

Along the Line.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. A. E. GREEN, dated GREENVILLE,
NAAS RIVER, B.C., Feb. 22nd, 1887.

I WOULD like to write you a short account of our orphanage. From a small beginning it has grown upon our hands to be quite a care, and, we believe, quite an effective part of our work. We had no thought of commencing this work, and it seemed to force itself upon us: first, a little seven-year-old boy, whose father was dead, and whose mother had gone to Victoria to live a life of shame, leaving the boy to shift the best he could. For a few weeks he found food in going from house to house, but soon the people tired of this, and he often suffered hunger. Then his old clothes gave out; he was nearly naked, and no one gave to him. Then he came to the mission, and would stand around the door, sometimes bringing a little wood into the house; and one night I found he had gone to sleep in the reception room. He looked frightened when discovered, but I could not scold him. Encouraged by this, he brought his old dirty blanket (all he possessed) and took up his residence in the Mission House. We saw he had come to dwell with us, and we had not hearts to send him away; so we put him in a bath, cut his hair, put some new clothes on him, and he would have passed for another boy, so changed was he in appearance. Quick to learn, he soon understood our English talk, and we were pleased to see how attentive he was to

BIBLE STORIES.

He soon began to speak in my Monday evening class meeting, to tell he knew the love of Jesus, and often we would hear him singing at his work—

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

He has regularly attended our day-school, has a fair English education and a good knowledge of Bible truths. The past winter he has acted as interpreter for our teacher in the school, and on the Sabbath in preaching the gospel at the village of Kithicks. Sometimes the old nature shows itself, but on the whole he is a good boy. He has been in the mission house eight years, is now fifteen, and will go out this spring, as he is now able to get his living; for besides book knowledge, he has been taught to work. He is a skilful worker; may he be a noble man. We baptized him Henry. We have also had his younger brother (named Willie) in the house three years. He is not so gifted as his brother, and was much trouble at first; but he is now a much better boy, learning slowly, and can write and speak our language.

IN A GREAT STORM,

in 1879, news was brought to our village that a white man and three half-breed children were without food

or blankets near the village of Kit-lach-tamux. Notwithstanding the storm, several Indians volunteered to go with me to their relief. We made the journey on snow shoes through the storm, reached the village, and preached the gospel. We found the old man, a daughter and two little boys all huddled together in the corner of a little log cabin, with an old bear-skin over them; they had no food, and but fragments of clothing. My Indians took off part of their own clothes and put them on the boys, one aged six and the other eight. Our native teacher's wife got a dress for the girl, and we gave them food. The poor old man begged with tears that I would take the children, and so they came down the river with us. The first night we camped under a large pine tree, and after supper tried to sleep, but could not. The wind was so intensely cold we could not keep warm, and so had to walk on to keep from freezing. When the boys grew tired our men would carry them. We baptized them, one taking the name John, the other George. We have had these boys for years. The eldest has now gone out,

ABLE TO CARE FOR HIMSELF,

and able to read and write. We trust he will be made a blessing wherever he goes. The youngest, George, is still with us—a lively boy, full of fun, a little mischievous, but quick to learn. He is a good reader, and acts sometimes as interpreter. We trust he will be a noble man, and lead others to the Saviour. The father died suddenly in 1882, and so we must take care of this boy till he is able to care for himself. Another boy, whom I baptized Fred, was given me by his dying father, who sent for me and said: "I am dying, but I am going to Jesus. I am on the ladder; one more step and I shall be at the top with Jesus. I want you to take my boy and be a father to him, and teach him to be a Christian. My friends are heathens, and if they take my boy they will make him forget about God, and they will take him the wrong road, and then he won't come to me in heaven." I did promise, and took Fred into the Mission House. He is an earnest Christian, and is learning fast.

A little fellow, whom we named Moses McKay, was brought to us four years ago. His father died in 1877. His mother said she could not get clothes for him, as she was sickly, and gave him to me. He was dull and very slow, and at first did not take to the school. Stammering a good deal, he seemed to be ashamed to be with the more advanced pupils, and tried the teacher much. But he has got on wonderfully, and now loves his book and tries to live a Christian. His mother died in great peace the first week in this year, and we promised the dying woman that Moses should still have a home in the Mission House.

Willie No. 2 was sent to us a long way. He is a strange, wild boy, and at times we do not know what to do with him; but we cannot send him away. Oh, that he may get a new heart and be a better boy! In addition to the day school and Bible knowledge taught, we have taught them different kinds of labour. There seems to have been among the Indians an inherited aversion to labour. To meet this we have tried to teach them to work, and to show them the