

and pieces of broken circular saws, obtained from the various mills in British Columbia and Puget Sound. Their principal tool is a small adze tied to a handle with buckskin or sealskin thongs. In the early spring-time you may hear those little adzes going at a lively rate in almost every part of the village, as it is at that time they generally prepare their canoes for the summer's hunting and fishing.

(To be continued.)

Woman's Work.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

WE are standing on the threshold of a new year. What possibilities of Christian service and blessing does it bring to us in connection with our missionary work? As to the blessing, "God is not slack concerning His promises"—our motto for the year is, "Bring all the tithes into the storehouse that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove Me here-with, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Do we intend by bringing all the tithes—tithes not only of our money, but our time, our talents, ourselves—to put God to the proof. He is a covenant-keeping God, if we do our part, He will not fail in His. This work has already proved to be a great blessing to those engaged in it. It is not a question in these days, can the heathen be saved without the Gospel? but, can we be saved if we fail to send the Gospel to them? We must remember the universal brotherhood of man in Jesus Christ. The plan of redemption has made all nations as one. In God we are "made of one blood." "We are also His offspring." The nations have "redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." We need to get into sympathy with "Our Father," and whilst we remember the needs at home, still those immediately around us are all within reach of those who can point them to Christ, while thousands of our Indian brothers and sisters, and millions in far-off lands, have never heard of Christ the Redeemer of men. What shall be our share in this Christian service? It is said there is gold enough in the hills and mountains undigged and uncoined to make every man, woman and child a millionaire; and there is power enough locked up in the Church idle, unused, if it were developed and used to bring the whole world in a few brief years to the Redeemer's feet. How much of that idle, unused power do we represent? If we are not helpers we are hinderers. The success of an army depends not alone upon its generals and captains, but upon the rank and

file as well; so it is with this mighty army, the Church of God.

The Church at home is the engine of the whole machinery of the work abroad. The strongest motive power to this work must be a personal love to Christ as our Saviour. Nothing but this can beget in us a love for a helpless sin-stricken world living and dying without a knowledge of the Son of Man, who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

An anxious mother leaned over a little sufferer. She was a Christian mother. She had joined the Church in her girlhood, but had been like many other Christians, satisfied with regular attendance on Sunday services—morning and evening—and an occasional presence at the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting. She had not forsaken her faith, but as she bent over the form of her darling, her only daughter, a sense of helplessness rushed over her—a helplessness that forces the spirit from all earthly support to the heavenly—and opened her eyes to the half-hearted service she had been rendering the object of her faith. God had been good to her. He had blessed her in home, in friends, and in the gift of this lovely daughter. How had she shown her gratitude? Had she neglected the little one? Oh, no. She may have neglected her prayer-meetings her missionary meetings, her church work; but the child, no, never, never, the dear little one. She had busied herself constantly in its behalf. She had sacrificed convenience, ease, personal comfort, to minister to its wants and promote its happiness. Yes, she had left nothing undone. But now the Almighty Father was calling for the child—for her dear little daughter. How can she give her up? Never again look into those soft, blue eyes? Never again hear the patter of those little feet? "Father! Father! spare my darling!" burst from her lips. The child opens her eyes, looks into the mother's face with rare intelligence, and speaks: "Mamma, I dreamed of the poor little girl I heard the preacher tell about last Sunday. He said she had no one to love her, and did not know Jesus. I dreamed she held out her hands for me to help her. I am sorry for her. I cannot go to her now, but I will tell her of Jesus when I get well. Will you let me go?" "Yes; O yes, my daughter," the mother replied, "but you will have to go far away to help that little girl. You will not leave your mother, will you?"

"Will you not go with me, mamma? Do you not wish to help her too?" As the little one again dozed off, the mother's heart smote her that the calls of heathen children had received so little thought. Their cries had fallen upon ears filled with sounds of happy voices, upon a heart absorbed in home interests.

Again the feeble voice of the child was heard.