

# **God's Answers**

Clara M. S. Lowe

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GOD'S ANSWERS:

## God's Answers

A RECORD OF

MISS ANNIE MACPHERSON'S WORK

AT THE HOME OF INDUSTRY, SPITALFIELDS, LONDON, AND IN CANADA.

CLARA M. S. LOWE

Peace, peace be unto thee, and peace be to thine helpers; for thy God helpeth thee.

; CHRON. xii. 18.

## INTRODUCTION

BY

THE REV. JOHN MACPHERSON,

*Author of The Life of Duncan Mathieson.*

From East London to West Canada is a change pleasing to imagine. From dusky lane and fetid alley to open, bright Canadian fields is, in the very thought, refreshing. A child is snatched from pinching hunger, fluttering rags, and all the squalor of gutter life; from a creeping existence in the noisome pool of slum society is lifted up into some taste for decency and cleanliness; from being trained in the school whose first and last lesson is to fear neither God nor man, is taught the beginnings of Christian faith and duty, and by a strong effort of love and patience is borne away to the free, spacious regions of the western hemisphere, of which it may be said, as of the King's feast, yet there is room, and where even a hapless waif may get a chance and a choice both for this world and the world that is to come. This is a picture on which a kind heart loves to rest. But who shall make the picture real?

Go and first catch your little Arab, if you can. I say, if you can; for he is too old to be caught by chaff, and you shall need as much guile as any fowler ever did. Then with patient hands bestow on his body its first baptism of clean water, a task often unspeakably shocking; reduce to fit size and shape a cast-off suit humbly begged for the occasion, and give him his first experience of decent clothing. Thereafter, proceed to the work, sometimes the most trying ever undertaken, of taming this singularly acute, desperately sly, and often ferociously savage little Englishman, training him to be what he is not, or harder task still, to be not what he is. Having, by dint of much pains and many prayers, obtained, as you hope, some beginnings of victory over the most wayward of wills, and the most unaccountably strange of mixed natures, with its intellectual sharpness and moral bluntness, its precocious knowingness and stereotyped childishness, its quickness to learn and slowness to unlearn, prepare for the next stage of your enterprise. Lay out your scheme of emigration, get the money where you can, that is to say, call it flown from heaven and wile it out of earthly pockets, anticipate all possible emergencies and wants by land and sea, finish for the time the much epistolary correspondence to which this same fragment of humanity has given rise, tempt the deep with your restless charge, bear the discomforts of the stormiest of seas, and inwardly groan at the signs of other and worse tempests ready ever to burst forth in the Atlantic of that young sinner's future course; and when after many weeks of anxious thought, fatiguing travel, and laborious inquiry you find a home for the child, fold your hands, give thanks and say, What an adventure! What a toil! But now at length it is finished! And yet perhaps it is not half finished.

Multiply all this thought and feeling, all this labour and prayer a thousandfold; and imagine the work of a woman as tenderly attached to home and its peaceful ways as any one of her sisters in the three kingdoms, who has made

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some twenty–eight voyages across the Atlantic all for love and nothing for reward; has, by miracles of prayerful toil and self–denying kindness, rescued from a worse than Egyptian bondage over three thousand waifs and strays, borne them in her strong arms to the other side of the world, and planted them in a good land; meanwhile, in the intervals of travel, facing the perils and storms of the troubled sea of East London society at its very worst, and from a myriad wrecks of manhood and womanhood, snatching the stragglers not yet past all hope, and, in a holy enthusiasm of love, parting with not a little of her own life in order that those dead might live.

The outer part of the story alone can be told: the inner part only God and the patient toiler on this field can know. Yet the inner work is by far the greater. The thought, the cares, the fears, the prayers, the tears, the anguish, the heart–breaking disappointments, and the fiery ordeals of spirit by which alone the motive is kept pure and the flame of a true zeal is fed, in short, all the lavish expenditure of soul that cannot be spoken, or written, or known, until the Omniscient Recorder, who forgets nothing and repays even the good purpose of the heart, will reveal it at the final award, is by far the most important service as it is ever the most toilsome and painful.

In the work of the kingdom of God on earth the true worker is in point of importance first. Apart from the wise, holy, beneficent soul, even the truth of the Gospel is but a dead letter. It is in the intelligence, loveliness, magnanimity and sweetness of a human spirit, touched finely by His own grace, that the Holy Ghost finds His chief instrumentality. Preparation for a good work is usually begun in early life, and the worker, whose story is to fill the following pages, unconsciously learnt her first lessons for this service in her father's house. There was, indeed, seemingly little to be learned of any rare sort in the quiet village of Campsie, where life passed as peacefully as the clouds sailing along the peaceful heavens. Almost the only break in the even tenor of those days was an occasional sojourn in the house of her uncle, the Rev. Dr. Edwards, a minister of the United Presbyterian Church in Glasgow, where that venerable soldier of the cross still lingers, as if halfway betwixt the Church militant and the Church triumphant. But whether in the father's house or in the uncle's manse, kind and truthful speech was the coin current, a good example the domestic stock–in–trade, and an interchange of cheerful, loving service the main business. It was a quiet school, whose very hum was peaceful; and yet the schooling was thorough; things strong often grow as quietly as things feeble. The oak rises as silently in the forest as the lily in the garden. Strong characters, too, under any conditions of life, school themselves much more than they are schooled. Active, inquisitive, resolute, and possessing a fair share of the national *perfervidum ingenium*, not without some tincture of those elements of the Scottish character known as the canny and the dour, our worker early developed that robust vigour of mind and body which has so long stood the wear and tear of severely trying work.

One passage of significance in the family history deserves notice, especially as suggesting a peculiar feature in her early training and supplying a link in the chain of providential events. In work among the young her father was an enthusiast. With a heart bigger than her own family circle, her mother took in two orphans to foster and rear. Thus in the work of caring for the outcast and the forlorn Annie Macpherson was to the manner born. Inheriting her father's enthusiasm and her mother's sympathetic nature, the quick–witted, warm–hearted girl would not fail to note the equal footing enjoyed by the stranger children, and would know the reason why: the much tact employed to keep the new and difficult relations sweet would engage her attention; and the exceeding tenderness with which the motherless little ones were treated, would be a very practical Gospel to our young scholar in Christian philanthropy. Were matters sometimes strained? did little jars arise and a shadow now and then gather on the faces of the strangers because their own mother was not? The wise foster–mother would set all right again by some merry quip, some gleesome turn, some one of those playful gleams of humour which furnish a key to the secret of successful work among the young. To be a mother to those orphans, to make life in its duties and joys, as far as possible, the same to them as if they had not lost their own mother, ay, and to teach them to gather the brightest roses from the thorniest bushes, was at once a good work in itself, and a model for one who was destined to similar service, only on an immensely wider scale and on a tenfold more difficult field. The sisterly fostering of the orphans was a providential training for her future life–work. To learn to love and to serve over and above the claims of mere natural affection, could not fail to enlarge the heart and awaken the sympathies of a quick, susceptible child. Little did her mother know what she was doing when she took the orphans to her

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bosom. She only thought to make a warm home and a bright future for the hapless pair; but in effect she was preparing a warm home and a bright future for thousands of the poorest children on God's earth.

But there was something better in store. Girlish days swept by much as usual the rapid growth of warm thought and feeling making each revolving year a continuous springtide, an opening summer. At nineteen, Annie Macpherson looked out on a world that always promises more to youthful eyes than it ever fulfils. Eager hope was drawing much on a future whose furthest horizon was Time. Suddenly a shadow fell. A word spoken by a friend was the vehicle of a divine message. A more distant and awful horizon arose to view: Time with its hopes and joys, like a thin mist in early morning, vanished in the light of eternity; and quickly from that young heart, pierced with a new sorrow, went up the prayer, God be merciful to me a sinner!

How little the world understands that same old prayer. Yonder afar off stands a man who, having trafficked in all iniquity, having matured in wickedness, and perfected himself in the fine art of dodging truth and conscience, is at length found out in the thicket of his own vices by a bull's eye that glares on him like hell. Well it befits such an one, even the world admits, to smite upon his breast and cry for mercy. But for a girl in her teens, an innocent, merry-hearted, pure-minded young thing, to raise a cry for mercy like a very publican or a prodigal, is confounding to the world's sense of propriety and measure in things; and hence that world is angry, and in effect repudiates the need of so much mercy, of so much abasement and urgency in a case like this. The root and rise of this cry for mercy the natural man does not understand; but that soul knows it right well, where the lightnings of Omniscient Holiness have gleamed and the shadows of God's anger have fallen.

The cry was heard. Light arose on that troubled soul, the Saviour appeared and drew the sinking one out of the waters. Even where there is little to be changed outwardly, conversion is always followed by remarkable effects; the light of the morning is like a new creation on the cultivated field as well as on the barren moor. Our young convert saw everything in a new light. She understood now, as she had not before, why her mother, stealing precious hours from sleep, wearied her fingers and weakened her eyes with the self-imposed task of providing for the necessities of children not her own. If a ruling motive is one of the greatest things in the secret of a human life, the grandest of all forces on earth is the love of Christ. This she felt, and it was to her a divine revelation. From the feeble starlight of natural sympathies she had passed into the clear day of Christian affections, and she now knew the secret joy and power of self-sacrifice. A hundred lessons and practical illustrations given her by both her parents were suddenly lighted up with a new meaning, and clothed with a beauty she had not heretofore seen, and a power she had not hitherto felt. All she had learned before of truth, and prudence, and kindness, she learned over again, and learned with the quickness characteristic of the young convert. Very soon her whole treasury of knowledge and feeling, of experience and character, was laid with youthful jubilation on the altar of the Lord. From that hour she began to work for Christ with an intensity of enthusiasm that ever since has known no abatement.

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**CHAPTER I. 1861–1869. Prayer of Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel Residence in Cambridgeshire Visit to London in 1861, and first attendance at Barnet Conferences Visit of Rev. W. and Mrs. Pennefather East of London, 1861 Left Cambridgeshire, 1865 Work in Bedford Institute; 1866: Voyage to New York and return, 1867 First girl rescued Matchbox makers First boy rescued Revival Refuge open for boys and girls; 1868: Home of Industry secured; 1869: Opened.**

The winter of 1860–61 is a time to be had much in remembrance before the Lord. It was then that the East of

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London, with all its sins and sorrows, was laid as a heavy, burden on the heart of His faithful and beloved servant Reginald Radcliffe.

Before the commencement of his labours, a few Christian friends met for prayer at the invitation of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel. The East of London, and its stunning-tide of human care and crime, was not the only thought of that revered man of God. His faith looked forward to greater things, and one well-remembered petition was, that blessing through the work then to be begun in that deeply degraded and neglected region, might not be stayed there, but might flow from thence to far-off lands. One then present, the Dowager Lady Rowley, was not long permitted to sow precious seed with her own hand, but was instrumental in the fulfilment of this petition, as it was through her leading that Miss Macpherson's voice was first heard in the East of London.

At that time Miss Macpherson was residing in the neighbourhood of Cambridge with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. Merry, and, was already a worker in the Lord's vineyard.

She thus writes of the year 1861:

It was a turning point in my life. I made a pilgrimage to London to attend the preaching of Reginald Radcliffe in the City of London Theatre, Shoreditch. There I met Dr. Elwin. On the following evening, at the Young Men's Christian Association, Great Marlborough Street, he introduced me to Lady Rowley, Mr. Morgan, and many other Christian friends. Through them I was led to attend the next Barnet Conference, where I learned what it was to wait for the coming of the Lord.

With this bright and blessed hope she returned to work with a strength and power before unknown. Many souls had already been awakened, but the full tide of blessing had not yet come. In the villages around her hundreds of labourers were employed in digging for coprolites, a fossil which, when ground, is useful as manure. Among these men were many of the wildest wanderers, and Miss Macpherson's heart was deeply stirred for their spiritual welfare, and her time and strength were given to reach them by every means in her power. She had established evening schools, lending libraries and coffee-sheds, and of these and further efforts she wrote:

Second to the preaching of the gospel, we lay every laudable snare to induce men to learn to read and write. In doing this, spare time is occupied to the best account, and the enemy is foiled in some of his thousand-and-one ways of ensnaring the toil-worn navvy at the close of day.

The more our little band goes forward, the more we feel that drink, in all its forms and foolish customs, must be resisted, first, by the powerful influence of a felt example; and secondly, by gently and kindly instructing the minds of those amongst whom we labour as to its hurtful snares. We are accused by some of putting this subject before the blessed gospel. God forbid! But when we look on every reclaimed one and know that this was his besetting sin, we regard the giving it up as the rolling away of the stone before the Saviour's voice, 'Come forth,' can be obeyed.

These first endeavours to spread the gospel story in a more enlarged way were made in villages where the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon had laboured when not yet twenty years of age, and where souls had been blessed through the youthful preacher. Some of these converts became my helpers, and are co-workers to this day.

It was in 1863 that I first became an almoner for others, whilst filled with a desire to build a missionhall among the coprolite diggers in Cambridgeshire.

The friends attending the Barnet Conference heard of my wish and shared my burden.

The following letter to Dr. Elwin shows the sympathy that he felt in her work:

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My DEAR FRIEND, Thanking you for your daily remembrance of my continual wants in this the Lord's work among these poor migratory coprolite diggers, I must say it was indeed refreshing to think that this little hidden vineyard was laid on your heart to present to the Lord at the Bristol Conference. The answer has come, and now it is my blessed privilege to ask you to rejoice and praise our loving Father for another six souls born anew. Yes, dear brother, they are those I have laid before you again and again to plead for, that the dead form of godliness might be broken down. Though diggers, they are residents in a neighbouring village, and have attended my ploughmen's Bible-class for some years. From the mouths of many witnesses, in a series of outdoor gatherings every Lord's day evening in the past summer, they have heard, on their own village green, a present, free, and full salvation.

Is it not kind of the Master to employ us feeble women in His service, by allowing us to use our quiet influence for Him, and to do many little things, such as inviting wanderers to listen, providing hymns and seats, also refreshment for those sent to deliver the King's message? And oh! it is indeed a hallowed privilege to be a 'Hur,' to hold up the hands of the speaker, and watch the index of the soul as the message of love or of warning falls; to slip in and out of the group, and meet the trembling soul with a blessed promise, or grasp the hand with Christian sympathy. Then for us women such service affords opportunity of giving the little leaflet or book, such as the case requires, and following it up in the home with Bible in hand.

The Lord was very good in sending me helpers, *i.e.*, brothers, to speak during all those summer Lord's-Day evenings. On one occasion I was left alone, and yet not alone. At another time my faith was tried. No one had come to speak. The people had gathered. I opened my Testament on the passage, 'Come and see' (John iv.) If the Samaritan woman was led so boldly to say to wicked men, 'Come and see,' surely my Lord knew my burden, and my need for a brother to speak to that village gathering. We sang a hymn. I was led to pray. On arising from the grass, a young man came round the corner and said, 'Miss, the Lord has laid it on my heart to come here and preach to-night. Can I be of any service?' He took for his text, 'Yet there is room.'

I know you like to trace the links in the chain of blessing, so I will enter a little into detail. One village displayed the most perfect outward form of all that is considered correct as to the using of means. There were clubs, saving of money, young men well dressed and regular at their place of worship, four nights a week at their evening school; but oh! my friend, not one soul of them with a warm heart towards the Lord Jesus Christ. They read and answered my questions on Scripture better, and sought after the library books with more interest, than any in the other villages; but it was all head-work, no heart; all intellect, no love. On Christmas Day six of these joined our coprolite party to tea, and from eight to ten solemn prayer seemed laid on every heart for them; and again the following evening nineteen young men met to pray still for this village. Last evening eighteen Christians of various denominations met in a cottage at this said village. There was no formal address, but after earnest prayer, one of the brethren felt this passage laid solemnly on his heart, 'To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.' Then some converted stone-diggers pleaded for a blessing. The answer of four years' prayers came, and the feeble infant wail was heard from one after another amid weeping and sobbing. Surely the angelic host had songs of praise while, in that holy stillness, these young men had a sight of themselves. Oh, pray on that our faith waver not, for we believe we shall see still greater things.

You remember the village where you preached upon 'Jesus passing by.' There is now a band of more than a dozen praying young men meeting constantly in their little outhouse.

The more we go forward in this labour of love the more evident it is that the cursed drink is our great difficulty. This stone must be rolled away. Another evening home for these men is a stern necessity, and must be provided; a place which they may call their own. Each building would cost 30 pounds. The men would furnish it cheerfully and support it nobly. Two such buildings have been erected, are now in operation, and answer beyond my most sanguine expectations. Morning, noon, and evening, groups of men, while at their hasty meals, are willing to listen to the Holy Scriptures or whatever else may be brought before them.



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The memory of the just is blessed. It is sweet to recall any incident in the life of him who will ever live in the hearts of many. Miss Macpherson thus records the day of blessing:

It was at a meeting in July 1864, at Mildmay Park, that it was laid on my heart to gather together, before the harvest-time, the stone-diggers, villagers, and their friends, and to invite the Rev. W. and Mrs. Pennefather to see face to face the hundreds of souls for whom they had wrestled with God. Early in the afternoon of the day appointed, streams of poor men and women came, having walked distances of from two to ten miles to be with us. Conveyances brought earnest lively Christians from Cambridge, and, including the stone-diggers, there were representatives from more than thirty towns and villages. On the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather, great was our joy; and who of you cannot imagine our beloved friend in the midst of this multitude, of warm hearts, as with tears in his eyes he exclaimed, 'This is another conference'? Gatherings on the grass were formed as tables were insufficient, and our dear friend went in and out among them, every feature showing forth the love with which God had filled his heart. His loving eye alone discovered poor Tom, lately out of the workhouse, standing trembling, and afraid to approach the party; behind the tent tears of joy streamed after he had secured, amid the rush for tea, a supply for the wants of this poor Tom. A lovely sunset was shedding its radiance over the humble gathering, when Mr. Pennefather rose and spoke to them of 'the coming glory,' first reading Luke ix. 25-35; and knowing that many before him would as Christians be called upon to endure ridicule from ungodly companions, he pointed out to them that in all the Gospels which speak of the Transfiguration, the event is preceded by an account of the Christian's path of self-denial. After an earnest address to the unsaved, this delightful gathering was closed by his telling them that a little offering had been made at Mildmay Park, and that, by the help of that money would now be presented to each man and woman, (stone-diggers and boys included), a pocket Testament, to be used in the intervals of harvest toil.

Many are their struggles in resisting bad companionship and drink, in trying to improve in reading, in seeking to clothe themselves, to help their parents, to work for Jesus with little light, and less time, and few talents. Oh, how much do they glorify God compared with some in other circumstances, who have been surrounded by heaven-breathing associations all their days! Well, indeed, can we understand that verse, 'The first shall be last, and the last first.'

Scenes of a different character must now be described.

Sad and deeply humiliating as the sights and sounds of the East End of London still are, none who now visit the vast region lying eastward of St. Paul's can realise the sense of desolation that overpowered one's spirit when beholding it at the time Mr. Radcliffe began his services in 1860-1861. At that time the condition of the millions who existed there was ignored by those dwelling in more favoured regions. No railways had been as yet constructed by which visitors could come from the north and west. The space now occupied by the great railway stations in Broad Street and Liverpool Street was then crowded with unwholesome dwellings, well remembered for deaths in every house. No centres of usefulness where Christian workers could meet for prayer or counsel then existed. The Bedford Institute had not then been built, and no Temperance Coffee-Palace had even been heard of.

The power of the Lord had been very present to wound and to heal in the City of London Theatre and at other services held by Mr. Radcliffe, and the young women who had been blessed were invited to meet for a week-evening Bible-reading and prayer-meeting, and for this purpose Lady Rowley rented a room in Wellclose Square. In this meeting, and in Lady Rowley's mothers' meeting in Worship Street, Miss Macpherson began the ministry of love which has extended so widely. She afterwards visited the homes of the poor, and the toil and suffering she witnessed, especially in those where matchbox-making was the means of livelihood, lay heavy on her heart. With *her* feelings of pity were always quickly followed by practical effort. In the midst of the winter's distress, one of the most cheering gifts received was from her praying band of coprolite diggers. After a watchnight service, they had spent the first moments of the consecrated new year in making a gathering from their hard-earned wages. Miss Macpherson had placed the East of London foremost in the list of subjects to be remembered at their prayer-union every Lord's Day. Little did the praying band think that in fulfilling this

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petition, the Lord would take their beloved leader from among them.

It was in 1865 that Miss Macpherson was guided of the Lord to leave scenes endeared to her by many hallowed associations, and to encounter the trials and seek the blessings of Christian work in the East of London. Her first efforts were in answer to an invitation from the Society of Friends to hold classes for young men, both on the Lord's Day and on week evenings, at the Bedford Institute, a building lately erected by that Society, and which stood out conspicuously as a monument of Christian love. On the week evenings, instruction in reading and writing was the inducement held out to attend. The first fruits may be seen in G. C., once a violent opposer, afterwards a valuable helper in Canada, and now a preacher of the Gospel in China. The work at the Bedford attracted so much interest, that many helpers were drawn to it from other parts. The Sunday Bible-classes became an object of remarkable interest. Perhaps such an assemblage has seldom been seen. Many tables were filled in one hall with men, in another with women, many of whom were very aged, all with large-print Bibles before them, and each table headed by some earnest teacher, all at the close being gathered together for the final address.

Other Gospel meetings were also held at the Bedford, but Miss Macpherson's labours could not be confined to this spot. In several little rooms poor Christian women were gathered for prayer, and depots for tracts were established, and Scripture texts placed in the windows, in streets which were never so lighted before. But these and all other efforts for the poor East End were interrupted in the autumn of 1866. She felt the Lord called her to accompany her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. Merry, with their young family across the Atlantic. Mr. Merry's object was to settle his four sons in the Western States of America. The voyage proved most perilous and stormy. On arrival in New York, Mr. Merry's health entirely broke down, and the medical opinion given was that nothing would restore him but return to his native land. In March 1867 they were welcomed back with exceeding joy. How mysterious did this trial appear! Why were those who had sought the Lord's counsel so earnestly, permitted to undertake a voyage apparently so useless, and accompanied by so much anxiety and suffering? How little could any one then conjecture that the Lord was thus training His children for the great life-work before them! Not for the welfare of their own family were Mr. and Mrs. Merry to be permitted to settle in those broad western lands; but many voyages were to follow, and they, and subsequently their children also, were to be fellow-helpers in the glorious work of finding homes on earth, and training for a heavenly Home, thousands of children who would have been otherwise homeless and uncared for. What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter. Blessed hereafter! when we shall see *all* the way the Lord our God has led us; not a smooth way, not an easy way. The soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way; but the Lord led them by *the right way*.

With her usual energy, Miss Macpherson again entered on her God-given work among the poor of the East End, and at once resolved to do all in her power to help the destitute children with whom she came in daily contact.

In the very month of her return, the first girl was rescued and received into her own Home, then at Canonbury. Her story was thus written at the time: E. C., aged sixteen, was sent to my lodgings to know if I could provide a home for her. In August 1866 the father of this poor girl had bidden her farewell as she was leaving home on an excursion with the Sunday-school to which she belonged. On her return, cholera had numbered him among the dead. The mother threw herself into the canal, and, though restored, was lying helpless in a workhouse. E. C., who had before been learning dressmaking, was tossed about from one poor place of service to another her clothes all pawned, or in tatters till her last resting-place was on the flags. Then she applied at the Rev. W. Pennefather's soup-kitchen in Bethnal Green, and slept in the room at that time rented above it. The two following days were occupied in vain endeavours to procure admittance into one of the existing Homes for girls, the third, in preparing clothing for her, while, at the same time, *no way* appeared open for her to be received anywhere. When her clothing was ready, our first visit was to a sufferer paralysed and convulsed in every limb, at times compelled to be fastened to his bed, one whose garret reminded one of the dream of Jacob; for answers to prayer were so direct, it seemed as though heavenly visitants were ever ascending and descending. He prayed, and while he was yet speaking, the Lord sent His 'answering messenger.' Miss Macpherson had felt it laid on her that day to come to the East End to my help, though knowing nothing whatever of the present need. When poor E. C. returned from

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the baths and washhouses in her clean clothing, (having sold her former rags for twopence–halfpenny), she was met by the loving offer of a home. She seemed afraid to believe it, and followed, as if in a dream, the friend so mercifully raised up for her. She was afterwards placed in service with a Christian friend, and her two little brothers were among the first inmates of the Revival Refuge.

Most mercifully for the poor little matchbox–makers was Miss Macpherson's return ordered at this time. Much sympathy had been awakened concerning them, and much help had been sent for their benefit from the kind readers of the Christian paper. They numbered many hundreds, and Miss Macpherson undertook care and responsibility concerning them, for which the strength and powers of an older labourer were totally unfit. In this, and countless other instances, Miss Macpherson has proved herself ever ready to fulfil the law of Christ" (Gal. vi. 2). The case of these infant toilers had rested on her heart from the first moment she had been made acquainted with their sufferings. The first sight of them is thus described by her own pen:

In a narrow lane, having followed high up a tottering spiral staircase till we reached the attic, the first group of tiny, palefaced matchbox–makers was met with. They were hired by the woman who rented the room. The children received just three farthings for making a gross of boxes; the wood and paper were furnished to the woman, but she had to provide paste and the firing to dry the work. She received twopence–halfpenny per gross. Every possible spot, on the bed, under the bed, was strewn with the drying boxes. A loaf of bread and a knife stood on the table, ready for these little ones to be supplied with a slice in exchange of their hard–earned farthings.

This touching scene, which my pen fails to picture, gave me a lasting impression of childhood's sorrows. Never a moment for school or play, but ceaseless toil from light till dark.

Miss Macpherson's first attempt for their benefit was to open evening schools, the inducement to attend which was the gift of sadly needed clothing. These schools were opened in various localities, the chief gathering being held in a house kindly provided for us by Charles Dobbin, Esq., still one of our unwearied benefactors.

Not only reading, but the art of mending their tattered garments was a new thing to them, and their outward condition was such, that when for the first time a country excursion was planned for them, it was with the greatest difficulty they were made fit to appear.

Whilst making every exertion to raise the matchbox–makers from their hitherto almost helpless state, her heart yearned over their brothers. A tea–meeting was given for boys by the veteran labourer George Holland, at the close of which one lad was noticed so much to be pitied, that it was felt, if nothing could be done for the others, he at least must be saved.

Money was not plentiful, the need of the East End was then comparatively little known, but a young believer, the son of that honoured servant of the Lord, W. Greene of Minorca, had just set apart a portion of his salary to help some poor, London boy, and the letter telling this was on its way from the Mediterranean when this lad's history became known. Thus he was educated, and eventually raised to a position in which he became a helper of others.

Many other homeless boys were found among that evening's guests, and Miss Macpherson felt it was impossible permanently to raise their condition without receiving them into a Home, where they could be taught and trained to regular work. The Lord gave the desire, and through the active sympathy of E. C. Morgan, the editor of the Christian, the means were provided. A house was found at Hackney, and named the Revival Refuge, where thirty boys could be at once received. A few weeks afterwards, looking at these bright, intelligent young faces, it was difficult to believe in the dark surroundings of their earlier years. So great was the encouragement in caring for them, spiritually as well as physically, that Miss Macpherson could not rest without enlarging the work, and a dilapidated dwelling at the back of Shoreditch Church was fitted up to receive thirty more boys.

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In the house first mentioned, besides the matchbox-makers' evening schools, mothers' meetings and a sewing class for widows were conducted by Mrs. Merry, and the upper storey was devoted to the shelter of destitute little girls. But in these, as in all Miss Macpherson's undertakings, the Lord blessed her so greatly that more accommodation was required for the constantly increasing numbers.

The needed building was provided in a way that could have been little conjectured, but the Lord had gone before. Along the great thoroughfare leading from the Docks to the Great Eastern Railway, lofty warehouses had taken the place of many unclean, tottering dwellings formerly seen there. During the fearful visitation of cholera in 1866 one of these had been secured as a hospital by Miss Sellon's Sisters of Mercy, and water and gas had been laid—on on every floor, and every arrangement made for convenience and cleanliness. When the desolating scourge was withdrawn the house was closed, and many predicted that it would never be used again. In the following year Mr. Holland suggested how well it would be to secure it for a Refuge. The doors had been closed twelve months when Mr. and Mrs. Merry and three other friends entered the long—deserted dwelling, and joined in prayer that where death had been seen in all its terrors, there souls might be born to God, and that the voice of praise and prayer might be heard within those walls which had once resounded with the groans of the dying. Then the doors were locked, and for twelve months more remained as before. Then they were again opened, and on a gloomy winter's evening, with one candle the vast unlighted dwelling was again entered. The little company included R. C. Morgan, Charles Dobbin, and Henry Blair, of the Madras Civil Service, whose interest in the work now begun, only ended with his death. Through the kindness of these friends the building was secured, and the rent promised, but then a new difficulty arose. It had been hoped that Mr. Holland, who had first suggested the effort to secure the building, would have been willing to undertake the charge, but the work at George Yard was too dear to be given up. And now, who would bear this burden? It could hardly be believed that any woman would undertake the responsibility, for women had not then been called forward in this country so prominently as they now are. Here may be seen something of the Lord's purpose in having permitted Miss Macpherson's voyage to New York. In that city she had seen the faith and courage the Lord had given to women to attempt great things *for Him*, and the day is well remembered when many prayers were answered that she would accept the post. It is a post far advanced into the enemy's territory, for the adjoining streets are known as the Thieves' Quarter. Three thousand, it is supposed, have their headquarters here. In the square mile in the midst of which the Refuge, (now called Home of Industry"), is situated, 120,000 of our poorest population are to be found. From the first Mr. and Mrs. Merry gave themselves as willing and invaluable helpers to the enormous work connected with the undertaking. It appeared great from the beginning, but little could any one have imagined how it would go on spreading and increasing. It is difficult, or it may be impossible, to name any form of distress or any class which has not been here relieved and blessed. Every hour of the day, and even far on into the night, the voice of praise and prayer has been heard in some part of the building. Even in the vaults beneath the pavement was a little sanctuary made. Under the very stones, before trodden by them as homeless wanderers, some have joined in asking the Lord's blessing on those who had rescued them.

In February, 1869, the Lord granted us the desire of our hearts, and the Home of Industry was opened with praise and prayer. The Lord had done great things for us, but far more than any heart then, conceived were the blessings yet in store.

On February 22, Miss Macpherson wrote as follows in the Christian :

BELOVED HELPERS, To—night how your hearts would have rejoiced to have seen me and my happy hundreds of little toiling children in our new schoolroom in the Refuge. How varied their feelings! One whispered, 'It was here my mother died of the cholera.' Another, 'Oh! I was once in this ward before, so ill of black cholera.' Dear children! our prayer was that it might still be a house of mercy to many a sin—wearied soul. We have never had such a large schoolroom before, nor the advantage of desks. Their joy knew no bounds when told to invite their mothers to come one afternoon in the week to help me to sew and to earn sixpence, my object being twofold, to secure an opportunity of telling them the gospel, and to endeavour to help them in the management of their homes and little ones.

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The following will show something of the trials attending holding the fort in such a spot:

Last night I felt it right to sleep at the Refuge for once, so as to be able to enter into all its needs. No words can describe the sounds in the streets surrounding it throughout the night; yells of women, cries of 'Murder!' then of 'Police!' with the rushing to and fro of wild, drunken men and women into the street adjoining the building, whence more criminals come than from any other street in London. At three o'clock the heavy rumble of market-waggons commenced, and then the rush of the fire-brigade. Thus much by way of asking special prayer for those whom God has made willing to live in the midst of such surroundings. On the other side of the building is an empty space, known as 'Rag Fair,' filled in the morning with a horde of the poorest women selling the veriest old rubbish. We are thankful to have among these a faithful Christian woman, who, though a seller of rags, is able to testify of the great love of the Lord Jesus.

### **CHAPTER II. 1869–1870. Emigration of families A visitor's impressions The great life-work Emigration of the young, begun 1870 First party of boys to Canada with Miss Macpherson and Miss Bilbrough Their reception Mr. Merry takes second party of boys Miss Macpherson returns to England and takes out a party of girls Canadian welcome and happy homes Canadian pastor's story.**

Emigration had now for some time been in view as the only means of relieving the chronic poverty of the East of London, and in April 1869 a circular to this effect was issued by Miss Macpherson and Miss Ellen Logan. Fifty families were selected as being suitable for such help, and these were gathered together at a farewell tea-meeting before leaving for Canada, all expressing deep thankfulness for the opening given to them. The preparations for the voyage of these fathers, mothers, and little ones required much thought and labour, both for their temporal and spiritual welfare, but from the very beginning of the work, sisters in Christ came from a distance, giving hours or days as a labour of love, and besides personal help on the spot, many busy fingers were at work in their own homes. The first party was followed by others, all involving much care and labour. Before the close of the year very encouraging accounts were received from many of the travellers, and the contrast was great between their condition in the new country and that which might here have been their lot. Whilst this important work was being carried on, evening reading and sewing classes for the little matchbox-makers, and mothers' meetings, were continued without intermission, together with the teaching and training of boys begun at the first Homes; and on the Lord's Day, besides the very large gathering of matchbox-makers, every effort was made to bring all around under the sound of the gospel. A stranger thus describes his impressions after a visit to the Home of Industry, November, 1869:

'The mighty cry of anguish' that has gone up for so long from the East of London has, thank God, touched many a heart, and led some to carry God's answering messages in person to the suffering poor, and others to help in the lesser service of gifts.

Determined to see how the matter stood as regards one portion of that great mass of misery, I gave myself up to the skilful guidance of one whose whole life is spent in the service of God and His poor.

Leaving the rail, we proceeded to visit the sick-bed of one of the voluntary workers in the Refuge. We found him recovering from a severe attack of enteric fever complicated with pneumonia of the right lung. A fine, handsome young man, once the leader of the singing in a philharmonic club, now the devoted servant of God, his whole anxiety seemed to be as to when he could return to his work. During our visit, it was most touching to see the tenderness and anxious care of his companion, a young man called Fred, a labourer in the large wine vaults at the docks, who, though smelling of wine, and his clothes saturated with the fumes of spirits, was a staunch teetotaler; and judging from the intelligent way in which he answered our questions, would be a valuable witness

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before any commission of inquiry into the practices which wine-sellers term 'mixing,' but which he vulgarly called 'adulteration.' Every night during the many weeks of illness Fred had paid his friend a visit, and watched over him with all the love of a Jonathan to a David.

We now pressed him into our service to conduct us through some of the many licensed lodging-houses and thieves' kitchens, which abound in the neighbourhood of Spitalfields.

On our way we met two little girls, matchbox-makers. The outline of their lives was given in a few moments. The father, a drunkard, had absconded six years ago, leaving his wife and six children to struggle with awful poverty as best they might, having previously so beaten and kicked his wife about the face, that she had become almost blind. 'Where's father now?' 'In the workhouse, stoneblind.'

In a room with a roaring fire were seated some thirty men and a few women with infants. The landlord's reception was anything but gracious. In answer to our 'Good evening,' he growled out, 'We don't want talk; those men want bread.' And hungry enough many seemed. So while one was sent for a supply of bread, which was received with unmistakable gladness, and devoured greedily, we spoke to them of that living bread which came down from heaven. All were interested, and one young man seemed to wince and to be ill at ease when the love of God was spoken of. I could not but feel that conscience was at work, perhaps memory carrying back his mind to a godly mother, who once had spoken the same loving words, but had gone to her rest in tears.

We then entered a licensed lodging-house accommodating 350. This was a sad sight, because three-fourths of the men were unemployed poor, chiefly dock-labourers, willing and glad to work, if work could be got. On many a face there were stamped hopelessness and apathy. Two poor fellows were sipping a cup of tea, without milk or sugar, given to them by a poor man, but they had not a morsel of bread; and this was their breakfast, a late one truly, for it was ten at night. Out all day in search of work, their last coppers were paid for the night's lodging, and a cup of poor tea was their only meal. It made one's spirit groan to think of the misery that sin and selfishness had wrought for these poor fellows.

In the next house the inmates were mostly thieves. But here is one poor fellow, a workman, but with no work; he has been out in the streets three nights, and now one of his companions pleads with us for three-pence to procure him a night's rest. We peeped into several other such dwellings, but the same story was repeated in each. In all we were struck with the kind reception we met with, evidently due in part to the presence of our companion, who, although a lady, feels called of God to labour among these dens of misery, where there is so much to do and *so few to do it*, and to the fact that we lent a kindly ear to their tale of distress, and did what lay in our power to relieve the immediate pressure of the very destitute. But, above all, we were thankful to meet with such a spirit of hearing, and a ready attention when Jesus was lifted up as the Saviour of sinners.

We now entered a court to visit a poor woman whose husband had died suddenly the week before. It was between nine and ten, and we found the widow had been washing, the clothes hanging from lines in the room. Her two children, aged nine and eleven, were busily employed in matchbox-making.

The rapidity and neatness of these little human machines were truly most remarkable; the number of boxes made in a day, from half-past six in the morning to ten at night, was something fabulous. The floor of the room was covered with boxes; they earned a shilling each a day; often days passed when they were unable to get work to do. Poor children! thin and wan-looking, life seemed a terribly serious thing to them, their days spent in incessant toil when work was plentiful, their nights well, they had a bedstead with a bundle of dirty rags for a bed, but not a stitch of bedclothes; the clothes the children wore were their only covering at night.

In another court we found a silk-weaver hard at work, from eight in the morning to eleven at night. This man, a Christian, had formerly been a weaver of velvet, but finding that a living could not in any way be made out of it, in an evil hour he was tempted to go into a skittle-alley as a helper. Here, though receiving good wages, he found

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he could not be happy, could not 'abide with God;' so he gave it up, and now he is earning barely tenpence a day; but hard as his lot is, he is happy in the consciousness of doing right, and still manages to spare a little time to take his reading—lesson from the Bible, and to tend a flowering—plant, his only companion, which representative of the vegetable world seems to have nearly as hard a struggle to live as its master.

Our next visit was to a poor old woman between sixty and seventy years of age, surrounded with every discomfort, and troubled with constant cough and weakness. Apparently she had only a few days to live, but she was able to rejoice in Jesus as her Saviour, whose presence even then made all things bright.

The next visit was to a poor dying girl; in a room so small that there was only a margin of about three feet round two sides of the bed for standing ground, the floor covered with rags, (her mother being a rag—mender), lay one, who, though poor and miserable, was yet an heir of glory, and was upheld in all her wretchedness by Him who was sent to be 'the Comforter.' We thanked God for these two bright spots, where divine light and love were seen and felt.

At the Home of Industry we had been invited to take tea with two hundred and fifty destitute widows. The testimony of one of these, a clean, tidy old woman, was very precious. She had once been in affluent circumstances and drove her carriage; her fortune lost in one day, she was now reduced to poverty, but, 'Sir,' she said, 'I would not go back to it all and be as I then was; no, not for all the world.' Possessing Christ as her own, she felt she had the riches of God, and knew that there was an inheritance reserved for her in heaven, incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

The great lifework of Miss Macpherson and her devoted family may be said to have begun this year. The need of emigration may be expressed in her own words:

Boys came to us for shelter instead of going to empty barrels, railway arches, and stairways. We found they were grateful for all that was done for them. The simple gospel lesson was our lever to lift them into new thoughts and desires. The sharp dividing knife of the Word of God would discover the thief and liar, and rouse the conscience to confession more than anything beside. But our walls had limits, and our failures in finding employment for many away from their old haunts became a great difficulty, and the God—opened way of emigration to Canada was pressed upon us.

Thy God hath commanded thy strength. To the astonishment of many, Miss Macpherson expressed her determination to pioneer the first band, and He Who of old sent forth His disciples two and two, was mindful of the present need, and so strengthened the heart of a young sister (already deeply interested in the work, and singularly gifted in many ways) to lay all at the feet of her Master, and to offer to share whatever toils and trials might be in the way. Ye have not passed this way heretofore. It was a new way, an untrodden way.

We have now been for many years so accustomed to hear of the kind welcome given in Canada, and the prosperity of the young emigrants, that we cannot realise the faith and courage required by Miss Macpherson, and her co—worker, Miss Bilbrough. Many misgivings arose in the hearts of some at the thought of these two sisters in the Lord arriving uninvited in a new land where neither owned a friend, and, greatest of all, fears were entertained that those who had known the wild roaming life of city Arabs might defy the control and authority of the leaders. But how vain were all these fears! Wisdom had been asked of the Lord in every step of the way, and He had given liberally, according to His gracious word. How blessedly was the title of Counsellor as well as Leader and Commander of His people then fulfilled! The following description of the departure of the first party was written at the time:

Our souls are in God's mighty hand,  
We're precious in His sight.

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These words, sweet and true at all times, surely never sounded sweeter than when sung by the band of young emigrants gathered for the last time within the walls of the Refuge, which to many of them is hallowed as no other spot on earth can ever be. *How* precious in His sight, none can tell but He who watched over those young wanderers, and surrounded them with the loving care and prayers which still follow them to a distant land.

The beloved helpers at a distance, who have toiled, and collected, and borne to a throne of grace the burdens of their beloved sister in the Lord, Miss Macpherson, will like to know every detail, even to the outward appearance of those once ragged, shoeless wanderers. Now they stood in ranks ready to depart, dressed in rough blue jackets, corduroy suits, and strong boots, all made within the Refuge, the work of their own hands. All alike had scarlet comforters and Glengarry caps; a canvas bag across their shoulders contained a change of linen for the voyage, towels, tin can, bowl and mug, knife, fork, and spoon; and one kind friend, the last day before starting, brought them a present of a hundred strong pocket-knives. A Bible, a Pilgrim's Progress, and a little case of stationery, were provided for each, and while they stood thus indoors, singing their last farewell, a dense crowd filled the street without, having waited for hours in the pouring rain. It was with difficulty the police could keep struck with the sight of the boys, all remarking that they had never seen more intelligent countenances, and one observed, after hearing something of their history, This is real religion.

Liverpool was reached at 4 A.M., and all went at once on board the Peruvian. Then came a trial of patience, they had to wait some hours for breakfast, but restraining grace was so manifest throughout, that one's heart was continually lifted up in praise and thanksgiving for this mercy as well as for countless others, and most especially for the loving-kindness of the Lord in strengthening and supporting His beloved servants at the time of parting.

From want of space, it appeared impossible, (as far as could be judged from the first day's experience), to gather all the boys together, but even amid the difficulties attending first going on board, Miss Macpherson succeeded in holding a little service with a portion of them. Some of the passengers and crew gathered round; all were remembered in her supplications, and a deep solemnity rested on all. Then she called on those boys who knew what it was to draw near with assurance to the throne of grace to ask for blessing, and, with her undaunted energy, exhorted them not to be afraid to speak for Jesus. Prayer was followed by the oft-repeated hymn,

There is a better world, they say,  
Oh, so bright!

The tender brought on board a band of Christian friends, who once more thronged around her, till the parting signal was given, and then the last sounds heard on leaving were, Yes, we part, but not for ever, and Shall we gather at the river?

The following note of cheer quickly arrived, to the joy of many anxious hearts and the praise of a prayer-hearing God:

On Board the 'Peruvian,' off the Coast of Ireland, May 13, 1870.

MY DEAR SISTERS, Fearing lest in your anxiety for us you may have imagined a rough night for the first, I send a few lines to assure you that all is love, even to the smallest details. Each rolling wave reminds me of that word in the Epistle of James, 'Let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord.' Many a faithful prayer has ascended for a prosperous voyage; prosperity of soul is often realised by being kept in the lowest place, and when my boys told me how ill some of them had been in the night, and how they had, notwithstanding, held little prayer-meetings, crying to Jesus in the midst of what to them seemed a storm, I rejoiced. Thus trial sends us to Jesus, the Captain of our salvation.



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With the exception of two, all are on deck now, as bright as larks; they have carried up poor Jack Frost, and Franks, the runner. It is most touching to see them wrap them up in their rugs. Michael Finn, the Shoreditch shoeblack, was up all night caring for the sick boys; he carries them up the ladder on his back. Poor Mike! he and I have exchanged nods at the Eastern Counties Railway corner these five years; it is a great joy to give him such a chance in life. Oh, to win his soul to look to Jesus for everlasting life!

The following extract will tell the answer to the many prayers by which Miss Macpherson was upheld, and how assuredly it was the Lord who had guided her way across the pathless deep:

Mr. Stafford, the agent at Quebec, would willingly have kept the hundred boys there, but we only left him eleven, and brought the rest on to Montreal; and there too they were anxious to keep them, and said if it were made known, in three days we should not have one remaining. As it was, we left twenty-three, and all in excellent situations. Some of the best were picked out, numbers of them as house-servants. Then we left eight at Belleville, half way between Montreal and Toronto. These boys were left in charge of Mr. Leslie Thom, who had acted as schoolmaster at the Home of Industry, and whose help was invaluable on arrival in the new country.

Miss Macpherson's youngest sister, Mrs. Birt, thus writes concerning the departure of the second family, so readily sent out in answer to the invitations of dear friends in Canada:

I am sure our dear friends will feel exceedingly pleased and gratified to hear that the departure of our second band of boys for Canada this year, under the care of Mr. Merry, took place on the 21st of July, leaving our hearts filled to overflowing with thankfulness and praise for the very marked way in which the Lord has led us on step by step.

Little did we think, a month ago, that it would be possible in so short a time to select, teach, and outfit seventy boys, and to soften their manners, even if we had the necessary money for their expenses. But the Lord has most wonderfully brought it all about in His own way. The money was sent, boys anxiously in search of employment came beseeching help, the needful work for their outfits was accomplished in far less than the usual time by faithful widows, who sewed away as diligently as though each had been making garments for her own son. An active, earnest, clever teacher was also provided by the Lord, to give to these rescued ones that punctual and diligent, daily attention that seemed to us so important. Even the postponement of their sailing from the 14th inst. to the 21st inst. was overruled for good; Mr. Merry was enabled to become more personally acquainted with each, and we know that 'the good seed of the Word' was sown in many hearts, we trust to bear fruit. On reaching the ship, we were told that our band would have the benefit of a place set apart for themselves, whereas, had they sailed the previous week, they would have been crowded up with other emigrants. After three days' rest we return, the Lord willing, to the Refuge, to select and prepare a band of young girls. Our sister Miss Macpherson writes to us that she has been besought most earnestly by the Canadian ladies to send them out some little English maids; and that they promise to watch over them and care for them as if they were their own.

After the arrival of Mr. Merry in Canada with the second party of boys, Miss Macpherson returned to England and wrote as follows:

My BELOVED FELLOW-LABOURERS, You will be surprised to hear that, after a pleasant voyage, with renewed health, I am again in my privileged place of service in the East of London. My song of praise is very full. The Council of the county of Hastings has given me a house capable of holding 200, free of all expenses, situated in the town of Belleville, Ontario, leaving the management in my hands, entirely untrammelled by conditions. Thus a work of faith is now commenced on Canadian shores, where our little street wanderers can at once be sent and trained under our own schoolmaster, Mr. Leslie Thom. My friend Miss Bilbrough, assisted by the Christian ladies of the town, has undertaken to furnish this Distributing Home in readiness for Mr. Merry's arrival. There all will undergo a training, and will be kept till suitable situations are appointed for them.

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After remaining a short time in England, Miss Macpherson, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Birt, returned to Canada with the third party of young emigrants, numbering over a hundred.

The following is an extract from Mrs. Birt's first letter after their arrival:

In my memory are associated two scenes connected with the pretty park in which the Distributing Home is situated, scenes that can never be forgotten; first, the long procession of the tired and weary little travellers, wending their way up the carriage-drive, the clear, starlit sky overhead, and the quiet, bright full moon shining down on their upturned faces, as they stood in front of their new home, and sang so earnestly

'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;'

and secondly, on awaking the next morning and looking out, the sight of the whole party scampering about the park, just like so many little wild animals let loose from a cage, rushing about under every tree, as if trying whether their freedom was real. I had to call my sister to look at them; and in mind we carried them back to London at six o'clock in the morning, and felt it was indeed good for them to be thus in Canada. How longingly we wished we could fill the Distributing Home with just such a number every month of the year, for certain it is we could find places and homes for them all.

A little later Miss Macpherson wrote:

Yesterday afternoon Miss Bilbrough drove us out into the cleared backwoods to visit some of our children. The country was charming; woods and green valleys, with every now and then rich orchards laden with rosy apples; the long Concession roads, forming at times magnificent avenues, in which here and there a maple, which had caught a cold blast, prematurely showed the lovely autumnal tints so peculiar in richness to this country.

Everywhere we called the warmest hospitality was shown us, very like the 'furthy auld kintra folk' of Scotia in days lang syne.

Our first recognition was a boy named Ambrose, of the second detachment; he was busy in the farmyard, but soon, with a bright face, came to the side of our vehicle, telling us he was so happy and well; indeed, it required no words to assure us of this. Our next call was to one of the first settlers of fifty-eight years ago, still living in the house he had at first erected. His dear wife, on hearing of the arrival of the little English orphan children, could not sleep all night, but had her horses put into the team, and drove in to Belleville, and for the Lord's sake, who had been so good to her and hers, took away two, one for herself and one for her married daughter, whose home had never rung with the voice of a little prattler. It was great joy to see that they loved and cared for these little waifs as though they were their very own; my heart alone knowing whence they had been taken, and their little memories still keen as to the awful contrast of former want and this present abundance of food, fruit, and kindness.

With this dear, pious couple, we drank tea. Such a spread at this meal is never beheld in the old country. Around my cup of tea were seven different kinds of choice dainties at the same time. This is their way, and it is done with few words but warm welcome. The homespun, well-worn coat and well-patched shoes of our aged host were all forgotten when listening to his intelligent remarks on men and things; and though seventy-eight years of age, every faculty of head and heart seemed to keep pace with the times. He was a Wesleyan Methodist, and with pleasure told us of the erection of their new Zion, whose glistening tinned spire we could see rising among the woods at no great distance.

Miss Bilbrough wrote at this time:

## God's Answers

Miss Macpherson has been able to spend during this summer much of her time in visiting among the different farms where our children are located, within some twenty or forty miles of Belleville in the counties of Hastings and Prince Edward. She would start some sunshiny morning on a week's tour, dining with one farmer, having tea at another's, and passing the night at some special friend's, Charlie, the mission horse, receiving the best of fare; while next day the farmer harnesses his horse and takes her round to the neighbouring farms where the little English emigrants have found a resting-place; and oh! the joy of these children to see again the well-remembered face, and hear the cheery voice of her who had first seen and relieved their misery in the old country, and now bringing fresh cheer and comfort in the new! With what haste the table is spread and soon loaded with substantial food, and afterwards what opportunities arise for a few words of counsel! Some verses are read from the Word of God, and then kneeling down, we and the new friends would commit the child to the care of Him who has said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'

Here, too, the numerous tracts and books brought from England, 'God's Way of Peace,' 'The Blood of Jesus,' 'British Workman,' 'Band of Hope,' and 'The Christian,' often containing a letter from Miss Macpherson, are eagerly sought after and read; and when passing along the road, Charlie seems now instinctively to stop when meeting some pedestrian, that out of our well-filled handbags may be given some tract or book.

The following is a record of days of travel in the backwoods:

MARCHMONT, BELLEVILLE, *October.*

My friend Miss Bilbrough and I started, after an early dinner, from Marchmont, having declined the kind offer of a friend's conveyance, preferring to go by the usual stage-waggon, as our object was to study the country people, and know those with whom our little ones mingle. In so doing we increase our opportunities of distributing books and tracts, a new thing in these outlying districts. We ask prayer for a blessing on these, and for every dear boy and girl who has been under our care, that the Holy Spirit may bring to each mind the remembrance of the truth in Jesus, which has been set before them. Our faith is from time to time strengthened by seeing one after another joining the Lord's people.

The novelty of our position was increased when the driver and our fellow-passengers, seven in number, discovered that we were the friends of the orphan children. Their politeness was touching. We had to take the best seat, the curtains were drawn down to shelter us from the wind, and the driver strove to interest us by telling us histories of such of our boys as he knew at different points of his journey.

For miles the country seemed well cleared, except where portions of forest were left to supply wood for the years to come. The cedar-rail fence and 'Concession roads' marked all into well-defined portions. On these roads the homesteads are built in every variety of style, from the log-hut built of cedar-trees laid one upon the other, cemented together, and roofed with bark, to the stone and brick edifice, with barns and stables, and other surroundings, like unto one of our own old country farmhouses.

Our fellow-travellers were farmers, returning from Toronto Fair. They seemed amused and willing to listen to our conversation with the driver, and received our books most politely.

The 'lumbering district' stretched away northwards, some seventy-five miles from where the giants of the forest had been felled. The recollections of our fellow-passengers were interesting as to the few years ago, when the very country we were passing through was a dense mass of similar unhewn timber. Now on every side there were homesteads telling of plenty, and enlivened by rosy, healthy little ones. Who will question the desirability of thus peopling our Father's glorious landscapes, and gathering up our poor perishing children from our overcrowded dens and alleys, where they are dying by thousands yearly for want of pure air and sunshine, many becoming criminals ere they scarce leave their mother's knee?

## God's Answers

The past encourages us to hope that He will not permit us to go before Him, and will both send sufficient strength for the day, and sufficient means for the support of all He would have us rescue from misery, by bringing them under the influences of a pious home, placing them in Sabbath schools, and above all, gathering them beneath the sheltering wing of the loving Shepherd.

We arrive at length at Roslin, and soon find the pretty house of our friend Dr. H –, where we are warmly greeted for the Master's sake, and ere long introduced to the only little baby prattler, its mother, and her widowed sister. They had lived in the city, had visited the old country, were friends of Mr. Gosse, and readers of 'The Christian.' Hence we soon found that though in a Canadian backwood settlement, we had tastes and topics in common, and one longing especially united us the burden of precious souls to be won for Him we all loved.

Through a chain of circumstances, Dr. B –had obtained one of our boys, who had been engaged in a similar capacity in a suburb of London, but had lost his situation, and become an orphaned wanderer in our great city. His knowledge of dispensing was a recommendation for his appointment to another doctor; and, to my great joy, hitherto he had conducted himself so well, that in all the neighbourhood around other boys were so much in demand, that we now have no less than forty children in that district among the farmers.

My friend, ever a true helper as secretary, remembered that a small boy named Smith, who had left a mother sorely fretting after him, lived near, and proposed to go and get a report of him at once. The Doctor's conveyance soon was at the door, and in less than an hour my friend returned with a bright account of the comfortable home and the happiness of its young inmate.

The short hours after tea swiftly passed in conversing over the basket of books and tracts, many of these the gathered-up stores of my friends, which when read had been sent to the Refuge, and were now being spread freely in Canadian homes. We also talked over the principle which we were endeavouring to work out with these friendless children, namely, that as the Lord Jesus had given Himself to save us, so we ought to reach out the hand of love, and endeavour to snatch others from lives of misery and want. If we cannot open our own doors to the lost and wayward; ought we not to help in finding out those who can, that the lost and wandering lambs outside in the wilderness might be gathered beneath a sheltering wing inside some happy fold?

Dr. H –and his intelligent wife and sister held a long conversation with us on the method best suited for those whom we are seeking to benefit whether to educate them for a series of years in our institutions in the old country, or to afford them only a temporary residence with us, where their character, temper, and talents could be studied for a few months with a view to determine what family they would suit best. Our experience with the three hundred children now placed out and watched over by our co-labourers in Canada brought us to the latter conclusion, and the testimony of others in Germany was to the same effect.

Pastor Zeller, who himself founded an orphan asylum at Beuggen, had long before strongly advocated the placing of bereaved children in Christian families as the very best method of training them. Commenting on this, M. de Liefde observes 'An establishment which contains from fifty to seventy children (and this surely is only a small one), however well managed, cannot help being unnatural in many respects. Nature seldom puts more than twelve children together in one house; quite enough for a man and his wife to control, if due attention be given to the formation of the different characters and the development of the various talents. The training of a band of children beyond that number cannot help assuming the character of wholesale education. The larger the number, the greater the resemblance of the establishment to a barrack; it becomes a depot of ready-made young citizens, got up for social life at a fixed price, and within a fixed period of time. No wonder that they often turn out unfit for practical realities, and uncured of inveterate defects.' The noble Immanuel Wichern felt this objection so forcibly, that his famous 'Rauhe Haus' institution is like a village of families, each homestead with its house-father and house-mother, and its twelve boys or girls, as the case may be. He considered that he could not otherwise do justice to those whom God had committed to his care than by bringing the principles of family life to bear upon each individual.

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In the course of conversation we asked, how it was that so far from the city they had heard of our having boys to dispose of, and it was pleasant to hear that the weekly 'Christian' was the link that led them to depute a relative to watch for our passing through Montreal. Family worship closed this day of sweet service.

The next morning our kind host studied the various Concessions in which our children had been located, and soon the 'democrat' (a peculiar carriage suited for this country) was brought to the door, and the doctor, and his sister accompanied us for the day's drive.

The day was balmy, like one of our bright June days, and beeches and maples, firs and cedars, were beautiful to behold in their autumn loveliness.

Our first call was at Mr. V -'s. He was a widower, and, finding his home lonely, had sought at Marchmont for a little one to love and cheer him. He had taken the twin-like brothers, Freddy and Tommy, whose sweet little faces bore some resemblance to his own. We found the children at school, looking hearty and happy in the playground as we passed the schoolhouse. Mr. V -was from home, but his mother, a pious woman, received us most kindly, and spoke affectionately of the children. She took us to see her lovely flowerbeds of annuals, all laid out with taste in front of the wooden house, and tended by her own hands when house-work was over. My heart longed for the joy of telling the happiness of these children to the aged pious grandmother pining away in want and sickness, and forsaken by her own son, the father of these boys.

Passing onwards, we drove past a rosy-cheeked little fellow climbing a bank. A month in the fresh air had so changed him from the delicate, pale, thin boy, that we looked again ere we recognised Alfred Bonkin. His widowed mother will sing for joy to hear of his being thus educated, clothed, and fed, and growing up to an honest life.

Alfred was 'fixed up' (to use a Canadian term) with two others of our children in a family settlement. One was a grown-up lad, employed in farm work, and the other a little matchbox-maker. The venerable couple who had adopted them had won our hearts when calling upon us at the Home. They were both over eighty years of age, had thirty grandchildren and six great-grandchildren, and yet room to love our little ones, and not miss the 'bite and the sup.' It was washing-day; but the old lady left her tub 'right away,' and hoped we would not be 'scared,' by her being in a bustle, but just 'take off,' and she would soon spread the table? We spoke of our long round of calls, and with difficulty we got away, not before we had been laden with a basket of the finest apples we had ever seen, and had promised to come and pay a long visit next time. From all we witnessed, we could not but rejoice in the way God had opened homes and Christ-loving hearts to receive our perishing little ones.

Peace and plenty smiled on every hand. Tears came as a relief when fondling little Annie Parker took my hand, saying, 'Tome and see my father's new house!' The memory came back of Mr. Morgan, Mr. Holland, and a few friends meeting with me in John Street to form a 'Little Girls' Home.' Two years have now passed since Annie and her whole family were carried to the Fever Hospital. Both the parents died; the four girls took a room, and lived by matchbox-making. Annie and Maggie were the youngest, starved and ragged beyond description. Since that time they have both been cared for, have learnt their letters, and can now read and write. Surely the most inveterate opponents to emigration could not but approve of and seek a blessing on such a change. Where in all England could we have found, in a few weeks, hearts and homes for forty adoptions? These families are thrifty and homely spinning, weaving, knitting, knowing what small means with a blessing can do, and are the very people to train up our children for a common-sense battle with the difficulties of life.

We were interested in observing the forethought displayed in laying up stores for the winter; apple being peeled, quartered, strung upon strings, and dried either in the sun, or over the kitchen stove; pumpkins cut into parings and dried, &c.

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All that remained at this late season (October) in the fields was the buckwheat. When this is cut and placed in stacks, its red roots are exposed, affording a pleasant contrast to the dark green of the up-springing fall-wheat. More immediately around the houses, lay the immense yellow pumpkins, still attached to their dying stems.

The time for Miss Macpherson's return to England now drew near, and with a heart filled with thankfulness for the mercies they had already experienced Miss Bilbrough offered to remain at Marchmont, to brave alone the first Canadian winter, and with Mr. Thom's help to watch over any case of difficulty that might arise among those who had come out; for as yet the work was an experiment.

### A CANADIAN PASTOR'S STORY.

Annie and Maggie, the children before mentioned, were taken out to Canada by Miss Macpherson, and were at first unavoidably placed in families residing at some distance from each other. The younger one was brought back to the Marchmont Home on account of a peculiar lisp, which her master's children were acquiring from her. Almost immediately another farmer called for a girl to assist his wife in the care of her little ones. He saw little Maggie, cared nothing for her lisp, and would have her away with him. On taking down his address, it was found that he lived on the farm next to that where the elder, sister was placed. It was near the end of the week, and on the next Sabbath morning an unexpected meeting occurred, feelingly described in the following verses. The incident was related to Miss Macpherson by the pastor himself.

Come now, a story, dear papa,  
Now find a knee for each;  
You said, papa, that once you heard  
Two little sisters preach

A better sermon far than you:  
Jane says that cannot be.  
We want to know, so tell us now,  
Before they bring the tea.

Come then, my darlings, you must know,  
Beyond the wild deep sea,  
In London's streets, these sisters grew  
In want and misery.

Their parents died, and they were left,  
Poor girls, in sore distress;  
Ah! dear ones, may you never know  
An orphan's loneliness!

But kindly hearts, which God had touched,  
Felt for them in their grief;  
He taught them too the surest way  
To give such woes relief.

Away from London's crowded streets,  
They bade the sisters come,  
Within our brave, broad Canada,  
To find a pleasant home.

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A pleasant home for each was found,  
But far apart they lay;  
And thus apart the sisters dwelt  
While long months rolled away.

Poor little girls! 'twas very sad;  
They were too young to write;  
And no one guessed the quiet tears  
Poor Annie shed at night.

Among our Sabbath-scholars soon  
I learned to watch her face;  
A quiet sadness on her brow  
I fancied I could trace.

One summer's morning, Sabbath peace  
Filled all the sunny air,  
And all within God's house was hushed,  
To wait the opening prayer;

When up the aisle a neighbour came,  
With hushed but hasty tread;  
And by the hand with kindly care  
A little girl he led.

A sudden cry ran through the church,  
A cry of rapture wild;  
And starting from her seat we saw  
Our quiet English child.

Sister! my sister! was the cry  
That through the silence rung,  
As round the little stranger's neck  
Her eager arms she flung.

And tears and kisses mingling fast,  
She pressed on lip and cheek;  
For silent tears can sometimes tell  
What words are poor to speak.

Then soft o'er cheek, and brow, and hair,  
Her trembling fingers crept;  
Then heart to heart, and cheek to cheek,  
Those loving sisters wept.

Nor they alone, for strong men sobbed;  
Women stood weeping by;  
And little ones looked up amazed,  
And asked what made them cry.

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Oh, broken was the prayer we prayed,  
Scarce could we raise the hymn;  
And when God's holy book I read,  
My eyes with tears were dim.

And yet we felt the Saviour there,  
Right in our midst that day;  
Will you not love my little ones?  
We almost *heard* Him say.

No need of laboured words that day  
Long hardened hearts to move;  
Well had the sisters' meeting preached  
The lesson, God is Love.

His heart had felt their childish grief,  
The while they mourned apart;  
His loving-hand had wrought the plan,  
To bring them heart to heart.

S. R. GELDARD.

### **CHAPTER III. 1870–1871. Workers' meetings at home of industry Training home at Hampton opened Personal experiences Welcome in Western Canada Help for a Glasgow home Scottish ferryman Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings.**

Before the close of the year Miss Macpherson had returned from Canada, and at the usual monthly meeting for workers was again enabled to tell of the goodness and mercy that had followed her.

One of the great needs of the East End which has already been mentioned, was that of some central spot where Christian workers might meet for prayer and counsel. This need was abundantly met at the Home of Industry, open at all times, with a welcome and words of cheer ready for the servants of the Lord from every part of the world. The workers' meetings, once a month, have given opportunities for hearing tidings of the spread of the gospel in the regions beyond. Those who had hitherto been standing idle have been aroused, and many who have long borne the burden and heat of the day have been refreshed. It would be difficult to reckon the number of those who have in the Home of Industry first heard the summons from the Lord to go forth, as messengers of the glory of Christ, and are now toiling in distant lands.

The difficulty of keeping a number of active restless spirits within the bounds of a house in the position of the Home of Industry, without one inch of yard or playground, and in the midst of streets in which it was unsafe for one of these boys to be seen, can hardly be imagined. It was a subject of the greatest astonishment to a descendant of Immanuel Wichern's that in such circumstances Miss Macpherson was enabled to keep them under control. It was, however, most desirable to find some place where their active energies could be employed in some sort of training for the Canadian out-door life. Miss Macpherson thus refers to her thankfulness that such a spot was found:

Those who share with us the burdens of this work will rejoice to hear that we have now a Home in the country, where we can cultivate a few acres, and where the children can become efficiently trained for Canada under the superintendence of Mr. and Mrs. Merry. It is situated near the village of Hampton and is now being furnished.

CHAPTER III. 1870–1871. Workers' meetings at home of industry Training home at Hampton opened Personal



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This will enable me to rescue another hundred from street-life at once. What a boon from the Lord Whom we serve!

It proved to be just what was needed, as is shown by the testimony of another friend:

The Training Home at Hampton bids fair to be a most valuable addition to Miss Macpherson's scheme for rescuing these dear children if only for their health's sake; the pure air, the early hours for rising, the outdoor and spade exercise, the plentiful supply of real milk, are all good; and the absence of all noise and excitement gives a much fairer chance of seeing what the boys really are, and the probability of their taking to Canadian life.

The next party was arranged to leave for Canada by the Prussian on the 4th of May, and on this occasion one who had the privilege of accompanying them thus wrote: I feel it as impossible to convey to friends in England a true idea of the kind welcome accorded to our poor little ones, as it is to give to dear Canadian friends any adequate idea of the crowded misery of our own dens and alleys.

It has scarcely been credited by some that so many hundreds of little travellers could have crossed the Atlantic in many successive voyages and not have experienced one storm. How we realised the power of Him 'who stilleth the noise of the sea, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people!' for on this voyage, as on every other, it has been remarkable that no discord has arisen among her many young charges. The work begun on land was carried on at sea, and many young hearts were blessed of the Lord ere they left the ship. It was pleasant to hear many testimonies in their favour among the passengers and crew; pleasant also to hear testimonies of thankfulness for Miss Macpherson's presence in the ship; for she laboured unceasingly among the crew and steerage passengers as well as with her own special charges.

Kind letters of welcome were received off Quebec. For a few hours we were detained at Point Levi, waiting for the emigrants' train, and watching with delight the sun descending and streaming with splendour on the cliffs and magnificent river; some of the heights bare, others clothed with firs, all picturesque and grand. The evening star shone before us as we were carried westward; one of the little orphan girls said it looked as if watching over us to help us; and in the morning we reached Montreal Junction, where one of the warm Canadian friends who have welcomed Miss Macpherson so cordially entered the cars, and spoke very encouraging words to the young travellers, telling them how he had himself been as dependent on his own exertions as any of them could be, and how by perseverance in the situation he had first entered, he had risen from the humblest post to the highest, and had long been in a position to help others. This friend is the superintendent of a large Sunday-school, and his scholars have undertaken the support of an English child.

A lovely cloudless day was just dawning as we arrived at Belleville, and we were greeted at the station by the kind voice of Mr. Henderson, one of the evangelists, for whose labours in Canada we have had so much reason to praise the Lord. The sun had not risen when we were first taken across the blue rushing river Moira, carrying with it the floating logs, felled far away, and borne by its rapid current to the Bay of Quinte, the beautiful shores of which we caught sight of just 'as the crimson streak in the east was growing into the great sun.'

But we were now at Marchmont; and lovely as it was in the fresh green of spring, (the maples, not yet in full leaf permitting a glimpse of the bay,) yet all other feelings were lost in the joy of being welcomed by dear Miss Bilbrough, who had been watching for us all through the night. Miss Macpherson was allowed but few hours to rest before the throng of visitors came to welcome her, and to take away the newly arrived little ones. Among the first was a lady, the mother of eight girls, who had lost her only son, and who carried away, with tears of joy, a boy brought from Southampton workhouse. There were farmers from many miles round, bringing their recommendations from ministers or other well-known friends; there were children who had been brought out the previous year, some earning good wages, and bringing their savings to Miss Macpherson, too full of joy to say much, but clinging round the one whom the Lord had blessed in rescuing so many from want and misery. Among these were three former little matchbox-makers, who had known more sorrow and care during their early years

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than is sometimes crowded into a lifetime. Tears on both sides were sometimes the only greeting given. Pages might be filled with records of one day at Marchmont, records of the Lord's goodness to the fatherless and motherless, and those rescued from a worse fate still; whose parents would have dragged them down into the haunts of drunkenness and sin, from which, in later years, it would have been so much harder to reclaim them. Oh, that many more in our own land could witness with their own eyes the boundless openings for work, and provision made for our poor children in the broad lands the Lord has so mercifully spread before us!

The first experience I had of the home of a Canadian farmer was in the neighbourhood of Stirling. Our drive was partly along the banks of the river Moira, which, perhaps, from being the first with which I was made acquainted, has always appeared to me one of the loveliest in 'this land of broad rivers and streams.' After leaving the river, our road passed through woods, in which we saw wild flowers of larger size and brighter colours than our own, though fewer in number; and from a rising ground we saw Stirling beneath us, and a few miles beyond reached the dwelling of one who had come out with no other riches than the strength of his own hands. His house was humble in outward appearance, but contained every comfort, and was surrounded by orchard and garden, and many acres of cultivated land. Huge barns to hold the abundant produce are always the most conspicuous feature in every Canadian farm. Cattle, sheep, and poultry were all around, and all his own, and in his own power to leave to the sons growing up around him. In this family the sons were all following the father's occupation.

In most families that I have seen, as a good education is within the reach of all, some of the sons have preferred following the study of law or medicine; the farmers have therefore the more need of helpers, and welcome the more eagerly the young hands brought out. Though we were quite unexpected, all but one of our party being perfect strangers, we were pressed with the usual Canadian hospitality to remain the night; and while our horse rested, our kind host took out his own team and drove Mr. Thom to visit children settled in the neighbouring farms.

My next experience was that of a farm beyond Trenton, where one of the boys was engaged. Our drive was along the bay, and the opposite shores of Prince Edward's county often reminded me of the Isle of Wight as seen from the Hampshire coast. Our road first passed the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, a grand and spacious building, a mile out of Belleville, and then was bordered by orchards and rich cornfields, scattered cottages and farmhouses, with lilac bushes clustering round the doors and verandahs. Outside every farmhouse may be seen by the roadside a wooden stand, on which are placed the ample cans of milk waiting for the waggon to carry them to the cheese factories. No fear, it appears, is here entertained either of milk being stolen or of fruit being missed from the abundant spoils on either side the road.

At Trenton, beautifully situated near the head of the bay, a boy rushed out at the welcome sight of his friend, and farther on more greetings of love and gratitude awaited her. The farm we this day visited was one of more importance than the last. Four hundred acres of ground surrounded a well-built house, two stories high, and covering much ground. In such a dwelling a handsome piano is seldom missing, and here stood one in the inner drawing-room. Luxuries that could be purchased for money were not wanting, but labourers were not so easily procured, and the contrast between the interior of the house and the rough approach to it was most remarkable.

So much must necessarily be done with so few hands, that time for a flower-garden, or even the making of a neat footpath, cannot be found. The mistress of the house looked sadly worn and wearied from want of help in her indoor labours.

Within easy reach of this house stood a much smaller one, built by the owner of the farm for himself and his wife to retire to whenever their eldest son should choose a bride and undertake the farm. This I have seen elsewhere in Canada and have also known the heir of the property to go out for the day helping at another farm, where no labourer could be found in the neighbourhood. No contrast could be greater to one coming from the sight of the constant distress in the crowded East of London, distress arising from want of work, food, light, air, and room to live and breathe in, and the comfort here beheld and experienced through the abundance of all; the

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pure fresh air, the sight of 'God's blessings growing out of our mother earth,' the ground ready to bestow so rich a return for all the labour bestowed on it, and the only want that of the human hands the hands that, in our own land, are to be had so easily, that human beings are expected to work like machines, and human frames are used as though made of brass or iron.

Miss Macpherson was not permitted to remain many days quietly at Belleville. The call came for her to go farther into Western Canada, and this eventually resulted in the establishing of the Home at Galt. The journey is thus described in her own words:

Believing that our gift was to pioneer, we left our dear friends embosomed at Marchmont among the bursting maple trees in loveliest spring-time. At early dawn on May 23rd we started, with a party of twenty of our boys of different ages, for Woodstock and Embro, a district of country where thousands of Scotch families have settled, and where there has been a wave of blessing from the Lord, through the faithful preaching of evangelists in the past year. Therefore we longed to 'spy' the land, not so much to gain an increase of dollars or more cultivated land for our boys, but our object was to find hearts that had been awakened to newness of life; and we trusted that with such our children would be nourished by the sincere milk of the Word, and grow thereby into godly men and faithful witnesses of the Lord Jesus.

At the close of a long and hot day's travel, we reached Woodstock; and though a single telegram had been the only announcement of our expected arrival, warm hearts greeted us. Next day the boys were gazed at, admired, wished for, questioned, and *feted*, until we began to fear lest they should be spoiled by seeing the great demand for them, and the eagerness with which they were sought after, being considered, as they term them, 'smart boys.' With ourselves it was a day of much prayer for the needed wisdom. And in the afternoon, (being the Queen's birthday, and kept by loyal Canadians as a complete holiday), the dear boys went off with us through shady groves for a walk. We went into a cemetery, and read together from our penny Gospels the 9th of St. John. But here we were found out, and invited to one of the loveliest country-seats we had ever seen. It had been an old Indian settlement, and from its groves we had a view of the distant woodlands clothed in richest foliage. On a beautiful lawn, the old Scotchman, with tearful tenderness, fed our dear boys with unaccustomed dainties, and jugs full of new milk.

In the evening a Scotchman arrived from a still more western district, Arkona, deputed by his neighbours to come for seven more boys. We could, however, only spare him five. The boy he took from us last year had behaved so well, that the demand had increased. Then came those painful leave-takings; and to see great boys of sixteen and seventeen sobbing, was no easy work for my clinging heart; but He who scattered His disciples, and went Himself by lonely pathways, knew our need, even at this time.

Next day we went farther inland, nine miles beyond the railroad, to Embro. There we found 'democrats,' each with a pair of horses, for the boys and luggage, in which they went off in high glee, under the care of a good man of my own name; and for myself and friend, a Highlander long frae the hills of our native land, had sent a carriage and pair of splendid spirited horses.

Our party of boys had by this time considerably decreased; and had they been hundreds instead of ones, of similarly trained boys, there would have been no difficulty in distributing them into good homes.

Canada is just now in a most prosperous state. Farmers' sons do not remain at home, but either, enter professions or stores, or go farther West to colonise. Hence the need of further help, which is met by our boys, who take their place, beginning with the A B C of farm-work, or, as Canadians express it, 'choring round.'

This new district was very pleasing to a Scotch eye hill and dale, rich woods, substantial farmhouses, richly cultivated orchards, beautiful with blossom; picturesque views of gushing rivers in wild gorges, with grand old monarchs of the forest telling the tales of years gone by, ere the emigrant's axe had laid their companions low.

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We reached a lovely village, and were warmly welcomed by 'Macs' of every name, reminding one of childhood's summers spent in the Highlands of old Scotia. Here we were at home; the sweet assurance of a Saviour's love shone in the faces that now surrounded us; we were on the trail of an evangelist, and Jesus 'lifted-up' had been beheld, making faces beam with thankfulness to Him who had given Himself for them.

The kind McAuley, who had opened his house and heart in expectation of the whole twenty boys from London, had himself been overwhelmed with love-offerings in the shape of food the good neighbours had sent in, vying with each other in showing kindness to the orphan and the stranger.

Ah! what a power and privilege is granted to us women, in that we are permitted to arise and second the work of the evangelist by showing our faith by our works, and giving to the Christians in this land of plenty and *no* poverty objects upon which to work out their love! Words fail to depict the extreme tenderness and delicate attention shown to us, for Jesus' sake, during the forty-eight hours we spent in the midst of this kindred people.

In the evening the old Scotch kirk was filled to the door, and after the singing of some sweet hymns and several heart-breathings of prayer, we spoke of the dealings of the Lord in this mission among the children of our million-peopled city. Whilst doing this, it was difficult to realise that we were not at home, among the dear brothers and sisters who are wont to meet with us for prayer at the Home of Industry.

The thank-offering to the Lord at the close was spontaneous, also the supply of food sent in by the farmers, and which was sufficient for a hundred children. It seemed almost more than my poor heart could bear when I called to mind the starving multitudes gathered in, and ravenously devouring the morsel of bread dealt out to them in London. It made me long that the Christian women of our land would rise up in some great national movement, and help many thousands of our oppressed families to come out to this land of plenty, where millions of acres are crying for labour. It is no romance nor ideal of a heated brain, but a plain, practical way of showing our Christianity, this bearing the burdens of many a sinking, crushed-down family.

The much-dreaded Canadian winter is really the most enjoyable period of the whole year, and when it is over one hears of nothing but sorrow that 'winter's noo awa.'

Miss Macpherson had intended returning to England in October, but was delayed for a time by many calls for service. From Montreal she writes:

Strike another note of praise for the answer to the many prayers of our Glasgow fellow-labourers. A friend in Scotland has been stirred up to give 2000 pounds in order to build an Emigration Refuge in that city, that homeless lads may be trained for Canada. Let us unite in asking that ere long similar Homes may be opened in Edinburgh and Liverpool, where poor and oppressed orphans abound. Before returning to you, we trust that corresponding Homes on this side will be in course of preparation, one in the East and another in the West, so that when the 150 young emigrants arrive at Quebec, fifty can proceed at once to each Home for distribution.

We leave Marchmont accompanied in our mission carriage by two boys; and these two have histories which contain a lesson for all boys. Their antecedents in England were much the same orphanage, want of caretakers, misery. One is still self-willed, having no mercy on himself, a runaway from the home in which we had placed him, and was brought to us a second time by the police as homeless. We are now taking him back to his master to hear all about the grievances, and find out that they arose from his determination not to go to school. A boy that does not value the opportunities afforded him, but prefers growing up in ignorance, must suffer for it sooner or later. May all boys who read this determine to apply themselves to every lesson heartily; each difficulty overcome will render it more easy to master the next.

The other boy was one of the first hundred; he arrived by train from Toronto at midnight, and rang us up, expecting admittance, for he felt that he was coming home to see his friends, his master having given him a

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holiday. This boy, though utterly alone in the world, snatched by us from a life in London stables, stands there, at fourteen, a self-reliant little man, with his purpose in life clearly defined. He is not many minutes in the house before he discloses the joy it is to come home, and tells us how he has as good a suit of Sunday-clothes to put on as any gentleman.

Next morning he sits during Bible-lesson in the schoolroom side by side with the ne'er-do-weel. Both are received for Jesus' sake, the one in his poverty and self-will, the other in his good suit and self-complacency, but both still wanting the 'one thing needful' to fit them for the home and mansions on high. Whilst endeavouring to explain how Jesus had loved them, and wrought out a righteousness for them, and was as willing to receive them as we had been, and that He had a large and loving heart, and cared for the many hundreds still wandering about in the great city, tears filled the eyes of the little group. Just picture what we felt as J-P -, in the most humble and childlike way, put his hand in his pocket and drew out twenty-five dollars, saying, 'Miss, that will bring another.'

My words ceased, and a choking feeling came into my throat as the lesson was being learnt by half-a-dozen of self-willed returned boys. Much we longed that all our children could have witnessed this scene. Very few of them, except the selfish and depraved, would like to be behind J-P -in having the privilege of giving us so much encouragement in this work.

The first year J-P -received no wagers, only his food and clothes; now, his services having become valuable, he gets six dollars a month. He has purchased for himself a silver watch, a good overcoat, and has also returned most honourably his passage-money, therefore he has received his neatly framed and beautifully illuminated discharge, to hang up, showing he is now no longer a poor emigrant.

J-holds that the habit of saving the cents is the secret of success, and he intends plodding on until he can purchase a farm of his own, and we think it will not be very long before he does so, if his life is spared. Thus he accompanies us as a son, and as such is received and lodged in the various homes we visit.

It was most amusing to hear him tell the runaway sitting by him in the carriage how to get on and advise him not to give way to his own will and his own temper.

By boys this advice is more easily given than taken, as was proved in this case. We left the boy on his promising that he would be obedient and go to school. But the subtle enemy, ere the day was out, gave this boy of fourteen years old the idea of being his own master, rather than live out that wondrous word of four letters, *obey*. Again he escaped from a good home, and after wandering many miles, knocked late at night at a ferryman's, and asked for food. Here Robert Jack, a kind Scotchman, recognised the English corduroy, and at once met him with, 'You are one of Miss Macpherson's boys.' He was fed and lodged, and strange to say, next day we were led, in the course of our journey, to cross that very ferry. The young runaway seeing us from the window exclaimed, 'Oh! here comes Mr. Thorn,' and would have hidden away from our sight, knowing he was doing wrong, for he would not understand that we were his friends, willing to help and love him. Oh, may all boys who read this seek earnestly to believe that Jesus is their very best Friend, and He only can remove their self-will and blindness of heart!

In crossing the ferry early in the summer, we had spoken faithfully to this ferryman, and had sent him the 'Life of Robert Annan' by post. They had been schoolfellows together, and after reading the book, he got many others to read it also. This small sixpenny gift, accompanied by prayer, had done a work. Robert was willing to become a co-worker with us, and is now trying to train to honest industry our little self-willed runaway. Thus we hope that in the log-hut of the Scottish ferryman he may learn to read and write, and that the blessed Spirit will work on the hearts of both master and boy.

The experience of yearning over this orphan boy moved our hearts to speak of Jesus, who bore with such long-suffering love our own rebelliousness ere we came to Him.

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The story has been told before of the first poor girl rescued in the East of London through Miss Macpherson's blessed agency, one whose father had died suddenly of cholera, whose mother had thrown herself into a canal, and, though rescued, had been, through drink, a source of misery to her children. The eldest brother [Footnote: This boy, now a shoemaker, has written asking to be allowed to have one of the lads, as an apprentice.] of this poor girl, about sixteen years of age, had been brought out the previous year to Canada, and appearing one day at Marchmont, I thought from his looks and dress that he was one of the farmers' sons come to engage a boy, little thinking that so short a time had passed since he was destitute as the poorest among them.

In England we are so accustomed to the sorrowful sight of neglected children, it can hardly be imagined by us how such a fact strikes a Canadian. Often have I seen the tears in the eyes of the farmers at the sight of little ones brought so far to seek a home at such an early age. This was especially the case with regard to little Annie referred to in the following lines, the youngest of three sisters left motherless in a workhouse. When I last saw this little sufferer health and strength had been given to her, and she was the pet of all in a home of comfort.

### OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES AND SUCKLINGS.

From the mouths of babes and sucklings,  
Was the Psalmist's grateful word,  
Thou hast perfected Thy praises,  
And I thank Thee, gracious Lord.

And e'en yet from infant voices  
Words of wondrous meaning fall,  
And the Christian's heart rejoices,  
For he knows his Father's call.

Little Annie sat beside me,  
Smiles upon her baby face;  
Early sorrow, early suffering,  
On her cheek had left their trace.

Little feet, too weak to wander  
Where the merry children play;  
'Neath the flickering aspen shadows,  
By broad Quinte's sunny bay.

Thoughts of pitying love came thronging  
As I thought how Jesus came;  
How He blessed the little children,  
How He healed the sick and lame.

So I asked the little maiden,  
Annie, Jesus cares for you  
If we saw Him now beside us,  
Can you think what He would do?

Strangely solemn, seemed the answer,  
(Listen, sisters o'er the sea);  
Jesus, just to you would give me,  
And would bid you care for me.

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English sisters, rich and gifted!  
Ask your hearts, Can this be true?  
Christ hath many a homeless orphan,  
Is He saying this to you?

Take this child and nurse it for Me?  
Will you dare to say Him nay?  
Dare to let His children perish,  
Or in evil paths to stray?

If too stately are your dwellings,  
Send them hither, let them come;  
In our fair Canadian homesteads,  
Gladly we will make them room.

Room where orchard boughs are dropping  
Fruit that waits their hands to pull;  
Room to rest, and room to labour,  
Room in home, in church, in school.

When the winter snow lies sparkling,  
They shall share our winter joys,  
Tinkling bells and merry sleigh-ride,  
With our laughing girls and boys.

When our maple pours its nectar,  
They shall share the luscious treat;  
Where the woodland strawb'ries cluster,  
Glad shall stray their little feet.

When our Sabbath-scholars gather,  
They shall join the joyous throng;  
Sweet will sound their English voices,  
'Mid the burst of children's song.

Sisters, shall we share the blessing?  
Bring the lambs to Jesu's fold?  
*Ours* are homes of peace and plenty,  
To *your* hands He gives the gold.

S. R. GELDARD.

**CHAPTER IV. 1872. The need of a Home further West Burning of the Marchmont Home Home restored by Canadian gifts Miss Macpherson and Miss Reavell arrive in Canada First visit to Knowlton in the East Belleville Home restored by Canadian friends Help for the Galt Home Miss Macpherson returns to England Miss Reavell remains at Galt.**

In her first letter on returning to England Miss Macpherson writes:

CHAPTER IV. 1872. The need of a Home further West Burning of the Marchmont Home Home restored by Canadian gifts Miss Macpherson and Miss Reavell arrive in Canada First visit to Knowlton in the East Belleville Home restored by Canadian friends Help for the Galt Home Miss Macpherson returns to England Miss Reavell remains at Galt.

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BELOVED FELLOW–WORKERS, Once more at home among the old familiar scenes in the East of London, the sadness and the sin shadows our joy and thanksgiving. My first visit in the immediate vicinity of the Refuge I shall not soon forget.

Taking good news of Andrew in Canada to his mother, I found his father lying dead drunk in one corner, and his little brother lying dead waiting to be carried off to the grave by the parish in the other.

In the first low women's lodging–house, I found a poor misguided girl asking me, 'How's my little sister?'

Passing on to Mr. Holland in George Yard, I cheered him with answers to his many inquiries as to the placing out of his rescued ones.

Many a warm shake of the hand I had from poor costermongers and grey–headed men, for what had been done for their belongings in taking them from the sin and want around.

My way is now open to go forward, as means permit, to rescue girls and train them for Canada or for service in England.

Miss Macpherson goes on to tell of the purchase of the Galt Home, 300 miles westward, and states the need in these words:

We found that to educate our Canadian family, and thoroughly fit them to be of value to the farmer, a few fields to work upon would be an advantage, that they might see the effects of new soil and climate, in the growth of vegetables, shrubs, and farm produce.

Thou hast tried us as silver is tried. We went through fire and through water, but Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place. This was the experience of the beginning of the year 1872. Miss Bilbrough's letter brings to mind Deut. xxxiii. 12.

BELLEVILLE, *January 29, 1872.*

DEAREST ANNIE, It is indeed difficult to begin a letter to you, when I know you always open our letters feeling sure of good news. And yet this one brings you the best you ever had. Lives spared, I trust, to work more than ever for Him who hath done such great things for us. Our song is one of continual thankfulness and praise, and I know you will join us in giving thanks. Our beautiful Home lies in ruins, only the walls standing, and there is one little grave dug by Benjamin Stanley's, containing the ashes of little Robbie Gray.

I hardly know how to begin, it still seems so terrible and real.

We had had a happy Sabbath. We were to have an early breakfast next morning, and I awoke in the night thinking it was daylight. Miss Baylis came to my door, which was shut, saying, 'Miss Bilbrough, there's smoke!'

I jumped up, and oh, the feeling, when I saw the house full of dense white smoke! I knew well what it must be. I rushed to Mr. Thorn's room, he was sleeping heavily, but I roused him, saying the house was on fire; then I went down to the boys, Philips and Keen, who were in the schoolroom, called them up and told them to save the children, and rushed upstairs, nearly choked, calling 'Fire!'

Mrs. Wade, Miss Baylis, Miss Moore, all came out. Downstairs I ran again and unfastened the front door, and went to the corner of the verandah. Philips was getting out the children, and the flames were coming on with frightful rapidity; it was blowing a perfect hurricane, and the whole building was enveloped in smoke and ashes; I ran back half–way upstairs to see if I could get a dress, or my cash–box, or watch, but I was too much suffocated,



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and had to get back to the front door. Mrs. Wade, Miss Baylis, and the children, were making for the fence. I saw Mr. Thorn, and called to him to search again with Philips for the children.

The intense cold in the snow seemed almost worse to bear than fire. We all climbed the fence and ran to the nearest house. Poor Mrs. Wade had got her hands frozen, even in that short time, as the thermometer was about twelve or fifteen degrees below zero.

Here we called over the names of the children; some were here, some in another house, sitting over the stove with bare legs and only their little shirts on. Soon little Robbie was found missing, but Philips had lifted him out, and he had been seen running with the others; we suppose that the poor child, blinded with smoke, ran to the front door, and then went through into the schoolroom, the place he knew best, where he must soon have been suffocated. It was all over in a few minutes, all around was fearfully bright and lurid. The engine came, but was of course too late, the fire spread with such terrible rapidity.

We sat almost stunned with fright and cold. Soon the Shearings and Elliotts came, bringing clothes, &c., and we went to dear Mrs. Elliott's house in a sleigh. It was not four A.M., and the fire was almost out, burning round the verandah and the window-sills.

Oh, how our hearts went up in thankfulness to God for sparing mercies! A few moments more, and we dread to think of what might have been. Miss Baylis' door being ajar, the smoke got in; mine was shut, my room was free, but I saw the light on the window. Miss Moore was in Miss Lowe's bedroom; she could not realise it, and, after being first roused, was going to bed again.

As soon as it was daylight I went with Mr. Thorn to see the ruins. All around the melted snow had frozen like iron; the thermometer, which was hung on the verandah, was found uninjured; nothing was found but a table and one stove; all gone. Books, papers, clothes, everything; but there in the blackened ruin lay distinctly the charred frame of little Robbie. Mr. Thorn went for Dr. Holden and a coffin, and the remains were brought to Mr. Elliott. Dear little fellow, he was the most prepared of any of the little ones to go. This is such a comfort to me now.

I had gathered the little ones round me in the evening before the fire, when the others were at church, and we had sung some sweet hymns. I made Robbie especially stand beside me, and made him sing alone. 'I will sing for Jesus,' was the hymn he chose. He sang it sweetly. How little did I think in a few hours he would be singing the 'new song' before the throne! His history in our book is very touching. 'Robert Gray, aged six; a happy little man, who can say little or nothing about himself.' The rest of the page is blank, as he had never been away from Marchmont. An inquest was held over the body. We wished it especially, so that we might have an investigation as to the cause of the fire.

Dearest Annie, when I think what it might have been, and the grief of all at home, and the intense sorrow, oh, it makes one so thankful! I felt Jesus very precious through it all, recognising His hand in so many ways. I had had much blessed communion with Him that Sunday, and several seasons of sweet prayer. I can fully realise that for me it would have been all right, if the Lord had ordered it otherwise; but for the sake of those at home I bless God for life spared, and trust earnestly the Lord may give us all increased power and spiritual life. Having passed through 'the fire,' may we also receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost. And oh, may our lives be more and more devoted to His service! Not our own, but bought with a price, may we live more and more unto Him who hath loved us!

Miss Moore was out at nine o'clock in the woodshed; all was safe then. Mrs. Wade locked the doors at ten with stable lantern in the wood-shed (the boys' summer dining-room), and then all was safe; the fire in the kitchen stove was out. She came shivering in to-prayers a little after ten. The parlour fire was nearly out, and Miss Baylis and I were quite cold. The fire upstairs was not lit, nor had any ashes been taken up on Sunday morning. If any had been removed on Saturday, they were placed in iron vessels in the first kitchen. The fire broke out in the

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further corner of the wood-shed. The cause is so far quite unknown, and will, I suppose, ever remain so.

I send you the account of the inquest, and other papers, as I know well it is better to see and know all particulars. I cannot, however, tell of all the kindness and sympathy we have met with a telegram from Mr. Claxton, offering money, &c., Hon. George Alien wishing to take the children; Mr. Eason: 'I am praying for you, can I help by coming?' numbers of friends coming with clothes of every kind; subscriptions got up to start a new Home immediately; sewing societies at work and ladies canvassing the town in every direction for help to furnish another Home at once. I could not even begin to particularise our friends. Mr. Flint came up at eight, begging me to come to his house.

This afternoon we have buried little Robin. The service was held in Mr. Elliott's church.

How often we have thought of home friends during the last few days, and longed that you might not hear the news in any way till this reaches you, which will be nearly three weeks! and now you must fancy us happy at our work again, and as much under the loving care and protection of our God as ever, trusting only to Him for everything, that whether absent from the body, or still in the flesh, we may be more and more filled with faith and love for the Lord's work.

Wednesday. We seem each day to realise only more fully our marvellous escape. The firemen say they never remember such a night, nor saw a house burn so rapidly. Now every one is so kind; things keep pouring in for the new Home; it is to be Canadian this time, not English. Mr. Flint says he has written to you, telling you all, but he could not tell you one quarter of the kindness we have met with on every hand.

Oh, that verse in Isa. lxiv. II, is so expressive:

'Our beautiful house where we praised Thee is burnt up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste.' What a ruin Marchmont is now! the blackened ashes all around nothing but the walls standing. I feel such mingled feelings as I look at it all the happy days we have spent there the holy associations never to return again.

'We have no continuing city here,' was the text which filled Mr. Thorn's mind, and it is one we hope more than ever to keep before us. This trial seems to have given the four of us deeper sympathy and interest together. So nearly entering eternity together, and yet saved, we trust, to render more devoted service to the Master, for having passed through this fiery trial.

I can hardly bear to think of all the sorrow you are feeling for us; but oh! let thanksgiving and praise be uppermost. It is the one thought that fills our minds. We are wonderful in health, no cold, and are as occupied as possible, looking after the children, and preparing for the new Home. Happily, Charlie the horse, the sleigh, and the buffalo robes are safe, and most useful we find them now.

I am so thankful that it will be nearly three weeks ere you know, and you must think of it as past and gone, and, if possible, just at first see the beginning of great good in making the work more known, and rousing the sympathies of others.

What, Marchmont gone!  
That pleasant Home nought but a memory now;  
And yet, in humble thankfulness we bow,  
Father, Thy will be done.

It was but lent:  
Thou wilt not that Thy children fix their heart

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On aught below: theirs is a better part  
A treasury unspent.

Still are its memories dear!  
The maple shadows that around it lay,  
Stirred by the breezes from the silvery bay,  
Or bathed in moonlight clear

How fair were they!  
Lovely when decked with earliest buds of spring,  
Loveliest when radiant autumn came to fling  
A glory on each spray.

Oh home of praise and prayer!  
Where glad sweet voices raised the morning hymn,  
Pleaded for blessing in the twilight dim,  
Or thrilled the midnight air.

Can we forget  
The meetings and the partings we have known?  
The welcome glad, the farewell's sadder tone  
Ah, we remember yet.

We were not there  
When thro' its halls the fierce destroyer swept;  
But God was watching, while our dear ones slept  
Safe were they in His care.

All safe with Him;  
Yes, for our Robbie sings for Jesus now  
In sweeter tones, with far more sunny brow,  
And eyes no tear's can dim.

They wait His word  
Stanley and Robbie side by side and we  
Caught up together with them soon shall be  
For ever with the Lord.

S. R. GELDARD.

All former kindness was as nothing compared to that now received, as will be seen by the following from Miss Bilbrough:

BELLEVILLE, *February 2, 1872.*

I know that many many prayers are now being offered for us, and that the Lord is answering them every minute, giving us sustaining grace and wisdom, and help as to the future. I knew it would be five weeks before I could hear from you, and I could trust that all we might arrange here would meet your approval, as it has generally done.

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However, the Belleville people, with Mr. Flint at their head, quite took the matter out of my hand, being determined that they would provide and furnish themselves a still better house than Marchmont. The sympathy awakened is great, and the pleasure of friends at hearing that we could have a large substantial house on the Kingston Road for our orphan children was equally so. Mr. Flint has secured it for three years, the Council paying the rent and taxes, and sufficient is already gathered to furnish it. So that when the first arrivals come in May, all will be ready for them.

How good the Lord is! even out of apparent trial He brings the good. We had been praying for special blessing, and in this way, (strange as it seems to us), we do recognise the answer.

In March, Miss Macpherson writes:

BELOVED FRIENDS, While you are reading this, my pathway will again be upon the mighty deep. The Lord willing, I look to leave Liverpool by steam-ship 'Scandinavian,' March 7th. Miss Reavell, who has for two years been our scribe in the Refuge, accompanies me. Your prayers have gone up that blessing may be ours, as a little band of feeble workers for our Lord, and if He has been pleased to try our faith by the trial of fire, shall we not praise Him for anything His loving hand doth send us? And as one has beautifully said, 'What God takes it is always gain to lose.' Heaven is nearer now our little Robbie is there; Jesus is dearer, and has quickened us all by His constraining love.

My object in going now to Canada without children is twofold. Strength being given, my desire is to visit the new districts, where I hope in the coming summer to place out the hundreds now under excellent training and holy influence here and in Scotland, and to find out Christian families who may be willing to receive them on arrival. Plead that the Holy Spirit may fill with power those who are daily seeking to win these wanderers back to the fold.

Secondly, I wish to make use of the late sad calamity, and God's wonderful interposition in saving life, so that the teaching may not be lost upon the hundreds of immortal souls connected with our mission.

It is impossible to describe the eagerness with which the arrival of these dear friends was looked for, and day after day, those in service in and around Belleville would come with the hope of seeing them. And among these were former match-box makers, who had been rescued from such depths of sorrow; one of whom had already saved from her wages sufficient to pay her brother's passage out, besides bringing offerings of her own work towards the furnishing of Miss Macpherson's room in the new House. Through many dangers they were brought safely, in answer to many prayers, but Miss Reavell had suffered much on the voyage, and one special instance of the Lord's care I cannot help here recording, They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness. Miss Reavell had been a most diligent and necessary labourer at the Home of Industry night and day. At sea her strength seemed to fail; she only existed on oranges, and the last orange was gone. In the midst of a fearful storm, signals were made by another vessel that they were without food, and the life-boat was put off from the steamer, carrying to the distressed vessel a barrel of flour and pork In return, a thank-offering came in the shape of two boxes of the best oranges, the ship being from Palermo, bound for New York with a cargo of fruit. Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered.

The visit of Miss Barber, a Canadian lady of influence, to the Home of Industry, was the means of interesting friends in the Eastern Townships' Province of Quebec, and of leading them to open a Home at Knowlton.

The following letter is from Miss Macpherson:

The year's experiment in this new district will enable us to test it as to whether it will be a suitable one for our children; if so, it will not cost many pounds of English money. The old house we have taken was formerly a tavern, and its ball-room will make us an excellent dormitory; the rent is only 20 pounds, and is paid entirely by a

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Canadian. Should the children thrive under the fostering care of our dear friend Miss Barber (now doubly dear to us all after the winter of help she has given us in the East of London), there will be no difficulty in establishing a permanent Home, built of brick, half of the necessary sum having already been subscribed in and around Sheffield, Leeds, and Nottingham; and the other half our friends in the province of Quebec have freely offered to collect. Thus will those both on this side and at home share the benefits; the old country seeing hundreds educated that might otherwise in a few years become expensive criminals, and the new country, receiving, ere habits are fixed, young life which, in future, will call Canada 'the home of its adoption.'

Though, according to all accounts, this is an uncommonly heavy snow-season, I have no fears for the children, the air is so dry and clear, and well fitted to invigorate their frames. This morning I started about five o'clock, and soon forgot the fear which had crept over me but a week ago, when I took my first winter journey among these snowy hills. 'Knowledge is power,' and the experience of dangers met and passed gives quietness and confidence.

You will be imagining that owing to these prolonged snow-storms all work is stayed. Not so; everything goes on most vigorously lumbering, carting, cutting wood for summer's need. Ladies seem always busy; yet as it is often seen, those who have most to do can best arrange to be at leisure. There is an education of forethought caused by having to watch against the heat and cold; this has deeply interested me in the practical manner in which they are going to work in furnishing this Eastern Townships' Home. In return for the kindness shown to this Mission, may the whole district be spiritually blessed, and may our loving Lord be the joy and strength of each faithful labourer!

The heavy calamity that it pleased our Father to send by fire, has accomplished in a few weeks that which would otherwise, humanly speaking, have taken many years to make known. Our motives and principles of service were all new, and even our simple faith and trust in prayer were often misunderstood. Though we had travelled several thousands of miles in Canada, seeking to stir up Christians to aid us in finding and watching over the right home for our children, we had no medium on this side like 'The Christian,' by which we could communicate with those like-minded, and tell them of our burdens.

The Hon. B. Flint tells us how the hearts of his fellow-townsmen were moved with compassion on hearing of the destruction of the Children's Home, on that terrible night, and that some of them attempted to ascend the hill and offer aid, but had to turn back, unable to face the hurricane and tempest.

The citizens of Belleville have contributed freely towards replacing the Home, and the Lord's dear children all over the land have sent their love-offerings. The County Council received testimonies from many of the homesteads concerning the six hundred children placed out round Belleville, and generously contributed 500 dollars to show their esteem for the work. The funds in hand led Mr. Flint, after the withdrawal of the rented house at first proposed, to purchase a freehold of three and a quarter acres, possessing a good house and out-buildings, which were adapted to our use by the addition of dormitories, and furnished by the aid of the ladies of Belleville. This Home is now given to us for so long as it shall be used by our mission band in connection with the emigration of children to this district.

In April, a detachment of thirty elder boys arrived, to be followed quickly by others.

In June 1872, when 150 emigrants arrived, 50 children were sent to each of the three Homes now opened to receive them, and for several years this order was observed, until other arrangements were made to meet the growing character of the work.

The following tells of the progress of the Galt Home:

Many will wish to know how this Home at Galt shapes itself, and would be amused at the varied occupations of the past week.

CHAPTER IV. 1872. The need of a Home further West Burning of the Marchmont Home Home restored by Can

## God's Answers

A Canadian springtime is very brief, so we have had to buy a span of horses and a plough, and, with the aid of other neighbours' ploughs, the corn and clover seed will soon be all sown. The ladies of several churches have met in the council-chamber, and worked at all household gear, others superintending the house arrangements, and purchasing necessary things.

My part has been that of a faithful recipient, giving praise from hour to hour to Him who hath laid my every burden here on His own children's hearts. The past little season has been to me a precious rest-time, seeing others work. We expect to be all in order by the arrival of our next party. The threshing-floor we have transformed into a dining-room; one of the barns is fitted up as a dormitory. The chaff-house makes a lavatory; and, from the interest around, we do not expect to keep our little men very long out of the homes waiting for them.

The love-tokens here, as at home, are varied in their character. Our farmer's wife has set us up with poultry, another with eggs; a little boy brought us his pet hen as an offering; indeed, wherever we turn, some kind thought is shown, and our hearts are gladdened, and our faith is able to rejoice at the prospect of returning home, and gathering up another thousand precious young immortals from the depths of our sin-stricken cities, and placing them out in homes where Jesus is loved.

In June, Miss Macpherson was welcomed back with warm thanksgivings, having left the Home at Galt under the wise and loving care of her faithful companion, Miss Reavell. In after years Mr. and Mrs. Merry devoted themselves chiefly to this branch of the work, and have been the watchful and tender foster parents of this ever-varying family. It would be hard to say whether Mrs. Merry's presence was more valued here, or among the sorrowful widowed mothers in Spitalfields.

### **CHAPTER V. 1872-1874. Letter from Rev. A. M. W. Christopher Letter from Gulf of St. Lawrence-Mrs. Birt's Sheltering Home, Liverpool Letter to Mrs. Merry Letter from Canada Miss Macpherson's return to England Letter of cheer for Dr. Barnardo Removal to Hackney Home.**

Though human praise is not sought, we cannot but feel peculiar pleasure in giving the following testimony from a servant of the Lord so much revered as the Rev, A. M. W. Christopher of Oxford:

Of all the works of Christian benevolence which the great love of Christ constrains His servants to carry on, with which I have become personally acquainted, not one, has impressed me more deeply, by its great usefulness, than the work of God carried on by Miss Macpherson and her fellow-labourers. She has in three years transplanted more than twelve hundred boys and girls from almost hopeless circumstances of misery and temptation in Great Britain, to healthy, happy, industrious homes in Canada. And this has not been all; daily efforts have been made in faith and love during the period of training, and on the voyage, and in the Distributing Homes in Canada, to win these young hearts for Christ by means of the Gospel. There can be no doubt that God has blessed these labours of love to bring many to Himself in the Lord Jesus.

When I was in Canada last September, I made three special journeys expressly to visit Miss Macpherson's three 'Distributing Homes' at Galt, Belleville, and Knowlton, respectively in the west, centre, and east of the Dominion.

On September 10, 1872, I left Toronto at 5.30 A.M., and travelled 113 miles to the east along the Grand Trunk Railway to Belleville, which is 220 miles west of Montreal. I took the Lady Superintendent, Miss Bilbrough, by surprise. Her sister was with her, having lately brought over a hundred boys. These two young but experienced Christians are evidently full of faith and energy and delight in their work and of love to the children. About a thousand boys and girls brought out, or sent out by Miss Macpherson, had passed through the Home in three years. She has herself placed out 800 boys and girls, 600 of whom are in homes around Belleville. She meets with the kindest reception from the farmers with whom she has placed these children. *She could place out a thousand*

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*more if they were at once sent out*, the demand is so great. All the orphan children under nine years of age are adopted by farmers who have no children, to be treated exactly as if they were their own. Miss Bilbrough, and also the Lady Superintendents at Galt and Knowlton, never place a child in a home unless the farmer brings a testimonial from his minister.

The burning of the Home very much touched the people of Canada, who had learned to appreciate the efforts for good connected with it; and, unasked for, dollars from kind Canadians poured in. Miss Bilbrough had daily to write thanks to many. More than 3000 dollars (600 pounds) were soon sent in, and instead of renting a house, they were able to buy the first-rate one they now occupy, and which was given to Miss Macpherson, with so much kind feeling, by the Canadians.

I was equally interested in the work of Miss Reavell in the Home at Galt, to the west of Toronto. This had only been established a few months before I visited it. Here also I was greatly impressed by the patient, painstaking Christian lore of those who had charge of the children. The children looked healthy, and happy, and ready for work.

The last Home I visited was at Knowlton, an eastern township of the Quebec Province, south of the St. Lawrence. I heard that Miss Barber, the Lady Superintendent, was nursing some of the children who had the smallpox. I went to see her. It was quite clear that the love of Christ constrained her to devote herself with all her heart and strength to the children committed to her care. I spoke with the uninfected children before I saw her. I was interested to see how accustomed they had been whilst in this Home to be treated with love. Soon three little ones climbed upon my knees, whilst I talked of Jesus to them and the elder ones. Miss Barber is a lady of good position, the half-sister of the excellent Judge of that district, lately Minister of Agriculture in the Dominion Government. In early life she had very bad health, but has been raised up from great weakness to work most diligently for Christ among the children who pass through her Home. Her brother, the Judge, and his wife, who live at Knowlton, zealously do all they can to help the good work.

Many in England know better than I do the great work for God, carried on in connection with Miss Macpherson's 'Home of Industry,' Commercial Street, Spitalfields, and the similar Homes at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin, and Liverpool. Others may visit these, and have their hearts stirred up to help forward the work by what they see in those Homes; but Canada is a great way off, and, as an independent witness, I desire to bear the strongest testimony to the Christian usefulness of the work, and to the faithful, the wise and careful manner in which it is carried on. A far greater number of children might be thus transplanted with the best results, under God's blessing, if sufficient means were supplied to Miss Macpherson. May I not hope that the great love of Christ will constrain those who read this paper to send help promptly, so that this work may be extended, and that many more children may be rescued. Remember, dear reader, the love of your Saviour for little children. 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. Let this mind be in you, which, was also in Christ Jesus' (*Phil ii. 4, 5*). *10 pounds will fit out, and pay the passage of a child. How can 10 pounds be better spent? Try, dear reader, and raise 10 pounds among your friends, if you cannot give it yourself. Or do what you can, however little that may seem to you to be. The matter is urgent, the season is passing away. Pray send help at once, and strive to interest your friends in the work. How many more might be rescued! What a contrast there is between the photographs of the miserable, hopeless children, taken when they are received at the Homes in this country, and the photographs of the same children after they have been a few months in Canada; I have many such contrasts with me. They would move you to help this work of love. But. the love of Christ must be the great motive; yet we should not forget that the Holy Spirit taught St. Paul to write, 'He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart so let him give: not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver' (2 Cor. ix. 6, 7).*

In May of this year, Miss Macpherson took out another party of young emigrants, and writes as follows:

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*On board 'Circassian,' Gulf of St. Lawrence, May 5th, 1873.*

MY DEAR FELLOW–WORKERS, Hitherto our blessed experience has been that 'The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him, and the Lord shall cover him all day long;' 'The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.' Our song is one of unmingled praise, and our little band is strengthened and invigorated by the voyage, no storm permitted to alarm us by day or night We are now entering the mighty Gulf, and passing through fields of ice; but 'He who hath compassed the waters with bounds, and divided the sea with His power,' maketh a right way for us and our little ones.

Morning and evening, my dear fellow–workers have been enabled to continue sowing precious seed in these young hearts, so soon to bid us farewell. Our steerage has been the rendezvous, when weather permitted, of those who love praise and prayer. In quietness and rest we have sought to renew our strength by waiting upon the Lord; holding up your hands by prayer, dear fellow–labourers, grasping the precious fulness of the promises, for you as well as for ourselves, that every opportunity given you upon Rag–market, in the courts and sorrowful dens around our Home, in every small room prayer–meeting, or–when you gather around the Word, may have been used, and accompanied by the 'demonstration of the Spirit' and signs following.

We have to–day realised answers to your prayers for us, whilst cutting through miles of ice, going at the rate of two knots an hour, but all has been peace and safety.

We are now beyond the vast acres of frozen sea, and every hour brings us into a warmer climate, and nearer to our desired haven. Those interested in our little band, may rest assured it has been a happy voyage with each one. Not *one* case of disobedience has caused us anxiety. Early to sleep and early on deck has given good appetites, as all their brown and rosy cheeks do testify. At this point of our journey we recall the experience of May 1870, entering a way unpassed heretofore. Now can we praise with a full heart, and testify that His own 'I wills,' in Isa. xlii. 16, have been realised by us as a little band.

We are now about to land with our 1520th child, our twelfth voyage, without a storm, thousands of welcomes from warm hearts awaiting us. Open doors in scores of towns around each of our three missionary centres, ready to receive the evangelists who travel with us. We ask continued prayers that they may be young Stephens, filled with faith and power, and that we maybe guided in the right distribution of the tracts and books we carry with us.

And oh, dear pleaders, remember the many lonely, little hearts we are finding homes for; it is very sorrowful work unbinding, as it were, the little twinings their sweet, obedient ways have already bound around us. Many were writing letters this morning ready to post when landing, but very many had not a love–link to earth. One little fellow said, 'I ain't got nobody to write to but you.' The one most lonely as to earth's relationships will soon become a solitary one set in a family; and again, if permitted, we shall return and gather in another family from the sad, sad, million–peopled city. Yours, in the bonds of the Gospel,

Annie Macpherson.

P. S. May 7. We have landed under the brightest sunshine, on a warm, balmy June–like day, feeling deeply thankful for all our heavenly Father's mercies. A deputation of Quebec Christian sisters awaited our touching the shore. What a bond is ours in Christ Jesus!

Allusion has been made to the Home opened by Mrs. Birt at Liverpool; and the following letter will show the heart–rending nature of the scenes occurring there as in London:

August 7.



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Dear Friends, On the 12th of May last we opened the above Home, and there were present on the occasion more ladies and gentlemen whose hearty sympathy seemed with us, than the large room could comfortably hold. One little destitute fellow was presented as the first to enter for protection and kindly care. Since then *ninety* poor tiny creatures have been admitted, and these alike share in the love, attention, and comfort found within the walls of this happy Home.

Through the great kindness of the friend who placed the premises at our disposal, we have obtained an additional room, which enables us to rescue some little girls, many of whom are orphans, who dragged out a miserable existence by begging for food, and sleeping wherever they could find shelter; others, worse off, were, through their relationship, running every risk of being reared to a life of infamy and ruin. Others are the children of widowed mothers, who say they are willing to work, but finding none of a continuous character, have rapidly sunk to a condition of wretchedness from which it seems impossible they can rise.

Seventy have rapidly progressed, and are so obedient and anxious to please, that so far as training in this country is concerned, they are in a fit state of preparedness for emigration to Canada; and from the statements received from our sister, Miss Macpherson, of the increased and increasing demand from Canadian families for useful boys and girls, to assist them in their house and farm duties, we do think that these should be taken without delay to the comfortable homes waiting to receive them, homes in which they will be trained to habits of industry, usefulness, and saving.

The boys' clothes are near completion, and the girls' outfits are being made, and greatly helped on by the kind-hearted exertions of Christian ladies in Liverpool and Birkenhead, who have brought to the Sheltering Home their own sewing-machines, and plied them at full speed on our behalf at the weekly sewing-meetings held on Wednesdays, from eleven till five P.M. At these gatherings, much to the gratification of the ladies, the little ones whose garments they were sewing, have sung for their pleasure children's sweet hymns of praise to Him by whose love they were being cared for.

My heart, and the hearts of my few but loving helpers who live with me in the Home, have been nearly broken this afternoon by witnessing a sight so terrible, that we hope and pray we may never see the like again. A most depraved, drunken, and wicked father, set on by two women more wicked (because more cunning) than himself, dragged out of our Home by main force two dear little girls he had himself, when more sober, besought us many times to take in. They knelt, they prayed, they begged as for dear life to be left in the Home; when, refused by him again and again, they saw he was urged on by the women to drag them out, they gave way to their poor little wills and screamed, 'I won't go with you! I won't go with you! I know where you will take us to! You never cared one bit for us, but now, that we are clean and comfortable, and learning to read, you wish to take me back. If you do, I will get something to take my life away, rather than live with you!' And by the man's sheer force they were carried screaming from the Home; and the last thing we heard, through their shrieks, was the father uttering threats we cannot repeat. I ran to my little room to hide myself and weep; but I heard them screaming still, as the poor girls made one more desperate effort at resistance. Though now it is three hours since, I hear their screaming yet; and, dear friends, I think I shall hear it till I die. As a little band, we are completely petrified, bruised, and sore, quivering in every nerve, looking up earnestly to God to know His Will, and praying that we may have all the other dear ones left to train for Him; for the Roman Catholic spirit is bitterness itself against thus teaching the little ones.

'Jesus loves me, this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so;  
Little ones to Him belong,  
They are weak, but He is strong.'

Dear friends, pray for our little ones. Money is useful, personal help is useful; the thoughtful gifts we receive from time to time are useful; but prayer which 'moves the hand that moves the world' is more useful than all

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beside. Pray for our children; for those we purpose taking to new homes in a distant land, that they may never disgrace the Home they have been sheltered in; and for those who have been torn away from us, that they may be preserved from temptation, and from becoming a curse. Then shall we joyfully take them forth, and in God's good time return, and again fill up this spacious Home, and feel it the greatest privilege of our life to labour among the poor neglected little ones of the streets of these large cities. Share then in the blessing wrapped up in the King's word, 'Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'

How great is the contrast in turning from these heart-rending details, to the following letters from across the Atlantic:

BELLEVILLE, *June 7th, 1873.*

My dear Mrs. Merry, I wish you had been with us to-day, and seen part of the result of all your patient toil and joyous service for the Lord during the past five years' work among His little ones.

Knowing the joy it would be to so many of them to see dear Miss Macpherson, we sent out postal-card invitations to those living within 25 miles. Some few were unable to accept; but between seventy and eighty children, with their employers, came in one by one, looking so brown and healthy. You would hardly recognise in the tall, slim youth, now quite a help to his master, a carpenter by trade, the little, tender-hearted George M, eldest of three orphan brothers. It hardly seems three years ago since their father stood up in a gathering of Christians, and with failing breath declared what the Lord had done for his soul. Then you remember how quietly he passed away, leaving his three boys entirely in Miss Macpherson's care. All doing so well in Canada Fred and little Johnnie still in their first homes.

One great pleasure of the children was to roam over the Home under the orchard blossoms, glancing over the books of photographs and recognising some friend or mate with whom some far different days had been spent. Among the attractions were the tables of toys, pictures, books, &c., sent out by English friends; and here the little ones spent some of their hoarded cents, thinking so much of anything really English. About twelve o'clock we gathered in the flower garden in front, while sandwiches, buns, and milk were passed round among the children. Your sister sat with them chatting to them of old times, and answering many questions as to former companions and still loved though often silent English friends. Can you picture the eager listeners to the familiar voice of one who was to them the link between the sorrowful past and the happy future? a Bible lesson on the lost sheep. My eyes often filled with tears when I looked at their bright faces, and blessed God for the open door for them in this country. There stood Jamie D, who, with his little brother Hughie, formed one of the saddest photographs of childish wretchedness even Glasgow streets could produce; so bright, so well-dressed, though still with a little of the old look of childish care. William C, the little fellow of four years old, whose mother died in India, and the father on his return sank in a London hospital, leaving little Willie friendless, was here with a lovely bunch of hot-house flowers ready to present to Miss Macpherson, and to receive from her one of the beautifully illustrated scrap-books made by little English children. Willie has been nearly three years in his happy home, surrounded by all the influences of education and refinement.

Now the friends were gathering thickly, and listened while an earnest address was given to the boys by Miss Macpherson. When she ceased, first one and then another gentleman stood up and gave their earnest, hearty sympathy with and approval of the work, and of the character of the boys. And here I must tell you, in passing, we attribute much to the loving, tender training of your Hampton Home. It is not that Canadian farmers would put up with *anything*, or that a bad boy is so useful that his faults are overlooked; for here every single boy is thoroughly known, and discussed over all the country side. Mr. Grover, from the village of Colborne, quite cheered our hearts with the good accounts of the twenty in his neighbourhood, most of whom have joined his classes, and by their steady industrious conduct are recommending themselves.

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He said, 'I do not speak without personal experience. W. O –has been two years in my employ, and a more truthful, upright, honest boy, I would not wish to have; he has left now to learn further about farming, and I immediately applied for another one from Marchmont, and believe W. S –will prove as successful and honest a servant.' Then the Rev. William Bell stood up and bore testimony to your favourite Tommy one of the rescues from Mr. Holland's Shelter, in 1869. 'I have boarded now over a year in the good farmer's home, where Tommy S –lives. He is as good, and truthful, and honest a boy as I would wish to have about a house; and his master so appreciates his services that he gives him fifty dollars for his first year. These boys are in every way a blessing, and advantage to our country.' Mr. V., who has been already alluded to, said, 'I sought guidance and direction from the Lord before I came to the Home, now nearly three years ago, and then I only intended to take one boy; I have never regretted I took two. Except one or two days, they have never missed school; indeed I do not believe any one could hire them to stay away. I know that their labour morning and evening repays me for any expense I am at, and they can be at school all the time.' Miss Macpherson then told these two boys, F –and T –, of her last visit to their grandmother in the tidy attic in Bethnal Green, and how pleased she was to receive the five dollars they had sent her. Mr. Ward, a farmer from Sidney, had brought his little boy, Tommy S –; and Johnnie, the brother, had come from a home across the Bay of Quinte. So there was a touching meeting, and many experiences for the two brothers to relate, during one month's absence. Mr. Ward told how he intended to educate his boy, and trusted he might yet fill some prominent position, for which by natural gifts he seemed well qualified. Speaking of the religious character of the work, he said, 'I asked him who had taught him so much of Jesus? He told me he did not even know who He was till he was taken into the Refuge; but now he knows about Him, and of His love for little children.' I know you will like to hear particulars of H. W –, whose sad history excited so much sympathy, and for whom the noble–man's little son gave up his pet pony that he might have the money to emigrate him. Well, you could not tell the round–faced, happy boy, to be the same. He brought four dollars he had earned towards his passage money; is in a good home, and doing well. Also of George and Mary F –, who met, after ten months' separation, so changed that they hardly recognised each other. How it would cheer their kind rescuer's heart (Mr. George Holland) could he see them now! but I knew nothing, not even such joy as this, could tempt him away from his special work; so I sent the children, to their great delight, to the town to get their likenesses taken to send him.

Altogether the day was a most happy one. But no onlooker could fully understand the deep, rich joy of looking into those happy faces. Only those who had watched over and prayed with them from the beginning could at all enter into this peculiar feeling; and many earnest prayers ascended that these loving, tender hearts might be won for the Saviour, and from among them many ambassadors for Jesus might yet go forth. And for you too, dear friend, that you may be strengthened and helped; ever remembering the promise, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days' (Eccles. xi. i). Yours, in sweet work for the Lord,

Ellen A. Bilbrough.

My very dear Sister, Could you but see me this morning, started on my peregrinations in these snowy regions, you would be amazed. The poor worn head perfectly well, after a whole week in the quiet, restful Home at Knowlton, where children are being trained, sewing–meetings and Bible–readings held, farmers conversed with, and my privilege has been to hold up the hands of my two companions, who went forth to address Sunday–schools or to preach the gospel.

Fancy me starting yesterday morning, fixed up in my delightfully warm fur cloak, and many other ingenious devices, to defy the cold, wintry blast, a drive of eighteen miles. During the journey we stopped twice. The first time we met with one of our once poor, pale–faced rescues, Katie D –. What a change, now happy and useful, compared to the time when we sheltered her from the dreaded return of her drunken father from prison!

As the night closed in, the cold caused us to hasten to our journey's end as quickly as the strength of our Home horse would admit of. But cheery was it to be told by our friend, as we passed one farmhouse after another, 'We have a boy here and a girl there doing well.' Sometimes it would be, 'We have had to move a boy; his temper did

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not suit; but since he has been back to the Home, and placed out again with a firmer master, he is doing much better.' A very hearty Canadian welcome awaited us. Ushered into a warm room, our wraps taken off, soon we were seated, enjoying a 'high' tea. It snowed all night, and drifted in at every crevice of our bedroom window.

Snow fell all day, and to my idea it seemed improbable for many to gather for a meeting. The village street was enlivened all day by the constant passing of the sleighs, with merry jingle of bells. It was indeed a new scene to witness the gathering of a meeting to hear of the orphan and destitute children, whose cause we had come to plead, and contradict a report which had gone forth in their district, that it was a mass of jail-birds we had brought from England.

As we arrived, a farmer kindly offered to broom the snow from our feet a process all seemed prepared to do for each other. Then, in a good-sized hall, about fifty of all ages gathered around an immense stove ministers, doctors, and farmers, with their belongings. Chairs in front of the stove were set for the minister and myself.

After singing 'Rock of Ages,' etc., and prayer, it was so like a family, that it became easy just to tell real story after story as to how we find the children, where the means come from, and what is required of those who receive them.

The minister then present was one who, having heard of the work at the commencement; had gone to the Home and received little Bessie, aged ten. She now came up and gave me a hearty kiss, and then, so childlike, showed me her new winter garments. Now who was Bessie? The child of a surgeon who had ruined his family by intemperance. The mother, a teacher in a ladies' school in Germany, earning her own bread, after a long and heavy struggle. Bessie is loved and is being educated in everything to make her a useful woman.

Next morning we started for visits to several children. Found the first child gone to school. We saw her looking well as we passed the school-house, and called her out. All we saw that day filled our hearts with deepest thankfulness. The meeting in the evening was held in the Congregational Church, well warmed and lighted, and a most intelligent-looking gathering. Ere long I espied one of the orphan lads, and called him to me, that he might speak for himself, knowing that his own words would endorse the work more forcibly than anything I could say. He was a bright, intellectual looking youth of fourteen, who in a most manly way answered me a few questions. In this way we are securing the prayers of God's dear children, and, we trust, opening many a heart and home for those who may yet come forth from the dens of sin and iniquity of our great cities.

Our Canadian horse seemed to enjoy the snow as much as we did, even though the depth had tripled since our leaving home. How much on this journey we have learnt of the continued loving-kindness of our covenant-keeping God, making our fears fly, and giving protection from the stormy blasts, in forms so comparatively new to us. Every person is so kind to us that we are so glad we have been led to yield to this service as a child. Many a door, we trust, will soon be wide open for earnest evangelists to come and be fresh voices, cheering our brethren who are labouring on in these small towns away from the front.

Pray on for us, as a band, that we take not one step *before* the Lord, but that we hold not back on account of our weakness or the fear of man. Ask for us that we may each one live so close to the Lord, that we may be fitted to deal personally with those we meet with.

We are frequently holding up your hands and praying that daily the Lord will send the means with the children, and that you all be sustained in health. Grace and peace be with you all Yours, in sweet fellowship, A. MP.

Eastern Townships, Prov. of Quebec, November 18, 1873.

In March, 1874, Miss Macpherson returned from Canada filled with praise for the encouragement met with. She had been enabled to plead the cause of her children before many in positions of influence, judges, merchants,

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lawyers, and doctors. A choice of two hundred homes, amidst the love and affluence of that country, were now awaiting her little rescued ones. Her own joy was increased by receiving the letter of which she thus writes:

The enclosed letter will cheer our brother Dr. Barnardo, by showing what a home God has provided for a dear little boy he was permitted to rescue and train. Surely the departed mother, from whom our brother received the child, would feel that the Lord is indeed the Father of the fatherless.

'DEAR MISS, I embrace this early opportunity of letting you know how well pleased we all are with, and how much we like, little Henry Tuppen. He is such a willing, obedient, and loving fellow, he has won all our hearts, and we feel very much attached to him already. Many, very many thanks to you and your fellow-labourers for the invaluable, yes, priceless, lessons he has received under your kind care. Surely this is much more than the cup of cold water, and you shall in no wise lose your reward. Oh, may we discharge our duty as you have towards this dear little orphan! My visit to you and your home that morning was a great blessing to me; never shall I forget it. To hear that dear little fellow sing Bright Jewels, and look around over the group of little ones, far from native home, and father and mother, brother and sister, and think, These are the jewels, precious jewels, it seemed to bring heaven near. And truly the Saviour was present. I never think of it but the tear starts, and a silent prayer is offered that the Lord will give them all good Christian homes, and that they may be all 'bright jewels,' and great shall be your reward. Their heavenly Father sees it all.

'But I am forgetting my main object in writing to you, which is to ask you if the little girl, the elder of the two whom we saw, is yet provided with a home. If not, we have room for her, and should be glad to have her. She would be such good company for my sister, who is at home with mother. She would be treated in every way as a daughter and a sister. Father is very sorry he did not bring her that morning. It seems he thought of it then, but wished to talk it over with the rest of the family.'

Miss Macpherson adds:

Who is the little girl asked for to become a daughter and sister? None other than the little Eliza who was found deserted seven years ago, when only a few weeks old, and who has been most carefully trained since then by our beloved sister-labourer, Miss Mittendorf, whose toil among infant wanderers deserves the deepest gratitude of the children of God.

The Homes at Hampton, endeared as they were by recollections of many blessings, were this year vacated. The distance from Spitalfields had always been a great strain on the strength of wearied workers, and both time and fatigue were spared by removal to Hackney.

The opening of this Home is thus mentioned:

*November 5, 1874.*

On Saturday, the New Home situated in London-fields was opened with prayer and thanksgiving. It consists of two large old-fashioned houses thrown into one, and the situation is, for the neighbourhood, remarkably open and airy. Many friends assembled, Mr. Dobbin presided, and suggested, at the opening of the meeting, an analogy between the Home of Industry, with its various stations, and the pool of Bethesda 'having five porches.' Much prayer, and praise followed, and worshipful hearts told themselves out in love and adoration. Such hymns as 'Call them in,' 'Till He come,' and 'More to Follow,' aptly expressed the aspirations and hopes of the earnest workers. Mr. Merry, Mr. Maude, and others spoke, and then Mrs. Birt, only two days since returned from Nova Scotia, gave accounts of the success of the recent voyage, when eighty-three rescued children found happy homes on the other side of the water, and most touching particulars of the death of little Dickie, who went actually into the earthly harbour, and entered the heavenly haven of rest at the same time. In the bustle of arrival, 'he was not, for God took him.'

## CHAPTER VI. 1875–1877. Mrs. Way's sewing class for Jewesses Bible Flower Mission George Clarice Incidents in home work The Lord's Day Diary at sea Letters of cheer from Canada.

The Home of Industry has been already likened to the Pool of Bethesda with its fine porches. Many sights there have been peculiar to itself, and in no instance has this in past years been more remarkable, than in the meeting for Jewesses, which has been carried on ever since the year 1870. From fifty to seventy daughters of Israel are gathered weekly, through the Lord's blessing on the patient, unwearied labours of his honoured servant Mrs. Way. Greatly indeed should she be honoured, for she diligently sought out these lost sheep, when few comparatively could be found to care for their souls. When first told of the name at which every knee shall bow, much scorn and contempt were manifested, but Mrs. Way is now cheered by many signs of the Spirit's work, and when a hymn of praise to the Crucified One, is heard from the inner hall on the ground floor, visitors may be startled to know the voices are those of Hebrew mothers.

Again the Pool of Bethesda is brought to mind, as love for the sick and suffering is shown in a way hitherto unthought of. In 1875, the Home of Industry became a centre of the now well-known Bible Flower Mission. One of the much-loved helpers recorded this touching incident:

In the early spring of 1874, a snowdrop, primrose, and two or three violets which had been casually enclosed in a letter from an East-end worker to Mrs. Merry, were passed round her sewing class of 200 poor old widows, 'for each to have a smell,' and then divided and given to three dying Christians, one of whom breathed her last fondly clasping them. From that time flowers were collected through the medium of 'Woman's Work,' etc., and during the season distributed by the ladies at the Home of Industry among the sick in the neighbouring courts, and in different hospitals.

Again the hedges, tipped with tiny coral buds, primroses, and daffodils peeping up amid the brushwood, golden-eyed celandines and daisies lifting their sweet faces with smiles of welcome, remind us of the near approach of the bright spring-time. But the heart is saddened, and the joy of seeing this fresh burst of resurrection loveliness is clouded, when we turn to gloomy, stifling courts and lanes in the crowded cities, where gleams of sunshine scarce ever penetrate; the lives of whose miserable inhabitants are yet more utterly devoid of brightness; to whom the voice of spring is an unmeaning sound; to sick ones in these courts, who have no easier couch for the pain-filled limbs than a heap of shavings on the hard floor of a room filled with noisy children, and disorderly men and women; to other sufferers tossing feverishly in hospital wards, with nothing softer for the tired eyes to rest on than the endless stretch of whitewashed walls, the background of long rows of patients whose sad pale cheeks vie in whiteness with the sheets and walls: and the cry ascends?

'Oh, that a tithe of the wealth of fragrant, many-coloured flowers so lavishly spread over gardens, fields, and hedgerows, could be brought to cheer those who so dearly prize each separate bloom!'

And once more down, deeper down, into the haunts of vice, smiling so sweetly with the radiance of heavensent gifts, these messengers may go ready-made missionaries to open doors and hearts fast locked hitherto, but which must yield to their gentle influence; and thus prepare the way for the ministry of the word of salvation.

Oh, that men and women surrounded by loveliness could see as the angels do! strong natures, hardened by years of sin, whose stony hearts are melted at sight of the flowers, and weep (as only such can) when the deep hidden springs are touched, and memory recalls days of childhood's innocence, long, long past; lessons in that village Sabbath-school of the holy God; the story of the Son of His love dying in die stead of guilty sinners, to raise them to the bright, pure land above, where is no sin, no curse, no sorrow, but cloudless day and endless rest and joy; and the spotless flowers seem to beckon them onwards and upwards, to seek and find the way thither; for are not the flowers one of the first links in that chain of love which draws the poor, wearied, sinful heart up to

## God's Answers

God and heaven?

Ah! and would to God the country folk might hear! ay, and that the sounds could penetrate into the halls and castles of our land; the silent cry of hospitals with several hundreds of patients, and but rarely a flower?

'I should *so* like a little buttercup.'

And the weary murmur of gladness that steals through the wards when a chance bouquet is brought in; and the heartfelt blessings from many dying lips on the flower-gatherers.

'Tell them we may never meet on earth, but we shall thank them in heaven.'

Oh! could the veil be lifted for a brief moment and the dull ears quickened to catch the pleading accents of the blessed lord? '*Do it unto Me*'? none would longer count their flowers and fruit their own, the Royal seal would be seen on each, whether growing wild in copses, or carefully nurtured in hothouse and conservatory, and these treasures would be poured out for those so sadly needing them, 'For Jesus' sake!'

### THE BIBLE FLOWER MISSION.

It is needless to say that the appeal thus made has been answered by thousands of loving hearts. The work at the Home of Industry is thus carried on: Twice in the week one of the spacious floors is devoted to receiving these fragrant treasures, and dear friends from a distance come, some of them many miles, and spend one or two hours in arranging them, and attaching to each little cluster an ornamented card with some message of redeeming love. By twelve o'clock the baskets are generally filled, and all assemble to hear, either from Miss Macpherson or some other tried servant of the Lord, words of counsel and cheer; and then to seek wisdom for the labourers, and to spread before the Lord the spiritual needs of those to whom they are going, many cases continually occurring for whom the comfort of earnest united prayer is felt.

When the lovely burdens are carried forth, it is hard for the bearers to resist the entreaties from many a doorstep for one flower, one single flower. Of the thankfulness with which they are received when they reach their destination, we might tell countless instances, and of conversions through the messages they bring we believe not a few. Indeed who can say where the blessing ends? for those who have found a blessing themselves will not keep the cards under their pillow, but have sent them to soldier sons in India and China, and to sailors afar off upon the sea.

The following lines were written by a poor woman, aged 70, in the Mile-end Union:

Many an eye with the film of death,  
With fading pulse, and bating breath,  
Have cast a look on those things so bright;  
And perchance a prayer with electric light,  
Has passed through the brain with magic power,  
Brought to the heart by a beautiful flower.  
Beautiful thought to bring to the sad,  
Sweet bright things to make them glad.

Of the numbers of labourers and abundance of texts and flowers required, some idea may be formed when it is mentioned that thirteen Hospitals, four Unions, some containing over 1000 inmates, and one Lunatic Asylum, are provided for from the Home of Industry. Nor is this all. The secretary supplies Bible women and city missionaries with flowers for solitary sick ones at home, and receives constant appeals from various, missions for these bright messengers of God's love.

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Who can read the following without praise to the Giver of every good and perfect gift? Those who knew the condition of Spain had earnestly prayed for evangelists for that dark land. One (Senor Previ) was raised up through the instrumentality of the Bible Flower Mission, and the following extract, from the report of a workers' meeting, as given in the *Christian*, tells of his conversion, and the way in which the Lord led a fellow-labourer to join him in this almost untrodden path.

He came from Malaga in the summer of 1875 to the Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorfields, for treatment. One afternoon, two ladies belonging to the 'Bible Flower Mission' at the Home of Industry, brought flowers and texts to give to the patients. One of the visitors was about to offer a bouquet to the Spaniard, Senor Previ, when the nurse remarked, 'It's of no use giving him a text, for he is a Roman Catholic, and besides he can't speak a word of English.' 'Never mind,' was the reply, 'I will offer him a bunch of flowers, and then see what I can do.' But what about a text? Surely it was the Lord's doing that for the *first* time she had brought one written in French; and it was indeed appropriate? 'There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.' After pointing him to the Great High Priest, she asked if he would accept a Spanish Bible. This he refused to do, saying, 'No, I cannot, for it is a bad, forbidden book; besides, I shall leave the hospital to-morrow morning.' 'Nevertheless, I will send you a copy,' was the answer. With great difficulty the lady procured a second-hand Spanish Bible, and sent it off just in time for him to take away.

Senor Previ then told us how, after studying that Bible for several months, the eyes of his soul were opened to see Jesus as the '*one* Mediator.' Thus was fulfilled that promise so precious to all seed-sowers? 'My Word shall not return unto Me void.'

Soon afterwards he entered Mr. Guinness's College, employing his free time in distributing Gospels, &c., on board foreign ships, and assisting every Sunday at the services in the Spanish Chapel, thus gaining experience for future work in the vineyard. He spoke most warmly of the kindness of Miss Macpherson, and the happy hours spent in the 'dear Home of Industry,' where, at a previous workers' meeting, the ardent desire had first been kindled in his heart to tell the good news of Jesus, the '*one* Mediator,' to his own countrymen. For some time he prayed earnestly that the Lord would raise up a friend to go with him. This petition has been fully answered.

Mr. Lund then rose, and told us that whence, student in Stockholm the desire to work in Spain had been laid on his heart for nearly four years. He studied the language, but, seeing no opening, was on the point of starting for America, when he received a letter from Mr. Guinness which entirely altered his plans. He came to London, and on meeting Senor Previ, offered to accompany him to Spain. The two brethren earnestly requested the prayers of the meeting for their new and difficult work.

The prayers here offered were more than answered. The first labourer has fallen in the field, but others have filled the ranks, and the light kindled in a dark place is now shining brightly.

Miss Macpherson's own words here follow:

What is the cry from all ends of the earth? For men and women to witness of a Saviour's love by His death and resurrection. And we are not only to pray the Lord to send forth labourers into the fields that are white, but to look at the things we oft call our own as belonging to another. There are hundreds of young men and women who have been brought to the truth, and whose souls long to be free for Christ's service, but they need a helping hand in little things.

Let us pray that, from this mission, there may be many results such as the following letter shows. Six years ago the writer was the first-fruits after a winter's labour in the Bedford Institute, Spitalfields a wild, musical Shoreditch youth. We offered to teach him to write. The Lord changed him, and he has ever since been a consistent Christian. He has been the means of leading his mother to the Saviour. He went to Canada, earning sufficient money to place himself this winter at Oberlin College. I was asked if I knew of one suited to become an



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artizan-missionary among the tribe of the Basutos. His reply encourages our faith that many more, led thus simply on, may soon go forth as working missionaries, after the pattern of St Paul, reaching souls by their simple, holy life, as well as by their preaching.

OBERLIN COLLEGE, OHIO, *March 25*, 1873.

My DEAR MOTHER IN THE LORD, Your welcome letter to hand on the 22nd, and the book on the Basutos on the 24th. My soul doth bless the Lord for all that He hath done for me. My soul was filled with praise when I read your proposition to go to Africa. I had been bound in spirit for you, as you for me, and I had been asking the Lord for many days that He would incline you to write to me.

Previous to receiving the same, I had cast myself upon the Lord more than ever. I could not see my way to run in debt, and I was wondering whether I should go and work on the road; but I had a burning desire to labour most of all for Christ, and I was longing to go South, or somewhere to tell the heathen of Jesus. But when I received your letter, I took it as an answer to prayer from the Lord, and I could hardly finish reading it before I was telling my landlady to rejoice with me. How blessed to trace the hand of the Lord in this! I have learned by this to praise the Lord for what He has done, and it has enabled my soul to trust Him for what He has promised.

Believing this call is of God, and after much prayer, I have laid myself, all that I am or hope to be, upon the altar, for Africa, to labour to lead souls to the Lamb of God, to the blessed Lord Jesus. I expect to be consumed by the power of the Holy Ghost, to be fitted through Him for the work I am called to, to be used as the ram's horn, to be spoken through, to lead souls to Jesus, not to receive the praise of men, but of God.

And I feel led to say, if it is for anything save for the glory of God that I accept this call, to be used to the salvation of souls, may the Lord take me home to Himself on sea or on land, that I see you not in the flesh but in glory.

I have written this in prayer before God to you, and this is my burning desire, to be used of God. I do pray the Lord to keep me, and put down all vain-glorious thoughts, which will naturally rise at such a point as this, and He is doing it. I want to see Jesus more, the value of precious souls, and all the realities I profess.

I have read 'The Rides in the Mission Field of South Africa.' I was much interested, and I had a longing to go, but I could see no place for such a hope; I have lent it to others here to read.

I am reading 'The Basutos,' and I enjoy it; I am reading in prayer that the Lord will show me what things would be necessary to take. I shall speak on this point presently.

I had a letter lately from some of my old neighbours in Muskoka, telling me of the conversion of a young man I had often spoken to and prayed for. I rejoice that my mother has given me up joyfully for Africa, and I am so glad she continues bright in the Lord. I am praying that I may have the privilege of seeing them all brought to Christ, before I leave for Africa, I cease not to pray for you. Your son in the faith, G. C.

Interest in the Basuto tribe could not but be deepened from the touching incident that in February of this year a feast for the little matchbox-makers was provided from the contributions of Basuto children, those who had been blessed through the Lord's long-tried labourers, Mr. and Mrs. Dyke. How little could any one then anticipate the deep waters through which those servants of the Lord have since been called to pass.

The workers' meetings at the Home of Industry are often a time of mingled joy and sorrow. It is not alone the little emigrants for Canada who are sent forth, but many a brother and sister in the Lord, leaving home and kindred for His dear name's sake, have here been commended with tearful prayers to His gracious keeping. The workers' meeting in July this year was a season of peculiar interest, as George Clarke, the first-fruits of the work, was

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present on the eve of his departure for China. The way had not been made open for him to join the mission in South Africa, as he had desired, and since his departure at this time for China, he has laboured in connection with the China Inland Mission, not once revisiting his native land.

A few incidents in home work are here recorded:

Having asked the Lord to send those He would have rescued for Him, no less than *five* children came to the Refuge last Wednesday. Their touching histories need no comment.

A struggling mother desires a start in life for her boy of ten, whose stepfather subjects him to ill-treatment. The lady interested in him (for the woman attends her mothers' meeting) writes: 'William would be saved from destruction, to which he is fast hastening from unkind treatment.'

Arthur's story is summed up in his own words: 'I saw my father kill my mother; he stamped on her when he was drunk, and killed her, and I cried out.' Then, turning to his new friend and protectress, the little fellow went on: 'But when I get a big man I'll work for you, and pay you back for taking care of me when I was a little boy.'

The next group, clad in deep mourning, is brought by a professional opera singer: a babe in arms, a boy and girl aged two and four, evidently born in a much higher sphere pretty, refined children. At their mother's death this young woman took charge of them, their father having promised to pay 1 pound a week for their support; an empty promise it proved, for the '*gentleman*' absconded, heavily in debt to many others. The children's friend can no longer afford to keep them, though she seems tenderly attached to them, and will not part with the baby as long as she can maintain it. The only way open to her was to let the children wander on the street, on the chance of their being taken up by the police and put in the workhouse, at the same time risking her own imprisonment if discovered. Mercifully she heard of the Refuge, and came to beg a home for these deserted lambs.

A widowed mother, whose failing eyesight prevents her sewing, and whose earnings by charring cannot support herself and four children, heard Miss Macpherson speak at the Moorgate Street Hall Noon Prayer-Meeting, and was led to bring little Alice to her, pleading for Christian care. Amid many tears she tells of the wayward wilfulness of the elder girl, out at all hours of day and night, and whose pernicious example is too likely to ruin the little sisters.

Could such cases be sent away, or a deaf ear turned to the cry of these young children asking bread, and no man giving it them? (Lam. iv. 4.)

Miss Macpherson also writes: Many of those, once the little match-box makers, are now Christian girls taking our counsel and going as servants into Christian families.

Thus our child-loving hearts cannot refuse to rescue the sorrowful children that come to us to escape the atrocities of the almost unacknowledged bloodless war that goes on in our midst. Most of the fifty rescues now under our care are here through the slain upon the battle-field of drink, shaven heads telling the tale of neglect. The last two motherless little girls sent to us were turned out by their drunken stepfather.

The leader of our class for mothers and widows says that it is almost impossible to visit them, their un murmuring sufferings are so touching. In many of their little garrets almost everything is sold. And these are the saints of the Lord those who will very soon go in to the King more than conquerors. Yes, these are they from whom we learn our best lessons of trust and patience, how to deal with sceptics, and how to go down and share our crust with a suffering sister.

Oh, friends, listen to a mother's sad words. 'Some days nothing all day. A little relief comes with the parish allowance; but many a morning those hungry voices ask? *Mother, is this the day for bread?*' Hear in fancy your

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loved and cherished little ones asking this, and you will feel for that mother's heart. She recalls one day that she left them crying for bread; but she left *One* with them, the children's Friend. *He* quieted them; and when after two hours the mother returned, she found them sleeping. 'But, oh,' she said, 'that sight just broke—my heart, so starved they looked even the baby in Lizzie's arms all just like little skeletons! I couldn't help it; I just sat down and wept.' Only with tears could we hear such a tale. No other response would come as we took in the picture; and it did not mend our sorrow when she added, 'There were thousands such as these.' Oh, the *intense* longing that her voice could reach to those drawing-rooms yonder! Will not the echo of it, coming in this form, cause some, not in imagination merely, but in reality, to come and see? Climb the dark stair, and hear for yourself these melting stories, which will fill your heart with pity, and not leave you wondering what will interest next. What a privilege, yea, high honour, it is to be allowed to take messages for Jesus! It was stated lately in a crowded gathering of six thousand, as the misery of the poor was dwelt on, that if God were to ask the angels in heaven if any were willing to spend fifty or a hundred years down here to befriend some? little shoeless, homeless boy, for whom no Christian was caring, to tell him of Jesus, and lead him to heaven, 'why, in three minutes,' were the burning words, 'I don't believe there'd be an angel left within the pearly gates.'

My Father worketh hitherto, and I work. That which is called the day of rest, is at the Home of Industry one of varied and incessant labour; one day may serve as a specimen. Before the usual hour for morning service, two of the lady-workers start for the Fenchurch Street Station, to hold a Bible-class with the railway porters; others at the same time leave for Bird Fair. Bird Fair would be a sad sight to witness on any day in any place, how humiliating it is to behold on that which is called the Lord's Day in a so-called Christian land. Here, from eleven till one, dog-stealers parade their ill-gotten prey, and crowds through which it is scarcely possible to make one's way, are occupied in gambling and betting on them, and on the beautiful pigeons here made such an instrument of sin. The character of the neighbourhood may be, known from the appeal made by two poor boys who came on a week day to ask shelter from a blind, Christian woman. They were locked out of their own home (a bird and rabbit shop), for their parents were both out drinking, and they said, Father and mother keep sober only on Sundays, because there is more business to be done. There, amid many interruptions, the Gospel is preached to those who would never hear it elsewhere. The preaching station on this occasion was in a railway-arch, here the harmonium was placed, and two brethren, who came purposely from a distance, gave the help so much needed; for the strain is great on head, heart, and voice. In the afternoon the spacious floor, well known to many who attend the workers' meetings, is filled by adult classes of women. At the close an address is given, often by a returned missionary, and many among these very poor of the flock bring their offerings, scanty in themselves, but surely much prized in the sight of Him whose love has constrained them; twice over has a precious offering been given to me for the Punrooty Mission once from the adult classes, and again from the younger Sunday scholars. The adult Sunday-school numbers more than 160 members. A class of working men is held below. The tea hour is one of peculiar interest. Many young men who are engaged in business in the week, and give this day of rest to the business of their King, meet here after having spent the afternoon teaching in various schools. During this meal letters are read from far-off lands, often written by those who had formerly met here, and who have gone from this training to dark places of the earth. Many subjects for prayer are thus brought forward and remembered before the Lord; then the building is again filled to overflowing. An infant class of ninety in one room on the ground floor when these disperse a Gospel meeting is held in this room, a class of factory girls in another, while above crowds of children press. But there is much outside work besides, to occupy every helper. Lodging-houses in the thieves' quarters are visited, and services held, and many hundreds are thus reached; and after nine P.M., when the labourers return from their varied spheres, all join once more in praise and prayer, and many walk a long mile and more to reach their own homes, none using any vehicle or train on the Lord's day.

It is impossible to follow every detail in this continually increasing work, and only brief mention can be made of the goodness of the Lord in having once more preserved the lives of dear ones in Canada, when, in 1875, the Home at Belleville was again destroyed by fire, and again Canadian kindness and hospitality were manifested to the utmost. Each summer's sun had shone upon band after band of young emigrants guided safely across the ocean, through the goodness and mercy of Him, Who carries the lambs in His bosom, and Who holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand. In the labour of watching over these little ones on the voyage, as in every

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other, the Lord raised up helpers like-minded with those who bore the burden of the work. In May, 1876, the twenty-second party sailed under the care of Mr. Merry and Miss Macpherson, and the following extracts are from her diary:

Friday, May 5. Calm seas, children bright and happy, cloudless skies, weather charming and exhilarating, though cold. Morning spent over our Bibles. Time seemed to fly rapidly while we talked of 'the things concerning the King.' In the afternoon the bracing air and bright skies invited vigorous exercise, and our Birmingham friend and I walked between two and three miles. Faith was our theme of converse. May the result be that we both shall trust our God more than heretofore, for ourselves and our work, and realise increased measure. (Phil. iv. 19) 'My God shall supply all your need.'

Our children being on deck, we joined them in their games, and then assembled our large family in their separate steerages; and standing in the doorway between, I was enabled to address them and the helpers 40 in all. Their evening hymn attracted the sailors, and this gave a double gathering on mid-decks. Our portion was Luke x. 38-42, 'The one thing needful.' *Jesus* the need of each one, ere leaving us. A saddened look fell over every little face, as we referred to parting, while many beamed with joy, as we talked of the meeting by and bye. We closed by singing 'Around the throne of God in heaven.' During this hour Mr. Merry held a solemn meeting among the sailors in the fore-castle. May the Lord Jesus scatter His saints to the four quarters of the globe, that His glory may be increased. If those who cannot go would only meet weekly, in twos and threes, and pray for the foreign fields of perishing millions, surely we should see greater results.

This day ended in one of the most lovely of moonlight nights, and as we walked on deck we were ever and anon led to praise God and admire the beauties of His hand. Venus was resplendent; very large and full of soft lustrous beauty, while an aurora shed some lovely tinges of colour across the sky. Our little group turned once more towards the chart room, and sang a hymn of praise to 'Him who hath loved us.'

'If so much loveliness is sent  
To grace our earthly home,  
How beautiful, how beautiful  
Must be the world to come!'

Saturday, May 6. At early dawn we were awakened from a long brain-refreshing sleep by one of the officers gently tapping at our door, and in a whisper saying, 'A glorious sunrise.' We were soon with him on the bridge, filled with admiration as we gazed upon the scene before us. The sun appeared rising from the ocean, its golden rays shedding a dazzling brilliance on all around. While we watched, the scene changed, and a misty veil beclouded the whole horizon, hiding from our view that which had been so lovely.

After going down to an early cup of tea we sang our morning hymn of praise, and had a season of prayer; a very hallowed opportunity it was, one which brought us again to feel our deep need of grace, to live one more day to His praise and glory.

About noon we had another of those never-ending changes which are to be met with on this great ocean; the sun came out bright and warm, the sky became brilliantly blue, and the sea was one sheet of ice fields as far as the eye could reach.

Our noble Scotch ironclad rode on her way majestically, leaving a pathway in the frozen fields to be seen for miles behind, and as she struck her boom upon the massive sheets of ice, they seemed to vibrate and cause a movement in huge sheets on before and on either side. Some magnificent pieces, when touched by the ironclad's power, shiver into thousands of fragments, others pass our vessel's side, hard as iron, to be wafted on to the Gulf Stream, there to come under a warmer influence. This Arctic scene causes our captain and his officers to look rather serious, and they mount at times to the fore-topgallant mast. Did we but know the dangers which beset us

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through yielding to the allurements of the world, how often would we also mount aloft, and get upon, our watch-tower and look out!

You will naturally ask, How far did the ice reach? We were fourteen hours cutting through it, passing sixty vessels and two steamers (many of them fixtures), signalling those we came near. It was touching to see a barque make efforts to get into our opened-up pathway, but she could not make the short distance to reach the cleared waters. Those who watched throughout that long day as we triumphantly, though slowly, broke our ice-girt way, saw seals between the fields of ice, porpoises and whales spouting and bounding in their glorious freedom, sea-gulls and small red birds flying about.

Our little fellows were constructing allegories after the fashion of their last course of lessons on Banyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.' The ice field, they said, was like Satan, and the ship was like Christian; and thus they went on, as they sat looking over the bulwarks at the ice which so hindered our progress. There is not a child who has not had his constitution braced by this most favourable voyage. To-day we passed a steamer in the ice, which had started a week ahead of us from Glasgow. How we realised at this time the comfort and rest of having a captain and officers who were men of prayer.

The gun was now fired to tell the dwellers at Metis to telegraph the glad news to you that we were safe in sight of land, though there are still Amaleks to be overcome, narrow straits lined with mountains full of minerals, which are a magnetic attraction to our ironclads, and more ships have been lost here than anywhere else; fogs which come and go, ever keeping the sailor as he nears the shore in anxious trepidation; and shallows that require skill in sounding.

Sunday, May 7. A cloudy day, after a week of unspeakable loving-kindness and tender mercy. We could by faith hear His own voice within, saying 'My peace I give unto you.' Our children all day were most obedient, and kind and loving to each other. We spent the morning together, the last of the kind until we meet on that morning that hath no clouds. Ere commencing our lesson, we asked a sailor to lift the hatchway wide open. This gave the suggestion for the subject, 'The Man with the Palsy,' which was easily understood by supposing the sailors with cords to let one more little boy down into our midst.

The pilot met us at Father Point about 4 P.M., bringing a telegram of welcome from one of our dear Canadian friends, also a verse from Philemon. Thus we feel assured loving hearts are prayerfully awaiting us on the shores we are nearing, a sweet symbol of the better land and the loved ones on before.

Monday, May 8. Mr. Merry was astir before five o'clock, and awaking the young helpers. Soon they were in the steerage among the children; commenced packing of blankets, &c., as we were expecting to make the port soon after breakfast. In this, however, we were disappointed, as in Travers's Strait the Mineral Mountains attracted the compass, and a dense fog hiding all headlands retarded our progress, making it necessary to lower one of the boats to take the soundings, and go before the great 'Sardinian,' showing her how to shape her course in the narrow way. A sweet reminder this to us that our Lord was so condescending as to use the possessions of a little lad when He needed the two small fishes. And we take encouragement that many of our little ones are going on before, preparing the way in many a district by their sweet hymns telling of the 'wondrous story,' for the devoted evangelists who are being raised up in Canada to follow with deeper revealings of the blessed Bible, winning precious souls 'till He come.'

'I am coming! Are you working?  
Short your serving time will be;  
Are your talents idle lying?  
Are you using them for me?'

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Such is the effect of fog at sea, that we are told it may be 6 P.M. ere we arrive, and judging from all appearances, great caution is required in the Gulf at this time of year. At 11 A.M. we had a sweet season of thanksgiving for the many mercies received. At twelve o'clock the fog lifted, and the engine went on with its accustomed vigour. At 5 P.M. we neared the shore, and there stood a group of more than a dozen young ladies, waving a welcome. Soon they were on deck, and saluted us and our children, telling us they had borne us up in prayer before the Lord. After uniting with them in praise for the unspeakable mercies by the way, we bade farewell to passengers, officers, and crew, and sliding down the long gangway from the I bulwarks, felt our feet once more on *terra firma*. Shaking our captain's hand with a grateful heart for all his kindness to us and ours, in a few minutes steam was up, and the 'Sardinian' on her way to Montreal.

We then went to see the little ones having tea in an adjoining hall, while Mr. Merry was very busy among the agents and luggage. It being announced that the Quebec boat was ready to cross the river, we had to part with our young friends, who told us they should all take a deeper interest than ever in us now they had seen the bright faces Of our children. Front love to Jesus, they had met during the past winter to make clothing, and presented me with a large case to take on.

After sending our telegrams to each Home, we found the first-class cars ready for our children, so we put every one at full length, and soon all were soundly asleep, and we went on hour after hour.

Tuesday, May 9. We arrived at Montreal at ten o'clock, where a most comfortable breakfast was awaiting us, with nice washing accommodation. Here we had the pleasure of meeting the Secretary of the Emigration Department of Ottawa, who kindly gave us some sound counsel on many points bearing upon our work of emigration.

At eleven o'clock we heard the summons, 'All aboard!' and were soon again on our way. We dined at Prescott, and then still westward we travelled until midnight.

All was mercy. For Sidney, our little delicate child, we feared the cold night-air would be too much, so the cry went upwards for guidance with regard to this precious orphan, whose story was so touching. A Christian widow had sheltered his mother from the streets when the child was but two weeks old, and had kept him for five years, but now, her failing eyesight rendering her unable to support him, with a breaking heart she gave him up to us. All my desire now our journey was ending was to keep from making one special attachment, yet his delicacy drew us all more than ever to him.

Owing to a telegram not having been delivered, about midnight one of the trying incidents of this part of our journey unexpectedly occurred. On arriving at Belleville, after awaking our sleeping family, we found neither friend nor conveyance awaiting us. Mr. Merry walked the mile to the Home, and soon our waggon was ready to take back a few of the most exhausted ones, whilst our car was shunted to a siding for the night.

Wednesday, May 10. Ere seven o'clock, by help of a large omnibus, we were conveyed to the new Belleville Home, where we met with a warm welcome. It was a day of reunion with loved fellow-workers, talking of the way the Lord had led us, and the trials and joys of the past year. Twelve months ago, I left this Home a mass of ruins and burnt embers; now a new and more efficient one for the purpose is erected on the same spot My beloved friend Miss Bilbrough has indeed had many a burden to bear, but her testimony to the Lord's faithfulness is greater than ever. Her heart is more and more devoted to the children, and to carrying forward the work in all its never-ceasing details.

After a few hours' sleep, it was so very interesting to walk over our new and conveniently arranged Home. Truly our hearts were filled with praise as we knelt together to thank the Lord. Towards the afternoon I was introduced to a young man who was working as gardener. We had brought him out from England in 1870, and he has ever since given great satisfaction to his employers, has paid back his passage-money, joined the Church, and not long

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since was married to his late master's daughter.

In the evening we walked into town, and met with 'Daniel's Band,' which is composed of seventeen Christian young men, who are uniting in prayer and work for the souls of their fellow-townsmen; and through their instrumentality many conversions have taken place, and the churches have been stirred up to greater activity. Mr. Merry gave a clear Gospel address, and another meeting being asked for, a Bible-reading was arranged for the following evening. Thus we had the privilege of witnessing for our blessed Master to about 200, and cheering the hearts of 'Daniel's Band.'

Thursday, May 11. Occupied the day writing English letters and receiving friends. Also went to see an aged saint, who had from our first visit to these shores been a helper by her prayers.

Friday, May 12. Left Belleville for Galt soon after 6 A.M., taking with us thirty-eight children, and travelling by rail along the shores of Lake Ontario. The morning hours passed quickly *en route*, and as we neared Toronto, towns and villages became more frequent and more attractive. At Berlin an unexpected kindness was shown us. Orders had been given to send us on by special train, so that no delay was experienced in travelling the remaining fourteen miles of our journey. Those who have travelled 3000 miles with a number of children can understand how this was appreciated by us, when every nerve was strained, and nature was yearning for a long sleep free from the shaking of the railway.

At 5 P.M., on the seventeenth day after leaving London, we reached the end of our journey, and found our farmer-nephew, with his team, awaiting our arrival. Soon we were on the hill, looking at the little Home beyond. As we approached the gates the shout of welcome from more than a score of young voices greeted us, and on the verandah we were received by our loved niece, and the dear friends who have been assisting her in the absence of her parents. The strain of travel now being over, we were able to enjoy a few hours' rest, our hearts full of gratitude for the many mercies which had encompassed us all our journey through.

'How good is the God we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend  
Whose love is as great as His power,  
And knows neither measure nor end.'

During the winter, individual visitation of the children had been most effectually accomplished by the four Inspectors appointed by the Canadian Government, the result of which proved to be most favourable to the plan of placing the Solitary in families. After two days rest at Galt, Miss Macpherson started on the same loved work, and met with the usual cheering results.

On her return home Miss Macpherson thus writes:

*July 20.*

In the providence of our covenant-keeping God, and Father of the fatherless, we have been again permitted in peace to return from another visit to the adopted homes of our little ones. To His praise, who is the Answerer of prayer, we record that 100,000 miles have been travelled in connection with these special charges in the past six years, and no storm or accident has been permitted to alarm, no death requiring the remains to be committed to the great deep.

During the past year the Dominion Government chose four of their oldest officials to visit all our children, (as their Blue-book records), 'deeming that from their experience they would be best enabled to judge of the condition, position, and prospects of the children in their situations.' The Government are satisfied (as parents of the State), that our children 'are very carefully placed,' bringing out the fact that, ninety-eight out of every 100 are

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doing well. Miss Macpherson adds:

A letter will often show the progress of an industrious young man, and being asked for details, I give the following from a handful of similar encouraging testimonials:

MAGNETAWAN, DISTRICT PARRY SOUND, ONTARIO.

DEAR MISS MACPHERSON, This is from William Miller one that came cut under your care three years ago last June. I worked in the town of Galt as a substitute three months, for a man while he went home to his friends in Scotland. After that I went to live in Pelham, in the county of Welland, a situation that Miss Reavell directed me to, and there stayed three years, and saved a little money; and now I have moved to Parry Sound, to the address which you will find at the end of this note. Dear friend, I desire to hear of your welfare in the work that God has put in your hands to do, in bringing out the destitute ones from England into a land of plenty, and where they can be well cared for. I have seen many of them around the country where I have been, almost all looking well, and enjoying themselves much.

I now live in the township of Croft. I have 186 acres of land, on the banks of Doe Lake. I think if I had stayed in England I should not have had as many feet. I like England very well, but it is a hard place for the poor. I took 100 acres of this land as free grant, and the rest I bought. It is two miles and a half from the village. There are two stores, post-office, and sawmill; I think a flour-mill will be built this summer. Magnetawan River runs through the village. There are two waterfalls for mill purposes in the village. A day school will commence in the summer, and there is also a church and Sunday-school, to which I go. In the winter it is not held, because the roads are so bad, but when the country gets open more the roads will be better.

I humbly thank God for guiding and keeping me in good health, and under the banner of Christ, and I trust walking in His ways, and hope to remain so unto death, and then live with Him above, there to part no more.

My brother is living here also; he has 200 acres of land. Remember me to all the workers at the Home, praying that we may all, as Christians, work for the Lord of glory, and at last meet together to praise Him. 'Wait on the Lord.'

I remain, yours truly in Christ, W. MILLER.

Those who have been helped, help their kindred in after years. The following is an instance:

DOUGLAS, *June 29, 1876.*

DEAR Miss MACPHERSON, I have been here four years in August, I will be four years with my master in October. I like this country well; the crops are growing well, and there is prospect of a good harvest. Dear ma'am, I have a little brother nearly ten years old, and he is living with my mother; he wants to come to this country, and mother is willing he should, and I think I have enough to pay his passage out; and if it pleased you, would you take him into your Home, and send him out with your boys. Please would you send him to the Belleville Home, as we would then be able to get him, because the man that my brother is with says he would not object to taking him. Please would you let me know how much it would take to pay for sending him to Belleville, and where would I send the money to.

I am able to plough now, and milk cows, chop wood, reap grain, and mow hay. I am raising fifty young apple-trees of the Spitzenberg kind. I am going to be a farmer myself some day; it is very nice and healthy work. I get a good many rides on horseback. I have a lamb of my own; my master gave it me when it was a small, little lamb, but now it has grown into a good-sized sheep. The Premier of the Dominion was at this village, and I heard him speak. We will soon begin to cut our hay; we have a mowing-machine, so that it does not take long to cut our



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hay. There is a Sunday-school three miles away from us, quite near where my brother lives; it has sixty scholars, and I go to it every Sunday, but the preaching is only once a fortnight. In our Sunday-school we sing about the same hymns we used to sing when in the Refuge, and there is three of us 'Home' boys go to that Sunday-school. We have seven head of horn-cattle, five horses, ten sheep, and six lambs, thirty-six hens, forty-four hen chickens, two geese, and nine goslings, two pigs, and one calf, so I will say good-bye for the present. I remain, yours sincerely,

JOHN HENEY MITCHELL.

P.S. Give my love to all the boys, and accept the, same from me, J. M.

The following incidents are told by Miss Macpherson:

Miss Bilbrough often goes off with half-a-dozen to see them placed in their new home. Whilst on one of these journeys, the little ones were attracting the notice of fellow-travellers, as some forty to fifty are generally in a compartment. From amongst these Miss Bilbrough is accosted by a young gentleman, who lifts his hat to her, and sits down by her side. This was one of our first party, now a young solicitor, just about to pass his last examination. He was on the important business of going to some place in the backwoods to value a farm for the firm by whom he was employed.

Another young man, one of our second band in 1870, is now visiting his friends in England for a month, ere beginning his career as a lawyer in Canada; and more than this, he is, we rejoice to say, a consistent Christian of several years' standing. Now, when we want a lawyer's counsel, our young friend is glad to give it us, and already has done us good service. Sweet thank-offerings!

My past birthday in June was spent in taking two little fellows to their homes. After travelling nearly one hundred miles, as we neared our destination very tired, we wondered to ourselves whether it would be in a log hut, farmhouse, or mansion we should find a welcome with our little charges. It proved to be the last.

The Lord had put it into the heart of a young married lady to rear an orphan boy, and thus fulfil a long-cherished idea. She had also induced another Christian lady to do the same. It was a sweet reward to His wearied servant, to know that two orphans would be so well cared for.

**CHAPTER VII. 1877-1879. They helped every one his neighbour Miss Child, a fellow-labourer The work in Ratcliff Highway Strangers' Rest for Sailors Welcome Home Bridge of Hope Miss Macpherson's twenty-first voyage to Canada Explosion on board the Sardinian Child life in the Galt Home The Galt Home now devoted to children from London, Knowlton to those from Liverpool, and Marchmont to Scottish Emigrants.**

They helped every one his neighbour, and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage (margin, be strong). Miss Macpherson writes in February this year, the eighth anniversary:

As a band, we need to '*be strong*' for any emergency. At this season we are surrounded by hundreds of men out of employment, and in want of food, who say now to us 'We have listened to your Gospel; we are in want; show us thy faith by thy works.' This we are endeavouring to do by providing for them suppers of soup and bread twice a week. The other evening a crowd had gathered outside the door at the specified hour, when only 150 could be admitted. Did we but know the gnawings of real hunger we should not wonder that the unsuccessful applicants attempted to burst in; and one poor man falling in the crush, broke his arm.

CHAPTER VII. 1877-1879. They helped every one his neighbour Miss Child, a fellow-labourer The work in R

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We need your prayers while dealing with this class for another month. Strong hearts quail at the sight of these hopeless looking men. Our evening-school three times a week, taught by ladies, we find to be the most successful plan of dealing with them. The being called by their *own names*, man by man, wakes up an interest, and causes the public-house life to go into the shade.

The friends of the match box-makers (our oldest love in this vineyard) will rejoice to hear that we gathered 300 of them straight from their boxes to a New Year's tea, when a kind friend helped to make the evening a pleasant one by exhibiting dissolving views. After this the gifts of clothing, &c., with which we had been supplied by many contributors, were distributed among them.

Last week we had a very happy evening with our Christian band, many of whom were the matchbox-makers of former days, now grown, into young women, and fellow-workers for Christ in their own homes, and in the courts and alleys where they dwell. Deeply interesting were their testimonies of answers to prayer, the power of the Word, and delivering grace in time of trial in the factories where they labour. Dear helpers by prayer, you now behold what great things the Lord hath wrought for us in giving us this band of young women to go forth on the Sunday afternoons in couples with their tracts, and reach many whom perhaps we might not find. Some of these are also teachers in our Sunday-school, sympathising with us in our East-end trials, teaching to others what they have learned of Jesus through their own experience of His great love.

The 'elder girls' of the East-end are a continual heavy burden on our heart; much thought and care are being bestowed in devising and perfecting plans for winning their young lives to the Saviour, and fitting them for honourable service for God and man. This great preventive work among those young bread-winners can only be successfully accomplished by those who, through studying their habits, temptations, and surroundings, by constant loving contact with them, and by special training, are able to win their confidence and affection.

In this year a new and most important work was begun, one which has eminently received the blessing of Him who is the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of those who are afar off upon the sea.

Miss Child, one like-minded with Miss Macpherson inter zeal for souls, and her longing to save them from the curse of drink; had been residing in the Home of Industry, and visiting public-houses in Ratcliff Highway. To those who have never seen the open parade of sin in that part, (long notorious for every, evil), it is hard to describe the scene, where even in broad daylight the unhappy captives of Satan seem to glory in their shame. Miss Child's heart yearned over the sailors who crowd the public-houses, escaped from the perils of the sea only to fall into worse dangers. She longed for some means of helping them. Miss Macpherson appealed to him whose burning words in the City of London Theatre in 1861 had so stirred her own heart Mr. Reginald Radcliffe had lately opened a Strangers' Rest in Liverpool, and only longed to see the same established in every port in the world. In answer to the call, he came up to London and addressed Christian workers assembled at the Home of Industry, stirring them up to undertake a new form of attack on the strongholds of the enemy. Mr. James E. Matheson took the deepest interest in this work, and a house was secured in Ratcliff Highway, the appearance of which was made to contrast very strongly with all around. Gospel texts in many languages appeared in all the windows, and invitations to sailors to enter and write their letters, materials provided free of cost. This work needed many helpers. Preachers were required for the different nationalities. Such were found, and willing listeners, so that soon a larger house was necessary. Notwithstanding the many calls on her time and strength, Miss Macpherson was frequently to be found here, delighting in seeking to save among a class hitherto difficult to reach. Many other sisters in the Lord were, called on to help some to play the harmoniums provided in each room, and lead the singing in varied languages others in writing letters for those who could not use a pen themselves, and whose hearts were softened by kindness shown in this way others in filling, bags with books and tracts. The blessing which has followed these cannot be reckoned; none can tell what these silent messengers, so often despised on shore, have been to sailors when read far away from home and friends. Many of these bags have been made by Christian invalids, and are followed by their prayers that the contents may ever be blessed.

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As yet, however, nothing had been done for the women in Katcliff Highway, and Miss Macpherson, when visiting that neighbourhood where Satan reigns so openly, longed to save some of her poor lost sisters. On one occasion a young woman said most piteously to her: Why don't you speak to us as you do to the sailors, and we would be converted and be happy too? This led to the first decided effort being made, and the following year a small mission room for their use alone was opened. Tea-meetings and Gospel addresses—were given here. Miss Macpherson's long-trying helper, Miss May, added this work to her many other burdens for the Lord, and other kind friends joined her in visiting and seeking out the lost.

Although, in Miss May's words, humanly speaking all things were against us, for in this neighbourhood the wages of iniquity are high, yet encouragement was met with, and it was felt that the mission room was not sufficient, but some shelter must be taken wherein to receive' poor applicants until they could be removed to a safer locality. A tiny three-roomed house was secured and opened with, much prayer, and has fulfilled the promise of the name given to it, The Bridge of Hope. The Lord blessed Miss Macpherson in the choice of a helper, Miss Underdown, the brave pioneer who volunteered to remain here alone, ready to welcome the poor wanderer at any hour of the day or night. She is now working among sailors at Cape Town; but the Lord has proved in this instance, as in many others, that when His summons to a distant land is obeyed, the work at home will not be suffered to languish. Another devoted sister in the Lord, Miss Steer, has given up home ties and home comforts, counting it all joy to rescue those most deeply sunk in guilt and misery. The work has doubled and trebled in importance, more than a hundred having been drawn out of this whirlpool of sin and infamy, and brought under the sound of the Gospel within the walls of the larger Refuge, since opened for them. More than once we have had to praise God for the help given by Christian sailors; their watchful eyes have noticed in the Highway some who were evidently strangers to the haunts of vice, and have brought them here for safety, and even borne part of the expense of their journey homewards. The house originally taken for the Strangers' Rest having been found inadequate for the accommodation of the crowds who frequented it, a larger house was taken, but it was felt that after the many hallowed associations of the first house opened, where Miss Macpherson and Miss Child had often rejoiced with the angels of God over repenting sinners, it was impossible to relinquish it for ordinary uses, it might be in that neighbourhood for some direct work of Satan. To Miss Macpherson's great joy her faithful, co-worker, Miss Child, determined on opening it as a Temperance Coffee House, or Welcome Home for the sailors, and thenceforth made this place her abode, and the work of God has never ceased.

In the spring of this year Miss Macpherson had contemplated starting with a party for Canada, but as the time drew near she was so much worn out by the continued strain of holding the fort at Spitalfields for the last two years, that some of her friends almost feared she would be unable to take the charge. She would not suffer her bodily weakness to hinder her, and on May the 8th started on her twenty-first voyage in the Sardinian, accompanied by her brother-in-law, Mr. Merry, with a party of fifty children, and two young men who had gone out with her in 1870, and had returned to see their friends, and were on their way back with her to the land of their adoption. So many thousand miles had been traversed by land and sea, and hitherto thanksgivings had gone up for preservation from even alarm of danger. Now a deeper thanksgiving was to be called forth, for the Lord's preserving care in a scene which brought all face to face with eternity. On the Monday before she left Miss Macpherson remarked to some friends, The Word is full of *Deliverance*, both individual deliverance and otherwise, little dreaming how soon she would be called to realise this truth.

The following letter, which appeared in the Times, tells of the strength given in time of need:

May 14, 1878.

Captain Grills, of the Liverpool Mercantile Marine Service Association, going to Derry upon a pleasure trip, was upon the bridge of the 'Sardinian' when the accident occurred, and speaks in high terms of the discipline of officers and crew under the trying circumstances. He says: 'I was on the bridge with Captain Dutton, looking for the approach of the tender, when in a moment an explosion occurred down in the fore-hold, where a quantity of coal was stored, and blew into the air thousands of fragments of wood. Immediately afterwards people came

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shrieking up the companion ways, many, of them cut, bruised, and blackened. The scene was indescribable. A great deal of confusion was caused by the separation of children from parents and husbands from wives. One poor woman begged me to go and find her baby, which was torn from her arms. The Captain, on hearing the explosion and seeing the smoke, sprang from the bridge, ordered the hose to be instantly applied, and by dint of extraordinary exertions on the part of himself, the officers, and crew, succeeded in saving several people who were in the midst of the debris. The hold was flooded with water from the hose, but the smoke continued to pour out in dense volumes, and ultimately they had to abandon all hope of saving the ship except by opening the sluices and letting the water in. Before doing this the vessel was taken into five fathoms of water, so that when she settled down her decks would be above water, and she might the more easily be pumped out and raised. While these orders were being executed, the whole of the saloon passengers, assisted by many of the crew, were engaged in transferring the emigrants to the mail tender which had just come alongside. About 300 or 400 soon crowded her decks, and she landed them at Menville pier, after which she returned for orders. Subsequently the second tender took off most of the saloon passengers, many wounded, and a large quantity of baggage. The boats were lowered in order to save the baggage. The mail tender returned and took the rest of the people, and I went with them, and we reached Derry about nine o'clock that night. I cannot refrain from referring to the heroic conduct of one lady, [Footnote: Miss Catherine Ellis of Tryon House] a saloon passenger, who, while partially dressed, rescued a baby that was fearfully burnt, at considerable risk to herself; the mother had proceeded to Derry, thinking she had lost her child for ever. The promptitude and energy displayed by Captain Button was in every way admirable, and his orders were executed with great decision. Miss Macpherson and her little band of Canadian emigrants showed no small amount of true fortitude and heroism. Most of the children behaved nobly under the trying circumstances, and exhibited much of the fruit of their careful training. They kept repeating to one another many of the sayings they had heard from Miss Macpherson about being patient, and brave, and good; I visited the infirmary before leaving on Saturday, and spoke to each of the nine patients, who are all suffering seriously, but I am hopeful of the recovery of some.'

Miss Macpherson's own account follows:

Sunday morning.

Since we parted from you and those beloved Christian friends at St. Pancras last Wednesday, we seem to have lived years, and learnt more of the reality of the delivering power of our loving Father than in all our lives before.

Wondrous to relate, and as marvellous as the deliverance of the three children from the fiery furnace, is the fact that all our precious little ones are in safety, and now gone to a place of worship.

Behold the loving-kindness of our God! Had the explosion taken place a little while later, our vessel would have been on her way instead of standing still waiting off Menville for the mails.

Most of the children were on deck, basking in the lovely sunshine of that afternoon. We were all busy finishing our letters, and I intended to write one more, and then go and spend an hour in the children's steerage, when presently there was a terrible sound, as of a cannon, followed by a deathly stillness for two minutes; I rushed on deck and beheld a man jet black with soot, his halt burnt off, issuing from a gangway near; then one of my own boys came, exclaiming, 'Oh, Miss! I prayed to Jesus, and He saved me.' Then the deck became a fearful scene of confusion, poor foreigners weeping, and oh! the mutilated men and women, ghastly with fright, some of their faces entirely skinned.

My first care was for the little ones. They clustered round me, as the two young men, (former boys of 1870, who had been home to see their friends), gathered them out of the crowd. Mr. Merry gave me the list, and they dried their tears, and answered to their names when called. We soon found all accounted for, and were hushed with praise. Picture us all standing near the wheelhouse, awaiting orders, or to see, it might be flames, or another explosion of a still more serious character.

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*Oh! could every Sunday school teacher in the land realise my feelings at that moment, they would never rest until every child in their class was' washed in the Blood of the Lamb. I saw nothing but imperfection in all my work, and want of burning reality for souls.*

The scene of the disaster was very near to the children's sleeping berths; a very few yards off two women sat upon a box together, one was blown up into the air, the other driven she knew not whither; but late that night I came across her seeking a bed in Moville, and she told me that in those first terrible moments *every sin she had ever committed came before, her*, and the one most awful was her having rejected the Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, what our God can do in tire twinkling of an eye! by unbalancing a little breath of His own created air, then the stoutest-hearted sinners quail

Another witness wrote:

*Sunday.*

It is terrible to have been in the midst of such a calamity! and the sight of the poor, blackened, and scorched faces of the sufferers I shall never forget. There was such a nice, family on board; the father, mother, and four children. The mother was blown up; her body was found yesterday, scarcely recognisable, but the husband had to go and identify it. Poor man! he was here, and in such an agony of distress. The last order I heard the Captain give, was thundered out, 'Send all the women and children up from below,' and Miss Macpherson came herself, and dragged me up. Captain Button says there have been the most wonderful providences.

It was wonderful how calm every one seemed at the time of that terrible crash. There was no panic, but the peculiar wailing of the poor Sardinians rings in my ears still, and the groans of those sufferers. Silence must be cast over the scenes of that sad day.

If I thought of anything at the time of the accident, it was of Miss Macpherson's *Bible*, and I know her thought was for me and the children. It was most sweet at the time to see the way people thought of others more than of themselves; there were many little acts of kindness done then which will never be forgotten.

Miss Macpherson said to me as we were starting on Thursday, 'I think this is going to be a most unusual voyage. I have never had such sweet dismissals before.'

I did so feel as I stood round those poor sufferers. Why was I spared? All in the same ship, all exposed to the same peril, and yet we are *untouched*, and what are we better than they? We can only bow low before our, loving Father with 'What can I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?'. I managed to get to the infirmary, where I paid a very interesting visit.... The third officer is so terribly hurt, quite unrecognisable.

On her return from Derry, whither she had hastened to give help to the sufferers, Mrs. Merry gave a thrilling account of how the waters had not been suffered to pass over them, nor the flame permitted to kindle upon them; and told how nobly that brave seaman and man of God, Captain Dutton, had acted; how he had instantly summoned all hands to his help in seeing to the safety of the children, so that in less than three minutes by the watch, after the shock, the whole of the forty *little* tones were around Miss Macpherson, having no more hurt upon them (with one exception) than a little singed hair and a few blisters.

Not only were their lives spared they were not even called upon to take joyfully the spoiling if their goods, for not one box or parcel either of clothing or gospel, tracts and books was lost or injured. The Peruvian was sent from Liverpool to take, the place of the Sardinian, and the rest of the voyage was accomplished in safety.

When nearing Cape Race Miss Macpherson writes:

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Many a touching scene have we witnessed. A company of between twenty and thirty Swiss Christians, with their evangelist, guided by a lady, to form a little colony in Canada, when passing through Liverpool, had spent all their evenings at the 'Sailors Rest,' so we, being I one in the eternal bond, sang together the same hymns, though in different languages, the first evening we sailed out. To see them drying their Bibles and hymn-books, all the covers gone, oh! it made me weep. How very *precious those mutilated books were to them now!* One dear German Christian showed me his Bible, and I was told the two front blotted pages were written by a dying mother's hand. Another young German, when he found his Bible was safe, forgot all else, and danced about with the most touching joy, but then he knew not where to put his treasure for safety and to get it pressed. Although I understood not his language, and no one was at hand to interpret, I put out my hand to help him; he took one long look into my face, and with a smile gave me his precious book. Five days after we met again, and he held out his hands, exclaiming 'Bibel!'

You heard how very promptly the Deny Christians acted for the poor emigrants. Every minister intimated the need in his church, and the response was made before nine o'clock on the Monday morning. Cartloads of clothing were sent in and distributed among, the emigrants, so that as far as covering for the present goes, all have been liberally helped to go on their way.

Sunday. A day of lovely sunshine, all on deck enjoying the warmth. The foreigners quietly reading their mutilated books; but oh, how sad to see! with the English emigrants it is beer beer beer taking with them to the new land habits that will tell ill for them wherever they go.

The children and I spent the morning singing together, and thanking our God for all His wondrous love. Often during the—past week I felt like breaking down, and letting the pent—up tears flow; but while Bob (eleven years old) prayed, I could hold out no longer, and the strong sailors leaning over the mid hatchway joined me too, as the dear lad asked God, for Jesus' sake, to care for the blind mother he had left in the workhouse, and that his runaway brother might be brought to Jesus; that his brother with the bad leg might be found of the Lord; that his sister in service might please her master and mistress; and that he himself might follow Jesus, and be a good boy, and obedient to those placed over him.

The following is dated from Galt:

Because Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice. (Ps. lxxiii. 7).

MY DEAR FELLOW—HELPERS, On arriving at this sweet spot our journeyings ended for the present. You can well imagine the complete enjoyment of repose as with my family I wander round the Cottage Home when school hours are over. During a week in which I had been separated from them, they had made the acquaintance of horses, cows, ducks, hens, sheep, &c. all so new to our poor London children. They never tire of inviting me to come and see *our* this and that, or some new—found pleasure. How quickly this country life develops character, touching chords which are left unawakened in many a nature! It is such a contrast to the artificial tastes and habits of city life, which arouse passions not easily kept in subjection.

Mrs. Merry will be glad to know that I am delighted with all in and around the Home. The new wing, with its lavatory and simple arrangements for the health and comfort of the children, would, we believe, be highly approved of by the relatives of our departed friends, Miss Wilson and Mr. Marshall, who so kindly left us the means to make this addition. One of our former' boys works on the farm; his life was consecrated nearly two years ago for China. He is a manly, consistent young Christian, and tells me it was an address given here by George W. Clarke (the first of our missionary sons from Spitalfields), before he went out to China, that gave him the first burning longings to become a missionary. It is my duty to see that a suitable education be given him to strengthen these desires; therefore when field—work is over, we have hours for study, Mr. Merry teaching in the morning, and I in the evening.

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The last mail from China brings a letter from G. W. Clarke, in which he writes: The Lord has blessed me with good health, whilst many of our brethren engaged in the hard work of pioneering are in some way feeling the strain upon their strength. I am very thankful for the *roughing* I had in Canada, and for whatever trials I have had in China, which have enabled me in any way to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

We need much prayer for this branch of the work, that it may be the natural outcome of family life, and grow gradually as our heavenly Father leads.

Several of the elder boys are at the Home now from different causes; their work on the farm pays for their board, and they again come under blessed Gospel influence, while we watch and pray for their conversion. The dear sisters who work out the details value an interest in your prayers, as they so realise 'from day to day the need of patience.' All your desires that I should *rest* are being fulfilled. If you could but see me sitting on a bank with three or four little heads leaning on my lap, the others buzzing round, bringing flowers and weaving wreaths for our hats! Then a hand opens to show 'such a dear' young frog! Another brings an endless variety of caterpillars, &c. Then there come shrieks of delight from a group of boys who have almost caught a squirrel. A rowing boat glides down the river, and the children strike up an impromptu strain 'Row, brothers, row!'

A little fellow has a burden on his mind, ending with, 'Could I not stop here always?' Alas! he had to be told 'impossible,' for there were many more poor boys far away in London, crying to be loved, and he would soon find a 'pa and ma' to love him. How this thirst for sympathy grows in these tiny hearts! May more dear mission-workers have *anointed eyes*, to seek out the orphans in the dens of our great city. May more jewelled fingers yield their offerings, ere the opportunity be past, for rescuing immortal souls that may become witnesses of Jesus Christ, and shine for ever and ever in His crown.

Too many seek to square the cases up to their rules, but the opposite I believe is more according to God's mind. Oh, if every town in Old England would arise and build its own Orphan Home! Surely the Church of Christ in every denomination can unite in love over the children. Witness the burst of love in a few hours after the ministers of every sect in Deny told the need of the emigrants, and the children cast naked upon their shores! They gave until the receivers said, 'It is enough!'

In this quiet resting-place, I have time to listen to the Master's own voice, and hear Him say, 'Go forward!' This is the twenty-first voyage the *majority*! I would celebrate it by desiring still greater things for God's glory, devising, yet leaving the direction to the Lord. Already it has proved a time of trial and rich blessing. My heart is with you all in, your joyous privileges of making known a Saviour's love. My spirit flits to the *needy children*. A thousand board schools will never supply the loving, tender care we women can give to the fatherless and motherless, or sow the seed and lead the precious little souls to Jesus. Therefore follow me in these enlarged desires the Lord hath given, and oh! keep your eyes and ears open to the cry of the children. Hot summer days will lessen some of the Refuge work, but I follow you to Bird Fair, Ratcliff Highway, and many a court around. Don't forget that terrible corner by the lamp-post in the next street.

Then for your own souls I send this word 'They thirsted not when He led them through the deserts. He caused the waters to flow out of the rock for them.' As to your work, Do it. Should He be pleased to remove any of us, to stir our nest, or lay sickness upon us, shall we not hear Him say, 'Is it not lawful for Me to do what I will with mine own?' Beloved friends, 'Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.' Yours affectionately,

ANNIE MACPHERSON.

The work had now so increased, that it was thought well to divide the three Canadian Homes. Miss Macpherson found the Gait Home sufficient for the needs of the children transferred from the Home of Industry. Miss Bilbrough retained possession of the Marchmont Home, now devoted exclusively to children from Scotland; and the Knowlton Home, in the province of Quebec, was placed under the management of Mrs. Birt for the reception

CHAPTER VII. 1877-1879. They helped every one his neighbour Miss Child, a fellow-labourer The work in R

of little emigrants from Liverpool.

It was at the workers' meeting in August that Miss Macpherson was welcomed home; and Miss Ellis of Tryon House said she had been in Canada with Miss Macpherson, and the thought most on her mind in recollection of the scene on the Sardinian was *given back*. As delivered from death, they had returned, each to their loved spheres of work, and felt increasingly how consecrated such lives should be, and for what great blessing they might look out.

As one quite unconnected with the work, Miss Ellis said she must remark how much she had been struck with the arrangements of the Gait Home the children were thoroughly well fed and well cared for (not like little princes though, nor above their station), and not an unnecessary shilling was expended.

## **CHAPTER VIII. 1879–1880. Experiences among Indians Picnic in the Bush Distribution of Testaments Till He come A Home and a hearty Welcome.**

Once more in Canada, Miss Macpherson records experience of an unusual kind:

In one of the large villages we visited, an all-day prayer-meeting was held from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., which proved a season of rich blessing. We found openings for mission work all around, farmers and their families willing to gather and sit any length of time with Bible and hymn-book in hand. We feel an open door is made for us here by the entrance of these little children, who have, proved excellent pioneer evangelists.

After this interesting tour, I was about to return to the Galt Home, when a messenger arrived with a pressing invitation to visit the Indians on the Chippawa Reserve, and tell them the story of our children. This come through their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Jacques, and although weary in body, a lady friend and I resolved to go forward to Port Elgin, situated on Lake Huron, whence a dear Canadian sister drove us along the ten miles of wild and poorly cultivated country leading to the Indian reserve. Fire had in past years ravaged the district for miles, leaving thousands of charred trunks of high trees. We enjoyed the scenery of the beautiful Sangeen, with its grand old forests in their finest clothing, and at times we caught sight of Lake Huron, lying calm as a mirror, with the last rays of the setting sun reflected upon its bosom.

On arriving at the little manse on Chippawa Hill we were serenaded by the Indians, who had already gathered by hundreds from far and near. We made a hasty repast, and felt grateful for the opportunity afforded us so unexpectedly of speaking to them: Our service was opened by singing in Indian a well-known hymn of praise. Then one of the evangelists spoke upon a portion of Scripture for twenty minutes, after the other had prayed, when an interpreter took half-an-hour to translate it into their own language, after which my companion sang *The Ninety and Nine*, and I spoke. The interpreter repeated the story, and though our audience scarcely ever moved, the pastor's wife said they were feeling deeply.

Many a dear squaw and I clasped hands that night, and we gazed into each other's eyes, knowing full well, although unexpressed, that we were one in the same deep love for the weak and helpless.

While the choir sang another hymn, under the direction of the pastor's daughter, who is also the daily teacher of the young, we showed some of our photographs, and never were more grateful for that art. My lady friend sang another solo, and then began an indescribable scene. Chief John was first introduced to us, as we stood on a raised platform with a rail in front. The dear old man seemed much moved, and burst into an oration full of gratitude for our coming to visit his people. We acknowledged this, when the whole congregation of three to four hundred, young and old, passed and shook hands with us. Every now and then we were presented with gifts, made by the hands of the giver. Chief Henry's wife gave a beautiful bark basket ornamented with porcupine's quills. Then



## God's Answers

another head man gave us a bag made of beaten bark, saying this was made before they knew the white man. We thought that now all was over, but no. All were again seated, quietly and in order, the grace of ease and perfect harmony pervading the whole scene. The Indians had a wish to do us honour, and to show their love in their own way, we were each to receive from them an Indian name. We found this new name had required thought, and when saying 'Buzhu?' or 'How do you do?' they after this called us by the name they had given.

The pastor, (Mr. Jacques), and his wife and family, were truly parental in their actions, and are beloved by these simple-hearted Indians. It was a touching scene! There are ninety in Christian fellowship, and among them some old veterans of ninety years, with scarcely a grey hair, and more sprightly than the young men in their tribes to-day. As regularly as the sun rises, they are at the church door, though they live five miles off, through swamp and wood.

One thing charmed me, the firm law made for them in connection with drink. Would that England would treat our white drunkards in the same way! A man, when found the worse for liquor, is fined from fifty to two hundred dollars, or put in prison for one month; also the man who sells it to him. Two more weeks are added if he will not tell who supplied him with the drink.

On leaving the next morning, I was addressed by my new name, 'Ke-zha-wah-de-ze-qua' (Benevolence); my friend also was greeted as 'Wah sage zhe go-qua' (Shining-sky lady).

The following account of a picnic in the Canadian Bush, at which an Indian chief was present, will not be out of place here:

A picnic is a much more frequent entertainment in this country than in England, for the lovely bright days of a Canadian summer are so much more suitable than our damp and variable weather. Miss Macpherson was anxious to meet as many as possible of the kind friends in and around the Children's Home at Galt, who are interested in the Lord's work among the little ones. A picnic was suggested as most pleasant, and the Bush as more spacious than our cottage-rooms. So a general invitation was given through the ministers and the local papers.

Last Thursday was all that could be desired. Cool breezes tempered the hot sunbeams, and a brilliant blue sky was reflected in the still, flowing river. Such a lovely spot, too, is the 'Home' Bush! A partially cleared space near the river was chosen for the tables and seats; nearby a log-fire was kindled, on which huge kettles of water were boiled. One thing only marred our hopes for the day. Miss Macpherson herself was almost prostrate through a sharp attack of rheumatism, and our hearts sank as we feared she would be unable to be among us. However, in the 'prayer of faith' we laid her deep need before the Lord, and He graciously gave her the faith to trust Him, and the courage to attempt, even in great pain, to rise from bed, and walk down to the Bush. The needed strength was marvellously given, and she was able to remain with us until sunset. Truly the Lord doeth wondrous things!

At four o'clock our guests began to arrive. One visitor was the centre of attraction a chief of the Six Nation Indians, from the reserve near Brantford, who arrived earlier in the day with Mr. B. Needham, the missionary. Chief Jonathan, now a Christian, was dressed in the native costume, now worn only on high days and holidays. Most picturesque it was to see him seated on the green slope near the river, leaning against a tall maple tree. His coat and trousers of yellow buckskin were fringed at the edges. An embroidered scarlet sash was loosely tied around his waist. Then his head-gear was most striking. Long thin black hair hung over his shoulders, not his own, but from the scalp of some poor Indian slain in warfare! This was surmounted by a turban cap of scarlet, and white beads, a row of feathers all round it, and in front three or four very long bright feathers standing erect. He was able to talk with us in English, and told us how his grandfathers owned all the land along the 'Grand River.' It is very pitiful to think how the poor Indians have been pushed further and further into little corners of their once proud territory, to make way for the white man, who, alas! brought to them the terrible 'fire-water' which has gone so far to prove their ruin and increase their desolation. Thank God that now they have earnest men of God, whom His own love and zeal for souls has so filled as to enable them to give up all for His glory, and go and live

## God's Answers

among these dark, despised ones, and take to them the glad tidings of a free salvation.

During our tea-hour great interest was taken by all our friends in the group of little ones enjoying their cake and tea, and Miss Macpherson told how good the Lord had been to the mission, in opening up homes for nearly all the sixty rescued children we brought out three weeks ago. After tea, our forty younger ones seated themselves in a ring upon the green grass, under the shade of the maple and hickory trees. They sang sweet hymns of Jesus, and repeated many precious texts for Mr. Needham to take as their messages of love to the Indian children in his Sunday-school. Little Bobbie gave as his text, 'God requireth that which is past.' Joey then stood up and repeated, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me.' Johnnie and Georgie gave, 'The eyes of the Lord are in every place,' and 'When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'

A few questions followed from Miss Macpherson, 'How can any one get into heaven?' 'They must love God,' was the first answer. 'They must have their hearts changed,' said another. Then Bobbie's clear voice was heard, again, 'By being washed in the blood of Jesus!' Beautiful answer! wondrous truth!

The Indian chief stood gazing in calm wonder at this circle of happy English children. Presently Mr. Needham rose and said: 'The Chief tells me he is very anxious to say a few words to the Queen (*i.e.*, Miss Macpherson), to the friends, and to the children. He understands English, but his thoughts flow more freely in his native tongue, and he has asked me to be his interpreter. He says that many years ago his fathers kindled the fire and smoked 'the pipe of peace' at such a gathering, and he thanks God for such a sight as this. He has never been so touched as this afternoon by the children's texts and answers. One hymn especially has struck him

'There's a home for little children,  
Above the bright, blue sky.'

His fathers looked for the home of the spirits, but knew nothing of the Christian's heaven. There are still, in his nation, 700 pagans who sacrifice the white dog to the spirits, and are ever travelling towards the land of the setting sun. He hopes the pagan children will be taught about Jesus. He is so touched by the care taken of these little ones and by the work of the Christian lady who saves them. The Chief says he is very thankful I brought him here to-day. The circle on the grass reminds him of how the Indian children sit to sacrifice the white dog. He is going back to tell the children of his people all these blessed things.'

During Mr. Needham's interpretation the Chief stood by him, his usually impassive face quite lit up with animated interest. After a while he played to us on his cornet, his favourite tune being 'God save the Queen.' Mr. Needham told us a few deeply interesting details of his work among the Indians, and how the Lord is giving His blessing in conversions, and also in the temperance work just begun among them. He told us of an Indian mother who would walk eight miles to hear the Gospel, with one baby slung over her back, in its curious mummy-like cradle, and another slung on her arm! The poor Indians are beginning really to value the care and labour bestowed on them by the missionary whom God has so evidently prepared for and led into this work. And surely such a mission as this has a deep and solemn claim on the help and sympathy of those who have now possession of the land of the Red Indian, and enjoy the blessings he has lost. Let the white man, who brought him the 'fire-water,' dire instrument of death! seek now, though, alas! so late, to carry to him with all speed the blessed 'water of life,' that he may drink and live for ever.

As the shadows on the grass grew longer, and the west began to glow with the sunset crimson, the little ones, tired yet happy, were taken home to bed, and our kind friends bade us all farewell. When we look back on our happy picnic in the Bush, and raise our earnest prayers for the dear children God has rescued and shall yet rescue, let us not forget to plead for the mission to the Six Nation Indians, and to ask that the light of the glorious Gospel may speedily bring hope and gladness to many a poor dark heart.

Miss Macpherson's next letter tells of many varied interests:

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DEAR FELLOW-WORKERS, Our proposed three days of Christian fellowship and conference at the Galt Home are now over. Numbers were not large, the accommodation here being limited, but several ministers, evangelists, and devoted brothers and sisters, who have true sympathy in the Master's work for the deaf children, waited on the Lord with us, and it has proved a time of great spiritual blessing, preparing us to go forth in the days that remain, strong to labour for our blessed Lord, just to do His will.

Leaving matters at Galt going on in their even way, only varied by the occasional return of children, who, from temper, ill-health, or some other cause, have not been able to remain in the situations first found for them, (which shows the value of our Homes on this side the Atlantic), we are again on the wing.

The Sunday after the conference was spent at Sheffield, a village containing a thousand inhabitants. On arriving we found the sheds around the church full of conveyances, betokening a good congregation. The people, looking bright in their white summer costumes, joined with wonderful heartiness in singing, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name.' Mr. Merry gave a powerful address on Ezek. xxxvii. 1-10. During the afternoon we learned that a time of revival had sprung from a few godly women meeting at each other's houses to pray for a blessing on the village. They felt the need of a definite object for their prayers, and selected a young man who was a great drunkard, and the disturber of every meeting. Soon they were rejoiced to learn that he was truly converted to the Lord without any human agency. Now his face is the brightest of the congregation, and none is more active to win souls than he. On leaving Sheffield we were grateful to know we had secured many hearts to pray for us and our little ones.

We took a large case of Testaments to the next place we visited; and an evangelist who had been labouring for some weeks there, sold for us; on Henry Moorhouse's plan, in the market-place, 600 Testaments, and gave away 7200 Gospel leaflets.

Since then we have stayed with the friends at St. Catharine's, exchanging words of cheer with Presbyterian, Episcopal, Methodist, and other brethren. Now we are staying with members of the Society of Friends at Fonthill. How sweet is this fellowship of saints, 'endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace!' Here we learn with joy how our brother-in-law was used to the conversion of many in the villages around during the past winter. We have been comparing notes with four of the dear sisters here, contrasting our work at Ratcliff Highway, with its three mission-houses, our elder girls, widows, and lodging-houses, with theirs among navvies on Welland Canal, drunkards, and farmers and their wives living away in solitary nooks. The work is one presenting a full, free, and present salvation by a once crucified and now risen Lord.

The dear wife of the Lord's honoured servant, Jonathan Grubb, is giving great joy and help to the busy workers on this hill-top, by sending large parcels of tracts purchased from the various societies in England, assorted into packets during her winter hours. From the friends here they go to many a lone corner of the great continent. The postal charges are so small, that surely many a sister might share with us in sending a fresh packet now and again to those who have little reading of any kind; also the many gifts from the Tract Society have been most valuable in these country places.

Our children settled in the neighbourhood of Font-hill are growing up into manhood, some of them becoming earnest Christians.

Our stay is necessarily brief; distances are great, and strength small; but we ever realise, 'He leadeth us.'

Dear fellow-workers, let us watch and pray, and labour on, 'till He come.'

Till He come! . It is sweet with these words to close this imperfect record of the labours of the Lord's beloved handmaid; especially when we look back to the time twenty years' before, when the blessed hope was first made the source of new strength and power to her soul. May not the words of the letter quoted above be adopted with little alteration by every Christian labourer? Our stay can be but brief, perhaps not one working hour is yet

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left to us, and how emphatically do the words now come to us, Redeeming the time *because* the days are evil; so evil, that were it not for the sure word of prophecy, we should lie down in despair. If we looked to present agency to change the scenes of sin and sorrow around us, all hope would vanish. But we have a hope that maketh not ashamed, and that blessed hope is an anchor of the soul. The work is great, great it has always been, but how much greater now that doors hitherto closed are open in every part of the world; from every country the cry is, Come over and help us. Many a solitary pioneer has fallen, oh! that others might come forth to fill up the ranks. Strength is small;" Without me ye can do nothing; Is there not an appointed warfare (margin) to man upon earth? He, who has appointed the warfare will not send any at their own charges. The blessed hope strengthens the weak hands and confirms the feeble knees. He will give the grace, the wisdom, the strength, all that is needed, day by day. *Till He come.* Three little words no more but who can tell the comfort, the strength, the sweetness this hope brings to those who are watching for the coming of their King?

\* \* \* \* \*

The following deeply affecting lines are from the same pen as those before quoted. Miss Geldard, the gifted writer, was for a time a much valued fellow-labourer both in England and Canada:

### A HOME AND A HEARTY WELCOME.

All day has the air been busy,  
As the daylight hours went by,  
With the laugh of the children's gladness,  
Or their pitiful, hopeless cry.

But now all is hushed in silence,  
They are lying in slumber deep:  
While I ask, in this solemn midnight,  
*Where* do the children sleep?

We know there are children sleeping  
In many a happy home,  
Where sickness rarely enters,  
Where want may never come.

Their hands in prayer were folded  
Ere they laid them down to rest,  
And on rosy lip and soft white brow  
Were a mother's kisses pressed.

They sleep and dream of angels;  
Ah! well may their dreams be fair!  
Their home is now so like a heaven,  
They seem already there.

But where are the children sleeping  
In these wretched streets around,  
Where sin, and want, and sorrow  
Their choicest haunt have found?

Will you climb this broken staircase,  
And glance through this shattered door;

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Oh, can there be children sleeping  
On that filthy and crowded floor?

Yes! old and young together,  
A restless, moaning heap;  
O God! while they thus are sleeping,  
How dare Thy children sleep?

Does the night air make you shiver,  
As the stream sweeps coldly by?  
(Cold as the hearts of the heedless),  
Here, too, do the children lie.

An archway their only shelter;  
The pavement their nightly bed;  
Thou, too, when on earth, dear Saviour,  
Hadst nowhere to lay *Thy* head.

So we know Thou art here, dear Master,  
Thy form we can almost see;  
Do we tear Thy sad voice saying,  
Ye did it not to Me?

Yes, chill is the wind-swept archway,  
The pavement is cold and hard  
Better the workhouse coffin,  
Softer the graveyard sward.

Thank God! yet we say it weeping,  
Thank God for many a grave!  
There sleep the little children  
Whom Christians would not save!

Yet smiles through our tears are dawning  
When we think of the hope that lies  
In our children's Land of Promise,  
'Neath the clear Canadian skies.

Though the frost be thick on the windows,  
Though the roof with snow is white,  
We know our Canadian children  
Are safe and warm to-night.

There thick are the homespun blankets,  
And the buffalo robes are warm;  
Then why should these children shiver  
Out here in the winter storm?

Why wait till the prison claims them?  
Why wait till of hope bereft  
For that fair young girl the river

Be the only refuge left?

Come! help us, answer the message  
Now peeling across the seas  
A home and a hearty welcome  
For hundreds such as these!

It comes from broad Ontario,  
And from Nova Scotia's shore;  
They have loved and sheltered our gathered waifs,  
They have room for thousands more.

S. R. GELDARD.

## CHAPTER IX. Questions and Answers Sorrowful Cases Testimonies from those who have visited Canada Stewardship.

The following plain answers to practical questions, are written by those well acquainted with the work:

I. Are these children really *street Arabs*? If not, where do you find so many?

In the early days of the work, before the establishment of School Boards and kindred institutions, a large proportion of the children were actually taken from the streets. Now, the rescue work begins farther back, and seeks to get hold of the little ones before they have had a taste of street life and become contaminated. A policeman brings one sometimes, having found it in a low lodging-house, forsaken by its worthless, drunken parents. Christian ladies are ever on the look-out for the little ones in their work among the poor, and many a child has been taken straight from the dying bed of its only remaining parent to Miss Macpherson. Rescued from a workhouse life might be written on many a bright little brow, and saved from drink on many more. Poor, delicate widows, striving vainly to keep a large, young family, have often proved their true, unselfish love by giving up one or two to Miss Macpherson to be taken to Canada. Such are encouraged always to write to and keep in loving memory the dear toiling mother at home. Widowed fathers in ill-health, and short of work, feeling their utter helplessness to do for their motherless flock, have come to Miss Macpherson entreating her to take care of some of them.

2. How come the Canadian farmers to be willing to take these children?

From a business point of view this is quite easily explained. Labour is so scarce out there, and hired help so dear, while *food is so plentiful*, that the Canadian farmer finds it quite worth his while to take a little boy from the old country, whom he can train and teach as his own, and who very soon will repay him in quick ability for farm labour.

3. Are you sure the children are really *better off* there?

Every boy in Canada has before him a definite hope for the future. If he be steady, industrious, and of average intelligence, he may reasonably look to being independent some day, to owning land of his own, and attaining an honourable position in Canada. People do not amass fortunes there as a rule, but they may all live in comfort and plenty, and what they have is their own. Surely this is a brighter prospect than the ceaseless round of toil at desk or counter, in which so many in England, even the more fortunate, spend their youth helping to make rich men richer.

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4. Among the hundreds are there not some failures, some exceptions? What becomes of them?

Yes, there are disappointments and failures in this work as well as in every other. We do not take little angels to Canada, but very human little boys and girls with every variety of temper and character, and sometimes hereditary disadvantages which it is hard to battle with. But patient forbearance and gentle treatment and time do so much for them. And often a kind farmer has asked to be allowed to keep, and try again the wilful little fellow who has tried to run away or proved tiresome to manage.

Ninety-eight per cent, of our children do well, and for the two per cent, we do the best we can. If any circumstance arises making it desirable for a farmer to give up a boy, he is at once returned to the Home, where he is received and kept until another more suitable place is found for him.

Should any be still blinded to the blessings of emigration for the young, surely their eyes will be opened on reading the following facts as related by Miss Macpherson:

William and Mary were brother and sister living in a terrible warren near Drury Lane. The boy's employment was to gather rags and bones. Their parents had been buried by the workhouse. Their condition was too deplorable to be described. A year's training was not lost upon this sister and brother. They came to Canada in 1873. Now, could you see them at nineteen and twenty-two able to read and write, well-clothed with their own honest earnings, having saved, in 1877, one hundred dollars; and this year, 1879, William is having \$100 as wages, and Mary \$60. They come from time to time to visit the Home. William is thinking of having a farm of his own.

A. B. Who was he? The son of a drunken woman, who, when very tipsy still comes in from Ratcliff Highway to abuse us at Spitalfields. Alfred has been many years in a lawyer's family, and has saved enough money to be apprenticed as an engineer. He was a wise boy to be guided by the kind counsel of those he served. We are not satisfied with earthly adoptions only; we continue to pray that each one may be adopted into the family of those who are washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Well do we remember the winter, when a wild man from Seven Dials discovered that we had the little Annie, of whom he used to make such traffic in the gin palaces; though we had no right to her. The lamb was but six years old. Thank God, an ocean separates her from his drunken villanies. Now she is with kind-hearted, homely people, the companion and playmate of their daughter.

S. W., seven years old; so puny only a few pounds weight owing to her being starved and beaten by a drunken stepfather. Now, a year in a happy home, going to school regularly, is companion to an only child, and lacks no earthly comfort. The poor mother was ill-used in the dens where she lived by her neighbours, for having, they said, sold her child. We received a photograph of the little one from her happy Canadian home; this closed every mouth, for it could not be gainsaid.

Whilst stopping at one of the railway stations, we were accosted by a young man, who told us he was one of our old boys of ten years ago, but was now settled in that town. He had 'rolled' about a good deal, he said, but at last had settled down, and never was so happy in his life before. He had sent for his brother to come and live with him. Since then John and his wife have spent a day at the Gait Home, and they think in another year, if they continue to prosper, that they also would like to be entrusted with a little one. Thus openings are ever occurring for those yet to follow.

Since the above was written other young emigrants, now married and settled in homes of their own, have offered to adopt orphans and children, homeless as they once were themselves.

The following are independent testimonies of those who have travelled or are residing in Canada:

## God's Answers

The late Sir Charles Reed, Chairman of the London School Board, stated that in his visit to Canada last year he had given special attention to Miss Macpherson's work, and as his inquiries and investigations were made unofficially, the information he obtained might be looked upon as quite impartial. He was gratified by hearing from the Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, at Quebec, that he was well informed as to the work, and bore testimony to its worth. He (Sir Charles) was prepared to say that the children were warmly welcomed and kindly treated. He also, without making his purpose known, visited some of the homes where the children were located, and what he saw only confirmed what he had been told, as to the Canadians' appreciation of the children. They were well occupied, well fed, and as happy as they could be. He had entered into conversation with the children as to familiar scenes in the East of London, and learned how pleased they were with their new homes.

At Toronto he met Miss Bilbrough, a lady in charge of one of the Homes, and a person enthusiastically devoted to this merciful work, who thus became a true Sister of Mercy. God has endowed woman largely for this Christian ministry. In half an hour she thoroughly interested him in the work, and put him in possession of such facts as convinced him that the work was one which in England demanded Christian sympathy and support. It was work which goes on quietly, and is little talked of; but it ought to be, as he trusted it would be, widely known. He was glad to say that through the School Board it was becoming known to intelligent Christian men both in and out of Parliament. It is good to work in faith, as those in charge of this work do; but it is also good to have evidence as an encouragement to faith, and as a corroboration of the work. Such evidence he, as in a sense a special commissioner, had qualified himself to give, and it gave him much pleasure to render it.

WOODVILLE PLACE, DUNDEE, 13th August 1873.

MY DEAR MISS MACPHERSON, Various ministerial and pastoral occupations, since my return home, have prevented me from carrying out my intention of putting into shape my impressions and thoughts about Canada and your work. If the Lord will, I shall do so at no great distance of time. Meanwhile, allow me to express in a few words my mature judgment in regard to the leading features of your work. It seems to me to furnish the key to the solution of one of the most difficult problems in Home Mission work.

The character of the training to which the children are subjected previous to their removal to Canada appears to be all that could be desired. I was delighted with their knowledge of Scripture, their general intelligence, their respectful bearing to their superiors, their promptness of obedience, and other evidences of religious conviction working itself out in their general conduct. The extraordinary care exhibited in the selection of homes and in the placing of them out in Canada strikes me as one of the most important and valuable elements of the work. Most of all was I charmed with the noble Christian character of your fellow-workers, and was thoroughly convinced that a very remarkable measure of the blessing of God rests upon the entire movement. I anticipate the most precious results for time, and in view of eternity the issues of the movement will exceed all calculation. I could say much more, but for the present must forbear. For the sake of the poor, dear, lost little ones in our large towns; for the sake of Canada, of whose wants I am not ignorant; for the sake of humanity, and, above all, for the Lord's sake, I heartily wish you were enabled to carry every summer thousands instead of hundreds of little children across the Atlantic to be settled in those beautiful Canadian regions, where by God's blessing they may grow up 'trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He might be glorified.'

Go on, my dear friend; the Lord is manifestly with you, and He will bless you still-aye, and more than ever.

JOHN MACPHERSON.

*November 5th, 1874.*

Having just returned from a six weeks' visit to Canada, I wish to add my testimony to the many already given of the very valuable work of Miss Macpherson in the three Homes which she has established in Canada for young British destitute children, each Home under the direction of devoted and much esteemed Christian ladies.



## God's Answers

Lady Cavan and I found much pleasure in visiting all these Homes, situated in different parts of the Dominion of Canada, in each of which children are received from two to twelve years of age, looked after with motherly affection. The greater number sent out this year had been provided for.

There is a great demand for young children in this country, where domestic and farming servants are so few, and numbers of these children are adopted into families, the greatest care being taken to place them with kind and good people. They are either trained for the place which they will occupy, or, for the most part, are loved and treated as children of the house.

It needs but to see for oneself the happy, bright faces of the children, to be satisfied of the value and importance of this transplanting institution for the rescuing of children from their degraded position, for which they are in nowise responsible. May many be brought under the Christian, happy influence of Miss Macpherson, through the liberality of those interested in our poor.

CAVAN.

What a work of blessing is being carried on by the different Homes here! My soul has been greatly refreshed this Christmas in seeing some of the dear boys return to 'Blair Athol,' to spend a few days with our sister Miss Macpherson. The change in appearance, from London's hapless poverty and degradation, to this glorious clime, bright, rosy faces, full of laughter and fun, and yet deeply interested in the dear, loving Saviour, whose Spirit thus practically tells His own sweet story of love to their young hearts. One dear fellow specially delighted me. I was present as he was ushered in with his little brother, his eyes full of tears of gratitude and joy as he said to Miss Macpherson, 'Please, Miss, here's a present for you,' drawing a large, fat, beautiful goose from under his arm, carefully packed. Excuse my adjectives, but I cannot help it, for I fairly loved the boys; and when I looked back but four years, and contrasted their hapless life (workhouse children) in one of our English provincial towns, my spirit was full of gladness, and I thanked God for these broad lands, and the untiring energy of the band of workers and friends who so intelligently and successfully save them from poverty, crime, and wretchedness, and by change of position, sympathy, common sense, and Christian love, fit them for useful, prosperous lives here, and, by grace, for eternal glory yonder.

HENRY VARLEY

The following is from a Canadian friend and benefactor:

Dear Miss Macpherson, My attention has been called to a communication referring unfavourably to your work in bringing out the little waifs and strays from England, and placing them in farmers' homes in the country of this Canada of ours. I have thought that perhaps a letter from me, giving my experience, might not be out of place.

Fully eleven years ago I first heard of your intention to bring out some young emigrants to Canada, and as I heard that they were of the degraded, vicious, and criminal class, I did not look with favour upon the effort. Being in England shortly after the first lot came out, without making my object known, I went down to the East End of London repeatedly, and personally inquired into the working of the scheme, saw the gathering in from the widows' families, the orphans, the destitute, and those worse than orphans. I saw the cleaning, the fresh clothing, the training in work and discipline, and, above all, the schooling in religious teaching from God's Book, and singing sweet Gospel hymns. I was satisfied that this part of the work was being well done in England, and great care exercised in selecting only suitable cases and giving lengthened training; so that the girls and boys from the youngest to those of thirteen and fourteen years of age, when drafted to Canada in fifties and hundreds, looked likely youngsters for workers in this land of plenty.

After my return to Canada, having got thoroughly interested in the work, seeing at least that it was doing a good work for London in relieving the over-population there, I decided, if in my judgment the work was as well cared

## God's Answers

for in Canada, and as much care exercised in placing them out in homes as in gathering in and training, then it would prove a good work for Canada also.

Now, (after over ten years), I can say, from large personal experience, that the placing of several thousands of these young, sturdy, willing workers in the homes of our Canadian farmers, through this agency, has been a blessing to Canada, not only as workers, but also in many cases carrying good religious influences with them. The greatest care is exercised in selecting suitable homes, and in no case is a child placed out unless the applicant brings good certificates of character from the minister or justice of the peace. In these homes of the farmers the youngsters are well-fed, well-clothed, and well-treated, in most cases made one of the family. I have constantly inquired, in various localities, as to how these young people are getting on, from prominent men, such as judges, members of Parliament, mayors and councillors of towns, ministers and farmers, and am satisfied as a whole they turn out as well as the average of young people from any class of society. Some prove unsuitable these are returned to the Distributing Homes and given a fresh start; some few turn out badly or sickly these are returned to England: but compared with the large number that turn out well the average is very small. I know the Distributing Homes at Knowlton, at Belleville, and at Galt; they are fine, comfortable, substantial buildings, and at Galt there is a farm of 100 acres of land. I know the workers and the oversight they take in training until placed out, the care taken in placing out, how they visit and correspond with them, and I have seen and possess hundreds of letters from these youngsters, written voluntarily by them from their new homes, many of which have been published in Canadian as well as English papers from time to time. I have seen and possess hundreds of photographs of these waifs and strays as taken into the gathering Homes in London, then brought out to Canada, then, after being here two, five, and even ten years, the progress being marvellous.

Now, in conclusion, having within the past month visited the Galt Home and Farm, with more than fifty healthy, hearty, vigorous youngsters being trained and fitted for work among Canadian farmers, it is my firm conviction that this work is being well done on both sides of the Atlantic. It is being carried on upon right principles and from pure motives, and God has owned and blessed it wonderfully. There is not only room for, but a hearty welcome also for hundreds more of such emigrants. The work has proved a blessing to Canada as well as a blessing to England, and those engaged in it should receive hearty encouragement on both sides of the Atlantic.

Yours faithfully,

T. J. CLAXTON.

MONTREAL, *July 1st, 1881.*

Miss Macpherson writes after Lord Dufferin's visit to the Galt Home:

His lordship said, 'We meet your children everywhere, and they are so happy; we have crossed the ocean with them, and even last night where we were slaying we were waited upon by one of your boys as a page, he did it well too.'

STEWARDSHIP.

May Miss Macpherson's solemn words stir up many to follow her self-denying efforts, and may the same blessing attend them.

Since 1868, we have been receiving the love offerings of the Lord's almoners, and under the direction of two auditors and a public accountant, a yearly balance sheet has been issued. To the praise of the Lord who knoweth the needs of the destitute ones we have sought to help, we have not been permitted to contract a debt, or been left in want of bread or clothing at any time. Our faith has been frequently proved, at times for days, and at others for years. Yet our 'God is love,' and we are in His own wondrous school, and bow to every trial.

CHAPTER IX. Questions and Answers Sorrowful Cases Testimonies from those who have visited Canada Stewards

## God's Answers

From 4000 to 6000 pounds annually have been the requirements of the mission. As it came, so was the money spent, leaving us often with a very small balance, but always on the right side.

When the funds have been low we have often been led to wonder and adore the love that placed our burdens upon the hearts of others, causing them to consider Him who loved them, and who had enjoined us to go forth and sympathise with the 'Christies' grinding their old organs, and the 'Jessicas,' with broken hearts, crying for bread in the alleys of our great city.

Our sainted sister, Miss Havergal, once earnestly entreated us to write on about the needs of little children. Mrs. Herbert Taylor, now in glory, said, 'Oh continue unto the end pleading the Christ-like cause.'

Yes! we are stewards, and not of money only.

Do these departed workers regret one effort made for Jesus? It is only now we can watch with Him for the little children, the opportunities for self-denial will soon be past. No more long voyages, or sleepless nights, soon the Lord Himself will come, our bungling and failures all blotted out by the blood on the Mercy-seat. Let us employ every remaining hour for our Lord as He leads us forth; let the eye rest upon the grace that was in Jesus when He took the little children in His arms (Mark x. 13-16). How full of tenderness as we see Him placing the child by Himself (Luke ix. 47, 48). Would we follow Him, then shall we be faithful stewards of every gift with which He has entrusted us. When we have had nothing left but Himself,—so near to faith's vision, then how inexpressibly full has shone out one or other of the 33,000 precious, never-failing promises.

Precious Comforter! drawing ever near to His oft 'perplexed, reasoning, troubled' ones; waiting to comfort them; showing them His hands and His feet, and lifting those hands to bless them (Luke xxiv).

'A little while' for patient vigil keeping,  
To face the stem, to wrestle with the strong;  
'A little while,' to sow the seed with weeping,  
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver  
The future glory and the present smile,  
With the bright promise of the glad 'for ever,'  
Will light the shadows of the 'little while!'

YET A LITTLE WHILE, AND HE THAT SHALL COME WILL COME, AND WILL NOT TARRY.

THE END.