

So my blocks were quickly gathered from the chip-box in the shed;  
Soon with laughter they were trying hard to make a trundle-bed.  
Then my thought—"Oh, all that sewing, and the box which must be packed  
For Alaska, that same evening, and so many things it lacked."

"Mrs. Tracy," here said Katie, "won't you please come help us now,  
I did think 'twould be so easy, but I guess we don't know how."  
"Mamma thinks I'm quite a helper," little Nell then quickly said;  
"But perhaps she didn't mention making dolly's trundle bed."

"Tell a story while you fix it, won't you, Mrs. Tracy, dear?"  
And with thoughts full of Alaska, I could think of nothing near.  
"Did you notice I was sewing as you came in at the door?  
I will tell you now a story you have never heard before."

"Way off in a great cold country, where there's plenty snow and ice,  
There are many Indian children, who have nothing new or nice.  
They just wear some skins and blankets, did not know the Saviour's name,  
Till some good and wise men told them, and some help from missions came."

Then I told them more about it; how the Bible now was sent,  
How some noble men and women all their time and money lent.  
And that I was busy sewing, so that we could send them aid,  
Then with many earnest glances, scanned the face of each wee maid.

"Let us help you, Mrs. Tracy; deed we'll help you, let us try,  
I would like to help them Injins, praps I'll teach 'em by-and-bye."  
So all day they bothered, hindered, and my patience melted quite.  
Oh! they were such restless children; never let me out of sight.

And I had to tell them over, all I could about it all,  
And if I left out an item, for that scrap they'd surely call.  
Well, the years have passed, and swift too; I'd forgotten all that day,  
Till just now I had a letter written in the Hesler Bay.

"Mrs. Tracy, my dear teacher, I will tell you now my aim,  
I am going to Alaska, and a mission there I claim.  
Do you now remember dimly? I so clearly, years ago,  
When we came, both Nell and Katie, spent the day and helped you sew."

"How you told us of the Indians in Alaska without light?  
Oh! I dreamed and planned about them, many a day, and even night;  
And the wish grew up within me, by your words so strong and true;  
But I only told to mother, never even told to you."

"Now I go, that I may teach them all the good news that I can,  
And I see 'twas all your kindness, you so loving told your plan.  
Help us by your prayers, dear teacher, as I go the word to tell;  
And be sure you're ne'er forgotten, by the girl you knew as Nell."

Can it be that tiny seed, sown in such careless, faithless way,  
Has been growing all these seasons, abinea golden fruit to-day?

"Ye of little faith," how truly could that word be said of me,  
When I never even prayed that of that seed some fruit might be.

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

## OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER "ON THE FIELD."

In visiting the Aid Societies in N.S., though you cannot say "in perils off," yet you may, with truth declare, "in journeyings off." From train to boat, from boat to carriage, from carriage to stage-coach, over rough roads, and muddy roads, you must go, but there is always a warm welcome waiting somewhere on the road; and if you want to see the beauties of your own province, there is no better way than driving by stage.

The 15th October found us in Digby, just too late for the coach to Bear River, but it did not take long to procure a carriage, and the drive of nine miles was something to be remembered. Parts of Digby county are picturesque in the extreme, and Bear River is no exception. It is a popular saying there in driving you can see down into the chimneys of the houses, and it almost seems so; then again away up above your head you will find a house or may be a church perched on the top of a hill which looks as though it had found its resting-place somewhere in the clouds.

It being prayer-meeting evening, we met with many of the sisters, and after the usual exercises, an Aid Society was organized, with fourteen members. Though the Society has gone down, yet there are grand workers here, and Mrs. Simpson had written some weeks before for Constitution, in order to reform. Nine MISSIONARY LINKS were taken. Instead of one Mission Band they have many here, each teacher and her class forming one, and they are doing a good work.

A twenty-four mile drive the next day found us at Centreville the next evening, and on Sunday afternoon quite a large number met in the Centreville church, and a Mission Band was formed with thirty-three members consisting of the friends in Waterford and Centreville; the two places being only two miles apart it was judged better to thus join hands; holding the meetings alternately. Young and old are thus working together, and it cannot fail to be a power for good.

These two sections form part of the church, over which Brother Morse has for many long years been the faithful overseer. In the early part of 1891 he will celebrate his jubilee, the fiftieth year of his pastorate among these people. We believe he is the only pastor in the Dominion, who has been enabled to spend so many years without a breach in the onefield. Well may his people honor him, and we trust that he may be spared to them for many years yet.

At Sandy Cove, the night for our meeting proved stormy, but a few brave spirits among the young people ventured forth, and a Mission Band was formed with fifteen members, and a prospect of more. Sister Morse is superintendent of this Sunday school, and, it is working steadily on mid discouragements that would appal most people. The reaping time is not always here, but it is coming surely for that faithful, earnest toiler in this corner of the vineyard. If this should meet the eye of any who would care to aid this school at Sandy Cove "Digby Co. is in need of books and papers." City children have often more than they appreciate.