

knows now, beyond all possible shadow of doubt, that tuberculosis is preventable, communicable, and may be curable also. But alas for faith in anything simple. Just as in religious creeds men's minds will reject any simple way of salvation, so our next patient, with a pleuritic rib and pain, precursors so often of the more fatal assault of the enemy of the lungs, pleaded pathetically for a Dragon's Blood plaster (*Emplastrum rubrum*). Because faith even in dragons and their essences as potent factors against the white plague, are so much easier to trust to than are simple fresh air, sunshine, and cleanliness. My colleague, who was examining patients at the time, being a Bostonian, had not learned the merits of this last named remedy, and was not familiar with a resource so frequently appealed to on our coast. Indeed, he at last even confessed he was absolutely unfamiliar with it—a fatal error when the psychological element is a really valuable asset. From the cabin I heard him trying in vain to defend himself, saying, 'Where do you get Dragon's Blood, anyhow?' 'From Carboneer,' was the prompt reply. 'But where do dragons live?' 'I never see'd 'em, sir.' But do you think there are such beasts? 'I can't tell you, sir.' 'Well, take this plaster and stretch it tightly on over the ribs.' 'You're sure you haven't any dragon's blood, sir?' It was hard not to be heard smiling, even through the partition—it was so like the story of the argument about the knife or scissors.

On the way we called in to hear what we could of the progress of the gold-seeking party on the Long Strand. This sandy beach extends for many miles, and the delta between the two valleys of the Hamilton and Sandwich bays must contain four or five hundred square miles of it. The miners consider this an ancient glacial formation and contend it is charged with gold in no small quantity. They have now landed machinery, and are going ahead in good spirits and high anticipation. We have, however, seen the same before, and are not building any castles in the air yet—yet Labrador ought to contain gold. It certainly is the right geological formation—dykes of quartz or trap rocks put up through the whole length and breadth of it, the old Laurentian formation, and we remember Klondike and Cobalt, parts almost of the same country.

While visiting quite an elderly friend at one of our ports of call I was somewhat surprised to hear a baby crying. 'Is that baby yours, Hugh?' 'It is that,' he replied. 'The second wife, I suppose.' 'It's my third 'ooman.' 'Why, how did you lose the others?' 'The first one drifted out 'o th' bay.' 'Drifted out; what do you mean?' 'It was Christmas Eve, and I shot a gull over near Ticoalak Point. It were blowing off shore there, so I took the punt to fetch 'un. But it blew up so hard, everything froze so as I couldn't get back. She se'd me, and in spite of her sister, she ran down and launched t' flat. She said she might just as well go anyhow, if I did. My boat drifted into the ice, and about one o'clock I was so nearly frozen, I took out the two oars and tried to crawl ashore on them. I should ha' died anyhow in t' boat. At last I got to an island and held out till the bay froze hard enough to let me get home. No, I never see'd her or t' boat any more. She were going to be confined, too,' he added sadly.

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

### The Dying Soldier.

'Put me down,' said a wounded Prussian at Sedan to his comrades who were carrying him; 'put me down, do not take the trouble to carry me any farther; I am dying.'

They put him down and returned to the field. A few minutes after an officer saw the man weltering in his blood, and said to him, 'Can I do nothing for you?'

'Nothing, thank you.'

'Shall I get you a little water?' said the kind-hearted officer.

'No thank you, I am dying.'

'Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?'

'I have no friends that you can write to. But there is one thing for which I would be much obliged. In my knapsack you will find a Testament; will you open it at the fourteenth chapter of John and near the end of

the chapter you will find a verse that begins with "Peace." Will you read it?'

The officer did so, and read the words, 'Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'

'Thank you sir,' said the dying man. 'I have that peace; I am going to that Saviour; God is with me; I want no more.' These were his last words, and his spirit ascended to be with him he loved.—Selected.

### The Victoria India Orphan Society.

[For the 'Northern Messenger']

The picturesque city of Dhar, in Central India, must have presented an unusually attractive appearance on the 6th of December; the steadily increasing excitement and joy of the people would then be at its height, as on that day their young prince was to assume his full rights and prerogatives as Maharajah of the State; he is a youth of great promise and by a good education has been well fitted for his exalted position. In addition to what the State functionaries and natives could do to make the joyful occasion a festive and memorable one, the Christians gladly added their share, for the young Rajah has always shown great interest in the Missionaries and their work, making his accession to power a very welcome event to them; the Orphanage children fully shared in the general enthusiasm, and with some assistance erected a fine triumphal archway; to do special honor to the occasion it was arranged that the children should all wear new clothes,—the boys bottle green suits with caps to match, the caps being instead of the native head-dress so that they might be able to wave them, and the girls red sarées (a picturesque sort of cloak and head-dress combined) with blue and white striped skirts, so their colors were truly loyal to our Empire, red, white and blue; the girls were provided with white handkerchiefs to wave as the prince passed by; standing in line, waving caps and handkerchiefs, in their bright dresses they would present a pretty and attractive picture as the royal procession passed by, and their hearty loyalty would be greatly appreciated by the young Maharajah.

Our special Industrial Fund, for which we hope to raise \$3,000.00, has now reached \$1,000.00. This fund is to build and furnish workshops in which our orphan boys can be taught useful trades, carpentry, blacksmithing, etc., and tilemaking, which will enable them to earn a decent living when they leave the Orphanage, and in the meantime make them partly self-supporting.

This work among the famine orphans has been productive of most gratifying and encouraging results. The children are being well trained and are receiving a good practical education which will fit them to become useful citizens; the loving, persevering teaching and example of the Missionaries have led to a large number of them becoming consistent Christians, whose lives must, later on, have a great influence upon their heathen fellows.

The cost of maintaining a child in the Orphanage is \$18.00 a year, which includes the Society's annual membership fee of \$1.00. Further information can be obtained from the Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. A. S. Crichton, 74 Furby street, Winnipeg, to whom all subscriptions should be sent.

### Religious Notes.

Who would have imagined a few years ago that the time would be seen when high Chinese mandarins would become agents for the distribution of a distinctively Christian magazine? Yet such an apparent impossibility has come to pass. Dr. Timothy Richard, Secretary of the Christian Literature Society for China, states in the 'Missionary Record of the United Free Church of Scotland' that on the occasion of a new series of the 'Chinese Weekly,' a magazine of useful knowledge interspersed with Christian articles, he wrote to several viceroys and governors, asking them to order a goodly number and circulate them among their subordinate mandarins and magistrates. In response the Governor of Manchuria ordered 200 copies; the Governor of Shan-Si, 500; the Provincial Treasurer of

Shan-Tung, 2,500; and the Provincial Treasurers of Fuh-Kien and Canton, 400 and 200 respectively. Doctor Richard mentions also that in December last he forwarded a large case of books, the majority educational, but several of them religious, to the Emperor and the Empress Dowager, and that he has received a gracious reply, saying that inasmuch as China was now going in for reform in education, the books were most opportune and would be used from time to time as they were required.—'C. M. S. Review.'

The open persecution of Protestant missionary schools in Madagascar by the French Governor-General continues without abatement. The latest news is most disconcerting. In the beginning of 1906 the Norwegian Lutherans had in the province of Vakinankaratra alone 279 missionary schools (Parochial), which were attended by 15,000 pupils. To-day they have but one school with 60 pupils. In the district of Vangaindrano thirty of their churches have been closed since November, 1906, while eight had to be closed in Ambondrana. Official placards, fastened to the church doors, forbid the entrance of all, while in several localities the Government caused cactus to be planted at the church doors so that none can enter. Certain evangelists have been ordered to abstain from religious activity, while some faithful ones have been imprisoned because they held religious meeting in their homes, sang hymns, etc. The Paris Missionary Society likewise continues to suffer from this persecution, and the French Governor-General acts like an autocrat, making his decisions in regard to the closing of schools and churches without giving any reasons for his actions, though he often overthrows the decisions of the administrators of the districts in which the schools and churches are located. It can be well said that there is no religious liberty in Madagascar at the present time, though the constitution of France guarantees it. Is it not time that the non-French societies at work in Madagascar appeal to their governments for protection? The United States are interested on account of the work of the Norwegian Lutheran Church in America in Madagascar.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

### The Paper the People Want.

The first day of the new year brought to the 'Witness' thirty-eight percent—over one-third—more subscriptions than the same day a year ago, and each day of the new year so far has shown a healthy increase over corresponding days last year. It looks as though more people were beginning to be select as to their reading. They want it, as they want the food for their family, good and wholesome and nourishing. What men are beginning to want is a press that will furnish reliable information in its true perspective, and in such orderly shape that it will be information and not mere sensation. The moral conditions are equally at the mercy of a press that only wants to print what will best catch readers and not dispense advertisers, that is every ready to mount the crest of a popular and winning reform, out never willing to stem the tide—always with the majority, never with a forlorn hope, never bearing the brunt of the battle. The newspaper press is dependent on public support, and it is a good sign that that public is increasing that feels that it needs a press that will fight its battles and set before men high ideals. So long as good men approve of one kind of newspaper and send their subscription to another kind they are rendering less and less possible the high standard which their better judgment approves.

### Your Sunday School Superintendent.

Please show the 'Northern Messenger' to your Sunday School Superintendent. At first sight he may not appreciate its intrinsic worth. But you can tell him how much more interesting it is than the ordinary Sunday School paper, and you can also assure him that it is very much cheaper than any other of its size—the price to Sunday Schools being just half the regular rate.