

so that Miss Morgan might have an oversight.

Another day I went to Mission Band meeting at the Home. Besides the girls, there were some few former inmates, married now and bringing little children with them. Also one or two boys, or young men, these probably from the evening school. Prayers and addresses were in Chinese and Japanese; some were translated by Miss Bowes. After the closing prayer (which was in English), was the collection for funds of our W. M. S.; next the benediction, but all remained for a treat of watermelon. That day the most noticeable child was a girl of about 12 or 14 years; she acted as doorkeeper, and in many other capacities; certainly amongst them as one who served, and proud to do so, but she had a sullen air. She was a rescued girl, but oh, so hard to rescue from herself. When she grew tired of the restraint of those who were striving to save her, she fled to one of the trees, and nobody could coax her to descend; threats, too, were useless, and so strong was she that no one, nor all of the teachers could master her. When she elected to perch on a bough, instead of being snugly tucked in bed, poor Miss Bowes would sit up possibly till morning dawned, waiting till this prodigal daughter felt pangs of hunger or remorse and so returned to the house, which she knew stood with wide open doors for her. The final step taken for this erring child had really seemed to end much of the trouble. Miss Bowes had sent her as an ordinary day scholar to the public school, and she seemed to find her uplifting environment.

After another month or two we again visited Victoria, and turned our steps to 101 Cormorant Street. Miss Churchill was at work in her morning class, which consisted of girls of the Home and a few day pupils. During this visit my daughter secured some photographs, and I got from Miss Churchill an excellent primer for instructing the Chinese in our language. As, probably you know, nearly all domestic servants in Victoria and Vancouver are Chinamen; they earn from ten to thirty dollars per month. Some are excellent servants; most of them tidy and clean. They come to work every day about 7 a. m., perform house-work and cooking till after luncheon, go out for a walk and return in time to prepare dinner. After all is again put in order they go to the little room they call home, perhaps to gamble away their earnings. Some mistresses prefer Chinamen who do not profess to be Christians; but by evening schools, Sunday and other services, our societies and those of the different churches are striving to make the China boys more than nominal Christians. Miss Churchill's evening school is finely attended, and Sabbath evening service, held in a little church, and conducted by a Chinese Methodist missionary, is far from neglected.

Miss Churchill, in the evening, took me there, and for one and a half hours the Chinese audience listened most attentively. It was principally composed of men, and probably most of them servants in English households. One seldom sees Chinese women. Of all days spent in Victoria I most enjoyed a Sabbath afternoon at our Home. First Miss Bowes and I had a chat in her little room. She told me some of her joys and sor-

rows, her trials with the stubborn Chinese temper, etc. One instance arose at house-cleaning time. A strong, capable girl laid down what should have been her weapons of warfare, but took an attitude both offensive and defensive, stating she would now be neutral in the great cause. There was nothing to be done and Miss Bowes meekly submitted and finished the toil. On the afternoon of which I write, I met, besides the ladies of the Home, a veteran missionary and his wife; for years they had labored amongst the Indians; they loved their work and longed to return to the settlements together away. The wife had taught, planned and struggled, had even helped build the little, rough home, carrying stones and placing them. Life was dear to this unselfish couple, but only as it gave them opportunity to help these ignorant Indians. For the present they had charge of work near the coast cities. Indian settlements are quite common in these parts, and besides helping them, the missionary often has an opportunity of aiding some unfortunate white man, who has so far fallen that he is content to live in such quarters. Probably life has gone hard with him, life in the camps is cheap, so he drifts there. A helpful word or act may yet reach and rescue him, but unless there is somebody to visit, the word remains unspoken.

Wish I could remember the name of my fellow-guests; they were pioneers and employed by General Board. Plain, unassuming people, but when one thinks of them comes also the thought of the great hereafter and of those who will shine for ever and ever.

Miss Bowes is no longer matron of the Rescue Home, but is always interested in all its work. Miss Morgan, I think, is at the head of affairs; a gentle, sweet mannered woman, who attracts one. I last parted with her in Vancouver, and will never forget her. Miss Churchill, I judge, still earnestly labors amongst the race she longs to help; her China boys learn lessons of many kinds from her—a strong, reliable woman.

Whatever desires these consecrated women may have, they yet make all subordinate to duty; accept the position assigned them, do faithful work and always find and speak of the great reward daily found. When next I cross the continent I hope to reach several of our other missions.

N. S.

Faithfully yours, A. B. BLACK.

THE FINISHED WORK.

When from eyes bedimmed with weeping,
Every tear is wiped away;
When in hearts unused to gladness
Shines the light of endless day;
When the wandering ones are folded
Closely to a Saviour's breast,
Then, our blessed work all ended,
We shall enter into rest.

Many willing feet may falter,
Ere the holy task is done;
Many hands may drop the burden;
God shall count them, every one.
Still the faithful host shall gather,
Other hands the burden bear,
Till our Christ shall reign triumphant,
Crowned Redeemer everywhere.

Berkley, Cal.

W. M. F.