

No sooner said than done. The box was tumbled into the kitchen; a little skilful manipulation with a hammer removed the lid, and the first thing that appeared was a letter, pinned to one of the packages. As we all were anxious for information, Bro. M. opened the letter first, and half unconsciously read it aloud. It ran somewhat in this wise:—

*"Dear Bro.,—*As the season of good-will to men draws near, we have been thinking of our noble, self-denying missionaries who, in spite of hard work and very inadequate stipends, stand manfully at their posts, and count it their highest joy to preach Christ and Him crucified. It has occurred to us that a few packages of useful family articles might not be unacceptable, and would serve as a token that you live in the sympathies and prayers of some who esteem you in love for your work's sake, although they have never seen your face. We thought, also, of sending a few books, but on second thoughts deem it better to send the wherewithal to purchase them.

*"With earnest prayers for you and yours, and the blessed work in which you are engaged, we remain,*

*"Yours faithfully,*

*"A FEW FRIENDS IN ——— CHURCH*

As Bro. M. finished, from between the leaves of note paper two or three crisp five-dollar bills fluttered to the ground. More than once the missionary's voice had faltered, and I saw that the wife's eyes were full of tears; but withal there was a light in her face such as I had not seen there before. Nothing could now restrain the eagerness of the children to know the contents of that wonderful box, and a raid was made without further delay. But my pen fails to describe their unbounded delight as package after package came to view. A roll of cotton, another of flannel, still another of warm dress-goods, then half-a-dozen pairs of woollen socks, a bundle of yarn, several pairs of mitts, hood and jacket for baby, jackets and trousers for the boys, some new, and others not much the worse for wear; a band-box of knick-knacks that made Nellie's eyes sparkle with delight, a warm shawl for mother, a package of stationery and "the makings" of a black coat for father:—was there ever such a marvellous box seen anywhere, except on a conjurer's table?

But the shadows of night fell, and we returned to the sitting-room, which somehow seemed warmer and brighter than it did before. It was time for worship, and instinctively I turned to the 23rd Psalm and read, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." The prayer that followed from the lips—nay, from the heart—of the missionary, I shall not soon forget; just as he reached the "amen," I awoke from my day-

dream, but with a conviction that my dream was a prophecy which, in more than one mission-home, would become a history "not many days hence."

#### LETTER FROM CHIEF MOUNTAIN.

**W**HEN the General Secretary visited the Naas River, a year ago, he had several interviews with Chief Mountain, the most intelligent and influential Indian in that region. The Chief expressed the strong desire of the people to obtain instruments for a band, and stated that if only they could obtain work no help would be asked from outside; but as no work could be obtained that season, he hoped the kind people in the East would aid them. Bro. Green mentions the matter in a number of places, and gifts were obtained in sufficient amount to purchase the instruments. The following letter, dictated by Chief Mountain, has just been received at the Mission Rooms. It expresses the delight of the Chief, alike with the return of the Missionary, the advent of the long-expected band, and the prospect of a new church:—

GREENVILLE, NAAS RIVER,

B. C., October 2nd, 1886.

REV. DOCTOR SUTHERLAND:

*Dear Chief,*—I want to send you a few words from my heart to tell you how glad I am that our Missionary is back with us. And our hearts are strong because he brought such a good band for our young people to make great music with, and we want to have our people serve God with these new tools we have to work with, and I want you to thank all the kind Christian people who helped Mr. Green to buy these nice instruments, and the first words we want to play are "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

We like the plan you sent us to see for a new church, and we are pleased you remembered our words to you that we wanted a church so much, and we thank you very much for this plan. You know we worshipped nine years in our school-house, and we want a house for God—so it can be kept clean and nice, which we cannot do in a school-house. I and all my people will give all we can to help build this nice house for God, and our hearts will be stronger when we see it finished. And then we ask you to come and preach in it for us.

Give my love to all your good chiefs, and I shake hands with you all in my heart.

I am, Sir,

Your friend,

CHIEF MOUNTAIN.

#### THE MISSIONARY PROBLEM, AND HOW TO SOLVE IT.

**W**HILE interesting and encouraging reports from the great domestic and foreign missions are being presented to the public in the columns of the OUTLOOK, it is satisfactory to learn, through the information which they contain, that the men who have