

## HELP FOR THE ST. JOHN'S SUFFERERS.

ALL over the Dominion the sympathies of the people have been deeply stirred by the St. John's calamity, and from many towns and cities liberal aid in money, clothing and provisions has been forwarded. In view of the tremendous losses incurred, there is no danger of sending too much. But apart from the general appeals already made, and the help that will be given to all classes without distinction, there can be no doubt that an appeal will shortly be made to the Churches to aid their suffering brethren in the Gulf Colony to restore the churches, parsonages, colleges, etc., that have been destroyed. As yet we do not know the aggregate loss, nor how far this may be lessened by insurance; but so wide-spread has been the destruction of property, that the people of St. John's will be able to do but little themselves. Doubtless the authorities of the various annual Conferences will take steps to bring the matter before the congregations within their bounds; but there would seem to be nothing to prevent any congregation from taking action without delay. The Treasurers of the Missionary Society will be glad to act as agents in receiving and transmitting moneys, and they are glad to report that to the church at Oakville, Ont., belongs the honor of sending in the first contribution—\$21.00. We trust that many will follow this example, remembering the adage that "he who gives promptly, gives twice."

## THE LATE MARY E. SAVAGE.

WE publish in this number of the OUTLOOK a portrait of a faithful worker who has lately gone to her reward. Concerning her life and death, the Rev. W. W. Sparling writes as follows:

She was a daughter of the Rev. Wm. Savage, of the Guelph Conference, and could boast of a long Methodist descent, her great-grandfather having been converted under the preaching of John Wesley, in 1742. Converted in childhood, her religious convictions were subsequently very much deepened by the triumphant death of a beloved sister, and from that time Mary Savage fully consecrated her powers to the service of God. During four years and a half she earnestly seconded her father's efforts among the Indians at Saugeen, by teaching the Bible-class, visiting the sick, assisting in the choir, and ministering to those in need. Two years ago fever broke out among the Indians, and many died. With characteristic devotion, Miss Savage ministered to the suffering till her own health broke down; but even when unable to walk, she would be carried to the Indian Council House, where the Indians would assemble for spiritual instruction. She gradually grew weaker until the Lord called her from labor to reward. Her death-chamber was truly "privileged beyond the common walks of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven." Her last hours were spent in earnest exhortations to friends and all to prepare for death. Thus did she literally

"Preach Him to all, and cry in death,  
Behold! behold the Lamb!"

On being asked if she had any doubts, with a smile she exclaimed, "Oh, no, never; in childhood I gave my heart

to Jesus, and never went back on Him,"—her breath failing, she could not finish. When her last moments arrived, she bid her friends and family, one by one, a sweet "farewell for the present," and exclaimed, "Blessed are they who have part in the first resurrection;" "Come, Lord Jesus!" and her happy spirit took its flight to be forever with the Lord.

In her Christian life, Miss Savage never was emotional, but always quietly-happy and attractive. Her whole ambition, as she sometimes said to intimate friends, was "to work for the Church and take care of her aged parents when they retired from the active work of the ministry." Her funeral was attended by a large circle of friends from all sections of the Church, and by ministers from the neighborhood and adjoining Districts. The Rev. Dr. Hannan, of Guelph, read and gave a brief exposition of the 15th chapter of First Corinthians, after which the Rev. Dr. Griffin gave a beautiful address on the estimable life and triumph at death of the departed one. We deeply feel her loss, but "our loss is her infinite gain," and we humbly say, "Thy will be done."

"O, may I triumph so,  
When all my warfare's past,  
And, dying, find my latest foe  
Under my feet at last."

## A WEEK'S WORK IN WINTER IN LABRADOR.

BY A METHODIST MISSIONARY.

WE set out about ten o'clock on the morning of Saturday, January 9th. As for all long journeys, there had been abundant preparing and packing till the very last. Our dogs were in good order, and all "bark" to begin. The sun shone brightly; the going was good; so, bidding good-bye to poor little sick Susie and her anxious parents, the dogs, at a word from John, bounded away, and we went jolting over the "balacarras" (corruption of barricades, I suppose) to the smooth ice. Wellington, as was fitting, led the way, and Napoleon, who, in years gone by, gloried in being leader, had to be content with second place. Lively, Ricky and old Jasper followed one after the other, while Nelson, for whom the happy days of puppyhood were ending, went last, running on immediately in front of the comitic.

We pulled up first at Mr. Mugford's, but didn't stay long there, as he is within walking distance of the parsonage and is often seen. Our next stop was for a short time at the house of a C. E. friend, whence we went on to Jack Shepherd's, as he is familiarly called, though this is not his correct name. Here we unharnessed our dogs and put up for the night. Before tea I gave Jack a lesson on the alphabet, which he was making desperate efforts to master. Tea over, we had another lesson, after which, service; then a talk till half-past nine, when, after family prayers, we stretched our bags upon the floor and were soon in dreamland. Prayers, breakfast, service and dinner kept us fairly busy in the morning until about one o'clock, when again yoking our dogs, we started for the home of two old people, about six miles distant. Here we had service and a quiet talk, then on again to the house of their son, about four miles ahead. He is an Episcopalian, but happily lets his Christianity control his churchmanship. After tea we had a service, in which the Master vouchsafed His special presence. A little fresh air, then I took the children in their catechism. By ten o'clock our bags were spread and we forgot the cold in the arms of Morpheus.

We were up betimes in the morning, for we had a long drive before us. After breakfast and prayers, we went to get all "to rights," but found our dogs gone. The night before they had followed away a young man who had been at