

of the main power house which run the cars, as well as the little ones which light the desk lamps of the general manager and his assistants, is adapted to transmit a certain amount of energy and no more. If the capacity of a wire is exceeded, if it is called upon to deliver at a certain point more energy than it was intended to carry, the wire will 'burn' out at that point. Similarly, if the main power house sends more energy to any subsidiary station than that station was built to distribute safely the machinery of the lesser station itself will suffer; and if it is thus persistently overworked it will become permanently disarranged and useless. Little by little the contact end of every overburdened wire will become disintegrated and the disintegration will gradually extend until the wire refuses to perform its mission and the energy of the power house can no longer reach the point which needs it.

'So with the brain. It is endowed with the power of generating a mysterious force. We do not know what it is, but we know that this force governs the functions of the body and that, under normal conditions, only enough of it is carried along any one nerve fibre to supply the tissues through which it passes; so that, for example, if you cut off your finger, the stump of the finger needs only the services of the stump of its own particular nerve to keep it alive. Science calls this mysterious force neuron energy.

'And right here, though it has no direct bearing on our subject, I must tell you a wonderful thing. If at the moment when we amputate a limb, and its nerve along with it, we could arrest and transmute into some known form the neuron energy which the knife suddenly interrupted in its accustomed flow—if we had an instrument sensitive enough to determine the nature of the surplus energy thus suddenly released—we should be close to solving the riddle of life itself. That flash of ineffable force from the severed end of the nerve—that spark of the severed wire—may some day yield up the secret which has seemed too sacred even for science to explore.

'Well, to get back to alcohol,' continued Dr. Van Giesen. 'Let me say again that the human feed wire is not fashioned to transmit more energy than is needed along its length, and that if it is forced as alcohol forces it to carry more than that, it will 'burn out' at the end, and that if this excess demand upon the nerves is continued the corrosion will extend until the nerve is paralyzed, or partially so.

'Now, just as the great power house in the Bronx not only drives the street car at Bowling Green, but also generates power for its own lights and ventilating fans and the dainty electroliers in the manager's office, so the brain not only controls the remotest functions of the body, but also provides neuron energy for its own most intricate and complex workings—the orderly marshalling of thought, the recording of impressions and the illumination of all with the transcendent faculty of the moral sense. Disarrange these functions and the result is insanity. And the effect of overtaxing the nerve centres which control the brain itself is precisely the same as upon those which govern the bodily functions—they become burned out; and what I have shown you through the microscope is the ashes of these beautiful organs, burned out by overstimulation with alcohol.

'Of course, every smallest exercise of the brain tends toward its destruction, but in the normal person nourishment and restoration go on faster than the burning out process. But alcohol does not nourish; it is a spur, a whip-lash. When you drink you are not getting up more steam by feeding the fire; you are burning out the fire under forced draught. You are trying to do that foolish thing of getting something for nothing.

(Continued on page 10.)

Religious News.

The recent affrays in Calcutta between Hindus and Mohammedans are one more proof that the tension of feeling between the two communities is becoming more and more acute, and emphasizes the necessity of permanently providing against the recurrence of such untoward incidents. That fracas of this sort seriously interfere with business is undeniable. It is equally true that the innocent suffer for the sins of designing persons. Time and again attempts have been made to

reconcile these two large sections of the Indian population; but the differences have not been sunk. Why? Because evidently there is no love lost between the two classes. We would suggest the appointment of a committee to investigate into the causes of these yearly outbreaks, and to find out the best means of bringing about peace between the divided communities. It is plain from what has hitherto taken place that British Government is the only security for peace and tranquillity in this country. The moment John Bull leaves these shores chaos would reign in India. Pax Britannica is not appreciated as it ought to be, for the simple reason that we are not able to recognize the worth of any benefit till it has gone.—'Moslem Herald.'

The immediate opening of work in a new field has been decided on. This makes the third field of the society and is situated in western India, while the other two, it will be remembered, are in northern India, one in the Panjab and the other in the United Provinces. The new field comprises the Karjat Taluk of the Ahmednagar district and the Karumala Taluk of the Sholapur district. The work is to be commenced by sending there the Rev. Savaranjee Salve, who has been for nine years pastor of the Ahmednagar first church. His support is guaranteed by the church which he now leaves to go out to the mission field. Immediate appeals are being issued to secure a qualified Indian missionary to take charge of the mission. A fourth field has also been selected to be worked on behalf of the Mar Thoma Syrian Church. It is in the southern borders of the Nizam's dominions. The Syrian community has already forwarded Rs. 510 as its first instalment toward the cost of this mission.—'Indian Witness.'

Work in Labrador.

A TRIUMPH OF TRUST.

(Concluded.)

'Now let me look at the lump you complain of, Isaac, and you tell me just how it all happened.

'Is it very tender?' feeling his way gradually round it. 'Where do you feel the worst pain?'

'Here, sir,' indicating a certain spot, 'it's terrible sharp there, Doctor, when it comes, it nigh tears me to pieces. I has to scream with the pain sometimes or I think I should go mad with it. When I were on the steamer it took me in the middle of the night an' I thought I was goin' to die straight away, I did so. The man what is sort o' nurse on the boat he were most afeared to watched me, he thought as how I was goin' to peg out in front of his eyes. But I told him he hadn't nothing to be feared of, I weren't scared to die if my time had come. You see, sir, I been servin' o' the Lord these twenty years, an' I knew he weren't agoin' to fail me when I needed him most. But anyway the pain passed off again an' I aren't felt much since.'

Several other questions were asked and answered evidently to the Doctor's satisfaction. He smiled reassuringly as he rose to go. 'We will hope to improve things, Isaac, anyway,' he said, kindly.

'That is an operation then, Sister,' was the verdict as soon as they were out of the man's hearing. 'We must do it as soon as possible. To-morrow, if he consents, I would like him to be ready, please.'

Isaac gave his consent willingly. 'Anything you thinks best, Doctor, I'm quite satisfied. I knows I can't live long with a lump like that, so I'm just in your hands. Only there's one thing I'd like for you to do, sir, write a letter to my Beckie and tell her I'm bad and have got to have an operation. Tell her if it's God's will I hope to get better, but I'm quite happy either way. Of course I'd like to have my health agin and see her and the children, but if not, well—' and he hesitated 'you knows how to put it, Doctor, and I'm a-hinderin' of you all this time; all I wants to say is that God is standin' by and I'm not afeared with Him.'

'That's good, Isaac,' was the response. 'He has never failed us yet, but it must give Him pleasure each time we prove anew our confidence in Him. Beckie shall have a letter, and all being well I'll hope to do something for you to-morrow.'

It was early the next morning, and the Sister was busily engaged in the operating thea-

tre when the ward maid came in somewhat hurriedly.

'Sister, Isaac says can he see you for a minute?'

'Yes, of course,' and entering the ward she found Isaac lying very quietly with his eyes closed; but he looked up pleased when he heard her come in.

'Sister,' he began nervously, 'I've got a very weak heart for things to do with cuttin', and I don't want to see nothin' aforehand if it can be helped.'

'All right, Isaac, you need have no fear of seeing anything, I assure you. All good things are worth keeping secret for a time, you know,' she added with a smile.

The fisherman smiled, too, as he answered: 'That's right, Sister, it's like telling the tricks of the trade as you might say. Well, I has great faith in the Doctor and you doin' your best for me, but I didn't want to see any of the tackle.'

There was much of the human in him, but much of the divine, too. His natural anxiety turned to the visible, but his strong faith turned to the invisible but nevertheless to him real Presence of the Christ. That Presence waited with him; that Presence went with him at the hour of trial, and its quieting influence was but the touch of the Man of Sorrows, 'who knows us and loves us and understands.'

What passed in the operating theatre he never knew.

An hour and a half passed before the Doctor came out, but when he did there was a look of satisfaction on his face, and a tone of relief in his voice. His diagnosis had proved correct, the patient had undergone the ordeal well, evidencing no sign of collapse, and altogether the operation promised to be an eminent success.

Time slipped by as the Sister waited for him to recover consciousness, and suddenly she was surprised by the sound of singing.

A very weak sound, but nevertheless the sound of song rather than the wearied moan she was accustomed to hear at such times.

She listened to the words, somewhat indistinctly uttered, but they seemed like a hallelujah from some unseen choir.

'Safe in the arms of Jesus . . .

Safe on His gentle breast . . .

And then the voice ceased for a minute. She caught it up, humming the tune so that he might hear.

'There by His love o'er-shaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.'

Slowly his eyes opened, and a smile shone on the wan face. It was the amen to his faith, and like a benediction to the hospital ward.

The operation proved most successful. Three weeks passed, and the man who had such strong and practical faith was equally in earnest as a workman, lending the Doctor a hand at carpentering, or painting, in fact anything in which he could be useful.

And no matter where he was found or what he was doing, he always had a smile on his face, and if it was remarked on, his reply was ever the same—'Well for sure I've got no reason to do naught else; if a Christian man isn't happy, well—his Christianity isn't much good to him or anybody else, I'm thinkin'.'—May Simpson, in 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers.'

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