

'Send me to the Red Indians,' he said. 'I'm young and strong; and I didn't come into Christ's ministry for a soft job.'

So Tim's first regular pastorate was up the Skeena River, in British Columbia, with the Indians to spend the winter there, and come down to the coast in summer for the salmon fishing.

He was nearly drowned on the journey; but he just caught the end of the canoe as he fell out of it, and his strong young arms conquered the swift current of the Skeena for that time.

Then he settled down for his first winter among the Indians—the only white man for hundreds of miles, shut out for five months by long leagues of snow from all intercourse with civilization.

As he said, he could study astronomy to great advantage through the roof of his hut, and could perfect himself in cookery for his own benefit, and in surgery for that of the natives, to whom he was doctor and judge, as well as preacher.

The ex-street Arab was a magistrate, too, entitled to write J.P., after his name, and to administer the law over a district as large as England. What would he have said in the old days, if some flash of prophecy had revealed that bit of the future to him, as he scudded barefoot through the streets to avoid the 'copper'!

Next winter was less lonely, for a brave Canadian girl was not afraid to put her hand in his, and go out into the wilds with him.

His Braves received Mrs. Tim with great respect, and with even greater awe did they look on Mrs. Tim's harmonium.

'She is a good singer,' they said, (meaning the instrument, not the lady). 'Shan't we make her a deer-skin shirt, to keep her from being cold-sick?'

Tim's present ambition is to bring his wife to see his friends in the Old Country, but the journey is costly, and a Methodist preacher's stipend is modest.

When a few dollars are laid by, some stone-broke miner from Klondyke happens along, or some of the Braves or papooses, get ill, or something expensive occurs to somebody, and Tim's heart is not hard enough to keep his purse shut.

So his bright face has not yet been seen again 'at home,' as he pathetically calls it—poor home as it was to him.

To those who knew him in England, the thought of the true manly life of devotion to God and man he is living so far away is a motive for trying to lift other young lives out of the cruel streets, in whose mire Tim was once in danger of being trampled.

This story reads like a romance; but every word of it is absolutely true.

How we Studied the Temperance Lesson.

(By Emma Gaves Dietrick, in 'Sunday School Times,')

It was a beautiful Sunday in the late fall, just the sort of day that makes a restless, wide-awake boy want to be outdoors instead of quietly in Sunday-school. There were seven of my nine present, and all alike bubbling over with life and fun. Now, it is my experience that there is little use in a system of repression expressed in continual 'don'ts,' especially with boys as old as these,—for they are fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen years of age.

It was the temperance lesson, and the

verses were in Proverbs and not one of them appealed directly to these boys, who were brimful of enthusiasm over yesterday's football game.

Here was the teacher's problem: Given seven active, restless young fellows, interested chiefly in fun and frolic, and a Sunday-school lesson composed of wise maxims intended to be used in enforcing temperance truths,—how can the two be so combined that the result will make for nobler manhood, higher aims, and a greater love for Bible truths? Did we accomplish anything? Yes, I believe we did.

First, you must bear in mind that there had been established, months before, a real bond of fellowship between teacher and class. They are positively sure that their teacher is thoroughly interested in base-ball, foot-ball, the last school examination, a game of hare and hounds, a new wheel, or anything else that comes into their bright young lives, and they are right. Whatever touches my boys touches me.

This time they eagerly told of yesterday's game, and 'who beat.' It was very easy to ask if the home team had any rules for training, and what they were, and of what use. After the boys had told, in their animated way, how the team trained, it was perfectly appropriate to say, 'Boys, if you were going to form a club for a good time, what rules would you have?' If you had seen the faces, you would have known how fully they entered into the idea. 'Don't swear,' 'No drinking,' 'No smoking,' 'Don't quarrel,' 'No gambling allowed,' 'Fellows mustn't act like rowdies,' 'If you don't like the club, get out, but don't kick up a row,' were some of the rules named.

The teacher said, approvingly, 'That's quite a strong list, but I wonder if you noticed one thing those rules all have in common?' A brief silence, and one said, 'Is it the 'don't' part?' 'Yes,' was the answer; 'it is what we call a set of negative rules. Now I'd like some positive ones.' This took some thought, but one by one the boys responded with 'Be sober,' 'Be clean,' 'Be honest,' 'Be true,' and one, with a twinkle in his eye, added, 'Be-have.'

'That is fine,' was the teacher's comment. 'Now the next thing is to find a way to live these rules. I shall never be satisfied to have my boys live on a negative plan,—simply not to do bad things. I want positive living, the being the best things. How shall we do it?'

A brief article such as this must be will not suffice to give the whole of the next twenty-minute talk on true, clean living. It was not a lecture by the teacher, but a real heart-to-heart talk. We defined temperance for ourselves as using all good things carefully, and letting all bad things alone. Every bit of the teaching was along positive instead of negative lines, and it would have done your heart good to see the boys hunt through the day's lesson for rules of practice. It was not only easy, but perfectly natural, to say, as the lesson time ended, 'You see, boys, Christ was a man of positive character; and, if you mean to live true, brave, strong, manly lives, you will just have to take him for your model, and his word for your guide.'

We had talked the lesson over as applying to ourselves, not simply What does the lesson mean? but What does it mean to me? and when the closing bell struck, one of the boys said, 'We're had a splendid lesson. I've always thought Proverbs was dry till to-day;' and another added, 'I like temperance lessons like this; it sticks to a fellow.'

Does this mean preparation on the part of the teacher? Indeed it does,—and not only study, but prayer every day of the week. It means study of the lesson and study of the class, and prayer for grace to fit the lesson to each one's need.

Our Book Corner.

A charming book for children, entitled 'Sleepy Time Stories,' by Mrs. Maud Balington Booth, beautifully illustrated by Maud Humphrey, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. (For sale by Wm. Foster Brown, 2323 St. Catherine street, Montreal. Price, \$1.50.)

Chauncey M. Depew, in his introduction, says:—'Far more useful than the authors of the "Arabian Nights," is the writer who captures and captivates budding intelligence, and becomes a moulding force in its development. In the dreary desert of child lore it is like an oasis to the thirsty soul to find so bright, loving, and natural an interpreter and instructor as Mrs. Balington Booth. Her great talent as a speaker upon devotional and religious subjects, and her exceptional talent in making them intelligible and popular in drawing-rooms and in the slums, are evident in these sketches.'

Some of the chapters are entitled 'Butterfly-Blue and Butterfly-Dear,' 'Tiger-Lily's Death, and Dandelion's Doings,' 'Baby Dimple's Yellow Canary leaves Home,' 'Yellow Dickey's Troubles.' The story of two little lambs is a particularly sweet good-night tale. The foolish little lamb, who disobediently leaves the safe shelter of the great pasture with its tender grass and running streams, because he 'wants to do just as he likes,' finds that dangers are not always pleasant, nor satisfying. The straying lamb lies down in the forest to sleep, but his bleatings have reached the ear of a cruel mountain lion who comes swiftly creeping to the spot, only other in surprise, and then the little Black Lamb (for it was a Lamb also), said inquiringly: 'Where have you come from?' 'From home.' 'Where is home?' 'Why, home is the green pastures and the beautiful fields, and the clear stream, and the flowers, and the sunshine.' And at the very thought of it all, the poor little lamb began to cry.

'What did you come here for, then? I would have stayed there if I had any such nice place as that to live in.'

'Don't you come from a place like that? I thought all lambs lived where I did, and only wolves lived out in horrid dark places like these.'

'No, I do not come from there,' answered the Black Lamb. . . . 'Well, why on earth did you come away? If I had all those good things, and lived in a lovely place, I would not come away here to look for wolves and hunger and dangerous places to tumble down.'

'I did not come down to look for them,' bleated the poor little Lamb, I just jumped the stream, because I wanted to get my own way, and do what I liked, but I did not know I would get into such a path and be so miserable.'

'What's the good of having your own way? I have always had that and it is all stones, and tumbles, and hard places, and hunger, and cold, and loneliness; but I do not know any other way or I would try to find it.'

The way in which both little Lambs called at last for the Shepherd and were carried tenderly home by Him, after being washed and made white as snow, brings the tale to the happy termination without which no child's story is perfect. Parents will find this an instructive as well as highly entertaining book for the little ones.