

in circulation, suitable tracts distributed, and much personal work has been done. Thus the light is penetrating the darkness. The great truth that "the just shall live by faith," is being sown as seed, in minds where the evil weeds of a salvation by work has long flourished. Results? Yes; they do appear. Read these furnished by the missionary himself. "A young man united with us by baptism. As he follows the sea he is absent most of the time, but I wish you could read the letters he writes me I will simply quote a few lines from his last letter:

'Dear Pastor,—I long to take my stand again in the Church. I am not coming home with a fortune, but I have Christ that keeps me, and He is a faithful Friend. In Him I have all I need.'

Another,—'A father of a family was converted at our cottage meetings, was baptized and is now a faithful witness for the Lord. His son has experienced conversion since, and will be baptized before long. I am in hopes of sending him to the Feller Institute, Grande Ligne; he is very anxious to go.'

Another,—'A young man who attended our meetings was finally converted. He was taken very ill and desired to see me. There again I felt the Lord's guidance. His father, a strong Catholic, who hitherto could never be seen, was home the last time I visited the son before he died. Upon entering I saw him, went right up to him and shook hands, at which he seemed greatly pleased. He asked me to sing that beautiful French hymn which his son had learned at our meetings, after which I asked his mother if she would allow me to pray with them. Previously I had prayed in the sick chamber with door closed every visit I made. The answer came promptly, 'Oh, yes! do! do!' This in the presence of several Catholics, who all knelt down with me. The next day Willie was gone. The funeral was attended by a large number of Catholics, among whom were the father and mother of the deceased.'

Yet another,—'An old French woman who used to walk three miles on the railroad track, it being the shortest way, to attend our meetings, was brought to feel the need of a Saviour. My wife and I visited with her. Finally she took suddenly ill and sent for me. I hastened to her sick bed. There again I had the blessed privilege of pointing her to 'the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.' When death released her of her sufferings she was ready to meet her Saviour. At the funeral

a large number of Catholics were present and followed the remains to their last resting place. Praise the Lord for this victory."

What strong encouragement the Lord thus gives us to persevere in the blessed work, until the little leaven has leavened the whole lump.

GRACE A. PORTER.

Beaver River, N.S., March 10, 1902.

LETTER FROM MISS HARRISON.

MY DEAR SISTERS:—Someone said, "Touring was the cream of mission work," and according to that I have been having pure cream for the past six weeks and a half. Miss Blackadar was with us for the first six days, and then our whole camp enjoyed the top of the cream. I wish I could send you some, but how can I in a letter?

We were five in number—Lizzie and Subadra, two Bible-women, Nulamma, not yet a year old as a Christian, and full of zeal for her people; Pedda David, an able preacher, and your sister. I have had one solid piece of satisfaction running through the entire tour, and that is that we have made a great improvement upon last year in really reaching the women. David was a great help to this end, because we could always insist that the men go and listen to him and leave us alone with the women. This pleased the women very much, and nearly always the men, too, acknowledged that it was more fitting that women should teach women, and men men. But there were exceptions.

Once about thirty women and a number of men had gathered in a shady spot, and as usual we asked the latter to withdraw, which they did only halfway. However, as the women were all before us and the men quite in the back-ground, I began talking. A few minutes later when all seemed to be listening attentively, a woman was suddenly seized with uncontrollable curiosity, and began to question her next neighbor if it could be that a woman would wear shoes and topee and an umbrella. I paused, and Lizzie asked them to please save their questions till the last. Then a man off at one side said in a tone to make the women a laughing-stock, "Gossipers," and every solitary woman straightway betook herself home. Now wasn't that like what a man at home would say?

Another little story to show that men are similar in these two lands. One day about three weeks ago I was riding along on my bicycle, and one