

If a plaything is given to a baby, it examines it gravely for a little while, and then lets it drop. How different this is from a white baby's actions! A bright little six-months-old at home has four distinct methods of investigation—first, by looking; second, by touching; third, by putting the object into its mouth; and finally by banging it against the floor. The brown *menino* just looks—does not investigate at all. As the children grow old the same trait is apparent in almost every case. An Indian is content to see or hear a thing without troubling himself about the why and wherefore.

The children do not care much about playthings. We rarely see one with a rag doll. The little boys delight in bows and arrows, but they take them as part of their training. As an Indian will paddle steadily all day, while his wife hardly ceases her monotonous cotton-beating, so the little ones have an inexhaustible gift of patience. Where a white child would fret and cry, the brown one sits all day perfectly still, but watching everything around him. To see a little Indian boy in a canoe you would say there was nothing of him alive but his eyes.

Most of the boys get a little schooling after the prevalent fashion here, viz.: about an equal amount of dry text-book and smarting ferule. You will not wonder that the Amazon boys have not much idea of geography when you are told that in all their school-books there is not a single map. But they are bright students, and soon learn to read and write the easy Portuguese language.

The respect which is paid to old age is very beautiful. One sees many touching pictures—a gray-haired patriarch sitting before his door in the crimson sunset and gravely giving his hand to be kissed by sons and daughters who come to honor him; village children holding out their palms for blessings from a passing old man: young Indians bringing offerings of fish and fruit to decrepit old women who have been left destitute and are obliged to subsist on the willing charity of their neighbors. On moonlight nights the old people sit before their doors until near midnight, while the younger one stroll from house to house gossiping with their neighbors.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

A SPANISH colporteur sold a Bible some time ago, when the priest rushed up to the man who had bought it, and exclaiming, "These heretical books shall not come into the village," snatched it out of his hand, tore it, and threw it on the ground. The colporteur was stoned, and driven out of the village. Some weeks after, being obliged to pass through the village again, he hoped to do so unobserved, but was recognized almost immediately. "Are you not the man who sells Bibles?" he was asked, and on his replying "Yes," instead of an angry outburst he received the invitation, "Well, then, come into our village, we want your books." The explanation of this changed manner was that the village grocer having wrapped up his goods in pages of the torn Bible which had come into his hands, the people read those beautiful histories which they had never heard before, and then had asked God to send the man back to them. Not only did he sell all the Bibles he had with him, but they made him stay with them a few days to give them instruction.

Along the Line.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. T. CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON, December 20th, 1887.

I AM just back from a trip to Naas. I left here last Friday with the *Glad Tidings*, and we ran up the river to within about twelve miles of Greenville, when Oliver had to turn back on account of the float ice. I took a boy and the small boat and put off, hoping to reach Greenville that night, but we got caught with the float ice, and could not get more than about four miles from where the steamer left us, and we had to camp for the night. A party of men came down the river and told us of a sad scourge among the people—scarlet fever—which has taken, it is thought, about fifty children and young people. They had a letter from Brother Green, which will speak for itself. He says:—"We have had

A VERY HARD TIME HERE.

Between fifty and sixty of our people have been down with scarlet fever of a very bad form, and six in our house were down at one time. Just in the middle of it I was taken very ill with liver trouble. Our dear little boy was so sick, and gently passed away. He died on the morning of the 7th. He was conscious and knew us, and could speak to the last. He was almost two years old, and so large and fat, and could talk so prettily. The dear boy suffered a great deal in the short time he was sick. We miss him so much, yet we know it is well with him. This is the greatest trial we have met yet. I was not able to follow the dear pet to the grave. I am only just able to get into the other room yet. But the dear people have been very kind, and our Heavenly Father has been very near."

So, having read this note, we felt that we must go on, although the road was so trying. We got a little fire in an old fish camp, with the side all out, which let in the wind and snow, and here we must stay till seven a.m. Saturday morning,

WITHOUT ANY BLANKETS

to cover us. We sang and sang, and had prayers, and my boy Henry was soon asleep on one side of the fire and I sat on the other side singing till about eleven, when I fell asleep. Woke up to find the fire down, and oh, so cold! Thus we spent the night. We had bread and dried small fish, and prayer, and now as the day was coming, after such a long night, we started, and we were soon up to the ice. Found it soft and much broken up. It rained heavily, but we must haul our boat up over piles of ice and the fresh deep snow, till we could get her fast to the shore. And now we had to make our way through the woods, with the deep snow filling over the top of my gum boots, and the rain pelting down. By plodding away we got up to what is called Stoney Point, on the river, where we were obliged to go out on the ice, it was covered about a foot in depth with fresh water and snow; and I assure you, had it not been for the