

ting, working very patiently with slate and pencil. The girls were smart and had some very neat needle work. The boys were restless but not disobedient. Miss Wight seems very well fitted for her difficult work. She is very patient with them, very kind, and yet firm. Will you not pray that some of these poor heathen children may be led to the Saviour by her teaching.

Other strange people that I saw were

THE CHINESE.

There are about three thousand of them in Victoria. Very funny they look with their hair braided in a long queue behind reaching nearly to the ground. Nearly all of these people are yet heathen and very little has as yet been done for them. I hope that ere long our church will have a missionary among them. There are very few boys and girls there. They are nearly all men who have come from China to work, and expect to go back again, though some of them never will do so.

Another sight far removed both in distance and appearance from the poor Indians and Chinese was a large body of

CHILDREN IN MONTREAL.

As I passed along the street one Wednesday morning I stepped into the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Notre Dame, and there, seated in the centre of that great church was a large number of children, I should think there were several hundreds. They sang very sweetly some hymns, in French. Then the priest talked to them for a time. They were preparing for their first communion which was to be held the following Sabbath.

Poor children! In a grand cathedral, surrounded by glitter and show, they were almost as far removed from the light of the gospel as the Indians and Chinese. How little they know of Jesus. They are not allowed to read the Bible as you are. They are kept in darkness and ignorance and are taught to confess their sins to a priest and trust the care of their souls to him.

One great work that our Church has to do, a work just as important as sending

missionaries to the heathen, is to send the gospel to the French Roman Catholic children of the Province of Quebec.

Among the sights that to me were wonderful was

THE GREAT PRAIRIE.

For hundreds of miles it stretches away, away. Sometimes there are lonely settlers living far apart and the boys and girls have not school or church so near as you have and sometimes they have none at all and grow up in ignorance. In many cases there is school and church within reach, but often the people have far to go to attend them.

Another sight no less wonderful was

THE GREAT MOUNTAINS.

For five hundred miles we were passing through them. Their sides in many cases rising bare and rocky, their tops white with snow. Great as they are how great must be that One who "weigheth the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance." That one who created all these things and at whose word they shall consume away.

Of one sight more I must tell you. It was the best of all. It was the bright and happy looking

CHILDREN IN THE SABBATH-SCHOOLS

that I visited, their voices sweet, their faces bright, as they sang their hymns or learned from faithful teachers the story of Jesus and His love. How many such good and pleasant sights there are throughout our land, where the young are taught that blessed book which guides to life and peace.

SHORT GRAVES.

Once a young prince asked his teacher to tell him how to prepare to die.

"Plenty of time for that when you are older," answered the teacher.

"No!" answered the prince. "I have been to the church-yard and measured the graves; and many of them are shorter than I am."

If religion has done nothing for your temper it has done nothing for your soul.
—Clayton.