

"For the King."

He slowly came into the pastor's porch
And wiped his dusky brow, and sat him down
Like one who is a-weary, yet content.
He was a very poor and ancient man
Of that unlucky race which some men say
Were best swept altogether from the earth,
Then rose the gracious mother of the house,
And made him welcome, and in kindly tone
Said, "You are weary, brother; sit and rest."

Then with a smile that shone on his dark face
Like summer lightning in a dusky cloud,
He said, "I have been working for the King!"

His was a tiny farm—a bit of ground
Rift from the woodland, tilled with his own
hand,

And yet the richest corner of the plot
He set aside and planted it with roots,
Asking God's blessing on the kindly soil.

So all the summer long he tended it,
Kept down the weeds, and stirred the mellow
ground,

Till wind and rain and sun and nightly dew,
Mixed with God's blessing, had done all their
part,
And prospered in the thing whereto they
worked.

So then he dug the product from the ground,
He and his aged wife, rejoicing much
Over the bounteous yield; and on his back
He bore it to his pastor's door and said,
"Take this and sell, and give the price to God!"
"Tis his. I have been working for the King!"

I think the King will not refuse the gift,
But when at last he in his glory comes,
With all his holy angels round his throne,
The Indian brother will receive a word:
"Well done, good and faithful servant! Thou
Hast faithful been in little, therefore now
Enter thou, friend, into thy Lord's great joy,
And in his house be ever with the King."
—*Christian Weekly.*

A Letter from Port Simpson.

PORT SIMPSON, B. C.

Dec. 2nd., 1886.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—As we are
just closing another year of running
the *Gladiators*—your mission ship—
I may be permitted to say she has
carried the Gospel to some tribes that
we had not reached before. She has
also carried lumber for several new
churches, and lumber to assist the
people in building up new houses for
themselves, for we feel, next to preach-
ing the Gospel to them, it is important
to get them into a better home-life
than the old slab homes provided when
three or four or more families were
living together.

And she has done a little outside
work in freighting, towing, etc. In
all she has run 4,907 miles, and she is
out of debt. Of course, each mission-
ary has had to pay something for the
carriage of his stores, and other things
done for him on his field, and all who
have had such work done find the
steamer a benefit. Thanks to some
dear friends at home who have helped
us.

But our hope is that she will yet
reach many more tribes. I would like
to see her be able to take the Old,
Old Story of Jesus and his love to
every tribe between Puget Sound and
Alaska. This might need a grant
from the Society to assist in running
expenses.

In all probability she will need some
considerable repairs in the near future,
as her tubes, etc., may need replacing.
In that way we may have to have a
larger bill than in the past; but still
with care, and trusting in the God of
missions to raise up friends to help, we
expect to be kept out of debt.

We believe in the motto of the
old soldier—"Trust in God, and keep
your powder dry." That is, we think
while we trust in the Lord to help, we
should do all we can to keep down
expenses; hence we have not many
luxuries on the Gospel Ship.

The poor fellow that thought we
were having a nice time in pleasure
trips, if he will come and take a trip,
we will show him how the preachers
have to do work in splitting wood,
cooking and other things.

We have a happy, good, useful boat,
doing a good work for the missionary
cause, and at a very little cost. May
she long live to carry the glad tidings
of salvation to all the tribes on this
North Pacific Coast! Pray for us!

T. Crosby.

[The many friends of Mr. and Mrs.
Crosby will be very sorry to hear that
their home has been again bereaved.
They have lost their little babe. Mr.
Crosby writes that a blessed revival is
going on in the church—over a hun-
dred of the natives professing conver-
sion. What a wonderful change from
the heathen orgies of a few years ago!

Near at Hand.

It is stated that Howard spent his
youth in dreams of heroic deeds and
impossible adventures for the help and
elevation of uncivilized nations. Being
captured while at sea by a French
privateer, his attention was drawn to
the cruelties practised on prisoners,
and on his release he began an inspec-
tion of the jail in his native village.
The reform he inaugurated spread
throughout all the prisons in Europe.

Charles Dickens, while a boy in
Jones' school, was in the habit of
writing romances for the amusement
of his companions, of the most vague
and lofty character. His great fame
came to him through his pictures of
Mrs. Minns over the way, of the
policemen, shop-boys, butchers, and
cooks, who came in his way in his
daily walks in the streets of London.

A middle-aged merchant in one of
our large cities complained, a couple of
years ago, that he had been thwarted
in his true work in life.

"My hope was to carry Christianity
and civilization to some heathen na-
tion. Then I should not have lived
in vain. But I have been anchored
here inexorably." "The heathen have
come to you," said his friend, nodding
to a Chinese laundryman, with his
wooden shoes and pig-tail, who was
passing.

The hint was taken. Mr. Blank
went to Ah Sing's laundry and made
a friend of him; persuaded him to
come, with four of his friends, twice a

week, to learn "Melican 'ligion." There
are now nearly seventy Chinese men
in a Bible-class taught by Mr. Blank,
of whom a large percentage are sin-
cere Christians.

It is the habit of young and imagi-
native people to search the far horizon
for their career, their work and re-
wards in life.

Of one fact they may be sure—that
when God has work for a man to do in
the world he puts it within his reach.

The great authors and painters of
all ages have earned success by depict-
ing that which was most familiar to
them.

Here in our every-day life, in the
common-place kinsfolk, trades-people,
and servants that surround us, is ma-
terial for all the power in our brains
or souls.

The religion, too, which will save a
man is not a far-off, visionary rapture.
It is in his heart and in his mouth
while he is about his daily work.

A humble work-woman taught an
English shoemaker the happiness of a
spiritual life. On the shoemaker's
wall was a map; and the shoemaker
looked at it at times while at work,
and it conveyed to him the impression
that the larger part of the world was
ignorant of the inward light and joy
that made of his life a psalm. The
map haunted him night and day. It
became an inspiration; and in the
heart of this man English evangelical
missions were begun. He is honoured
here; but we cannot doubt that the
poor work-woman has her reward in
being among those who, having turned
many to righteousness, "shine as the
stars."

Miss Alcott, whose own life has been
very practical and useful in meeting
the duties of her home and town, was
once handed an autograph-book, and
asked to write a sentiment in it. She
wrote, "Do the duty that lies nearest
to you." The thought recalls those
simple but telling words of Scripture,
"He first findeth his own brother
Simon." But work for others does
not end where it began. It is pro-
gressive; its influence grows, and is
eternal.—*Youth's Instructor.*

STRANGE as it may seem, the earth
is now 3,000,000 miles nearer the sun,
in January, than she was on the 1st
of last July. It would be natural to
expect that we should have the warm-
est weather when the sun is nearest to
us. But his rays fall so obliquely on
this portion of the earth that the in-
tensity of the cold far outbalances the
difference in the distance. There is,
however, a compensation for the pre-
sent conditions. The winter cold is
doubtless tempered by the earth's
greater nearness to the central fire.
In the southern hemisphere, where the
sun is in apogee in mid-winter, the
cold is intensified for this reason. Thus
in Australia and Southern Africa the
average temperature is lower than in
corresponding latitudes north of the
equator.

Won't Keep the Pledge.

A FRIEND wrote me the other day,
"I want to see the cause of temper-
ance go forward, but I disapprove of
your movement among the children."

For what reason, do you think,
children?

"Because," he says, "you ask them
to sign the pledge, which is wrong, as
they won't keep it."

Our friend is a good man, but we
think he is mistaken here. Children
won't keep the pledge! I wish that
all adults kept the pledge as well as
the boys and girls; the world would
exhibit much less backsliding and
much less misery. Children know and
feel what they do when they sign the
pledge, better than most people are
willing to give them credit for.

Some years ago, a gentleman in
Virginia had a boy six years of age,
who wanted to sign the pledge; but
the father, feeling that his son did not
understand the obligation he was
about to take upon himself, refused to
grant him permission. But the boy
was so importunate, and begged so
hard, that he at length consented,
though he felt almost sure that his son
would break it. His father was a tem-
perance man, and so were the rest of
the family; and when this little boy
had signed the pledge, they were all
teetotallers. Not long after this the
father was travelling. The stage
stopped at a tavern, and he called for
some water. He waited some time,
and no answer. He called again—
still no answer. At last the servant
came, bringing a glass of cider in-
stead. He was very thirsty, and being
afraid he should get nothing else,
drank it in violation of his pledge.
When he returned home he related
the circumstance, and the little boy
was there. After he had finished, the
little boy went up to him; his lips
quivering and his eyes full of tears.
Said he, "Father, how far were you
from James river when you drank
that cider?"

"I was fifteen miles from the James
river, my son."

"Well, father, I'd have walked to
James river and back again before I
would have broken my pledge."

Commend me to the little ones for
fidelity to the pledge!

"Children won't keep the pledge!"

"Won't keep the pledge!" As far
as our experience goes, which has been
considerable among adults and youth,
we have known but few instances of a
youth breaking the pledge. Habit
becomes strong. They would not
willingly leave the pleasant way of
life that saves them from headache,
sickness, and heaviness, for the sake
of tasting the drunkard's drink, and
in the end, perhaps, filling a drunk-
ard's grave. Let every friend of
humanity, every friend of temperance,
labour to enlist the youth in this great
work. Everywhere you will find the
children and young people most ear-
nest and anxious to sign the pledge.