

fifty thousand men, and Miss Sproule has just as many, so you see how needful the work is.

"I am sometimes oppressed with a great sadness when I think of this multitude of our own people, neglected and perishing for the lack of the 'Bread of Life.' On two occasions, not long ago, I had men come up and tell me of their conversion from reading the Bibles I had left in the camp.

"But with all our encouragements, even yet many of the men spend all their money at the bar. One of our boys came down to the train the other night quite intoxicated and went at once to the hotel, waving as he went his winter's earnings, probably two hundred dollars, and in the morning he had to borrow enough to get his breakfast. I tried to show him his folly, and it was not a very hard task to get him to say he would never be caught doing so again, but many of them do this thing every time they come to town. The only security and safety for all such tempted ones is in being anchored to the eternal Rock of Ages.

"On December 6th," says Mr. Leckie, "I had one of the hardest, but one of the best days of the year. I visited four camps, held four meetings and travelled about forty miles. At my second meeting, a man of some forty years was converted, and so filled with joy that he spoke right out in the meeting.

"January 7th, I reached Rathbun's Camp in Dorset region, which is one of the largest camps, having 125 men. I left twelve comfort-bags and 240 pounds of literature. I had to give the boys two meetings—one in each of the sleeping camps—and I am sure it would please you to see the attention they gave me, though mostly all were Catholics. They have here a large reading-room and an instructor.

"The last camp I was at seven young men signed the pledge for the first time in their lives, and at another camp the blacksmith came to me in the morning and asked if he could do any repairs for me. He said he could well afford to do so, as it was through me he quit the drink over three years before.

Mr. Leckie thus sums up his work: "In every camp I visit now, one can find evidence of the good work we have done, and hear words of praise for the Woman's

Christian Temperance Union. I wish all our ladies could visit the camps just for once, so they would be made to feel that their work was the best—the best done and most needed of any society on earth. I know we feel this in a measure, but it is most gratifying to know that not only to me, but to every one, the men speak of the great work done through the comfort-bags and literature.

"But the most encouraging testimony is, that in every camp I visited this year, with the exception of some ten camps, I found Bibles. Even these may have had them, but they were not visible, but in all the others they could be seen by anyone entering. When I tell you that in the first year of my work I only saw two Bibles beside my own (and those I had donated) I know you will be pleased, and I thank God that our efforts have helped to make the Bible a common book in the camps."

Space forbids any further enlargement upon the work and worth of these two home missionaries. We would like to linger over some phases merely touched upon, yet we trust sufficient has been said to arouse an interest in this undertaking on the part of those who, through lack of knowledge, have hitherto been indifferent. The claims of these men upon us are strong and sacred. Alike, we dwell under the same provincial roof-tree; our interests and aims, from at least a provincial or national standpoint, are largely identical, and for the sake of the up-building and development of our young nation, we cannot afford to disregard them. But we know a stronger reason than this will impel us to be shareholders in a work whose ultimate aim is the regeneration of our fellow men, and the extension of Christ's kingdom in our midst—even the "constraining love of Christ." "He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again."

Get leave to work
In this world,—'tis the best you get at all.

—E. B. Browning.