

It has often been deeply touching to look into the eager faces as I have talked to them of the precious Bible, of Jesus, and the way of life. One poor boy, who is quite deaf, has always given the most careful attention possible, and while talking I have often seen him rise from his seat and with one step forward lean far towards me in his eagerness to hear every word, and my heart has been full of prayer for him, that the life-giving influences of the Holy Spirit might accompany the instruction given and bring him to Jesus.

In all things and at all times I have laboured to be faithful to these little ones entrusted to my care, and God has blessed me abundantly. I have been permitted to see them steadily advancing in both earthly and heavenly wisdom, and in many of their young lives much precious fruit of the spirit has been manifest.

Besides my work with the children, I have sought to do something for their parents in their own homes; and as often as the weather would permit have spent three or four evenings weekly going from house to house, for scripture reading and prayer, and for the purpose of teaching those who could not come to the evening school. I have always been most kindly and gladly welcomed by all, and have often found my coming impatiently looked for. Sometimes, to test their interest, I would make no attempt to read for awhile after going in, and have often been much gratified and encouraged by the "hints" they would give, by brushing a little "bench" and setting it by the table before a little, dim seal oil lamp, which they would snuff again and again, looking at me all the time as through they wanted *something*, as they really did, and which with a prayerful heart, I sought to give them. They never seemed weary though I gave them ever so much, but were *always ready for more*. I believe some of the happiest, if not the *very happiest* evenings *I ever spent*, have been in these humble little homes, reading and talking of Jesus to these needy souls.

Towards the middle of winter, seeing much interest manifested by many of these mothers, Miss Brodie and myself, anxious to use every means in our power by which we might lead them to Jesus, were led to call them together, once each week at the close of school, for an hour of prayer, which we have continued to do till the present; and much encouragement and blessing has attended our efforts. *All* in the settlement have attended *regularly* so far as possible, stormy weather and bad walking *never* causing their absence. We have had the joy of hearing from *all but two* of these who have met with us, supplications for God's mercy and forgiveness; and we have reason to believe that some of these souls have been gathered into the fold of the Good Shepherd, and numbered with the dear children of God.

Indeed we have great reason to rejoice in all things concerning us and our labour here this winter. We have been continued in life, and the health of our little number most wonderfully preserved. I do not think I ever spent so many months so free from illness as during this winter. Why, I have lost *but one half day* from school and a portion of one Sabbath. Truly the Lord has been good to us! And *what a privilege* to be associated in labour this winter with Miss Brodie! How little I knew the blessing in store for me when the trial, of which you are already aware, came to me in Boston, and I sailed from that port expecting, on reaching these shores, to be left to labour alone. How noble her self-forgetfulness and devotedness to her Master's cause, that she was willing to return again so soon to these scenes of her former labours!