

view ; the thread did snap one day, but before he passed away he had given satisfactory evidence that his faith was simply resting upon the finished work of Christ, and that His promises in the Word were his sole confidence and ground of assurance. A young woman from Edinburgh, Scotland, who regularly attended the Noon Prayer Meeting, when ill in the Western Hospital for women, requested to be visited. The medical staff told her the case was hopeless and she ought to return to her friends, but she had no funds or friends able to help, your visitor therefore collected \$50 outside the Y. M. C. A. and sent her home in the S.S. "Dominion," which she gratefully acknowledged on her arrival. A young married man, a clerk in an office, had a long spell of typhoid fever in the General Hospital, and had to resume work before he was fit for it, he broke down from weakness and his employers gave him another fortnight to rest, but living in a low-lying part of the City in the month of July, he was not likely to gain strength. He was told to exercise the "patience of hope" (Rom., xv. 4) and wait. That same morning, a gentleman on his way to his office called at the Young Men's Christian Association, saying, "if we knew of any one needing a change to the country or seaside to send them off at his expense." That evening the Quebec boat took down the young man, his wife and little one for a fortnight sojourn at Murray Bay at an expense of \$25 to the gentleman. When he was informed of it, the feeling of pleasure seemed to be so great he thought he would like to send another, and that day a request was received to visit a poor though at one time notorious woman, who had been redeemed at the Sabbath evening service. She had sprained her ankle, and so was prevented going out choring for a living ; "Oh, if I could only get to the country" (near Ottawa), she said, "it would make a new woman of me ;" when given the means to carry out her wishes, those who know her can fancy her exultant shout as she cried, "Praise the Lord, I knew he would be thinking on me !"

It would be quite impossible to give anything like a detailed account of the visitation at the General Hospital. The stream of human suffering flowing through that building is without intermission—week in and week out your visitor has endeavored, as occasion offered, to minister both to the temporal and spiritual necessities of the many sailors, strangers and others receiving its