

devour that poor, lone life, all night long, all the next day he sat there, drenched by the icy waves, bleeding from a score of bruises, faint almost to death from his grievous conflict with the storm. Another night followed, and another day broke, and still he clung to the rock and lived. Think of him there in the storm, will you? On the one side, death; on the other, death; all around, death. What hope of aught but death on that lonely rock, three miles from shore? Listen! He is singing—

“Though waves and storms go o’er my head,
Though strength and health and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, Thy mercy never dies!”

And God’s mercy did not die; it was not dead. Three miles away on a hill on the shore, the captain of a sealing steamer was sweeping the horizon with his glass, and guided by the finger of God, his eye caught the figure of the man far off upon the rock. Quickly a relief party was formed, and willing feet sped across treacherous ice. A little way from the rock they met the poor fellow desperately endeavoring to make his way toward the land, and in a few hours he lay in that kindly captain’s cabin exhausted, chilled, disfigured for the time, indeed, but restored as by a miracle to the land of the living. And still he lives, an earnest, humble Christian, and his eye fills as he tells the tale of God’s grace and goodness to him on the Fish Rock. Is it not worth while to send the Gospel to such as he? I am here to-night, sir, to express, on behalf of my country and my Conference, our gratitude to this Board, and its subscribers in these fair western lands, for the kindly sympathy and help which have been so generously offered us. We are deeply sensible of what we owe, of all we owe, to the large-heartedness, and open-handedness of our friends in this great west. What ever may be said as to the proposed entrance of our island into confederate union with this Dominion, there can be but one opinion as to the advantages accruing to us through the ecclesiastical union which makes us one with the great Canadian Methodist Church. If the political union would be fraught with half such advantage, it would be, I am bold to say, the best thing that could happen us. On that, however, it is not my place to speak; our Methodism is one, and I thank God for the manifold blessings of that unity.

I am here too, sir, and that principally, to plead for a continuance of the sympathy and help which have been given us in the past. We are poor, sir, as a country must inevitably be that has only one resource, when that resource, as in our case, has been for years a partial failure. We are dependent, as a country

must necessarily be dependent whose adherents, though wonderfully liberal, are scattered over wide areas, are for the most part, in humble circumstances; and, in the providence of God and by no fault of their own, find the source of daily bread to fail, and have a hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door. And so we come for help. These great central provinces of the Dominion are the head and heart of its Methodism, and I know we are the very least among the thousands of Israel; insignificant in comparison with the many larger, lordlier fields of mission labor; the finger or the foot of this great Church body. But the wise head will not say to the finger, “I have no need of thee,” and I trow the warm heart will not say to the foot, “I have no need of thee.”

Sir, I rejoice in being to-night within sound of the heart-beats of this great Church of ours, within the orbit of the central sun of our church system. For surely as the sun-rays strike out east and west and north and south, giving light and life everywhere, making glad these laughing prairies of the West, and making grand the shores of my native land as she sits throned as a queen in her icy seas of purple and pearl, so the beneficent rays from this Mission Board, gathered up from the millions and the mites of our common thankofferings, go out east and west and north and south, sending light and life, the blessed light and life of the Gospel, to the far-stretching fields of our common Methodism. Oh, that we may help one another to help forward the coming of the Son of Man to bring the life of the Lord Jesus Christ into the hearts and lives of all our people.

PROGRESS IN THE CHINESE WORK.

A LADY correspondent in Victoria, B.C., sends us the following:—

“The missionary services of yesterday, held in the Pandora Street Methodist Church, were of a very satisfactory nature. In the morning a large audience gathered in the sacred edifice to listen to Rev. Mr. Starr, who preached an interesting missionary discourse on ‘The Power of God.’ Always eloquent, on this occasion the preacher seemed inspired by his subject to surpass himself, while the rapt attention of the congregation showed how deeply they were interested in the presentation of the truth.

“But the most gratifying part of the service was the renouncing of heathenism and acceptance of Christianity by five of the Chinese girls, who were rescued about two years ago from a most loathsome form of slavery, and placed in a Home, by Mr. Gardiner. Rev. Mr. Starr, assisted by Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Chan, the newly arrived missionary from China, accorded to these girls the rite of baptism. Under God’s blessing, the ministrations of these gentlemen, and the wise, firm training of Miss Leake, the present matron of the