

WHAT ONE WOMAN CAN DO.



WOMAN died in Philadelphia on the second of January who has in herself done more to solve the problem of how to heal the breach between the so-called "higher" and "lower" classes than all the wise plans and rules adopted by ecclesiastical bodies. She was herself a woman of elegant refinement, wealthy, beautiful in feature and character, lovely in disposition, generous and charitable. But instead of identifying herself and all her family with one of the wealthy and aristocratic churches she deliberately joined a church mostly and almost exclusively composed of the working people. She became a teacher in the Sunday school, and practically the pastor of the entire parish which her large class constituted. She visited each member of the class systematically, and they were not social calls either, but spiritual visits, dealing directly with souls. When they were sick she went to them, on foot and in humble attire; she carried them little dainties, she read her Bible at their bedside, she knelt and prayed with them, she inquired of their spiritual condition and directed them to Jesus. No pastoral care became needful where that woman went. She declined invitations to social parties that she might be free to devote her time to the Lord's work. She might be bearing a sorrow that would have crushed another woman, but no one would ever suspect it behind that cheerful face. She was one among the people with whom she was identified. There was no sign of conscious superiority. Into the prayer meetings and missionary circles and Dorcas gatherings she went, just as though she had no high blood, nor social rank, nor ample purse. Everybody loved her. The poorest work-women would drop everything and go at her call or her beck as though they were serving a queen. Her last act was to rise from her dying bed, as her disease suddenly developed fatal symptoms, and write out checks to cover various benevolent expenditures, and among others a contribution to the church of which she was a member, and which just then was making heroic efforts to cancel a large mortgage debt. She wrote her checks with a clear, firm hand, and went back to bed to die. When the news of her decease came like a thunderclap from a clear sky, a hush fell on the entire people as though the ground were trembling with an earthquake. They could scarcely speak to one another. The prayer meeting turned to sobs and tears.

We talk of missions. There is no trouble in reaching souls, but it takes a *soul to do it*. When we are in dead earnest—when all else is practically trampled under foot in our intense desire and determination to bring souls near to God—when self-indulgence gives way, and even self-love, before the burning, consuming flame of devotion to Christ and those for whom he died, we shall sweep earth as with a conflagration! One Paul, in thirty-three years, made a journey afoot over the greater part

of the known world west of the Golden Horn and bore the Gospel into the regions beyond. Give us a score of such men and women as this and we can close up the slums in our great cities, build a chapel in every forsaken quarter, put a missionary in every remote hamlet, and girdle the globe with a zone of missionary labor. We are scarcely sincere when we talk of insuperable obstacles in the way of evangelizing the cities or the world.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

OUR INDIAN HOMES.

By REV. E. F. WILSON.



GOOD FRIDAY this year was made doubly sad to us owing to the death of one of our little Indian girls, Janie, from Walpole Island, about 10 years old. The good Saviour took her to Himself just at the hour of the day when He himself "bowed His head and gave up the ghost." The funeral was on Easter Sunday—the coffin snowy white—and the little girl's head pillowed on flowers. All through the morning service the coffin with flowers all round it, stood in the chancel. We had early communion at 8.30, morning prayer at 11, and at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at the usual hour for Sunday School, the funeral prayers were read and the little girl's remains carried to their last resting place. During the singing of a hymn the lid of the coffin was removed and the Indian children filed up one by one—first the girls and then the boys—to take a last look, and some of them to imprint a kiss on the brow of their little dead sister. Then we all wended our way to the cemetery, four of the boys acting as pall bearers and drawing the coffin on a hand sleigh. The snow in the cemetery was nearly five feet deep and a large excavation had to be made in it before the grave could be dug. And so little Janie's body was committed to the ground "dust to dust, ashes to ashes, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection."

And Janie's death has not been our only trouble this winter. It has pleased God that one of the two Blackfeet boys whom we brought from the Rocky Mountains last summer, Etukitsiniuari by name, should fall sick. He has been ill several weeks with a lung complaint, which has now developed itself into consumption and there is no hope of his ever being well again. But then things are in God's hands and we must leave them to Him. We trust that it may be His will that the boy may so far rally in the spring that he may be able to bear the long journey westward to his distant home. Ever since his illness began we have been in constant communication with the missionary to the Blackfeet, the Rev. J. W. Tims, at Gleichen, both by letter and telegraph: and the boy has had every comfort provided, and the kindest of nurses to nurse him in the person of our good friend Miss Pigot, who has been with him night and day. Although these two Blackfeet boys are still nominally heathen, we cannot but hope that the Word of