

daily, and although the tree is large and strong it must give way at last.

'True,' replied the missionary, 'but many a handle gets worn out, and many a one breaks and it takes a long time until a new one is obtained from Europe.'

'Ah,' he answered, 'if that were all it would be well enough, and the tree would have respite; but what is the real case? No sooner a handle finds it can no longer swing the axe than it says, "What am I to do now? I am getting worn out; I can no longer swing the axe; am I to give up cutting? No, indeed! He walks up to the tree, looks at it, and says, "Here is a branch out of which a handle might be made."

'Up goes the axe, down comes the branch; it is soon shaped into a handle; the European handle is taken out, and the native handle put in, and the swinging commences afresh. At last the tree will be cut down by handles made of its own branches.'—Our Young Folks.'

God's Lights.

A little four-year-old inquired of her mother one moonlight night:

'Mamma, is the moon God's light?'

'Yes, Ethel,' replied the mother. 'His lights are always burning.'

Then came the next question from the little girl:

'Will God blow out His light and go to sleep, too?'

'No, my child,' replied the mother. 'His lights are always burning.'

Then the timid little girl gave utterance to a sentiment which thrilled the mother's heart with trust in her God.

'Well, mamma, while God's awake, I am not afraid.'—Selected.

Religious News.

A missionary in Borneo, visiting the villages where the Rhenish missionaries first began their work in Silindung, says:

One can hardly imagine that it is only fifty years since everything here lay in the darkest heathendom, when the villages were continually at war with one another, and the captives in war were eaten by the victors; when the valley echoed with the shouts of heathen feasts and the songs of sorcerers, and the powers of darkness had unlimited sway. Now you see everywhere industrious people working in the rice-fields, and friendly greetings meet you along all the roads. Here and there in the villages you hear the songs of the school-children, and see the little spire of a dependent church. In all Silindung, with its 20,000 inhabitants, there are now only a few heathen families. Heathen cruelty and heathen riot have disappeared, and instead at six o'clock every evening the bell for prayer sounds from one end of the dale to the other, and calls them to give thanks for what the Lord has done for the Batak folk, and to pray for His kingdom.—Allgemeines Missions-Magazin.

In the beginning of July a Russian mission congress was held in Kieff, in which representatives of the entire Orthodox clergy together with the three Metropolitans of St. Petersburg, Moscow and Kieff were present. The congress was not as the name implies so much concerned with missions to the heathen as with measures for defense of church interests, especially against Stundism and other forms of evangelical Christianity. What steps were suggested have not yet been reported. Religious freedom decreed by ukase is already much pared down in administration. The Russian clericals are continuously petitioning the government for fresh limitations.—Ernest Gordon, in the 'Missionary Review of the World.'

A missionary who has completed thirty years' service in educational work in South India, replying recently to an address from his old students, is reported to have said:

The work which we are nearly all engaged in is the conversion of India—a task more difficult, I believe, than any other task that the Church has ever been set excepting, perhaps, the conversion of the Roman Empire in the second century. The English have made a start, but the Indians will have to carry on that work to completion. The difficulty of

the situation seems to be increasing every day. India is at last waking from its sleep of centuries; but we must not be misled by the turmoil in the political world. East and West have met with clash; new wine has been poured into old bottles, and Hinduism is being destroyed by the Hindus themselves.—'Life and Work.'

The Bishop of Uganda has just published two volumes which tell the wonderful growth of the Gospel in that region. Now, at the end of 18 years the number of baptized Christians in Uganda is over 60,000, of whom more than 36,000 have been baptized within the last five years. The communicants number 18,000. Of Mackay he says: 'His faith, his courage, his zeal, his intellectual capacity, his untiring industry combined to form one of the most remarkable characters of the age in which he lived. It will be long ere the impress which he left on the lives and characters of the Uganda will be effaced.'

Work in Labrador.

NURSE MAYO'S REPORT ON SOME PATIENTS AT HARRINGTON.

Harrington Hospital,

Oct. 22, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor,—It is just a year to-day since I took up my abode in this hospital, and what a different looking building it is now from what it was then!

Since December, when the furnace was ready, we have had twenty-one patients; some have come by dog-sled, some by boat, and some Dr. Hare has brought in the launch, the 'Northern Messenger.' One, little Philip, who was in the Florence Nightingale cot, was a very sad case. In June, when Dr. Hare was on a trip to the west, he found in a little Newfoundland fishing schooner a lad of fifteen, delirious, unconscious, huddled in a little bunk not bigger than a bureau drawer, alone by himself all day, while the crew were away fishing; he had been engaged as cook. He had been like that for a week, and nothing had been done for him; the people on the shore had refused to take him into their houses, for somebody said that he had typhus fever. Dr. Hare brought the poor little lad here. He never regained consciousness, but we had the satisfaction of knowing that everything that was possible had been done for him, and he died amid clean surroundings. He had been the right hand of his mother, who is a widow in Newfoundland. I took his photograph after he was dead, that she might see how peaceful he looked.

Another patient, Mrs. D., has been a source of great satisfaction to us. On the evening of March 15 we heard voices and the welcome, not a pleasant one, that our dogs give to any strange team. At the door was a man with his wife and little boy, who would not be left behind. They had come eighty miles in a dog sled, hoping for a cure, or at least alleviating and nursing care for the woman. We warmed and fed her, and assured her that we would do the very best we could for her, but when her husband had carried her upstairs and she had been put to bed, I did not think she would be with us very long. She was tall, but weighed only seventy-eight pounds, just a skeleton covered with dry, tightly stretched yellow skin. She coughed incessantly, expectorating freely; she had not walked for three years, and her legs were drawn up at an acute angle; she could not raise her arms to her head; they and her hands, which were all out of shape, were useless. She was quite helpless and utterly dependent upon others, could neither feed herself nor turn in bed. But daily massage, baths, fresh air, tonics and a generous diet—they had been starving on bread and tea—soon began to have an effect. She went home last week walking unaided, able to do everything for herself, and having made a number of articles of clothing for her children. She was very grateful, and an exceedingly nice patient; she helped us so much by being determined to get well. A sanguine temperament is a great aid to recovery. Her neighbors had tried very hard to dissuade her from coming, they were sure the doctor would give her chloroform and cut her up and that she would be dead in less than a week!

We had in St. Luke's cot one of the best

known and most popular characters on the coast; for thirty-five years he has carried the mails from Natashquan to Blanc Sablon, in the summer by a little sailing boat, in the winter by dog. He told me that often when overtaken by storm and night when far from any house, he has made a hole in the snow, called his dogs round him, and they have kept one another warm till the day broke and the storm abated. He has had many narrow escapes, especially in the spring when the ice is breaking up and the rivers and bays are unsafe to cross, but although he has had many wettings he has never lost a mail. He is most obliging and kind, his boat is often loaded with people, dogs, and parcels he is taking from one place to another along the coast.

I wish some more of our cots were named. We have but five plates, and when we have more than that number of patients unnamed beds have to be used. I expect that in time each one will have a sponsor, it would be nice if two could be added each year until all are named. The brass plates are quite an ornament to the ward walls, and are always bright.

Last winter during Dr. Hare's absences I had several trips 'on dog' to see patients. One night I was awakened at 1 a.m. by the sound of strange voices outside my window. Two men had come to see if I would go with them to a woman in need of help. As soon as I had got the sleep out of my eyes and collected what I knew I should want for the case, they tucked me into the dog sled, and off we started over the snow-covered hill and along the channel which separates us from the mainland. The light at that time of the night was so dim and hazy that the driver could not see how to guide the dogs, so we had to trust to them. The leader was a good one, and we arrived safely after a merry gallop over the ice and snow. I received a warm welcome from some tired out people, and when I came away some hours later I left behind a fine twelve-pound baby boy.

Another day I was called out of church by an anxious father, who had come with his dogs to see if I would not go with him to his little girl, who he thought was dying. It was only four miles away, so we were soon there, for the dogs went well. It was a case for immediate treatment and medication, and subsequent feeding. I was so glad to have some of the foods that have been sent us in the barrels, for tea, molasses, bread, and dried fish, are not the best diet for sick children.

In the summer I go by boat to outside calls, for the hospital is on an island, and have been on several calls this summer when Dr. Hare has been away.

I have told you of just a few of our patients here, just enough to show you that the hospital is really doing some good work. There are others who were so seriously ill that the doctor said they would have died if they had not been treated and nursed during his often protracted absences on komatik and launch.—'Among the Deep Sea Fishers.'

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Mrs. J. S. Brown, Paris, Ont., \$5.00; Mrs. G. A. Connan, Stoney Creek, Ont., \$3.25; Mrs. W. J. Steele, Los Gatos, Calif., \$1.00; Knox Church Sunday School, Tec-water, \$4.00; P. E. J., \$1.00; 'Collaborer,' Macfarlane, Sask., \$5.00; P. M. Norwich, Ont., \$1.00; Mrs. J. M. B., Ont., \$1.00; Upper Ormstown Sunday School, per R. J. McNeil, Tatehurst, Que., \$5.00; Presbyterian Sunday School, Beauharnois, Que., \$5.00; Gerald Pearson, London, Ont., \$1.00; Total \$ 30.25

Received for the cots:—'Crescent Class' of boys and girls, Methodist Church, Stoney Creek, Ont., \$3.00; Mrs. J. M. B., Ont., \$1.00; A. S. G., P. Que., \$1.00; Total \$ 5.00

Previously acknowledged for all purposes \$ 1,705.67

Total on hand Feb. 9 \$ 1,740.92

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.