

spiritual help received from our meetings, we often forget that our professed object is to raise money.

Some say the money is wasted in delegates' expenses, printing of reports, leaflets, etc. We used to think ourselves that it was an unnecessary expense for delegates to go to Convention, that while it was very nice for the delegate, it was a loss to the Society. We feel now that any woman is richly paid in going, and paying her own expenses, while those sent by the Auxiliary should bring home enough inspiration to give new life and energy to all the old members, and add many more to their numbers. We would not like to be responsible for the prosperity of any Auxiliary that never sends to headquarters for instruction in modes of work. Remember, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

The work of this Society of over eight thousand members, including members of Mission Bands, is managed by women with household cares like ourselves, and with no more physical strength, who accomplish the work by taking many hours from needed rest. They are responsible for the wise appropriation and disbursement of our nineteen thousand dollars; they conduct the correspondence, look after the printing and distribution of reports, leaflets, letters from mission-fields, etc.; spend their time organizing and visiting Auxiliaries, and think, and plan, and suggest, and decide for 291 distinct societies; but they work for nothing, except an occasional vote of thanks and the reward that is sure to come to them for their cheerful gifts of heart and life. It would be hard to run a Society on more economical principles than that.

Some feel that they can't afford the dollar a year and the hour or hour and a half per month, especially the latter. Well, there is no doubt that in some cases both money and time represent a good deal of self-denial, and of a few it may even be said, "She hath done what she could;" but if the testimony of our members is good for anything, it comes back to us over and over again, and, if it do s not, it is because we give to the Woman's Missionary Society, and not as unto the Lord. Compare our outlay of money and time with the work of the General and Branch offices; compare our sacrifice with those who give *themselves* or their *sons* or *daughters* to the mission-work, and who ever heard a complaint from one of these. Think of Miss Preston leaving father and mother and home and native land, and everything that ordinary people think worth living for, and writing back from Vancouver, *en route* for Japan: "Being enriched in everything to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God." "He that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

I attended, two years ago, a convention of returned missionaries, numbering about sixty. They were from all parts of the world—Africa, China, India, Japan, and many other islands of the sea. One had buried his wife in China, and had brought his motherless child to the friends at home to be cared for, while he returned to his distant field of labor. Another had buried his children in India, and another had brought back an invalid wife, expecting to return alone. I heard from their lips the thrilling story of escape from many dangers, but *never a word of complaint*. Every one seemed to be exulting in the grace and love of God. Surely "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him," and there is no secret more wonderful than the peculiar blessing and support and *reward* that God gives to those who deny themselves and take up their cross and follow Him.

(Concluded next month.)

To pity distress is human; to relieve it is God-like.

Along the Line.

A TRIP ON THE "GLAD TIDINGS."

Letter from REV. T. CROSBY, of recent date.

[NOTE.—A former account of this trip was sent by Bro. Crosby, but never reached the Mission Rooms.]

DURING the trip, which took me away from home about seven weeks, we travelled 1,800 miles, and preached about one hundred times to thousands of people whom I had never seen before. We took in a visit up Knight's Inlet, and preached to many tribes connected with the Fort Rupert nation, and the logging camps near Cape Mudge, when I preached at four large camps, and rowed fifteen miles in a small boat, spent a very pleasant Sabbath, and received much kindness from the white men at all the camps. The next Sunday I spent at the mouth of the Fraser River, among the different fishing camps and canneries. I preached seven times, and closed two other services. I started at 6.30 in the morning, and was through at 6.30 p.m., when I took a good supper, as I had not time to take a bite from breakfast in the morning; till that time. This was one of the happiest days I ever spent.

On our way round the west coast of Vancouver Island, we found hundreds and thousands of people, as dark and as dirty, and as low and degraded as they could be; and in many places they urged me give them a teacher. I met numbers of young men who, the summer before, had come down from Sitka, seal-hunters from the schooners taken in Alaska. They called in at Simpson, and were there, some of them, for weeks. Some of them attended our school a day or two, just to see the change that was going on; so now they said they wished teachers to be sent to them, as they wished to be taught like the people were at Port Simpson.

It was on this trip I saw a young man dying of consumption, and after I had preached to them he said, "You did well to come, and you have told us a wonderful story; but, missionary, why did you not come sooner? why did you not come sooner?" I thought this was the language of thousands, "Why did you not come sooner?"

Along that coast we could place four or five men and women full of faith. Indeed, I would like to see a chain of self-supporting faith-missions all up that coast, so that every place might have the Gospel. It is reported that up that coast there are between three and four thousand Indians, and nearly at the head of the Island, where the sugar-loafed headed people live, the Qous-kee-noes and the Quat-see-noes, and Flat-kee-noes live.

Why should we not have laymen in the mission field who would trade and preach? There are wicked men who sin and trade, and by their influence do much harm. Surely we can get some who will work and trade, and carry on business for Christ's sake.

Don't forget to say a good word for the *Glad Tidings*. We shall need a good round sum for repairs. She has done such a good work, and we want her to do more. We shall soon need a new boiler, etc.; say in all \$1,000.