

my own home better than I did before going out. Yes, I praise the Lord with all my heart for Methodism."

Though young and frail, she indulged a strong desire to be engaged, if practicable, as a teacher in the mission field. Her mind and heart had become deeply imbued with the missionary spirit. She felt the life-giving power of the gospel, and her sympathetic nature readily yielded to appeals made on behalf of those who have it not. The following will show the workings of her mind on this subject, as well as the efforts she made for those with whom she was more intimately associated :—

"*March 2nd.*—Attended the missionary anniversary in Port Hope last night. A crowded house and excellent speeches. The Rev. W. Ryerson delighted the audience with a soul-stirring address. The great cause which he so nobly advocated last evening has for some time deeply interested me. Funds are not mine, or I think they would cheerfully be given. May I not do something for my poor benighted brother who sits in deep, deep darkness. My all is in the hands of my God. My Life I would not count dear if I might bring with it a soul to my Saviour. Perhaps, I have no talent to be used in the Mission field ; but, oh, what a great honour I would deem it could I be permitted to point some poor souls to Christ !

"*Wednesday.*—I must record the loving kindness of my heavenly Father. This morning at our Scripture lesson the Holy Spirit came down upon us in a shower. Five scholars promised to give their hearts to God at once. We called Aunt Mary, and prayed, and wept, and talked about an hour. Four say they do trust in the Saviour for pardon. Glory be to the Most High. Hallelujah ! May God preserve the dear children blameless through the slippery paths of youth. Oh, my Saviour hear my feeble prayers, and save these little ones ! Amen."

She addressed a letter to the Rev. Dr. Wood on the subject, who replied to her in the most kindly manner. Nor did she abandon the thought, until compelled to do so by the utter failure of her health. She thus refers to it in a letter, dated

PORTSMOUTH, Virginia, March 1st, 1860.

• • "Something has been whispering to my heart, 'the mission field,' 'the mission field.' I often think it the Holy Spirit,—and oh, if so, I *must* be free and 'obey. Souls are more precious than the enjoyment of domestic life. I would not dare at present to fetter myself in any way. It may not be that God wants me in this capacity. I am waiting for the guidance of the Saviour. Pamela, the struggle to give up all the endearments of life would be fierce, but in grace divine I know I should conquer. Pray earnestly for me. I feel