

sington, where from early morning, say six o'clock, to near 9 p.m. the people were engaged in some religious service, excepting short intervals for refreshments. Any unprejudiced mind, knowing the composition of these gatherings and the tribal feuds that occurred among them before the Gospel of the Lord Jesus was preached to them, and seeing their present condition, that mind must say, "Here is a marvel of missions. The Gospel has not lost its power; it is still mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

Great changes have come over the Upper Skeena people. Two years ago it was hard to get them inside a house of worship. They would spend their Sabbaths lounging around, or would go into some quiet nook where they would spend their time gambling, for which they had a passionate regard. In the summer of 1893, every Sabbath a band of Christian Indians, led by a white brother, would visit these people at their cabins; stand outside at some point where all could hear, then relate their Christian experience and urge the heathen to forsake the ways of their forefathers and join themselves to Christ the Lord. These efforts, together with the earnest, faithful work of our brethren stationed on the Upper Skeena, are producing their desired results—the conversion of the Kitikshans (the name applied to the people of the Upper Skeena). The people of Kishpiax, with whom I come in close contact in summer, are deeply in earnest to build a church. Many of them have subscribed liberally, and while on the Coast they solicited subscriptions from their native brethren and others interested in the work of God. They succeeded fairly well. These people deserve much encouragement.

I was much delighted the other day when asked by an Indian to write a letter to his uncle, who has forsaken his first love to Christ and has gone back to eat the garlic of his old Egypt, and is now playing the medicine man in a village where the people are giving themselves to Christ. The head chief of that village had sent word to the backslider's nephew, saying, "Call your uncle away from here, for he is hindering the people from becoming Christians. As long as he plays the medicine man, so long will many of the people stand aloof from Christ. Call your uncle away—we want to become Christians." These are encouraging signs of the times. Let our people at home heartily support the propagation of the Gospel among the thousands yet in darkness in this land, and so enable the General Board to send more workers into this vineyard—men endued with Pentecostal power and good judgment; then results will follow eternally alone can sum up.

China.

Letter from REV. V. C. HART, D.D., dated SHANGHAI, Oct. 15th, 1895.

I HAVE been ill with malarial fever since last writing you, and am still in a very weak and uncertain condition.

It is thought best by Bros. Hartwell and Endicott, who were with me during my illness, that it would be better for me to go home for the winter than to attempt to stay here. I had fully intended to leave with Mr. Hartwell for Sz-Chuan about this time, but my sickness has prevented me carrying out this plan. I cannot explain to you in writing my disappointment, but I cannot fight against the inevitable. My strength has gone out of me, and I am convinced that, with my present stock of physical strength, I am not equal to a journey into the interior. Mr. Hartwell will proceed at once as far as Chungking, and perhaps Kiating, and be prepared to act as circumstances arise. Mr. and Mrs. Endicott will remain here for a few months longer, and be ready to go on by February, 1896, if affairs continue favorable. Dr. and Mrs. Kilborn will be here in November and will go up at the same time as the Endicotts. Dr. Hare is still at Ichang looking after the community and studying the language. The Society will receive forty odd dollars each month for the time which he daily devotes to the community. We think it best to have a slight foothold at Ichang, to further our western projects. Missionaries coming and going will find it invaluable.

I shall leave here within two weeks for Vancouver. I am hoping and praying for full restoration to health, and am convinced now that no other course is open to me but a thorough change. Our indemnity will without doubt be paid in full, and by such time as it can be used. I am more confident of a good settlement and future openings for work than hitherto. I am glad to say the brethren are in robust health, brave, and prepared to go forward as the Master's men to their great work. I have all faith in my fellow-laborers.

Our Young Folk.

Hassan and the Three Young Men.

THE wise old Hassan sat in his door when three young men pressed eagerly by.

"Are ye following after any one, my sons?" he said.

"I follow after Pleasure," said the eldest.

"And I after Riches," said the second. "Pleasure is only to be found with Riches."

"And you, my little one?" he asked of the third.

"I follow after Duty," he modestly said.

And each went on his way.

The aged Hassan in his journey came upon three men.

"My son," he said to the eldest, "methinks thou wert the youth who was following after Pleasure. Did'st thou overtake her?"

"No, father," answered the man. "Pleasure is but a phantom that flies as one approaches."

"Thou did'st not follow the right way, my son."

"How did'st thou fare?" he asked of the second.

"Pleasure is not with Riches," he answered.

"And thou?" continued Hassan, addressing the youngest.

"As I walked with Duty," he replied, "Pleasure walked ever by my side."

"It is always thus," said the old man. "Pleasure pursued is not overtaken. Only her shadow is caught by him who pursues. She herself goes hand in hand with Duty, and they who make Duty their companion have also the companionship of Pleasure."

A Japanese Lily.

A LADY, who in her girlhood was discouraged by her lack of beauty, but lived to become a leader of society, with hosts of sincere and loving friends, says; "If I have been able to accomplish anything in life it is due to the words spoken to me in the right season, when I was a child, by a wise teacher.

"I was the only homely, awkward girl in a class of exceptionally pretty ones, and, being also dull at my books, became the butt of the school. I fell into a morose, despairing state, gave up study, and withdrew into myself, and grew daily more bitter and vindictive.

"One day the French teacher, a gray haired old woman, with keen eyes and a kind smile, found me crying.

"What is the matter, my child?" she asked. "Oh, madame; I am so ugly!" I sobbed out. She soothed me, but did not contradict me. Presently she took me into her room, and after amusing me for some time, said, 'I have a present for you, handing me a coarse lump covered with earth. 'It is round and brown as you. Ugly, did you say? Very well. We will call it by your name then—it is you. Now, you shall plant it, and water it, and give it sun for a week or two.' I planted it, and watched it carefully; the green leaves came first and at last the golden Japanese lily, the first I had ever seen. Madame came to share my delight. It was the first time that it ever occurred to me that, in spite of my ugly face, I too, might be able to win friends and make myself beloved in the world."—*Selected.*