

# W. B. M. U. TIDINGS.

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MOTTO FOR THE YEAR.

“Be ye strong therefore and let not your hands be weak,  
for your work shall be rewarded.”

As I understand, that an article of mine, about the work has recently appeared in “Tidings,” I scarcely know how to comply with the request of our Cor. Secretary for something for the November issue. Would it not be nice if some of the good sisters at home would write us a letter through that little sheet Letters are to us more than they possibly can be to you, and we do not get as many from the rank and file of the people as we can read.

Then there is another thing,—the good sisters who have Tidings in hand seldom send us a copy, so we do not know how we look in print, which makes us feel rather shy.

If “Tidings” goes away over to Northumberland Co., N. B., please convey to the friends at Newcastle, at Doaktown, at Ludlow and at several other places our warmest remembrances and good wishes.

About three years ago, we were there, and at one time a pastor loaned us his horse and carriage to drive to our next meeting place. The odour of the thistle blooms is still all about me and the ripple of the brooks is in my ears. At another place, we laughed with others among the cherry trees on a hillside and go in a little late to some of the Association meeting but we never told why, and dont you. Some days after this in another village, while a meeting was in progress, some one came to the platform and said, a boy at the door had a basket of cherries forme.

I often think of that boy and wonder if he knows how that fruit was appreciated. The next morning it was carried on board a very small vessel, how small it will not do to say and was largely disposed of as three of us floated down the smooth shining