

The collection was made up largely of coppers and nickels. And yet it gave us the neat little sum of thirteen dollars. Why may we not then interest the little wheels, and bring all these forces into the Master's service. Many coppers, many nickles, will make many dollars.—*The Sower*.

MISSIONARY KATY.

KATY GRAY had been at a missionary meeting and heard a lady speak who had been for fifteen years a missionary. She had spoken only of the bright side, and Katy was delighted and interested.

"Yes, I have concluded to be a missionary when I get about forty."

"Why wait until you are forty?" asked Katy's mamma, looking up from the sewing that occupied both hand and foot.

"Well, you see, I must teach first, you know, and perhaps write books too, and make lots of money; and then, when my hair gets gray, and my teeth tumble out, and all, why then I'll look well enough to be a missionary; the heathen won't mind."

"Sure enough," said Mrs. Gray, "that is a very good plan of life if you can follow it out. But, you know, there was Mrs. Stephens who died last week, and she was just forty. Don't you think you had better place it a little earlier?"

"Well, perhaps thirty-five will do."

"Yes, that would only be keeping seven-eighths of life yourself, and giving one to Christ. That might do, only Aunt Katy died at thirty-five. Would that be safe?"

"Well, thirty then." And Katy moved to the window and looked out.

"Thirty, that's better; that is just the age of Cousin Mary when she was thrown from a carriage on her way to a party. You know she has never walked since."

Katy drummed restlessly on the window. Never in her life, it seemed, had so few old persons passed on the street. "Perhaps I could go at twenty-five," she said at last with a sigh.

"That is young enough to go," replied Mrs. Gray. "You know that pretty Miss Robbins, who was buried last week at that age, thought of going to India."

"I don't see, mamma," said Katy, turning from the window, and laughing with tears in her eyes, "but I shall be obliged to go right away so as to be safe."

"So you would, darling, if you could not be one of Christ's workers every day right here. If you should live for yourself twenty-five years, wouldn't it be rather hard work all at once to live for others?"

"Why, of course I think so," said Katy.

"Don't dream then, dear, of great things by and bye; but be such a helpful worker every day in little things."

"I will, mamma; now shall I begin watching baby, and let you go out for fresh air?"

And Katy did begin right then and there, and she began in the true way.

Home missionaries are as important and needful as those in foreign fields, and for them there is always an "open door."

Katy followed up her mission-work in various ways, which proved a blessing to herself as well as those about her. There were many little things which she could do to help her kind old mamma. There were little errands upon which she could go as an angel of mercy.

She could carry a basket of provisions to some poor widow and orphan children, even through the rain and snow; she could speak kindly to those in trouble and distress, she could gather up and lead to the Sunday-school the little ones that lived near, who, without her services, would perhaps never find their way thither, or the door into the fold where Jesus, the good Shepherd, is.

In this way Katy is preparing herself for greater missionary duties by and bye, should it please the good Lord to spare her. And should it be His will early to remove her from labor to reward, she will be among those to whom the blessed Master will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Minnie Moore, in Gospel in All Lands*.

Along the Line.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. D. JENNINGS, dated PORT ESSINGTON, B.C., June 29th, 1887.

NEVER before was the work of God more encouraging or more interesting on this mission than at the present time. Since coming to the Skeena, nearly four years ago, I have not seen so large a number of people gathered as are found here this season.

Just now is the time one can see the advantages arising from the missionary's teaching, training, and care of the coast tribes, as compared with those tribes that have lived up to this time without the refining and elevating influence of the Gospel of Christ. As I have visited the heathen from house to house and from tent to tent this season, and witnessed their degradation, physical and spiritual, I have felt the deepest sympathies for them, and have said, "Cannot the men and the means be found that these people may be taught the way of salvation, and that they perish not from the earth?" There is a false impression abroad that the Indian is a doomed race. Give him the blessed Gospel—help him to resist the terrible temptations that lie all around him, then he will gradually rise to a higher plane, and become a useful and honored citizen. "Sin is a curse to any people."

The tribes on the north-west coast of British Columbia are making material progress in civilization. There was a time when woman was the drudge of the camp, fit only to bear burdens for her indifferent husband. This is changing: she is now reaching up to that position to which Christianity has raised her more favored sisters in other lands. But a strong public opinion against the social evils of the day has to be cultivated. O that it was a plant of rapid growth!

A missionary once remarked to me: "When I first went to my mission, I could not, from the dress, tell