its relation to the masses. He has grasped this important subject with a mind free from prejudice and a will resolved only upon good. Toward religion the deceased prince had strong predilections. At one time he entertained serious thoughts of taking Holy Orders, and his whole life was shaped very much in harmony with the feelings that led him to consider the propriety of taking such a step.

When eight years of age he was attacked by the measles in such a malignant form that he has never fully recovered from its effects. As soon as he was able to endure the journey, it was decided by the court physicians to send him to France for a change of climate. After his return to England

he was for many years seldom absent from the Queen's residence. He seems to have been the constant companion of her widowhood. Whether she stayed at Lucerne or retired to Rosenau—a place sacred to her from its associations with the early life of her husband—the child of her heart was there also. It is characteristic of her that she should select this son—whose delicate health had for so many years been a continual source of anxiety—and make him the one central object of her love and care. By her purity of life, her faithfulness to the living, combining the rarest qualities to be found in wife, mother, or Queen Victoria of England, has won the admiration of the civilized world. Her own "sad childhood" has ever made her keenly alive to the happiness of her children. When at Windsor, Leopold was under the tutorship of Eton masters; he was frequently relieved from the strict maintenance of court decorum by visits from favoured Eton boys, which events were hailed with great delight not only by the young Prince but by those who had charge of him. He much enjoyed his later life at Oxford, where he spent three years. In alluding to this period he says:—

"My experience in universities is confined to the University of Oxford, and I shall always look back to my residence there as one of the greatest pleasures and the greatest privileges of my life, and I shall find it hard to believe that any other university can surpass Oxford in the power of attracting her alumni to herself."

In 1880 Prince Leopold visited this country. He came in company with the Princess Louise, and after spending some weeks in Canada made an extended tour through the States. He was present at the convention which nominated the late President Garfield. On his return to Canada he went into camp with the Vice-Regal party in the Restigouche, where he met with an accident which, though it would have been slight to an ordinarily healthy man, prostrated him for months. The accident consisted of a wrench to the knee, which developed a tendency to white swelling. Throughout his life the Prince suffered from an obscure disease. On the slightest provocation the blood would exude from the vessels. It is said that one of the skins was absent from his person, and that this was the cause of his weakness.

He was married, April 27th, 1882, to the Princess Helena, of Waldeck. The nuptials were celebrated in St. George's Chapel, with royal magnificence. A daughter, Alice Mary Victoria, was born of this union, February 25th, 1883.—*Globe*.

PEOPLE who, with our improved postal service, have the letter-box on the street corner, can hardly appreciate the isolation of a missionary on the Congo, in Africa. He writes: "I intend starting off again this afternoon to post the news." To do it he had to walk one hundred and forty miles, and then sail over one hundred down the river in a boat.

It pays to plod! Don't make quantity more important than quality. The best work is work that takes time, and nowadays the best work is work that is wanted.

SUNLIGHT ALL THE WAY.

GOOD-bye, Jennie; the road is long,
And the moor is hard to cross;
But well you know there is danger
In the bogs and the marshy moss.
So keep in the foot-path, Jennie;
Let nothing tempt you to stray;
Then you'll get safely over it,
For there's sunlight all the way—
Sunlight all the way;
So never you fear,
Keep a good heart, dear,
For there's sunlight all the way."

The child went off with a blessing
And a kiss of mother-love,
The daisies were down at her feet,
And the lark was singing above.
On in the narrow foot-path—
Nothing could tempt her to stray;
So the moor was passed at nightfall,
And she'd sunlight all the way—
Sunlight all the way;
And she smiling, said,
As her bed was spread,
"I had sunlight all the way."

And I, who followed the maiden,
Kept thinking, as I went,
Over the perilous moor of life
What unwary feet are bent.
If they could only keep the foot-path,
And not in the marshes stray,
Then they would reach the end of life
Ere the night could shroud the day—
They'd have sunshine all the way.
But the marsh is wide,
And they turn aside,
And the night falls on the day.

Far better to keep to the narrow path,
Nor turn to the left or right;
For if we loiter at morning,
What shall we do when the night
Falls black on our lonely journey,
And we mourn our vain delay?
Then steadily onward, friends, and we
Shall have sunlight all the way—
Sunlight all the way,
Till the journey's o'er,
And we reach the shore
Of a never-ending day.

—Harper's Weekly.

GEN. GORDON.

AN old British army pensioner relates the story of General "Chinese" Gordon: On the first day on which fire was opened at Sebastopol from the twenty-one gun battery, the sand-bags forming one of the embrasures caught fire from the flash of a too closely-mounted gun. A corporal and a sapper of the Engineers were told off to repair the damage. The corporal ordered the sapper to mount the embrasure, and proposed to hand up the fresh bag to him. They were under heavy fire at the time, and the sapper, with some want of discipline, certainly, demurred to this arrangement, and suggested that the corporal should get up, and that he (the sapper) would go on with the handing-up business. There was a bit of a wrangle over it. Gordon, who was passing, inquired into the matter, and quietly telling the corporal, "Never order a man to do what you are afraid to do yourself," got up on the pile of bags himself and said, "Come up here, both of you," and then ordered the men who were working the gun to hand the bags up. The storm of bullets swept over Gordon and the two men, but his charmed life seemed to protect the trio. He finished his work, and came down as coolly as he had mounted, but the lesson was never forgotten, and there's a fine ring about the words, "Never order a man to do a thing you are afraid to do yourself."

"John," said a teacher, "I'm very sorry to have to punish you." "Then don't; I'll let you off, this time," responded John.