

ANNALS OF A LABRADOR HARBOUR

Ragged Islands

Sunday night

JUST aboard again after Prayers at the little church. It is a quaint and crude little edifice, and the people were so kindly and the service so hearty that one feels "wonderfu' lifted up." To be sure, during the sermon I was suddenly brought up "all standing" by the amazing statement that the "Harch Hangels go Hup, Hup, Hup." One felt in one's bones that this was a misapprehension. The very earnest clergyman may have noticed my obvious disagreement, for at the close he announced, "We will now sing the 398th hymn" —

"Day of Wrath, oh! Day of Mourning,
See fulfilled the Prophet's warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning."

This goes off into the blue on the chance of its reaching you before I come myself and share a secret with you; for to-morrow we are due at