

myself, "Now here are all these people nobody knows anything about. They lived their lives and passed away. Maybe some of them were real prosperous—I suppose they were; but maybe some were failures, like me. But God remembers them all—every last man of them. Folks forgot them thousands of years ago, but He didn't forget. He knew every one of them by name."

"I tell you there are times when there's a heap of comfort in these lists. God ain't the changing kind—He says so. So I know that somewhere in His lists old Jimmy Baker's name is put away, safe and sure."

The young minister's firm hand closed over an old, twisted one.

"Thank you, my friend," he said.—"Youth's Companion."

Religious Notes.

A severe storm has destroyed the new mission house at Sibiu, Sarawak, Borneo. Rev. J. M. Hoover had worked for about two years, cutting the lumber from the jungle and floating it fifty miles down the river. The building was to have served as home, church and school. The missionary and his family have been enduring life in a poor house. They are surrounded by the head-hunting Dyaks, with equatorial heat, malaria and insects. Yet Mr. Hoover writes that they are 'down but not out.'—'World-Wide Missions.'

On a Sunday a few months since Bishop Tugwell, of Western Equatorial Africa, baptized in the river Kaduna, outside Zaria, the first two converts from Mohammedanism, both of whom had been mallams, i.e., learned men or teachers. It was an impressive service, even to the non-Christians who witnessed it, as the candidates left their number to descend the bank of the stream, and then after immersion in the name of the Triune God and the signing of the Cross on the men's foreheads were welcomed by the Christians on the other side. One of the lookers-on, himself an inquirer, observed, 'I never felt so ill before as I did when I saw my friend cross the stream and leave me behind.' 'Of the sincerity of these two converts,' the Bishop says, 'there can be no question.'

The organ of the British and Foreign Bible Society says: 'It is encouraging to learn that, after long delay, the Society has obtained licenses for two colporteurs in Austria, and one colporteur in Dalmatia. Moreover, we have the promise of a license for Lower Austria—which includes the city of Vienna—where none of our colporteurs have been permitted to work for the last ten years.'

On Christmas Day With the Famine Orphans at Dhar, Central India.

[For the 'Northern Messenger']

If any one thinks that because it was a holiday the children would enjoy an extra sleep on Christmas morning, they are very greatly mistaken; they were very early astir, and about half-past four the missionaries were roused from their early morning slumbers by the boys singing Christmas carols in front of the bungalow; the early dawn rang with their fresh, cheery, young voices as they sang 'When shepherds watched their flocks by night,' 'Hark! The herald angels sing,' and other Christmas songs; when they ceased, borne in from the distance came the sweet music of the girl's voices as they sang their carols at the Orphanage; there, they had been very busy, and by about half-past six had finished cooking their Christmas feast, which this time consisted of rice pudding and Indian dough-nuts; the rice cooked in milk and sweetened was enriched by the addition of raisins, coconut and spice.

In the forenoon they attended service, and after that the guests arrived, their 'sisters and brothers,' those who look upon the Orphanage as their old home, and who now live in, or near Dhar, three coming all the way from Amkut. These guests were allowed to bring special friends with them to the mid-day meal, but the 'brothers and sis-

ters' only were invited to remain to the later repast. This Christmas will be an especially memorable one, as it was the young Maharajah's wedding day. The ceremony took place at two o'clock, and in the afternoon the marriage procession passed, and all the girls and boys with the matron and teachers were lined up to watch the pageant, which lasted two hours. Then followed the delightful experience of the presents being distributed, books, for which the children have been longing, being a principal feature; then came the evening meal, and as soon as that was over they played and danced to a drum accompaniment played by two of the boys. The boys, big and little, all formed into a ring and with sticks danced to the music, and the girls enjoyed themselves similarly at the other side of the playground, a few of them who are lame taking charge of the little ones. These pleasures continued until after seven o'clock, when all gathered together and sang 'Let us with a gladness mind,' in Hindi; then Dr. O'Hara gave them a nice talk about all the blessings they had enjoyed during the year, and spoke of those not able to be with them. This was followed by more singing and then prayer, concluding with God save the King.' The guests then returned home, and Dr. O'Hara went to the hospital to speak to some who had measles, and consequently were unable to enjoy the pleasures at the Orphanage.

The Maharajah and his bride returned in the very early morning hours, and the children were all up to see the bridal procession, which was gorgeous and magnificent beyond description, and thus ended a day of wonderful enthusiasm and great happiness to the children who all send salaams to their kind friends in Canada who are doing so much for them.

Results of the Scripture Examination held by the 'All India Sunday School Union' have just come to hand, and we are much pleased to find that 40 of the orphans passed successfully in the different classes. Our special Industrial Fund, for which we hope to raise \$3,000, has now reached \$1,017.21; so far only carpentry has been attempted amongst the boys, but in that they are doing very well. Particulars about this work carried on by the Victorian India Orphan Society, at Dhar, Central India, can be obtained from the Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. A. S. Orlinton, 74 Furby St., Winnipeg, to whom all contributions should be sent.

Our Labrador Work.

A HEAVY LOAD AND A STRANDED CHURCH.

Dear Mr. Editor,—We were buying 'skin boots' from the best maker of these indispensable articles in Labrador life, a few days ago. These boots are the lightest, most water-tight, and least expensive in the world, and deserve a far greater notoriety than they have obtained. When the settler came off to conclude the bargain I offered him 'Gold or notes?' 'Gold?' he said; 'I never see'd any.' He turned it over, curiously looking at the engravings on both sides. 'I think I'll take 'em,' he said. Some one suggested it as the subject for a picture to accompany 'The Sour's Awakening.'

As we were loaded to the full with sick folk, and our small galley had already reduced us to begging ready-baked bread from friends, to keep pace with their capacity, we ran as far into each night as coasting in these regions permits.

One night found us in a particularly difficult labyrinth, and we were wondering how we should get through, when suddenly an exquisite Aurora illuminated almost the entire sky, showing the low-lying reef as a full moon might do. With my medical colleague I was ashore another night—very thick a rainy—at a large Eskimo settlement, and we were detained till nearly midnight. The plug having been left out of our boat, when we came back she was sunk level with the water. But it being pitch dark we were unable to see this, and my colleague incontinently jumped into it, with somewhat disastrous results. It suggested a practical joke that had not previously occurred to us.

Early on Saturday, still running South, we brought up among a large fleet of schooners.

There being no place that we could reach to spend Sunday, we blew down and trimmed the ship—being influenced in our decision to delay two days in one place by the fact that our settler friends had erected a little church we carried here last fall. We had rescued this from a beach near Cape Chidley, where it had been left stranded by a friend who had pushed on to Fort Chimo in Ungava Bay, by dog sleigh. Moreover, we were trying to establish here another co-operative trade effort, which we hope will do for the settlers of the north, what the same movement has already done in Southern Labrador, i.e., render them independent of the truck system—substituting a cash medium of exchange.

While away hunting in the kayak in the evening, it came on to blow hard from our anchorage, and a friendly fishing crew came down to tow me back. They had much to learn of the capacity of the wonderful inventions of the humble Eskimo. For though they had three men rowing in the race home that followed, they were left pegging into the lippy sea hopelessly in the stern—my feather-weight kayak jumping the hurdles like a bird.

We were congratulating ourselves the next day on having negotiated safely a new channel which would shorten the distance to our next port of call, when we were suddenly hailed by a trap boat and asked to double on our track and visit some islands to the north-east where were several very sick folk. This is the kind of call there is no denying, so we rounded on our tracks to find that our importunate friends were far astern—disappearing into a narrow 'tickle' or passage through which we had no mind to follow them. Presuming on the fact that they left us without any note of warning, we steamed out full speed in the direction indicated, when our look-out startled us with a loud cry to haul right in for the rocks and go around two large shoal patches which were suddenly revealed by a gleam of sunlight only a fathom or two from our seaward bow. It is a very strange feeling, standing on deck, unable to stop, yet expecting each second to feel the fatal bump that spells absolute disaster to all one's immediate hopes. But she went over it, or between it—or something—and an hour later we had forgotten it. On the other hand, only a day or two ago a magnificent Gloucester banking schooner lay safely at anchor in one of our harbors with all her cargo already stowed and her infinite capacity 'on work.' Getting under way, something went wrong with her and in a moment she was on a reef to leeward. In a few minutes she had disappeared, and the skipper, who was very nearly lost in her, was congratulating himself on having escaped with a whole skin, all his personal belongings having disappeared with his ship. Yet how seldom have we made one single preparation for such an event, much less are entirely ready—an event which is only looming ahead, a little farther or nearer, of each of our barques on life's ocean. But there was no time to delay, and having landed our entire cargo of patients we again left for the south, the same day picking up a poor young mother, who left in ignorant hands in her hour of need, has lost her first-born and almost her life, and must now look forward to a long period of invalidism and a subsequent operation as her only hope against a life of prolonged misery.

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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, komatic, or cots.