

is dead, and she supports herself and two children. The little girl is bright and pretty, though so pale and thin that it makes one sad to look at her. It is very evident that her mother cherishes her and cares for her tenderly.

To-morrow will be Sunday—day of rest, in spite of the fact that there is so much to be done in it. Even though I see people at work, just as if it were a week-day, I feel the Sabbath stillness in my own heart as I go to Church or Sunday School.

You will not be surprised to hear that I always turn to the Woman's Missionary Society column in the *Guardian* first. I am growing more and more interested in mission work all over the world, according as my interest in the work here increases. How much alike and yet how different the work in different fields is, and especially how much we do need just the simple faith in God, of which we hear so much, and yet which we do not always find abounding in ourselves. It would be easier to rejoice if we saw conversions every week, if people were as eager to hear the Gospel as they are at present indifferent to it, and if we could see the harvest which must come some day, but which now seems afar off. Yet we can rejoice over the privilege of sowing the seed, of doing steadily day by day the work we find to do and of waiting and trusting in God for the results.

PROGRESS OF THE WORK AT PORT SIMPSON—A TRUE MISSIONARY HEROINE.

From Miss Clarke.

PORT SIMPSON, B.C., *April 21st, 1897.*

The days have come and gone in quick succession until my calendar informs me that I have been here almost three