

'When a certain tank near by shall be repaired.' This tank was repaired during the famine of 1902.

Several years have passed, during which famine and sickness have ravaged Bhil-land, cutting off one-third of the population, and reducing the survivors to poverty and destitution. But in the very midst of the darkness God had caused his light to arise, and sorrow and trouble have been his chosen messengers to bring these simple people to himself. The teaching received during famine time fell on fruitful soil, and now in Lusaria there are 150 baptized Christians, where three years ago heathen darkness reigned in the hearts of the people. For some time past the little band of Christians has been holding services in the schoolroom, but the desire for a house especially dedicated to the worship of God has been steadily growing. In January a committee was formed of the leading Bhil Christians; it was agreed that the Christians themselves should build the church as far as possible without outside aid, and the site selected was the place of which it had been foretold by the old guru that it would become God's ground.

The work has gone steadily forward, men, women, and children all doing their share in erecting the mud walls of the new church. About the middle of May the walls were completed. Then arose the difficulty of providing wood for the roof, which was solved by the Maharajah of Idar, who on being told of the need, kindly consented to allow as much wood as was required to be taken from an old teak forest near by. The Christians had cheerfully and willingly given their time and labor, but to provide funds to buy wood would have been an impossibility to a community impoverished by famine. In this case the willing mind was accepted, and God himself provided what was beyond the power of his people to give.

For some weeks the heavy clouds had been very threatening, and many dreaded that the rain would come before the church was roofed in, which would mean great damage to the walls. So the Christians roused themselves to a final effort. A general invitation was issued that on a certain day whoever would join in tiling the roof would receive food in return for labor. On the specified day the church building and compound was literally swarming with workers. The orphan children carried baskets of tiles on their heads, the carpenters were busily laying on the bamboos, and over the bamboo work many hands were swiftly handing up and placing the tiles. It would be difficult to give an idea of the happy spirit that prevailed as the people toiled all through the long hot day until darkness rendered further effort impossible.

### Bottle, Well, River.

It has been suggested that these three words quite aptly designate three classes of Christians. There are those who seem to have but 'a bottle of water,' such as Abraham gave to Hagar when she wandered in the wilderness and was much distressed. There are those whose eyes have been opened to see the 'well of water,' and in whom the water has 'become,' as Christ says, 'a well springing up.' Happy they who possess this unfailing fountain to supply their needs! But there is yet something more, even that which shall overpass all local bounds, and bear forth gladness far and wide, refreshing, vivifying, fructifying. For Jesus says again that from the believer 'shall flow rivers of living water,' by which he referred to the Spirit when in his

largest, fullest abundance he has taken the most complete possession of the soul. The Spirit-filled life will speedily make itself felt. The important question is, how far our family, our neighborhood, our church, are being refreshed by us. Where are the 'rivers of living water' that we should be giving forth?—'Zion's Herald.'

### For the Labrador Hospital.

#### HELP TO STOCK THE LARDER.

The culinary department of even a modest household in this country can engulf an astonishing amount of supplies in the course of a year, as any housekeeper knows full well—this, too, considering only things that are not luxuries, but merely necessities or at most the ordinary comforts of life. It will readily be understood that for the three hospitals, Battle Harbor, Indian Harbor and St. Anthony's, maintained by the Deep Sea Mission, under Dr. Grenfell's care, large supplies are necessary, while the new hospital to be erected shortly, it is hoped, on the Canadian Labrador coast, will call for still more food-stuff. The policy of the mission is not to furnish such dainties to the patients during their stay in the hospitals as will make their plainer fare distasteful to them on their return home; the administration is too far-seeing and knows too well the conditions of the country to make such a mistake as that. But they can put to good use some of the simple luxuries with which our home tables are so generously supplied.

The fruit season is just opening up. Already the old favorite rhubarb is in condition for preserving; strawberries and other fruits will quickly follow in their turn. Why could not the skilful housewives who are putting up fruit for their own winter use make a couple of jars of each kind for the Labrador work?

It would need to be specially made, of course. The ordinary canned fruits put up in their syrup, which are so delicious on the home table, would be of doubtful value. In the first place they would take up a great deal of space in proportion to quantity of actual food contained in them. Again, the shaking to which they would surely be exposed would be likely to start fermentation; further, the contents might freeze during the fall journey or when lying up in some warehouse waiting for further transport, in which case the jars would burst and the contents be eventually lost; then, too, even with a crack in the glass caused by a knock, the thin syrup would escape; and, lastly, arrived at the hospital the whole jar must be used up at once or the fruit would spoil.

All the considerations, then, are in favor of the good, old-fashioned, thick, pound-for-pound jam our grandmothers used to make; and since acid fruits, such as the cranberry, partridge berry, bake-apple and others like them, are found plentifully in Labrador, the sweet preserve will be just the thing to supplement them.

Jellies, of course, of all kinds would be acceptable additions, not being open to any of the objections quoted against canned fruits; so would the marmalade and fruit butters.

Friends wishing to send a small box of these things should make them early as the summer fruits come in, not depending too much on the late September supply. The last two months of the navigation season are very busy ones for steamers sailing from Montreal, and while arrangements are generously made for the autumn carrying of a limited amount of this special supply for Labrador, it

would make matters much easier all round to send as early as possible. Indeed, it might be quite impossible to give any space in the last few boats, and it would be very disappointing to have one's box lie over in Montreal for the winter, all because of a three weeks' delay in packing and despatching the results of the summer work.

The box would need to be strong and not too large. A binding round the edges of thin hoop iron or of heavy wire secured by staples would mean added strength with very little added weight, while stout rope handles would facilitate lifting and moving about. It should be marked like the barrels, 'Dr. Grenfell, Deep Sea Mission, Labrador,' the address painted or stencilled on. The box should be consigned to the Black Diamond Steamship Co., Montreal, with all charges fully prepaid up to this port. The same care should be taken to enclose a list of contents with name and address of donor, that the gift may in due time be acknowledged.

### An English Rural Sunday.

'Those who are in the habit of remarking such matters must have noticed the passive quiet of an English landscape on Sunday. The clacking of the mill, the stroke of the flail, the din of the blacksmith's hammer, the whistle of the ploughman, the rattling of the cart, and all other sounds of rural labor are suspended. The very farm dogs bark less frequently, being less disturbed by passing travellers. At such times I have almost fancied the wind sunk into blue haze, enjoyed the hallowed calm. Well was it ordained that the day of devotion should be a day of rest. The holy repose which reigns over the face of nature has its moral influence; every restless passion is charmed down and we feel the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us. For my part, there are feelings that visit me, in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience nowhere else.'—Washington Irving.

### Acknowledgments.

#### FOR THE LABRADOR MISSION.

Mrs. H. R. H., Oakville, Ont., \$1; H. M. Vail, West Brown, \$2.28; Mrs. I. J. Miredith, \$5; Mr. Geo. Ainslie, \$1; Bruce Jeffrey, \$1; Mrs. H. P. Jeffrey, Blytheswood, \$2; A Carman Friend, Carman, \$1; A Denver Friend, \$1; Mrs. Jno. Baigent, Thamesford, \$1; G. H. Ronald, Minesing, Ont., \$5; Mrs. J. Burge, Seamo, Ont., \$1; L. Wishart, 50c, Georgie Wishart, Renfrew, 50c; Mrs. W. B. Eady, Renfrew, \$2; St. Michael's S.S., Allansville, \$1.57; Friends of the Cause, Huntsville, 68c; Frank and Hugh, St. Martins, N.B., \$1; Katie Martin, Lennoxville, \$1; Mrs. G. R. Stewart, Campden, \$5; Ivan Turner, Appleton, \$1; A Friend, Stanstead, \$1; M. W. Laidlaw, \$1; Mrs. I. W. Simpson, Milton Grove, \$1; A Friend of Missions, East Advocate, \$1.50; A Reader of 'Messenger,' Winnipeg, \$2; C. M. A., Cornwall, \$2; P. C. A., Kingsport, N.S., \$5; T. H. Payne and Wife, \$3; Widow, Montreal, \$1; Mrs. R. H. M. Brown, \$5; Mrs. Hosmer, Montreal, \$50; Mrs. Bigelow, for support of cot for one year, \$50; Kagawong Epworth League, Kagawong, \$1.05; W. H. McIlween, \$1; Rockspring Methodist S.S., \$2; Hattie A. Johnston, \$1; total, \$162.08.

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