

Miss Lawrence worked at Kitamaat a sower in God's field, sowing precious seed, sparing not herself, nor counting her life dear unto her herself, that she might win souls for Christ's kingdom. The people remember her with kind words and best wishes; she has a warm place in the hearts of many whom she strove to help.

The story of her work there, as told by herself, is delightful. We quote something of interest to Band workers:

Many of the little ones were saved. One little girl went home from Sunday-school, and found her grandmother making a net; she took it out of her hand and said, "Grandmother we are Christians now and don't work any more on Sunday, but go to church." A little girl about seven had been to school a few days, when she was taken sick and died. When dying she called her father and mother to her, and said "Do not cry, Jesus has sent for me," and pointing her little finger upwards, she said "The angels have come, don't you see them? The room is full, they have come for me." I said to my interpreter how did the child know about Jesus or the angels as she had only been coming two or three days to the day school, and did not understand English. He said, "God must have taught her Himself." After her happy death, the parents came to church for the first time, and her father became one of the most devoted workers I had."

SUSANNAH LAWRENCE.

### ESSAY,

#### About the Kitamaat Home

We have a large home at Kitamaat; we learn the bible and we learn much how to bake bread we learn how to sew and we have a good large home and the girls want to come to it we have kitlope girls and we have some of the hartly bay girls and some of the hydies want to come to it two of our girls is going to get marriage when I first came to the home the home was very cold time at the home the little girls sew afternoon and they go out before tea to play and before the big girls go to bed they always read the bible I love Miss Long well and Miss Walker to and we make the beds after breakfast.

ANGELINE GREEN.  
(Dumde dathl.)

#### Suggested Programme for June.

Hymn.  
A few Bible verses in concert.  
Sentence Prayers.  
Hymn—one bright verse—or solo.  
Business—Ro" all—Reports &c.  
Recitation or Dialogue.  
Field Study—Questions with map or blackboard.  
Doxology—Benediction.  
Short Talk by leader or visitor.

#### LITTLE JACK'S UNFINISHED WORK.

In a maze of golden glory  
Slowly sank the sun from sight,  
While upon the restless waters  
Softly gathered shades of night.

Onward bound, the good ship "London"  
Ploughed her steady, onward way,  
Seeking India's sunny beaches,  
Where the foam-flecked waters play.

On her deck sat one who journeyed  
As a herald of the Cross;  
He, like Paul of old, had counted  
For the Master all but loss.

And he told me, in the twilight,  
How he heard the call "Go ye  
And to India's sin cursed people  
Tell of pardon full and free."

One—a child, whose life was ebbing,  
Lying on his couch of pain,  
Pondered much on souls that perish  
Waiting for the Word in vain.

And at length he told the doctor  
How he wearied night and day  
For his share of work unfinished  
He, so soon to pass away.

"And I listened," said the doctor,  
"With a strange pain at my heart.  
In the Vineyard of the Master  
I, too, surely had a part."

But I tried to soothe his sorrow,  
"God," I said, "must know what's best.  
You have but to bear with patience  
Stronger hands will do the rest."

"Do you mean that when He calls me  
To Himself, He'll let some one,  
Since He knows that I was willing  
Do the work I should have done?"

Thus he put the question to me,  
With an anxious note of fear;  
But the pain-dimmed eyes grew brighter  
As he raised himself to hear.

God would send some one to labour,  
Put it in his heart to go  
With the message o'er the ocean  
Doing work he fain would do.

For a while a silence followed:  
Then the weak voice whispered low,  
"Oh! if could live to see it,  
Oh! if—Doctor, could you go?"

Could I go?—my heart stopped beating.  
But the child lay waiting there;  
God's call surely had come to me,  
And I breathed a silent prayer,

Asking God just then to guide me,  
Ere I answered, very slow,  
"Little Jack, you need not worry,  
God has called me: I will go."

Evening shadows gathered darkly,  
Stars came shining one by one,  
And above them Jack was watching  
While his work was being done.  
St. Stephen

M. E. V.