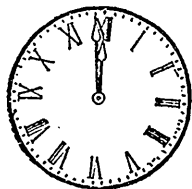


# Letter Leaflet of the Woman's Auxiliary

"The love of Christ constraineth us."—2 Cor. v. 14.

APRIL, 1897



PROVINCIAL WOMAN'S AUXILIARY.  
MISS L. H. MONTIZAMBERT, *Ed. Prov. Pages.*

Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.—PSALM II. 8.

Subjects for Prayer and Reading: April—Caledonia, B.C., India. May—Saskatchewan and Calgary. Palestine and Assyria.

CALEDONIA, B.C.

We cull the following from the *Mission Field*, which many of our readers do not see, for an example such as Mrs. Ridley's, ought not to fail to be blessed by God to some of us, in greater or lesser degrees: "Mrs. Ridley's death is a great loss, both to the noble-hearted Bishop of Caledonia and to his Diocese, where she has worked so splendidly. In one of our most recent letters from the Bishop he had given an example of his wife's rare devotion and missionary spirit. In a mission which he and Mrs. Ridley started in a remote place on the Skeena River, residing there for a year in 1880 and 1881, the Bishop had placed a clergyman and his wife." "They recoiled from the horrors of savage life and to our great surprise, at the end of one year, suddenly appeared at my house on the coast *en route* to England. Then, in November, it was too late to find a clergyman to succeed him, and a long winter's break would probably ruin the work and prospects. Before they had been in my house an hour I had a volunteer. She said, 'Let me go, I will hold it together until you find somebody else.' 'Do you mean it?' I asked. 'Yes!' 'Then wait till morning, and we will discuss it!' So before breakfast, being pressed for an answer, I said 'Yes.' It was difficult to get a crew to face a November 'Skeena,' which freezes in hummocks from end to end; but that same day, with a year's provisions we started. \* \* It was a dismal journey for both of us, camping and sleeping on the snow being but the least of the discomforts. At the end of fifteen days we arrived, and packed the provisions in the snug log house. I offered my crew an extra pound a-piece if they would delay their return but a single day, but nothing would induce them to wait. So I left her behind among Indians and miners, the only white woman within 170 miles, and the first to ascend the river. The isolation was complete. Events forced