

ing in the chill wind, pulled up his coat-collar and walked slowly and dejectedly toward the barn.

Then the boys came out ready for school. 'I don't want to go a single bit,' grumbled one. 'I'm so tired tramping to school in the deep snow, an' it's sure to snow some more fore we come back.'

'Oh! oh! How cold that wind is!' said the other. 'I'm tired an' tired of winter; it ain't a bit of fun any more; but I don't believe it's ever going to get warm weather, or anything grow any more.'

'Oh, there must be a change soon,' said the patient mother. 'Only a few weeks now, dears, and spring must come. Perhaps this will be the very last snow.'

At the small-paned window above, sat an invalid with thin white face. No one was so worn and weary with winter as was she.

'When spring comes'—so the old doctor had said many times—'then you will get well in the warm, healing air; but you must stay in until spring is here—stay in and wait patiently!'

And she had counted months and weeks and days, and still snow and-ice covered the ground. Would there ever be any signs of spring? It was so hard to wait!

The Bluebird felt his heart stirring with pity. He knew! Oh, he knew that spring was coming! He had passed her on the way up from the Southland. He had seen the young grass growing in her footprints, and the buds of the trees and bushes swelling under her warm breath. Oh, he knew that she was near at hand! Should he be her herald, and, forgetting his own discomfort, tell the glad tidings to these weary, discouraged people?

He stood upon his perch; he flitted to a higher branch; he felt his throat swelling with an eager stress and then—and then—oh, that song without words! How much it told of hope, cheer, joy, assurance, and ecstasy—a song needing no words.

The children waited breathlessly by the gate. The mother patted the baby's head, and said: 'Listen, oh, listen!' The invalid stood up by her window and smiled; her face grew radiant with hope. The man came to the barn-door whistling under his breath. The clouds parted to let the sunshine through, and the wind, ashamed of its harshness, went quietly away. And the Bluebird, who had been so disheartened and cowed by the storm, sang on and on, feeling his own heart grow warm and glad with the effort he was making to cheer others.

'Hear the dear bird, mother! Oh, do hear! Spring is surely coming now!' and the boys ran gaily off to school, while the mother scattered some crumbs of bread along the fence for the bird's breakfast.

And the busy Sparrow off in the distance chirped: 'Ha! ha! I thought he'd have to sing before long, bless him!'

Work in Labrador.

DR. GRENFELL'S ORPHANAGE.

Dec. 1, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor:

The number of children at the orphanage continues to increase. When I left there were sixteen, and I hear that now there are twenty. Strictly speaking, the house should be called 'The Home for Children,' as we do not only receive orphan children, but those, too, whose parents are unable to look after them, the children being starved and sent about in a half-clad condition. Two such cases I will mention. One of the families lived about eight miles from St. Anthony, close to the 'Reindeer Camp.' On entering the kitchen there were found gathered the family, which consisted of the father, mother, three boys and three girls. The eldest, a boy about the age of fifteen, helped his father; the others varied in age from about ten to two years old. The younger ones were all very short of clothing, three of them only possessing about one garment apiece, and no stockings on their feet. The room contained besides a stove, under which lay a lamb of a few weeks in age, a table, a form and one or two packing cases. With difficulty we persuaded the parents to give up two of their children, a boy of eight and a little girl of six. What the change must have felt like is almost more than we can understand. To be stripped of rags and given some warm, clean clothes made an alteration only they

could fully realize. The part they did not at first appreciate was the bath. They are now two of the happiest of the children, though, through so much neglect and degradation, they are not very bright intellectually.

In another harbor, twelve miles away, lived a family in awful conditions. Three attempts had already been made to get the eldest girl, a child of twelve, into the Home at St. Anthony, away from the cramped and immoral conditions she was being brought up in. She entirely lacked education, not possessing the clothes to go to school in, but the parents would not hear of her going, and the girl had been taught to say that 'she did not wish to go.' In spite of the knowledge of these facts, I felt that a fourth attempt must be made to rescue her, so I left one morning in the smallest of our launches—one which is now in the possession of the Moravians at Hope-dale. It did not turn out a very inviting day, for soon after starting the rain came down and also the fog, and there was a breeze blowing 'on shore' which caused a heavy side-lop. On reaching the harbor, I made for the house which I knew to be the home of the family I wanted, but it was empty, and the door barred. I was not altogether surprised for I heard that they had a knack of making themselves scarce when the mission boat came in and they thought they would be wanted. I found the mother and five children, with their grandparents, at the next house. On entering, the room I walked into was quite bare except for a barrel at one end. The next room leading out of the first was a good deal smaller. The walls were covered with old newspapers, a good many of which were peeling off, and so gave them a very dishevelled appearance. The furniture in the room consisted of a stove, a table, two packing cases across which were laid a plank to form a seat, on which were seated the grandparents, a neighbor, the mother, and the girl I had come in search of; the other children were playing in the room. A boat having been sent for the father, who had just gone across the harbor, I sat down with the assembled family, joining in the general conversation, until he arrived. I then asked their leave to take the girl back with me. Both gave their consent, but said that it should ultimately be decided by the girl herself whether she would go or not, and she had no desire to go. But after I had talked to her and asked her to come and see what it was like for a few weeks, and described to her the nice clothes the others had on, she finally consented to come. I knew that I must not let her out of my sight now in case her former feelings got the better of her, so I took her then and there to the launch and soon we were on our way to St. Anthony.

When we had gone a few miles the engine stopped but was persuaded to work again and all went well until we were within four miles of St. Anthony when the engine again stopped and this time nothing would persuade it to move. We had sail up at the time, which added another knot to her speed when the engine was going, but seemed to be of no use to her without its aid; and so the wind being now off shore and the tide also running out, we were conscious of gradually drifting further and further out to sea. The girl began to be somewhat scared, for she seemed to realize something of our plight and I expect had many an inward wish that she had never left home. To our great relief we sighted a schooner and so made signals of distress, waving our caps, and when within hailing distance shouted to those on board to come to our aid. Happily they heard and came close to us and we asked them to give us a tow to a harbor, which they did, nearly capsizing us in the act from the speed at which they towed us. But we were soon safely anchored in the harbor of St. Lunard, where we spent the night in the house of a fisherman, who gave us a warm welcome, he having quite recently been in the hospital. The next day another attempt was made to get the launch to move, but in vain, so there was nothing for it but to walk the ten miles home to St. Anthony, the sea being too rough for us to venture in an open boat. We reached there in the evening without further mishap. I don't think the girl will very soon forget her journey to St. Anthony. For the first few weeks she was very homesick, but seems quite to have settled down now in her new surroundings.

This coming spring we hope to enlarge the orphanage to hold more children. Two thou-

sand dollars having kindly been given for that purpose.

On looking back at the past three years' work since the orphanage was first started, one cannot help seeing how the work has grown. In 1906, when I first went out, there were but four children, now there are twenty. During that time two of the boys have been passed on; one of them is working for the mission in St. Anthony, and the other has been apprenticed to the mill in Canada Bay. Two of the girls have been trained as useful servants, and are working now in the orphanage as kitchen maid and house parlor maid.

Please continue to pray for God's blessing on the work, for without him we can do nothing.—Eleanor Storr, in 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers.'

Religious News.

The conflicts in India between Hindus and Moslems, which have lately been conducted with such terrible bitterness and even bloodshed, should serve to show that the time has not yet come when the native races can be entrusted with full self-management. Those who condemn so unsparingly British rule in India view all questions from the political side. But it is quite evident that religious questions enter far more deeply into the matter than these critics allow. The hatred between Moslems and Hindus in India is deep-seated, and were it not for the restraining power of an enlightened government there would be more than mere riot. The religious animosities of the East can scarcely be understood by colder Westerns. Until there is greater natural cohesion between the various parties, a firm yet kind guiding hand is needed.

The income of the C. M. S. organizations was \$1,106,655 in 1898, but last year reached \$1,880,520, and in all the other items given the figures have doubled in two decades; thus the stations have increased from 294 to 554; clergymen, 273 to 413; laymen, 283 to 948; total workers, 4,452 to 9,492; communicants, 47,831 to 97,489. The schools now number 2,465, with 146,038 scholars.

As usual at the beginning of each year, 'Medical Missions at Home and Abroad' gave in January a list with the present addresses of all medical missionaries of both sexes holding British degrees or diplomas. They number 385, or, for some reason unknown, less by 10 than last year. Of the 40 societies named, C. M. S. has the largest number, 73; the United Free Church comes next with 60; the London Society, 39; Baptist, 21; Wesleyan, 20; Presbyterian Church of England, 19; Irish Presbyterian, 19; Church of Scotland, 18; Church of England Zenana Society and Propagation Society (S. P. G.), 16, etc.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Demdu, Bordeaux, \$4.00; A Friend, Carleton, N.B., \$20.00;	
Total	\$ 24.00
Received for the cots:—Seven Sisters, Muskoka, per T. W. Lovatt, \$2.00; I. O. C., Pasque, Sask., \$5.00; Mrs. Benjamin Ching, Bothwell, P.E.I., \$2.00; A Friend, Toronto, \$1.00; Mrs. P. Clark, Lents, Oregon, \$2.50;	
Total	\$ 12.50
Received for the komatik:—Mrs. P. Clark, Lents, Oregon	\$ 2.50
Previously acknowledged for all purposes	\$ 1,953.07
Total on hand March 30	\$ 1,992.07

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, komatik, or cots.

Those preparing clothing, etc., for Labrador, should remember that all such gifts must be sent early in May to Miss Roddick, 80 Union Avenue, Montreal, to be in time for the first shipment.