

## Work for God at Home and Abroad.

### FOREIGN GLEANINGS.

**W**E have heard from Mr. Sheldon again—two letters—one dated January, the other March. Of course, he is quite shut up by the wintry weather in January. Snow, frost, and ice then have their way in British Columbia. I fancy these are letter-writing times in those regions.

He speaks of a 'Miners' Cot' they desire to furnish us with at our Broadstairs Home. They are nearly all miners—gold-diggers—at Port Essington, Mr. Sheldon's chief station; men alone in the world, without families, without little children round them; so it is a kind thought of theirs to take pity on little English children.

'We have only 4l. 11s. 8d. at present,' says Mr. Sheldon, 'but we are going to add to it as soon as the mines open. If it is a good season we can easily raise the 25l. Then he goes on to tell about his Christmas out there. We will not apologise for giving you the story now that another Christmas is almost in sight, but will relate the tale:—

'We spent a very happy Christmas indeed. The week before, the men stained and oiled the church. This took four days to do, and all work in the place was suspended. It meant a gift, in work, of 7l.' (Look to it, English working men, that these British Columbians do not outdo you in generosity!)

'The next week we prepared our Christmas decorations, and when we put them up they looked really beautiful. On Christmas Day the church was quite full—all came that could. At the close of the day all of us who lived at Essington, or who stayed the night there, spent the evening together, and had a good old English supper of roast beef and plum pudding. The games you sent us in the last case came in so usefully. "Fishpools" was the favourite; and though it was not all there, and they were not careful to play by rule, it was very amusing. And the next day we could really boast that there had not been a drunken man in the place.'

Mr. Sheldon wants most terribly to set up

a school for the children in Essington and the neighbourhood. He invites us out to keep school. We wish we could go; it would be, as he says, a 'splendid work' gathering little white and half-breed children together and teaching them. People are very willing to send their children to be taught, but there are no teachers.

Perhaps some other ladies in England, willing to give heart and brain to such a good work, will come forward to help Mr. Sheldon to his desire. He has another scheme, too, very near his heart—the establishment of a boarding home for the miners.

And yet a third scheme. He wants a hospital and some nurses for his sick men. They have to be taken 600 miles now over rough country to be properly nursed. They die on the way sometimes, and no wonder. He says at the end of his last letter, summing up all these great desires, 'I have the welfare of my men very much at heart, but something *must* be done for the children who are growing up.'

The dangers of a missionary's life in distant lands are hardly understood in our more temperate climate. A hard-working clergyman at Herring Neck, Newfoundland, all but lost his life last spring by the ice breaking, as he was crossing an arm of the sea. He was struggling in the water for half an hour, and was only saved by a singular accident. The tail of his coat froze stiff (there were 20 degrees of frost), floated on the top of the water, and the wind catching it, it formed a sail which supported him till assistance arrived. Here is a painful story, too, from Canada. Easter Day in the neighbourhood of Gore Bay this year was the saddest ever experienced. On Monday in Holy Week, Dr. Johnston and Rev. W. Macaulay Tooke were called on to go to Burpee to visit a Mrs. Gibson, who was reported dying. As a result of this visit, two young fellows, Messrs. Isaac Hogan and John Ganton, came over the same day to procure medicines, &c., for the invalid. They came across the ice all safe, as did the Doctor and Mr. Tooke, but on their return to Burpee they must have got off the track, and gone through,