

brought within the circle of His interests.'

The life of Christian service began on the lines along which it was destined to continue to the end. From the first the young believer found his joy in seeking to win for the Lord those still younger than himself. 'The Sunday-school was my delight. Through all its stages I passed until my twentieth year. Then difficulties arose unthought of before—as to my position as a child of God, and the Scriptural foundation of that on which, as a professor, I stood. I now found that taking upon myself the task of teaching others involved the higher consideration of being taught myself.

'For any who have never known a like struggle of soul-exercise, it might seem a strange and uncalled-for position to occupy—so few, amid life's rush and hurry, care to be troubled about heavenly things. With me it was otherwise. I could not rest until I knew the liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free. Aged though my dear mother was, she sympathized with me in all this, until, her end approaching, in the buoyancy of faith and with the word "Victory," upon her lips, she passed away, resting upon my arm.'

Looking back over the fifty years that had elapsed, with all their manifold and varied experiences of the goodness of the Lord and revelation of His grace, Mr. Midlane went on to say that he 'could vividly recall the night when, in solemn hush and with wearied frame, I penned the lines, "There's a Friend for little children," for a devoted brother's serial, little thinking that it would be used for any other purpose than that for which it had been written.' The hymn became a classic, and when the jubilee celebration was in sight, permission was asked and given for its translation and use in Hungarian Sunday-schools, making one more to many languages in which it was being sung. 'Thus the hush of the midnight hour has found expression from the lips of peoples, kindreds, and tongues. To our God be the glory!'

Mr. Midlane's closing words to us were these: 'And as a life, exceeding the Psalmist's limit—amid labors of ever varied and deeply interesting character—is passing away, I would add—

'Yes, golden age, how blest!
Heaven stamps thereon its seal—
The threshold of the home of rest,
So beautiful, so real.'

When, in February last, the jubilee of his most popular hymn was being celebrated, Mr. Midlane said it was exceedingly cheering to him to receive communications from fathers and mothers telling him of children who had been blessed by the singing of the hymn, and of little ones whose last hours on earth had been made joyous by the thoughts of the Home to which they were passing as it was being sung to them. The letters he received became almost burdensome in number. A little girl, when dying by the Sea of Galilee, requested that the hymn should be sung. She wished, too, that she should be buried where the feet of her Friend had trodden, and that the hymn should be sung at the burial. These desires were both gratified.

Mr. Midlane's first hymn was written in 1842, when he was seventeen years of age; and so busy was his pen ever after in the service of his Lord and Master that over twelve hundred songs of praise are traced to his authorship.—The 'Christian.'

A LITTLE LAMB.

(By the late Albert Midlane.)

A little lamb went straying
Among the hills one day,
Leaving its faithful shepherd,
Because it loved to stray;
And while the sun shone brightly,
It knew no thought or fear,
For flowers around were blooming,
And balmy was the air.

But night came over quickly,
The hollow breezes blew—
The sun soon ceased from shining,
All dark and dismal grew.
The little lamb stood bleating,
As well indeed it might,
So far from home and shepherd,
And on so dark a night!

But ah! the faithful shepherd
Soon missed the little thing,
And onward went to seek it,
It home again to bring;

He sought on hill, in valley,
And called it by its name—
He sought, nor ceased his seeking,
Until he found his lamb.

Then to his gentle bosom
The little lamb he pressed,
And, as he bore it homeward,
He fondly it caressed.
The little lamb was happy
To find itself secure;
And happy, too, the shepherd,
Because his lamb he bore.

And won't you love the Shepherd,
So gentle and so kind,
Who came from brightest glory
His little lambs to find?
To make them, oh, so happy,
Rejoicing in His love,
Till every lamb be gathered
Safe in His home above.

Victorian Indian Orphan Society.

Red Letter Days in the Orphanage.

Our many friends will remember what a good friend the late Maharajah of Dhar was to us, for he it was who gave the land upon which our first building was erected, the land being valued at about three thousand dollars. Strange was it not that our first and largest donation was from a heathen. His successor who came into power some time ago, at whose marriage there was much rejoicing, is now the proud father of a little baby girl. On Dec. 10th, the little Princess was named 'Susthila,' all the people in the city were rejoicing over the event, many bands played and the city at night was aglow with fireworks.

Our Orphanage children went in a body to the home of the Maharajah, as they marched they sang sacred hymns and carried little presents. Her Highness (the Maharajah's wife) received them very pleasantly calling them to her, and had sweet-meats given them, all saw the baby and went away very happy.

What a wonderful change has taken place in India, it is only a few years since even the shadow of a Christian falling on a heathen, or the shadow of one of low caste falling on one of high caste would contaminate them, now we see the Christian of all 'castes' welcomed at the home of the Maharajah.

Truly the seed sown is bearing fruit.

The Christmas-tide was looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure and was observed with joy and gladness, giving and receiving presents of books, jackets, combs, looking-glasses and bags. All were thankful for a good dinner of rice, curry and fried bread, about 200 in all, as the former students who were married were invited to be with them.

They played and danced about till the time came to separate, then all praised God and gave thanks for His goodness.

Already money is coming in for next Christmas and this event is looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure by the children of the orphanage. We endeavor to send thirty-five dollars a year for this treat and trust many friends will share in the pleasure of making a small contribution for this purpose. All contributions, with addresses, should be sent to the Secretary-Treasury of the Victorian Indian Orphan Society,

Mrs. A. T. Taylor,
205 Maryland street,
Winnipeg,

who will be pleased to acknowledge all money and give any information possible.

Religious News.

A missionary writing from Nigeria draws the following picture of the natives' 'happy methods of life':

Some ask why we go to the heathen and disturb their happy methods of life. Tell me, can true happiness exist when standards of purity and true honor are unknown? Feathers, and piles of dirt, and old earthenware pots are the objects of worship. Blood of birds and beasts is sprinkled in some of the king's houses as a sacrifice for offenses against the deity. Fatalism cuts the nerve of all effort. Men are improvident because they believe in an allotted destiny which does not require effort on their part. Women are slaves of men. I do not know of one woman

who is independent in earning a livelihood. . . . There are no cemeteries. The dead are buried under the floors of the houses on the day of death, and no memorials are erected.

The 'Baptist Missionary Magazine' prints a letter from the Rev. M. C. Mason, of Assam, which gives this statement, showing how the Gospel transforms beings as utterly earthy and gross as the Garos. Work was begun among them forty years ago, and presently a church was formed with 39 members. Of this number 33 have since died, after living lives truly Christian. Of the residue 3 were unsteadfast; but after discipline repented, and only one fell utterly away. Since the first ingathering 830 have been received into the Church.

Work in Labrador.

SPECIALISTS COMING TO HELP GRENFELL MISSION.

Dr. Grenfell wants to be made known as early and as widely as possible the good news of the proposed visit of several eminent surgeons to St. Anthony during the coming summer. Dr. Stewart and Dr. Little will by that time have gone forward to their more northern stations, and Dr. Wakefield, whose services have already made him well known in the mission, will again be in charge of St. Anthony Hospital.

During the month of July, writes Dr. Grenfell, the professor of surgery of Cornell University will be in residence at St. Anthony; during the month of August the professor of surgery of Pittsburg; and during the latter part of August and September an eminent specialist on diseases of the ear and throat. Among the fishermen of Newfoundland there are many suffering from various diseases of the ear and if they do seek help during this summer I should like them to time their arrival at St. Anthony that they may obtain the special advice which then shall be in their reach in September. The expense of seeking the aid of the eminent men in the centres of civilization, to which so many who are able to afford it resort, can thus be entirely obviated. The north coast of Newfoundland is a beautiful spot for these friends to come and spend their summer holiday, and, while they are willing to freely offer their services, they consider that they are being repaid by the bracing air and the new experience and possibility of the opportunity to cast a line for trout and salmon in our beautiful rivers. The debt of gratitude to these men will be quite as much ours as it is the fishermen's, for, in the multiplicity of duties that fall on our doctors, we are unable to specialize and attain the eminence in any one particular line that is within the reach of those who have only one line of work to pursue. Believe me to remain,

Very sincerely yours,
WILFRED GRENFELL.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

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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.