



A MISSION BUILDING AT ANVIK, ALASKA.

ALASKA.

THROUGH the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Langford, Secretary of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of our Church in the United States, we are able to give some idea of what a mission station looks like in Alaska. For several years Rev. J. W. Chapman has been working in that cold territory, where there are scarcely any people except Indians. It is very lonely work. "There are times," Mr. Chapman writes, "when one needs every help that he can get to keep up a good heart and courage." And this we can easily imagine is true, for it is only about once a year that news can be got from home. But there are some encouragements, for he says again: "I have seen these Indian boys and girls growing up during the past five years, some of them beginning to think more deeply as they grow older; some of them, I think, beginning to put on the beautiful garments of holiness."

This is the greatest encouragement that a missionary can have; but a missionary also likes to get help, such as clothing for children, and they need good warm clothing in a country like Alaska.

There is an English mission under good Bishop Bompas close to Alaska. It is the Diocese of Selkirk, and the same kind of help that Mr. Chapman gets from the United States, Bishop Bompas ought to get from us. The territory is just as cold and just as dreary, and the missionaries who work there should be remembered in our prayers and assisted by our gifts. Every congregation in Canada should

have its Junior Mission Band to help these poor, cold little Indians, and to tell them about our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world.

THE HOLY CHILD.

ONCE long ago the red sun was setting over a sandy desert. A gray-haired man, and a young woman with a little child were travelling over the desert. The woman was sitting on an ass, which the old man was leading. They

were coming home from a far country, whither they had fled because they feared that the Little Child would be killed by a bad king. God's angel afterwards told them they might come home. The king was dead. The Child was safe.

And so they rode across the sands, and passed some rivers and rocky mountains, and at last came down upon a green, grassy plain, with a few hills here and there, and on one hill was a little town, with a big flat-roofed house, called by the Jews a Synagogue, which means a place where people come together to pray.

Here the Child, whose name you know, spent many happy years. He had a great deal to do and to suffer before He went back to His Father in Heaven; but He was not in any haste to grow up and to begin His work. He waited till His Father should tell Him what He wished Him to do. He waited nearly thirty years. Was not that a long time? Did Jesus lose that time? No. He was serving and pleasing God as much when He was learning to read at His mother's knee, as when He was preaching on the hill, or at the shore, or healing the sick, or hanging on the cross.

How pleased boys should be to think that Jesus was once a happy boy! and enjoyed His play, without being selfish or quarrelling. There are some stories told about Jesus when He was a boy. They are not in the Bible, so we do not know that they are true. But there is one pretty story told about Him at twelve years old. You can read it in the end of the second chapter of St. Luke. And see how at the end of it St. Luke says, "Jesus went down to Nazareth, and was subject" to Joseph and Mary—that is,