

Spencer on being chosen for such a grand work, assuring her of the sympathy and prayers of those left behind. His remarks were appropriate, touching and inspiring.

The excellent choir of the church sang several suitable anthems during the evening, and a solo, "Ashamed of Jesus," was well given by Miss Netty Cowles.

The meeting was an exceedingly interesting one, and the remembrance of it will live for many long years in the minds of those who attended.

*Letter from MISS HENDRY, dated PORT SIMPSON,
October 16th, 1884.*

I WOULD, in commencing this letter, sincerely apologize for not writing before, and would ask and claim your forgiveness for seeming indifference towards you and the many dear friends in connection with our Women's Missionary Society, to whom I shall ever feel grateful for your great kindness to me in my far-away home. I pray that our dear heavenly Father, who has promised to "supply all our need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (our best Friend) may abundantly reward you all for your works of faith and labor of love.

I received your kind letter on the 5th, but not in time to comply with your request, as you said your annual meeting would be held in October. How much I would enjoy being with you at that time. Yet while we are widely separated, what a comfort to know that we can often meet at the throne of grace, and prayer is always heard in heaven. Oh! what a privilege to realize that we are one in the great work of our blessed Lord and Master, and the sweet assurance that if we are faithful in the discharge of duty our labors will not be in vain in the Lord.

I have never had reason to regret my coming to this work, although there are many things in connection with the "Home" that are very trying and unpleasant, but I have been learning many precious lessons and getting better acquainted with Jesus as an ever-present and abiding Saviour. Then the indwelling of the Holy Spirit as my Comforter and Guide has been such a real blessing to me, resulting in a stronger attachment to and a greater love for the work to which I have been called. My first year was one of change and anxiety, having so much sickness in the "Home," and the death of two of my dear girls was quite a severe trial. Yet I had much to comfort me while

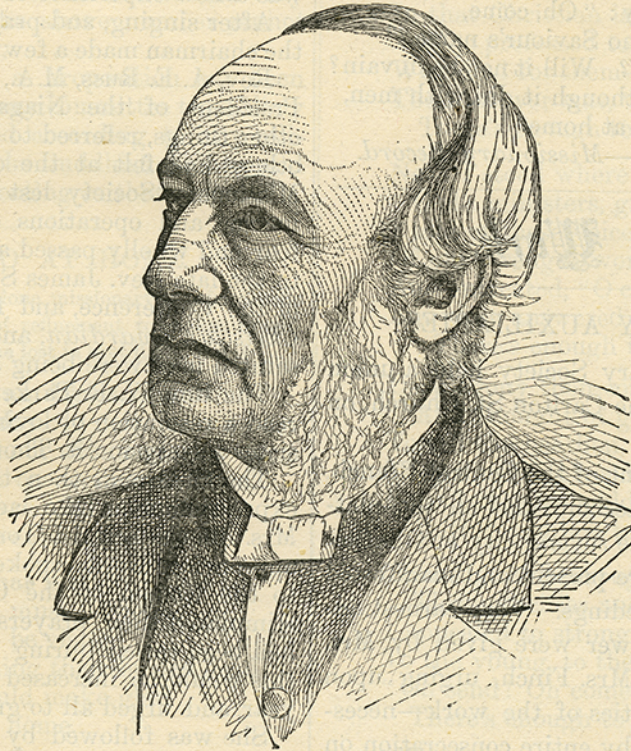
watching with and caring for the poor suffering ones, and as we talked, sung, and prayed together, we seemed to get very near the promised land. We were very much attached to each other; they could not bear me to leave them, and when I heard their expressions of gratitude for my instructions both temporal and spiritual, I felt well rewarded for any sacrifice that I had made. Thank God! I know they are sharing in the glories of heaven.

Our greatest trial was in the following spring when the people were leaving their homes, and larger girls became so reckless and dissatisfied that several of them left without permission. But I have learned since that they had done so many times before. It has been much better since Mr. Crosby moved to their new house, and we have the "Home" to ourselves; the girls have been more contented and happy and willing to be taught in every way.

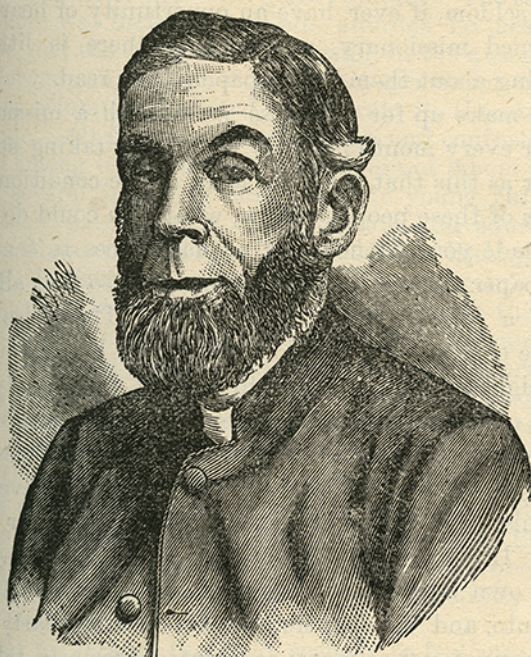
I had eleven last winter; two of them were quite ill for some time with something like intermittent fever which was prevalent here. Hannah soon recovered, but my poor little Dollie Robinson, who was always very delicate and a great care to me, grew weaker, yet complained of nothing but a sore throat. She was the most loving, ill-natured child I ever knew, but it was wonderful the change her sickness wrought in her. She felt sorry for sin and said she told it all to God, who forgave her for Jesus' sake. I watched with and waited on her day and night for several weeks. Her last days were bright and happy, and when the messenger came she was not afraid but quietly passed away to her better home above. I felt her death very much, as I have a

great love for my peculiar, charge, and have much encouragement in my work, although there is much patience and perseverance required. The people are naturally so dirty and improving rapidly and see the necessity of cleanliness and order. I teach them indolent, but my girls are all kinds of house-work, knitting, sewing, making mats and different kinds of fancy work. We could do much towards keeping the "Home" if we could get employment, but our people are too poor for anything in that way.

Last summer Alice, one of the largest, was quite ill with paralysis, and laid almost helpless for some days; she is better but not very strong. When she first came to me she was quite dull and disagreeable, now she is a bright and, I believe, a sincere Christian. I often find her with her Bible open before her at her work, or away alone reading or in prayer. I instruct



REV. S. D. RICE, D.D.



REV. JOHN CARROLL, D.D.

them in the Scriptures three times a day and have them all commit one verse to memory every day. We have some very profitable seasons in the study of the Word and at family worship.

I have thirteen girls now and others are anxious to come, but I have not the privilege of taking them in. Nearly all that have left the "Home" have visited me and expressed their desire to be with me again. It is indeed a very great charge, so many different dispositions to please. Yet while we have many discouragements we have much to encourage and comfort our hearts, especially when we see those committed to our charge rising from a life of sin and degradation to that of happiness and joy. Thank God! I have some visible tokens of His saving power in the hearts and lives of my dear girls; then I have so much to cheer and strengthen me in my work among the people.

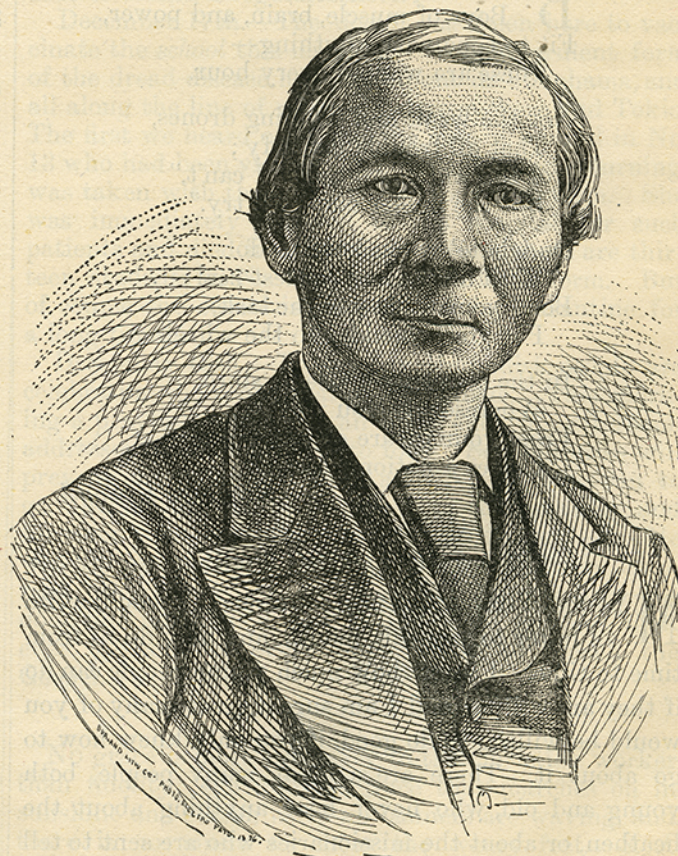
I have a meeting every Wednesday afternoon for the spiritual and temporal improvement of the women, a class for the young women and girls after school the same day. Both are well attended and, I believe, will be a blessing to all.

The "Home" would be very monotonous but for these gatherings, and my daily visits among the sick and aged, where I find many calls for sympathy from both heart and pocket. What a blessing that we can give, if it is but the cup of cold water in the name of a disciple. We find many objects of pity, sometimes three or four sick and aged in one room, lying on the floor in poverty and dirt, scarcely able to help each other. I often think what a wonderful change when the happy spirits rise to wear the new white robes, for as a rule our people die well.

Mr. Crosby has been at Victoria for two months and will not be home for some time (he expects to bring the mission boat *Glad Tidings* back with him), so Sister Lawrence and I have full charge and are quite busy having service every night. We feel

encouraged, for our dear heavenly Father is with us, and there is a gracious influence at work among the people, and we are praying and believing for a revival. Oh! for a fuller baptism of the Spirit's power that our whole lives may show forth the praises of Him who has called us and whose we are, that many precious souls may be led to the sinner's Saviour and the Christian's Friend.

There has been much good accomplished, yet much remains to be done. Truly, "the harvest is great, but the laborers are few." Oh! that the Lord of the vineyard would send forth more laborers, for many are calling for the Bread of Life. Several have come to me and said, "If you will come and teach us we will listen to all you say and do just what you tell us, for we know you are right and we are all wrong." Oh! I long for a larger field of usefulness, and believe that a loving God is preparing me for it. Mr. Crosby has sent a young man to Kit-a-maat, so Miss Lawrence is stopping with me and teaching school, but does not feel at home in that work; she is anxious to go into another new field of labor, yet we are happy together and are looking for better things. We have good hope for the dear people here, especially the young men and women. They are more thoughtful and serious, and are learning some new hymns. I know you would be delighted if you heard them singing outside of the church and round the streets after every service. My girls can sing very well indeed. They can talk and understand our language and are quite clever in their studies; some of them are very bright and intelligent. I have full charge of the Sabbath-school, with an average attendance of eighty to one hundred scholars



REV. H. B. STEINHAUER.

Last Sabbath we had one hundred and six and six teachers.

They come in every Saturday evening for a study of the lesson, which is very profitable. I have visited many Sabbath-schools but never have seen better order and attention than in our own here. Oh! how much we have to make us thankful, and we feel strengthened by the knowledge of your progress.

Mrs. Crosby and family are well; she has quite a charge in her five little girls, and her time is fully occupied at home. Mrs. C. desires her kindest love to you and all dear friends; also, Miss Lawrence sends kind regards to you and all the ladies of the W. M. S.

The weather is mild but very wet. We have not had three dry, sunny days for over two months, yet I have been living in the clearer sunshine of a Saviour's love that takes away the gloom. There is much I would like to say but time will not permit. Please write again. Many thanks to you and all the dear sisters in the good cause for your very kind remembrance of me. May God bless and prosper you all in every good word and work, and at the close of life may you each have "an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," shall be my prayer. If there is any other information I can give I will be most happy to do so.

Our Young Folk.

WANTED.

BOYS of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain, and power,
Fit to cope with anything—
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones,
That all trouble magnify;
Not the watch-word of "I can't,"
But the nobler one "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

In the counting-house or store,
Wheresoever you may be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

—*Woman's Evangel.*

TO THE YOUNG FOLK.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I thought I would write a letter to you this month, and may do so from time to time. I know how much young people can do if they are willing, and I am sure a great many of you would be willing to do good, if you only knew how to go about it. There are a great many people, both young and old, who never hear anything about the heathen, or about the missionaries who are sent to tell them of Jesus and His great love to them, because they

very seldom, if ever, have an opportunity of hearing a returned missionary, and because there is little or nothing about them in the papers they read.

To make up for this loss we publish a missionary paper every month; and it is only by taking such a paper as this that they can learn of the condition and needs of these people. Now, what you could do is to persuade your friends and acquaintances to send for our paper, THE MISSIONARY OUTLOOK, so that all may have a copy in their own homes. The price of a single copy is only forty cents a year; but if you can get eight or more persons to take it, it will only cost each of them twenty-five cents a year. We would then send them all in one parcel to your address, and I am sure it would make you very happy to give each one his or her paper after you have opened your package. If you secure any orders, send the money and your own address to the Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto, and the papers will be sent regularly. If you cannot get as many as eight subscribers, take as many as you can at the forty cent rate. There are going to be some very nice pictures and a good deal of interesting reading, and I am sure all will be pleased with the paper when they receive it, especially as it is so cheap.

This is one way in which you can work for Jesus, for when people know more about these things they will be sorry for those who have never heard of the Saviour, which will cause them to pray for them, and to give their money to help to send them the Gospel; and perhaps some, through these means, may even become missionaries themselves.—THE EDITOR.

A DYING BOY'S GIFT.

WE have just received a contribution toward the fund for the payment of the "Glad Tidings," Mr. Crosby's Boat, which bears with it a story of peculiar interest. It was the savings of a little boy, Tommy Lear, who died in Toronto a short time ago, and who, shortly before he passed away, asked his father to give his money (75 cents) to the Missionary Society for the Boat. He had always, since Mr. Crosby was here a few years ago, been very much interested in the Boat, and when he died bequeathed this amount, saved out of the pocket money given him from time to time, to the fund. In handing it to the Secretary his father kindly doubled it in memory of his little son

THE BOY'S PRAYER.

IN April of 1860, the brig *Helen Jane* bound from St. Domingo, when well advanced on her course in the southern latitudes, was one day confronted with that fearful phenomenon, a water-spout,—sometimes so dangerous a foe to ships at sea—which was bearing