

enough known. During the succeeding century several changes and restoration took place and then in 1707—a little more than a hundred years after Elizabeth's death—the Scottish was united with the English Parliament to form the Parliament of Great Britain. Nearly a century again elapsed before the final change took place and the Union Jack assumed the form that it still bears.—'Gazette.'

### Religious News.

Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson, foreign secretary of the L. M. S., writes thus to the British 'Congregationalist':

The new year is to be 'a great missionary year' among the churches which own the L. M. S. as their channel of work in the foreign mission field. A special campaign of information and appeal is to be inaugurated very soon, and is to be pushed in every direction by preachers, speakers, and literature. The tide will flow so strongly and fully that it is expected it will fill every creek and channel, and reach even the remotest and smallest villages. Special response is expected to this special effort—large, generous, bountiful response—a response in money which will fill the treasury and which will be a permanently enlarged stream of contributions to mission funds, providing adequately for the maintenance and development of the society's work, a response in consecrated lives eager to give themselves to the extension of Christ's kingdom throughout the world, and a response in more general and fervent prayer for the manifestation of God's saving grace to all the earth.

The 'Medical Missionary' gives the following statistics regarding the number of medical missionaries now in the fields from Great Britain and the United States: The 6 largest societies in the United States have a total of 281, and the 5 largest British societies of 250. The Presbyterians have exactly 100, while the Church Missionary Society leads Great Britain with 80. The total for Great Britain is men, 278, and women, 147, while the United States and Canada furnish (including the 20 in the list of Great Britain who hold American degrees), men, 280, and women, 153.

China leads in the list of countries, with a total of over 300, India comes next with 225; then Africa, with only 65. Korea, Palestine, Turkey, Burma, Egypt and other lands and even the islands of the sea, including the Philippines, are in part at least cared for.

A number of interesting and helpful lectures on missions were delivered in German Universities during last winter. In Halle Professor Warneck has interested and guided the students in the study of history and methods of missions. In Bonn, Professor Boehmer lectured on missions and the German Colonial Policy. In Giessen, Dr. G. G. G. discussed the history, the fields, and the problems of foreign missions. In Konigsberg, Professor Mirbt taught the history of missions. And in the Seminary of Oriental Languages in Berlin, many lectures beneficial to the future missionary were delivered, the most prominent lecturer being Professor Meinhof, the master of the Bantu languages.

Temperance, in its relation to the individual and to the state, will be the subject of a great mass meeting Sunday afternoon, June 21, at the International Sunday School Convention, Louisville, Kentucky. Justice MacLaren, of Canada, will preside, and the speakers will be Governor Robert B. Glenn, of North Carolina; Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, National President of the W.C.T.U.; Rev. Alex. Alison, D.D., General Secretary of the National Temperance Society on 'The Dual Problem,' and Rev. P. A. Baker, D.D., National Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League on 'The New Crusade Against the Saloon.'

Canada will send large delegations from the several provinces to the International Sunday School Convention at Louisville, Kentucky, June 18-23. Justice MacLaren, of Toronto, is President of the International Association; Principal E. I. Rexford, D.D., L.L.D., of Montreal, and Principal William Patrick, of Winnipeg, are members of the International Lesson Committee, and other speakers and workers who will be heard at

the Convention are Rev. Robert Johnston, D.D., of Montreal; Rev. A. C. Crews, D.D., of Toronto; Dr. Frank Woodbury, of Halifax, N.S.; William Hamilton, of Toronto, and General Secretaries J. A. Jackson, B.A., of Ontario; W. H. Irwin, of Manitoba; Stuart Muirhead, of Alberta and Eastern B.C.; Rev. J. B. Ganong, of N.B. and P.E.I.; and Rev. A. M. McLeod, of N.S. Rev. Aquila Lucas, of Nova Scotia, is the International Field Worker for the West Indies and South America, and the record of his work during the past five months rings the clear and true note of triumph for the Cause of Christ through the service agency of the Sunday School.

### Work in Labrador.

#### THE CLOSE OF THE SUMMER.

(From a letter by Dr. Alfreda Withington, of Pittsburg, Mass., in 'Among the Deep Sea Fishermen'.)

(Concluded.)

I couldn't leave Blanc Sablon at the end of four weeks, the season had been so late and there was work to be done, I stayed twice as long as I intended. I left some supplies behind me and packed a trunk full for Indian Harbor Hospital. I took with me to Battle Harbor 'the old man' whose granulating wounds in the arm needed attention, and another man whom I found down the shore in a deplorable condition from acute articular rheumatism. The day before leaving Blanc Sablon this telegram came from Red Bay, seventy miles 'down' the Straits: 'To the doctor at Blanc Sablon, four men sick with colds, etc., etc., no appetite, eating causes vomiting, kindly forward remedies by "Home." Please keep private.' Signed, Skipper K. The telegraph operator adds, 'I think it is smallpox.' I wired back, 'I will be on "Home" and will visit schooner.' The morning for leaving Blanc Sablon dawned fair, the flags were flying from the Room of the Jerseyman and at Grant's, the schooners floated their ensigns, the foreigners in the harbor not to be outdone hoisted their codes of signals, but daylight did not bring the 'Home,' and only at midnight, dark as pitch, did her lights show up, but friends were there to say 'good-bye.'

At Red Bay the next day the captain thought he would not be able to get into the harbor, as the fog was like a great blanket and predicted that Skipper K. would not appear, but the Captain sounded his whistle, and I soon saw emerging out of the fog a trap-skiff with a man standing astern anxiously looking up. 'Skipper K.?' I asked leaning over the rail. 'O-h-yes' came in a tone of relief. A sober looking man was the skipper. Off into obscurity we went, scaling the side of the schooner and clambering over blubber barrels we came to the aft cabin where out of the bunks with little more than two feet square openings, the skipper hauled, first one man cyanosed, head bobbing; then another semi-delirious and two more not quite so bad, but all bad enough, four cases of typhoid! The skipper said he would not send them to the hospital now that they were irresponsible, when they refused to go while able to decide. They had wished to go home, so fortified by such help as I could render they started for Newfoundland. I have since heard that all recovered, although Uriah—'had a close shave.' I had scarcely set foot upon the landing at Battle Harbor when Dr. Grieve asked: 'Do you chance to have anaesthetics?' 'Yes!' 'a scrap of gauze?' 'a trunk full of dressings,' I replied. 'Oh my, oh my, any bandages?' 'Dozens.' They went out of all at Battle Harbor and my trunk of supplies got no farther north.

The hospital at Battle Harbor is a cozy little place, made so by Sister Bailey. Up on the hill is the doctor's cottage occupied by Doctor and Mrs. Grieve, whose charming hospitality is known to all travellers. There is much I would like to write of; of that exciting occasion, the arrival of the 'Daryl,'—the motor launch brought up from Gloucester to the Labrador by four Harvard medical students; of our efforts to get a nurse over to St. Anthony to Miss MacMahon, who had scarlet fever; of Miss Macdonald's arrival and of her departure on the 'Hawk.' I can see her now, standing out in relief be-

hind the sealer's gun pointed toward Newfoundland, the one figure on deck, an earnest of help and comfort for St. Anthony, but missed by the people of the Straits to whom she and Miss MacMahon had so unselfishly administered.

My trip north completed my knowledge of what Dr. Grenfell had done for that coast. It can not be estimated in cold statistics, but by the effect upon the lives of those who would be still hopelessly struggling with disease and poverty and despair had he not brought help and hope.

The time was drawing near for me to leave the Labrador, but I had a longing to re-visit my summer-made friends along the shore. Miss Richardson went with me, and we took with us the old man whom we were to see to his home in Newfoundland. New needs had arisen along the coast. In one home we found a man with unsuspected diphtheria, and it was hard for him to realize the menace he was to his little children, a realization dearly bought, for a letter later informed me of the death of his little girl.

A busy week we had! Then came the real good-bye and again at midnight. 'We are rough Newfoundlanders,' they said, 'but come back and see how we'll welcome you.'

'The old man' had never been on a train. It was a great occasion for him. We started out of the station at Bay of Islands in the late afternoon and had gone about twenty miles when there came a jar, a jolt, and a crash. Running to the door, a medley of overturned cars obscured by steam, and people running to and fro met our eyes. The engine and three cars had gone off the track and overturned, the diner was half off and we in the next coach had just escaped. The awful thought was 'the old man,' and the two Harvard men who had joined us on the homeward trip and who had just gone forward. Before I had time to jump and find out the state of affairs, the old man's red sling appeared in the crowd and running he cried out: 'They'se sees you'se safe and they'se helpin' the others.'

The fireman proved to be the only person seriously injured, and while the Harvard men extricated him from the wreck and with Miss Richardson prepared a place for him in the sleeper, I attended to minor injuries. My trunk with its emergency kit, which I had learned to carry was gotten out of the debris and there in our improvised hospital, the fireman gratefully took the ether while we repaired his awful injuries, giving him at least freedom from pain. An engine was sent down to take us back, and at one o'clock in the night we drew up under the hill where the fireman lived. An awe-struck crowd met us. The Harvard men lifted the man out upon a stretcher and silently the procession started forth, a line of lantern bearers fore and aft. We watched the lights disappear slowly round the hill. Our work for the Deep Sea Mission was over!

Only a memory remained, a picture sombre in tone 'tis true. The Labrador brooks no other, but over all the glow of human kindness and grateful acts of a simple people living in a land where hardships and perils are every-day affairs of life and whose burdens, despite our best efforts, we may only lighten, not remove.

### 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, komatik, or cots.