'that Christ died for our sins according to the Scripture,' and with that there has gone another story. Everywhere I have gone I have proclaimed to these young men (our brothers) that the Christian women of our province are interested in them, and I believe both messages have touched their hearts. I have heard nothing in the camps but words of apprecia-

tion for my work.

"At the mines, too, I have been received with every kindness, and though I had to stay at one longer than I expected on account of the snow, I did not feel that they were tired of me. Then I have been in other places where they very seldom hear the Gospel, or where for months at a time they never have this privilege and there again the work has been a joy. 'The regions beyond' are the places I love most to visit. And I know God has blessed the work and that He will bless it, though the reaping time will largely come on the other side."

In the Lumber Camps with Mr. Leckie.—Mr. Leckie's district covers Muskoka, Parry Sound, Haliburton, and Nipissing. There are about six hundred camps in this section, and each year only about one-half of these can be visited. But the seed sown by Mr. Leckie is bearing fruit; lives are being reclaimed, and men heretofore who cared for nothing good are inquiring, like the Philippian jailer, the way of salvation.

At a camp visited by Mr. Leckie, as he was about to leave, he found two men holding an inquiry meeting in a stable. One found the Christ he was seeking that same

night.

Some idea of Mr. Leckie's efforts may be gleaned from the fact that during the past year he reached twenty thousand men, visited one hundred camps, conducted two hundred meetings, distributed eight hundred comfort-bags, four thousand song sheets, and thirty thousand tracts, besides a quantity of other literature.

Journal Letters.—From Mr. Leckie's journal letters, we cull the

following account of his work this year:

"On the morning of the 12th of November I left my home in Huntsville for the woods on a cadge-team with three drunken men. We reached the camp on the evening of the 12th, and I held my first meeting of this season's work. I spent most of the day at that camp, walked about six miles to another and there held another service. Distributed supplies in both. On the 14th started on back trip and reached camp No. 3 where I had the best time of all.

"On the 17th, I was in the woods again to camp No. 10, and on my way to No. 5 I fell in with an old friend who asked me why I was walking and most generously added, 'Well, Mr. Leckie, you need never walk while I have a horse.' So he gave me a beautiful team of black horses to drive during the winter. I can carry more supplies, stay out longer, and cover more territory. The kind friend who gave me the use of his horses is a Mr. Hill, son of the first Methodist minister that ever preached in this section. Thus, from 'generation to generation' the good work is carried on."

In a letter Mr. Leckie says: "As I go from camp to camp and note the marked improvement I cannot but feel that our system of education and the wholesome influences of our comfort-bags and literature distribution has done much to bring those improved conditions about."

"Huntsville, March 22nd, 1904.-From an educational standpoint there never was a work so blessed as ours. There is now a complete change of environment; camps are larger; sanitary regulations better; the entire business is so much more wholesome that I can scarcely give you any idea of the change. But as yet Miss Sproule and I are the only missionaries of the Cross on this large field. Mr. Fitzpatrick is doing much with his reading-camp movement, but his work is purely educational, so with the exception of an educational visit to the camps near the fields of our young men sent up here by the denominations, our men are practically without a service at all. I cannot visit over a sixth part of my field in one year, so you see much help is needed. In the vicinity of Huntsville alone there are some seven thousand men in the lumber woods. I feel sure that this year I have in my parish nearly