

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—The missionary game for which such full and plain instructions are given in the PALM BRANCH for October, is indeed a delightful game. When I returned from our branch meeting in Yarmouth last week I brought my little girl a compass and divider. I gave her a sheet of white cardboard, a measure, a pencil and the "Outlook," and she very soon had the game ready for players. I would advise all our Band members to try it. The puzzles from month to month are very instructive, indeed the whole paper is a very great help.

Petite Riviere, Oct 2, '95. MRS. JOHN GEE.

We are glad to have this testimony from Mrs. Gee who has herself been a helper from the very beginning. The young lady who kindly sent us this game will be pleased to know that it is so much appreciated.

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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PORT ESSINGTON HOSPITAL.

BY MRS. SADIE HART SPENCER.

WE have been wondering if my "Band" friends would not like a peep through the Port Essington Hospital this afternoon. You know Essington is on the Skenna river, just twelve miles from its mouth. There are nine canneries, all within that distance, so during the canning season there are crowds of people—Indians from the coast, from the Islands, from the interior, come to the different canneries for summer work, and of course among so many people there is always a great deal of sickness and suffering, so that Dr. Bolton and nurse have always come here for these months, but until this year have always had to put up with an Indian house. However this spring, having a little to start with, and feeling it was the right thing to do, he built a hospital. It is not finished, nor is there yet money to pay for what has been done, so there is an opportunity for the workers at home to help in this work here. But let us go into the building. We will pass the first door—that opens into Mrs. Bolton's sitting and dining room combined—the second door lets us into the Dr.'s office, which we find pretty well filled up with people, part of the day. We open a door at our right hand and find ourselves in a bright room with three beds; in the first is a man who has consumption and will probably never be well again; the second bed is made up, the patient is sitting beside the fire, he is

almost well enough to leave; in the third bed is a man who has had an operation on his foot. We find a door from this ward opens at the foot of the stairs, at the head of these we find ourselves in a bright T. shaped hall; at our left hand two rooms open from the hall, one is a private ward for white patients, the other a clothes room, but a little bed has been made up here for a little girl who has spinal trouble, she is able to be up in the day time so her bed is made up. Next to the private ward is the nurses' bedroom; going down the hall the first room is occupied by the Dr.'s Indian boy, Mark, who is general assistant. This room we find as neat as the others, the bed with its spotless coverlet and pretty pillow shams. The next room is a ward for white patients; here we find a man who has a bad wound from a gun; his was a very narrow escape, but he is recovering, and will soon be able to leave and go hunting again. The door on the other side of the hall opens into the operation room—there are two beds here occupied. In the first is an old woman who has had an operation performed on her eyes which are still bandaged and the room is kept darkened. The other patient is a paralyzed woman. We notice that there are only board partitions between the rooms. The ceilings are not completed and there are large cracks in the floors. We learn that green lumber had to be used for the building and after the summer's work is over the inside boards will all have to be tightened. There are a number of bright, pretty pictures pinned up on the walls, these break the bare, unfinished look of the walls and indeed the patients are comfortable and well cared for. Returning down stairs we go from the first mentioned ward into the kitchen. Mrs. Bolton's sitting room opens from this, and as the nurses are busy getting the patients' tea, we will accept Mrs. Bolton's invitation and sit down a little while in the sitting room. Mrs. Bolton's little ones are here; Belle, nearly five; Grace, two years old. They are very busy just now with a most serious case, for they have found a sick baby that must have an operation. Belle, the doctor, is doing the cutting, while Grace, with the bandages, is ready to dress the wound.

I am sure could you go through some of the streets and look into the Indian huts where large numbers are crowded together, and see the miserable condition of those who are sick, you would feel indeed thankful that a few at least can be taken away from their filth and wretchedness and placed where not only their bodily needs are cared for. For here the first great need is never a second care. The sick are directed to the Great Physician who makes well the sin sick souls.