

February, of 1888, was an unusually cold and stormy month. Everywhere throughout the Dominion trains were delayed by snow blockades, and with the thermometer several degrees below zero, travelling was by no means pleasant. And yet, in one of the worst storms of the season, Sadie Hart arrived in Halifax late at night, the train being several hours late owing to the storm, and the next afternoon started on her long, lonely journey, as bright and cheerful as if she were just taking a little trip to visit some friends. Notwithstanding predictions of snow-bound trains, she never hesitated one moment, and in response to the earnest solicitations of her friends, her reply was: "If my Father needs me at Port Simpson, He will take care of me." And the wings of the Divine protection and love did overshadow that brave young girl, as she journeyed along, entirely alone, during the most inclement season of the year. The way was indeed made plain before her, and she reached her destination in good health, and with eager haste to enter upon her new work. One thing favored her very much—she was a good story-teller. When she was quite young, the other children of her family were always glad to see a rainy day, and on such days there was a chorus of joyful voices ringing through the parsonage, "Now Sadie can tell us stories." And the dear mother was so relieved when she saw the rapt attention of the eager children, as they breathlessly listened to the sister's thrilling stories—every one of which embodied some helpful lesson. And so it was in the new and strange Indian Home. Miss Knight has often written of how Miss Hart would hold the uncouth Indian girls for hours when she was too wearied to find something for them to do. You may be sure, dear girls, that the "Old, old story of Jesus and his love," was not forgotten when the story-telling hour came round.

Not very long after Miss Hart went to Port Simpson, Miss Knight married, and shortly after left the Home which she had so efficiently managed for nearly five years. Then the burden of responsibility was thrown upon the shoulders of this youthful assistant, and for five years she bore it with unflinching bravery—directing and controlling the management of the home, with a wisdom far beyond her years. Much of what Miss Hart endured and accomplished in these years, will only be revealed at the final harvest. Surely her name may be well added to the hero list.

After completing her term of service in the work of the W. M. S., Miss Hart returned home for much-needed and well-earned rest. But during her brief year at home she travelled many miles in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, telling to interested audiences, her thrilling experiences, and

the wonderful influences of the gospel among the Indians of the Pacific coast. Indeed she worked during the *supposed* resting-time far beyond her strength—so eager was she to awaken interest in our Society, and to arouse the women at home to a greater sense of their responsibility.

Sadie and Lizzie are the daughters of Rev. T. D. Hart, of the Nova Scotia Conference. As this honored servant of God and his devoted wife worship in the sanctuary, they doubtless hear a sweeter harmony in the songs of praise than other worshippers, for away over across the sea some girls in Japan have been taught by Lizzie to sing with the understanding, "Jesus loves me," while through Sadie's instrumentality, "What a friend we have in Jesus," finds a ready response in the hearts of many Indian girls on the Pacific coast. Truly these parents, through their daughters, are preaching the gospel to the regions beyond.

On the 25th of August last, Miss Sadie Hart was married at Port Simpson, to the Rev. Mr. Spencer, of Kishpear, Upper Skeena, B. C. Rev. Mr. Crosby performed the marriage ceremony. All her friends in the village were delighted to welcome her back, and in every way possible tried to do her honor. And now, dear readers, would you like to hear about the wedding trip? Mr. and Mrs. Spencer left Port Essington, Sept. 19th, not in a parlor car, but in a large canoe, measuring about 40 feet in length and about four or five feet across the centre. At one end of the canoe a long stout oar, 20 feet long, was secured, thus enabling the captain to steer standing. Another captain stood at the other end and paddled when he could not pole, keeping at the same time a sharp lookout for stones. On the first day they crossed to Aberdeen. It was raining, and the tide running down, so starting against it was out of the question. When they left Aberdeen on their way up river, it was still raining. Mrs. Spencer was made as comfortable as possible, but spent a most miserable night. When daylight dawned they went ashore for breakfast. The "boys" built a roaring fire, and soon a hot breakfast was ready, but just as they were going to take it, down came the rain. As they proceeded, Mrs. Spencer found there were worse things than taking breakfast in the rain. The river was all she feared it was, and worse in some places. The Indians were very anxious to make the trip interesting to her, getting Mr. Spencer to interpret for them. Every now and then they passed a place "where a canoe was upset and everything lost," or, "just here a canoe was upset and all were drowned." They pointed out a large bold point one day as the place where the people used to offer sacrifice to the river