

they were to have a large accession to their membership, but never dreamed that it would exhaust their entire stock of tokens. It would be well for us at times to have larger expectations. Let the very failure of tokens serve to strengthen their faith and become to them "a token for good."

"There are no more tokens," "Well where is the use of them any way, we could dispense with them altogether." Perhaps? but some of us would miss them sadly, many pious souls could hardly "see their tokens" in the higher sense—not so readily or clearly at any rate—if these little emblems were wanting. Let them be retained then by all means; and let all sessions see to it that they have an abundant supply.

Of the communion on Sabbath I will say very little, having been moved to write these few lines, simply by the unusual announcement of which I have spoken. There was a beautiful day a crowded church—a solemn service. The "action sermon" was preached; the table was "fenced" after the old-time fashion; and then: the elements were blessed and distributed. The communicants, were addressed in earnest words of tender encouragement and wise advice by Mr. Forbes of Glace Bay, Cape Breton. The service lasted for nearly four hours, from eleven in the morning to three in the afternoon; but I saw no sigh of weariness in that great congregation.

My engagements compelled me to leave early on Monday morning. I left River John feeling that it was good to have been there. It is one of our old congregations. It has an honorable record. In it laboured our fathers Mitchell and Waddell: more recently our brother Mr. Hector McKay: and now Mr. Gordon finds it a most interesting field, which he is working with a will, and evidently with great success.

VIATOR.

Not long since Tokio and the rest of Japan were thoroughly pagan. Now we hear of a great Christian revival in that city, with five hundred conversions in a single month. The whole city seemed stirred, and missionaries, native pastors and theological students are busy gathering in the harvest. Everybody is interested in Christianity, and nobody speaks against it. This is a revolution of itself.—*New York Independent.*

LABRADOR.

LETTER FROM W. J. MACKENZIE, STUDENTS
MISSIONARY TO LABRADOR.

CAPE CHARLES, LABRADOR,
July 18, 1888.

My Esteemed Friend:

I just now find time to sit down and write you a short communication in connection with our work in Labrador, in which you and other members of the Association have manifested such an interest. We have now travelled on the coast over 300 miles.

Mr. Fraser and I have taken a boat of our own and have sailed about 130 miles. Some of the clothing we have taken with us, and also the medicine and nourishment you have sent. I wish you could have been present when we went into a family with four or five helpless children, half-clad, besides a number of grown up persons in the family, who were hardly fit to be seen outside. When a little clothing is given them how happy it makes the young ones. We give the clothing very sparingly now, as in the cold season it will be more needed, and they might be destitute, otherwise, when necessity comes.

However, even in the warm weather there were some so poorly clad that I had to give them some. Just fancy, the *old sails of their boat* covering the little ones, and the father obliged to row the boat out to the fishing ground and back again, and then not get *one fish*! What is shameful for the Protestants, one man I know of had to go to the priest for clothing, and a few loaves of bread for his eight little children who were *starving and freezing*.

To-day while I was sitting down for a moment in the house where I now stay I saw a little boy walking from the shore, stooped, and apparently very feeble. I saw him fall, and slowly rise again, and stumble and fall again. His little sister had to meet him and help him home. I went over to the house and found that the little fellow had been on board of the steamer with his father, to see the doctor for something to strengthen him. The doctor gave him nothing and it was on his way home discouraged, that the little fellow fell from sickness and hunger.

The father caught no fish last summer, *not one fish*, yet this summer has eight or nine of a family—no stove in the house—holes all through the walls—roof and part