

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

DURING my recent stay in the eastern provinces I had the privilege of telling the friends of our work away out here in the far west, and among other things, told how useful a little knowledge of dentistry always proved among our Indians. While staying in Locknow, I told the junior Epworth League, in an address I gave, how the poor old Indians often came to us begging for something to relieve them of toothache, anxious to have the aching tooth extracted, but we had no forceps and could not give them much help. The young people felt very much interested in my account of the work, and their sympathies were so drawn out that they asked their leader to let them get up a concert to raise some money to buy forceps for the mission of Cape Mudge. So, after some weeks of hard practising, they gave a nice little concert which was a credit to the children and to those who trained them. The result of that effort is that from this time when the people come to us suffering from toothache we shall not have to send them away as we are now well equipped. Dr. Newton, of Lucknow, kindly purchased the instruments for us, thus getting them at a greatly reduced rate. These young folks also helped us greatly last winter by sending a parcel of cards, books, dolls, etc., to help towards our Christmas tree. It was quite an inspiration to stand before this earnest little band of workers and see their faces all aglow with interest, and we trust that in working for the advancement of Christ's kingdom they will be wise and make sure of belonging to it themselves. I have written this so others can read and perhaps be encouraged to make similar efforts. There is much to be done for our poor Indians, many are still without the Gospel and we must not delay in sending it to them, as those tribes not yet under the influence of Christianity are dying out quickly. One poor old woman in this village said to me one day, "Oh, our young people die so quickly because they do wrong and drink whiskey" So, dear home missionaries, do not grow weary but work on, and pray for those of us who are in the distant field and together we will rejoice in the harvest home.

A. K. W.

Cape Mudge.

" Sometimes it is hard to listen
To a word unkind or cold,
And to smile a loving answer:
Do it—and you give Him gold !

There are sometimes bitter fancies
Little murmurs that will stir,
Even a little heart ; but crush them
And you give our Jesus myrrh."

A. C. PROCTOR.

EXTRACTS OF A LETTER FROM MRS.
SADIE HART SPENCER.

Mrs. Spencer is on her way to the new station to which her husband has been appointed. Meantime she stops at Port Essington, which is the great fishing station to which most of the Indians go in that season.

Port Essington, June 19, 1895.

There are crowds of Indians here now, business is rushing generally. The services are well attended. They are held every night, and about all day Sundays.

The fishing season promises, I believe, to be good. Day before yesterday a salmon weighing 85 pounds was caught ; however, there are decidedly few of that weight to be found.

You will have heard of the sad death of Mrs. Anderson. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson have been missionaries at Kitamaat for five years, three years alone. Last year Rev. H. Baley and wife took charge of that mission. An industrial work had started. Mr. Anderson remained as teacher. He is a lay worker. During Conference time, while Mr. and Mrs. Baley were absent, Mrs. Anderson was suddenly taken ill ; after suffering intense agony for nine hours, she died. Mr. A. had to prepare her for the grave and bury her. No word could be sent to any other place for some time. Nearly three weeks after the "Glad Tidings" on its way up the coast went into Kitamaat ; you may imagine the shock the news gave them. Mr. Anderson had to tell them himself. He had been alone with his two little ones all that time—that is, there were no white people and but very few Indians at Kitamaat, the Indians having gone to their summer fishing places. The eldest child is about three and the baby not quite a year old.

Mrs. Anderson was one of the great workers, enduring much hardship, but never complained. She went to Kitamaat a bride only five years ago. I think it one of the saddest things that has happened on the coast. Mrs. Anderson died the 14th of May.

[Mrs. Spencer here speaks of the new station to which they have been appointed.] This means that our last year's fixing is lost to us. We will have to start over again and mission houses out here have nothing to them. Indeed, where we are to go, there is no house for us yet. We will not be able to get our trunks down the river till the first of August. It will not pay us to bring much besides trunks down the river, so we will have to sell what we have for what can be got for it, or give it away. Such is life out here. If only furnished houses were provided, one would not mind a move so much.

S. L. S.