

Church Attendance.

The late Charles Spurgeon laid down as to Church attendance the principle that a Christian should attend Church in the morning for the sake of his own soul, and go out in the evening after the souls of other people. In other words Church attendance should not be merely for one's own pleasure or profit. The strengthening of one's faith and the quickening of spiritual life through waiting on God should bear fruit in efforts to reach the unsaved. The problem of the second service would be solved should each one receiving blessing in the sanctuary make it a point to bring some other soul to the place of worship. Thought for others and the seeking to bring under the influence of the Gospel those estranged from, or neglectful of God's house, will serve to make that place and its privileges the more precious, and establish for oneself the habit of regular attendance on both the morning and evening service. It is not the pastor only, but his hearers as well who should watch for souls.—The 'Christian Intelligencer.'

The Balm of Forgetfulness.

There is a balm in forgetfulness. It heals all hurts and soothes all sorrows, and gives the soul time to grow strong again. We have sinned, we have suffered. Aye, but we have repented those sins in bitterness and tears. Now leave it all with the pitiful Father, and 'forgetting the things which are behind, reach forth unto those things which are before.' Sorrow, if too long indulged, enfeebles the soul. The best proof of our repentance of past sins is to try bravely to retrieve them, to sow flowers where we planted thorns—to be an active power for good. Sin is a terrible blot upon the life, but great is God's mercy to those who have repented, to those who fear him. 'As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.' The trusting heart will show its gratitude for the blotting out of its sins by 'forgetting those things which are behind.'

Let the grass grow over your saddened life
Of sorrow and sin and care;
Let the grass grow over your graves of shame,
And your misery of despair;
Let the grass grow over your long-nursed woe
And the fear of that awful doubt;
Let the grass grow over the sin and the hate
That brought the trouble about.

Selected.

Religious News.

Rev. Eugene P. Dunlap, the veteran Presbyterian missionary, has just returned to America on furlough. Six consecutive months last year, Rev. and Mrs. Dunlap toured on the west side of the Gulf of Siam. Their journey outfit included more than 2,000 books and tracts, five cases of medicines, a stereopticon, clothing for half a year and camping outfit. They travelled on 'ten steamers, twenty elephants, numerous buffaloes, carts and canoes, and long distances on foot.' They crossed the Malay Peninsula for the seventh time, taking sixteen days for it in order to sow Gospel seed all the way. In this tour they reached many places never before visited by a Christian missionary. They received twenty-nine adults into the Church. 'I should like to live one hundred years for this kind of work,' says Dr. Dunlap, 'the greatest joy in the world is telling others about our precious God.'—'Woman's Work.'

At the recent annual meeting of the Zenana and Bible Medical Mission it was reported that the income including £7,200 received in India, was £24,744, and the general expenditure £27,380. At the society's hospitals and dispensaries in Lucknow, Benares, Patna, Nasik, Ajodhya, and Jaunpur, 1,881 in-patients and 29,792 out-patients were treated during the year, besides 429 patients attended at their own homes. The lady doctors paid 5,557 visits, and there were 82,971 attendances at the dispensaries. The society now employs in India 150 mission-

aries and assistants, 163 teachers, nurses, etc., and 93 Bible-women, making a total of 406 workers in the field. The society has 49 schools and institutions, in which are 2,630 inmates. The missionaries and Bible-women have access to 8,209 zenanas, with 3,342 regular pupils under instruction. The Bible-women visit 927 villages.

The new order of things in 'New Korea' is described in a recent letter from one of our missionaries at Seoul:

Yesterday a wedding was performed in the First Methodist Church here, the contracting parties of which were both Koreans. The groom is the director of the Educational Bureau of Korea, and the bride the daughter of the governor of Chemulpo. Many prominent men and women were present. The dividing curtain between the men and the women was down its full length for the first time in the history of Korea. Among the higher class guests present was a prince who sat beside his wife, one of the ladies-in-waiting at the palace. Truly, it is startling to think of the contrast between the Korea of twenty years ago and the Korea of today. There sat many ladies who had always been so carefully nurtured and so completely secluded that one naturally thought it must be a frightful ordeal for them. Yet seemingly it was not so, for they chatted and laughed and seemed to feel as much at home in the gaze of the world as do their Western sisters. Hail to the new Korea.—'World-wide Missions.'

Work in Labrador.

A Series of Social Problems.

(Concluded.)

As we steamed up the bay next day we passed, about eighty miles up, a large, heavy boat with a slight built, thin figure pulling two oars in the bow, and a puny small boy pulling a scull aft. As there was no house for twenty miles ahead, we steamed alongside and asked him where he was going. To look for work in the mill, he said. I knew then who the man was. He has six children and a wife, and he, like my hunter friend, had been down the bay fishing. Eight days previously he had started to row this unsuited old boat, to see for himself if it were true that the mill was closed for the winter, and there would be no work. Several others had resigned themselves to their fate. But that was not the spirit of this man. Winds had held westerly, that was, right ahead. His sail had been useless, and he was out of all food except dry flour, not that he had much when he started. But now he had none, and there was no chance of getting any that night at any rate. It was well into September, and the nights were cold, and as when food is scarce clothes are still scarcer, the prospects for himself and the lad, were at least unpleasant. We were in a great hurry, as we wanted to steam up a very shallow river, with unbuoyed banks, so as to blow down our boiler before dark and get fresh water in the morning, while we visited the mill. The sun was already setting. The problem was, should we help these two and burden ourselves? Is there any profit or pleasure when it is so very inconvenient in helping lame dogs over styles as Kingsley puts it?

What sermon would Christ have us preach here?

We had on board a number of letters for various folk in this corner of the world, where opportunities for sending letters are not many. Among them was one for an aged widow with a grown half-silly daughter. She was eking out a living by working at skin-boot making, and at general sewing, and by the kindness of the manager of the mill here, she had rooms in a newly 'run up,' large rough shack, built really to accommodate some of his lumbermen. Her few possessions were not enough to overburden the room with furniture, and in truth it looked cheerless enough. One could not help being struck with the fact that the bed was fenced in underneath, and a very large rooster was disporting himself in his home. 'Have you no hens?' I asked. 'No, Doctor, I had one, but he died last year.' 'Why do you keep the old rooster, then?' 'I hope I may some day get a hen.' 'How long have you had the rooster?' 'About five years, Doctor. The last manager o't'old mill gived him to me. But

you see up here he can't ever get out to walk about. She had never lived off the ground floor herself. After that conversation it seemed it would be impious to suggest the death of that ancient bird. I produced now a letter from her son, 'Sandy,' a much married man, who lives a hundred miles away, and has a large and poorly-fed family himself. 'I can't read 'un,' he said. 'Please, Doctor, can you read 'un for me?' This I was pleased enough to do, and was glad indeed to read the expressions of filial love, and especially that out of a very poor catch for his family, he had sent on a well packed barrel of fish for his old mother. So many of the children who leave their parents and go to the United States and Canada, and make money, and do well, absolutely forget about their old parents entirely, who remain on this shore. I have listened only this week to three such cases. The letter ended in a pathetic way: 'It is getting dark, mother,' he wrote, 'and I can't see to write any more.' He was of that class who do not waste money by sitting up late and burning midnight oil. Kerosene is expensive up here, anyhow, and so the ill-scrawled letter that meant so much to the old lady, came to an abrupt end as so many so-called more valuable things will also. But that letter was a precious thing, and I felt highly honored by being its bearer and interpreter.

It was a true missionary message.

Since I commenced my letter, Mr. Editor, we have come to an anchor in the Hamilton river, and the manager has come on board. To our inexpressible joy we hear he will not only let his Canadian lumbermen return, but that he will operate enough to employ all the settlers who are depending on him. A wonderful fall of rain has occurred while he was away in Canada arranging his final directions for the mill, and, when a fortnight ago the manager arrived to close the mill, he found some twelve hundred logs washed down into the well-spread boom, that for four years had lain in the river unget-at-able. It seemed to be a special act of Providence, and now he will hasten back at once to Canada, raise, if possible, the necessary money, get provisions to operate through the winter, and will, though the winter will be on him before he can return, have the joy of knowing that he will save much suffering while we all pray he may have great success.

If it should appear from my letter, Mr. Editor, that my faith in Labrador as a country was failing, I have given quite the wrong impression. I fully believe it will one day be a rich country. Its pulpwood alone would support a large population. Its minerals wait, I have no doubt whatever, only to be discovered. Its scenic attractions in the north are magnificent, and thirty or forty miles in from the heads of these bays, where no summer frosts were found, it seems to me that things grow so quickly and so richly, that one day cereals of a hardy nature will grow in abundance in the whole interior of this vast peninsula. Its hunting and its rich fishing added, assure it a future when it is handled as it will be in the future. At present its resources are being only played with.

We ourselves intend to stick to it, anyhow, for its rugged coast has been our home for many years now, and with acquaintance one certainly learns to love it more, and especially its opportunities for the gospel.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

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