

and analysis of the motives of all life's actions. It is the expression of this consciousness that one is able later to lay before the eyes of the being with whom he is seeking the happiness of sincerity.—Maurice Maeterlinck.

Religious News.

Thomas H. Morton, the United States Consul at Harput, Asiatic Turkey, writing to the Department of Commerce and Labor on 'The Outlook for American Trade in Harput,' closes with a signal tribute to the missionaries:

'I have had occasion to revert to the work of the American missionaries and teachers settled in the district. In a thousand ways they are raising the standards of morality, of intelligence, of education, of material well-being, and of industrial enterprise. Directly or indirectly, every phase of their work is rapidly paving the way for American commerce. Special stress should be laid upon the remarkable work of the physicians who are attached to the various stations. The number of these stations is steadily growing; they now dot the map of Asia Minor at Cesarea, Marsovan, Sivas, Adana, Aintab, Mardin, Harput, Bitlis and Van. At most of these points well-equipped hospitals are in active operation. The influence of the American practitioners stationed at the above points is almost incalculable.'

A missionary's letter from Livingstonia, in east Central Africa, tells of the remarkable action of some school children during a drought. It is a fact not well known that heathens frequently appeal to Christian neighbors in a time of plague, famine, or other public calamity, to cry to their God for its removal (Jonah i., 6):

Worship and prayers were offered by the heathen to the spirits, but there was no answer to their entreaty. Some of the scholars were asked to pray to God, and the answer to their prayer was rain that same night. The heathen were greatly impressed, and there were many thanksgivings to God. The rain was copious, and they got in their seed. Then in a few days the green blade appeared, and the promise of abundance of food. Just then, however, a great swarm of locusts came down, and with the locusts an outcry of despair. Again they prayed to God, saying something to the effect that 'We prayed for rain, and you heard us, God. We were glad and thankful, and planted our seed. But now when the leaf has appeared above ground, you have locusts which must destroy our crop. Help us, God!' They had not stopped praying when 'wu-u,' a strong wind came tearing through the plain, taking the locusts with it and leaving not one behind. Their crops were saved.—The 'Bombay Guardian.'

Work in Labrador.

DOINGS IN DR. GRENFELL'S PARISH.

Full of interest as have been the weekly letters which Dr. Grenfell has himself sent from the scenes of his mission, there remains room for a still further interest on occasion in the report of an outsider. It is hardly just, however, to call the Rev. J. T. Richards, a Church of England clergyman at St. Anthony, an outsider, a newcomer would be a more appropriate term, for he has entered heart and soul into co-operation with Dr. Grenfell, but it is his report as one comparatively new to the work that was written this summer from St. Anthony to 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers.' The story of last winter's success, it may fairly be hoped, will be repeated this year:

Dear Mr. Editor,—The prophet of Labrador and northern Newfoundland, W. Grenfell, M.D., C.M.G., having invited us to the St. Anthony sports, to take place on March 12, the early part of that month saw us once more on the march thitherward. The most musical sound to the traveller in winter on this coast is the 'yappy yap, yap' of the dog team as they canter over the frozen snow, and on March 13, one day late, we dashed down the incline into the commodious harbor of St. Anthony.

As we drove across to the house of Mr.

Boyd we saw the crowd assembled on the harbor in the vicinity of the hospital, and soon joined them. As we approached the scene of the sports the excitement of the onlookers apprised us of the fact that something very interesting was in process.

We had arrived just in time to see the closing tilts of the three last combatants in a bread bag fight. All the others had been put 'hors de combat' and soon the third last was put out of the fight by a very skilful manoeuvre on the part of Esau Heller, who in turn was knocked out by John Pilgrim. The two last won the first and second prizes given by Dr. Grenfell. It was then proposed by some mischievous onlooker that the doctors should do bread bag battle with the parsons. It was useless to refuse, and into the bags we were soon hustled. The only qualification for taking part in this unique combat, is the pulling a bread bag up over the body and tying around the neck, thus rendering arms and legs useless. I soon found myself lying helpless on the snow, and was somewhat cheered on looking around to see several others in the same predicament—Dr. Grenfell, Dr. Little and the two Methodist parsons, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Brown. Only Father Tibeaux, from Conche, and Dr. Stewart now held the field, and after a stubborn fight Dr. Stewart succeeded in getting Father Tibeaux outside the line and was declared champion. Notwithstanding the bitter-cold, the day passed merrily, and we felt thankful to Dr. Grenfell for this much-needed diversion. What struck one most forcibly was the great patience shown by Dr. Grenfell in amusing the boys. Whilst others were driven periodically into some abode to thaw and warm their almost frozen faces and extremities, he never once left his post until due attention had been paid to all who wished to take part in the sports, by which time the shadows of evening were fast falling, and we were all glad to avail ourselves of the doctor's hospitality, which was most willingly and bountifully bestowed.

The Deep Sea Mission staff at St. Anthony this winter is by far the ablest in its history on this coast, and the very urgent demand in which the mission is held is evidenced by the great number of patients from, as far west as Port Saunders in the Straits of Belle Isle to Englee in White Bay.

Dr. Grenfell is assisted by two very skilful doctors this year, Dr. Stewart from Scotland, who in the winter of 1907 performed a very serious operation in removing a huge tumor from one of the finest and most useful women in the mission, and restoring her to her friends, who never expected to see her alive again, and Dr. Little, M.D., a very eminent and experienced Boston surgeon, who has knowledge which can only be obtained by attending the greatest operating theatres in the world.

The nurse at the hospital, Sister Kennedy, has endeared herself to the patients by her unceasing efforts to make them comfortable.

Miss Storr is doing an excellent work in caring for the little orphans at the Orphanage. It does not take long to note the improvement in those poor little ones who come to her for nursing.

The Industrial School, under Miss Lucer, is doing a most excellent work, and we look for a reformation in the lives of some of our young girls who have placed themselves under her tuition. It has already begun, and we contemplate with great pleasure the development of these girls into young women fitted for the duties that may fall upon them as wives and mothers capable, as they could not hope to be under their former condition of life, of bringing up sons and daughters that will be a credit to our coast, and who will in turn have bequeathed to them the power to hand on a heritage of decent citizenship to their progeny.

Dr. Grenfell kindly gave us a teacher for the winter in the person of an American lady, Miss Ruth Keese. Not only has Miss Keese proved herself capable of unlocking the knowledge boxes of her pupils; but she has proved beyond doubt that it is quite possible to be happy and to help make others happy even on the (once) French shore.

Mr. Lindsay, an Irish gentleman of genial disposition, has been camping out most of the winter studying the habits of the newly imported reindeer. Only this evening I saw a large company of deer on the hill over-

looking the harbor of St. Anthony. They looked splendid.

Mr. Lee, an American youth who enters Harvard University in September, has been 'Jack of all trades.' He seems to have enjoyed his winter at St. Anthony, and judging from his appearance, will enter the famous seat of learning none the worse for his sojourn here.

It is cheering to note that our leading citizens and doctors at St. John's realizing that we are dying faster than we ought, have followed the example of our 'physician of the North' and are taking steps to teach our countrymen the rudiments of sanitation.

Thank God for the great work of Dr. Grenfell on this coast and on Labrador. For years we have had drilled into us by lectures, circulars and placards, the simple laws which, being observed, must certainly raise the standard of our health. The results are already, I believe, being felt. Windows are being flung open, or ought to be, by every home from White Bay to Port Saunders, and the pure breezes of heaven are invading consumptive nooks and corners and driving those demons of death to destruction; supplying in their place the pure health-giving atmosphere that God intends to inflate the lungs of man and carry a full supply of oxygen to his blood.

We are told that the death rate of our country is increasing, and that in spite of a climate which for salubrity is not surpassed in the world. It is time then, as Charles Kingsley says, we 'look to our drains.'

The days of a man's age are placed by God at three score and ten, and I believe that given a health heritage and perfect sanitation, barring acts of God, every man may live it. Thanking you for space, Mr. Editor, I remain,

Yours truly,

J. T. RICHARDS.

Acknowledgments

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Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatie, or cots.

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