

TELLING THE STORY.

Little Blue Eyes is sleepy,
Come here and be rocked to sleep;
Shall I sing to you, darling, or tell you
The story of little Bo-Peep?
Of the cows that got into the meadow,
Boy Blue fast asleep in the hay?
If I'm to be story-teller,
What shall I tell you, pray?

"Tell me"—the blue eyes opened
Like pansies when they blow—
Of the baby in the manger,
The little child Christ, you know;
I like to hear that story,
The best of all you tell;
And the little one nestled closer,
As the twilight shadows fell.

Then I told my darling over
The old, old tale again,
Of the Baby born in the manger,
And the Christ who died for men,
Of the great warm heart of Jesus,
And the children whom He blessed,
Like the blue-eyed boy who listened,
As he lay upon my breast.

And I prayed, as my darling slumbered,
That this child, with eyes so sweet,
Might learn from the Saviour's lessons,
And sit at the Master's feet.
Pray God he may never forget it,
But always love to hear
The old and the beautiful story,
That now to him is dear.

—Youth's Companion.

HALF AN AUDIENCE OF TWO.

BY LEIGH YOUNG.

'Is it worth while to hold the meeting to-night, do you think?' asked a Londoner of his friend one raw December night in 1856.

'Perhaps not,' answered the other, doubtfully; 'but I do not like to shirk my work, and, as it was announced, some one might come.'

'Come on, then,' said the first speaker; 'I suppose we can stand it.'

The night was black as ink, and the rain poured in torrents; but the meeting of the English Missionary Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was held, in spite of the elements, in a brightly-lighted chapel in Covent Garden. A gentleman, passing, by, took refuge from the storm, and made up half the audience that listened to a powerful plea for the North American Indians in British Columbia.

'Work thrown away,' grumbled the Londoner, as they made their way back to Regent Square.

'Who knows?' replied the missionary. 'It was God's word, and we are told that it shall nor fall to the ground unheeded.' Was it work thrown away?

The passer-by who had stepped in by accident tossed on his couch all night, thinking of the horrors of the heathenism of which he had heard that night for the first time. And in a month he had sold out his business, and was on his way to his mission work among the British Columbia Indians, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society.

Thirty-five years afterwards we found him, last summer, surrounded by 'his children,' as he loves to call them,—the centre and head of the model mission station of the northwest coast, an Arcadian village of civilized Indians. It is the romance of missions.

The Hudson Bay company then dominated everything in British Columbia, and in the extreme north-west of the province lay Fort Simpson, the chief trading-post for all that region, where the great canoe market and the feasts and dances of the Indians brought every fall to the post throngs of natives from the interior.

Here Mr. Duncan began his work and labored for four years; but the evils and temptations surrounding such a place offset all his efforts, and he determined to go off by himself, and gather the Indians about him at some place where they would be safe from other influences. Fifty Chimsyans started with him, and in the centre of a wild, unbroken wilderness, just south of the Alaska line, he pitched his tents, and founded the colony of Metlakahla.

A strip of land in the centre was first marked off for church purposes, and the rest of the territory assigned to them was divided among the Indians.

It was considered a doubtful experiment at first, but Mr. Duncan put his whole

heart and soul into it, and the same practical good sense that had brought him success in the busy world of London produced the same results in the wilderness of the Pacific coast. Every Indian who went with him, and every one who came to join the colony, was made to sign a temperance pledge, agree to give up their medicine men with all their rites and incantations, and to do no work on Sunday.

At the end of twenty odd years there was a well-laid-out village, with two-story houses, sidewalks, street lamps, and all necessary conveniences. A large Gothic church has been built, with a comfortable rectory adjoining; and around the village green, in the centre of the settlement, stands a school-house, a public hall, and a store. All of these were built by the Indians themselves, and with their own saw-mill and planing-mill they have turned out the lumber as well. Mr. Duncan has taught them all, working with them himself, and dividing the profits of labor among them. They have built and established their own cannery; for salmon fishing and curing is the great industry of the coast, and it is operated as a joint-stock company. It is wonderful how these so short time ago savages understand the scheme, and draw their dividends as naturally as if the custom had descended to them from their ancestors. The cannery is a marvel of neatness. Everything is done by the Indians, from first catching fish to making the cans, filling, soldering, heating, varnishing, labelling, and packing. And the Metlakahla salmon bring the highest price in the London market. An average of six thousand cases are shipped every year.

The women have been taught to spin and weave the fleece of the mountain goat into heavy cloth, shawls and blankets. Boots, shoes, ropes, and leather are also made among them, and there is a carpenter's shop in the town where they make really beautiful carved wood boxes. A telephone connects the store with the saw-mill. The steam launch belonging to the company is engineered by one of themselves, and the whole place seems a little world of its own. There is a visitors' house for the entertainment of friends from the neighboring tribes, and boat-loads come down often to see the workings of the village, whose fame has spread far abroad.

But even in this far-off corner of the earth, faith and patience and good works could not be left to carry on their perfect work, and jealousy of Mr. Duncan's work came in to mar the peace of the settlement.

A difficulty ensued with a bishop sent out by the Church of England. The rector moved from the parsonage, and gave it up to the bishop, who not only established himself in the house, but also assumed charge of all the services. The Indians were informed that their warehouse and store had been built upon ground belonging to the Church. Instead of placing it under Episcopal jurisdiction, as the bishop had intended, the Metlakahlas went to work in a body, pulled down the buildings, and set them up outside the proscribed limits. In the effort to prevent the removal of the bishop's dignity was wounded, and he sent down to Victoria and asked the protection of a British man-of-war, declaring he was not safe, the villagers were so savage.

From bad to worse the feeling grew, and discord, enmity, and sorrow followed, until at last the missionary saw with reluctance that one party or the other must leave; and he pushed off into the wilderness for the second time, to begin over again the work of a lifetime.

Coming with his devoted band over the boundary line, the brave pioneer entered Alaska, and, making temporary arrangements for 'his children,' he went to Washington to secure a grant of land from the government. He found a friend in a congressman from New York, got his grant through, and founded his colony of New Metlakahla on American soil in 1886.

Much of this I heard on the ship which took me to Alaska last summer, and at Old Metlakahla we had seen the town which had grown up so wonderfully, and naturally my desire was great to see the man whose name we had heard all up and down the coast as a synonym of piety, justice, goodness, and benevolence.

It was a bright, lovely June morning when we dropped anchor half a mile from

the shore of New Metlakahla. There is no landing-wharf. Mr. Duncan, warned, perhaps, by past experience, does not wish to make communication with his colony too easy; so we were rowed off from the ship's side in small boats, and landed at the foot of the cannery, which is just on the shore. Here our hat met us, and his kindly face, his honest blue eyes, his cheery laugh, and his genial smile, went straight to our hearts; and one does not wonder that the most savage Indian cannot withstand that magnetic presence.

As we went about among the colony, and saw everywhere the evidence of his careful supervision, even to minute details, I wondered more and more at the indomitable energy, patience, and perseverance of this wonderful man. When the move was made to American soil, the forms of the Anglican church were discarded and the community named themselves The Christian Church of New Metlakahla, the members signing a paper, pledging themselves to exclusively follow the teachings of the Bible as the rule of faith, and to do their utmost to preserve the spiritual and temporal prosperity and harmony of the community.

Of course, in six years one does not expect the results of twenty-seven; but here, in embryo, are the same trades and industries, church and school, public sentiment and manner of life, that made Old Metlakahla the pride of British Columbia.

An unbroken wilderness it was indeed when the little band took possession of the forest, and even now part of the wilderness remains, in tangled paths, stumps of trees, and masses of undergrowth; but all that will be cleared away in time. Their leader has given them civilization, education, arts, trades, and religion. And the bright faces of the boys and girls who sang the gospel songs and recited their Scripture lessons for us made a memory picture that will not soon fade.—*St. Paul's School Times.*

OFF THE RIGHT TRACK.

BY SARAH K. DOLTON.

I used very often to go out to our workhouse on Sunday afternoon, taking the boys a bushel of red apples or some pretty cards, and talk to them about turning over a new leaf and making good men in the world, because a boy cannot almost always be just what he sets out to be. If he is bound to get an education he will get it. If he is determined to be rich, he usually becomes so. If he has made up his mind to be a statesman, in some cases out of ten he will be one. A boy who lived near me had made up his mind to go to college, but he was very poor and used to drive oxen, and plough for a neighbor. He studied Latin with the book before him on a sort of framework he had made on the plough. His mother washed for a living. By-and-by he went to college, I became a noble minister, and I have often heard him preach. He willed to do it and he succeeded.

The workhouse was a big brick building where people were placed who broke the law. It had one part where boys were made to work at chairs or shoes or brooms. Most of these boys had fathers or mothers who were not gentle or valuable. A harsh mother usually makes a harsh boy.

On the front seat was one of the handsomest lads I have ever seen. His eyes were large and dark, his complexion fair as a girl's, his forehead high, and his whole manner gentlemanly. He was perhaps sixteen. He had a sad expression, but his face brightened always as he came, the last one, to bid me good-bye. I learned from the lady who had charge that his father and mother had died early, and that he had been taken into a nice family, and had a good position in a store. He wanted more money than he earned; some of the boys he went with had rich fathers. How should he get it? There were rides to be paid for and cigars.

The proprietor used to send to the post-office for his mail on Sunday, a bad example for the young boy under his control. One Sabbath morning when James brought back the mail and sat alone in the office, he opened one letter that had a bill in it. He was somewhat in debt. He had never taken a cent before, but this would not be known, he thought. After a great many

doubts and misgivings he put the bill in his pocket and tore up the letter.

In a few days it became known that such a letter had been sent; the postmaster remembered that he gave James one with that particular name on the end of the envelope, and the result was the boy went to the workhouse for a year.

It had been a long weary year. The food had been poor, the bed hard, the boys about him most of them coarse, and not fond of books as he was, and alas, he was disgraced. One wrong action had done it. He did not say No to temptation. "Where will you go, James?" I said one Sunday as I was leaving.

"I don't know; nobody would take me, I suppose. I haven't any home. I wish I had a mother; may be she would forgive me."

"Well, you pray, James, and I will too, and I'll see if a place can't be found."

And all that week I went among my best friends. They all said "We don't dare try a boy who either drinks or steals. He can't be trusted."

"But what shall a boy do who is homeless, and wants to begin again? Many a man steals or cheats and is forgiven. Now do give this boy one trial." But they all said "We must have a boy who does right."

His face brightened as he saw me on the next Sabbath. "I prayed for a place," he said, "and did you get one?"

How could I tell him no, and he without a shelter save my own home, which was already full.

I asked the Lord to show me a place for him. When I had almost given up hope, a letter came from a wealthy merchant in the city many miles away, saying "I will try him for your sake, but it's hard for a boy who gets off the right track to get on again."

James was very happy when I told him, and went away to his home among strangers with a gladder heart than he had had for months. The merchant and his family grew very fond of him. He went to church and Sunday school, and the old stain was getting well nigh washed out.

"Hallo, Jim!" said a rough voice one day in the store. "Don't you remember me in the old workhouse?"

James did remember, but he hoped he would not remain long.

"No place to stay, Jim; out of money and nothing to eat. What's a fellow going to do?"

So James shared his bed with him and his money. The newcomer hung about the store, got James to stay away from Sunday school to walk with him out into the country, and finally, for evil gets power over us inch by inch, he told James how he had stolen a suit of clothes from the large stock of the merchant, because his were shabby, and Mr. T. would never miss them. And by and by he told him he had taken a few more articles in clothing, but he must not tell of him because he was his friend. He was going to start a little shop of his own. At last James himself assisted in taking clothes for this new store. Sin usually is found out. James was suspected, the stolen goods were found in his room, and he was sent to the State Prison for two years, while the one who led him into the wrong ran away and was never seen afterward. Prison fare and work were trying. I sent him papers and wrote him occasionally because he had no mother; but, alas, how hard it was to get on the right track again.

When the two years were over, I saw, one summer morning, a handsome boy coming up the walk leading to my home with a rosebush covered with red roses which he had walked four miles to bring me, very likely having only enough money to buy the flower and none to pay for his ride. I have never seen him since that June morning, though I have heard that in a Western Territory he has come back to right living. He has learned by bitter experience what evil associates will do for one, and how if one yields to temptation it is hard to be trusted again. It is easy to get off the right track; it is very, very hard to get back again.—*Congregationalist.*

IT IS VAIN to think we can take any delight in being with Christ hereafter, if we care not how little we are in his company here.—*Adam.*