

## Religious News.

A missionary of the American Board, writes from Fuchau as follows: 'Our kindergarten has numbered nearly 100 this year; and in addition to this work, the efficient native teachers, Mary, Margaret and Lucy Hu, and Agnes Loi, have done much outside work. The accomplished Agnes teaches music in several day schools and in the preparatory school and girls' college at Ponasang. Two of the Hu sisters have conducted a Sunday School in a crowded part of the city, where the people have been notoriously indifferent to Christian influences. Enterprising Mary Hu, ever looking for new worlds to conquer, has recently been invited by some of the leading officials of the city to open a kindergarten for their children. This speaks volumes for the change going on in China. When the Sabbath question came up, Mary said, 'If I cannot have the Sabbath free, I shall not accept the position.' The officials were obliged to yield the point to her; but to 'save their faces,' they warned her to mention God's name as seldom as possible.

Within the Christian Churches the problem of entire freedom from missionary control will not subside until freedom has been duly attained. While the problem is acute among Presbyterians and Episcopalians, it does not exist among the Kumi-ai (Congregational) churches, who are all self-governing by the very nature of their polity and organization. The relations between these churches and the missionaries of the American Board were never more cordial, and nothing seems likely from the present outlook to change that relation.

The most hopeful sign of the times from a Christian standpoint is the growing energy and success of these 50 self-supporting and 40 aided Kumi-ai churches in aggressive evangelistic work, for which they have already raised nearly 2,000 yen for the coming year.

The Kumi-ai churches and the missionaries of the American Board in Japan enter on the new year with earnest prayers and high hopes.—Rev. Sidney L. Gulick.

## 'Northern Messenger' Postal Crusade.

Letters have come from South Africa, China and India, testifying to the good done by the circulation of the 'Northern Messenger,' and asking for a continuance of the papers.

Much against my inclination for want of sufficient funds to cover expenses, several 'Messengers' have had to be stopped.

I suppose there never was a time when these papers were required more than now. The English language is spreading so rapidly among natives of China, India, and South Africa. Then, too, Gospel temperance is so important there. For every Christian converted through the agency of our missionaries it is estimated that 1,000 are lost through the liquor traffic. In view of all this surely there will be a ready response in money for subscriptions to the 'Messenger.'

Many of its readers will be glad to know that a native boy in India whose support was secured through this crusade in the 'Messenger,' has been given the first prize for oratory in a theological seminary in India. A mother in Canada, a few years ago, who had lost her little son by death, sent \$1.50 that had been left in his purse for the Crusade.

A missionary in India at that time was praying for the support of an orphan for whom there was no support, because he had failed in his examinations. The mother's gift became the nest egg of a fund for the lad in India. Finally a noble-hearted woman undertook to clothe and educate him, and now comes the glad news that the boy who failed in his preliminary examinations stands at the head of a graduating class in theology, and has secured honors and the prize for oratory. He is described as a particularly exemplary boy, but extremely reticent. He is the last representative of a noble old family famed for its oratory. This is but one of many happy incidents connected with this work.

Will you not rally to its support and send help.

Yours faithfully,  
(Mrs.) M. E. EDWARDS COLE.

Address all contributions to the postal crusade to Mrs. M. E. Edwards Cole, 169 Nicholas street, Ottawa, Ontario.

## Work in Labrador.

### A SUMMER VOLUNTEER.

(Continued.)

One of the foremost workers on the Labrador Coast last summer was Dr. Alfreda Withington, of Pittsfield, Mass., whose letter to the quarterly organ of the Canadian Grenfell Association was begun last week. She continues:—

One morning early, a day or two after my arrival, a knock came at my door just as light was breaking at 2.30. A telegram was handed me, a startling event, for I hadn't realized that there was a telegraph line from Quebec as far as the Straits (completed later in the summer by wireless down as far as Indian Harbor). It read: 'Crib-boy ill with meningitis, come to-night if possible.' Signed, Nurse MacMahon. How was I to get down the Straits? I conferred with Mr. Grant. He said he would send me right off in the 'Dart,' the steam launch, for not yet being in commission for the fish he could spare her. The boy was desperately ill with meningitis, tubercular as it soon proved. Miss MacMahon had had no trouble in getting ice for ice caps, there was ice at the edge of the brooks. There were a number of houses to be visited on this trip. The next day a man brought word that I was needed at Greenley Island, the ensign was the usual signal for the doctor, but the fog had shut out all vision that day. The 'Dart' was again commissioned. Skipper Sam guided our little launch past cbergs, schooners, and shoals into port, where a group of men on the landing stood wonderingly looking; in the little house of skipper Joe I held a clinic and found on my list, a broken rib, scurvy, indigestion, grippe, etc. The gripe claimed a number of victims on the Labrador, and even among the men in our Room, I had four or five patients a day in their bunks. The mumps became epidemic, scarlet fever and whooping cough had swept down the coast in the winter and left their traces behind them and when a man came with 'a bivering' at the heart, beri-beri was to be suspected.

I usually went here and there in a trap-skiif, manned with six oarsmen, answering the call of the ensign, being dropped on some island several miles off and going thence to some other appointed place where the men after hauling their traps would pick me up, waiting many a night on the rocks until the long twilight lasting till 9.30 or 10 o'clock had disappeared, returning either under a sky aflame with stars and once with the northern lights flashing, but more often in a fog so dense and black that I wondered now the men with their constant 'Halloa' to keep off colliders, could themselves avoid knocking up against an ice-berg or shoal, but they never did. If we returned by daylight we were sometimes towed home by the 'Dart.'

At Blanc Sablon there were a few spare bunks in the lofts of the cook-houses, and there I put my patients whom I found needed more care than could be given them on the islands or schooners. One patient, the old man, as we called him, although he said he was but 48, I took from a schooner upon which he and his boy Tommie had come up from Newfoundland. Each man was fishing for himself; with the father disabled, the sustenance of the family devolved upon light-hearted little Tommie. The day came when the old man's gangrenous finger needed amputation, whom was I to press into service! That was the day when Mrs. MacDonald opportunely came across the Straits and Mr. Cushing appeared in the 'Northern Messenger.' The old man was terrified at the thought of ether, but was willing to do anything that seemed best. In the midst of our work we heard sobbing and there was Tommie, whom I supposed on the schooner, sitting on a rock crying his heart out. I stopped long enough

to get him into good Mrs. Grant's hands, who mothered him back to comfort, and when the next day he came ashore and saw his father apparently well, he was all sunshine with his laugh and dimples, but the shadow lay heavy again when the time came for the schooner to go north, for Tommie the bread-winner must go with it, leaving his father with us.

I found that the people among whom I worked were a really religious people belonging mostly to the Church of England or Methodist. The law of Newfoundland forbids fishing on Sunday. By our recent treaty the Gloucester fishermen can fish within the three mile limit, but not even my patriotism could lessen my indignation when one Sunday a Gloucester schooner came in at L'Anse au Claire, a few miles below us, and cast their nets for capelin among the natives' traps. The coast people were aroused, not only because of the violation of the law, but of the violation to their religious feelings and it was not 'cant' when one man who was dissuaded from firing upon them said, 'Christ died for me, why shouldn't I die for Him in protecting His Day?' I was glad to find that those 'Gloucester' fishermen were largely every other nationality but American.

'Parsons' as all clergymen are called dropped in upon us occasionally. There are several sent out by the Church of England and by the Methodist Church. When no parson was at hand on Sunday, some one would read the Church of England service and portions from Phillips Brooks' sermons (which I had with me). The shoremen from the scattered Rooms and fishermen from the schooners would assemble in the loft of the store house which had been partitioned off by the flags of schooners wrecked on the reefs. Seats were improvised from planks and kegs, and a little harmonium drawn up. My mind would wander to the fate of the 'Lottie M. Merrill' and 'The Mariposa,' but not so the men's, and a clergyman must have been gratified by the intentness of their attitude. Our 'organist' was the proprietor of the sole remaining 'Isle of Jersey' Room and music hall. What music he drew out of that little harmonium! and nowhere could his fine tenor voice be appreciated more than by the people of that coast. With him as leader those assembled would sing Alexander's hymns and after service he would sit until the long twilight settled into darkness singing, the others listening in absolute silence.

The last of June arrived and the fish hadn't begun to come. Great anxiety was felt, never had a season been so late, the year before by July 1 the fishing was three-quarters over and now there were only a few cod to be seen. 'La Misère' was predicted for the coast. The schooners which usually got their first load at Blanc Sablon had grown discouraged; and fearing to lose their berth 'down' the Labrador, a large number sailed away. The people said but little, they were not quick of speech, but everywhere the tension could be felt, 'what luck?' when the boats came in from jigging and from a visit to the nets, always a shake of the head 'no fish.'

(To be continued.)

## Acknowledgments.

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Received for the launch:—Thos. Potts, Woodstock, Hokitika, Westland, N.Z., 60 cts.; M. R. Leard, Alberton, P.E.I., \$1.75; Hamilton Road Union S. S., \$4.60; A Friend, Carlisle, 50 cts.; Total . . . . . \$ 7.45

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Received for the komatic:—Miss Gould Smith, Morrisburg, Ont., \$2.00; Mrs. George Calvey, Debuc, Sask., \$1.00; Total . . . \$ 3.00

Previously acknowledged for all purposes . . . . . \$ 1,594.77

Total received up to April 14 . . . \$ 1,612.97  
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.