

ty-five years' separation. She was one of the first to be baptized, and took the name of Hannah.

He was a thorough scholar, preparing a grammar and dictionary in his native tongue, and translating the entire Bible. He visited England twice. The second time, Oxford conferred on him the degree of D.D. Soon after his return, the mission in the Delta began.

In 1886, he received the following message from the Emir of Nupe, West Africa: "It is not a long matter, it is about barasa (rum). It has ruined our country, it has ruined our people very much, it has made our people mad. We all beg that you should beg the great priests that they should beg the English Queen to prevent bringing barasa into this land."

Despite barasa and all hindrances, the work continues to grow. But Bishop Crowther no longer visits the people.

He died, December 31, 1892, at the age of 82. He was a man of marked intelligence and noble Christian character.

A. ARCHIE BLOCH,

Member of Hopeful Mission Band, Billtown, N. S.,
aged 13 years.

BY MAIL.

Continued from last month.

"I'm so ashamed, and I'm so glad you made me understand the idea. I never thought before that I could help anybody by lying here. But I can, if I have the courage to be contented,—can't I? I'm going to try."

Two or three days later, all Amy's sisters came rushing in from school in a state of great excitement. At the post-office they had found a letter for Amy, and a big, flat, square package.

All the family gathered around while Amy read her letter. It was from Kittie Osborne, and this was what it said:

DEAR AMY:

We five girls in Miss Marion's class have adopted your family to be friends with you, if you'll let us. We think it's lovely for your father to go away so far and work so hard just because he loves to preach about the gospel. Do you like playing paper dolls? I can make them better than anything else, and I thought I would send you some. Give my love to all your sisters and your mother and your father.

Affectionately yours,

KITTIE OSBORNE.

Such gorgeous paper dolls none of the Humphrey children had ever seen. Such wonderful hats and jackets and dresses,—a whole wardrobe of them! And then there were sheets of tissue paper and strips of gold beading and paper lace besides, out of which new finery was to be fashioned. It would be impossible to say how much Amy enjoyed it all. The next day, when the sisters came back from school, she could hardly believe that the time had flown so fast.

Before a week had passed, another letter came,—for "Miss Hattie Humphrey" this time. Susie Joyce had written it, and sent along in the same mail a delightful game. And so, as the months went by, the letters and parcels kept dropping in, sometimes for one of the girls, and sometimes for another, but oftentime for Amy. There was a Chinese lily for her, which, perhaps, gave her the most pleasure of all. And there were books, and now and then a hair-ribbon or a handkerchief, and finally a picture of Miss Marion and her whole class. Sometimes there were what Kittie called "plain letters," when there were no gifts on hand; and, as these were much longer than the "gift letters," and full of items about the school life and the home life of the writers, they were eagerly welcomed in the Humphrey household, where curiosity about the outside world was great.

For my part, I think that Miss Marion was right, and that it was "a lovely society,"—don't you?

But let me tell you about the loveliest thing of all. One snowy, blustering March day, a tall gentleman, whose face was nearly hidden in a thick, high coat collar, knocked at the parsonage door.

"I am Dr. Osborne," he said to Mrs. Humphrey. "I have a letter of introduction here somewhere from my niece."

He fumbled in his pockets, and handed out a note addressed in Kittie's familiar handwriting.

"This is my Uncle Tom," it said. "Please show him Amy's feet. He is the best doctor in the world."

"Not very modest, perhaps, to show such a letter," laughed Dr. Osborne. "But you will know how to make allowances."

But Mrs. Humphrey had turned white, and was holding to the door-post, quite forgetting to ask her visitor in. So he knocked the snow off his boots, and brushed it from his coat and hat, and turned down his collar, and by that time she remembered.

An hour later, when he got up to leave, Dr. Osborne said:

"I expect to spend the next two or three months about sixty miles from here. If you will allow it, I shall run down every now and then to see my patient. And," he ended gently, laying his hand on Amy's brown head, "when the summer time comes, I think that this little woman, please God, will be playing outdoors in the sunshine, with all the other young things."

"Mother," said Amy by and by, "I'm so thankful I didn't wait till we were adopted to believe that God cared. I'd feel so sorry now if I hadn't trusted Him first, before any of it happened."

—*Sunday School Times.*

Since the war, the membership of the Anglican Church in Spain has had a wonderful increase, several priests and a large number of private citizens having left the Roman Catholic for the Protestant Church.