

"CALLEST THOU THUS, OH MASTER."

CALLEST Thou thus, oh Master,
 Callest Thou thus to me?
 I am weary and heavy laden,
 And I'm going to come to Thee,
 And out in the lonely darkness
 Thy voice soundeth so sweet,
 But I am not worthy, Master,
 Not worthy to kiss thy feet.

"Child," said the gracious Master,
 "Why turnest thou thus away
 When I come thro' the darkness
 Seeking my sheep who have gone astray?
 I know thou art heavy laden,
 So I knew thou hadst need of Me;
 And the feet of thy loving Master,
 Are weary thro' seeking thee."

Comest Thou thus, oh Master
 Comest Thou thus to me!
 When my untrimmed lamp is dying,
 And my house is not meet for Thee;
 For Thou art so great and holy,
 And mine is so poor a home,
 And I am not worthy, Master,
 Not worthy that Thou should'st come.

"Child," said the gracious Master,
 And His voice was very sweet,
 "I only ask for a welcome,
 And rest for My weary feet."
 Then over my lowly threshold,
 So dark and defiled by sin,
 Though I am not worthy, Master,
 I pray Thee to enter in.

LETTER FROM PORT SIMPSON,
 B. C.

THE following is a letter sent by Miss K. Hendry, of Port Simpson, to be read in Wellington Street Methodist Sunday-school, Brantford. It has been kindly sent us for publication in PLEASANT HOURS. We hope it will increase the interest of all our readers in this important mission, and in this devoted young missionary.

BELOVED FRIENDS.—It is with feelings of tender affection that I embrace this my first opportunity to write to you. It is now nearly five months since I looked into your kind faces and said "good-bye!" What a wonderful experience these months have brought, to myself, perhaps, more especially. During my journey of nearly 5,000 miles over land and sea, I was surrounded by kind friends, and had the comforting assurance that God was guiding my steps. A knowledge of your prayers, together with the constant presence of Jesus, brought sweet peace to my soul, and made me to rejoice that I was in the way of duty.

It is indeed a wonderful change to leave such a large circle of dear friends and come among a people of such strange language and peculiar habits. Yet I praise the Lord for an ever-increasing interest in this great work. Though I miss the many loved ones, yet I do not realize that we are so far apart, but often live among you, especially in the Sabbath-school, and with my own dear class. I love to think of the many happy hours spent together. If I have helped any I rejoice, if I have hindered any I do ask forgiveness. Reflecting upon the past, I see wherein I might have been a greater help to others, and received to myself greater blessings. But I take comfort from the thought that we are actuated by mutual prayer.

I will not attempt to describe my journey, which was grand; and will but mention the kind welcome accorded us by the people here. Flags were raised, men and women, boys and girls, came forward to greet us with such demonstrations of pleasure as to call

into use both hands. Such a welcome gave us a wonderful inspiration for the work of our choice. I often think I am the happiest person in British Columbia. Our work demands self-denial, but contains a grandeur that cheers us on our way. Through the efforts of Bro. and Sister Crosby, and the glorious Gospel, a good work has been accomplished. Not one picture has been overdrawn, but much remains to be done, and many privations to be endured. What a privilege to be permitted to share in this great work. I have charge of sixteen girls at present. Some are wild and rude, others bright and intelligent. I have won their affection, and find them improving. The small girls are easily managed, and have had a service formed for themselves, while the larger ones are at public worship. God blesses their little hearts as they weep over their sins. The people here are very kind to each other. The other morning I saw three little fellows coming to school through the cold and frost in bare feet. The largest was carrying his little companions in turn upon his back, warming their feet with his hands. My heart went out to the dear little fellow in love while I saw him striving thus to comfort others at the expense of his own feeling. Many of our people come bare foot to Church, where we have no fire but that which comes from above. Think, dear children, how much you owe to God for His many blessings. Yet with all the love of Jesus in the heart, and the warming influences of His Holy Spirit, we do not think much about our trials, but praise the Lord for the wonderful love that warms the soul.

At Essington, 40 miles from Port Simpson, a poor blind Indian girl listened to the story of Jesus' love. After again hearing the Gospel at a Missionary Meeting she was moved to give as a thank-offering a part of her money. Some wicked white men spoke as if it was a shame to receive her money, and collecting some gave it to her, but she refused to accept anything from those who made light of Christianity.

A little boy who had learned to love Jesus, being out in search of food in a canoe with his mother, had the misfortune of being capsized. After great peril of life he reached the shore, and ran shrieking for help along the rocks. Through hard struggling the mother came to shore, and the son, throwing himself at her feet, wonderfully foretold of his death, and at the same time told of his going to be with Jesus. The boy passed away to share in the eternal glory, and the mother, tearing up her blanket, secured his body and her own safety from the rising tide, and clung to a tree until a passing vessel rescued her from her privious situation. Hers was truly a sad story.

Beloved ones, I cannot begin to tell how much the blessed Gospel has done in this wonderful country, and how God has honoured His servants in their work among the various tribes along the coast. Bro. and Sister Crosby have shared largely in this work, and will, no doubt, reap a rich reward.

The visiting is very interesting to me, but the people are very lazy, and oh, so dirty: dogs, cats, and chickens, are included in the family in many homes. I often visit a good old woman of a hundred years, who possesses, as do many others, remarkable lips. A large portion of the lower lip is out away to give place to a plate of bone, wood, or

silver, inserted as an ornamental substitute. I found her in company with chickens, in bed, and happy. Each week I visit from eight to eighteen families, and by the aid of an interpreter, talk, sing, and pray with them, and thus bring happiness to them. I haste to learn their language.

Our Sunday morning service was interesting, and was, under God's blessing, a means of grace indeed, and the gate of heaven to many souls. Mr. Crosby and an Indian, each in his own language, spoke from the text, "Peter followed Him afar off." A most powerful influence rested upon all, and a song of praise and thanksgiving went up to heaven. After service I took fifteen of my girls apart, spoke to them, and asked those who loved Jesus to join me in singing

"My Jesus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine."

Only two joined with me, but the rest wept bitter tears. We then had a few moments of silent prayer, asking all to pray "Lord, show me Thyself for Jesus sake." Beloved, the tears of penitence that flowed here are remembered in heaven. O, the influences of this Gospel of Christ, as eight of those girls followed me in prayer. Thank God there was joy on earth and in heaven, too.

But I must close—with kindest love and best wishes to all the dear friends. Oh that we each may have grace given us to do the whole will of God on earth that we may enjoy a rich reward in heaven.

This is the loving prayer of your affectionate friend and devoted sister in Christ.
 K. HENDRY.

FROM Oka, Lake of the Two Mountains, the Rev. A. Dorion writes:—In presenting a brief sketch all that I can say is, that I am very thankful to the Giver of all blessings, for His kind providence bestowed upon this mission during the year; for notwithstanding all the oppression and petty persecutions that we have endured from the hands of our many enemies, we have gladly witnessed, from time to time, the saving power of a preached Gospel; for our Missionary labour has been greatly blessed in the conversion of many of those poor neglected sons of the forest, who are now, by the grace of God, striving "to enter in at the strait gate." It is very comforting to see them either in class or in prayer-meetings, witnessing, in their own simple way, the saving power of the grace of God, through faith alone in the all-merciful Saviour; and here we may well say, with one of old, "this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." Our Sunday-school is very promising, and is becoming a great means of grace to the young who are attending it from Sabbath to Sabbath, in order to read and study the Gospels which contain the doctrines of our holy religion. And we are also greatly indebted to our Toronto friends for supplying our Sunday school, gratuitously, with copies of the PLEASANT HOURS and the Sunbeam, which are very kindly received by all the children of our Sunday-school; for we have been greatly pleased many a time in seeing how the little boys and girls take pleasure in looking over the pictures on their papers.

AN UNTRUTH.

TWO young masons were building a brick wall—the front wall of a high house. One of them in playing a brick discovered that it was a little thicker on one side than the other. His companion advised him to throw it out. "It will make your wall untrue, Ben," he said. "Pooh!" answered Ben; "what difference will such a trifle as that make? You are too particular." "My mother," replied he, "taught me that truth is truth, and ever so little an untruth is a lie, and a lie is no trifle." "O," said Ben, "that's all very well; but I am not lying, and have no intention of lying." "Very true, but you make your wall tell a lie, and I have read that a lie in one's work is like a lie in his character—it will show itself soon or later, and bring harm, if not ruin." "I'll risk it in this case," answered Ben, and he worked away, laying more bricks and carrying the wall up higher, till the close of the day, when they quitted work and went home. The next morning they went to resume their work, when, behold the lie had wrought out the result of all lies. The wall, getting a little slant from the untrue brick, had got more and more untrue as it got higher, and at last in the night had toppled over again. Just so with ever so little an untruth in your character; it grows more and more untrue if you permit it to remain, till it brings sorrow and ruin. Tell, act, and live the exact truth always.—Selected.

TRUE MANLINESS AS REVEALED IN A YOUNG STREET ARAB.

"SERGEANT," said a diminutive specimen of the street Arab, as he met an officer wearing a sergeant's uniform, on the street about ten o'clock, "can you send an officer to guard some property to-night?"

The urchin's clothes were tattered, his face was dirty, and he was soaked with rain; but there was a manly air about him for all that. The officer looked somewhat astonished at the request coming from such a strange source, and asked kindly, "What do you want an officer for, my boy?"

"Because," answered the child, and tears filled his eyes, "I was leaning against a store window on Chestnut street, and I guess I pushed too hard, and the glass broke, and I couldn't make anybody hear, so I started as fast as I could to find an officer, to keep anybody from stealing the things in the window. And, Sergeant, I have thirty-five cents I made selling papers to-day. If I give you that don't you think they would let me go until I could make enough to pay for the glass? It is every cent I have, but I don't want to go to gaol."

"Keep your money, my boy," said the officer, "I will see that the store is guarded, and if you go and tell the owner to-morrow I don't believe he will take a cent from you. Anyhow, I can trust you."

"Thank you," said the boy, "I will be sure to go and see him, and I will try to save all the money I can to pay him, if he wants it." And, drying his eyes, he went on, probably to a cheerless home.—Ez.