

meeting-house should be too small. After our evening devotions, in which all joined, we prepared for the night. In that house of about forty by fifty feet, there were soon thirty people sleeping. A large party from the interior were staying there, as well as our party of eleven.

Sunday morning I took a walk from house to house, visited some sick, and pointed them to Jesus. At 11 a.m. I preached to the people about heaven; and in the afternoon Charles preached, and again I visited the sick. The chief's wife provided a good meal for me; and at 7 p.m. we had service again, followed by a fellowship-meeting—a good service. This over, we all took to the floor again.

The next morning the men rose early, took up their beds, and walked to the canoes. They are at the towline a good part of the day. We pass several canoes of up-river people returning, with the proceeds of their labour, from the coast, where they work during the summer. At half-past twelve we reached Kit-ye-quelk, where I met our missionary, Bro. Pierce, who joined us, and we were soon on our way. Shortly after leaving, we came to the worst part in the river, where the crews of both canoes unite and pull first one canoe and then the other over the rapids. We ran on with a good wind till half-past seven, when we made our camp, had supper and prayer, and were all down by ten o'clock.

Next morning, about ten, we arrived at our new mission, at the mouth of the Hugwil-get river. Mr. Pierce and I soon had letters and other things ready to send home by the canoes. We preached to the people, and went back to the Forks, where we had a meeting of all the Indians at night. Next morning we were off, on foot, to Kish-pi-ax, and on the way met Mr. Spencer, our missionary at that place. He turned and went back with us, and we had a blessed meeting with his people. I was glad to see that several nice little houses had been put up since I was here before, and others are about to build. A great change has taken place. This is a lovely place for a village.

Next morning was foggy, but it soon cleared off, and was fine and very warm. After service with the people, and looking at some logs for a house, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Pierce, and I, walked down to the Forks. We called on the Church Missionary Society's missionary, and took supper with the Hudson Bay Company's agent; and then we found a canoe ready to start down the river; so we got aboard and came down as far as the junction of the Skeena and Hugwil-get rivers, where we stayed for the night. This is the site of our new mission—a beautiful place. We had a good service, and then Bro. Pierce and I got ready to proceed down the river, while Mr. Spencer returned to his post. We visited some fishing-camps by the way, and came as far as Kit-ye-guela—Bro. Pierce's mission. Here we had two meetings with the people—one being to consider the building of a new church. We were now on our way home, and six o'clock next morning saw us off. We called at Krit-on-gah for breakfast, visited some sick, and were soon on our way again. We reached Kit-sum-kalum by 10 p.m.

It was a lovely, moonlight night, otherwise it would not have been safe to run the bars at night. This was Saturday night, so here we spent the Sabbath. We had a good day—three services, and a large number of people. God bless them! On Monday morning we continued our journey. A fair wind, and the current with us, brought us to Port Essington, at the mouth of the river, by 8 p.m. Next day we were home, glad to find all well.

There are hundreds of poor people up that river who have no teacher. Who will go to carry them the light?

Yours truly,

T. CROSBY.

### Gallant Boys of the Evanston Methodist University.

MEY who have sailed on the great lakes for forty years, pronounce the general gales of last week the severest during their experience. The wind was heavy, the waves were mountainous, and, withal, there was a driving snow-storm, which made it almost impossible to see sea or shore.

On the day before Thanksgiving, a large steam-barge, carrying a crew of eighteen, came ashore opposite Fort Sheridan, near the Lake Bluff camp ground. The vessel was leaking, and, as the water was about to put out the engine-fires, she was intentionally "beached." The stranded steamer's lights were noticed from the shore during the night, and word was sent to the light-saving station at Evanston, whence the crew arrived with their surf-boat, by train, on the shore opposite the wreck, at daybreak.

An effort was made with the apparatus to fire a line aboard the vessel, but the shots fell short. Captain Lawson, in charge of the crew, then ordered the life-boat to be launched, though it seemed as if it could not live in the breakers a half-hour. Briefly stated, the boat, with infinite labour and danger, made three trips to the wreck, carrying six rescued men each time.

The entire crew of the wrecked vessel were brought safely to the beach, and were fed and warmed by the hospitable garrison at the fort. The banks at the place are very high, and much labour was necessary to get the life-boat down to the water's edge without harm. The soldiers gave vital aid. When the boat was ready, the crew took their places on the thwarts, oars in hand, and the soldiers fairly by hand shot the boat out into the boiling surf. Strong arms, and as strong hearts, enabled the boat's crew to stem the tempest, and, foot by foot, to fight their way out to the helpless, shivering, weary, and, but for these heroes, hopeless, shipwrecked eighteen men. The rescued crew, without exception, declare the heroic salvation to be the bravest thing they ever witnessed.

That life-saving crew is made up of university students, who are paid and drilled by the Government for this very duty. All honour to the gallant young men who, as we have often noted in the past, have done equally fine work. The only one in the crew who is not a student is Capt. Lawson, who has been in charge of the station for years. The crew proper changes from time to time, as the students leave school and others come, but the change is gradual, and the high standard is maintained.

The life-saving station, which stands on the university grounds, is always ready for service from the first of April to the middle of December. That service, in general, is one of the most honourable and beneficent among the many arms of governmental organization.

The total number of stations on sea and lake-coasts is 225, and, from the proper point of estimate, the service is self-supporting. The Evanston crew has made a fine record, and we heartily congratulate it for this last splendid instance of gallantry. Only those who are accustomed to the sea when in a rage, can fully appreciate the blessings of this last resort for the wrecked. In fact, the rage of the lakes is almost more terrible than that of the wider ocean. The waves on the inland seas are savage, and more dangerous because of the shallower water and shorter distances between wave-crests. Thousands live to bless the gallant crews which have snatched them from the very jaws of death.—*North-Western Christian Advocate.*

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### Perfect Trust.

[These lines were written by Mrs. Ellen J. Martin, of East Coleraine, Mass., a short time before her death. The shore was nearer than she knew. Suddenly her boat struck land. We could not see for the mists that hid her, but we feel sure she has anchored in the haven of eternal rest—L. M. H.]

My boat is on the open sea  
Which storms and tempests toss,  
I do not know the ills I'll meet  
Before I get across.

I do not know how long or short  
The checkered way may be,  
But patient I'll abide His time  
Who built the boat for me.

'Tis fully manned in every part,  
Hope is the anchor fair;  
The compass that it bears is faith,  
And every oar is prayer.

Sometimes I see the breakers nigh,  
The ocean madly roars,  
But all I do is simply this—  
Bend closer to the oars.

Sometimes the waves dash mountain high,  
And threaten me to strand;  
I fear not, for He holds them in  
The hollow of his hand.

The fog at times obscures my course,  
And clouds shut out the light,  
But well I know I cannot drift  
Beyond the Father's sight.

I know not where the shoals may lie,  
Nor where the whirlpools be,  
It is enough, dear Lord, to feel  
That they are known to thee.

And thus content I glide along,  
If either slow or fast,  
Well knowing He will bring my boat  
Safe into port at last.

### The Priest and his Dinner.

AN Irish priest was standing at the corner of a square about the hour of dinner when one of his countrymen, observing the worthy father in perplexity, thus addressed him:

"O, Father O'Leary, how is your riverence?"

"Mightily put out, Pat," was the reply.

"Put out! Who'd put out your riverence?"

"Ah, you don't understand; that is just it. I am invited to dine at one of the houses in this square, and I have forgotten the name, and I never looked at the number, and now it is nearly one o'clock."

"O, is that all?" was the reply. "Just now be aisy, your riverence; I'll settle that for you."

So saying, away flew the good natured Irishman around the square, glancing at the kitchens, and when he discovered a fire that denoted hospitality, he thundered at the door and enquired:

"Is Father O'Leary here?"

As might be expected again and again he was repulsed. At length an angry footman exclaimed: "No; bother on Father O'Leary, he is not here; but he was to dine here to-day, and the cook is in a rage, and says the dinner will be spoiled. All is waiting for Father O'Leary."

Paddy, leaping from the door as if the steps were on fire, rushed up to the astonished priest, saying:

"All is right, your riverence; you dine at forty-three, and a mighty good dinner you'll get."

"O Pat," said the grateful pastor, "the blessings of a hungry man be upon you."

"Long life and happiness to your riverence! I have got your malady. I only wish I had your cure."

We think Pat deserved an invitation to dinner after that, though a man with his shrewdness might manage to pick up a dinner in some way.