

the sufferers day and night, and thus winning their lasting gratitude and love.

She reports, for the year, 2137 visits among the sick and poor, in families, institutions, and houses of ill-repute, and believes that liquor has been entirely banished from some homes through her influence. She has held 20 cottage meetings, which have been full of interest, and crowned with blessing, and has obtained 194 signatures to the temperance pledge. Though oft-times weary and heart-sick, through contact with sin and suffering, the work is as dear to her heart as eve.

Mrs. d'Albenas, in addition to other work, has given a good deal of time to looking after discharged prisoners, of whom 83 have passed through our Home during the year; some from the prison, others sent by the Recorder and Police Matron. She has made 1458 visits, held 29 cottage meetings, herself, and assisted in 174 evangelistic meetings, held by myself and others. Some time has also been given to midnight work, in which Miss Barnjum kindly accompanied her. Much of the quiet, unobtrusive, unselfish work which she is doing every day is unrecorded here, but we know that it is all noted by the Lord she loves, and rewarded by His smile. When visiting she called one day at a small temperance grocery, kept by an elderly couple on St Catherine St., and in conversation the woman told her that great pressure was brought to bear upon them, to induce them to sell liquor. As their returns are so small, it has often required strong principle to resist the temptation, and they feel it hard, that while they have struggled against Satan's suggestions, and chosen poverty, rather than the liquor traffic, christian temperance women should pass them by and purchase their groceries from liquor dealers. Dear sisters, ought these things to be? Should they yield to temptation, are we clear in the matter?

The review of the Sheltering Home fills our hearts with grateful joy, although, with the joy, there mingles unutterable sorrow over some, once folded there from temptation, who are now wandering on the dark mountains of sin; 436 inmates have passed through it during the year; 1126 have been sheltered since it was opened, two years and a half ago. To all of these the Gospel has been presented, and each one invited to accept Christ in all His fullness as a Saviour from sin. Many have found pardon and peace through His blood, and are now rejoicing in Him,—some on earth, some in heaven.

Our invaluable matrons continue their arduous work, and have won many a star for the "crowning day that's coming, bye-and-bye." Knowing them as I do, I am sure that His "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." is dearer, far, to them, than any earthly praise could be. Yet I earnestly ask those interested in the Home, to cheer them by an occasional visit, and to see, for themselves, what is being accomplished there.

The Mission Room, in which the inmates gather morning and evening for prayer, and on Sunday afternoon, and two or three evenings in the week, for special services, has been the birth-place of many a soul. Tears of penitence have streamed down old and wrinkled faces, which have become beautiful, as they have caught the light of God's loving smile, and have reflected it back to us, some of them amid temptation and daily toil, others, while their feet were already crossing the cold stream of death. We have almost heard the glad strain the angels sang as they safely, yet triumphantly reached the farther shore. Courage, beloved fellow-workers! we shall see them there, and join their song, bye-and-bye, where weariness and discouragements are all forgotten, "when the mists have rolled away."

Some of those we have rescued have been very young, mere children, children in years, yet with the awful realities and responsibilities of womanhood and motherhood upon them.

May God have mercy on this wicked city, this guilty

land, and hold back, yet awhile, the cloud of judgment that hangs over us. Every day I live, I wonder more and more, at God's patient forbearance, as he waits to work through His children, and marvel that christian men and women can live and toil, and pray and sing, as though all were well, in a city that has some 1400 licensed—and as many unlicensed—saloons, and hundreds of dens of iniquity, where young lives are being sacrificed, as surely as when of old, the children were passed through the fire to Moloch. A city where impure literature is openly sold on our streets, and pictures, suggestive of every crime, are pasted on the walls, and the scenes they represent acted in the theatres every night.

I constantly see young boys and girls standing before these pictures, and learning, all too surely, the lessons they teach. Even within a few days, sorrowful stories have been poured into my ear, of young girls, yes, *young ladies*, who, without the knowledge of their too indulgent, too credulous parents, are frequenting the theatres where these crimes are yet more vividly portrayed, more deeply stamped on heart and brain, while within the same walls—partaking of the same amusement—are other girls, who once had mothers as fond as theirs, and homes as bright and pure, but now, oh, now! they come from scenes of sin and shame too terrible to think of.

I have said that the White Shield Society is a part of preventive work, you know its pledge.—

I promise, God helping me,

To uphold the laws of purity as equally binding upon men and women.

To be modest in language, behavior and dress.

To avoid all conversation, reading, art and amusements, which may put impure thoughts into my mind.

To guard the purity of others especially the young.

To strive after the special blessing promised to the "Pure in Heart"

I now solemnly ask every mother, every teacher, every christian woman, old or young, to sign this pledge, and give her influence to the work. God has granted me many a desire of my heart, and I am asking yet this one more, that before my hands are folded, and my life work finished, I may see in this dear Canada of ours, an army of consecrated women, raising the White Shield of purity and faith, and as far as possible, placing it between the tempted and the fiery darts of the enemy, who is now slaying his tens of thousands. Will you sign this pledge and help me? nay, come to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

There is, already, a division of this army, very dear to me, formed from among our working girls, meeting in the Evangelistic Hall, and as far as I know, it is the first that has been organized in Canada. At the meetings I always speak to them on some topic connected with their pledge, bringing scripture to bear upon it, and drawing out their own thoughts on what we read; and while carefully guarding them, and warning them of danger, seek to draw out their sympathies, and enlist their prayerful efforts for their unhappy, tempted sisters.

After one of our meetings they presented me with \$13.50 for the Sheltering Home, saved from their own earnings, and more precious to me than many a larger sum, given with less self-sacrifice. Besides this, they have given \$25.56 toward their library \$34.50 in donations to the general work of the Rooms, \$27.00 in Christmas love gifts to some of the teachers, who kindly aid us by taking evening classes, and \$9.00 in collections at the meetings of the Christian Endeavor Society, making in all \$109.56, given voluntarily, during the year. Out of this sum, three girls have each given \$5.00, two \$4.00, one \$2.60, three \$2.00 and several \$1.00.

I have sometimes been remonstrated with for not charging a membership fee, but have thought it better to work on the same principle here, as elsewhere. The girls have never been asked to contribute to any thing. We have sought not theirs but them; all being made equally wel-