

## World of Missions.

### Among the Doukhobors in Canada.

"And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On a wild New England shore."

The Doukhobor settlements in the undulating lands of Eastern Assiniboia, North-western Canada, are the sequence of their immigration to Canada after long and terrible sufferings for 'conscience' sake at the hands of the Russian government. When at last the Czar, yielding to the appeals of influential sympathizers with these persecuted people, permitted their departure from his dominions, this "band of exiles," numbering some seven thousand souls, embarked in four large steamships from the eastern extreme of the Black Sea for their long voyage to St. John and Halifax. The vessels were chartered and funds contributed through the London and Philadelphia Society of Friends on barely ten days' notice—a testimony to their world wide sympathy with the oppressed. After this unprecedented pilgrimage across thousands of leagues by sea and thousands of miles by land they reached their destination, where, by persistent labor in the face of difficulties known only to the pioneer, they have at last been enabled to establish their homes and their "faith's pure shrine." Here it was my privilege to visit them, and in some degree to come to know them.

Wild sunflower and coreopsis shone bright among the prairie grass, and the bracing Assiniboia breeze fluttered the papers from the tent table, as on one Sunday morning we sat chatting and resting. The sweet rich notes of a Russian hymn floated to us on the breeze. Stepping to the tent door we could hear the low rumble of wheels on the trail, and soon a team came trotting around the willow bluff. A man and two women in a farm wagon drove up and alighted, making impressive salutations. We were to go to their house. We said that we would go after dinner, but was told that dinner was waiting for us at their place. In the back of the wagon was a seat placed lengthwise, covered over with an Oriental rug, and the wagon-box was filled with hay. Such preparations won the day, and we hurried for our hats, while bright satisfaction shone from the Doukhobor's eyes.

Driving past the fields of grain and flax, we noticed near the poplar bluff groups of small, hive-like structures made of branches, and some of them partly covered with sods. These were the first temporary Doukhobor shelters. Beyond the poplars and willows we came to the homes of to-day. On each side of the village street is a row of snug, warm houses built of logs and plastered; the roofs are of sod, and a low chimney of sundried brick rises from the centre of each house. One is a bath-house, where the villagers enjoy a weekly Turkish bath. In front of each dwelling is a little garden with nodding cultivated sunflowers and vegetables and to the right and left of the village are the larger gardens. This village not being near a river, each house has its own good well with a tall well-sweep. The stable is attached to the house, and behind that are the beautifully trimmed stacks of prairie hay.

As we pass through the village the people bow to us, the men lifting their caps with much ceremony. Their costumes are bright and picturesque. The dark flat-topped caps of the men have a red piping around the crown and patent-leather peaks. Shining white, full-sleeved shirts bag into loose folds around their waists and meet the trousers of

wonderful cut, also gathered at the top. Almost any garment would look well set off by the long Russian boots, the soft leather wrinkling about the ankles. Their coats and waistcoats fit to the waist, and the former have a long, gathered frock of more than eighteen inches from the waist down. Buttons are used, but only for ornament, as the actual fastenings are hooks and eyes.

The women's shoes are also of Russian leather, low shape, showing well turned ankles in wonderfully knitted stockings. On their heads they wear bright caps, over which they put handkerchiefs, tied under their chins. "Gassets," or sleeveless coats, cover their bright "waists." Their skirts are also of some bright color, and are caught up in front to show the fine, home-woven linen underskirt, with its red and white border. Their aprons are specially fine, with two or three bright strips and lace across the bottom.

The Doukhobor meal begins with tea, bread, and salt, then vegetable soup, fried potatoes, pancakes of excellent quality, and eggs. Other dishes are cheese-cakes, pie-crust served in many fantastic shapes, fresh sweet turnips, radishes, onions, and sometimes fruit. The guests sit down and the members of the household wait on them, merrily exchanging thoughts in broken English and Russian, eked out by signs.

The interior throughout is finished in yellow plaster, made from the clay that lies underneath the rich black Assiniboia soil. Their houses have four or five rooms, the largest compassed about by a seat, which is quite broad on one side of the room. On this, each evening, some of the beds are made, a thick rug being first put over the boards, then a big feather-bed, fresh white sheets, square pillows, and a quilt. All this is neatly folded and put away during the day.

At the end of the broad seat, in the corner, is the brick oven—a picturesque feature of every Doukhobor house. They display much taste in oven building, using sun-dried bricks. At the other side of the room is a small, high table. The floor is of smooth-trodden plaster and earth, kept beautifully clean by sweeping with green bunches of prairie "broom."

After thanking our hosts for the dinner, we are invited to rest on the broad seat, with our feet dangling in the air or resting on wooden footstools. Some of the villagers sing as they sit around the table, which has been cleared of everything but the home-spun linen cloth. The singers seem to think only of the hymn or chant, and the others listen attentively. It is curious but very beautiful music. Outside the deep-set window the sunflowers move in the breeze, and the sun shines in, enriching the beautiful colors in the costumes, and in contrast bringing out the soft, wonderful shadows of the interior.

During our summer's visit we slept many times in these houses. Early in the morning the family would be astir, tho' quietly, and by the time we were dressed there was generally a row of children, washed and ready for the day, reciting the commandments, psalms, and other portions of scripture. It is a pretty sight, as they stand, their attention the recitation and their faces full of earnest thought. The mother or grandmother, who has been busy in the adjoining room, listens the while, and presently comes in; she bows, the bow is returned by the line of little ones, a few sentences are said back and forth, and then off go the children.

In some districts the Doukhobors live in

a community, in others each have their own gardens, stock, and fields. The strong bond holding them together is not tribal, but rather arises from similarity of belief.

In all the villages are good blacksmiths and carpenters, and the women will show with pride the heavy winter coats spun, dyed, and woven by themselves in Russia; also linen table-napkins, very long and narrow, which serve for a number of people.

Thus far the great problem which confronts the settlers has been to utilize the material at hand for immediate necessities. Their pioneering arrangements are so thorough and ingenious there is no doubt that they will use the larger conveniences of this country with the same skill as they come within their reach.

After having sojourned in scores of Doukhobor villages and hundreds of their homes, I believe that we have as important lessons to learn from them in Christlikeness as we have to impart. When we consider what these people have suffered through persecution, exile, and actual martyrdom for conscience' sake, and the fact that there is scarcely a family among them unrepresented by a father, brother, or son still in Siberia, we need not scruple to extend to them the hand of Christian fellowship.—Miss Nellie E. Boxer, in *Missionary Review of the World*.

### WHY BABIES CRY.

#### Some Useful Hints to Mothers on the Care of Little Ones.

Babies cry because they are sick: or in pain, and in almost every case the sickness or pain is caused by some disorder of the stomach or bowels. Fermentation and decomposition of the food produce a host of infantile troubles, such as griping, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fever, indigestion, etc. Proper digestion of the food is necessary to the maintenance of life, and evacuation of used up products and refuse of digestion is necessary to health. The lesson to mothers is, therefore, that the stomach and bowels should be carefully watched, and if baby cries, or is fretful or cross, some simple vegetable remedy should be given. Mothers should never resort to the so called "soothing" preparations to quiet baby, as they invariably contain stupefying opiates. Baby's Own Tablets will be found an ideal medicine. They gently move the bowels, aid digestion, and promote sound, healthy sleep, thus bringing happiness to both mother and child. They are guaranteed to contain no poisonous "soothing" stuff, and may be given with absolute safety (dissolved in water if necessary) to children of all ages from infancy, with an assurance that they will promptly cure all their minor ailments.

For the benefit of other mothers, Mrs. Alex. Lafave, Copper Cliff, Ont., says:—"I would advise all mothers to keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house at all times. When I began giving them to my baby he was badly constipated and always cross. He is now four months old, has not been troubled with constipation since I gave him the Tablets, and he is now always well and good natured. Mothers with cross children will easily appreciate such a change. I enclose 50 cents for two more boxes of the Tablets, and will never be without them in the house while I have children."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by druggists or will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Dept. T. Brockville, Ont.