

A STORY FROM PT. AUX TREMBLES.

"Among the pupils at Pointe aux Trembles," writes the principal, Mr. Bourgeois, "we have a young man from Quebec, whose uncle is a priest of one of the largest churches in Montreal.

This young man enjoyed the favor and protection of his uncle till a year ago. He was a member of the choir and well paid for his services. His uncle had himself selected a boarding house for him.

But it happened that the landlord of the boarding house was secretly reading the Bible and he soon spoke about it to the young man, who began also to read it.

Through confession the priest heard about it and tried, but in vain, to persuade his nephew to quit that house and cease reading the Bible.

Then the uncle seeing that he did not succeed, cunningly caused him to lose his situation, and when he was without money or friends, offered him all the money he needed if he would consent to go to the Jesuit's College.

He refused and sought admission at Pointe aux Trembles, where he has become, under the powerful influence of the Holy Spirit, not only a Protestant but, we believe, a sincere Christian.

A few days ago he went to Montreal to see his uncle on business. Hardly had they exchanged a few words when the priest, rising, said angrily to him, 'How is it that a scholar of Pointe aux Trembles dares to come and call on me? You are a dishonor to all our family. Your parents are ashamed of you and will die of sorrow. I would rather stretch out my hand to a drunkard fallen in the mud of the street than touch a renegade like you.'

The young man received coolly that shower of angry words and replied: 'I am very much surprised, uncle, to see a great priest like you, who pretends having made and swallowed his God this morning and every day for forty years at least, who still keeps in his heart such unchristian feelings. I see better than ever why you hate so much the Bible that condemns you in every way.'

HOW THEY LIVE IN LABRADOR.

Harrington, Labrador, Jan. 15th, 1894.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

I am teaching here and I thought you might like to hear a few words from this cold, ice bound coast.

We only got four mails through the whole winter, and the first of them came three days ago. The letters and newspapers that it brought were nearly three months old, so that now when we have got our mail we know nothing of what has been going on in the world for the last three months.

From this you will know that Labrador is a quiet place, especially in winter. In summer we see a great many fishing and trading vessels.

There are no railroads nor any other kind of roads: no horses nor carriages—the children here never saw a horse—nor cows, except in one or two places on the coast where a chance one might be seen.

In summer the people travel in boats, or, for short distances they walk over the rock.

In winter they travel by means of dogs harnessed to a "komitik." It is grand fun to sit on a komitik and be drawn along by a pack of five, six or seven dogs, sometimes faster than they travel with horses in other countries.

In Harrington there are thirty children able to attend school but some have a long distance to come. I have from twenty to twenty-five in regular attendance.

They have had poor opportunities but most of them in this place can read and are learning to write, &c. Most of them too like to read God's Word; and those who are too young to read, like to hear it read; and, what is best of all, they love Jesus Christ because He died that they might have Eternal Life.

In other places along the coast many cannot read and have few opportunities of hearing the Gospel, and there are many who do not walk in the way of salvation.

Pray for poor, cold, barren Labrador, that her people may learn of Jesus and follow Him.

Your friend,

WM. FORBES.