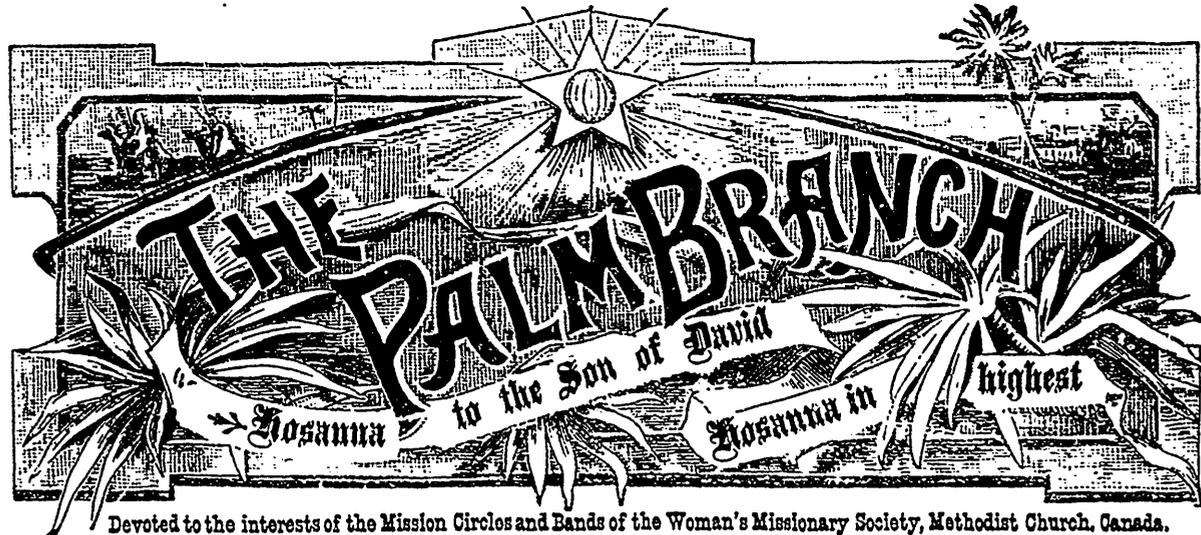


A HAPPY NEW YEAR.



WE beg leave to introduce to our readers our two good trained nurses of Port Simpson Hospital, B. C., Miss Spence and Miss Lawrence. Also Dr Bolton's little daughter, Miss Belle, who looks very much like a small missionary herself and whose acquaintance we are pleased to make. Dr. Bolton went out from Ontario, in 1889, to British Columbia, "moved by love to the Master" to minister to the needs of the sick and suffering Indians of the Pacific Coast. And he has done grand work there, helping to save their souls as well. Our Woman's Missionary Society sent out a trained nurse in May, 1892—that nurse was Miss Spence—the lady facing you on the left.

The hospital was built in the summer of that year, and Dr. and Mrs. Bolton and Miss Spence moved in. Soon after her arrival Miss Spence wrote home: "Where the Gospel has not penetrated it is deplorable. Many sick in one room, and oh, the degradation! They will rattle an immense rattle box to scare away evil spirits. There is a little boy in the hospital now, over whom the box has been rattled all winter—we hope he will get well now for the sake of our work. I hope the members of the W. M. S. will pray for Dr. Bolton's work. I do not think there is a people on the face of the earth who need the united efforts of God's people more than the poor Indians."

Miss Lawrence went there in 1894. Last year Miss Spence came home on furlough after years of skilled, faithful service. While in Ontario she attended medical lectures, at her own request, for the purpose of gaining more knowledge

of the work. She went back to Port Simpson only to find poor Miss Lawrence ill of typhoid fever—Miss Stevenson the other nurse, after two and a half years of good service had married a missionary and gone up the Skeena River to new work. So poor Miss Spence is very much alone and feels the need of our prayers. Miss Lawrence, by the Doctor's advice, has now gone to Victoria for a few weeks rest. She, too, is a faithful, noble worker. No one knows the blessing this Hospital is to the Indians, and, indeed, to the white people too. Patients come from far and near to be treated, and some die there in the triumph of faith. Dr. Bolton greatly appreciates the work of our W. M. S. nurses. He says too: "It is hard to imagine a field that offers greater scope for humble, Christ-like work than that occupied by the nurses of the Port Simpson Hospital." Another is much needed immediately. Will not some one of our trained and consecrated young nurses enter the open door of service for God in our own Dominion?



The New Year's bells, the New Year's bells,
What shall their message be?
What is the wish you'll send afar
Across the land and sea?

I'll ask the bells to ring some joy To Indian hearts so sad
I'll send to every girl and boy Good news to make them glad.
Then ring and swing, O New Year bells, From tower and
from steeple,
Ring in a better, brighter day To all earth's weary people.
Adapted from C. M. F.