

Ethiopian to change his skin or of the leopard his spots (Jer. xiii, 23). Sometimes the modern form is virtually the same as that of the ancient, as in the following, 'O thou that diggest a ditch of misfortune for another, thou shalt thyself surely fall into it!'

Many of these proverbs agree in sentiment remarkably with those current among modern people. The modern equivalent of the following expressions will readily be recognized: 'All new things glitter,' 'Venture into a noisy stream, but not into a still one,' 'Be one-eyed with those who have but one eye,' 'Much speaking brings failure, but little speaking secures respect,' 'The pot abused the pot-ladle and said, "Thou art black, thou ugly thing," but the ladle answered, "Thou and I are the children of the kitchen;"' 'Whosoever patches will not go naked,' 'On account of many cooks the food was burned,' 'A multitude without any fruit!' (for example, 'Much ado about nothing'); 'Stretch your feet according to the length of the cover.'

Even modern prejudices are seen to have their Eastern counterparts, as, for example, 'When a dog gets into Paradise, then a mother-in-law will love a daughter-in-law,'—that is, neither will ever take place. 'Never buy a she-ass the mother of which is in the same quarter of the town,' which intends to say that a man should never marry a girl whose mother lives near by. The same prejudice against women finds a drastic expression in the following: 'If there is one woman in the house, there will be honor; if there are two, the constant word is "slavish service" (that is the one forces the other to do the work, which the latter resents as a slave's work). Sometimes proverbs that read like modern sayings are not used in Palestine in the sense current in the West. Thus the words, 'A bird in the hand is better than a gazelle that vexes thee,' is not the equivalent of our 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' but purposes to teach that an ugly though peaceful wife is better than one that causes trouble.

Some of the sayings that are peculiar to the Arabs round about Jerusalem are strikingly interesting and well worth quoting, as can be seen from the following: 'A piece of property that is not guarded teaches people to sin' (that is, opportunity makes thieves); 'The righteous wish of a neighbor is a "must" for other neighbors'; 'He who has no shame is controlled by his desires'; 'A word in time is worth a horse'; 'Train up a dog, yet he will bite you'; 'The welfare of the stomach is often dependent upon a single bite' (used to indicate that a single word may often do great harm); 'Give the bear some silk thread to wind' (entrust no delicate piece of work to an awkward person); 'The camel lipped with its lips, and it fell and broke its neck' (used when an excuse is offered that is untrue); 'Even an ugly monkey is as beautiful in the eyes of its mother as a gazelle'; 'The onion has become large, and has forgotten its origin' (used of a person who has forgotten his humble beginnings); 'If you strike a blow, do so hard enough to cause pain, but when you give something to eat, give enough to satisfy'; 'A goat with the itch will infect the whole herd' (evil associates corrupt good manners); 'The bachelor looks at the walls, and regards them as women'; 'A dog will bark even at the sultan'; 'Your tongue is your horse; if you guard it, it will guard you.' But if it runs away with you, then you are lost; 'A narrow home is big enough to hold a thousand friends'; 'Although everything has not been gained, yet everything has not been lost' (spoken of partial success); 'His mantle does not hold even a bit of salt' (that is, poor as a church mouse); 'His father is an onion, his mother reek,—how can he have an agreeable scent?' 'A white egg from a black hen' (used of something remarkable).

The majority of these sayings are in the beautiful form common to Arabic proverbs.—'S. S. Times.'

We do not see all of the worst ruins. A boy starts out with high ideals. He meets the harsh dishonesty and cold trickery of men. He is poisoned by it and resolves to use the same means towards gaining his end. And he is never the same. His ideals have fallen into wreck within. He heard no noise for there was none. The ruin was within.

Religious Notes.

It is a common notion that converts from Islam are almost unknown; but nearly every Christian congregation in the Punjab has some Moslem members in it, while throughout North India there are nearly 200 Moslem pastors or evangelists, and among them many eloquent preachers of the gospel and able controversialists. Over 100 converts of distinction have forsaken Islam for Christ, like the late eminent Dr. Ima'ud-din, who was formerly a most determined opponent of Christianity. In Persia, Arabia, Egypt, Syria, and elsewhere, the fanaticism of the past has decreased; thousands of the young are receiving a Christian education, and the Word of God is gradually working its way into the minds of the people, who seem ready for evangelizing. The largest number of Moslem Christians are to be found, not in great continents, but in Sumatra and Java, where there are over 16,000 gathered into churches.—Rev. T. L. Slater.

The 'National Missionary Intelligencer' publishes the report of the National Indian Missionary Society, which is full of encouragement. Organized in December, 1905, with the purpose of enlisting Indians in aggressive Christian work for their countrymen, it has established over 100 branches in different sections of the country, started a national organ, collected funds, and during the present month actually begun work in the Montgomery District in the Punjab. The first worker to be appointed is Mr. James Williams, a Punjabi, of Christian parentage, and a graduate of the Forman Christian College at Lahore. Over 40 candidates for service are reported, but some are unsuitable; two, however, were graduates, and four undergraduates. The Society is to be congratulated upon the progress it has made, the general interest amongst Christians that has been aroused, and the favorable circumstances under which its work has been begun. We hope that other unoccupied fields may be entered by it soon, and that more general interest in its work be awakened among Indian Christians.

Our Labrador Work.

FURTHEST NORTH IN THE 'STRATHCONA.'

Dear Mr. Editor,—The North Cape of Labrador is really on a large island. It appears as if the boiling tide of Hudson's Bay Straits, has, by the help of the ice, carved the channel through the land to the south of it. This is about half a mile wide and quite straight, just as a plain piece of iron cuts marble by rubbing sand against it. The action of heat has, however, really played the greatest part in its formation, and probably an earth con-tortion lent a hand also. It certainly seems as if there cannot be any portion of British territory that has experienced harder times than Cape Chidley. For it is absolutely barren. Continually battered and pounded by ice at the water level—the clefts and cracks made by heat, now as if in irony, everlastingly, filled with ice and snow. The contorted strata themselves suggest the sensation of a fractured spine.

We raced through on the top of a boiling tide, the moon being full that very night. The rushing whirlpools at the side of the main current, with the sudden upheavals here and there, as if by boiling, of the whole surface, in places, kept our friends, who were new to its vagaries, quite interested till we were safely through.

We had with us the annual mail for this most northern of the Moravian stations—and wished naturally to anchor close in. But though it was the 23rd of August, the bay was a solid jam of ice, and we had to land through some, and over the rest, as best we could. The great rise and fall of tide, about thirty-six feet, that night afforded us a most delightful spectacle. For the ice drove it on the high tide and grounded. At low water, masses that seemed quite insignificant when afloat, assumed most lordly proportions when—while the cutting out, that always takes place below the water line, afforded us beautiful examples of mushrooms, caves, tents, arches and every variety of weird ice architecture. We were the first white men the brethren had seen since last October, and they

made us proportionately welcome, more especially as we brought their letters. They had just had visits from two families of Eskimo from Fort Chimo, a couple of hundred miles away across Ungava Bay—one man, a well-known roving Eskimo named Anarnak, and his two wives and both families. They had their skin tents, hyaks, and all their worldly possessions. Their mode of travel is simple and free from many of those dangers incurred in modern express travelling. You simply row off to a large pan of ice with all your 'stun'—haul up on to the top, spread your tent and, sail away. True, you drift here and there, and occasionally go backward for a day. But in the end the ice has to pass out of the Straits, and so then you walk ashore. The pan of ice may split up and turn over, but then you find another one. On the way you must hunt seals, birds or bear. Collisions are not dangerous, running off the tracks impossible; nerves are not even known—there is no expense. The families had half a dozen fresh seal carcasses when they arrived, and all looked as fat as butter. They are off on the Button Islands now, hunting the bears.

At the Mission Station the seal fishing had been very good, and the rocks were so greasy from the recent oil blubber chopping, that the sea could scarcely be rough if it wanted. They had 750 old seals and 60 white whales for the fall fishing alone. There was little illness; indeed, this northern settlement is healthier far than all the rest. None of the families have yet been to 'Exhibitions.' We were delighted to find the general harmony of Cape Chidley desolation maintained also in respect of the tubercle bacillus.

The surface of the sea was frozen where calm when we at last came to get aboard again for the night—a new August experience, indeed, for many of us—and all night long angry ice was 'troubling' the steamer's sides, as she moved with the current, playing a surly music within an inch or two of our inappreciative ears.

There are a number of reefs and islands on the Atlantic side of North Labrador, some lie several miles from the cliffs. On a group of these, called the Mettek, or Eider Duck Islands, we landed on the chance of game. In the spring the birds nest here in thousands. An Eskimo who went there in his kayak in June, told me he could have loaded his boat in an hour or so. As it was, to make sure that he only took fresh eggs—and not knowing the spinning or floating tests—wherever he found four eggs, he took some out and threw them away, and in the morning gathered all the newly laid ones. He said that the Eider ducks will continue to lay thus at least eight or ten eggs each. The people gather the eggs to eat them, but I should dearly like to see the bird preserved. In the north they do not collect the eider down for commercial purposes or the industry might easily be an additional source of income to our barren country. Numerous gulls nest in some of the islands, and appear to maintain a friendly relationship with their neighbors, judging from the proximity of the nests to one another.

Darkness took us on a section of coast unknown to myself, and we had to feel our way in—which we did successfully into a most delightful harbor. This not only gave us a quiet night of much-needed sleep, but also a fine bag of young ducks before we made stea-t at daylight.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL, C.M.G., M.D.

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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.