

sible for his own ruin. The druggist and the church member who voted for a continuation of the drink traffic, will share in the fearful responsibility of that young man's soul. And this is only one case among thousands who are going down to a drunkard's hell.

Oh, what an army will be arrayed before the judgment seat hopeless, lost and ruined, all through the curse of drink! Parents, watch the steps of your boys, and lead them in paths of righteousness.

A Wise Saying.

Luxury, my lords, is to be taxed, but vice prohibited. Let the difficulty in the law be what it will, would you lay a tax on a breach of the Ten Commandments? Government should not, for revenue, mortgage the morals and health of the people.—'Chesterfield.'

Religious News.

An Egyptian girl student—a Moslem, be it remembered—has just taken her B.A. degree. She is the first Egyptian woman to gain the distinction; but she will probably not long be the only one, for already there are seven government schools for girls, staffed by trained women teachers, from the Women's Normal School at Boulak. The women of Egypt are thus beginning to regain the free and honored position which they enjoyed more than two thousand years before the time of Christ. Then woman was the mistress of the house. She inherited equally with her brothers, and had full control over her property. According to M. Parteret, she was 'judicially the equal of man, having the same rights, and being treated in the same fashion.' She could also bring actions and even plead in the courts. She practised the art of medicine, and as priestess had authority in the temples. To crown all, as queen, she was often the highest in the land.—'Christian Life.'

An independent testimony which appeared in a recent number of the 'Missionary Herald,' organ of the Baptist Missionary Society, deserves to be remembered, for use when the vague generalities about missionary luxuries are indulged in by ill-informed or prejudiced critics. It is that of Mr. Edgar Wallace, a press correspondent, and it relates to the missionaries on the Kongo. He wrote:

What the missionaries have done I can see with my eyes, and seeing, I am prouder of my country and my countrymen and women than ever I have been before. No battle I have witnessed, no exhibition of splendid courage in the face of overwhelming odds, has inspired me as the work at these outposts of Christianity.

I say this in all sincerity, because my sense of proportion is sufficiently well adjusted to allow me to judge rightly the value of the work. And I do not especially refer to the work of the Kongo Balolo Mission. I speak as enthusiastically of the Baptist Missionary Society and the other missions of the Kongo. Somebody down the river told me that there was a difficulty in getting men and women for the missionary work in Kongoland. Speaking frankly as a man of the world, I do not wonder. I would not be a missionary on the Kongo for £5,000 a year. That is a worldly point of view. I do not think it is a very high standpoint. It is a simple confession that I prefer the 'flesh-pots of Egypt' to the self-sacrifice and devotion that the missionary life claims.

Postal Crusade.

Years ago this message came over the ocean and was voiced by type in the 'Union Signal' of Chicago.

'The Infidels are pouring literature into India by the mails. Why do not Christians arise and try to counteract the evil by pouring in a flood of Christian literature?'

The sequel of the constant usage of the post by Infidels tells its own story now in India.

Those of you who study conditions there, know just what evil has been wrought by the wicked press and the use of liquor. What are we going to do in the coming year to help counteract the evil? Letters reach me

from different sources in India asking for the 'Northern Messenger.' Words of appreciation come as well.

Miss Dunhill writes to far Friends of the West:

'From your loving hearts and hands come copies of the "Northern Messenger" bringing messages of the Lord. Accept constant thanks and may the words "He will work" be fulfilled in each paper sent.'

Miss Dunhill is very anxious, too, that those who so kindly remember her, would be careful to weigh their packages of papers. One cent for every two ounces, not one cent for every four ounces as in Canada. A carelessness in this insufficient usage of postage stamps means a heavy expense to those in India receiving papers.

A large number of names to whom papers were sent from the 'Witness' office have had to be dropped for want of sufficient funds. I would like to begin afresh with the new year, and will be glad to receive contributions for the work of sending out 'Messengers' to India.

Faithfully Yours,
M. E. EDWARDS COLE,
169 Nicholas Street,
Ottawa,
Ont.

Work in Labrador.

A VISIT TO ST. ANTHONY'S HOSPITAL.

It is a familiar saying that anticipation gives greater pleasure than realization. The truth of this maxim will be hard to claim in this instance, says Miss E. E. White, secretary of the New England Branch Grenfell Association of America in Boston, writing of her visit this summer to St. Anthony.

As we anchored in port and the smaller boats came rowing out to meet us and greet us, the feeling of deep gratitude took possession, 'to be here,' and, in a measure, a part of this blessed work.

The lights began to glisten and flicker from many windows, all seeming to extend welcome and to speak of hospitality at once.

The larger of these small boats was bringing ashore twenty-two patients to the hospital, gathered from various harbors and coves along the coast. Already the little hospital was sheltering nearly as many as there were cots to receive. The Doctor in charge always meets the large boat, the 'Prospero,' and assists ashore the helpless. All the wheel chairs were at once utilized and the piazza of the hospital soon converted into an extra ward in appearance. The couches in the waiting-room and every available place soon were occupied. A tent near-by contained six cots beside, where tubercular patients were being given a chance.

On what more appropriate place could the text be placed—which stands out so plainly over those doors: 'Faith, Hope, and Love Abide. The greatest of these is Love.'

Following the path a few rods up the hill, we entered the gate to the little house known as the Guest House—a Moravian term—the home of those who are in one way or another helping in the work and are able to find here a place to call home, this little house being Dr. Grenfell's headquarters when frozen in in the winter.

Dr. Wakefield, of London, the doctor in charge for the summer at St. Anthony, gave us every opportunity for seeing the work, and we spent many profitable hours in the wards. Many a larger hospital in our own country with fine appointments is doing far less work than is being done in this little hospital, where many needs are felt in every way. One nurse for the summer months has been doing the work of four. Miss N. R. Bartlett, of the Johns Hopkins, has bravely and energetically borne the burden, Miss Kennedy, the nurse in charge for the past winter, having to take a bit of respite after the severe tax of the long winter. The hospital had also the help of two college men from Yale and Williams—both new to the work—one assisting by day and one by night. The nurse has won the gratitude of many poor souls to whom she has ministered so untiringly. We heard repeatedly words of affection for her.

One commission given me before leaving Boston inspired my whole journey, viz., that of taking a beautiful bronze tablet for a permanently endowed cot in memory of one whose whole desire in life was to do the things pleasing in His sight, and who was especially

devoted to medical missions. Her name is among those longest on the list of the Labrador helpers—Martha Theresa Fiske, of Cambridge, Mass.

We were not long in giving this cot to a pale-faced young woman who had left her little home for serious surgical treatment, and in showing her the framed picture which accompanied the tablet, she held it with admiration and recognized the spiritual beauty in the face. We could but feel that the spirit of her in whose memory all this had been given was with us.

A visit to the men's ward found it full to overflowing. In the first cot was an aged fisherman with cancer of tongue and throat. He had only words of gratitude and praise for the relief he had received, and most of all 'for the great kindness shown by both doctor and nurse.' 'Why,' he said, 'here they even take ye in their arms and carries ye; the good nurse, too, comes and does everything she can.'

A boy in a cot in the other corner of the ward, bearing the name 'A Ten Crew,' of Monson, Mass., had his right hand in a bandage, having blown it to pieces with gunpowder. What pleasure would have been that of the Monson boys of that 'Ten Crew' could they have talked with this boy! In another cot was a boy (Philip) who had suffered the loss of one eye, having by accident driven a hook into it. He had been made most comfortable since the operation in this cot given in memory of a loved one.

The Wolaston cot contained one of the most interesting cases—a young fisherman of only twenty-five, who by accident in falling was becoming paralyzed in the lower extremities and was obliged to pass long days of great anguish. His case would bear being written up in detail. He was a great favorite of the college men.

And so we passed on from cot to cot, each had its own story to tell in the patient, whose only word was gratitude and simple faith in Him whose will he desired to accept.

In this little hospital during July and August there have been entered in the book a list of five hundred calls for service both large and small, and fifty of these have been cases for anaesthetics. If any one desires to increase the efficiency of this work, much is needed by way of enlargement. There is but one small water-tank to supply both wards and the general kitchen. One small stove in kitchen is all there is to meet the needs of sterilizing, etc., and the usual household work of the staff. Another bathroom is a pressing necessity, and fittings in every room of the hospital are wanting. The bed linen is very limited and all surgical supplies need replenishing often. When the last steamer calls in December, it must be good to see essential supplies come in, knowing none can be had again before June. Dr. Grenfell is also hoping to be able to add a children's ward, where they may be separate and have their own nurse.

Acknowledgments.

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Received for the launch:—Mrs. H. Bolton, Amiens, \$2.00; A Friend, Strasburg, \$1.00; Knox Church Sunday School, Shedine, \$3.00; J. Stanley Card, Lynedoch, Ont., \$2.00; Margaret Fero, Lynedoch, Ont., \$10.00; S. Fero, Lynedoch, Ont., \$10.00; Total \$ 28.00

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Previously acknowledged for all purposes \$ 1,356.57

Total on hand Nov. 10 \$ 1,389.97

We have also received the following sums for other special objects in connection with Dr. Grenfell's work in Labrador:—

Mrs. O. J. Showell, Owen Sound . . . \$ 3.50

A Reader of the 'Messenger,' Cornwall 2.00

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.