



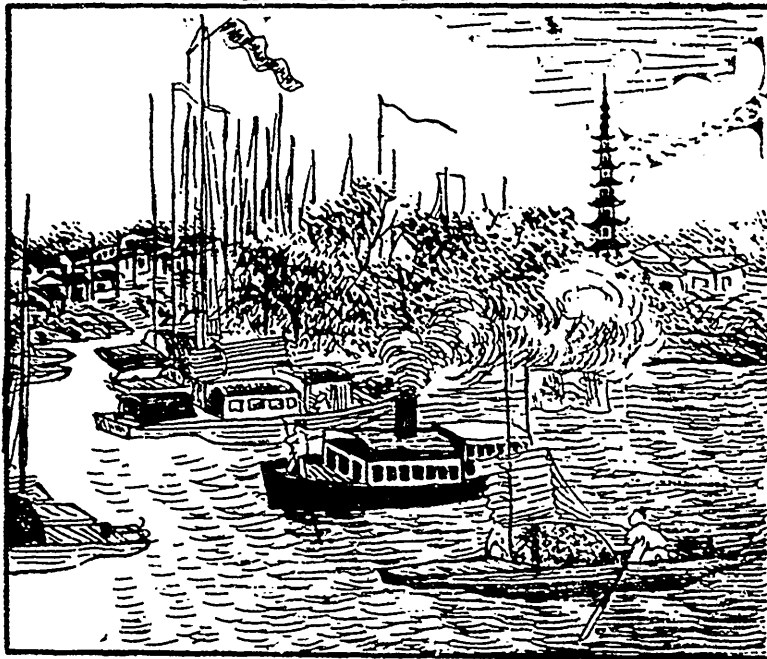
Devoted to the interests of the Missions Circles and Bands of the Woman's Missionary Society, Methodist Church, Canada.

IN 1870, a Woman's Missionary Society of the Pacific Coast was organized "to elevate and save heathen women on these shores." Much patience was needed. Furnished rooms waited a year and three months before anyone came to occupy them. Then a girl, eighteen years of age, wearied unto death of her life, went to the bay, with despair in her heart, and cast herself into its waters. She was rescued and taken by the police to these waiting rooms. In about eighteen months from that time, after most faithful teaching, she was baptized, and soon after married a Christian Chinaman. Seven years after her rescue she died in the faith of Christ, the first fruit of the seed-sowing, guarded safe in the Heavenly Storehouse. Slowly, one by one, they came, claiming care and protection. In the month of May three young girls came, one of them very

ill. She seemed so grateful for rest from abuse and for the kind care received that she was ready to listen to the story of Jesus. The day came when she said to her teacher, "I am dying; stay with me." She was pointed to the Lamb of God. She responded that she did be-

lieve in Jesus and would trust Him. After a few moments of silence she said suddenly, "O, I am afraid I cannot find the way. After earnest prayer with her, the teacher repeated the sweet words, "I am the way, the truth and the life." She lay quiet for a little time and then murmured, "I am afraid the door of Heaven will be shut. I cannot see the way. Who will lead me?" At length, after lying with closed eyes for some

time, she exclaimed, while her face lighted up with joy, "I see the way; the door of Heaven is open—it is all beautiful there. Oh, how beautiful," and almost instantly she ceased to breathe. So, souls are being saved through the efforts of Christian women on the shores of the Pacific."



A little girl lying very ill said to her mother, "Mamma, if I should not get well I would like to have Papa give just as much money to the missionaries every year as it costs to take care

of me." She sleeps in Jesus, but through her sweet wish many other little girls have heard His name.

Giving thanks always, for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Eph. 5, 20